



Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, \$2.00.

Advertising Rates.—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.

One Square (two inches)—First insertion \$1.00; continuation, 50 cents; one month, \$1.50; two months, \$2.00; three months, \$2.50; six months, \$3.50.

Half Column (four inches)—First insertion \$2.00; continuation, 1.00; one month, \$2.50; two months, \$3.00; three months, \$3.50; six months, \$4.50.

Yearly advertisements charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE. FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones. Of Italian and American Marble. ALSO: Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Notice. ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, Executors.

Dental Notice. Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in BRIDGETOWN, to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

MORSE & PARKER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Conveyancers, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great British Remedy for all Diseases of the Urinary and Genital Organs.

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

SANCTON is still alive, and has a fine lot of Gold and Plated Jewelry, FOR SALE.

Good Watches —IN BOTH— GOLD & SILVER

NOTICE

THE Subscribers wish to call the attention of the Public to their

Windsor & Annapolis Railway Time Table

COMMENCING Wednesday, 15th May, 1878.

GOING WEST

Table with columns: Station, Time, and Direction. Includes Windsor, Antigonish, and other stations.

GOING EAST

Table with columns: Station, Time, and Direction. Includes St. John, Antigonish, and other stations.

BEALES & DODGE. GILBERT'S LANE DYE WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss Wainwright, Millinery and Dry Goods.

NOTICE. ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating NOTES OF JACOB SPINNEY, dated in September last, past, due the last of December next, for the sum of twenty-five dollars.

L. MATHESON & CO., ENGINEERS. BOILER MAKERS, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX! STEAMER "EMPRESS"

Notice. ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of SAMUEL T. NELBY, Esquire, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date.

STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY. Fares for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations.

SANCTON is still alive, and has a fine lot of Gold and Plated Jewelry, FOR SALE.

Good Watches —IN BOTH— GOLD & SILVER

Lawyer's Blanks. Neatly and cheaply executed at the office of this paper.

Visiting Cards. Neatly executed at the office of this paper.

Poetry

IMAGINARY TRIP FROM LONDON TO SEBASTOPOLE.

Written as an exercise by BENJAMIN WHITMAN in Toronto School, Wilmot, Harry S. Jacques, Teacher.

Left London town at seven o'clock And sailed down by the river-side, Adorned by Woolwich Arsenal; But here we could not bid.

Then out to sea past Shaggy Isle, Then round North Foreland Cape, Then through the Downs past South Foreland; But first we past Ramsgate.

Then next we went to the town of Calais, One of the finest France can boast; A city fair, a strong one too, And founded on the coast.

And then we put to sea again, Into the Strait once more, Boulogne, Dieppe, and Cape Barfleur, Familiar as of yore.

Then round La Hague to Michael's Bay, Then passed the Channel Isles, Jersey, Guernsey and Alderney, And on our old St. Giles.

Then out of Michael's Bay we went, And through the Channel passed, Past Calais Isles and city Brest; To Biscay Bay at last.

Belle Isle, Isle d'Yeu, and Oleron, We passed in haste that day; At fair Bordeaux we stopped awhile, And then we sailed away.

Into the Bay we passed at once, And then down past Bayonne, Sebastian and Santander, Then passed to Ferret Town.

Cape Ortegal we passed, and then We to Corunna came; Where the brave Moore so nobly fell, And gained undying fame.

Cape Finisterre we rounded next, And then Oporto passed; Coimbra we soon left behind, And came near Lisbon last.

And here we stopped but for a day, And then to sea we went; And as we passed Cape Roca felt The beauties twilight bent.

Cape Vincent next our praises claimed, And it received them, too; Cades and Trafalgar we passed; And then there rose to view

Tarifa; through the Strait we passed, Of Gibraltar so famed, There's not a nation on the earth But have its praises named.

At Gibraltar we tarried long, And got a new supply Of coal; for ours was getting low, And we must onward fly.

Away from Gibraltar we sailed, And passed De Guesca cape; De Tula, Alcantara and when We passed Nao' was late.

Valencia a visit claimed, And Barcelona too; And then passed Cape Creus, and then Fair Marselles came to view.

Passed Toulon, Hyeres and Nice, Then to Genoa came; Adown the coast of Italy To Rome, once bright in fame.

We had to stop and see the place, And as we looked around, We saw the largest church on earth; That is above the ground.

St. Peter's Church was passed at length, And then the Vatican; Triumphant arches, too, were there, Of Titus and Trajan.

Into the Catacombs we went, And spent the live-long day In searching out the passages That thread the devious way.

Away from Rome we went at last, And passed Gaeta town; At Naples next we made a pause, And then the coast sailed down.

To Scilly Isle, round which we sailed, And without stopping passed; To reach it safe at last.

Up past Cape Leuca we sailed Into the Adriatic Sea; And went to Venice on the coast, As straight as straight could be.

Then down the Austria-Turkish coast, We went without delay Until we came to Greece, and then We sailed round the Egean bay.

Through the Turkish Coast and Dardanelles, And sea of Marmora too; Constantinople claimed a call; Then the Black Sea sailed through.

Odesa passed, we came at length Unto Sebastopol; A goodly place, but no account Of mine describes it full.

I wish to say ere yet I close, That this is my true rhyme; Prevents me giving more or less, Than this poor, rambling rhyme.

I know that in a few short days, Its earthly course is run And now, I guess for want of space, My steamboat trip is done.

One was a Baptist, and the other was a Congregationalist. The writer asked them what they would order. "A little dipped toast," said the Baptist. You may give me toast, also said the Congregationalist, cheerfully; "but don't dip it—sprinkle with a little butter!"

Select Literature

THE PRETTIEST BABY.

"To the baby show? No, indeed! God bless me! no, indeed!"

Had the youngest sister of Mr. John Truax (very bright and pretty she was, with short, curly, black-as-the-raven's-wing-hair, and large sparkling, dark-as-the-midnight-sky eyes) proposed that she should enter a cage of the wildest kind of wild animals—lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers, for instance—he could not have shown more terror.

Mr. Truax, albeit he only numbered some six-and-thirty years, was a misogynist and a misogynist. He out-bachelored all the bachelors of his acquaintance; and they were not a few, as he associated with none but single men, never heard of a wedding, shuddering when he heard of a birth, breaking off all communication with friends who plunged into matrimony, and carefully avoiding all women, rich and poor, proud and lowly, with the single exception of Winifred, his youngest sister, mentioned before, who had been left to his care when she was twelve years of age—being now twenty—by a dearly loved, dying mother.

The reason! I'll tell you. Once on a time John Truax, then called Jack Truax, a good-looking, jolly young fellow of five-and-twenty was about to be married. The wedding day arrived. The groomsmen and bridesmaids, the parents of Jack and the parents of (as he fondly thought) his Lily and a large number of guests, were present.

A bell formed of lovely flowers hung from the ceiling prepared to shed 't' sweets upon the heads of the happy lovers; the minister walked in hand; a hundred waxen candles helped the gas jets to lend brightness to the scene; the wedding supper was laid—when the brides' own maid, who had been sent to tell her all was ready (she had requested to be left alone a few minutes before the ceremony, and being an odd sort of girl, nothing strange was thought of this request), returned, pale and trembling, to the room where the bridal party waited, with a note which she had found, instead of her mistress, and which read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER AND DEAR MOTHER.—I do not love him. The feeling I mistake for love is only that of friendship. Since we were engaged I have met with one whom I do love, and at the last moment I fly to him and become his wife, convinced that dishonorable as my conduct may seem, it would be a thousand times more dishonorable to stand before the altar with a lie upon my lips, a lie which would condemn me to live a lie forever after. Tell Jack I wish him all prosperity and happiness."

The bell of flowers was taken down, the wax candles were extinguished, the minister departed, the guests were dismissed, and John Truax left the house with a curse on his lips—for he knew, in spite of her romantic note, that the girl had been won by the wealth of his rival—to become a hater of women, a foe to matrimony, vice-president of the "Staunch Old Bachelors' Club," and a perfect Herod in regard to children.

"What wonder, then, that he shrunk back in alarm when Winifred proposed (they were on their way to the Academy of Music, to hear some man make a speech) that they should stop a few moments at the baby show, whose flaming posters suddenly confronted them as they reached the corner of Fifth avenue.

"Do come, brother," said Winifred, coaxingly—and you never in all your life saw any one who could be quite so coaxing as Winifred.

"I won't," said her brother, very emphatically. "Just a wee, little while."

"I will not," he answered, with increased emphasis. "John, if you don't I'll invite cousin Mary and her twins, and sister Lucy and her eldest boy, the one that is named after you, to the house to stay a week."

"If you do, I'll burn the house over their heads, collect the insurance, and fly to Europe."

"John, I love babies as much as you dislike them—"

"It's no use!"

"John, dear John, I never wanted to go anywhere so much," two diamond tears in her black eyes.

"Five minutes, you said?"

"Did I? I meant ten!"

"Well, ten; not an instant longer, remember! And grumbling to himself, 'What a fool I am!' in they went."

A large oblong room, around which ran raised platforms on which were to be seen many mothers and more babies.

Some of the little ones were in baby-wagons, some in chairs, some on hobble-horses, some in swings and some in the maternal lap. There were brown babies, yellow babies, rosy babies, cream-colored babies, and snow-white babies; blue-eyed, hazel-eyed, brown-eyed, gray-eyed, laughing, and green-eyed babies; laughing, crying, pretty, ugly, bright, stupid, cross, jolly, serious and mischievous babies; babies of all shapes, all sorts, all sizes, and all ages—that is, from one month to five years.

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Truax, with an expression of disgust on his expressive countenance, as he entered the room and glanced hastily about. "I'll go no further, baby could be!"

"Yes, Daisy dear," said Winifred, patting the thin, white cheek encouragingly, "you saw the advertisement."

"And I think baby is just as pretty as a baby could be!"

"Continued on four page."

Winnie

Winnie, but wait for you here; and he retreated into a dark corner—by-the-by, the only obscure corner in the hall—while his sister tripped gaily away on a tour of inspection.

But as he impatiently waited, frowning with all his might, and hoping that Winnie would not exceed the ten minutes he had so ungraciously accorded her, it suddenly dawned on him that somebody not entirely unconnected with the show was in his immediate vicinity, for an unusual murmur, a sweet-voiced mother's cry to her baby, reached him; and turning, he saw a young and girlish creature in widow's weeds with a tiny child on her lap.

As Mr. Truax turned, this young creature raised a pair of the most wonderful blue eyes, fringed with the most wonderful golden lashes, and cast a half-shy, half appealing glance at him.

Mr. Truax began to feel very uncomfortable. He, the hater of women, the despiser of babies, shut in, as it were, with a dangerous mother of each species! For a moment he felt inclined to flee, but the thought of his pretty sister wandering inconsolately about in search of him nipped that inclination in the bud; and the next moment the blue-eyed girl was holding up the blue-eyed baby, and saying, in a low, timid voice, 'She's very pretty, sir?'

And the child was very pretty. Steeled as he was against the innocence and beauty of childhood, he could not deny that. A little angel, lacking only the wings, with bonnie blue eyes like its mother's, faint golden hair, red rosy mouth, and chin and cheeks like the inmost petals of a pink-white rose.

And just then Winnie came back, with two cards in her hand, commencing, eagerly, 'Oh, John, we must vote. You've to vote as I tell you. Let me see—the handsome mother, the prettiest baby; and her eyes falling upon the wee girl being held up for John's approval, she pounced upon it at once. 'You loveliest of dandies!—Why, brother John, this is the prettiest baby I ever saw, and—Good gracious! dropping the baby back into its mother's arms (from which she had taken it) with a precipitancy that must have astonished the loveliest of dandies—' Little Red Riding Hood!'

'Yes,' said the girlish mother, 'Little Red Riding Hood. But, Winnie—Miss Truax, I mean—don't expect you to recognize me now. Times have so changed for the worse with me (as you have guessed no doubt, seeing me here) since we went to school together, and I wore the scarlet cloak which gained me my own pet name, and you made me your own happy little friend.'

'Oh, indeed?' said Winifred, arching her slender neck. And then, stooping suddenly and kissing the quivering red lips, she said to decide that matter for myself, Miss Daisy Bower. But of all places in the world, to meet you at a baby show, and with a baby. Come, tell me all about it, dear. Brother John, you may go to the Academy and hear your great man, and I'll stop here and listen to my small woman, and you can stop for me on your way back.'

But Brother John never dimpled and clutched his watch seal, and was exhibiting it with exceeding interest, telling him, meanwhile, in a gurgling language apparently founded on the word 'goo,' how much she admired it; and he didn't want to rudely wade in from the little fingers 'or something,' as Winifred would have marked; and so, as I said before, he never stirred.

"Go on, dear," said Winifred, seating herself beside her new-found friend. "Don't mind John. He's a regular wolf, I'll confess, but I'll take good care that he don't hurt you."

With a timid glance at the wolf, who moved a few steps away—baby having turned her attention to the bird in Winnie's hat, but not so far but that he caught every word uttered; in a soft, clear voice, Red Riding Hood began—

"When you finished your education three years ago, and I was called home to Maryland by the death of my mother—my father you know, died three years before—I was left with no relation in the whole world but my dear old grandmother. She had a comfortable income at the time, and for a year everything went well; and then the bank in which all her money was deposited, broke, and we were penniless. Grandmother sank beneath her misfortune, and became almost helpless, and I always was a spoiled, good-for-nothing—"

"You always were a darling," burst in Winifred, impatiently.

"And—and I married grandmamma's lawyer, and he was very, very kind to us both, and we were comfortable till about three months ago—the day wee Daisy was a year and a half old—when he died, and oh! Winnie he left no will except one dated long before he knew me, which bequeathed all his fortune to a nephew in a distant country, and again we were left penniless. Grandmamma grew weaker and weaker, until she became utterly helpless, and she now lies from morning till night on her bed unable to move; and we were almost starving, and I saw the advertisement calling for children for this show!"

"Yes, Daisy dear," said Winifred, patting the thin, white cheek encouragingly, "you saw the advertisement."

"And I think baby is just as pretty as a baby could be!"

"Continued on four page."

Winnie

'Lovely,' said Winnie, kissing the sweet, blue-eyed thing.

'And it occurred to me if she could win a prize, poor old grandmamma and the darling herself might be kept from cold and want this winter, and so I came here. But I am afraid very few people have noticed baby, for I've sat in this out-of-the-way corner all the time, I so dreaded a crowd—and—' The tears came into the wonderful blue eyes.

'Brother John,' said Winnie, as she paused.

'Well, my dear?' said Truax, coming a step forward.

'Mrs. —. By-the-by, what is your married name, Daisy?'

'Mulgrave.'

'Bless my heart!' exclaimed John. 'Old Lawyer Mulgrave—old enough to have been her grandfather! Then, recollecting himself, he stammered: 'A good and clever man. I knew him well in years gone by. And he was your husband?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'You, Sir?' muttered Mr. Truax, 'I wish she wouldn't be so confoundedly respectful.'

'Of course not—being a friend of yours, Winnie.'

'My sweet-tempered, loving little pet. She was at school, John.'

'That only makes it the more imperative that she should leave this place at once,' said John. 'But what is to be done with the baby?'

'Why, you stupidest of old fellows, that must go with its mother. Do you imagine that she would leave it here?—Come little Red Riding Hood. Brother John—lowering her voice to a whisper—she is faint with nervous agitation. I will assist her, and you will—oh! you will, dear John, just this once—carry the baby?'

And before Mr. Truax could say a word, baby was in his arms, tugging away at his long brown beard, and crowing with delight. And it was thus that two of the strictest members of "The Staunch Old Bachelors' Club" beheld their vice-president that bright November day coming out of the baby-show—a baby in his arms and two lovely women following directly behind—himself, and turned to living statues on the spot.

A year and nearly three months had passed away since Winifred Truax found her old school friend at the baby show and it was St. Valentine's day.

The postmen, with twenty times their usual loads, were hurrying from house to house, leaving hearts and Cupids and posies, and true-lover knots, and sweet verses, and some verses anything but sweet, behind them.

But at the door of one small cottage on the outskirts of the city rang a special messenger this Valentine morning before any of the mail-carriers were about—so early, in fact, that the valentine he carried was carried in with the baker's breakfast Vienna loaf.

A snug little cottage it was. And the parlor, which faced the south, and around whose walls sat hung some Christmas greens, was the coziest, brightest room you could possibly imagine. In one corner, on a crimson lounge, covered with an old-fashioned star quilt, lay a handsome old woman, her still bright eyes dwelling with a look of fondness on the golden-haired two-year-old girl who sat in her little rocking-chair softly singing her Santa Claus doll to sleep.

"And by the window, the blushes coming and going in her happy face, stood Daisy Mulgrave, re-reading for the twentieth time the verses that came in with the morning bread."

"What is it, Daisy?" at last asked the old woman, turning her eyes in the direction of the poetry reader. "A valentine? May I see it, dear?"

"It's something of the sort," answered Daisy, with another blush; "but if you don't mind very much, grandmamma, I'd rather not—"

"A gentle knock at the door interrupted her."

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," called out Daisy, laughing, sinking into a chair, and hiding the valentine behind the window curtain.

"And, reversing the old story, the latch flew up, and in walked the wolf," said John Truax, as he came into the room, where he was immediately clutched around the leg by the baby. "Such a terrible, terrible wolf!" laughed Red Riding Hood.

"So terrible that he feels as though he could eat you this moment," says the wolf, showing his strong white teeth.

Then unclasping her Daisy's hands, and putting a huge sugar plum in each one, he went to the side of the couch on which the old woman lay—her wrinkled face lit up with pleasure at sight of him—and laid a bouquet of flowers on the starry coverlet.

"Then returning to the young mother, who had taken her little one upon her lap, he asked, 'Did you receive a valentine this morning?'

'I did—instead of a pat of butter.'

'And what did the writer of it say?'

'You could never guess.'

'That is the reason I ask.'

'He says—speaking slowly, and with a bright smile dancing on her lips and in her eyes—that he loves my baby, and thinks her the prettiest baby in the world.'

'Anything else?'

'And that not content with having shamed her far-away cousin into giving her a part of what should have been her fortune, he wishes to share his own with her!'

'If—'

'Continued on four page.'