

VOL. 6.

Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PEEB, Proprietors.

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A Column—First insertion, \$8.00; each continuation, \$5.00; one month, \$15.00; two months, \$20.00; three months, \$25.00; six months, \$35.00; twelve months, \$50.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be 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.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad.

Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work. DANIEL FALCONER. GOLDMAN WHITMAN

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of JACOB SPINNEY, 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 ANAND LONGLEY, Executor.

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.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

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

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great English Remedy is an unerring cure for Scrophulous Glands, Rheumatism, Eczema, and all diseases of the skin.

For Sale by all Druggists, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrenceville, Bridgetown, Agent.

NOTICE.

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

SPRING IMPORTATIONS, consisting of Boots and Shoes, Tweeds and Cloths of all kinds, Crockery, Groceries, Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

Also, they would call the attention of BUILDERS to their Stock of

Nails of all kinds, Paint, Oil, Glass, Putty, Zinc, Tinned and Sheathing Paper, Locks, Knobs, Hinges, &c.

Also, CARRIAGE STOCK consisting of Spokes, Rims, Bent St. Boaks and Rails, Enamelled Cloth, Enamelled Leather and Dasher Leather, with a variety of stock of

SHELF HARDWARE of all kinds. FLOUR AND MEAL always on hand. The above will be sold low for Cash.

BEALES & DODGE, Middleton, April 28th, '77

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 WILSON, Millinery and Dry Goods. A. L. LAW.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favour of JACOB SPINNEY, dated in September last, past, due the last of December next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-five dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same.

JAMES L. BROWN, n33 ff Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877.



L. MATHESON & CO., ENGINEERS

AND BOILER MAKERS, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE and STATIONARY Engines and Boilers.

Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock viz: Steam Traps, Steam Pipe, Steam and Water Gages, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

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.

Until further notice steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock returning 2 or 3 days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

FARE—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00; do do do 2nd class, 3.50; do do do 3rd class, 2.00; do do do 4th class, 1.50; do do do 5th class, 1.00; do do do 6th class, 75c.

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class), 7.50.

Returns tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY, 11 Dock street, St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

Passage for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7 a.m. and 6 p.m. daily, to receive Freight.

For Way Bill, rates, etc., apply to SMALL & HATHEWAY, ap18 Agents, 32 Dock Street.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Time Table, COMMENCING Wednesday, 15th May, 1878.

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

\*Will not leave before 7 p.m. on Saturdays. N. B.—Express Trains every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY connecting at Annapolis with steamer for St. John.

International Trains leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a.m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a.m. and 8.40 p.m. daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations. P. INNES, Manager, Kentville, May 13th, '78

Middleton Station.

JUST Received, per Intercolonial, from Toronto 100 BBLs. SUPERIOR FLOUR.

In Store, 100 Bbls. Choice Kiln Dried Corn Meal, Very Low For Cash.

General assortment of Groceries &c. Always on hand.

Lumber and Shingles for Building purposes always on hand. Persons wishing conveyance, please call on the subscriber. N. F. MARSHALL.

BRICK. BRICK. 30,000 Superior made Brick, enquire of Job T. McCormick at Lower Middleton, or the subscriber, N. F. MARSHALL.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of SAMUEL T. NEIL-LEY, Esquire, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

L. S. MORSE, Executor. BURTON D. NEILY, Executor. Bridgetown, April 30th, 1878. 6m 126



SANOTON

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

—ALSO— Good Watches —IN BOTH— GOLD & SILVER

Poetry.

BORROW ON THE SEA.

"There is sorrow on the sea—it cannot be quiet."—Jer. xliii. 23.

The following fine poem, written by the late Captain M. A. S. Hare, of the Eurydice, in a friend's album some years ago, will be read with mournful interest:

I stood on the shore of the beautiful sea, As the billows were roaring wild and free; Onward they came with unfeeling force, Then backward turned in the restless course.

Ever and ever sounded their roar, Foaming and dashing against the shore; Ever and ever they rose and fell, With heaving and sighing and mighty swell.

And deep seemed calling aloud to deep, Lest the murmuring waves should drop to sleep. In summer and winter, by night and by day, Through cloud and sunshine holding their way;

Oh! when shall the ocean's troubled Calmly and quietly sink into rest? Oh! when shall the waves' wild murmuring cease, And the mighty waters be hushed to peace?

It cannot be quiet—it cannot rest; There must be heaving on ocean's breast; Like a vast sea ebb, and the tide must flow, Whilst the changing seasons come and go. Still from the depths of that hidden store There are treasures tossed up along the shore.

Tossed by the billows—then seized again—Carried away by the rushing main. Oh, strangely glorious and beautiful sea! Sounding for ever mysteriously, With their wild and sad and musical tone? Why is there never repose for thee? Why slumberest thou not, oh mighty sea?

Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear, For those who shall never come again; Of the widow's groan, the orphan's cry, And the mother's speechless agony.

Oh, no, the ocean can never rest With such secrets hidden within its breast. There is sorrow written upon the sea, And dark and stormy its waves must be; It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep, The dark, relentless, and stormy deep.

But a day will come, a blessed day, When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace, And even the roar of the waves shall cease.

Then out from its deepest and darkest bed Old Ocean shall render up her dead, And freed from the weight of human woes, Shall quietly sink in her last repose.

No sorrow shall ever be written then On the depths of the sea or the hearts of men. But heaven and earth renewed shall shine, Still clothed in glory and light divine. Then where shall the billows of ocean be? Gone! for in heaven shall be "no more" spray.

'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth, That cannot share in the soul's "new birth"; 'Tis life of murmur and tossing and spray, And at resting-time it must pass away. But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea, There is health and joy and blessing in thee;

Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice, Sounding me weep and yet rejoice— Weep for the loved ones buried beneath, Rejoice in Him who has conquered death. Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed, Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost; Weep for the sin, the sorrow, and strife, And rejoice in the hope of eternal life.

—Naval and Military Gazette.

Select Literature.

THE ACTRESS.

It was in the month of December, the night was dark and stormy; heavy clouds of rain and snow spread an air of desolation about the city.

The wind blew in tempests, the rain and sleet beat hard against the buildings, dropped on the pavement, where it formed sheets of ice.

A couple were passing rapidly down one of the principal streets in the city of B. As they hastened on I noticed one was the delicate figure of a girl, leaning on the arm of a gentleman.

The girl looked up into his face, earnestly, and with a deprecating tenderness, saying: "Oh, Harold, you will forget me when you are gone away!"

She had learned the lesson of love, which with women is as enduring and lasting as her existence.

They turned from one street to another, until they reached a remote part of the city, where none but the poorest class reside.

They stopped in front of an old building which appeared to be inhabited by several families.

"Farewell, my dear Floye," he said, folding her in his arms. "You take with you the sunshine of my life, Harold," she returned. "May Heaven's good angels guard you!"

her earliest childhood she had no recollection of her mother.

At the age of fourteen she was placed on the stage. She evinced a taste for the drama at a very early age, and declared herself determined to become an actress.

Mr. Norman Ravel, with his daughter, called for America.

At the age of sixteen, she formed an engagement at the theatre.

Florence was delicate and sensitive. She attended rehearsal every day, dressed in a shabby, faded dress, while her companions flaunted about in their expensive attire.

They ridiculed the poor little girl and gave her the nickname of Cinderella. She bore with silence all the annoyances heaped upon her.

The first night of her appearance on the stage was almost a failure. When she saw the sea of human faces gazing at her, her lips quivered, then she lost all power of self control.

She retired behind the scenes with tearful eyes, in great distress of mind, with a strong determination to relinquish the stage forever.

A young actor named Claude Melrose, who had a kind heart, pitied the poor girl, when he volunteered to render her any assistance or advice in studying her character. His professed kindness was gratefully accepted.

In course of a few weeks she was perfect in her parts; her freshness and simplicity, with her love-pleading eyes, when she again appeared upon the stage, touched the hearts of the audience. Her youth and great beauty won indulgence for her.

She was graceful in carriage, her figure small, her face was a clear olive complexion, her hair black and glossy, her eyes dark and expressive; there was a rich glow of tint on her cheeks; her countenance reflected every emotion and change of feeling.

Florence was full of genius, her soul was in the acting.

A young gentleman who attended the theatre, night after night, became deeply enamoured with her. One night after the play he pushed his way through the crowd stood at the entrance of the green-room, and begged one of the company to present him to the charming young actress.

Florence appeared timid at first, declining to receive any attention from the gentleman.

Several times he awaited her appearance at the door. When she became better acquainted with him she watched his coming.

The acquaintance soon ripened into a warmer attachment.

Florence, ere she was aware of it, was completely charmed by his devotion, and learned to love him with all the affection of her strong nature.

It was at this period when they proceeded to their way to her home, at the commencement of our story.

Mr. Harold Belmonte was a young man who ranked among the nobility of the city, whose name was celebrated, making his name in society by his immense wealth.

He was polite and agreeable. His beauty and fortune made him distinguished everywhere.

Florence learned with regret the night of their parting of his intention to visit Europe. Her heartfelt prayer was for his welfare, as she stood on the steps listening to the sound of his footsteps as they died away in the distance.

She gazed heavenwards, dark clouds lowered; it seemed as if the very heavens were rent asunder.

"Alas!" she moaned. "This darkness is ominous!"

She pushed the door open and entered her cheerless abode.

Taking a mirror from her bosom, she read the following: "We have parted, my loved one. When you read this you cannot refuse to accept the enclosed. The amount will suffice to situate you in a place where you will feel at home."

Ever remember, darling, the deep interest I feel in your welfare. God has given you talent—the world is before you—hundreds will worship at your shrine.

Floye, I conjure you, be true to yourself! I shall return at some distant day, when I shall take you to my heart forever. May you be spared such suffering as mine, at this separation. May the blessings of God rest upon you in the prayer of your betrothed."

Fairy forms and bright smiles bounded with the light foot to the spirit-stirring strains of the orchestra; yet none of the ballet dancers compared with the beautiful Florence—clad in a simple white India muslin, with its airy folds decked with natural blossoms of pearly whiteness, which contrasted in their purity with her raven hair.

Night after night Florence Ravel pursued her way home from the theatre, alone and unprotected, unwilling to receive the least attention from the stronger sex.

It was midnight; stars shone out from their distant homes, and the pale moon looked down upon the lone girl, as worn and weary she wended her way home.

Florence entered her abode. The old man lay sleeping peacefully and quietly as a child; the dying embers shed a faint light upon the poorly-furnished apartment.

On the table were a few worn books, some music, and an old cremona. A little white missive gleamed out above them all. Florence grasped the expected letter, placed it to her lips a moment, then tremblingly tore the envelope, eager to read the contents at a glance.

She gazed on the characters until they grew dim before her death-like faintness came over her, cold drops of perspiration gathered on her brow; she grew icy cold, all was dark; she moaned, and sank into a state of insensibility.

The old man started from his sleep. The next moment he was leaning over his apparently lifeless daughter.

He summoned help, when they sent for a physician.

Florence lay in the same insensible state when the doctor arrived. He saw that some sudden shock had caused this dangerous illness. He promptly proceeded to apply the usual remedies, watching the result with deep interest.

The young girl lay like a crushed lily, so white and still; her face was lovely though it bore traces of grief.

Soon after, her consciousness returned; she opened her eyes, gazing wildly about the room. She wrung her hands in agony and groaned aloud.

The old man bent over her, while great tears of agony stole down his withered cheeks.

"God be merciful!" he groaned, as he placed his trembling hand on her cold, white brow.

Dr. Hale perceived the dangerous nature of the disease, and he secured the services of an experienced nurse.

With efficient skill and good nursing, after many weeks the disease gradually abated.

Florence awoke, as from a deep sleep; for a time she could not realize what had happened.

When consciousness returned, the doctor stood by her bedside. He beckoned to her parent, who approached the bed with tottering steps.

"My dear child! do you know me?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

Strong and deep were the emotions of her heart when she saw how changed was her last earthly friend.

"Father!" she called; in a faint voice. "My poor, dear father, you must not mourn for me."

Who could still the restless sea of sorrow, or sustain her in the trying hour of need?

To whom could she turn for help? Had her father in Heaven forgotten his sorrowing child?

Mrs. Willis, the grand nurse, entered the room. She held in her hand a bouquet of rare flowers, mostly exotic. She approached the bedside, and with a smile presented them to Florence, with the compliments of Claude Melrose.

Florence seemed greatly surprised.

"Why, bless me, darling, here's left such beautiful flowers every day, since I came to take care of you! He enquires after your health, and the poor young man looks so kind of anxious," she continued.

The color deepened in her pale face as Florence took the flowers.

"He is very kind," she said.

so desolate, when her heart was full of happiness.

Alas! how soon was her heart disenchanted of its bright dreams, by the stern reality which had been revealed to her.

Now that all fears and apprehensions for her welfare had past the gushing stream of warm affection flowed from the heart of Claude Melrose.

He had not declared his love in positive words, but Florence suspected his sentiments when she kept herself aloof from receiving his attentions.

It was at this period that Florence and her parent received an invitation to spend a short time in the country, at the residence of Dr. Hale—a proffered kindness which was gladly accepted.

The next day the little party were seated in the doctor's carriage, rolling rapidly through the streets.

When they left the bustling city Florence gazed upon the beauties of nature with deep admiration.

The summer sun was setting in the western horizon, bathing the landscape in a flood of golden light. A broad lake lay shining in the vista, like a sheet of silver. Green fields stretched out, studded with stately trees, which bloomed in luxuriant profusion.

When they arrived at the broad avenue, where their journey terminated, Florence gazed in wrapt silence at the drooping branches of the majestic trees as they waved gracefully over the fence that enclosed the grounds in front of Glen Cottage.

Doctor Hale drew up his horses and sprang from his carriage. Florence alighted ere he had time to assist her.

"How smart you are, my daughter," observed her father as the doctor assisted him out of the carriage.

"Our country air is invigorating," returned the good doctor, as he unbarred the gate.

There was an aroma of sweet-scented flowers that nearly bewildered her senses, as Florence entered the grounds.

Mrs. Hale came to the door, and stood, awaiting to receive the expected guests.

"What a lovely place," exclaimed Florence, after they had exchanged greetings.

"It is a pleasant change," responded the hostess. "I hope your health may improve while here," she added.

As the little group were seated in the parlor, Florence gazed around the cozy room. In her enthusiasm she suddenly exclaimed:

"If I had such a lovely home?"

"Our home is humble, my dear child, but we must be content with what God, in His mercy deals out to us; returned the old man, in a solemn tone.

"Only for a sake, and I wish it were more comfortable."

"Murmur not, my child; your 'It is hard, but Providence directs all things,' continued her parent.

Florence remained silent; she received his words with due respect.

There was a mournful undertone in the depths of her soul. Her heart rebelled.

The summer days passed in the little cottage were the most peaceful of all her life.

"It was pleasant to see them at the cottage; the lady would say when Florence alluded to their kind hospitality.

It was a pleasant sight to see Florence with the old man leaning on her arm, as they walked together over the beautiful grounds.

She suppressed her melancholy, for she would not cloud his declining years. The old man's heart was overflowing with tenderness and emotion.

There were seasons when he would talk of her early days, of his love for her angel mother. Every night he prayed with her, when she would fold her arms around him in grateful affection.

One night the good old man sought his pillow, but sleep had fled. Restlessly he tossed about the couch for hours, when a cool sense of oppression came over him.

The inmates were aroused by an unusual noise.

Florence ran to the room—to find her father a corpse. The worn and weary spirit had fled from its earthly tenement.

She screamed, she called him, but no answer came.

Alas! it was death she appealed to. The family came, to find Florence pale and trembling, almost as inanimate form of her parent.

"Alas!" she cried; "death has robbed me of my last earthly treasure. Oh! God strengthen me to bear this affliction."

The kind doctor and his companions did all in their power to console the bereaved heart.

Florence could not restrain her grief—a sense of utter desolation came over her. She kissed his marble-like brow—the last affection she could bestow. All night she walked the room, weeping and mourning.

"Last night he seemed well. I thought he would be spared to me many years," she moaned.

The thought of her orphanage came over her. A choking sensation stayed the storm of tears; the wild torrent ceased to flow. She raised her hands to heaven imploringly.

"Oh! God, take the friendless orphan," she prayed