## Weekly Monitor,

The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154; being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

## Hardware AND Carriage STOCK EMPORIUM,

### MIDDLETON,

Annapolis County, N. S.

OUR IMPORTATIONS this season have been unusually large, and our Stock in the following lines is very heavy. To those who are building, or who contemplate doing so, will find it to their advantage TO CALL ON US FIRST BEFORE SENDING AWAY FOR THEIR

### Building Materials,

SUCH AS —

CUT NAILS, 3dy FINE LATH to 40dy, FLOOR BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, 6dy to 10dy.

CHANCES SHEET ; AND BELGIAN GLASS, 3rds and 4ths, from 7x9 to 30x40.

BOILED AND RAW OILS, PRESSED BY THE CELEBRATED "BLUND-ELL & SPENCE, LONDON."

SHEET, ZINC, DRY AND TARRED SHEATHING, SHEET LEAD, LEAD PIPE ¾ to ½ IN BORE.

— TOGETHER WITH —

Brandram's Celebrated

## London Lead,

in which we keep two grades—No. 1 and Extra—the latter taking EIGHT GALLONS OIL TO THE HUNDRED.

Our Stock for Inside Furnishing is also replete with everything needed, such as

Mortise Locks, Mineral and Porcelain Mortise-knobs, Inside Silver Glass Knobs, Loose Pin and Loose Joint Butts, in Plain, Japanned, and Silver Tipped,Sash Fasts, Thumb Latches, Top and Bottom Bolts, &c., &c., &c.

### ALSO:

## GRAINING COLORS

In Light Oak, Ash and Walnut. Dry Colors for Tinting, &c., &c , &c.

The above comprises one of the Best Bought and Best Selected STOCK of BUILDING MATERIALS in the Lower Provinces, and is well worth inspection, Come and see us, or send for our Price List.

With our general full assortment Carriage Bent Stuff, Bar and Bolt Iron, Moon-ey's Horse Nails, &c., &c., &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONETT AND WILSON.

Middleton, Annapolis Co.    aug 6

## THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF

## Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Response, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made.

In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are

FULLY WARRANTED.

Parties Desiring a

FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT.

Will find it their advantage to Correspond with THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY,

Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

### 21 CASKS

## Refined Sugar !

Received This Day, Ex. Steamer via. Halifax.

J. & W. F. Harrison.

11 and 12 North Wharf, St. John, N. B.    mar2

Bendalari's Cough Remedy.

THIS preparation is not warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to." It is recommended only for the cure of Coughs, and as a Cough Medicine it is proving wonderfully efficacious. There are very many so-called "sure cures" for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c., but none of our One Dollar per bottle, nor half so effectual as BENDALARI'S REMEDY at one-fourth the price.

*Twenty-five Cents per Bottle.*

For Sale in Middleton by H. CROSSKILL, in Lawrencetown, by DR. LEANDER MORSE. Bridgetown, Farris & Co., Wm. M. Tupper, Paltry, A. Cameron ; Melvern Square,Beuah Spinney; East Torbrook, George Sparr ; Handley Mountain, Caleb Miller.

## PURE WATER.

Pure water is obtained by using

Corey's Patent Expansion Rubber Bucket Chain Pump.

It is the best chain pump ever invented and warranted to give entire satisfaction. All orders promptly attended to.

N. H. PHINNEY.

Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co.

GREAT BARGAIN !

The Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT by Private Contract,

His Beautiful Residence

AT —

## LOWER MIDDLETON.

The House contains 11 rooms all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses. Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consists of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some trees producing yearly 3 Barrels or more. The Garden is also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situate in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 8 Rooms, the ground flat only being finished. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary out-buildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 50 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person of moderate means. Possession at once if desired. Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY.

Middleton, Annapolis County,May 1st, 1880.

Boots & Shoes Hats & Caps!

LADIES' Kid, Goat, Serge and Leather Boots, MENS' Boots Shoes and BROGANS, MISSES' Boots and Slippers, Boys' Boots & Shoes Children's Shoes

HATS!

LADIES' Hats, Misses' and Boys' Hats, Men's Fur, Felt and Straw Hats, All in the leading STYLES of the day, At the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE for CASH or Prompt Pay.

At J. W. Tomlison's

## Something New !

The Subscribers have just received their first advance of

## SPRING STOCK

consisting of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Stationery, Room Paper, &c., &c., &c.,

all of which have been personally selected. And notwithstanding the great rise in prices, we will continue to sell at very low rates as we are determined to keep up our reputation as the

Cheap Cash Store.

The highest produce paid for produce in exchange for goods.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO.

Middleton Corner, April 26th, '80.

## Poetry.

Leap-Year Parody on 'Psalm of Life.

(0:0)

Tell me not in idle jungle
Marriage is an empty dream,
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real ; life is earnest;
Single blessedness a fib ;
Man thou art, to man returnest,
Has been spoken of the rib.

'Life is long and youth is fleeting,'
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant dreams are beating
Wedding marches on the way.

Lives of married folks remind us
We can live our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as will 'tell.'

Such examples that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, may take heart and court.

## Select Literature.

### "With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued.)

'I am the one who has a right to utter reproaches,' returned Thurlstone, ' but I refrain. I have no wish to distress you uselessly. Lilian,' he added more softly, drawing a step nearer to her, ' what is your love worth if it lasts but a day ? If, for a little anger and a little suffering, it weakly fails and dies,then indeed it it not worth a reproach of mine. Good-bye, since you will have it so. I have mistaken you greatly. The fault perhaps is not all yours, but, since you are looking back with regret— No, I will not utter vain reproaches, I have only to accept your decision. Once more good-bye.'

He would have turned away, but her arms were around him and her sobbing face was on his breast.

'I cannot let you go,' she said, her voice choked with tears. ' We must not part—we must never part. I asked you to give me the letter back—you remember that?'

' I remember,' he replied, holding her quietly but not passionately in the circle of his arm.

'All my life,' she continued tenderly, ' I have shrunk from giving my father pain. It was not for the suffering that fell on me, Jocelyn—I could have borne that patiently. I felt and thought that for his sake——'

He took down her hands from her tear-stained face and held them, and tightened the clasp of his arm around the slender clinging throne.

' So, Lilian, not for him. I put your father aside as a man able to defend himself if he chooses. You will not gain from me one grain of pity for his weakness. I appeal to your love, not his cowardice, which would well you for the sake of his domestic peace. Will you sacrifice me to the selfishness of a coarse vain woman ? That is the real question which you must decide.'

Lilian's tears were quenched, but none the less did her spirit quail at thought of all that might be involved, in the answer now trembling in her heart for speech. But her lover's arm upheld her, his eyes were on her eyes, his voice was in her ears, his kiss ready to fall on her lips; her decision was for love, and love only.

' Give me back the letter and take my promise again,' she said, with a great sigh. 'I will, try to be brave. I will keep my faith to you through all things.'

She expected to see him smile, and she half lifted her face for the caress so long withheld, but her voice broke and her face drooped again, for she saw no joy in her lover's eyes.

' I wish I could believe you,' he said ' but a few angry words from a selfish woman, a few peevish complaints from a weak man, will make you faithless again. What hold have I on you? What trust can I put in you now?'

'Oh, you are cruel!' she cried piteously. ' Give me back the letter, I conjure you.'

She could not bear to see his eyes falling on words which belied her love and seemed to justify his doubt. He gave the letter into her hand, and she tore the paper into fragments which the next rushing wave swept away.

' That does not annihilate your words, Lilian,' Thurlstone said sadly. 'They are burnt into my memory. I cannot tell you what pain, bewilderment, and doubt you have planted in my mind. I fear I can never feel the old trust again.'

The subtlest pleadings of love could not have prevailed as this reproach did. His unbelief, his lack of tenderness, filled her with a strange agony. Nothing seemed too great to give to gain back his trust, to feel again the touch of his lips, to hear once more a tone of love in his voice.

' What can I do, what can I say, to make you believe me ? Lilian cried, wringing her hands together.

' I cannot tell you,' Thurlstone answered, cold still. ' You have shaken me, Lilian, more than I dare confess. I know now that I hold you only by a thread.'

He spoke calmly, but he passed his hand over his forehead as if to press back his pain, then, with his voice breaking slightly into passion, he went on—

' I could wish that letter willingly !' he said. ' Be candid with me. If you regret giving me your word—if you are sorry your life has been troubled by the love I held silent so long—then you have only to speak and you shall be free.'

He stooped, his face pale with passion, but his voice firm to the last word. He was master of himself and of her ; it was she who trembled and who sank down upon the sands, overcome with dismay and sorrow.

'I do not wish to be free,' she cried, catching at his hand and holding it in both hers. ' I am not sorry—I shall never be sorry—I have given you my word.'

'Then why write and take it back, Lilian ?'

'I did it in a moment of weakness. You must not be angry because I am not hard and strong. And I did not know till now that I loved you so well. I thought I could please my father and part from you, but I cannot—I cannot.'

'Not till next time—not till your father asks you again,' said Thurlstone, with a little bitter smile.

'I will never, never do it,' returned Lilian. With imploring eyes she looked up into his face. 'Do you believe me, Jocelyn ?'

'Hardly,' he said, letting her hold his hand passively, and restraining himself from the caress he longed to give. 'I feel too deeply all the advantages your rich lover has over me.'

'There is no question of him,' interposed Lilian hurriedly. ' I have told him the truth—as bitter truth for him to bear.'

'And yet but for him that letter would not have been written to me,' persisted Thurlstone. 'I understand your position ; I know you are daily importuned to recall this man. And I tell you truly that I believe you will give way. I have grounds for believing it, Lilian—your own words are the proof.'

' You are cruel,' said Lilian, clinging to his hand still.

'No, I am not. And I tell you now, Lilian, deliberately, that if you have any lingering regret for another man's love and another man's wealth, and feel you cannot gladly renounce them for my love and my poverty, then I will give you up to him. I am a man who cannot endure doubts and jealousy. I would rather a million times you forsook me—now at once, frankly—than I would hold you, knowing that you were looking back and fearing that you would one day go back to your first love.'

'I have never loved him,' ejaculated Lilian. ' I own I permitted his attentions, but it was only to make them all happy at home—it was indeed, Jocelyn.'

'And you led him on to think he was not loving you in vain. You shall not do that by me, Lilian.'

She let go his hand in surprise and terror. She did not understand how often secretly one man sympathizes with another where women is concerned, and she could not perceive that in the depths of his soul Jocelyn was fearing he should lose her through her weakness, and was resolved to make use of that very weakness to bind her fast. He stood still and unmoved as she drew away a step from him, but he kept his eyes still fixed in sorrowful earnestness on her face.

' It is better to be frank,' he said, with a little bitter intonation. ' I will put the truth before you plainly. You shall never say I dealt unfairly by you. Poverty with me, wealth with Edgar Davenant—that is the choice set before you. Choose him if you will, and I will stand aside and join with the world in applauding you.' He hesitated for an instant, and then added in a harder tone, ' There can be doubt that such a choice would be your wisest and best.'

Lilian raised her eyes in trembling wonder and saw his face very white and resolute and hard. Every nerve quivered with the fear of losing him. Now that his love for her seemed to her mind about to be forfeited she could see no foundation on which she could build life and happiness. All the miseries of her home, all the sorrow that ever assailed her, crumbled into nothing before the agonized terror of his loss.

'Jocelyn,' she cried, ' my choice is made ! You know it. I have chosen you.'

She held out her hand imploringly, but he did not move or turn his eyes from their fixed look.

'Choose me if you will, but let it be loyally, without regret, without reproach, without a shadow of turning. Remember, Lilian, there can be no going back ; if you pledge yourself to me again, it is for your whole life and your whole soul. Now do you still say ' Jocelyn, I have chosen you?'

'And at last he held out his hand and took hers and drew her towards him.

Then unheeding of his sternness was to Lilian a relief past words ; a rush of joy filled her heart, and she clung to him a little wildly, with an emotion beyond her self-control.

'Yes, yes, I still say it. I have chosen you—for ever—for ever! Will you believe me now ?'

With sudden joyfulness he threw his arm around her.

'I must take your word, darling,' he said. 'It is all I have.' And his lips fell on hers in a long sweet kiss of peace.

It was a seal of reconciliation ; and in the fullness of their new joy both were silent, each filled with thoughts of the other.

The soft strong rush of the waves swept upon their cars unheeded ; the little shadows hidden under rocks peeped out and flickered on the sands like elfin revellers, hand-in-hand ; the small white crescent moon in the summer sky looked on, and the tide beat out its music on the shore in tolling thunder—thunder which is the ocean's call of love to the rivers, as with everchanging fret they dash onwards to die in his embrace.

'And you love me? You really love me?' whispered Jocelyn. 'And nothing will ever tempt you to forsake me again ?'

'Nothing,' the girl whispered back in soft resolute tones. 'I understand my own heart better now. I know I could not leave you if I tried. I should simply die.'

A smile lit up Jocelyn's face. For an instant he was content, and half resolved to exact no other promise, but a moment's consideration changed him.

'You have thought me very hard?' he said caressingly.

'Yes, a little.'

Then, partly to conceal her weakness—for she still trembled—partly yielding to it, Lilian sank upon her knees on the sands, and hid her flushed face upon his sustaining arm. He fell instantly upon his knees also, holding her tenderly till her tears subsided and her strength came back.

As they rested there, she leaning against him trembling and he supporting her, both felt not the force of their love but its solemnity, the awful power over their souls for time, perhaps for eternity, its influence for good or evil on their lives in the life to come. At this supreme moment inconstancy appeared a sin too dark and dreadful to be forgiven. Lilian shuddered as she thought of her weakness, and she began to long for an assurance of her lover's strength.

'Jocelyn,' she said, lifting her face suddenly from its dear support, 'I want your promise too—you have given me none.'

Carried out of himself by the stress and passion of his emotion, he knelt upright with her, and the air and solitude which shadowed them on high.

'Look, Lilian—as true as that heaven is above us, so true will I be to you. Will you swear the same?'

'If you wish,' she said timidly. And, though her eyes glistened with great joy, her face drooped again on his shoulder.

'If I wish?' he repeated reproachfully. 'Oh, Lilian, you are like a child ! You give with one hand and take away with the other. Pardon me, darling'—and he kissed her—'can I help it if I long to see you more eager, more ready to comfort me with an assurance of faith?'

His arm released her, and he half rose, but she remained kneeling, and, catching at his arm, she clung to it.

'I will give you my assurance you desire,' she cried, with eager tears—'I will swear to what you will.'

He had longed for this ; fathoming all her weakness, he had thought nothing but an oath would bind it, yet he had not dared to ask for it ; but now circumstances, as shaped by his will, brought the words to his lips. He took both her hands in his and held them upwards as he looked down into her streaming eyes.

'Then swear you will never go back to Edgar Davenant.'

'I swear it,' she said solemnly.

'And you will remain true to me, whatever may befall us two?'

'I will, as Heaven is my witness.'

She would have risen now, but he held her hands still, and went on with a quick breath—

'And no matter who may stand between us, or what promise or vows may have been wrenched from you, will you swear to be my wife, and to obey my voice and my call when I come for you?'

'Yes,' she said in a quick, shuddering tone ; 'I swear that nothing shall part us. I will be your wife when you stretch out your hand and say 'Come.'

He released her hands, and, as they fell, she dropped likewise, falling forward in her faintness nearly to the ground. At the same instant a huge wave thundered on the shore beside her, and he assumed her back hurriedly from its foaming surf. But he was troubled, for he had seen a gleam of piteous terror springing into her eyes, and he felt her slender frame trembling in his arms.

'Why are you afraid?' he said soothingly. 'There is no great harm in our vows, Lilian. We ought to have taken each other's word, perhaps, without oaths. But never mind—it is all for the best ; we cannot be fickle now without perjury.'

He smiled into her pale face, and she, reassured by his words and looks, smiled back bravely.

'Fickle' is a word we must never use,' she said, 'for we have bound our souls by a vow ; and from this day henceforward I look upon myself as your wife.'—

'That was well said,' Thurlstone answered calmly. 'I see I have done right to bind you by an oath. I shall not be afraid now of Mrs. Challacombe's machinations or of Davenant's money. I have a weapon with which to fight them all.'

He tone was one of triumph—his eyes were full of a joyful light ; he held her closely to his side, and enjoyed to the very core of his being all her timid yielding, the changeful color flashing on her face, the little quiver on her parted lips, the pressure of her hand upon his neck. And she was beautiful exceedingly, and this loveliness was his own—his very own —no man could take her from him now. Even the gentle weakness of her nature, which his jealous fear had showed him would be made the means of parting them, would after this be a shield on his side. Thinking thus, he rejoiced in the rash oath he had made her take, although, in his own mind, it was of little import—a moment's romance—a sudden exaltation of love and jealousy—a thing to be treated with a smile at a calmer time. But it was not of himself he thought ; it was the effect on her mind for which he cared.

'You are not vexed, my darling, that you have sworn to be true to me?' he said, with tender voice, and heart caressing her brow. 'Remember how much cause I have for fear and jealousy, and do not regret that you have given me a little comfort. See, I am quite happy now, and ready to trust you with all my life.'

With such words as these soothing her troubled mind, she could repent nothing; she could not lean on his sustaining arm, and, bending back her head, received on sweet yielding lips the long kiss of love he pressed there with lingering passion.

CHAPTER XIX.

Richard Lancross had been true to his promise. He gave a pic-nic to which he invited all the world—that is his world—inclusive of Lady Broadmead, and the plump, plain heiress, her daughter. The spot chosen for this summer *fete* was a romantic beach on the Cornish coast, well known to searchers for the picturesque, and lovely as a poet's dream.

The glittering sands of the beach stretched around a sheltered cove, and above it towered a tall cliff, green as a summer wood. Every terrace and plateau of its heights was clothed with rare flowering shrubs, among which paths were cut and bowers hidden. It was in fact a hanging garden—a wonderful surprise for strangers as they came suddenly upon its sloping green, its little quaint dells of velvet grass bordered by grim precipices, its trickling rills like silver threads wandering down the brown rock, and its wealth of flowers all blooming luxuriantly in the face of a boundless and shining sea.

About midway up the cliff, among lilac, laburnum, and syringa, all glorious with blossom now, stood a pretty pavilion, built purposely for parties bent on picnicking at this pleasant spot. Here the company sat and feasted on the good things Richard Lancross had provided. Every one was hungry, every one was happy, and a great clatter of knives and crockery mingled with the greater clatter of lively talk and laughter.

Mrs. Challacombe carved chicken with Harwood on her right hand to help her. The poor fellow could do nothing else ; ten times he had tried to escape her side, and ten times her voice in dulcet tones had called him back to his allegiance. She enjoyed the hour and forgot her troubles, and did not see that Lilian was absent.

Mrs. Lancross sat at the head of the table, and looked up and down its sides at the face of her ten children, who seemed to be everywhere and worrying everybody at once. She smiled on them placidly, a broad, bright smile of motherly content ; then suddenly she missed a face, and her own gathered a shadow of dispute.

'My dear, where is your brother ? He ought to be at the bottom of the table, Major Werrington, excuse me—Richard takes that place.'

'But w—who's to carve till he comes?'

above us, so true will I be to you. Will you swear the same?

(Continued on fourth page.)