

Weekly Monitor, Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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, \$3.50.

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MUSIC. MUSICAL WAREROOM IN DUBLIN'S BUILDING, offer for inspection and sale the BEST and CHEAPEST Musical Instruments.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. The most popular Scientific paper in the world. Only \$3.20 a Year, including Postage.

PATENTS. The Scientific American is a large First Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful manner.

NEW FALL GOODS. Consisting of—Overcoats, Revers, Hats, Caps, etc. Dress Goods and Trimmings to Watch.

Wanted! 600 Bbls. GOOD POTATOES. Middleton, Oct. 15th, 1878. W. H. MILLER, 2247.

Chaloner's Drug Store, DIGBY, N. S. THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store at Digby, N. S.

Notice. ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Chas. Barlow, of Nictaux Falls, Annapolis County, are notified to present the same, duly attested, within three months from this date.

Agents Wanted! In every village, town, and County in Nova Scotia, to canvass for the splendid volumes of Canadian History, entitled, 'CANADA UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD DUFFERIN.'

Windsor & Annapolis Railway. Middleton Corner! Cheap Cash Store.

Time Table, Thursday, 7th Nov. 1878. GOING WEST. 0 Windsor—leave 9:40 11:30 5:45

GOING EAST. 0 Annapolis—leave 7:15 2:25 8:00

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

Take Notice! That I now offer at private sale my horse the 'Flying Frenchman' 'Frank' on account of my declining health.

HIGH SCHOOL at Lawrencetown WILL OPEN OCTOBER 14TH. Liberal courses of Study.

Music Department. Prof. McDonald, Instructor. Dept. of Drawing and Paintings. Miss B. Brown, Instructor.

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Autumn, 1878. Poetry. A WOMAN'S QUESTION. Do you know you have asked me for the sweetest thing?

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, Annapolis Royal.

THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates that the business can be done with safety to the assured.

A. W. D. Parker. Has opened up a Dry Goods and Grocery Store! in the building known as 'THE MASONIC HALL.'

READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS, &c., &c.

WILL BE SOLD LOW FOR CASH. Bridgetown, May 22nd, 1878. BUCKLEY & ALLEY.

BOOK STORE. So universally known for many years at 101 Grenville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street.

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for a strip of rag-carpet by the bed; the ugly little wash-stand in one corner, with its faded counterpane—was a striking picture for poor little Ellen Mint's beauty-loving eyes to rest on.

Do you know you have asked me for the sweetest thing? Ever made by the hand above—A woman's heart and a woman's life, And a woman's wonderful love.

Do you know that you have asked for this priceless thing? As a child might ask for a toy? Demanding, what others have died to win, With the reckless dash of a boy.

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Do you know if poor little Miss Mint has any friends or relatives any where, Mrs. Starkweather? asked Caleb, ignoring her remark.

'I don't,' said the widow, a little enigmatically. Then, in a bantering tone which ill concealed spiteful feeling, she said: 'You seem to have grown to be great friends these last three months, Mr. Darley.'

'The poor young lady seems to need friends,' said Caleb coldly. Then, altering his voice a little: 'You are the most suitable person to befriend her, Mrs. Starkweather, and I am sure you will be glad to do so.'

'Well, sir, I do my best, but you must remember—' 'See that she has a comfortable room, and a fire, and a doctor, and all the care she needs,' said Darley, cutting her short, and putting a roll of bills into her hand.

'Say nothing about this to her, remember! I wish to keep her name mentioned.' 'Well, sir, you're a generous man, I must say,' said Mrs. Starkweather, as she turned away, but her inward comment was: 'The great fool! To throw his money away on this miserable little Miss Mint, when she overcoat's wearing don't it all go to me?' smiling to herself, as she reflected that the result would certainly be some money in her own pocket.

'Well, how is Miss Mint?' she said, entering the poor girl's room, an hour later. Ellen turned her head feebly, too weak to show the surprise she felt. 'How are you?' repeated Mrs. Starkweather, trying to twist her acid face into a gracious smile as she took the little hand in hers.

'Fretty weak,' whispered Ellen faintly. 'Well, this won't do, I see. We must have you down stairs where you'll be more comfortable. Is the bed already Norah's, and have you made the fire?' 'Yes, ma'am.'

'Well, do you think you can walk, with my help and Norah's?' said Mrs. Starkweather. 'But you must let me help you on with this wrapper first.' 'Ellen looked at her with a strange mingling of anxiety, gratitude, and distrust in her eyes. She scarcely knew what to make of this unlooked-for kindness, but she was faint, sick almost to death, and could not resist the offer. 'You know how it is with me, I gave you all the money I had last night. You had better send me to the hospital.'

'Don't speak of the hospital!' said Mrs. Starkweather, as she put a stray lock from Ellen's face. 'We're not going to serve you in that way. Don't say another word about it. All you must think about now is how to get well.'

'A tear trickled down Ellen's cheek. 'If I get well, your kindness shall not be forgotten—I will see for any thing.' Her voice died away.

'The quick thought that darted through Mrs. Starkweather's mind that there was a splendid chance to get her brown merino made over free of charge. But she said aloud: 'Now don't say another word. You don't know how hard-hearted as you do not feel for you when you're sick, do you? Here, Norah, rise her up, and we'll put this wrapper on her. We mean to take good care of you, and get you well again, my dear.'

'The old crocodile,' said Norah, indignantly, and she found herself in the kitchen again. 'To see her palaver over the poor thing as if she was the best friend she'd got! Hospital, indeed! Her voice died away, and she'd be there before the day is out only for Mr. Caleb. He's a good young man, and kind-hearted, and I'm not sure, but I can tell you now.'

'Will you please put that stand by me, Norah, and give me the pen and ink?' 'Now, Miss Ellen, it's not Mr. Caleb would want you to be doing that copying for him, I'm sure, and you so weak you can scarcely raise a finger.'

'Oh, I'm much stronger than I was, Norah, and I must really get to work again. Please do as I ask you, Norah.'

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side him. Ellen's lip trembled, and in a minute more a tear rolled down. She tried to speak, but could not.

'Ellen, what is the matter?' said Caleb, taking her hand. Then Ellen sobbed out: 'Oh, I can't bear it! I've just found out all you've been doing for me, and how kind you've been, and I can't bear it! How can I ever repay,—her voice was checked.'

'Dear Ellen, shall I tell you how? Say yes to a question I've been longing to ask you these three weeks, and you will make me the happiest man in the world.'

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A SUNDAY IN PARIS. A Sunday in Paris is as thoroughly enjoyable as a Sunday in this country as it is possible to be.

Work goes on here the same as on a week day; the shops are almost all open; the wagons, laden with goods, go about the streets; people attend to nearly all their avocations, and until noon they work just the same as if it were a week day.

After midday, however, everything closes except the cafes and the newspaper offices for the evening papers all come out on Sunday with their respective editions—and the city takes a holiday. It is supposed that some of the Parisians go to church on Sunday, but it really seems as if church-going was the least matter thought of by most people.

They have the same pace and their elections on Sunday; their theatres and opera give the best performances in the evening; and the Exposition on Sunday draws its largest crowds. In fact, the day is treated as a day for extraordinary merry making, and as a holiday, which is to be made the most of for the public amusement. This is the French idea of Sunday, and assuredly it is as entirely un-English as any other.

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