

# Weekly Monitor

VOL. 6.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 27, 1878.

NO. 32

**Weekly Monitor,**  
PUBLISHED  
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

**SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.**  
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Yearly advertising changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

**MUSIC. MUSIC.**

The subscribers having opened a

**MUSICAL WAREROOM**  
IN DUBLIN'S BUILDING,  
offer for inspection and sale the BEST and CHEAPEST

**Musical Instruments**

ever before offered the public. For Tone, Style and Finish, our instruments are unsurpassed, and have been sufficiently long before the public to have become the general favorite.

Also, constantly on hand

**Piano stools, Books, sheet Music, &c**

Parties wishing instruments will do well to call and inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere. All communications and orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed. Liberal discounts to Churches, Clergymen, and Teachers.  
C. S. PHINNEY & Co.,  
Lawrence town, A. C. 117

**THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

The most popular Scientific paper in the world. Only \$3.20 a year, including postage. Weekly, 62 Numbers a year, 4,000 book pages.

**THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** is a large First Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated with splendid engravings, representing the latest and most important advances in the Arts and Sciences, including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, and the Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

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**New Fall Goods.**

Consisting of—

Overcoats, Hosiery, Plain and Basket Suits, Pants and Vests, Cloths, &c.

—ALSO—

DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS TO MATCH. LADIES' HATS.

FEATHERS AND FLOWERS.

For Goods, Buffalo Robes in Jet, Black and Brown. Ladies' and Gents' Fur Caps, Misses' and Boys' Fur and Cloth Caps, Kid and Fur-lined Mitts, Fur Trimmings, Ladies' Fur Mitts, Best Hats, &c. Also—China, Earthenware, Lamps, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Felt and Rubber Over-shoes, Groceries, &c. all of which will be sold at LOWEST CASH PRICES.

**Wanted!**

600 Bbls. GOOD POTATOES.

W. H. MILLER, Middle town, Oct. 15th, 1878. 2261f

**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 in Digby, N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soap, Combs, Spoons, Fancy Toilet Goods, Perfumery, bottles with Extra fillings, &c., &c. The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Flavouring Extracts, Fancy cheap Perfumes, and the Aniline Dyes in packets, these were originated by him, the earliest bear his name, and are kept up to the proper standard of purity and weight. He also claims Poor Man's Gough Syrup, the cheapest and best remedy known—Chaloner's Great Leucophaea—Chaloner's Tonic Extract, the Great Antibilious Medicine—Scurvy Liniment, called by the world—Furniture renovator—Sarsaparilla—Sole Bleaching and other reliable preparations. Garden seeds in season. Address, J. CHALONER, Druggist, Paradise, Nov. 2nd, 1878.

**Windsor & Annapolis Railway.**

**Time Table,**

Thursday, 7th Nov., 1878.

GOING WEST.

Station	Mon. & Wed. & Fri.	Tue. & Thurs. & Sat.
Windsor-leave	9:40	11:30
Hantsport	10:02	11:58
Grand Pre	10:25	12:25
Windsor-arrive	10:36	12:49
Port Williams	10:42	12:59
Kentville-arrive	10:52	1:10
Do-leave	11:10	2:40
Waterloo	11:33	2:16
Berwick	11:41	2:20
Aylesford	11:56	2:32
Kingston	12:15	2:38
Windsor	12:27	2:55
Middleton	12:36	3:01
Lawrence town	12:52	3:13
Paradise	1:01	3:25
Hantsport	1:13	3:45
Grand Pre	1:28	3:59
Windsor-arrive	2:00	5:46
St. John by Steamer	8:00	

GOING EAST.

Station	Mon. & Wed. & Fri.	Tue. & Thurs. & Sat.
St. John-leave	8:00	8:00
Annapolis-leave	7:15	7:25
Windsor-arrive	6:36	6:45
Berwick	6:04	6:15
Aylesford	5:33	5:43
Kingston	5:02	5:13
Windsor	4:31	4:42
Middleton	4:00	4:11
Paradise	3:29	3:40
Hantsport	2:58	3:09
Grand Pre	2:27	2:38
Windsor-arrive	1:56	2:07
St. John-leave	1:25	1:36
Windsor-leave	11:30	11:30
Hantsport	11:52	11:52
Grand Pre	12:15	12:15
Windsor-arrive	12:26	12:26
St. John-arrive	12:55	12:55

Y. B.—Express Trains every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, connect at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John.

International Steamers leave St. John, Annapolis, and 8:40 p. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

Principal Station, P. INNES, Manager, Kentville, Nov. 1, '78.

**Three Trips a Week.**

**ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!**

STEAMER "EMPERESS"

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 "EMPERESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 7:45 a. m. and 8:40 p. m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$3.50 do do do 2nd class, \$2.50 do do do Annapolis, 1st class, \$2.00 do do do Digby, 1st class, \$1.50 Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (41 days), \$10.00

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

SMALL & HATHAWAY, 11 Dock Street, ST. JOHN, N. B., April 2nd '78.

**STEAMER EMPRESS**

AND THE WINDSOR & ANNAPOLES RAILWAY.

Passengers 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.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to SMALL & HATHAWAY, ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,164, being considerably 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 paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by 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."

**Take Notice!**

That I now offer at private sale my horse the "Flying Freedom," a fine, as a perfect kind and sound. Any further information may be acquired by applying to Mr. James Carleton, Bridgetown, or Mr. John Hall, Lawrence town.

For price &c., apply to the subscriber, WILLIAM L. LEONARD, Paradise, Nov. 2nd, 1878.

**NOTICE.**

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Charles Bartram of Victoria Falls, Annapolis County, are notified to present the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to John McKewen, Jr., of Wilnot, to whom I have given Power of Attorney for the transaction of said business.

GEO. E. BARTEAUX, Sole Executor.

September 6, '78.

**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. All losses promptly paid on receipt of proof and adjustment.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney.

ROBT. MILLS, SAM'L MCCORMICK, W. M. WEATHERSPOON, Directors.

W. M. MCCORMICK.

Sam'l J. Bogart, James B. Duffus, John P. Mott, Robert Delap, E. C. Twining, F. E. Rice, James E. Shadner, Alfred Marshall, H. H. Chute, Richard Clarke, George F. Miller, Albert Delap, David Walsh, Samuel Potter, John Johnson, J. M. Gilliat, Lawrence DeLois, H. D. DeLois, H. D. DeLois, H. D. DeLois.

John Stairs, James B. Duffus, John P. Mott, Robert Delap, E. C. Twining, F. E. Rice, James E. Shadner, Alfred Marshall, H. H. Chute, Richard Clarke, George F. Miller, Albert Delap, David Walsh, Samuel Potter, John Johnson, J. M. Gilliat, Lawrence DeLois, H. D. DeLois, H. D. DeLois.

My lady sat with drooping head, In lone expectancy, And sighing softly, meekly said, My darling will be true.

O Spring, for thee I die I yearn With thee my true love will return!

Spring came; the breeze Toled with the trees, Buds on the boughs were seen, The joyous rilla, Sped down the hills, And earth was glad and green.

My lady sat with drooping head, In lone expectancy, And sighing softly, meekly said, My darling will be true.

O Summer, sun-bright Summer, come! And bring my errand lover home!

With glowing light The earth was bright, With floral gems bedecked, In beauty rare, The azure air

With sheeny clouds was flecked, My lady, pale, but hopeful still (Patient Penelope) "He will be true!"

O Autumn, come with thy golden grain, And bring my lover home again!"

The autumn grain, The golden corn in sheaves, His ploughing winter air, The waxing light, The many-tinted leaves,

My lady hoped, while time moved on, She would be true and slow; She softly sighed, and said, "Anon He will come back, I know!"

And bring my tardy lover home.

Snow-crowned hills, Ice-crested rills, The barren earth, The festive mirth, And sobbing tears, My lady on her death-bed lay, Pallid, but patient still,

Sighing, "He will not come to-day— But—blessed thought!—eternity Will bring my darling back to me."

AFTER DARK.

When Twilight gathers in her shears, And wheeling swallows skim the flame, The ploughman, turning homeward, leaves His plough in the mid-furrow in the frame, And through the melancholy eaves, The orange drops its milk-white bloom.

The old delights that fall and come, Through sorrow, in the falling dew, Like waves that wore a wreath of foam, The darker that the waning glow, Flung on the misty sea, began to rise and break over the deck; and ere long it became evident that one of the topicals must be taken off.

It was a bad place in which to be caught thus. Thorburn knew he must be near the mouth of the Sound of Mull, and if he lay to, the gale would take him to the place, and though he had good charts yet he did not feel safe.

Higher and higher grew the furious wind, until the very sea seemed dancing over the frail bark. The masts groaned and creaked, the rigging grated and strained, and every crack and creak beneath the fearful strain. The wind howled and roared, and the mad sea surged and boiled, until the whole scene appeared but the result of a furious war of the frantic elements.

At midnight Captain Thorburn began to be frightened. The wind was not only on every hand, but the rain had begun to drive down, and the night was as black as one solid mass of ink.

"Wooler," he said, as he drew his oiled jacket up over his face to protect it from the driving rain, "can you not hear the roar of breakers?"

"I have heard I heard them for some time," returned the lieutenant, holding firmly by the life-line to prevent being washed away by the breaking seas.

"But we haven't," was the lieutenant's response.

"Yet the brig lived through the night, and when the morning dawned, the wind seemed to increase rather than diminish. It was near the autumn equinox, and the sea was every prospect that the storm would be a long one. The rain still fell in torrents, and the heavens were black, and the air dark. Thorburn had no idea of his whereabouts, for how far the brig had been driven during the night he could not tell; yet he supposed that he must be somewhere near the chops of the Sound of Mull.

It was a few minutes past six when the captain was startled by a loud cry forward, and on working his way thither, he found that the foremast was sprung just above the pike-rack. He had hardly discovered the danger, when another shout from the poop called him aft, and hurrying back again, a sight met his gaze that made his heart leap with horror. Directly under the lee-quarter, and not over a quarter of a mile distant, was a bold, rocky coast, over which the sea was dashing fearfully!

"All good God, to the northward, the same bold coast, the northward, the same bold coast," cried Wooler, "to make my point out over the weather bow, there are more rocks there! See! see!"

They were surrounded! The sea was called, but not one of them knew the shores.

"Bring up Donald Kennore!" cried Wooler.

"He! We will," answered the captain, and the smuggler was sent for.

The old man came on deck—he had been carried below when the storm reached its fury—but he could not tell where the brig was.

"But," he added, "my child has been a pilot in these waters for over four years, and there's not a rock nor shoal in the Sound of Mull she don't know."

"Now, Donald Kennore, do you speak?"

"Until within a month she has been with my brother, and has almost lived among the rocks and shoals of the Sound."

Flora Kennore was sent for at once. She came up, and taking her station near the wheel, where she could hold on upon one of the life-lines for support, she gazed carefully around. It was truly a terrific scene. On all hands now, save on the weather quarter alone, the huge breakers were piled up and stretched along. Not a muscle of the maiden's body quivered, nor did her cheek blanch; but boldly she stood there, and her gaze was calm and untroubled.

"Lady," spoke the captain, whose brightened look was in strange contrast with the expression that rested upon Flora Kennore's fair features, "do you know where we are?"

"I do, sir—exactly!" was the sure reply.

"Has! and can the brig be saved?"

"Ay, sir. In less than two hours this brig can be run into a harbor where this storm would be but as a summer shower!"

"If I try?"

"By heavens! then do it! Do it, and any sum you name shall be yours!"

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**Poetry.**

**A WOMAN'S HEART.**

The snow lay white On every height For many a mile around, And fluttering fair, Through icy air, Covered the frozen ground, My lady, but she did not know, Nor the cold winds that blow; But, softly sighing, said, "I know My darling will be true. O Spring, for thee I die I yearn With thee my true love will return!"

Spring came; the breeze Toled with the trees, Buds on the boughs were seen, The joyous rilla, Sped down the hills, And earth was glad and green.

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