

FARMERS
Kings and Annapolis,
Berries, Fruit, Butter, Eggs,
AND OTHER PRODUCE, TO
T. WILSON, POSTER & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Halifax, N. S.

New Goods,
R. D. BEALS
DRY GOODS,
Ready Made Clothing,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS and SHOES,
CROCKERY WARE,
SHELF HARDWARE,
Best Groceries,
TIN WARE, ETC.
EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL
LINES.
Eggs for Goods or Cash.
Butter and All Other Produce in Exchange
Nictaux Falls, May 9th, '97.

**Burdock
Blood
Bitters**
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, BRUISES,
PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART,
RHEUMATISM, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH,
SALT RHEUM, DRYNESS,
HEADACHE, ETC.
And every species of disease arising
from impure blood.
Solely Prepared by
J. MILBURN & CO.,
Producers, TORONTO.

GREAT REDUCTION.
The whole Stock of
W. W. SAUNDERS'
will be sold at a Great Reduction during
the Xmas Holidays, embracing
the following well selected lines:
DRY GOODS,
HOSIERY, a Specialty,
HATS and CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES and
SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS
and LARGES, GROCERIES
and CONFECTIONERY,
CANNED GOODS, ES-
SENCES, EX-
TRACTS,
AND PATENT
MEDICINES, large
stock of LAMPS, GLASS,
FAITHERS, STONE, TIN,
WARE, HARDWARE, and
CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID
ASSORTMENT of XMAS NOVELTIES
William Hoyt,
Assignee.

Notice of Assignment.
NOTICE is hereby given that L. S.
Bowlby, J. Haldon, Balcom, and
Ernest L. Balcom, of Lawrenceville,
in the County of Annapolis, being
under the same, style and firm of
BOWLBY BALCOM & CO., Lumber Manufacturers, has,
by deed of assignment, dated the 31st day
of August, 1888, assigned to me all his
property in trust for the general benefit of their
creditors, subject to certain preferential
claims. Creditors desiring to execute the
same must do so within forty days from the
date thereof, and do so at our office where
the same may be inspected and executed by
deed.
Dated at Lawrenceville, this 31st day
of August, 1888.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE,
the great medical work
of the age on Manhood,
Nervous and Physical Debility,
Premature Decline,
Errors of Youth, and the
untold mysteries connected
therewith, 300 pages, 50c.
125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full
size, only \$1.00. By mail, add postage.
Illustrative
sample free to all young and middle-aged
men. Send now, the gold and jeweled
medal awarded to the author by the National
Medical Association, Address: P. O. Box 1993,
Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, grad-
uate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years'
practice in Boston, who may be consulted con-
fidentially. Especially, Diseases of Man-
hood, No. 4, Baltimore St.

**USE
WARRANTY
ABSOLUTELY PURE
SPICES & TARFAR**
Secure your guarantee on
every package.
(Best & Cheapest)
Ask your Grocer for them

NOTICE.
Pictures and Framing in variety,
Christmas Cards,
Toys and Fancy Goods.
I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond
Sewing Machine.
JOHN Z. BENT,
Bridgetown, Dec. 1888.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate Agent,
and United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1888.

W. M. FORSYTH
STEWART MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
Office in
LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 7 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84.

Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1889. NO. 50.

**LAWRENCEVILLE
PUMP COMPANY,**
(ESTABLISHED 1880.)
W. H. PHINNEY, Manager.
THE OBLITERATED
Rubber Bucket Chain Pump,
FORCE PUMP,
with Hose attached if required.
We are prepared to manufacture
WOODEN WATER PIPES for
drainage or conveying water
under ground. Can be delivered
at any station on the line of Rail-
way. Send for Price List.

INSPECTION
is invited of our Terms and Prices for
all Description of Work in

**Monuments, Tablets,
HEADSTONES, Etc.**
Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.
Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,
OPPOSITE RINK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

U. R. RIGHT
IN SEEKING TO GET THE BEST AND
MOST FOR YOUR MONEY,
BUT
R. U. RIGHT
IN YOUR SELECTION OF A TRADING
PLACE? YOU TRADE WITH

Sancton, the Jeweler,
RIGHT U. R.
SANCTON'S IS THE PLACE FOR THE
BEST and CHEAPEST.
HERE'S WHERE HE LIVES,
Post Office Building, Bridgetown.

CURE for the DEAF!
Peele's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear
Drums.
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING,
no matter whether the deafness is caused by cold,
fever, or injuries to the natural drum.
Always in position, but invisible to others and
comfortable to wear. Mute, conversation,
and whisper heard distinctly. We refer to
those using them. Send for illustrated book
of proofs free. Address, F. HISSON, 333
Broadway, N. Y.

**THIS YEAR'S
MYRTLE
CUT and PLUG
SMOKING TOBACCO**
FINER THAN EVER.
See
T & B
IN BRONZE
ON
EACH PLUG and PACKAGE
Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

NOTICE.
ALL persons having legal demands against
the estate of J. Stewart Leonard, late
of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis,
farmer, deceased, are requested to render the
same, duly attested, within twelve months
from the date hereof, and all persons indebted
to said estate are requested to make imme-
diate payment to
ANNIE E. LEONARD, executrix.
Paradise, January 12th, 1889.

Select Literature.
Miss Morse's Ambitions.
Why, Libby, is that you? Stop
minute, I'm going your way and I'll
leave with good-bye.
'I'm in a hurry, Job stammered,
the tall young girl whom Job Lindley had
adored.
'But I won't detain you a second'
catching up the change and the parcel
from the counter of the little general shop
which served for grocery, dry goods em-
porium, flour mill, and post office for
the dwellers in Sacoctoville. 'I'm ready
to go now.'
Libby Morse was a slender, bright-eyed
girl of 18. Job Lindley was the village
druggist, a quick, keen-faced young fellow
with a healthy glow on his cheeks.
They walked briskly along over the
hard-frozen winter roads, in the grey
twilight.
'Where you getting anything at the store?'
Job asked. 'Have you any bundles for
me to carry?'
Libby laughed lightly.
'I was asking for letters,' said she.
'There were none for me. I didn't much
expect there would be. Luck don't come
to me!'
'Luck? Job looked at her in a per-
plexed way. 'I hope, Libby—I do hope
you haven't been persuaded into buying
tickets in the Brewster Lottery.'
'Nonsense!' retorted Libby.
'You understand you all the spending
money you want, don't you?'
'He gives me all I ask for,' Libby
answered—adding, with herself: 'And
little enough that!'
'You're not discontented at living with
him?'
'Not especially.'
'Because, Libby, if you don't like it
where you are—'
'Oh, Job, there comes Alice Matham!
I hardly recognize the girl. I've got a
message for Alice. You'll excuse me, won't
you?' Good-bye!
Job Lindley stood puzzled, in the middle
of the road, watching Libby's figure vanish
against the yellow bar that still marked the
spot where the sun had gone down half an
hour ago.
'It's queer,' said he. 'I'm hanged if I
understand it! Every time I get any-
where near that subject she slips away
from me exactly as if she understood what
I was going to say. It's like trying to
catch the waters of a running brook in
one's hand. To me there's no girl in all
Sacoctoville like Libby Morse, and yet I
can't for the life of me tell whether she
cares for me or not!'
In the meanwhile Libby had joined
Alice Matham, the young district school
teacher, whose week it was, in 'boating
round' to go to Mr. Morse's. 'I've got a
message for Alice,' said she, breathless
with the haste she had just made. 'I've had
such an escape!'
'Child, what on earth do you mean?'
said Miss Matham, who, though she was
scarcely a month older than Libby, in
actual time, had the dignity of at least
thirty summers.
'Perhaps it was as much owing to the
responsibilities of her position as to natural
temperament, but still it was there—the
sober, charming sedateness of a young
queen.'
'I think, Alice,' said Libby, in a mys-
terious whisper, 'that Job Lindley wants
to ask me to marry him. I've just been
walking with him.'
'Well—and if he does?'
'It's such nonsense,' said Libby, slight-
ly accelerating her walk, classic pace.
'I don't see that at all,' said com-
posedly Alice. 'Every girl in the better for a good,
sensible husband.'
'Fiddsticks!' cried Libby. 'As if a
girl with an ambition like me wanted to
be tied to a man in the back parlor be-
hind a druggist's counter!'
'An ambition?' repeated Miss Matham.
'Ah, I haven't told you!' cried exultant
Libby, springing up and down until her feet
sounded like tiny castles against the
frozen ground. 'But I have an ambition—
two or three of them! Shall I tell you
what they are, Alice?'
'If you can leave off sitting along like
a will-o'-the-wisp, certainly,' said Alice,
twining one arm around Libby's slender
young waist.
'Well, you see,' explained Libby, lower-
ing her voice to a confidential whisper,
'though there aren't only the first-bright
red stars and the yellow rim of light
above the western woods to freshen her
communication. 'Uncle Thomas hasn't
been very successful with his farm, of late,
and as he has nine children of his own, he
naturally feels as if I were a burden to
him. And he hints that I ought to be
doing something for myself. Now what
can a girl do for herself in Sacoctoville
but go to service or enter the factory,
or take in plain sewing?'
'Not much else, I must confess,' said
Miss Matham.
'Well,' pursued Libby, 'I don't fancy
any of these three roads to a livelihood.
So I've picked out three other paths for
myself. I've been studying up the papers
Alice, and I've written a love-story, in
competition for the hundred dollar prize
offered by the Titusfield Literary Clarion.'
'Child, child!' cried Alice. 'What do
you know about love?'
'As much as other girls, I fancy,' said
Libby. 'I've read about Ophelia and
Desdemona and Lucia de Lamermoor
and all those classic heroines, and of
course one depends a good deal on one's
imagination. It wasn't a bad story, I
know. Well, that's one road. And I read
the paragraph of the Woman's Barrier
Establishment in New York—how they'll
pay you for a good cake or preserves, or
anything that's not less a trifling com-
mission—so I sent a box of plum jam to
them, a box that ought to net me \$10 at
least.'
'That's Number Two,' smiled Alice.
'Excuse me for saying that I have no
faith in Number Two this in Number
One.'
'Yes, Job, I should like to go,' said
Libby. 'I've got you to ask me to
go.'
'But you are in some sort of trouble,
Libby,' exclaimed Job. 'You've been
crying? Has your uncle been to you to
leave?'
'Because, Libby, you needn't stay another
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you'll come to the end by my wife, Libby,
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quite fat, and particularly if he is rather
lean; and how like smoke he sulks, if
he is beaten, as he usually is. And oh
what a fool he is about girls. What an
old ass he is!
There's another, not a brother, in some
thirty years gone by, you'd have known
her by the movement that sparkled in her
eye. She is the good sister who feels as
young as ever she was.' She's a kitchen-
thing, yet she'd be a little more kitchen-
if she was a little less elephantine. Frisky
old girl, how she does love to climb into
the swing at the picnic! Weighs two
hundred and fifteen, and makes the swing
creak like a hoisting tackle. If worth
Mr. Titusfield's higher! Higher! Oh, higher!
You can't frighten me! I'm not one of
the scary sort of girls. You bet she has
six children, and if you'll just min-
take her for her eldest daughter—a sweet,
clever girl, with an oral face, spirituelle
expression, and figure as graceful as a
swaying lily—she'll ask you to dinner for
a week. Plays 'Pussy wants a corner,'
'and 'Hunt the slipper.' Loves to teeter!
With an eighteen foot board you have to
pull all but thirty inches to your side of
the trough to make it balance. When the
board is balanced right in the middle she
can fire the whole young men's Bible class
up into the air as though they had been
shot from a catapult. When her end of
the board hangs down on the ground, it
jars all the buds of the trees. Food of
mountain climbing. Usually fastens on
a young man to drag her up. Older
brothers too wary. They dragged her up
little when she was younger. Oh, we know
the old—old—old—old—old—old—old—old—
woman who is the youngest of the lot!
And, knowing her, we fly from her—just
as well as a man who has long since
shed his wings and raised a few acres of
corn can fly.
'Well, then,' you say, 'are the people
who are already old, and those who are
getting there, to avoid the society of young
people?' By no means, beloved, by no
means. Mind with talents, and you grow in
years; it will keep your heart young as
remember that you are not so young as you
used to be, and that old people can't do
the juvenile act all gracefully. Don't bore
the young people. Go away when you see
that they are tired of you. You don't
enjoy them half so much as you let on you
do, anyhow. The other evening I went to
the home of a dear friend to meet some
young people whom he had invited for
that purpose. I arrived, however, late.
There were two parlors and a music room
full of young people. Bright, happy, hand-
some faces; rosy cheeks, laughing eyes,
clustering curls, dimpling smiles, white,
soft hands, and faces all white with beauty,
too; brave, hopeful, happy boyish faces,
it was a picture that any man might stand
and look at with glowing heart, until the
very heart of general sympathy and happi-
ness would seem to be in the air. They
were doing? Sitting in three circles; each
circle of intelligent human beings, with
sundry souls and immortal intellects
passing a long string rapidly from hand
to hand. Round and round went the string,
the human hands moving as if it were a
matter of life and death to keep that belt
going, while one earnest young person
stood in the centre of the circle solemnly
watching the string, which was all
strung on it somewhere. By and by he
pounced upon the white hands of the
prettiest girl in the circle. The key was
found in them. The crowd shouted hoarse-
ly and shrieked shrilly, as though the
Gaiety were at the Gates. The girl
blushed, laughed, and sat down in the chair
she had vacated. The string and the
sluvice key resumed their round. It was
a matter of life and death to keep that
string going. They were 'playing.' They
asked me to join them. Join them!
Great Scott!
Did I ever play such a game as that?
Did I ever play 'Pussy wants a corner'
'Copenhagen'? Did I ever play kissing
games? Waugh! Sent! Did I?
'Brethren, I fear I did. But if, after the
manner of men, I have played in the
game going at Egbertus, I have sense
enough to know I couldn't do it with any
show of grace or matured man. We who
are past it, however want to keep out of
the swim. The afternoon sun was
pleasant, after all; the evening shadows
have a softness and a tenderness that you
never see in the morning, and the man or
woman who gets over into 'the land of
afternoon' and keeps on 'feeling younger
than ever,' loses all the sweetness of the
mellow time of life.

Burdette Speaks of Old Age.
There comes a time when we grow old-
some of us. All men and women do not
grow old. Some people die young. But
it may be stated as a demonstrable fact
that all people who live long enough grow
old. The longer you live, the older you
grow. Some people carefully disguise the
fact, but a coat of paint on an old horse
merely makes it look smart; it doesn't
keep the rickety old steedway from creak-
ing, and it doesn't straighten up the crack-
lewood frame that's gone a little askew as
the horse settles. You can—or at least
the man from whom I bought my horse—
can fix up an old horse of seventeen
years like a frisky colt of three or four,
and to act it, too, for about fifteen min-
utes. But it won't last. There are
times when a man who is walking along
that pleasant decade of his pilgrimage
between the fourth and fifth milestones
and such young people smiles in a golden
and sings, and renews his youth in various
ways, but the spirit is evanescent, and the
fashion of it passes away, and he says
of laughter, 'It is mad!' and of mirth,
'What doth it?' And he looks upon
the men singers and women singers, and
the delights of the sons of men, and be-
hold! all is vanity and vexation of spirit,
and there is no profit in him in that
getting old.

Miss Morse's Ambitions.
'I've got you to ask me to go,' said
Libby. 'I've got you to ask me to go.'
'But you are in some sort of trouble,
Libby,' exclaimed Job. 'You've been
crying? Has your uncle been to you to
leave?'
'Because, Libby, you needn't stay another
day under his foot unless you choose. If
you'll come to the end by my wife, Libby,
there's nothing you need ask for in va-
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quite fat, and particularly if he is rather
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VOL. 16. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1889. NO. 50.

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