

VOL. 4

Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

LANOTON and PIPEB, Proprietors.

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Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

JOB WORK.

At the office of this paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:

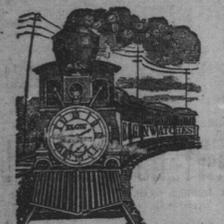
- Pamphlets, Circulars, Programmes, Bill-Heads, Dodgers, Business Cards, Wedding Cards, Visiting Cards, Shipping Tags, Posters, Tickets, &c., &c., &c.

Magistrates' Blanks

Kept constantly on hand.

Call and inspect Samples of Work.

CHARGES REASONABLE.



HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.

WING to the hard times I am determined to sell at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE.

I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of JEWELRY

FANCY GOODS, below CITY PRICES, and invite all to see them. They consist of WATCHES, CLOCKS, TIMEPIECES, RINGS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, GOLD & PLATED CHAINS, SPOONS, FORKS, SPECTACLES, PURSES, CHARMS, &c., &c.

AT THE OFFICE OF THE SUBSCRIBER are hereby notified to pay up.

J. E. SANCTON, Bridgetown, Oct. 27, '76.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING Thursday, 8th of June, 1876.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Table with columns: Station, Leave, Arrive, Pass. Exp., and Frgt. Frgt. Lists stations from Halifax to St. John.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

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Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run daily.

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W. H. OLIVE, Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION.

Railroad and Steamboat Agent.

Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

May 3rd, 1876.

GEORGE WHITMAN, Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent.

Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.

No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do, may 27 '76.

CARD.

J. no. B. Mills, Barrister, &c., &c., Bona Vista House, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

MORSE & PARKER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Conveyancers, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL, (Formerly STUBBS) 146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, Opposite Custom House, St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor, sept 73 '76.

WILLIAM HILLMAN, Silver and Brass Plater, ELECTOR PLATER in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF CARTRIDGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. sept 30 '76.

Great Bargains DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF SUMMER DRESS GOODS Now Being Offered at Cost, by M. C. Barbour, 18 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

THOMAS PEARNESS, Manufacturer of Monuments, Grave-Stones, TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square, St. John, N. B. P. S.—Mr. Pearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct 7

June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecrú Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecrú Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecrú Net; Ecrú Laces; Ecrú Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea Towels; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassels; For Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, 27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NOW LANDING. 200 PACKAGES LONDON CONGOU TEA; 8 bags Ceylon Coffee; 75 boxes Corn Starch; 50 boxes Diamond Glass Starch; 40 boxes Colman's Starch; 2 cases Nixey's Black Lead; 1 case Shop Twine; 15 cases Mustard Spice, etc.; 5 tons Brandin's White Lead; 2 tons Colored Paints; 5 cases Preserved Milk; 10 lbs. Corrasat; 100 lbs. dried Apples; 50 lbs. American Refined Sugar. For sale at lowest market rates by GEO. S. DAFOREST, 11 South Wharf, St. John, N. B., May 27, '76.

WANTED! FARM

The Cash will be paid for a Farm in Annapolis County, capable of cutting 20 tons of Hay, and plenty of good Pasture, Hardwood and Lumber; also, Orchard, producing 15 to 100 barrels of apples yearly. The Farm must be small and in good state of cultivation, and Buildings in good repair. Address with particulars A. C. CHESLEY, Box 29 Bridgetown, Ann. Co. N. S. August 9th, '76. n18 tr

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, would respectfully inform his friends in Annapolis County, that he expects to return to BRIDGETOWN, N. S., On Thursday, August 3rd. PERSONS requiring his professional services will please re-appear August 2nd, 1876.

TO MAGISTRATES!

A large lot of MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS for sale at this office.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS, Wholesale Merchants, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dry Goods Department 93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

AMERICAN GOODS, such as Pr. its, Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the case or small quantity.

Canadian and Domestic Goods, GROCERY DEPARTMENT, 34 & 36 Water St. A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices. August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin HAVING BEEN PROCEEDED BY MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at BANKRUPT PRICES! and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS at this establishment. Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at COST PRICES. MAGEE BROTHERS, St. John, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

BEARD & VENNING, Albion House.

WE have received per Anchor and Allen Line steamers 95 Packages Containing a Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE DRY GOODS, which we offer WHOLESALE and RETAIL at the Lowest Possible Prices, and most prompt Inspection. BEARD & VENNING, PRINCE W. STREET, St. John, N. B., May, 1876.

BOOK AGENTS AND GOOD SALESMEN.

Are "COINING MONEY" with the famous BIDA DESIGNS, The French Edition of which sells for \$165, and the London Edition for \$200. Our Paper Edition (\$35.00), containing over One Hundred full-page plates, is the CHEAPEST and MOST ELEGANT PUBLICATION in America, and the BEST TO SELL. Critics write with each other in praising it, and the masses beg it. From local agent in Southern, Conn.: "In our village of eighty houses I have taken fifty-five orders; have contracted in all about twelve days (in village and country), and have taken orders for One Hundred and Six Copies. FULL PARTICULARS FREE. Address J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers, 11 Broadfield St., Boston.

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO. INVITE special attention to our large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishings—Sherrings, damasks, and repps in silk and worsted; table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials; ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks; trunks and suitings, valises, and parasols; jet and silk buttons, trimmings, and all the latest novelties in millinery. 3 and 4 Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH WHISKY; SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE; POWDERED TURMERIC; BOURN'S SALT-PEPER; Ayer's Hair Vigor; Wilbur's God Liver Oil and Lime; Kidder's Linctus; C. Brown's Chlorodyne; Essential Oil of Orange, very fine; Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by J. CHALONER, Cor. King and Germain Street, St. John, N. B., May, '76.

NEW GOODS!

Vicoria House, Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. Spring, 1876. NOW received, per Freight and Mail Steam, a Choice Stock of DRY GOODS in every department. The attention of the Trade as well as of Retail buyers solicited. E. D. WATTS.

195,000. THE DAILY and WEEKLY Editions of the MONTREAL STAR have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada. 1745

Bill-Heads. Different sizes and styles promptly and cheaply printed at the office of this paper.

Poetry.

THEY DIDN'T THINK. Once a trap was baited With a piece of cheese; It tickled so a little mouse, It almost made him sneeze. An old rat said, 'There's danger; Be careful where you go!' 'Nonsense!' said the other; 'I don't think that you know.' So he walked in boldly— Nobody in sight; First he took a nibble, Then he took a bite. Close the trap together Snapped, as quick as wink, Catching 'mousy' things, Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey, Fond of her own way, Wouldn't ask the old ones Where to go or stay. She said, 'I'm not a baby; Surly I am half grown; To run about alone!' Off she went; but Mister Fox, Hiding, saw her pass; Soon, as know, her feathers Covered all the grass. So she was a supper For the sun did sink, 'Cause she was so headstrong 'That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin Lived outside the door, Who wanted to go inside; And I suppose the door was 'Oh no!' said the mother; 'You must stay here with me, Little birds are safest Sitting in a tree. 'I don't care,' said Robin, 'And gave his tail a fling; 'I don't think the old folks Know quite everything. Down he flew, and Kitty seized him 'For he'd time to blink; 'Oh!' he cried, 'I'm sorry But he didn't think!

Now, my little children, Who read this song, Don't you see what trouble Comes of thinking wrong? And can you take a warning From their doubtful fate, Who began their thinking When it was too late? Don't think there's always safety Where no danger shows; Don't suppose you know more Than anybody knows. When you're wearied of ruin, Pause upon the brink, And don't go over headlong, 'Cause you didn't think!

Select Literature.

A Noble Woman.

This girl was half reclining in a rustic seat behind the arbor. She was in a half-dreamy state. The bees buzzed in and out among the flowers near by, but she did not bear them. A mockingbird alighted on a bush and poured forth his love-songs, but she did not notice his sound. The song of the laborer and lowing of cattle that echoed from the fields did not reach her senses. At that moment she was unconscious of all the beauties of nature, of all harmonious of pleasant sounds; of all the fragrance of the country.

But she was not unconscious of a pain that was gnawing at her heart. Lately the deepest sleep that she could get could not cause her to lose realization of that. It was ever present with her. And why was this? The girl's name was Ellice Burke. She had a lover whose name was Charles Vane. They had been engaged for six months. Two weeks before this morning she had come down from this pleasant place, Heathcote Farm, as a guest of her friend, Virginia Heathcote, and had found Charles Vane already here. And almost immediately she became aware of that which caused her pain. Charles Vane her lover, was evidently deeply fascinated by a certain woman who had been in the place.

Her name was Maud Danforth. She was a very beautiful woman, and beyond all doubt, had been a very decided flirt. Ellice had heard of her frequently and had met her occasionally before she had found her here, like herself, a guest of the Heathcotes.

The last two weeks had been miserable ones to Ellice. She understood fully how matters were, but she had been compelled to hide her pain under a calm and even gay exterior. What a bitter fate stared her in the face! The man she loved no longer loved her, as it seemed.

Charles Vane had been trying all these days to keep up the semblance of his regard to her, and had asked for no release from his engagement. There were several other guests with the Heathcotes, but none of them knew of the bond between her and Charles. They knew, however, of his affair with Maud Danforth, but what else could they call it but a flirtation? Nothing, truly, in view of her reputation.

And the realization of all this was what was sitting behind the arbor again behind the arbor, causing the pain at her heart.

Presently two people came down the garden walk together and entered the arbor; Ellice did not hear their steps. But when a man spoke the word that it was Charles Vane's voice that was sounding in her ears, and he had called the name of Maud Danforth. These two were conversing about no common-place subject. No! and if Miss Danforth was only flirting with Vane, she had secured her victim firmly; and if it was more than a flirtation on her part, she had achieved a victory, for he was pouring forth passionate words.

'Oh, Maud!' he was saying, 'I love you with all my heart, madly, better than my life.'

And if he could have beheld the dead-

ly white face of the girl outside, a pang of remorse as keen as he now thought of remorse for Maud Danforth strong must have touched his heart, Ellice Burke was hearing those words, words that aroused her fully from all dreams, yet at the same time took away powers of vision, that numbed her heart, that bound her in the chains of despair.

'Maud, Maud, my darling,' Vane continued, 'is there any hope for me? Do you love me?' 'I don't think that you know.' So he walked in boldly— Nobody in sight; First he took a nibble, Then he took a bite. Close the trap together Snapped, as quick as wink, Catching 'mousy' things, Cause he didn't think.

'Oh, Charles, I do love you!' Then his husband's grey and faded face from the sight of Ellice Burke, and all became dark to her. She heard no more, and in unconsciousness she found a temporary relief. She never knew how long or short the time was in which she lay in that condition. Then she came to herself and rose, mechanically listened for the voices in the arbor. When several moments had passed and she had heard no sound, she knew that they had left it. Then with a sigh her head fell back upon her arm again.

'Oh! the bitter pain at her heart. She knew now that heretofore she had not quite fled, that she had still cherished the thought that perhaps Charles Vane might love her best, that only a temporary fascination might be drawing him to Maud Danforth. But now the whole miserable truth that she was nothing to him was apparent.

'At last she was able to rise to her feet. She managed to reach her room unobserved by any one. She locked the door and sank down upon a sofa. It seemed as if despair was consuming her heart. Would this blow kill her? 'Oh!' he cried, 'I'm sorry But he didn't think!

'Am I dying? Would this blow?' she asked herself. Then a long dry sob shook her; then another, and other; then came a burst of tears, the first that all this agony had caused her to shed.

Blessed tears! they soothed and calmed her. They quieted to an extent the keen agony that had been gnawing at her heart. 'When will this be over?' she thought. 'When will this be over?' she thought. 'When will this be over?' she thought.

'When the bell rang for dinner she bathed her face. Looking in the glass she saw no special change in herself. She had suffered but her countenance did not show it particularly. She was glad of this.

'Of course I shall have to wear a mask,' she murmured to herself. 'A sad smile touched her lips. 'I suppose I will have to be gay,' was her thought. 'I will bear it here for a day or two, and then I will go away.'

At dinner no one could have guessed how she had been and was suffering.

A day passed. To the sensitive girl there came no thought of any but one course she should pursue. She could never, never again think of Charles Vane as her lover. She would release him.

But this was what she shrank from. She dreaded to approach him on the subject. She was bearing it all bravely but that seemed too much.

Circumstances assisted her, however. She was sitting behind the arbor again not dreaming this time, but wide awake to the bitter reality, when she heard the voices of some persons coming down the path to the arbor. Very soon she knew that the persons were Charles Vane and Maud Danforth. They entered the arbor, Charles making a commonplace remark as they did so. Then there seemed to be a pause in their conversation.

'Ellice rose to go. She did not wish to hear any of their love-making. No! she could not bear that now. Then she heard words that caused her to stay.

'Does Ellice know yet?' asked Maud. 'No,' replied Vane; 'I dread to tell her.'

Ellice's hands clasped tightly together. So Maud knew all then. 'Poor Ellice!' Maud continued, 'I pity her. But oh, Charles, I love you!'

Ellice knew that there was a great quiver of pain in Maud's voice. She knew that these two were suffering for the wrong that they were doing her. Should she hide her pain and help them? She took counsel with her heart and decided that she would, a second later she stood in the arbor with them.

'I know that you loved each other,' she said quietly, feeling that they would understand her. 'I have known it for some time.'

Probably Maud and Vane expected a burst of wrath to fall on their heads the next moment. But it was not so. It was a noble heart that they had wronged. Ellice reached out her hand to Maud.

'I am sure I wish you very much happiness,' she said gently. 'Forgive me, Ellice!' he stammered.

'I forgive you freely,' she uttered. 'That was all she said. She left the arbor and went to the house.

'I don't think she cares much,' Vane said to Maud. 'So little did he understand the woman he had once professed to love passionately.'

Maud Danforth shook her head. 'She is a woman,' she said simply. She masks her pain behind a smile. 'I know not how much agony may have been at her heart when she said these words so lightly. She is very noble and generous—more so than I could be under like circumstances. Heaven bless her!'

A day more passed away. Ellice announced to her hostess that she was going away.

'You are very sudden, Ellice,' Virginia Heathcote cried. 'At any rate you will not go till after the excursion down the river to the Glen. We are all going.'

'When it is?' Ellice asked. 'Day after to-morrow.'

And as Ellice had no reasonable excuse for hastening off sooner than that, she had to remain.

Two boats were found tied to the shore. One was large enough to hold several persons; the other was a mere shell that could only accommodate two. It was light, and dry, however. Nearly all clambered into the large boat.

'Ellice and I will go in the small boat,' said Maud Danforth to Charles Vane, the three being yet upon the shore. 'I can sail splendidly and we will get along first rate.'

Maud felt that she would like this girl. She cherished nothing but gratitude and friendship toward her, and wanted a chance to express something of her feelings. Of course Vane consented to the arrangement.

'You must be careful,' he said. 'Oh, there is no danger,' cried Maud.

A place was given to Charles in the larger boat, and with merry shouts they dashed away from the shore.

For some time they kept together. Then Maud and Ellice drifted behind.

A silence fell between them. Maud glanced at Ellice with wistful eyes.

But the sentence was never completed for, 'Hallo!' came sounding merrily across the water. 'Hurry, Maud!' cried some one from the other boat.

Maud rose to her feet and waved her handkerchief. Her signal was returned with shouts and laughter.

Then, some way or other, how she could never tell, she lost her balance and fell over the side of the boat. She had only time to scream, and then there was a rush of water about her ears. Ellice Burke rushed toward her and managed to seize her as she rose to the surface.

'But alas! the weight of the two upon the side of the shell was too much. A moment it overturned, and Ellice was struggling in the water too. She kept her presence of mind and managed to grasp the boat.

'Maud, Maud,' she cried, 'seize the board and you are safe!'

And with her assistance, Maud, half-drowned as she was, succeeded in getting a hold beside her.

But a fearful fate became apparent. The overturned shell would not sustain the weight of both of them. It was slowly, slowly sinking.

'Oh, heaven!' gasped Maud. 'Must we die?'

Ellice Burke glanced over the water. The other boat was coming swiftly toward them, but could never reach them in time. In an instant her resolution was formed.

'Maud!' she said, 'cling fast to the boat and you shall be saved. He loves you, and for his sake you shall live!'

Then, before Maud understood her intention, she released her hold of the boat. Maud had one glance at her face before she disappeared. Then, with a great light shining out of her eyes, the noble woman went down to her death.

Maud Danforth was saved. She became the wife of Charles Vane!

And very often the face of Ellice Burke, as it looked on that never-to-be-forgotten day, comes before her vision, and she realizes fully what a generous heart was broken for her, what a noble existence was sacrificed that she might have life and love.

Watsdale, a little parish in England, has the smallest church in that country, and it is a very diminished affair. It has but eight pews, and yet it is capable of accommodating double the population of the district. The rector opens the church himself and rings the bell. Then he dons the ecclesiastical robes in the presence of his congregation. There is no musical instrument in the church, and the minister leads the singing. His sermons are very short, a recital occupying only seven and one-half minutes in its delivery. Two services are held every Sunday, and this rector, preacher, sexton, bell-ringer and church warden, all combined in one, receives for the performance of his varied duties the modest little salary of about \$300.

A young minister, somewhat distinguished for self-conceit, having failed disastrously before a crowded audience was thus addressed by an aged brother—'If you had gone into the pulpit feeling as you now do on coming out