ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 10. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1882. NO. 6.

Weekly Monitor

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

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DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will positively prevent this terrible disease, and will positively cure nine cases in ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Dont delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Books, - - Stationery.

Buckley & Allen,

OFFER during the Autumn Season, at low prises a large stock of STAPLE STATIONERY, and School supplies. Fancy Stationery, and Stationers' Sundries. Novelties in Ink Stands and Paper Knives. Special inducements to purchasers of Photograph, Autograph and Scrap Albums. An immense variety of Bibles, Church Services and Prayer Books. All the Sensible Franklin Square and Standard Libraries. Complete supply of the Poets, large assortment of Miscellaneous and Standard Books. Call and inspect for yourselves. Don't forget the address

BUCKLEY & ALLEN.
124 Granville St., Halifax.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps.

I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

DENTISTRY.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public in Annapolis County, that he is now at his office in

BRIDGETOWN,

for a few weeks. Persons requiring artificial teeth will find it to their interest to give him a call.

DR. S. F. WHITMAN.

Jan 2nd., 1882.

HATHEWAY LINE.

Direct Between
BOSTON & NOVA SCOTIA
NO TRANSFERS.

Via the staunch sea-going HUNTER, and the all steel Steamship SECRET, in connection with the W. & A. Railway from Halifax, and the W. C. Railway from Yarmouth, and Stage connection with Liverpool.

Until further notice Steamer Hunter will leave Annapolis, on Monday afternoon after arrival of Express train from Halifax for Boston direct. Returning will leave Foster's Wharf, Boston, on Thursday afternoon.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis on Wednesday after arrival of Express train from Halifax, for Boston direct—lauding her passengers in Boston in 24 and 28 hours from Nova Scotia. Returning, leaves Boston on Monday morning.

Close connections made with all Railways and Steamers for West and North West. First class accommodation.

Low Fares and Cheap Freights.

Free of Boston Wharfage.

For further particulars apply to Station Agents on the W. & A. R. and W. C. Railways, or to John Walsh, Digby.

Hatheway & Co.,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

F. W. HATHEWAY, Agent, Annapolis.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED
First-Class Route
—BETWEEN—
Nova Scotia and the United States
Via the Splendid
STEAMER "EMPRESS,"
Between St. John, Digby and Annapolis
And thence to PORTLAND and BOSTON via the splendid Steamers of the
International Steamship Company.

Superior Accommodation with Fares as Low as by any other Route.

Special Reduced Rates of Fare.

	1st Class Limited to Portland.	1st Class Unlimited Continuous Passage.	1st Class to Boston.
Windsor to Boston	$6.50	$8.00	$8.50
Kentville to Boston or Portland,	6.00	7.25	7.70
Annapolis to Boston or Portland,	5.00	5.70	6.20

BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

STEAMER "EMPRESS"
Leaves Annapolis on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY afternoons

After arrival of Windsor & Annapolis Railway Express Train from Halifax, Windsor, &c., and will leave Digby after arrival of Express Train, Western Counties' Railway, from Yarmouth, Weymouth, &c., for St. John, where passengers bound West or South can take one of the splendid Steamers of the International Steamship Co., which leave Reed's Point, St. John, every Monday and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, for Portland and Boston.

Returning, steamers of International Steamship Company leave Boston every Monday and Thursday Morning, at 8 o'clock, for St. John, connecting there with steamer "Empress" leaving St. John for Digby and Annapolis every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Further information to be obtained of P. INNES, Esq., General Manager W. & A. Railway, and the Station Agents of that Company; C. E. BARRY, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, of also from J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendant, and the several Station Agents of the Western Counties Railway, and of

R. B. HUMPHREY, GENERAL AGENT.
45 Dock St., St. John.

E. M. ANDERSON, Agent at Annapolis.

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 insurments 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.

ANNAPOLIS SS.,

In the Supreme Court
In Equity, 1882.

CAUSE:

ELIZA ANN FITCH, Executrix of HANDLEY E. FITCH, Plaintiff.
vs.
ALBERT TURNER, Defendant.

TO BE SOLD AT

Public Auction,

By Albert Morse, Esq., a master of this Honorable Court, at Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, on

Saturday, 3rd day of June

next, at 11 o'clock, a. m., pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein on the 17th day of April instant, unless before the day appointed for such sale the amount due to the Plaintiff for principal together with interest and costs be paid to the Plaintiff or his attorney,

ALL the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the above named defendant and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under him, in and to, all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of

LAND AND PREMISES,

Bounded as follows: First, all that certain piece or parcel of LAND, situate in Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, on the south side of the river, formerly owned by James Alexander, and sold by Handley E. Fitch to the said Albert Turner, beginning at the mouth of the mill brook, thence up the brook to the mill, including the mill race, thence crossing to the new road, thence to the river, thence along the river to the mouth of the mill brook or place of beginning.

Second—All that certain other lot or parcel of LAND, situate in Lawrencetown, aforesaid, formerly owned by the late John Turner and left by will to his heirs; bounded as follows: On the north by the public road, on the west by lands of Wallace Balcom, on the south by the Annapolis river, and on the east by lands of the late Samuel E. Chipman, that is to say four undivided shares of said property, owned by said Albert Turner.

3rd—All that certain other piece or parcel of land, situate in Milton, in the county of Queens, bounded and described as follows: On the east by lands owned by the religious denomination called Campbellites and now occupied by a school house; on the west by the highway leading to Moose Hill, on the south by the road leading to Bristol, and on the north by lands of Robert Kempton, being seventy feet square.

Fourth—All that certain other piece or parcel of LAND, owned by the said Albert Turner, situate about two miles from Milton aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the River Road and on the west line of Robert Harlow's two hundred acre lot, thence to the river, thence along the bank of the river to the most northerly bounds of the lands of said Albert Turner or to Frederick Minard's land, thence to the river road, thence along the said road to the place of beginning. Also Ougric Island, so called, being a part of the above described property, containing one hundred acres more or less.

Fifth—All that certain other piece or parcel of LAND, situate in the said county of Queens, fifteen miles on the Liverpool Road, beginning at a pine tree on the west side of the Brookfield Road, near the fifteen mile mark "W. J.," being the south east angle of Wellington Grimes' grant, thence by the same south seventy-five degrees west fifty chains to the line of lands granted to Hallet Cole, thence by the same south thirty-five degrees west twenty-five chains, thence south fifteen chains, thence east ten chains, thence north fifty degrees east seventy-five chains, thence north seventy-five degrees, east ten chains, thence north five degrees west, sixteen chains, thence south eighty degrees west eleven chains to the Brookfield Road, and thence by said road southerly to the place of beginning, not including the road, containing one hundred acres more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances to the said tracts or parcels of land and premises belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS—Ten per cent. deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.

ALBERT MORSE,
Master.

E. RUGGLES,
Plff's Attorney.

Bridgetown, April 21st, 1882. 6i8

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food.

Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

Edmund Bent
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Sales attended to promptly in any part of the County. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns made.

Bridgetown, N. S., May, 1886. n5tf

COTTAGE FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers at Private Sale, his Cottage at PARADISE, together with a good stable and other outbuildings, all in good repair.

The property is situated in the village of Paradise, is within five minutes walk of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway Station, two churches and a first-class grade Day School, which, with its pleasant and attractive surroundings make it one of the most desirable residences that has been offered to the public for some time. Possession given at any time.

Terms made known on application to

W. P. MORSE.

Paradise, April 3rd, 1882 tfn52

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale his fine property situated at Granville. About 150 acres. 40 or 50 cleared and 20 under cultivation. Average crop apples, 200 barrels.

apl1tf DANIEL CLARKE

PUBLIC AUCTION.

TO be sold at Public Auction on the premises, on SATURDAY, the 20th day of MAY, inst., at eleven o'clock a. m., the following valuable Property situate at Clements, in the County of Annapolis, the same being the property formerly occupied by the said Township of Clements as a INSOLE FARM for said township. The said property is situate about three miles from the village of Clementsport, and is bounded as follows: Commencing at the southwestern corner of lands belonging to Anthony Potter on the shore road, so called, thence easterly along said Anthony Potter's land, crossing the brook at a poplar stump blazed, thence southerly three rods, thence easterly to the division line between the said Anthony Potter and lands formerly owned by Benjamin Chute, thence southerly at right angles with said division line fifty rods to lands of Israel Potter, thence westerly along said Israel Potter's land to the Shaw road aforesaid, thence northerly the several courses of said road to the place of beginning, containing twenty-five acres more or less, with all the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining, saving and reserving a public road leading through said land and recorded.

On the premises are a comfortable Dwelling House and a good Barn and other necessary Outbuildings, and a never failing well of water.

Also—An excellent Grist Mill on the premises, nearly new, running two sets of stones with a supply of water capable of driving said mill the entire year.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. down; ten per cent. additional on the delivery of deed or tender thereof; the remainder may remain on mortgage.

Possession given immediately.

A. VIDITO,
S. E. BENT,
JOS. BUCKLER. } Committee.

Bridgetown, May 10th, 1882.

FRED.

THIS CELEBRATED STALLION (lately owned by Charley Whitman, of Lawrencetown) will stand for the service of Mares for the season of 1882, as follows: The first two days of each week, commencing MONDAY, May 1st, he will stand at the stable of the subscriber; every Wednesday of each week he will pass through Greenwood, Millville, crossing over to the north side of the Annapolis River, by Aylesford Station, taking the back road homeward; every Thursday of each week he will leave for Gates' Mountain via Melvern Square and the Spa Springs, thence by the shore road to Handley Mountain road, thence by the Handley Mountain road to Lawrencetown, where he will stand over night and until Friday noon at the stable of John Hall, Esq. Leaves Lawrencetown every Friday noon by way of the Fitch road to Clarence west, through Lower Clarence to Bridgetown; from that to Mr. Francis VanBuskirk's Granville, where he will stand over night, leaving there every Saturday forenoon by way of Bridgetown and post road to Paradise, where he will cross over to the south side of the river, pass up through Williamston, Nictaux and Phinney's Mills, reaching Kingston Station that evening.

This famous Horse was sired by the renowned Old Flying Frenchman, whose stock stands unequalled for disposition, ambition, speed and soundness. Among his get we note the following—Belle Strickland, time, 2 26; Sammy, time, 2 22; Johnny O'Brien, time, 2.22; Bismark, time 2.35; and a host of others of equal celebrity.

Pedigree of dame—Wellington and Oak

Terms, Single service, $4.00; Season, $6.00; Warrant, $8.00

For further particulars apply to

JAMES McLAUGHLIN, Groom
or to A. C. VANBUSKIRK, Proprietor.

Kingston Station, April 18th, 1882. 5it7

New Store,
New Goods.
MIDDLETON STATION.

THE subscriber having just completed the enlargement of his premises respectfully invites the inspection of his new and varied stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,

Especial attention is invited to one of the LARGEST STOCKS of Boots and Shoes to be found outside of the Cities, and at prices that defy competition. Ladies' and Misses' Fine KID BOOTS and SLIPPERS a specialty.

Ladies' and Mens' Overshoes and Rubbers.

Also, Crockery, Tinware, and everything found in a well stocked country store.

Always on hand, Flour, Meal, Lime, Salt, etc., at prices as Low as the Lowest.

It is not my intention to advertise impossible prices, but a comparison of prices is cordially invited. Close cash buyers will find it to their advantage to give me a call.

WANTED—100 doz. Good Home-knit Socks, at 25c. per pair; good double and twisted Yarn, at 60c. per lb; Cloth, butter, eggs, at the highest market rate — also, Lumber, Shingles, cordwood, etc,

J. H. CHUTE.

Jany. 16th, 1882. n40tf

Flour and Meal.

THE Subscriber has a large consignment of FLOUR, CORN MEAL and OAT MEAL which he offers for sale at

LOW RATES,
EITHER
WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE, SUCH AS WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, RYE-STRW, BEANS, POTATOES, ETC.

P. NICHOLSON.

Bridgetown, January 5th, 1882.

BILLHEADS EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLES AT THIS OFFICE. GIVE US A TRIAL.

Select Literature.

Caught in His Own Trap.

'Confound the boy! what does he mean? Does he think I am going to be a father to him, and not be obeyed as a father? Does he think I am going to give him money to spend in business, and take only ingratitude in return? What can the young dog be thinking of? Plague on the youngster! What business has he to go and fall in love with a poor piece of trash? I'll fix him! I'll—but here comes the rascal, the spurner of my counsels!'

As Captain Jerry Pleman thus spoke, he sank into a great stuffed chair, and looked daggers, and twice he stamped his dumpty foot vehemently to keep up his stern purpose. He was a stout-built, red-checked bachelor, just five-and-forty. Most of his life he had spent at sea, and lately settled down ashore with a immense fortune for the purpose of enjoying the rest of his days 'after his own heart,' as he expressed it. His pate was just large enough to carry his jolly face high up over his brow, but yet he had a good quantity of dark curls clustering about his short, fat neck. The only near relative he had in the lower world was Jack Kendall, an only child of his only sister. Jerry Pleman had loved his sister fondly, and when she died—she was a widow then—she left a prayer upon record that her brother would care for her orphan boy. And Uncle Jerry had done it faithfully. For ten years he had provided for his nephew, keeping him at one of the best schools for a while, and then paying his way through college. But now that he had settled down in a home he had Jack come and live with him.

'Ah, you are here, are you?' growled the uncle, looking up with a dagger-like expression.

Jack Kendall was twenty-three, somewhat taller than his uncle, but with the same family look. He was a handsome, good-natured, generous, affectionate fellow, and loved his Uncle Jerry with his whole soul.

'Yes, uncle, I am here,' he replied taking a seat, 'and I know you are glad to see me.'

'Aye, I am glad, for I have something to say to you,' the bachelor resumed, looking more daggers. 'Have you seen that baggage again?'

'Baggage, uncle?'

'Baggage, sir. I said baggage. Have you seen her?'

'Her, uncle? Baggage? Her? Why—what do you mean?'

'You know very well what I mean. I mean that piece of poverty—that hanger-on—that—that baggage—that—girl!'

'O, you mean Lizzie Brown! the girl that—'

'Thinks to catch you, and thus catch my money!' interrupted Uncle Jerry, emphatically.

'It is hardly fair to say that, uncle, seeing that I made all the advances myself.'

'Nonsense! don't you suppose I know? I say she set the trap for ye! But I won't have it. If I'm to be a father to ye, you must obey me. Now I've got a good chance. I want you to marry Susan Garland.'

'But she's a widow, uncle.'

'So much the better. She'll know how to make a home for ye.'

'And she's older than I by a dozen years.'

'Just five years. She's only twenty-eight. It's all the better for that.'

'But I can't love her.'

'Can't love her!' cried the uncle, looking an immense number of sharp-pointed daggers, 'Cannot love the woman who was the wife of the most faithful friend I ever had! Let me tell you, sir, that when the 'Gazelle' was cast upon the rocks at Barneget, Bill Garland saved my life and lost his own. He died in these arms, sir, and the last words he ever said to me were, 'Be kind to my poor Susan;' and I will be kind to her,' the captain added, wiping a big tear from his cheek. 'I'll give her a husband—a graceless husband perhaps—but who shall have money enough to keep her above want. You shall marry her, sir.'

'But suppose I should refuse?'

'Refuse! refuse your uncle! You dare not do it, sir! I'll turn you out of doors in an instant! I'll see you starve before I'll give another penny. I'll take away all I ever did give you.'

'Ah, you couldn't do that, uncle. The education I've gained under your noble, generous patronage is a mine of wealth, of which you cannot rob me, and I would not to-day exchange it for all the wealth you ever possessed. I can live by my own wits.'

'Aha! you threaten me, do you! You mean to disobey me outright!'

'You do not understand me, uncle. You surely would not force me to belie my own heart. If you could but know Lizzie Brown!'

'Lizzie Fiddlesticks! I don't want to know her. I know Susan Garland, and that is enough. I've had this plan fixed ever since I came home. I promised Bill I'd take care of her, and I must do it; and how can I do it if you don't let me have her for a niece!'

'Why not have her for a wife?' asked Jack; very quietly.

'Wife—me! Why, you young rascal! What do you mean? Me—marry? Zounds! Do you think I am crazy? I am old enough to be her father.'

'Only seventeen years difference, uncle. Just enough to give you character as a husband.'

'Silence, villian! Would you have me make a fool of myself just as I am settling down for quiet and comfort! Don't you dare mention such a thing again. I shall go and see Susan to morrow, and shall tell her you will have her. By the big fish I'll keep my promise!'

Jack knew it would be useless to say any more at present, so he held his peace. William Garland had been his uncle's first mate during his last two voyages, and the captain not only liked him much, but also thought much of Susan, having stopped at her home while her husband was living. When Captain Jerry came home with the care of the widow upon his shoulders, he had hit upon this happy expedient of making her his niece by marriage, and thus having the right to care for her without exciting scandal. Jack knew how his uncle had cherished this plan, and he feared it would be hard to thwart him. The old fellow was as stubborn as he was kind-hearted, and where he felt he had authority he would not yield.

Finally Jack retired to ponder upon the subject, and before dark he resolved to see the widow in advance of his uncle, and he went that very night.

Susan Garland was a very pretty woman with a plump form and a dimpled, cheerful face, over which the sweet, genial smiles were continually flitting when she was happy. She had been a widow two years.

She welcomed Jack kindly, and after some commonplace remarks the young man came to the point. He related the conversation which passed between himself and his uncle that afternoon, and expressed the hope that she would help him

'Surely you would not wish to take me from the being I love?' he said.

'Of course not,' the widow replied, with an earnest smile. 'I should be decidedly opposed to any such thing. I know Lizzie well, and I know, too, that she will make you a good wife. You may depend upon my assistance, for I can tell your uncle that I won't, and that will be the end of it.'

They chatted a while longer, and then Jack took his leave.

'He will be here to-morrow forenoon,' the young man said, as he reached the door.

'I shall be ready for him,' was the reply, and a funny light twinkled in the widow's eyes as she said so.

About eleven o'clock on the following day Uncle Jerry called upon the widow. She had left off her weeds, and now appeared fresh and fair as a maid of sixteen. She welcomed the captain with one of her sweetest smiles, and finally took a seat close beside him. By a dexterous turn she got him engaged in relating wonderful stories of his adventures at sea, and thus an hour slipped away. Of course he must now stop to dinner.

'O, no! I must go home to dinner,' said he. 'But before I go I have a little business matter to touch upon.'

'Then you must wait, sir,' pronounced the widow, decisively. 'It is my dinner hour, and I must prepare it. Wait and eat with me, and then I'll listen to you.'

With this Susan drew out the table, spread the snow-white table cloth, and soon had the dishes in their places. She finally went away to the kitchen; and soon the captain heard the pots and kettles rattling, the meat sputtering, and a brisk culinary racket going on generally.

'Egad,' the old fellow muttered to himself, 'she's a splendid craft. What a clean build. If I had come across such a woman years ago, I believe I should have made a fool of myself.'

In due time the dinner made its appearance, and the captain was invited to partake of it.

'Now make yourself at home,' the widow said, with a charming smile; 'for I look upon you as one of the dearest friends I have.'

'Egad, if she ain't a beauty,' Uncle Jerry said to himself, as he drew up to the table.

The lamb chops were done as the captain had never seen them done before. So juicy, so rich, so delicately spiced—and so splendidly cooked. And then the pies, and the cake, and the rich golden coffee. But above all he was entranced by the bright smiles and sparkling wit of his fair hostess.

'Zounds!' he muttered, while she was carrying away the dishes, 'ain't she charming?'

Finally the widow came and sat down by the side of the captain upon the sofa. Her dimpled cheeks were all aglow; her bright eyes sparkling with a beaming lustre; and over her white shoulders flowed a wavy, curling tress, which trembled ever and anon, as though there were some strange emotion in the bosom beneath it.

'Now, sir,' she said, 'I am ready to listen.'

'Well—well,' Uncle Jerry managed to say, after a prodigious effort at clearing his throat, 'you must pardon me if I come right to the point.'

'Of course.'

'Then here it is—you know I promised—Bill—that is—Bill Garland—my old mate—or I should say my young mate—that I would look out after you—care for you; you know that?'

'Yes, sir,' continued Susan, with a grateful look; 'I know that, and I have blessed you many times for your kindness to poor me. Alas! I don't know what I should have done but for your generous bounty.'

'Tut, tut—don't talk so. How could I help being good to you?'

'Ah, but everybody don't have hearts like yours.'

The captain rather liked the compliment and then it came from an agreeable source too. So he did not dispute it. But he made another prodigious effort to clear his throat, and then said:

'I have tried to be good to you, Susan, and I hope I have been; but I can't do all I want to do for you at present. I am coming right to the point now.' (Another clearing of the throat.)

'You know you are a widow.'

She did know it.

'And you know you are yet young and very beautiful.'

'O, no, not beautiful,' she said; 'and surely not very young.'

'But you are not old, and—you are beautiful. Now this won't do. Scandal will reach you. I—ahem—am not so old myself but that the shaft of scandal might reach me too.'

'You old?' uttered Susan, looking up reprovingly, and yet admiringly. 'Why, you are right in the prime of manhood. A man at your age, and with your genial, happy disposition, has just reached the dawn of life at five-and-forty.'

Uncle Jerry rather liked this, so he did not contradict, as he had at first a will to do.

'Then, of course,' he returned, applying the compliment to his own purpose, 'it is still more necessary that there should be a new and nearer relation between us. I love you too well to have a single breath of suspicion rest upon you.' The widow's long lashes dropped, and the dark tresses upon her bosom trembled perceptibly.

'If it is your wish, sir, I should have no opposition to make,' she said.

'And you'll come and live with me?'

'Yes.'

'And we'll be as happy as kings?'

'Oh, I should be very happy!' she whispered; and as she did so, her head rested upon the captain's shoulder, and the bright tress fell upon his hand, with several tear jewels glittering amid its curls.

'What a time we'll have!' Uncle Jerry cried, winding his arms about her plump form, and drawing her more closely to him. 'When you are Jack's wife we'll—'

'Jack!' repeated Susan, breaking from his embrace, and springing to her feet. 'Jack's wife!' she uttered, dashing the tears from her eyes.

'Why, bless me, yes.'

'And you have meant for me to marry him?'

'Lord bless me, who should I mean?'

'And do you suppose I'd marry with a mere boy? Are there not girls enough for the youngster? Sir, you mistake me—you mistake my heart, you mistake my love, if you think I could give my heart to your nephew.

'But bless me—ahem—a-h-hem—Jack is—'

'I know, sir—I know him well. He is a very fine youth, a worthy youth, and may be a noble man if he lives long enough. But I can say no more. I am sorry to disappoint you. I am—am deeply grateful for all your kindness to me, and I will pray to God for all his blessings upon you continually. But we better part now. You have spoken my doom. Farewell!

'But, Susan. Here! Stop! Bless me?'

Susan did not stop and Uncle Jerry found himself alone. He said 'Bless my soul!' forty-three times, and then left the house. All the way he muttered to himself; and when he met Jack at the supper-table he was moodly and silent. When he went up to his chamber he commenced to mutter again; and he kept on muttering and pondering till he fell asleep. Finally he began to dream. He dreamed that Susan Garland became his wife, and he held her on his bosom and wondered that he could ever have thought of such a thing as allowing Jack to have her. But as he held her thus, who should appear in he nuptial chamber but Bill Garland, pale and cold, with seaweed for hair, and dark, green ocean moss for raiment. And the cadaverous presence said,

'Give me my wife?'

The dreamer awoke with a sharp cry of fear, and found the sunlight streaming into his room. He arose and sat down by the window, and finally he said in a deep, fervent tone, 'Thank God! Bill Garland hasn't come back!'

For three whole days Uncle Jerry was like a newly-converted sinner. He could neither eat, read nor sleep, and the burden of his remarks to Jack was:

'Clear out, you rascal!'

On the evening of the third day the captain made an extraordinary toilet, and then went up to see Susan Garland. She welcomed him with a warm greeting, and finally, at his particular request, sat down by his side upon the sofa, just as she had sat before.

'Susan,' said he—he spoke bluntly, for his courage and determination had been duly brought up to the sticking point before he started—'you said, the other day, that you should be very happy to come and live with me. Did you mean that you would be willing to become my wife?'

There were a dozen tresses upon that white shoulder now, and they shook like aspens.

'That's a curious question, sir,' she replied.

'But, tell me plainly, did you mean that?'

'If I mistook your meaning, sir, you have no right to question mine.'

'But, Lord bless me! suppose I should ask you to become my wife? Answer me that.'

'You never did ask me, sir.'

'Then, by the ear of old Neptune, I ask you now, Susan Garland, will you be my wife?'

'Jerry Pleaman, I will!'

'What?' cried the captain, starting back and gazing into her blushing, tear-wet face, 'do you mean that you can love an old man like me—that you can love me always?'

'You are not old, and, as for loving you, I have loved you for a long while; and, if you take me for a wife, I'll love and bless you to my dying hour.'

'Then come here! Come here, Susan! Come right here; and if ever I cease to love you, to cherish you and to be true to you—may—may that sea-weed ghost come back!'

About ten minutes after this, Uncle Jerry made the following very sensible remark:

'Why bless my soul! we are acting like two fools, Susan.'

The widow only smiled, and said:

'Two very happy ones, ain't we?'

And Jerry said:

'Bless my soul, we are!'

On the following day Jack happened to pass near the widow's house, and he dropped in. In a few minutes he was the happiest fellow imaginable.

'But,' said Susan, earnestly, 'don't misunderstand me. I have loved your uncle—loved him well and truly—and I believe he loved me, but dared not say so. Had it not been thus, I could not have done this. I would have helped you all the same by simply and flatly refusing you, but I could not have toyed or trifled with him. He is a good man, Jack—a good man.'

'So he is,' said Jack. And then Jack took his leave.

The youth found his uncle in the library reading a book—said book having bottom end up. He sat down and peeped wickedly out of his eyes, while an ill-mannered smile kept playing around the corners of his mouth.

'What are you winking and blinking and squinting and grinning at, you young dog?' asked the old captain, with tremendous ferocity.

'I was thinking of a story I once read,' replied Jack, quietly.

'A story, eh? What is it, you scapegrace?'

'I'll tell you, uncle,' said the nephew, with the smile and the twinkle more wicked than ever. 'It was a very funny thing—it is the funniest thing I ever heard of.

'A man once went to set a trap in which to catch a very respectable and honorable young friend of his. He had got the trap all nicely set, as he supposed, when, what do you think?'

'When what, you graceless rascal?'

'Why, uncle, when the thing was all fixed, there was the funniest thing happened you ever heard of. Instead of catching his respectable, high-minded young friend, the old fellow got nabbed himself. In fact, he got caught in his own trap. Wasn't it—'

'Get out of my house, you young scamp—out with you, you reprobate?'

'But, uncle—when I come back, may-n't I bring Lizzie with me, to see and participate in your new and deep felicity?'

'If you'll be decent, you daring young villain, you may bring the queen of slatterns herself; but beware how you offend me! I can't bear everything—and I won't! I won't put up with it! I'll kick you out of doors, you ungrateful traitor?'

After this effervescence, Uncle Jerry's soul settled down to a clear, placid calm, and when Lizzie Brown finally appeared before him he actually kissed her, and said she was just the girl for his rascally young nephew.

In a few weeks after Uncle Jerry had a wedding-party. He was married first, and then sat down and saw Jack married.

'There,' said the happy old fellow, after the thing was all over, as he approached his nephew and handed him a paper, 'there is something to make up the loss you have sustained in letting me rob you of the best woman in the world.'

Jack opened the missive and read it with tears in his eyes, for it was a certified check for ten thousand dollars with a little note attached, saying that if he behaved himself he might at some future time have more.

Did He Propose?

'I couldn't do it,' said Martin Ellerslie, with a shudder. It was just the seductive hour before the gas-lights are lighted and window-blinds are pulled down—the delicious twilight, when grates shine like burning masses of ruby, and people sitting beside them grow mildly confidential. It was snowing a little outside; all the better, for the click of the crystallized pearls against the glass filled up the silence and made the cozy warmth of the room luxuriously delightful. And Martyn Ellerslie's pleasant brown eyes fixed full on the fire, saw—no one can tell what, or how much they saw!

'Suppose she should say 'no,' he burst out, seemingly apropos to nothing at all.

'Suppose she shouldn't,' observed Gray Barnes, dryly.

'I tell you, old fellow, it's exactly like having a tooth pulled out. Your friends stand by and say: 'Be a man, it's nothing!' It isn't they who are under the doctor's forceps.'

'Complimentary to Miss Clen.

'Nonsense! You know what I mean. But really and truly, I've tried and I can't do it.'

'Very well,' said Barnes, indifferently; 'Then it is an understood thing that you are to live and die an old bachelor.'

'I didn't say that.'

'Oh, I beg pardon. You expect Fanny is going to propose to you; that is it.'

'You are a heartless miscreant,' Ellerslie cried out, half laughing, half impatient, as he sprang to his feet and tossed the remnant of his cigar into the fire, 'and I shall not waste any more words upon you—unless, indeed, you'll go round to the fair with me.'

'Where Fanny Clen has a stand? Not if I know it. The money market is rather tight with me just at present, and these fancy fares are no better than a den of robbers, where a defenceless young man is concerned.'

And Martyn Ellerslie went on his way alone.

The hall was all a-glitter with gaslights and fragrant flowers when he got there; the pretty feminine sparks lurking each behind her well-laden table, was all smiles and dimples, while the throng of victims ebbed and flowed around them.

Mr. Ellerslie found himself greeted with acclamations.

'You will take a share, Mr. Ellerslie?'

'Do please put your name down here, Mr. Ellerslie; there are only ten blanks left.'

'Oh, Mr. Ellerslie, you are the very one we are waiting for. I've kept seven for you—seven is always a lucky number.

'Mr. Ellerslie! don't pray, spend all your money until you've taken a share in this mammoth doll, with a trunk full of clothes.'

And thus our hero was flung hither and yon on the waves of the fair, drawing nearer, however, with every subscription, to the table over which shone the bright stars of Fanny Clen's eyes.

But when he got there he was smitten with a sudden silence.

Fanny looked wonderingly up.

'It's a fine evening,' he hazarded.

'Is it?' asked Fanny. 'Why, I thought it was snowing?'

'So it is,' said our hero, growing very red, and overturning with his elbow a crimson Venetian flask (for which he immediately had to pay a sovereign). 'I—I mean it isn't a very fine evening.'

'Oh!' said Fanny.

'Yes,' said Martyn, feeling actually that he had made a donkey of himself.

Then he went away, and didn't see Fanny Clen again the whole evening—probably because she was the only person in the whole room that he cared a fig about seeing at all. But so unkind is fate to love and lovers.

Job Work!

The MONITOR office is fitted out with one of the best job-presses in this province and a large assortment of type in both plain and ornamental faces, together with every facility for doing all description of first-class work. We make a specialty of fine work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province.

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Just as he was edging his way out of the place, in a very dispirited and dejected frame of mind, there was a rush and a flutter, and he heard his own name called in all the notes of the human gamut.

'What is it?' he asked, vaguely staring around him.

'You've drawn the big doll!' cried little Sibyl Percy, dancing up to him, and laying in his arms the huge waxen abomination, with its flaxey yellow curls and pink and white complexion; while somebody else brought the big trunk and little bandbox. 'It's just like traveling with a wife,' said Sibyl mischievously.

'But what the—ahem! what am I to do with it?' asked our bewildered hero.

'Give it to somebody,' said Sibyl, inwardly hoping he would act promptly on the suggestion and bestow the prize on her. 'Any one would be delighted to receive such a present.'

'Do you think he would?' asked Mr. Ellerslie, vacantly. And then he was away.

'Great stupid fellow!' cried Sibyl, spitefully, and she tripped back to her table.

'I never saw such a goose,' said Laura Barrington, who had three sisters of her own at home.

'But what am I to do with it?' said Martyn to himself, as he traversed the wintry gloom of the midnight streets 'Oh, I have it! I'll give it to Fanny Clen and she can make a Christmas present of it to her little black-eyed cousin!'

He laid the doll, rejoicing on the sofa, and went to bed, sinking into dreamland just about the time that Fanny Clen was taking her hair-pins out of her magnificent golden hair before the dressing bureau in her own apartment.

'Why, Fanny, what ails you?' cried Dora, her eldest sister. 'You're crying.'

'I'm so tired,' guiltily confessed poor Fanny.

And she wept herself to sleep, thinking how foolish she had been, and that of course Martyn Ellerlisle didn't care a straw about her. Why should he?

Mr. Ellerlisle rose early next morning full of momentous resolve, and made such a toilet that the very landlady's little boy, seeing him go out with a big doll, neatly encased in her pasteboard box, under his arm, ejected, profanely:

'Oh, my eye, what a swell!'

The black-eyed little cousin admitted him. Yes, Cousin Fanny was at home—would he walk into the parlor?

And our hero, before he had fairly made up his mind in what terms to bestow his gift, found himself bowing to a fair-headed vision in a sunny little room, surrounded by heads of cut flowers.

'How do you do, Mr. Ellerlisle?' said Fanny, coloring and smiling; 'I am making bouquets, you see, for to-night.'

'Exactly so,' said Martyn, and then he reflected how much more appropriate a remark he might have made and turned very red.

'Pray sit down,' said Fanny.

'I—I—the fact is, Miss Clen,' said Mr. Ellerlisle, plunging in sheer desperation into the midst of the subject; 'I have called—I hope you won't be vexed—you have only to say so if you don't like it.

Fanny dropped her sprig of heliotrope, and looked up in surprise.

'I know it isn't of much consequence,' went on Martyn, turning the pasteboard box round and round in confusion, '