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Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor  
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MANUFACTURERS OF  
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For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Respond, they are Unsurpassed.  
A careful examination of the instruments 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.

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On the Loss of  
MANHOOD  
We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without the use of Mercury, or any other violent means) of Gonorrhoea, Stricture, and all other diseases of the Urinary Organs, resulting from excesses.  
Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.  
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure as easy, simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.  
This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.  
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The Culverwell Medical Co.,  
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WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he has removed from Kings County, and will be at his office in  
BRIDGETOWN  
for a few weeks. FRIENDS, PLEASE NOT DELAY.  
Nov. 10th, 1878.

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A SMALL PLACE CONTAINING  
FOUR ACRES OF LAND,  
with comfortable  
HOUSE AND BARN.  
Paradise, May 16th, '80.  
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MECHANICAL AND OPERATIVE DENTISTRY promptly attended to in all its branches.  
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The Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT a private residence  
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The House contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair. Good Stabling for 2 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consist of 2 1/2 acres, in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) nearly all which are in bearing, some including nearly 20 Barrels of more. The Garden is also well stocked with a good variety of fruit trees. The place is well situated to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.  
A L&O, Small Farm, situated in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrencetown Railway Station. The House contains 8 Rooms, the ground fast only being drained. Good Barn, and a number of useful and necessary out-buildings. The Farm consists of about 70 acres. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing nearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will increase to 100 or more barrels. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior chance to increase largely at a very small outlay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person with moderate means. Possession at once if desired. Terms for both places easy.  
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JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of  
Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes, consisting of  
Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers, &c.  
All a  
Splendid Assortment of  
FALL SUITS  
Facts and Vests, also,  
1 Doz Very Fine Buffalo Robes.  
Here, Blankets will be sold very  
LOW FOR CASH.  
BEALBS & DODGE,  
Middleton, Nov. '78.

# Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 8. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1881. NO. 40.

Parson Dodd had been deaf, not blind, but how could he hear? Instead of getting out of the rye, he crouched down in it until only the shining top of his bald crown was visible, like a saucer stuck up in the sun.  
"Madam!" he shouted back, "I beg of you—"  
"The sharp voice interrupted him. 'Don't you know no better? Can't a poor woman raise her little patch of rye, but some crooner must come tramp tramp through it? Don't you know what a path is for? There's the lane; why don't you come up the lane?'"  
"Poor Dodd would have been only too glad to explain why. But now rose a clamor of female voices, as the four sisters at the barn ran down to the end of the field, and the field, to learn what was the matter.  
"In the rye!" said the sister at the window, pointing. "Some crooner! Why don't you see him? Looks like a man. What's he doing? Why don't you come out? Scold!"  
"Ladies, said poor Dodd, putting up his chin, and looking over the grain with a very piteous expression, "don't you know me?"  
"But that was a very absurd question. Certainly they did not know him without his wig. Where were those wavy brown curls, which he had worn for so long, and which he had so proudly worn, especially to the female portion of his congregation? Could any one be expected to recognize in that shorn and polished pate the noble head and front of the lachlor parson? No—he must proclaim himself.  
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Parson Dodd's Adventures.  
A COMEDY OF ERRORS.  
BY J. T. THURGOOD.  
IV.  
(Continued.)  
But there was one subject demanding his immediate attention—something must be done; and what? He could go to the nearest house and ask for clothes, if he had any clothes to go in. He was reminded of the theological parson, re-stated in the very sermon he had to deliver that morning, namely: that in order to pray for grace we must have grace to pray. He had wished for a good, practical illustration of his view of that difficulty, and now he had it. Impossible without clothes, to ask for clothes! Such whimsical fancies will sometimes flit through the mind even in moments of great distress.  
It occurred to him that he might lie in the neighboring woods all day, and then set out for home ten miles off, under cover of the night. But the hands of the clock, such a course—twelve hours more of nakedness, weariness, famine—were too appalling. No; something desperate must be done. "I must make a raid for covering of some kind!" thought the unhappy parson.  
There was a little low, red painted dwelling-house in sight, standing well back from the road, with a broad wood shed behind it, and a brown barn behind that. It was flanked by a field of waving rye—providential circumstance, the good man thought, it would serve to cover his approach. "I can stand in the rye up to my neck, while I call for help, and explain my situation." So he advanced, wading through the grain, nodding grimly, which his hands held before him; a wretched being, almost hoarse, and with light fancies still bubbling on the current of his darker reflections.  
"Gin a body meet a body coming through the rye," thought he.  
A Sunday morning stillness pervaded farm and dwelling. A quail whistle on the edge of the field, and a "caw-caw" which sounded to Parson Dodd much like the mocking-bird's note on his own recent passage of the river. Glossyallows were twittering about the eaves of the barn, and envious doves, happy in their feathers, were cooing on the sunny side of the old shed-roof.  
In the midst of this scene of perfect tranquility, the barn door was opened. The parson's heart beat fast; somebody was coming out to him. It was a woman. A woman with a masculine straw hat on her head. She was followed by another woman—also in a straw hat—bringing a horse-collar. Then came a third woman, similarly covered, carrying a harness. The horse's halter, and afterward his head, were passed through the collar, which was then turned over on his neck and pressed back against his breast, the harness was put on and buckled, and then—horrid to tell—a fourth straw-batted woman appeared, and held up the shafts of an old one-horse wagon, while the other three backed the animal into them, and looked the traces.  
"My luck!" said the Parson, through teeth chattering with excitement, if not with cold. "Not a man on the place! All women! And there's another somewhere. Why didn't I think it's the house of the Five Sisters?"  
The five Misses Wiretop, spinsters, known to all the country round, and they were rather strong-minded, said very strong-bodied; they kept this house, and were strict bachelors, and dispensed with male assistance (except occasional aid in seed-time and harvest); and went regularly to church, and were very respectable.  
"They are getting ready for church now," thought Parson Dodd. "They go to Sunday. I always see them there. They are going to hear me preach!"  
No doubt they would have been glad to do anything for him that lay in their power; for though they did not think much of men generally, they had a regard for persons, and for Parson Dodd in particular, he knew that from the serious, reverential glances turned up at him ever from the Five Sisters' pew. "Yet it isn't myself they care for," thought he, "it's my cloth!" and here he was without his clothes!  
He asked himself, moreover, what they could do for him, even if he should make his wants known to them. Of course there were no male garments in their houses; and the most he could expect of them was an old lady's gown. He fancied himself in that!

He had not gone far before he began to experience great tenderness in the soles of his feet. Then by degrees it dawned upon him that the loose ends of the carpet flung about his calves were hot a poor substitute for trousers; and that his attire was, on the whole, imperfect. "Too simple for the age," thought he. "Picturesque, but hardly the thing in which to appear and proclaim his mission to a fastidious modern society. Would that I were a gentleman, accept him now that he was rigged out more like a king of the Cannibal Islands!"  
He tried various methods of wringing the folds of antique rags about his person; all of which seemed opposed to utilitarianism. He was beginning to think Providence might have done better by him, and getting over a fence, he found himself on the public highway.  
He knew he would be followed by his friends at the asylum; and he might accordingly stop to take an observation. He was near the summit of a hill. At the foot of it, near half a mile off, he saw a coming at a fast gallop, which to his suspicious mind suggested pursuit, and he shrank back into some bushes to remain concealed while it passed.  
As the animal ascended the slope, the gallop relaxed to a leisurely canter, the center declined to a trot, and long before the summit was attained, the trot had become to walk. The horse had no rider, but there was a buggy at its heels. Arrived near the spot where Hillbright was hid, it turned up on the roadside, and put down its head to nip grass. Then Hillbright saw that there was nobody in the buggy. The horse was a runaway, that had been stopped by the horse at the corner of the field, and was now galloping along. "Providence is all right," said Hillbright, for some feet.  
At sight of the strange figure, grotesque and absurd, the driver of the buggy, the mare shied, and would have got away, but a mile corner, with a hill at the end of it, had turned her up. She merely sprang to a corner of the fence, and remained an easy captive.  
As Hillbright was about setting foot on the ground, he noticed a man in a top hat, who had been sent expressly that he might ride—he found an odd heap of things in his way. There was something that looked like suspenders; and, following up that interesting clue, he drew forth a pair of pantaloons; with them came a coat and a pair of trousers, which he slipped on. "Providence means that I shall be well clothed," was his happy reflection, as he explored still further, he discovered boots and underclothes, and a shirt of fine linen. With a triumphant smile, he proceeded to put the things on, and found them an excellent fit.  
There was still a hat left, freighted and ballasted with various valuables, upon some among which was a luxurious chestnut-brown wig. Now, Hillbright had never worn a wig. But since he had been born of the lachlor parson, he must proclaim himself.  
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What's been happened? she asked herself. "He must have taken office at something! What have I said or done? It must be the cravat! Why did I do so foolish a thing as to send it with a note? She could have said what she wished to say so much better than she could write it!"  
The first bell rang. And now people were going to church. The children were leaving to start. They were tired of sitting still in the house. What was she waiting for? Was that old Dodd coming again to-day?  
"Livy! never let me hear you call him old Dodd again! Mr. Dodd is still a young man, and has been a good friend to your poor mother. There!" she exclaimed, with a little start, for her eyes, wandering down the street again, saw the long-expected buggy coming at last.  
It was a peculiar buggy, high in the springs, and with a high and narrow top. She could not mistake it. She was equally sure of the style and her way brown leather and ample seats full of cushions. But in an instant the thrill of hope the sight inspired changed to a chill of disappointment and dismay. Parson Dodd did not drive on to the parsonage, as he had always done before, when coming to preach for Selwyn. The buggy turned up to the meeting-house, and disappeared in the direction of the horse-shed.  
She walked a while in deep distress of mind, to see if its owner re-appear; but in vain.  
"Livy," she said, "go right over to the church, and see if Mr. Dodd has come. Go as quick as you can, but don't let anybody know I sent you."  
It seemed to her that the boy was never so torturing as in executing an errand. At last she saw him running leisurely, watching the oracles in the elms, while her heart was bursting with impatience. He signalled him from the window, and looked into the carriage. "Livy, Livy, grin and nodded vivaciously in reply. Yes, the minister had come.  
"Are you—are you very sure?" she tremblingly inquired, meeting him at the door.  
"Ain't it!" said the lad. "I didn't first go and look at his buggy under the shed? He's got a new horse; but I guess I ought to know that buggy, often as it's been in our barn. Then I peered in through the door, and saw him just going up into the desk!"  
"Poor Mr. Garcey was now quite ready to go to church. Since Dodd was so close to him, he must go to him; she must see his face, and get one look from him, even if across the space that separated him from her."  
"How was he looking, Livy?" she asked.  
"Kind to queer. I always thought Dodd felt big enough, but I never saw him carry his head quite so high. Looked as if he was mad at something."  
"Oh! I must have offended him! I sipped the unhappy Melissa, putting on her things."  
With slow and decorous steps, she shuffled forth her little tribe of children on the edge of the parsonage across the green to the church-porch. The bell was ringing again, its broken but just visible in the high bell-tower, tumbling and rolling like a porpoise in the waves of its own sound. Wagon were arriving, and the usual throng of church-goers were alighting on the platform or walking up the steps. In the vestibule she found a group of friends inquiring seriously concerning each other's health, and in suppressed voices talking of the latest news. There seemed to be some excitement with regard to an inmate man who had that morning escaped from the asylum, whom nobody appeared to have seen, though he had been heard of by several through those who were out of present of him. Somehow, Melissa took not much interest in the greetings and the gossip of these worthy people, and parting from them, she passed out into the street.  
"Poor dear! She can't forget him," whispered kind-hearted Mrs. Allgood, who followed the gloomily damped and pensive figure.  
"Hah! She's thinkin' of another husband a ready!" answered sharp-tongued Miss Lynx, with a toss.  
"It cannot be denied that the two, Miss Lynx had the clearer perception of the hard fact in the case. Yet as she set forth, unclad by grace and the warm tissues of human sympathy, it was no more the truth than a skeleton was a living body; and Mrs. Allgood's gender judgment was more just. Melissa had not forgotten that good man, Garcey; and now, in her loneliness and bereavement, the cherished hope of other companionship, was for that Miss Lynx to condemn her! Nay, who, without knowledge of the human heart and compassion for its sufferings and its needs, had even a right to judge her?"  
She passed down the aisle, preceded by her little ones (the elder of whom, by the way, were beginning to be not so very little), and followed them into the pew in which she had first met when a bride. She would have been alone in it then, but for the two or three persons to whom the pew was always glad to give seats. But after another, a little Garcey had appeared, first in her arms, perhaps, then in the seat beside her, and then, year by year, the family grew and increased, until now it almost filled the cushioned seat, a unit of tender regretful sentiment seemed to suffuse the very atmosphere about her as she listened to the tone of the bell, and thought what changes had come over her dream of life since she first sat there and looked up with pride to see the beloved son eloquent—her Garcey—in the desk! Now, here she was again, looking with anxious eyes and a troubled heart for another.  
There were the well-known wavy, chestnut-brown locks, and a shoulder of the blue-black coat, just visible from the aisle, in which she sat. But the waver did seem to look at her. He held his head bowed behind the desk, as if in devout contemplation, and thoughts in which she, alas! had no share. She longed to see him lift it, and turn towards her those graceful, sympathetic features, the

very sight of which was a comfort to her heart. And it must be confessed she had a strong curiosity regarding the embarrassed cravat.  
"I must speak with him after the service," thought she. "I will make him come to the house." And the strand and whispered to the topmost beam of the little row.  
"It has just occurred to me, Livy, you'd better go and put his horse in our barn. It will be too late to have the poor beast standing under the shed all day."  
"I won't hurt anything; besides, he might have drove over there himself, if he wanted his horse put out," said Livy, with a scowl.  
"You can get into the buggy and ride over," said his mother, growing a trifle wonderfully solicitous with regard to the poor beast.  
"The ride was an object, and Livy went. The bell stopped ringing, the choir ceased singing, the congregation was in its place, all bowed as usual; and Livy, with Livy, did not return, and she would have felt anxious about him at any other time; but now a greater trouble absorbed the loss.  
"It was not like Parson Dodd to sit so long in that way with his head down. A movement of the arm, and a rattle of leaves heard in the stillness of the house, showed that he was turning over the manuscript of his sermon, or selecting hymns, or looking up chapter and verse. But all that should have been done before. It ought not now to keep the people waiting.  
The silence was broken by a cough. This was followed by several coughs, which appeared to have been hitherto suppressed. Then entered four of the Five Sisters, uncommonly late this morning, for some reason. In spite of untoward circumstances, they had come to hear Mr. Dodd—that dear, good man—preach. And with a buzz of whispers began to run through the congregation, but in vain, as Melissa, as usual, was silent, however, as soon as the preacher rose.  
Melissa, watching intently, saw the noble head of luxuriant chestnut-brown hair slowly lift. Then bloomed the abundant sherry-ruffs over the desk, to gether—yes, the white neckerchief had been torn by his own hand! It was he! He recognized it, a thrill of amazement, a chill of consternation, passed over her, as the preacher, stretching forth his hands, cried out in a loud, strident voice.  
"We will pray for the sins of the World!"

When Parson Dodd withdrew from the society of the Five Sisters and their dog Brier, he described across the fields a house and barn situated on another road, and made towards them, under the shelter of the walls and fences, thinking that if he could take them in the rear, and enter the barn unperceived, he might at least secure a horse-blanket in which to introduce himself to the family.  
He found, however, to his dismay, that they must be finally approached across a range of barren pasture, unsheltered even by a shrub. No friendly rye-field here; and he was too far off to make any attempt by shooting. He hid about two or three times from behind an old cow-house in which he took refuge, but timidly and without the desired effect. What was to be done?  
He had turned aside to visit the cow-house in the better hope of finding there some relief in his feeble condition. But it was empty even of straw.  
As he cast about him in despair, seeking for something wherewith to cover his forehead, his eyes fell upon the corner-house door. "If I only had that off my hinges," he thought, "I might get in, though he. He took hold of it and found it could be easily removed. In a minute he had it in his arms. "Samson carrying off the Gates of Gath!" was the lively comparison that occurred to him but with this difference; whereas, in familiar Bible pictures, the strong man was represented as bearing his burden on his back, this modern Samson pressed his on his portly bosom. "Circumstances alter cases," thought he.  
With arms stretched across it, grasping its edges with his hands, and just lifting it from the ground (it was not very heavy), he skillfully betwixt his person and the enemy's walls.  
Now, no one could picture the amazement of the worthy Lapham family, when their younger members coped a wonderful phenomenon in the cow pasture, that on a Sunday morning; and mother and children running to look, beheld there was the cow house door adorning in this extraordinary manner to pay them a visit; staggering slightly, and balancing itself occasionally on its lower corners, like a door that has been learned but imperfectly the art of walking! Close scrutiny might perhaps have revealed to these human fingers clasping the edges of it; or the feet of flesh and blood taking short steps under it; or the glistening crown of the beaver peeping furiously from behind. But when the vulgar mind is greatly excited, it is prone to see only that which most astonishes; and accordingly great Mrs. Lapham and the little Laphams, failing to discriminate in such troubling matters as hands and feet, saw only the enormous phenomenon of the preambulating door. It was like a Bismarck Wo! coming to Dauns!  
What gave a sort of dramatic effect to the apparition was the grotesque outline of a human figure, large as life, which the boys had chalked on the outside of the door, for a target. As soon as they saw its advance, grinning at them, they were greatly excited, and one rose for the gun. "Keep back, mother!" said he; "I'll give the old thing a shot, if it's Sunday!"  
(To be concluded next week.)

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 descriptions of letter-work. We make a specialty of one work—either plain, or in colors, and in this line we flatter ourselves we can compete with any office in the Province. Orders for Posters, Brochures, Catalogues, Bill-heads, Circulars, Cards of all kinds, Pamphlets, will receive prompt attention. We endeavor by close attention and careful execution of all orders to ensure satisfaction to our patrons.  
Lawyers and Notaries' blanks kept constantly on hand and for sale.

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