

Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown, SANCTIONED AND PUBLISHED BY 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.

NOTICE

All persons are hereby cautioned against having anything to do with a NOTE OF HAND made by the undersigned in December, 1876, on eight months, in favor of ROBERT GORDON, as said Note was obtained by misrepresentation, and we received no value and shall resist payment.

NOTICE

All persons having any legal demands against the estate of JACOB DURLING, late of Wilton, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

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MARIA G. MORSE, admx., for SAAC P. MORSE, admr. of the estate of JACOB DURLING, late of Wilton, Farmer, deceased, must render their accounts, duly attested to, within six months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

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Windsor & Annapolis Railway

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT

COMMENCING Monday, 7th of May, 1877.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Express Daily, Freight Daily, Passengers and Freight Daily, Fare, and Class only.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Express Daily, Freight Daily, Passengers and Freight Daily, Fare, and Class only.

Express trains run daily, and when signaled will stop at all Stations.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m.

International Railway Trains leave Windsor Junction daily at 9 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.15 p. m., and 7.15 p. m., for Trenton, Detroit, Montreal, Quebec, Montreal, and all places West.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.15 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada, may be obtained at the Company's Office, 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, at North Street Depot, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager. Kentville, May 3rd, '77.

Three Trips a Week

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX! STEAMER "EMPRESS," For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m.

FARE—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00; do do do 2nd class, 2.50; do do do 3rd class, 1.50; Digby and Annapolis, 1st class, 1.50; do do do 2nd class, .75; do do do 3rd class, .50.

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

SMALL & HATHWAY, 11-Dock street. St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

Removes for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, ANNAPOLIS AGENCY.

INTEREST allowed on Deposits. Drafts on New York, Boston, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax, at City rates.

STERLING EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD. COLLECTIONS MADE ON ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

ALEX. SHERRER, Agent. Jan. 10 1887

MacFarlane & Adams Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS.

Agents for Canada Paper Co. HALIFAX, N. S. Oct. 16th, '76. 6m27.

TWO CASES FIVE FEET INTS Just Opening.

B. STARRATT. Paradise, March 21st, 1877.

CARD. Jno. B. Mills, Barrister, &c., &c., Bona Vista House, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

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

T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR. sep 73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN, Silver and Brass Plater, ELECTOR PLATER.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS. No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. sep 30 y

GILBERT'S LANE DYE WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B.

It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new.

Agents—Annapolis, W. J. SHAYTON, Merchant; Digby, Miss Wagner, Millinery and Dry Goods. may 76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice. Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends that all engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

GATARRH. Catarrh of the bladder is a disease which is not only painful, but also dangerous, and which, if not treated, may lead to the most serious consequences.

For further particulars, apply to the Proprietor, J. E. SANCTON, 11, Water Street, Halifax, N. S.

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I. MATHESON & CO., ENGINEERS

BOILER MAKERS, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY Engines and Boilers.

Every description of FITTINGS for Steam Boilers, Steam Pipes, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cans.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.

WHITE LANGASHIRE FLANNELS; WHITE MEDIUM DO; WHITE LIGHT MEDIUM DO; WHITE ANTI-RHEUMATIC; WHITE SAKONY UNION; WHITE SERGES; WHITE ELASTICS; GREEN; INDIGO BLUE, HEAVY, PLAIN; INDIGO BLUE, TWILLED; SCARLET SAXONY; COLORED DO; CANADIAN ALL-WOOL GREY; AMERICAN WHITE, GREY, SCARLET.

WHITE, BROWN AND GREY, FOR SALE BY W. G. LAWTON, Cor. King and Canterbury Streets, St. John, N. B. October 1876.

MORSE & PARKER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Conveyancers, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC. ETC. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER. S. R. POSTER & SON'S STANDARD Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works ST. JOHN, N. B.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.

At Lower Prices than they could be obtained for some years past. We invite our old, and any new customers who may want such articles, to call and inspect our Stock and Prices, which we are determined to sell far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of:

WATCHES, CLOCKS, TIMEPIECES, RINGS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, GOLD & PLATED CHAINS, SPOONS, FORKS, Spectacles, Purse, Charms, &c.

N. B.—Our Watch Department we make a specialty, and permits will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. REPAIRING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

J. E. SANCTON, Bridgetown, Nov. 1st, '76.

Poetry. MY MOTHER.

Back through the lapse of lonely years, Of light and shade, and bitter tears, I seem to hear,

My mother's voice soft, sweet and low— My mother's voice, ah! well I know Its cadence dear.

Oh sitting when the night bird sings His homeward flight and softly wings A plaintive song.

Then memory waves her magic wand The summons from the silent land Dear one long gone.

Again, I stand by mother's knee, Again her sainted face I see, As in a dream.

Then asks my heart, with voice of tears, For her; alas the said, and years Lie dark between.

Oh! mother, from that sphere divine, On wings of light cleave realms of mine, Come thou to me.

If for only a little space, That I may look on thy dear face, One moment see,

As once I saw, thy tender eyes, That know not tears in Paradise, Grieved no more.

I watch for thee, oh! mother dear; I listen, and I seem to hear Thy songs float o'er

That lonely river, deep and wide, Which daily rolls its Stygian tide From shore to shore;

Silent and deep through lonely years Swollen with bitter farewells tears Forever more.

Trusting, I'll wait while life lasts here, Till that grand, immortal sphere, Where sorrow ceases,

We meet, and on thy loving breast My weary head shall be at rest In perfect peace.

Select Literature. A Race For Life.

CHAPTER I. THE MESSAGE.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McCausland was an engineer to the water company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval of dressing, we sat down to an excellent little dinner, and we started punctually.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland, "it spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at eleven o'clock next morning, and I was to accompany him. We were to be met at the station by a friend of McCausland's, and I was to take my baggage with me.

We pursued our way up the hills, and crossing the brow reached a small inn. Here we found a country girl awaiting us. Into this she clasped my friend McCausland, and we proceeded along a wooded by-road, stony and rutted. At length, when he had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another man's hand, and the "Reservoir" we got out of the pig sty.

"Cannot I stay too?" "Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here though."

"I do not mind that," I replied. So it was settled. Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluice again we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder echoes.

That was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up and danced down the hill sides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cascades, and foamed down to the streams. The wind rose from its sleep and forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and the stones and grass became commingled.

Now the sluice valves were all opened, and the long, imprisoned water gladly dashed from its prison to meet its mate, the river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale, once more filled with water, divided on the hill. But still the men worked hard amid the gathering gloom and thunder by lantern light, and nature rested not that livelong night.

But I turned in and got some sleep in the dormitory of the element, was without. At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came, fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quick as you can and come down stairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Lose no time, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance. He left the room."

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky, and all the world was raining. The water was plashing in the caves, and mingled with the heavy drops burst into separate streams in every rut and furrow. The wind beat the tall trees and roared amid the branches. Ever and anon a sharp snap denoted a branch torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth.

I dressed quickly and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time tables, which as an official he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering junction with a message?" His collected manner assumed me. "Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much. Of course I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly. "Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his own steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied, laughing; "I'll be ready in five minutes if it is important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for the waterproof. When I came down the horse was at the door and McCausland inspecting him.

"I mounted," "Now," I said, "for this great message, if you please."

McCausland's tone had something solemn in it as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering junction, and any people you see, that the south reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy Apps viaduct, and carry away the bridges of the Holmesdale branch. Stop the traffic, and save the passengers. God bless you; and hark ye, ride for your life! I will fire the signal-cannon as a warning. Good-bye."

CHAPTER II. A WILD RIDE.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to McCausland, for I was too stupefied to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow creatures depended on mine. Ammering junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it, I thought. The final finger picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need my strength, though, to execute in task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I should easily find the path. Beside, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful thoughts, and with the fierce wind and biting rain by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction it should take. I nearly faintly with horror as I read. The final finger pointed up to the cross road I was pursuing—To Holmesdale and Seaham. The opposite index pointed—To Ruddall and Ammering. "I could scarce credit my senses. Surely I was right. We had come up the previous day and up the hill to the reservoirs. I had merely to reverse the route we had traveled. At that moment, if you believe will me, the true state of the case, and my own stupidity, flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale; I was now bound for Ammering which lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past six o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was further from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with despair. Whatever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up-hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor, before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then—

I burst out into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then desperate, and only half conscious, I rode madly back to Ammering road and up the hill again. But the storm front was abroad, and had already swept over the moor, which lay before me. As we gained the more open ground the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hill side, and hissed among the trees, and only then we saw the rain came down more densely than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor, which lay before me. A straight road lay over it—a good road, but crossed at intervals by rapid streams which had overflowed their usual limits, and swelled over their boundaries across the fifty stones which had defied them all the summer long.

The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist, but far in advance, on the level, I could trace the railroad line. From the elevation at which I stood, I could trace the channel of

the Apps river down the valley, and could guess the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad, and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine perhaps waiting to start, and I was lingering on the hill. All this, and more, I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force while we had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically. Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some helpless cows were blown over my head, and a sinister-looking raven skimmed across the moor close by, uttering a weird croak which fell upon my ears like a knell and chilled my blood. I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterwards. The train was a complete man of war, and I was in the midst of it. I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly afterwards. The train was a complete man of war, and I was in the midst of it.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began. "I don't want the train," I replied. "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph. The wires are blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear the line up to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you plain, I must stop the traffic. The south Holmesdale reservoir will burst this very hour!"

"Can this be true? Inquired a cool, gentlemanly man of my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True? I echoed. 'It's only too true, I have ridden to tell you. We must stop the trains.'"

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8.05, mused the station-master. 'There may be time; come with me.'"

"He crossed the line and entered the shed booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder. 'It is the signal,' I exclaimed. 'The water is out! Heaven help us now!'

The station-master called out. A clonker appeared.

"Is that engine ready?" "Yes, sir, waiting for the excursion." "Run and open the points. Now, sir, get up!"

I obeyed mechanically, and before I knew it I was in the saddle. The station-master stepped to get a red flag and gave a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam versus water. Which would conquer?

"A whistle—was started. 'The flood! the flood!' shouted the porter.

We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a white ridge, was tearing down the devoted viaduct. No time to lose.

"Go ahead," cried the station-master. I turned on steam, put the lever over another notch, and the race began in earnest.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it. We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarmed, would dash to destruction in the depression in the ground, and behind the railroad a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water. It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten.

On rolled the flood. We were running 'neck and neck' for some terrible half-minute. Now the resistless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, mangled debris of every description, came heaving down upon the doomed structure. We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now.

Sparks flew from the chimney. Another notch. The heat of the piston rod was scorching. The heat of the piston rod was scorching. The heat of the piston rod was scorching.

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape. And now to save the excursion, I sped forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By collision. The telegraph posts being down, I trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete, but a 'crank-down' was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The loss of cattle and farm produce caused by the terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been very appalling. As it was, some unfortunate people were drowned, but some had most marvellous escapes. The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable—I could scarcely recognize the usual I had passed in the morning.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of steam versus water on the Vigilant locomotive. Nor do I.