Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13 1878. NO. 43

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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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.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

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

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

ANOTHER CHANCE

Is offered for Comfort.

J. W. Tomlinson, Lawrencetown,

IS prepared to sell at lowest rates for Cash or prompt pay, Clothing in all lines and best styles. Men and Boys' Suits, Ladies Mantles, Dress Goods in variety, Wool Goods, Clouds, Scarfs, Jackets, &c. Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers and Over Boots in all sizes and quality. A full line of Choice Groceries. And to please the Ladies, he is now offering a splendid lot of Hats, Flowers, Feathers and Ties, Dress and Mantle Trimmings. Flannel in all shades. Mattalasse Cloth, Dog Skin, Coatings and Tweeds, Sailor Trimming, Ladies' Muffs and Fur Caps in all styles. No better chance is offered for an outfit for winter.—COME.

November 24th, 1877.

Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS

—IN—

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS

Haberdashery, Small Wares,

Hats and Caps,

&c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF

CLOTHING, SHIRT, &c.

The best assorted stock in the Lower Provinces!!

New Goods arriving Weekly.

FOR SALE ON

LIBERAL TERMS,

to safe parties.

T. R. JONES & CO.

may9 '77

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 dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.

FOR Economical ENGINES

TO DRIVE GRIST MILLS, FACTORIES, &C

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH, Agent.....Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ....St. John, N.B.

Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, ONT

State where you saw this advertisement.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency,* and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision,* Premature Old Age, and After Taking, Premature Grave. Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For Sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN

ROYAL HOTEL.

(*Formerly STUBBS'*)

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,

Opposite Custom House,

St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.

sept '73 y

COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late R. D. Balcom, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches Schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees of apple, plum, pear and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises; also, a Tannery and Timber Lot with a residence if required.

TERMS—One half purchase money down, remainder on Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to

SAMUEL E. BALCOM,
B. R. BALCOM,
Executors.
or to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Bridgetown.

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, AVARD LONGLEY. } Executors.

Paradise, September 22nd, 1877. [n23 tf

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

Two Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "SCUD."

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 "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

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

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER SCUD

AND THE

WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.

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

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7; a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

THE

Scientific American,

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR.

THE MOST POPULAR SCIENTIFIC PAPER IN THE WORLD.

Only $3.50 a Year, including Postage. Weekly. 52 Numbers a Year. 4,000 book pages.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large First Class Weekly Newspaper of sixteen pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings,* representing the newest inventions and the most recent advances in the Arts and Sciences; including Mechanics and Engineering, Steam Engineering, Railway, Mining, Civil, Gas and Hydraulic Engineering, Mill Work, Iron, Steel and Metal Work: Chemistry and Chemical Processes: Electricity, Light, Heat, Sound: Technology, Photography, Printing, New Machinery, New Processes, New Recipes, Improvements pertaining to Textile Industry, Weaving, Dyeing, Coloring, New Industrial products, Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral: New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, the Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy, etc.

The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American; the whole presented in popular language, free from technical terms, illustrated with engravings, and so arranged as to interest and inform all classes of readers, old and young. The Scientific American is promotive of knowledge and progress in every community where it circulates. It should have a place in every Family, Reading Room, Library, College or School. Terms, $3.20 per year, $1.60 half year, which includes prepayment of postage. Discount to Clubs and Agents. Single copies ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & Co., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

PATENTS. In connection with the **Scientific American,** Messrs MUNN & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign patents, and have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. Models of New Inventions and Sketches examined, and advice free. A special notice is made in the **Scientific American** of all inventions patented through the Agency, with the name and residence of the patentee. Public attention is thus directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often affected.

Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to the undersigned. Address for the paper or concerning patents.

Munn & Co, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Branch office, F. & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

FLOUR.

300 BBLS. FLOUR just received, including the well known brands of:—

Gilt Edge,	Star,
White Pigeon,	Manna,
Major,	Milford,
Avalanche,	Middleton,
Clarksburg,	Rosewood.

J. & W. F. HARRISON,
30 1y Portland Bridge, St. John n, N.B.

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,

Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at 22 *Germain St.....St. John, N. B.*

BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.

sept30 y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

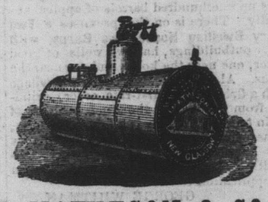
Nail Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10



I. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

—AND—

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe, Steam and Water Guages, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

LAWYERS' BLANK EXECUTIONS.

A FRESH stock just printed and for sale at the "MONITOR Office."

September 1st, 1877.

Bill Heads in all sizes and styles executed at this office at reasonable rates.

FLOUR,

FLOUR.

JUST received and for Sale, 300 bbls of Flour.

100 BBLS direct from Toronto,
100 " " Boston,
100 " " St. John.
55 Corn Meal.

Having bought the above, at the Lowest Cash prices I am prepared to compete with any Flour Dealer in the County.

Persons, wishing a supply of good Flour, for their winter use will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Also, on hand a large stock of Am. Oil, Dry and Pickled Fish, Salt, and Groceries of every description, Also, a large stock of Ready-made Clothing, Mens' Reefers, &c.

ANSLEY ELLIOTT.

Port George, Nov. 29th, 1877.

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND in favour of *JACOB SPINNEY,* dated in September last, past, due the last of December next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-six dollars. Not having received value, I shall resist payment of the same.

JAMES L. BROWN.

Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877. n33 tf

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

Wednesday, 21st Nov., 1877.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Steamb't Express Wed., and Saturday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. & Thurs.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
0	Windsor—leave.....	9 15	11 15	5 30
7	Hantsport.....	9 40	11 43	5 57
			P. M.	
15	Grand Pre.....	10 06	12 12	6 24
18	Wolfville	10 18	12 28	6 36
20	Port Williams.....	10 25	12 38	6 44
25	Kentville—arrive.....	10 40	1 00	7 00
	Do—leave.....	10 55	1 20	
34	Waterville	11 20	1 56	
37	Berwick	11 30	2 10	
42	Aylesford	11 46	2 33	
		P. M.		
49	Kingston	12 08	3 00	
53	Wilmot	12 20	3 18	
56	Middleton.....	12 20	3 35	
62	Lawrencetown	12 47	3 58	
65	Paradise	12 56	4 10	
70	Bridgetown	1 11	4 38	
78	Roundhill	1 32	5 07	
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 50	5 30	
	St. John by Steamer	8 00		

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Tues. & Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Steamb't Express Wed. and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave.....	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 30	2 20
6	Round Hill.....	.....	7 53	2 36
14	Bridgetown	.....	8 17	2 57
19	Paradise	.....	8 35	3 12
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 48	3 21
28	Middleton	.....	9 12	3 39
31	Wilmot	.....	9 24	3 48
35	Kingston	.....	9 40	3 50
42	Aylesford	.....	10 05	4 11
47	Berwick	.....	10 28	4 25
50	Waterville	.....	10 40	4 34
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 20	5 00
	Do—leave.....	7 15	11 50	5 10
			P. M.	
64	Port Williams.....	7 33	12 10	5 25
66	Wolfville.....	7 41	12 25	5 32
69	Grand Pre.....	7 53	12 40	5 43
77	Hantsport	8 19	1 15	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	8 45	1 45	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 9.15 a.m. every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John. These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

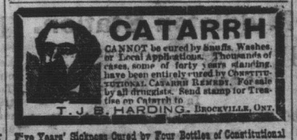
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, Nov. 15th, '77

The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is **12,154,** being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is **10,200,** exceeding by **2,000** copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents **2,000** families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."



CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Snuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CHERVIN'S NATURAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on Catarrh to

T. J. S. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in Throat Disappeared.

ST. ADELPHE, P. Q., Sept. 12, 1876.

MR. T. J. S. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 29 years old, had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very same back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy. Yours truly,

HENRY SNIDER

Price $1 per bottle.

ASK FOR LITTLEFIELD'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Poetry.

[Original.]

MY EARLY HOME.

Dear home of my childhood,
By the beautiful shore,
Of that blue, flowing river
I wander no more.
But a spell of thy beauty,
Hangs over me yet,
Sweet cot on the hill-side
I can never forget.

How thoughtless and happy,
I there used to roam;
Through the green, flow'ry meadows
Surrounding my home.
Enjoying with rapture,
The free open air;
And gathering wild blossoms
To twine in my hair.

How well I remember,
That cool leafy bower
By the river, where oft,
I've passed many an hour
At noontide and twilight—
'Twas the favorite spot,
Sweet home of my childhood,
It's not yet forgot.

Well, too, I remember
The deep mossy glade,
Where the birds sang so sweetly,
Through the dark maple shade.
'Twas there my wild fancy
Took many a flight,
And swelled in regions
Of untold delight.

Dear home of my childhood,
How changed since the days
When I lived all unknown,
To the world and its ways.
In thy lovely retirement
With those I loved best,
Who have since grown weary
And gone home to rest.

Wherever on earth,
'Tis my portion to roam,
Let me think of thee ever,
My sweet early home;
Too often I'll dream
On the days that are gone,
When I wandered a child
By the lovely St. John.

—ALINA

Select Literature.

[From the Illustrated London News.]

The Death-Ship of Trescat Cove.

BY R. LYNN LINTON.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bright September day, when there were no fish in the bay, and when there was plenty of drift sea-weed on the shore; so most of the men and some of the women living in Trescat Cove turned out to rake in those glistening long brown ribbons, which, when laid on the land, were to give them good turnip crops and a fine potato harvest. They were a merry set—at least the young ones were; though the Cornish fisherman, seemed saddened by his hard fight with nature for bare life, and awed by the tremendous scenes among which he lives, is by no means noticeably light-hearted—oppressed, too, as he is by superstitions, gloomy, terrible, and tender. Still, even he sometimes shakes off his natural gravity, and is as gay as the best. And they were handsome, too, with a dark-eyed, Spanish kind of beauty; the men clean-limbed, bronzed, and with sensitive, speculative faces; the women rich, tender, noble. But the loviest woman of them all if the poorest, was Mary Peard, an olive-skinned, picturesque-looking girl, who lived with her widowed mother in a miserable little hut at the end of the hamlet; and perhaps the happiest man, as he was the richest, was young George Martin, who had been sweethearting Mary for the last two years or more—unsuccessfully.

To-day, however, Mary seemed in a more amiable humour. She had allowed George to help her more than once in her work, though in general she was as stiff as a fluke when he came near her, and looked as though she would have broken her back, as he used to say, rather than let him lend her a hand; and when a man has courted as long as George had done, and has made no way, any sign that he has drawn ever so little ahead is welcomed; and a word more tender, a look less cold than usual, makes the dullest day bright and the most toilsome work a pleasure.

Mary's life was a hard one at this time, though no one in the Cove knew how hard. Young George Martin was far away the best match of the place; and, poor as she and her mother were, without ever a man belonging to them to help them to live, and only a small share in one of the boats, no one could understand why she so persistently refused him. He was a handy fellow and well-looking in a way, and he was fond of her every one knew; but the girl a proud, high spirited, rough-headed little gipsy, as fierce as a mountain cat and haughty as a queen, would not hear of him as a lover; and she would give no reason why—unless, indeed, her last answer to all the urgings wherewith it was sought to influence her, 'I don't like him and I won't have him,' could be called a reason. Once and once only, she had said to her mother, when closely pressed, 'I don't trust George Morton, mother; he is a liar like his father, and I have no fancy for liars.' But to-day, while they were raking in seaweed, she was, as I have said, less than usually ungracious to him; and George began to think that at last his patience and forbearance were to win the day, and that the wish of his heart, so long desired, was to be granted before too late.

Mary Peard, though as true as steel, was but a woman; and, being a woman, George Morton's long and ardent wooing began to make its mark. He had borne all her floutings, all her petty insolence and girlish tempers, with such wonderful forbearance; he had been so forgiving and so patient that, although his very humility towards her at times annoyed her and made her behave still worse to him, yet, when she came to think of it, she could not but feel grateful to him; and more than once of late she had begun to wonder whether she was not throwing away the substance for a shadow, and to ask herself whether, George Martin's love being a fact, and his home, and his earnings, and her mother's infirmities, and their poverty, being facts too, she was wise in waiting year after year—four years now—for one who had gone and made no sign—who had vanished out of their sight and knowledge of them all, like a mist wreath dissolving into thin air; and who, for aught she knew might now be lying at the bottom of the sea, or married and settled in some distant clime, and passed out of her horizon for ever. Besides, he had said nothing definite to her before he went away on his last voyage. He had, to be sure, looked a great deal, and hinted more; and, taught by her own heart, she believed more than she had been told, and trusted before he had vowed. Still, there was nothing absolute between them, and if she loved, she loved unasked and unpromised. So was it wise, she asked herself, to give the go-by to George, as she did, when she might put her mother into a good home, for what was, perhaps, a fancy of her own, and no reality?

This was the reason, why she was a little less ungracious than usual to him to-day and as this had also been the reason why his wooing had hitherto sped so ill; and why Mary would tell no one—mother, friend, nor George himself—how it was she held him off, yet had no one else on; and why, young, and healthy as she was, and so poor, so wanting the support of a man for herself and her mother—she seemed bent on becoming an old maid for life. If anyone guessed how things stood with her it was Jose Carne's father and mother; and they had, maybe, seen a little into the state of things before Jose went away, and maybe inferred still more from Mary's behaviour to them since—now that Jose himself was not to be had, his parents being the dearest things she knew. If they guessed they kept silence, and Mary's secret was safe from the knowledge and gossip of the Cove.

Suddenly Mary got quite close to George Martin, and spoke to him with a strange familiarity of look and manner. If George had had eyes for anything but the false glimmer of his own hopes, he would have guessed something of the truth from the flush of shame and anger together that came on her face as a coarsely handsome, countrified kind of gentleman came riding down the winding cliff road and on to the sands where the men were working. This was Squire Trescat, of Glentrescat, the naked, treeless white house on the slope of the hill, and the only man of means, save the Vicar, belonging to the parish. He was married, but his wife, of better birth than himself, was both plain and sickly, and they had no children. He had been in the army at one time of his life; his character was none of the best; he was bold, brave, and coarse; he had a keen eye for beauty; and having this keen eye,; he had cast it on Mary Peard.

Between the Squire and old Daniel Martin there had been a silent feud of long standing. It dated many years back, from quite smuggling times, when Martin, then in his prime, had run one among other illegal ventures, and young Trescat gave information to the Preventive men. And it had now continued up to the present day, when this same Martin, now the richest fisherman in the Cove, stood out as the representative of the rest against the Squire's claims to the foreshore rights Mr. Trescat having rented from the 'Duke of Cornwall' the strip of coast which surrounded his property, and being prepared to use the advantages the law gave him. Hitherto the fisherman had helped themselves to all that the wind and the waves brought up into their Cove; and they could not be made to understand that waifs and strays did not belong to the man who, perhaps, risked his life to get them. Now they were to be held under a different regime than the loose one of old days; and it was notified to them that Squire Trescat claimed the foreshore rights all the same as if he had been the Duke or Crown in person, and that he meant to enforce them. And the Cove men, with Martin at their head, denied those rights, and swore they would not respect them.

The feud had not, however, touched the manners of the people; and, indeed, the Squire was just one of those familiar coarse-mannered gentleman who are not personally unpopular, though not much respected; so that, when he rode on to the sands, the men nodded as he trotted past them, and flung him their "good day," more or less civilly, as it might chance. And among the rest, "Good day to you, Squire!" said old Dan Martin, smoothly.

But the look he cast from under his shaggy eyebrows was not quite so pleasant as his voice.

'Good morning, Martin!' said Mr. Trescat, roughly, with a quick glance sent roving among the workers, as if he was looking for someone. When he caught sight of Mary Peard, raking up the sea-weed by George Martin's side, and speaking to him in that strangely familiar way, leaning on her rake and laughing in his face—looking like Romney's picture of Lady Hamilton as Bacchante—his glance rested there, and his face grew a dusky crimson.

'Is your son making up to Mary?' he asked, rudely.

'Mary will get a good one if he is,' answered Martin in his smooth way, smiling.

'You think so, of course; I think the girl a match for his betters,' said Mr. Trescat hastily.

'May be, if they could be found,' Martin replied still smiling, so far as lips went, and still with that covert fierceness of look beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

Mr. Trescat gave his unoffending horse a cut with his whip that made the poor beast start and plunge. Then he said in a high and angry voice, 'Martin, I want you to understand about my lease. I intend to carry it out on the first occasion, so I give you all warning. The foreshore rights are mine and you fellows can only claim salvage.'

'You think so, Squire?' said Martin, quietly, but determinedly. 'And I say use goes before papers. I deny your right from first to last; the boys are at my back and we'll fight you in every law court you like to take us to. You've got what you can't hold; and, if you give me warning, I give it you back—we'll fight it out to the end.'

'And you'll get cast, you fool; fools all of you! and when you are ruined all round, don't blame me, but your own pigheadedness," said the Squire, irritably, as he put his horse forward, and rode to where Mary was raking in the weed. 'Well, Mary,' he said, in a more amiable voice, but still not quite himself, 'so I see you and George here have been making it up together, hey? We'll soon have the wedding breakfast, I suppose!'

Mary's eyes flashed, and her olive skin flushed. 'It's a pity people take so much notice of what don't concern them!' she said, pertly, for she was pert at times. But George, being a fool where his love was concerned, looked pleased enough; and, thinking any help worth having, was by no means particular who it was that helped him, or how, provided only he was helped on.

'If girl's don't want to be taken notice of they should not let young men follow after them,' said the Squire. Then he added quickly, 'Mrs. Trescat wants to see you at Glentrescat, Mary; she wants to see you this evening.'

'I will not come,' said Mary, sullenly. 'My duty to the lady, and I cannot come,' she added mending her manners and dropping a courtesy.

'I don't think I shall take that message my girl,' the Squire said, slowly. 'You will show your duty to one who is so kind to you, and to your mother, by doing what she wishes better than by messages of excuse. I shall tell her you will come—in the evening, mind, after seven o'clock.' And with that he rode off; and the men flung 'good-day' at him again as he passed.

The ostensible meaning of the message was this. Mrs. Trescat, a good, weak woman, earnest in everything she considered right, but with never a ray of common-sense to guide her, was trying to teach Mary lace-making. And Mary did her best to learn, feeling that if she refused George Martin, with his boats and his father's reputed wealth, she owed it to her mother to work hard at anything that might turn up, and catch at any straw that might keep their heads above water. But lace-making for a girl who gathers in seaweed and goes out knee-deep into water for shrimps and shell-fish; who cleans fish by thousands, and salts pilchards by hogsheads, was not very likely to work. So it progressed but badly, being not entirely out of harmony with the rough and vigorous habits of the Cove to make part of the life's work there. And of late, since one moonless night, not so very long ago, when the Squire had met her in the garden, as she was leaving, Mary had apparently given up all efforts to learn, and had not been to Glentrescat for a lesson. At which Mrs. Trescat was naturally annoyed, seeing in this defection a proof of idleness, or, at least, a proof of coarseness of taste; a sign that the girl, who seemed so sweet and nice, in spite of her fiery spirit and broad accent and rough black pate, and who was almost as if she had the makings of a lady in her, with care, liked the groser association of the men of her own class better than the refined society and teachings of a gentlewoman. And all ladies resent this in their poorer sisters. Had she but known the truth of matters she would probably have changed her opinion.

Presently Mr. Trescat came riding back again.

'I forgot he said, in his loud voice; 'Mrs. Trescat sent you this, Mary, for your mother.' And he stooped down from his horse and gave her a half a sovereign ostentatiously.

Tears of rage came into the girl's eyes. 'I don't want it, Sir,' she said, huskily. 'Take back your money, Mr. Trescat, I do not need it.'

(*to be continued.*)