

Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 6.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 11, 1878.

NO. 21

Weekly Monitor,
PUBLISHED
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SANTON and PIPER, 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.

Insolvent Act of 1875, and Amending Acts.

In the Matter of R. D. Macdonald, an Insolvent.

W. J. SHANNON, Assignee.

ALL persons indebted to the said insolvent, are hereby requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

ANAPOLIS, July 17th, 1878.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

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. OLDFATHER WHITMAN

A Word to the Wise!

Just received at

Moir's Musical Warehouse

From the first makers and largest factories in England, Germany, America and Canada, \$5,000 worth of

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

consisting of—

First Class Grand, Square and Cottage PIANOS,

First Class Palace and Upright ORGANS;

FIRST CLASS GOTHIC ORGANS,

Made especially for Churches, Schools, Lodges, Public Halls, etc. Persons wishing Organs for the above purposes will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves.

The arrangement of the Action, and the quality of the tone, which is of great value, is shown out of the back towards the auditorium of the building in which it may be placed.

Prices of Pianos, from \$200 to \$500; do Organs, from \$100 to \$350.

We simply invite an inspection. Great Bargains will be given. A portion of purchase taken in Trade if required.

GEORGE MOIR,
South Farmington, Windsor, April, 1878.

NEW SPRING GOODS

Ex "Nova Scotian."

SEVENTEEN PACKAGES

CONTAINING:

22 26 and 28 doz. Worsted Coatings, New Patterns;

Scotch Tweeds,

Fancy Dress Goods,

Black & Blue Linings,

Fancy Prints, Spring Styles,

Regatta Shirts, Spring Styles,

Scotch Yarns, Bumie Crabs,

Alhambra & Honeycomb Quilts.

Also, Four Packages containing a large assortment of

Buttons, Cost Binding, Hosiery, Braids, Combs, Needles, etc.

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES.

Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Time Table,
COMMENCING
Tuesday, 3rd June, 1878.

GOING WEST.

Station	Express Daily	Par. and Freight	Par. and Freight	Par. and Freight
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Windsor—leave	9 30	12 00	5 40	
Windsor—arrive				12 27
11 Grand Pre	10 15	12 57	6 39	
12 Wolfville	10 25	1 10	6 51	
13 Port Williams	10 31	1 20	6 59	
20 Kentville—arrive	10 45	1 40	7 15	
Do—leave	11 00	2 10		
21 Waterville	11 23	2 45		
37 Berwick	11 31	3 02		
42 Aylesford	11 41	3 24		
48 Kingston	12 03	4 02		
53 Wilmot	12 12	4 20		
56 Middleton	12 20	4 36		
62 Lawrenceton	12 36	5 03		
65 Paradise	12 45	5 19		
70 Bridgetown	1 00	5 35		
78 Annapolis	1 20	6 00		
84 Annapolis—arrive	1 32	6 14		
St. John by Steamer		8 00		

GOING EAST.

Station	Par. and Freight	Par. and Freight	Par. and Freight	Express Daily
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
St. John—leave				8 00
Annapolis—leave		6 15	2 30	
6 Round Hill		6 40	2 45	
14 Bridgetown		7 03	3 05	
19 Paradise		7 26	3 17	
22 Lawrenceton		7 39	3 25	
28 Middleton		7 53	3 42	
31 Wilmot		8 17	3 50	
35 Kingston		8 35	4 00	
42 Aylesford		8 53	4 10	
47 Berwick		9 25	4 34	
50 Waterville		9 45	4 42	
59 Kentville—arrive		10 25	5 29	
Do—leave		6 15	11 10	5 15
Port Williams		6 35	11 32	5 29
64 Waterville		6 42	11 41	5 39
69 Grand Pre		6 53	11 54	5 55
77 Windsor		7 21	12 30	6 08
84 Windsor—arrive		7 45	1 00	6 20

N. B.—Express Trains run daily and when signalled, or when there are Passengers to be taken down, they will stop at Stations marked thus (*).

Steamer "EMPRESS" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 8 a. m., for Annapolis, and returns every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY on arrival of Express Train.

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

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., and 8.40 p. 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, May 29th, '78.

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS"

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and Intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock and TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

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

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

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

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
St. John, N. B., April 2nd '78.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE WINDSOR & ANAPOLIS RAILWAY.

For Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and Intermediate Stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A special agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7 a. m. and 6 p. m., daily, to receive freight.

No freight received morning sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to SMALL & HATHEWAY, Agents, 39 Dock Street.

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

The average circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 10,260, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This success 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."

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

NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a certain Note of Hand drawn in favor of GEORGE MOIR, of Farmington, dated on or about the 1st of July last, due in six months from date, for the sum of thirty-five dollars. Not having received value, I shall not be bound to pay the same. SILVA BALENTINE, Victoria, Vale, Aug. 12th, 1878.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY caution all persons against furnishing my son, William Wile, with anything on my account, as I will not be responsible for the same. AARON WILE, Morse Road, Annapolis, July 30th, 1878.

S. Dennison,

Queen St.,
Bridgetown.

Has now completed his Spring Stock of

DRY GOODS,

Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Ready-made Clothing, &c.,

to which he invites the inspection of the General Public. In the

GROCERY DEPARTMENT

will be found all articles usually in use. In addition to the above I have a stock of

CROCKERYWARE,

Farming Utensils,
Paints,
Paint Oil,
Flour,
Meal,
Zinc,

Oilcloths, &c.

All of which will be sold to meet the hard times.

S. DENNISON,
Bridgetown, May 16th, 1878.

Stylish & Comfortable

LADIES' AND GENTS' LINEN

ULSTERS,

FOR SALE BY

B. STARRATT.

Paradise, June 17th, 1878.

SPRING STOCK,

New Goods.

LOWEST PRICES.

We have re-stocked all our retail Departments with a large stock of

NEW SPRING GOODS,

of British and Foreign Manufacture, personally selected by our Mr. ALLISON, and have much pleasure in offering them to our friends and the general public as

Extra Good Value.

All goods marked and sold at Lowest Cash Prices.

No Discount! No Second Prices!

Manchester, Robertson & Allison,

St. John, N. B.

New Stock

JEWELRY

PLATED WARE,

now being shown at the

Bridgetown Jewelry Store

Chaloner's Drug Store,
DIGBY, N. S.

Poetry.

THE OCEAN WAVES.

See! our shore each billow laves,
Breaking, breaking,
And swaking
Echoes in yon hill-side caves,
Which, replying
To the sighing
Of the waves,
Murmur, morning, noon and night,
With a strange and wild delight.

Grandly roll they o'er the deep,
Music making
And partaking
In a revel as they sweep,
Loudly crying
And defying,
As they leap,
All the might which men can boast,
Though they were a countless host.

Scornfully each wave behaves,
Frolic shaking,
And betaking
Pleasure as it roars and raves;
Many dying
By outlying
Or fast-dying,
Higher sent by Neptune's throne,
Than it e'er before has known.

See the ships above them glide,
Land forsaking,
And remaking
Voyages o'er them far and wide,
Homeward hieing
Or fast-dying,
On the tide,
To strange lands across the foam,
Where they ne'er have learned to roam.

What remorseless, cruel waves!
In their raking
Plunder taking,
Closing hundreds in their graves,
And e'er trying
Each outlying
Bark which braves
All their anger, while the surge
Hoarsely chants a mournful dirge.

Roll, O waves, forevermore,
Undertaking
By your quaking
To engulf the steadfast shore,
Vain your plying
And allying
To restore
To your god his old domain,
It shall near be his again.

— I. W. J. in the *Portland Transcript*.

Select Literature.

Five of Them were Foolish.

BY ANNIE DEANS.

We were sitting in the bay-window—
five of us. We were school-girls then,
and as merry ones as ever despatched a text-book. Gay and frivolous, I suppose, but as promising as most school-girls, who, in the midst of their teens, begin to dignify themselves as young ladies.

That bay-window was always our retreat on such occasions as this. Sister Margaret, the lady of the house, had gone out of town for the afternoon, and having the reins of the establishment in our own hands, I will show you what we did with them.

Louise Emmelyn, the oldest of us all, was lounging on one corner of the sofa, and with her eyes half-closed, was twisting the cushion tassels with her long white fingers. Close by her side, in a high-backed chair, busily plying her crochet needle, sat Marian Grant. Sensible Marianne, as we called her, though I doubt if there was a girl among us more full of rich, pure fun than she. Brownie Brooks, a sweet little golden-haired puss, was curled on an ottoman at her feet, and with a half-amused smile was listening to the comments and exclamations of her cousin, the fourth member of this group. Her name was Gertrude Winthrop, and she was generally known as 'the beauty,' for as the Irishman has it,

"Her lips were like roses,
Her cheeks were the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries
Smothered in cream."

Her eyes were as purple as panicles, and she was characterized by a dainty sandalwood fan, usually elevated to hide her dimpled chin.

"Girls," she exclaimed, after a pause of some minutes, "you're all getting stupid! Lilly Brown, why don't you do something to entertain us?"

"Why, Gertrude, dear," I responded, "why didn't you mention it before? I had forgotten you were here!"

"Yes, indeed," added Marian, "you must make yourself more conspicuous, Gertrude, if you do not wish to be slighted!"

"It appears to me," drawled Lou, "she's been making herself as conspicuous as is necessary. I've been wanting that best seat in the window this long time."

"But you won't get it!" said Gertrude, with a ripple of a laugh.

"O, I didn't intend to use any force. I was only in hopes of a little courtesy in the matter," responded Lou; with much dignity.

"Now, I want to know what the attraction is at that window," said Marian, leaning aside her forehead. "If there is anything of interest there, I want a share in it. You girls seem to have forgotten that this is a gala day. For my part, I'm in a train. Gertrude, your seat if you please!"

"Stop, Marian," said Brownie, pulling her back. "Bert Loring is just riding by, on horseback, and how it will look—five heads at the window!"

"Well, I'm sure I wouldn't spoil the tableau for anything," said Marian, gravely bowing her head to the young gentleman outside.

"O, wasn't that swell!" exclaimed Gertrude, flourishing her fan.

"What was it? Dear me! I have lost something!" said Lou, rising and coming to the window.

"Yes, indeed you have. You ought to have seen him throw his hat at us," said Gertrude, imitating his gesture.

"Why, Gertrude, where did it fall? Quick, quick?" exclaimed Marian with mock concern. "One of us ought to pick it up and return it to him, of course!"

Gertrude laughed gaily, and giving Marian a playful shake, danced off, humming one of Evangelina's gayest airs. Brownie caught the contagion, and, flying to the piano, touched off an enticing waltz. I seized Marian in an instant, and, with the gases of spirits, we wheeled away, until, laughing and exhausted, we threw ourselves in a heap on the rug before the bay-window. Before I had recovered myself, Gertrude jumped up, and, lifting her dress, so as to display the motions of her little French boots, began illustrating "the Boston" to Lou.

"Come, girls," Marian remonstrated, "you'll wear this carpet all out. Sit down and apply yourselves to something practical. I have it. We'll write some poetry. We shall never make our fortunes without a first attempt, and how are we ever to find what genius there is in us without investigation? Who knows but what our names may be carried down through posterity! To think of some time seeing the name of Marian Grant, Spinster, conspicuous in the columns of the *Transcript*! Brownie, I've picked you out for a Susan Anthony. So far, your talents have been latent; but I intend you shall surprise us all, some day. Gertrude Winthrop, if you ever attain to anything better than a Miss Flora McFlurry, I shall be hugely surprised. But then, great people are always surprising us; and if a Scottish prince should chance to come within your dominion, who knows but what you would become a second Mary Stuart before your charms had left you?"

"Oh! my head! Spare me!" said Gertrude, covering, and burying her pretty face in my lap.

"Please," said Lou, meekly raising her hand after the school-girl fashion, "please may I be a Joan of Arc? I want to be somebody!"

"No, Marian answered laughing, 'you can never expect to be anything but Miss Emmelyn of Madison Square. Great characters must have something to build on, and be formed of material that can stand, stand the storm.'"

"Well, there's one thing that I can stand, stand, with imperturbable good will," Lou responded drolly, "and that is your insolence, Miss Grant! But where is the poetry you were speaking of?"

"O! I had forgotten it, in my conceptions of your great characters. Lillian, some paper, if you please. Some one must begin with a line, and each girl will build upon it, in her turn. Go to thinking, Brownie Brooks!"

"Once on a time we sat down to rhyme, Gertrude ventured with a laugh.

"O! We must start off with long metre, Marian interposed. 'We intend to realize something quite extraordinary through our efforts, you know.'

Try this:

"It was an afternoon in June,
Most glorious."

"Upon the shelf we laid our care
Laborious."

I added quickly,

"And whiled the time away with song
and Chorus."

Lou drawled with a comical grimace, we laughed heartily, and then Brownie, taking up the strain repeated

"Dull care had left behind no trace
Invidious."

"There was a smile upon each face—"
hesitated Gertrude.

"Most hideous," said Marian, helping her out.

"Each girl her toilet had arranged,
Fastidious."

I added abruptly,

"And each displayed a mystic grace,
Pro-dig-i-ous."

Gertrude burst forth Lou, laughing, "I give you up, said Marian, laughing. 'We were never made for poets, it is very evident. But you're all good at rhyming. Come, let's have a game of 'crab'!"

"How do you play it?" asked Brownie.

"Why, all write a question on the top of the paper, then turn the edge down and pass it to the next; then write a word under the question—yes, it must be a noun, Brownie, then all answer the question, in rhyme, bringing in the word. Come, commence!"

"Gertrude, don't wet your pen with your tongue. Lead's poison!"

After several moments of silence, during which our pencils kept time with the ticking of the clock, Marian leaned back in her chair and flourishing her paper exclaimed, "I'm through; girls, shall I read?"

"The question is, 'What shall the harvest be?'" and the word "fish-hooks" leaped from her lips.

"The moon is shining clear and bright,
On t'ough 'White Head,' and clear 'Bug Light,'
A fisherman sits on a rocky height,

And swings his fish-hooks left and right.
Sure canners will be the harvest bright,
Provided, of course, the creature's bite."