



VOL 6

Weekly Monitor,

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purifying Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in 15 to 20 weeks...

MAKE HENS LAY.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now practicing in this country, says that most of the eggs laid in this country are infertile...

DIPHTHERIA!

Johnson's Anodyne Linctum will positively remove the membrane from the throat, and prevent any further extension of the disease...

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Annopolis Royal. THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates...

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

THE Dispensary which has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S.

BETTER STILL

THE Subscribers have lately received per "Atwood" 100 lbs. Choice Flour, 100 lbs. K. D. Corn Meal, "Gold Drop," 100 Bags Fresh Graham Meal, 50 "Cracked Corn."

MONEY TO LEND,

at 6 per cent. THE ANNAPOLIS BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVING FUND. HAVE Money to lend on approved Security, and on Real Estate.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Time Table, COMMENCING Thursday, 7th Nov., 1878.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Station, Time, and GOING EAST, Station, Time. Includes stations like Windsor, Kentville, Wolfville, Annapolis, and St. John.

STEAMER EXPRESS

AND THE WINDSOR & ANAPOLIS RAILWAY.

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

STEAMER "SCUD"

For Digby and Annapolis. Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate stations.

Two Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "SCUD" For Digby and Annapolis.

Until further notice, Reel's Point every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, for Digby and Annapolis and return same days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00; do do do 2nd class, 3.50; Return Tickets, St. John to Halifax and return, 1st class, 7.50.

A. W. CORBITT & Son, Agents at Annapolis.

SMALL & HATHAWAY, 41 Dock Street, St. John, N. S., Dec. 9th, '78.

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 Montreal Evening Star 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.

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Grandville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN, 124 Grandville St., Halifax, N. S., July 17th, 1878.

NEW FURNITURE DEPOT!

Having imported a large stock of Elegant New Furniture, from the United States, I solicit the Public in general to call and inspect the same.

Parlor, Setting-Room and Bedroom Sets, in all the latest styles.

Warerooms, Opposite the Bridgetown Railway Station.

I AM also prepared to attend to all wishing my services as an

UNDERTAKER,

having imported a NEW HEARSE for the purpose.

CASKETS AND COFFINS constantly on hand.

John Z. Bent, Bridgetown, Oct. 25th, 1878.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Samuel Tutts, late of New Albany, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within eighteen months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

FRED LEAVITT, Administrator, Lawrence town, N. S., December 21, 1878.

Queen St., Bridgetown,

September 27th, 1877.

JUST RECEIVED.

A Fresh Supply of TEA & SUGAR.

Bankers' Celebrated BISCUITS!

CONFECTIONERY, &c. Also a lot of LAYER RAISINS BY BOX OR RETAIL, VERY LOW.

MRS. L. C. WHELOCK, BRIDGETOWN, Sept. 26th, '77.

S. R. POSTER & SON'S

STANDARD Nail, Shoe & Tack Works, ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE,

Canterbury Street. FALL 1878. FALL.

WE have now opened 300 Packages containing New Fall Goods!

making our stock complete in every department.

OVERCOATING, BEAVERS; WORSTED COATINGS; SCOTCH TWEEDS; PRINTS, SHIRTINGS; DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY

and a large and well assorted stock of HATS, ERDASHERS and SMALL WARES. We invite inspection of buyers before placing their orders.

Terms Liberal. T. R. JONES & CO, St. John, N. B.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform 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.

Royal Hotel!

NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE, St. John, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING. Of every description at the office of this paper.

MANHOOD: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culpeper's celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Impairment, Involuntaries to Marriages, etc., resulting from excess.

Price, in sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps.

The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that all the consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once 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 young man and in the hand.

THE CULPEPER MEDICAL CO., 41 ANN ST., NEW YORK. Post Office Box 4586. 174077

New Stock!

Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Crockeryware.

AT LOW PRICES, to suit the times. FRED LEAVITT, Lawrence town, Nov. 7th, '77

N. F. MARSHALL,

GENERAL DEALER IN Flour, MEAL, Molasses SUGAR, TEA, OIL, FISH, Lumber, &c., &c.

TERMS CASH. 50,000 Superior pressed Brick, 50,000 "common"

Brick. BRICK. acquire of Job T. McCormick at Lower Middle, or the subscriber. N. F. MARSHALL, n47 y

Coal! Coal!

The subscriber has a quantity of CAPE BRETON HOUSE AND BLACKSMITH COAL

for sale at the following places—Bridgetown, R. E. FitzRandolph; Lawrence town, F. Leavitt; Middleburg, J. H. Clute; Aylesford, King's Co., T. B. Huxford.

J. W. CHUTE, Middleburg, Feb. 5th '79. 91452

NOTICE!

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the REV. W. G. PARKER, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within eighteen months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

MRS. L. C. WHELOCK, Administrator, BRIDGETOWN, N. S., Feb. 12th 1879. 13145

Poetry.

THE SOUNDS OF INDUSTRY. I love the banging hammer, The whirring of the loom, The crashing of the busy saw, The clattering of the turning lathe, The rattling of the spindle, The humming of the steam engine, The clanging of the anvil, The clinking of the tongs, The clinking of the hammer, The clinking of the tongs, The clinking of the hammer, The clinking of the tongs.

I love the ploughman's whistle, The reaper's cheerful song, The driver's oft repeated shout, As he spurs his stock along, The bustle of the market-man, As he hies him to the town, The hallo from the tree-top, As the ripened fruit comes down; The busy sound of threshers, As they clean the ripened grain, And husker's joke and mirth and glee, 'Neath the moonlight on the plain; The kind voices of baby-land, The shepherd's gentle call— These sounds of active industry, I love, I love them all.

For they tell my longing spirit Of the earnestness of life, How much of all its happiness Comes out of toil and strife. Not that toil and strife that fainteth And surmounteth on the way, Not the toil and strife that groweth Beneath a tyrant's sway, But the toil and strife that springeth From a free and willing heart, A strife which ever bringeth To the striver all his part.

O, there is good in labor, If we labor but aright, That gives vigor to the day-time, And a sweeter sleep at night, A good that bringeth pleasure, Even to the toiling hours; For duty cheers the spirit, As the dew revives the flowers.

O, say not that Jehovah Bids us labor as a doom; No, it is his richest blessing, That will scatter half life's gloom; Then let us still be doing, While 'er we have to do, With an earnest, willing spirit, With a strong hand, /ree and true.

Select Literature.

Collared.

BY ALBANY DE ROSAQUA, ACTOR OF "A TANGLED REEL," ETC.

(Concluded.) They were not on the floor, nor under the rug nor anywhere. That famous search for the lost ring of the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Reims, was a brief and superficial inquest in comparison to that in which those keys were sought, and sought in vain. There was no conceivable lurking place that was not examined, turned out and felt over. At last the truth flashed upon them both at once. It was a practical joke of the Marquis! It was a trick to keep his rival away from the ball.

What was to be done? File the chain? There was not a file in the house. Break it? It was made of the toughest steel. Press it down and button his shirt over it? Couldn't be done. Push it up high on the neck, and wear it so? 'By Jove,' cried the Bird, 'do it, and turn the laugh on him.'

But his friend shook his head. 'People don't always laugh with the right side,' he said, 'and I mustn't risk their laughing on the wrong. No, Percy, I must stay behind, but ground his teeth, and a look came into his eyes which boded no pleasure to Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith out of their next interview.

'I have it,' shouted Percy. 'Quick old man; dress all but your linen collar and tie, and bring them along with you.'

'Where?' 'Never mind. There's not a moment to lose. Do as I tell you, and trust all to me.'

'We're going to the Ride,' he explained, when they started. 'Old Balfoure's got a turning lathe, and all sorts of tools. He's not a dandy of a mechanic. If we can only catch him, he'll have that thing off in a brace of shakes. Drive on William Drive, as if the wolves of Apennine were howling on his track.'

'Be your pardon, sir,' said the man, pulling up.

'O, bother! Don't stop to ask questions. Drive like a demon!'

'This was understood. They just did catch Mr. Balfoure, and no more. As they turned in one gate his carriage lamps flashed out of the other; but he was brought to by a about from the Bird. Would he come back to the house, as a great favor, for two minutes?

'Is anything wrong?' inquired Fanny, eagerly, and turning very pale.

'O dear no, nothing; only a little service Captain Ashleigh requires!'

'Is he here?' 'Not in the least.'

This was said through the carriage window, as Percy followed it back to the porch; old Balfoure's reply to the first question having been—'Why, of course he would.'

Now, when a young lady is thus unceremoniously stopped on her way to a ball, she may be excused if she evince some curiosity as to the cause of her detention.

When she beholds that cause discussed in mysterious whispers between her father and a gentleman in whom she takes a lively interest, such curiosity is not diminished; and when, with a vague fear that something dreadful has happened, she follows those conspirators to her parent's tool-room, and discovers him busy with two pairs of the most formidable-looking pincers upon that gentleman's throat, it must, I think, be admitted that she is entitled to an explanation.

'Put it on in fun, and can't get it off,' said Balfoure, in answer to her look of wonder and appeal. 'Mind your dress, my love, against the lathe—it's oily.'

'That fellow Smith stole the key to keep him away from the ball,' whispered Percy, as she turned to guard her train.

The two big pairs of pincers were not to be denied. The rings which held the chain to the nameplate were what I believe are called 'jump' rings, and opened at the well-applied force brought to bear upon them, without causing the wearer any pain. But those useful implements were greasy—as well kept tools should be—and Mr. Balfoure had to run away and wash his hands, leaving word with Fanny to ring and have Captain Ashleigh shown to a room, where he could complete his toilette. Percy (who knew his business) ran away too, and there was some delay about ringing that bell.

'Does it hurt much?' Fanny asked, after a pause.

'Not at all; you're father was so very careful.'

'Dear papa! He looks so like a dentist with those pincer things.'

'They had a quiet little ball.'

'I hope you and Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith will not quarrel about this—won't quarrel dreadfully I mean, Fanny went on, fidgeting with the dog-collar as she spoke.

'There is no duelling nowadays, if that is what you mean, Miss Balfoure,' Ashleigh replied a little dryly. 'If there were, I fancy there would be fewer practical jokes played. You need be under no apprehension about Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith.'

'I was thinking of him,' she mused, half to herself, but he caught the words.

'The smallest spark will explode the

biggest powder-magazine. A very little look, a slight change in the tone of voice, the turn of a head, a sigh, will also cause a mighty convulsion when two young people, brimful of love for each other, stand side-by-side at a work-bench, and are both busy with a chain which only measures fifteen and a half inches.

She had let out her secret, and she knew he knew it. When she raised her eyes again it was all out and over.

'May I have this?' she asked, touching the collar.

'What will you say for it?' 'Something pretty, of course.'

'Go on.'

'Please.'

'Please what?'

'Please give me the collar.'

'Please who?'

'Please, Captain Ashleigh.'

'O, that won't do at all.'

'Well, please, dear Captain Ashleigh,' she said, with a little gasp over the 'dear.'

'Better, but not up to the mark yet.'

'What must I say? Teach me.'

'Say please, dear Charley!'

'Please, dear Charley!'

So she got it.

'My dear Fanny,' cried her father, as he bustled back into the sanctum, 'how very inconsiderate of you not to send Captain Ashleigh to a room, as I told you. Pray excuse her. These girls think of nothing but their balls. I'm afraid you'll be very late. You won't get any partners if you don't make haste.'

'Thank you, sir,' he replied, 'I shall do. I'm rather deeply engaged already.'

Then the process of packing the carriage was repeated. Mr. Balfoure entered, and made himself as small as possible in the farthest corner, so as to give room for his daughter. First, there appeared two white spangles on the steps—those were her feet. Next came a rush of perfume, curls, and pearls—that was her head. Lastly, an avalanche (which had devastated a lace manufactory and a flower-garden)—that was her dress. It engulfed her parent and overwhelmed him up to his spectacles. It tried hard to force its way out of the window, and was only repulsed by a successful flank movement of the maid. Behind a pair of three-parts thoroughbred horses arrived at the ball, and assumed its proper form under the graceful figure of the wearer, a full half-hour before the 'construction on wheels' which carried the Bird and Captain Ashleigh came lipety-top into the yard.

The ball was given by one of the members of the county to celebrate the coming of age of his eldest son. It was to be a grand, and whole-hearted affair. People were to come early and stay late. There was to be no nonsense about it. No lounging in doorways, and Louisa lozenges. An ambulance, formidable in point of numbers, but undisciplined, burst upon the bells as she tripped down from the ladies' dressing-room, and clamored for about five-and-twenty dances more than any mortal programme could hold. Foremost of the band was Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith, whom she greeted with one of her brightest smiles.

He thought he was desperately in love with her. He was only in love with the coat, which might surround him as her accepted auditor. He would have been in love also with the glory of seeing so graceful a creature at the head of his table, and doing the honors of his house; but inside her beauty was a grace which he never could have appreciated, which refined her charms, of face and figure, and would outlive them. Of course he was in love, in a way, with those charms, but it was not in the way that Fanny Balfoure deserved to be won.

The occupants of the 'construction on wheels' agreed during their drive, that no notice should be taken of the Marquis's little joke. If he had really made away with the keys, his bad punishment would be to find that his plan had failed—failed even to excite remark. If he had not, why, the least said would be soonest mended.

'You stole a march on us,' hissed the Bird.

'And how quickly you dress?' said Ashleigh, running a finger round inside his shirt-collar, as gentlemen will when about to enter a ball-room.

The Marquis followed this act with a guilty look. He could see nothing but lines and cambic about the Captain's throat. That look betrayed him. He had taken those keys. When he heard that sharp click of the lock, the 'happy thought' upon which he acted struck him. Ashleigh should not go to the ball. He (the Marquis) had the field to himself. He mattered to himself as he turned away. 'Good God, though, that he didn't suspect me! There was nothing for it now but to do his best and take his chance; and as he looked at himself and his diamond studs in the glass, and thought of his twelve thousand a year, he did not despair.

Happy Charley made his way to Fanny and asked to see her card. 'This face fell as he found it was full.'

'Is this quite fair?' he asked.

'First come first served is a good rule is it not?'

'Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps, but—may I ask to whom these initials put down against half the best dances belong to?'

'What the U. X. L.?' 'Yes.'

'To a person who, if he can walk as well as he talks, will be a charming partner. Why, you goose, don't you know U. X. L. all others with me? People do so worry me for dances when I get to balls I put those letters down in the dressing-room. You can rub them out if you like.'

'Fanny, if we were not in a ball-room—'

'Well, sir?'

'Never mind.'

She guessed what he meant, but didn't mind all the same.

'My love,' said her father, who passed at this moment, 'Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith is looking for you. I told him he would probably find you in the green-room, as Mrs. Tremayne makes it her headquarters.'

Mrs. Tremayne, the lady of the house, was nominally Fanny's chaperon, and this was a hint to place herself under that mistress's wing when the music ceased. She took it, and was marched off to the green-room, when papa left her.

Fanny it from me to suggest that there was a conspiracy between such highly respectable persons as Mrs. Tremayne and Mr. Balfoure, having for its object the benefit of Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith, who was personally known to only one of them; but they were very good friends, and if the gentleman had hinted that his daughter (who was a special pet of the lady) would not object to become the victim of such a plot, it might—mind I only say might—have been arranged. Such things have been done, and such conspirators have been blessed. Anyhow, it so happened that the lady of the house found something very particular to attend to, and left Fanny alone, after having kissed her, and said rather markedly:

'I do so hope, dear, that you will enjoy yourself.'

The dear child immediately perceived the odour of a creature belonging to the rodent species floating in the atmosphere; and retired to a conservatory into which the green room opened.

She emerged just as Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith entered, with something like a glorified cobweb wound coquettishly round her fair neck and shoulders.

'I am so glad to find you alone,' he said, taking the obverse seat of a cushion into which she subsided.

'Solitude has its charms, but I must confess that they do not appear to advantage at a ball,' she replied.

'Where, however a *deco-lete* is the perfection of delight!'

'That depends upon the head.'

'Say the heart,' he stammered, with what he felt sure was a killing smile.

'O dear no. We leave our hearts behind us when we put on our ball-dresses and white ties, Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith.'

'Don't you think those double names are awkward?—such a mouthful, you know. When I marry I shall drop the Smith.'

'Why not the Fitzwalter, if brevity be an object?' she asked, with a little malicious smile.

'I could not ask any lady to take such a name as Smith.'

'I think she would endure it if she liked the owner.'

'Ah, if I only knew how to make it ownerlike!'

'Shall I tell you how, in my humble opinion, a gentleman should act to be ownerlike?'

'O, if you only would!'

'Well, first, he must be manly and honest and straightforward; must scorn anything like tricks and trickery.'

'The Marquis winced.'

'Tricks and trickery,' she continued, 'always rebound upon their author, and sometimes hurt him severely.'

'In love and war—' he began, but she interrupted him.

'That is a false and foolish axiom, Mr. Fitzwalter-Smith. Everything is not fair in love. You must use explosive bullets, or shoot sentries, or fire on hospitals, or poison wells, or do other cruel things which inflict death and pain upon individuals, without advancing the main object in view.'

'You have only proved half your case. What about love?' he said, leaning forward and trying to catch her eye.

'That you must find out for yourself,' she replied. 'Young ladies are not supposed to be learned in the rules which govern Cupid's strategy; but I have a vague idea that to love a person one must first respect him, and consequently he must not make use of every sort of weapon which deceit or malice may put