Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 4 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1876. — NO. 18.

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON 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 alterration.

JOB WORK.

At the office of this Paper may be obtained to order and at short notice:

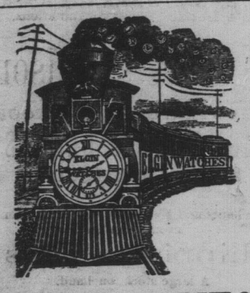
Pamphlets,
Circulars,
Programmes,
Bill-Heads,
Dodgers,
Business Cards,
Wedding Cards,
Visiting Cards,
Shipping Tags,
Posters,
Tickets,
&c., &c., &c.

Magistrates' Blanks

Kept constantly on hand.

Call and Inspect Samples of Work.

CHARGES REASONABLE



HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.

OWING to the hard times I am determined to sell at

LOWER PRICES

THAN EVER BEFORE,

and I now offer at my store on Queen Street a nice selection of

JEWELRY

—AND—

FANCY GOODS,

far below CITY PRICES, and invite all to call and see them. They consist of

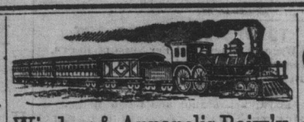
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
TIMEPIECES,
RINGS,
BROOCHES,
EARRINGS,
SLEEVE BUTTONS,
STUDS,
GOLD & PLATED CHAINS.
SPOONS,
FORKS,
SPECTACLES,
PURSES,
CHARMS, &c., &c.

All parties now owing the subscriber are hereby notified to pay up.

N. B.—OUR WATCH DEPARTMENT we make a specialty, and parties 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, Oct. 27, '75 y



Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING

Thursday, 8th of June, 1876.

HALIFAX to ST. JOHN.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Exp.	Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.
			A. M	A. M	P. M.
0	Halifax	Leave	8 00	9 15	3 00
8	Bedford	"	8 22	9 43	3 30
13	Windsor Jnctn	"	8 35	10 35	3 55
26	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 08	11 25	4 43
36	Ellerhouse	"	9 35	12 05	5 20
				P. M.	
39	Newport	"	9 43	12 18	5 32
45	Windsor	"	10 02	1 00	6 15
52	Hantsport	"	10 21	1 28	6 40
63	Wolfville	"	10 50	2 17	7 18
			P. M.		
70	Kentville	"	11 20	3 25	7 45
82	Berwick	"	11 52	4 26	....
87	Aylesford	"	12 05	4 47	.....
98	Wilmot	"	12 33	5 29	.....
101	Middleton	"	12 41	5 41	.....
107	Lawrencetown	"	12 57	6 04	.....
110	Paradise	"	1 05	6 16	.....
115	Bridgetown	"	1 19	6 36	....
122	Round Hill	"	1 36	7 03	.....
			1 55	7 30	.....
129	Annapolis—Arrive				
190	St. John by Steamer		8 00	.....	....

ST. JOHN to HALIFAX.

Miles.	STATIONS.		Pass. and Frgt.	Pass. and Frgt.	Exp.
			A. M	A. M.	A. M.
	St. John by Steamer		.....	.....	8 00
					P. M.
0	Annapolis	Leave	.....	6 15	2 20
7	Round Hill	"	.....	6 40	2 37
14	Bridgetown	"	.....	7 05	2 55
19	Paradise	"	.....	7 26	3 07
22	Lawrencetown	"	.....	7 39	3 15
28	Middleton	"	.....	8 05	3 32
31	Wilmot	"	.....	8 17	3 40
42	Aylesford	"	.....	9 08	4 10
47	Berwick	"	.....	9 28	4 23
				P. M.	
59	Kentville	"	6 30	11 10	5 05
66	Wolfville	"	6 57	11 41	5 26
77	Hantsport	"	7 39	12 29	5 55
84	Windsor	"	8 20	1 15	6 17
90	Newport	"	8 42	1 40	6 34
93	Ellerhouse	"	8 56	1 54	6 43
103	Mt. Uniacke	"	9 50	2 36	7 12
116	Windsor Jnctn	"	10 40	3 45	7 55
121	Bedford	"	11 00	4 00	8 10
129	Halifax—Arrive		11 30	4 30	8 30

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays only; trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Kentville and Halifax run daily.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Halifax and Annapolis, run on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Steamer "Empress" leaves St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m. for Annapolis, and returns next day on arrival of 8.30 a. m. Express Train from Halifax.

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 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 Richmond, and the principal Stations on the Railway.

P. INNES, Manager.

Kentville, June 8th, '76

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.

On and after MONDAY, June 12th, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY MORNING, at 8 o'clock. Returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

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., June 5th, '76.

STEAMER EMPRESS

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.

DESK FOR SALE.

A LARGE-SIZED, substantial Office Desk, with five large drawers on the side, and book-rack on top. Made at J. B. Reed's Cabinet-making Establishment. Will be sold CHEAP, not being large enough for the subscribers' use.

SANCTON & PIPER,
May 15th, 1876. MONITOR Office.

Job Work

Neatly executed at the MONITOR Office

BUSINESS CARDS

Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

W. H. OLIVE,

Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION,

Railroad and Steamboat Agent,
Prince William St.....St. John, N. B.
May 3rd, 1876. y

GEORGE WHITMAN,

Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,
Round Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

Parties having Real Estate to dispose of will find it their interest to consult with Mr. Whitman in reference thereto.

No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do.
may 22 '73 tf

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.
sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B
sept30 y

Great Bargains

—IN—

DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF

SUMMER DRESS GOODS!

Now Being Offered at Cost, by

M. C. Barbour,

48 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

THOMAS PEARNESS,

Manufacturer of

Monuments, Grave-Stones

TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square,....St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. oct y

June Importation.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets, Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea d'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs, New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Matalasse Cloths; Matalasse Braids; Black Dress Buttons; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs: Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Plaid Ribbons; Plaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Josephine and Cuff Kid Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Girls; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NOW LANDING.

200 PACKAGES LONDON CONGOU TEA; 6 bags Ceylon Coffee; 75 boxes Corn Starch; 20 boxes Diamond Gloss Starch; 40 boxes Colman's Starch; 2 cases Nixey's Black Lead; 1 case Shop Twine; 15 cases Mustard, Spices, etc.; 5 tons Brandram's White Lead; 2 tons Colored Paints; 5 cases Preserved Milk; 10 bbls. Currants; 100 bbls. Dried Apples; 50 bbls. American Refined Sugar. For sale at lowest market rates by

GEO. S. DEFOREST,
11 South Wharf.

St. John, N. B., May 2, '76

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

The Subscriber offers for Sale the Eastern Tenement or Dwelling, now being finished in Modern Style, situate in the Village of

Lawrencetown,

together with the Barns and Outhouses thereunto belonging.

Or, he will Rent the same for a Private Dwelling for a term of years, and will have it fitted up with all the modern improvements.

Or, any party wishing to keep a respectable Hotel, it will be rented for such purpose, and will be fitted up with every convenience to make it attractive and comfortable; and as the Village of Lawrencetown is beautifully situated, being surrounded by one of the best Farming Districts in the County, and also Streams and Lakes, only a few miles from the Village, in which there is good fishing, tourists and pleasure-seekers will be induced to patronize any party keeping a First-Class Hotel.

W. WARWICK.

Lawrencetown, June 13th, '76. 2m t19.

LAWYERS' BLANKS!

A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.

Some material improvements have been made in the SUMMONSES. Call and inspect them. SANCTON & PIPER.

TO MAGISTRATES!

A large lot of MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS, for sale at this Office.

FARM

FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale the Farm new owned and occupied by him. This property is known as the

PHINEAS PHINNEY FARM,

and is situated about three miles from Bridgetown on the main Granville road. There is on the premises a substatial Dwelling House, two superior barns, a cider Mill with frost proo cellar, a ship-yard site, a convenient wharf, a young orchard containing about 100 apple trees just coming into bearing, also an old thrifty orchard, which produces on an average one hundred barrels of merchantable fruit, a lot of plum trees, which put up four barrels last year, 15 acres of intervale marsh, also 2 do. of salt, This farm runs from the Annapolis river over the top of the North Mountain and contains 200 acres. There is good pasturage, plenty of wood and timber, two never-failing wells of water, and is a desirable property for any practical farmer to invest in. Reasons for selling, the owner intends going to California for his health.

TERMS.—Made known by application to the subscriber. GEORGE LEITCH,
or J. G. H. PARKER,
B'town, May 10, '76 [13i t18] Bridgetown.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!

—OF THE—

Estate of Lansdowne & Martin

HAVING been purchased by MAGEE BROTHERS is now being sold at

BANKRUPT PRICES!

and will be continued until May 1st, 1877, at the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages offered for procuring

CHEAP DRY GOODS

at this establishment Fresh importations are being constantly received from Europe and the United States to keep the Stock well assorted, and are sold at

COST PRICES.

MAGEE BROTHERS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

BEARD & VENNING,

Albion House.

WE have received per Anchor and Allen Line steamers

95 Packages

Containing a Full Assortment of FRESH and SEASONABLE

DRY GOODS,

which we offer WHOLESALE AND RETAIL at the Lowest Possible Prices, and solicit inspection.

BEARD & VENNING,
PRINCE WM. STREET.

St. John, N. B., May, 1876

BOOK AGENTS AND GOOD SALESMEN

Are "COINING MONEY" with the famous

BIDA DESIGNS,

The French Edition of which sells for $165, and the London Edition for $200. *Our Popular Edition* ($5.50), *containing over One Hundred full-page quarto plates*, is the CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT PUBLICATION in America, and the BEST TO SELL. Critics vie with each other in praising it, and the masses *buy it*.

From local agent in Southport, Conn.: "In our village of eighty houses I have taken sixty-five orders; have canvassed in all about twelve days (in village and country), and have taken orders for *One Hundred and Six Copies*.

FULL PARTICULARS FREE. *Address*

J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers,
11 Broomfield St., Boston.

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO.

INVITE especial attention to their large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General House Furnishings—Sheetings, damasks, and repps in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials, ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, torquoise and satins, umbrellas and parasols jet and silk buttons, trimmings.

3 and 4 Market Square,....St. John N. B.

Just Received.

1 BBL. SCOTCH SNUFF;
SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE;
POWDERED TUMERIC;
BORAX, SALTPERTE;

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by

J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and Germain Street.

St. John, N. B., May, '76.

NEW GOODS!

Victoria House,

Prince William Street,....St John N. B.

Spring, 1876.

NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steamers a Choice Stock of

DRY GOODS

in every department.

The attention of the Trade as well as of Retail buyers solicited.

E. D. WATTS.

195,000. The DAILY and WEEKLY Editions of the

MONTREAL STAR

have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-five Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada. 1y t45

Poetry.

THE GRANGER'S CHOICE.

BY O. G. W.

A priceless pearl,
The dearest prize,
For which a man may toil and pray—
A country girl,
With soft, brown eyes—
Was she who whirled my heart away.

A farmer's child,
Who did not seek
A grace and beauty not her own;
No paint defiled
Her honest cheek,
But such as dye the flowers alone.

A woman true,
And not afraid
To e'en confess that fragrant ball
Of golden hue,
The same hands made
That hold me with so dear a thrall.

I saw her arms,
So round and white,
Like lilies in the pearly form
Plunging their charms;
Her smile so bright,
Honored the toil that blesses home.

Nor did she blush
With wounded pride,
Thus to be caught, that summer morn,
Nor wildly rush
To hide her shame,
As if she felt her lover's scorn.

I saw her pet
The gentle kine,
And comb her pony's flowing mane,
And vowed to let
Her fondle mine,
If she my wayward locks would train.

I saw her bear
The cooling draught,
To quench the hayman's burning thirst;
Aye, was there,
And gladly quaffed
The cup she put to *my* lips first.

The roses knew
She was about,
And owned her as the queen of flowers;
The lilies threw
Their sweetness out,
Exhausting all their wondrous powers.

Her cheeks were red,
And red her lips,
Red with the warm bloods generous flow,
Nor did they dread,
Those finger tips,
The red stream tingling through the snow.

The granger's joys,
With such a wife,
To rival those of heaven seem;
With girls and boys,
The granger's life
Is sweeter than the sweetest dream.

—*Chronicle.*

Select Literature.

FATE?

'It is too hot for metaphysics! Who cares? I don't.'

'Please define metaphysics.'

'The scientific knowledge of mental phenomena.'

'Correct! Definite as a dictionary. Now have the goodness to tell me what we were talking about.'

'Impossible; I don't remember.'

'I was telling you that one night at Florence I had a queer dream, and that it had all come true, or at least all but a few last details. What objection can you have to listening to my account of it?'

'The heat,' and Blanche Wilder fanned herself languidly, and turned her head toward the balcony, whence issued sweet strains of music.

'It's not too warm for them to dance,' murmured her companion.

'They are idiots! In fact, Hugh, since you have reminded me of it, the world is full of idiots!'

'And I am head idiot, I suppose?'

'There, certainly, you belong, or you would never attempt to ventilate your transcendental stuff on such an occasion as this, to say nothing of old Sirius up there doing his best to suffocate us. I'll hear your dream next Christmas Eve.'

'Then, Blanche, it will be too late,' said the young man, with more feeling than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

'*Au revoir*, Mr. Bertrand. I'm going to find more agreeable company'—and five minutes later the young lady was promenading the piazza with another of her admirers.

An hour afterward Hugh Bertrand sat in his room poring over an old journal. Let us read:

Florence, Thursday.—A day and a night long to be remembered. A day of indiscribable pleasure, a night of agony almost unendurable. All the morning in the church of Santa Croce, at the feet of Galileo, Michael Angelo and Dante. Art must be as dear to the Great Designer as nature, else His creatures would not be so evenly thrilled by them. 1294? All these years ago! Michael Angelo, his face strained, yet quiet, as if by force compelling his will to wait with moderate patience the lifting of the last curtain, for which glimpse he pined. Galileo, thoughtful, serene, excellent!

"Dante, who loved well because he hated—
Hated wickedness that hindered loving;
Dante as he mused on love and Beatrice."

I could have lingered here indefinitely, but had another engagement for the afternoon, and was obliged to hurry off—if hurry it could be called; three hours passed almost in one spot. Spent the remainder of the daylight at the Florentine Gallery of Art, examining paintings, statuary, engravings and bronzet. Smoked all the evening, and thought—but not once of her. Indeed I cannot remember of wishing for her or thinking about her during the whole day. So what followed was more wonderful on that account! and then, too, it was the first day of real happiness that had come to me since we parted in New York. It was bright moonlight when I returned, and the moonlight continued in my dream—soft, lambent, unspeakably delightful. I seemed to be in a strange place. It might have been the grand cupola of the Cathedral, Il Duomo; for I had suddenly been taken up a considerable distance, and still surrounded with works of art. The city below was enveloped in a singular white mist, singular because of a constant rolling motion like that of the sea when recovering from a storm. Suddenly the moon was obscured by a huge black cloud. When I could once more distingutsh objects about me, I found that Blanche was by my side—Blancne so pale, so still, so utterly unlike her own brilliant self, that I felt not the least desire to draw her to my heart, as had always been the case before.

'Yes, Hugh, it is I,' she said, as I looked wonderingly at her, and her tone was as icy and unnatural as her manner. 'This is my other self,' she continued; 'my best self; and it has come for you, *to you*, as it must always do; for I am yours, and you are mine! You alone can save me, Hugh. I am in great danger—danger, I believe, of eternal shipwreck. I stretch out my arms for help, Hugh. Will you save me?'

Her whole appearance was so unnatural that for a moment I could not respond. The words fairly froze to my lips.

'I shall be more beautiful, Hugh, after a while,' she continued, instantly divining my thought. 'The spirit is very bare now, but you will help me clothe it with all that is rare and beautiful. It is the sham alone that you miss.'

'Tell me, dear, how I can best help you—what you wish me to do for you?' I answered, with an electric thrill. 'Have I not always been ready Blanche?'

'Yes, always, and I have been most ungrateful; but I must hasten. To-day, I have agreed to sell myself, body and soul, to a man we both despise. I wanted his money, or, rather, *that* Blanche did. *I* want you, Come home directly, and contrive to save me.'

The last words were indistinct, and my next sensation was of standing in the middle of my own room, wide awake, with my heart beating so audibly that its pulsations could easily be counted by the heavy thump, thump which threatened to stop my breath.

Friday.—Received a letter to-day confirming the particulars of the dream. Blanche is engagod to Mr. Ercourt—a middle-aged, titled Englishman, 'an unscrupulous scamp,' says my correspondent, 'but undeniably a millionaire.'

'And here I am,' sighed the weary man, 'and what good has it all done? I cannot induce her to listen to me seriously for one moment. One more effort, and that shall be the last.'

'Where now, Hugh?' said a sweet voice from the piazza, the next morning, after breakfast.

'To walk.'

'Can I come?'

'If you like.'

'Now, don't be cross, dear; please don't!' and Blanche Wilder lifted her parasol, and, with the utmost nonchalance, placed her hand on his arm. I *was* cross last night, but it was suffocatingly warm. I am just an angel, though, this morning.'

'No, you are not,' replied her companion with strange deliberation. 'You came to me once, Blanche, divested of all sham, so I am able to detect the difference.'

'What *do* you mean?'

'What I say. Why are you not willing to tell me about your engagement?'

'Because a thousand things may prevent my marrying. What's the use of borrowing trouble?'

'And yet you have promised to marry him?'

'Pshaw! what's a promise in this age of development?'

'You must have lied to him, too.'

'Certainly. What of it?'

'Did you lie to me also, Blanche, when you told me that you loved me?'

'Now, that's unfair, Hugh,' and there *were* tears in the beautiful eyes lifted to his, unlikely as it may appear.

'Then why do you damn your soul with such a promise?'

'Oh, Hugh, damn is an awful word!'

'Do you love me, Blanche?'

'Of course I do, you old ninny!'

'Will you break this unnatural engagement, and marry me?'

'Oh, how abrupt! That isn't the way to go a wooing.'

'I have been less abrupt on several similar occasions. Will you marry me immediately?'

'Perhaps,' and the slender fingers resting on his arm twitched convulsively until they were held fast in the firm hand of her companion. 'There is the stage, Hugh!' said the lady, collecting herself with a mighty effort, and withdrawing her hand.

'Well?'

'And there is Mr. Ercourt, I didn't expect him until evening. Will you ride up to the house, Hugh? How fortunate, Mr. Ercourt! I was just wishing that some one would contrive a way to elevate me to the hotel again without the trouble of climbing the hill, and here *you* are!'

'God help us!' groaned Hugh, as Blanche sprang lightly into the vehicle, and seated herself, rare and radiant, by the side of her plighted lover.

'Strange, isn't it, Hugh?' she said in a low voice, as the driver waited a moment to examine the horses; 'but I can't help thinking, to-day of Lola Montez.' And as the lumbering stage started, she whispered: 'Vive la bagatelle!'

Bewilderingly beautiful was Blanche Wilder the evening of the same day.

Blue silk, white illusion, rosebuds and diamonds, the last new earrings, bracelet and brooch—a present from her intended husband—making a *tout ensemble* unusually becoming to the lovely blonde.

Mr. Ercourt did not dance.

'I must have one waltz; where is Hugh?' said Blanche, as, hanging on Mr. Ercourt's arm, she sought the man she loved. 'You won't mind, please? Hugh and I have danced together since we were children.'

'Your wish is my law, dear.'

'Thank you.'

'Here yon are!' as they at last came upon him they sought.

'Mr. Ercourt requests that you will waltz with me, Hugh. Listen to those strains! Strauss's most heavenly measure! Come!'

'I am not dressed for the ballroom, Blanche.'

'What matter? You always look well!'

'Blanche you will kill me!' as, with his arm around her waist, they kept time to the dreamy, graceful *adagio*.

'Did you see my diamonds, Hugh?'

'You must return them!'

'Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth!'

'You asked me to save you once——'

'Nonsense!'

'I shall do all there is to do, Blanche.'

'Very well. Isn't this delicious? With you and music, I never would ask for anything else! One turn more, dear. I'm not in the least tired.'

'Very well done,' said Mr. Ercourt, as, at the end of the Waltz, he threw a shawl round the fair shoulders of his promised wife. 'That was the very poetry of motion.'

'Mr. Ercourt,' commenced Hugh, 'I have a trifling communication to make—we are alone here—and I would save my friend Blanche from committing a crime. She is engaged to marry you, and loves another with her whole soul, and has just confessed it for the thousandth time.'

A silvery laugh rang out, sweet and clear, on the fresh mountain air.

'Is this man speaking the truth, Miss Wilder?' and the millionaire drew himself up with considerable dignity.

'Why, how can you ask a question so ridiculous, Mr. Ercourt? Go in and go to bed like a good boy, Hugh. Waltzing always affects his head. I should have stopped sooner.'

And Hugh, stunned and wretched, saw the pair walk calmly away—his diamonds sparkling on her neck and arms, his hand carefully arranging the shawl about her shoulders. The last effort had been made.

There was nothing more he could do. He had promised to save her if salvation was possible, and he had kept his word.

Extract from Journal:

May 10th, 1873.—Met Mrs. Ercourt on Broadway to-day.

How weary and haggard she looked.'

'Oh, Hugh,' said she, 'I am so glad to see you!'

'Are you ill?' I asked.

'No; only a little nervous. Going to Europe next week for my health.'

What else she would have said, had I not hurried away, heaven knows.

'Good-by, Blanche.'

'Good-by, Hugh. You tried to save me, didn't you? God bless you, dear old boy.'

June 13th.—'Died, at sea, suddenly, by heart-disease, Mrs. Hartwell S. Ercourt.'

Gone home! I could not save her, but God has.

Hush, tired heart! Hush! she is pure now.

INSTINCT OF REASON.

As a farmer in a neighboring town was getting in his hay, he noticed an unusual commotion among the swallows which had built a long row of nests under the eaves of the barn. They appeared greatly excited, flying rapidly about and filling the air with their cries of distress. As the load of hay upon which he was riding passed into the barn, he saw that a young swallow in a nest directly over the door had caught its neck in a crack between two shingles and was unable to liberate itself. He stopped his team and set the young bird free, restoring it to the nest. Upon his return to the barn with his next load of hay, noticing that the swallows were quiet, he examined the crack and found that they had filled it completely with mud, so that no matter how enterprising or how foolish the young swallow might be, he could not again endanger his life or the peace of that community by any experiments upon that crack.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

There is an excellent cement which ought to be used freely by every one. This cement is good for family jars and social cuts. It heals wounds and leaves no scars; mends life; binds enemies together; mends damaged reputations; and is splendid for hurt feelings. This universal cement is love. Love is a thing to be cultivated, as you would a solitary stock of wheat, supposing that there was not another grain of wheat in the world.

An enormous block of granite was being lowered into the foundation for a dock at Haulbowlime, Ireland. A laborer fell under it unobserved, was crushed into a layer of concrete upon which the stone rested, and his body will remain there, as the truth was learned too late to recover it, except at great expense and trouble.

The foreign commissioners at the Centennial are about to pay a visit to Canada. It should be borne in mind that the finest agricultural country is west of Hamilton, Toronto or Gueiph, and the finest scenery and minerals are east and north.

A wag, in "what he he knows about farming," gives a very good plan to remove widows' weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say "Wilt thou?" and they wilt.

A landlady heard an impecunious lodger jingling silver, and she wondered how such a roomer gained currency.