ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

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Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 11. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1884. NO. 52.

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Weekly Monitor

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SKATING RINK
will be open to the public on
Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays
of each week. Skating to commence at half-past 7 o'clock.
ADMISSION 12 CENTS.
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Mill, Steamboat, and Railroad Supplies,
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Rubber and Leather Belting, Rubber and Linen Hose, Lace Leather and Cut Lacing, Cotton Waste and Steam Packing, Lubricating Oils, Mill Files, Emery Wheels, Emery Cloth, and Emery, Wrought Iron Pipe, Cast Iron Water Pipe, Steam, Gas, and Water Fittings, Steam Pumps, Steam Gauges, Injectors, Bolts, Nuts and Washers, Babbitt Metal and Antimony, Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Rich's Patent Saw Sharpener and Gummer, for Grinding Saws.
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Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,
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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.
JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

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Annapolis, Nov. 12, '83. 31tf

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IMPROVED
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APPLIANCES.

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Bridgetown, March 24th, 1883.

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LAWRENCETOWN,
IS not frozen up, but continues to give satisfaction to all who patronize it, and in addition to the supply of Flour, Corn &c., heretofore kept in stock, is daily expecting from Montreal a Carload of Grain, in which will be found by those who apply early a quantity of
SEED WHEAT,
BARLEY,
PEASE & OATS,
which will be sold for CASH only.
Will continue to fill all orders for MIXED FEED at short notice. Have purchased a SHINGLE MACHINE, and will be prepared to saw or furnish long or short tapered shingles. Are now negotiating for a
Rotary Saw and Stave Mill,
all to be in operation this spring.
TERMS AS USUAL.
John A. Brown & Co.
Lawrencetown, February, 20th, 1883

FOR SALE!
The property known as the
Fallesen Property,
situated on Water St., containing house and barn, in good repair, together with a building lot and small garden. Price $600. Half of purchase money can remain on mortgage.
Apply at once to
T. D. & E. RUGGLES,
Barristers, Bridgetown, N. S.
Bridgetown, October 20, '83. 28tf

H. J. BANKS,
PRACTICAL TAILOR,
(Tupper's Hall),
Bridgetown.
THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has opened a TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT, in Bridgetown, where he is prepared to execute all orders in first class style. A perfect fit guaranteed every time. Place of business over building known as Tupper's store.
H. J. BANKS.
Bridgetown, Oct. 16, '83. tf

Home Items.

—"All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—*Fail.*

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bittters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Billiousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"—My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters"—*Fd. Onwego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

NOTICE.—The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 29 King St., West Toronto, W. W. Butcher, Manager, is authorized to receive Advertisements for this paper.

SOME FAST ENGLISH TRAINS.—The longest runs without stopping on the Great Northern, and the longest in the kingdom, are between Grantham and King's Cross, one hundred and five and a half miles, in two hours and four minutes, an average speed of fifty-one miles an hour. This distance is done by no less than four trains each day, all of which perform the journey within two hours and six minutes. The highest average speed attained on this line, fifty two and a quarter miles, is between Grantham and Doncaster (fifty and a half miles in fifty-eight minutes). The longest run on the Northeastern is from York to Newcastle, eighty and a quarter miles. In one hour and forty-two minutes; and the quickest, York to Darlington, forty-four and quarter miles, in fifty three minutes—an average speed of fifty.—*Temple Bar.*

THE SUPPLY OF DOCTORS.—The spring graduation exercises at our educational institutions invariably show a full quota of would-be doctors. The 'output,' if we may so style it, is sufficient to prevent any diminution in the ranks of a profession already well filled, and is quite large enough, even, to provide ample attendance should the nation be so unfortunate as to be visited by a series of plagues. At two New York city colleges there were 202 new doctors sent out on the same day—March 13—of which number 149 were allopathic and 53 homœopathic. Daniel Webster used to say that in the profession of the law there was always "room at the top," but what proportion of these graduates will thus find themselves assured of a lucrative practice, compared with the number that will not do as well as an educated mechanic is likely to do? The latter are always scarce, but the doctors and lawyers seem to be increasing as though the sickness and quarrelling of mankind were to be indefinitely multiplied.—*Scientific American.*

—George Russell, Brooklyn, New York, shot his wife on the 25th inst., in bed, and then shot himself. Mrs. Russell kept boarders, and any little attention shown to them always aroused her husband's jealousy. Yesterday morning he got up without waking his wife, procured a pistol and stepping to the side of the bed shot her while she was still sleeping. The ball entered just above her ear. When she opened her eyes he was standing near the foot of the bed with a pistol to his head. He discharged it twice in rapid succession; Russell will die, but it is thought his wife will recover, as the ball did not enter her brain.

—The sea serpent has been seen again, and this time by a Portland vessel, off Cape Hatteras. It was fully ninety feet long, with an immense head, horse-shaped eyes half as big as a man's head, color bright saffron hue. There was a monster for you! It was two hundred and fifty yards distant, with its head out of water, and was seen for half an hour, churning the water to a foam in its enormous wake. No wonder all hands were terribly frightened. The sea serpent exists—there can be no doubt of that—but who will have the courage and skill to capture one?

Poetry.

Three Kisses.

An angel with three lilies in her hand,
Came winging to the earth from Paradise,
They changed to kisses ere she reached love's land,
And fell upon the brow, the lips, the eyes!

First was the kiss of purity and peace—
Lonely they sat together by the fire—
To him from sorrow came a dear release;
To her, the shadow of a dim desire.
Two aimless souls had ceased their wandering,
Two fettered spirits struggled to be free;
To sweet love's garden came the blossoming,
The tender leaf unfolded on love's tree,
The kiss of sanctity!

Next was the kiss of soul bound into soul—
They stood at night beneath a ruined tower—
Dimly they heard the wave's eternal roll,
Life was embodied in a single hour!
The one strong moment in a love divine,
The present shadowing futurity;
No fate, no time, no terror could combine,
To rob that silence of its ecstacy,
The kiss of unity!

Last came the kiss of dear love perfected,
Sad in the chamber of the thing called Death!
Two tapers at the feet, two at the head,
The murmured prayer, the low half-sobbing breath;
But brighter yet in distance far away,
A gathered army of the souls that live,
The golden dawn of a transcendent day,
When angels of the lilies come to give
The kiss—eternity!

Mentone.

"And there was given unto them a short time before they went forward"

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for rest. The care and sorrow,
Are left behind. It is not yet to morrow.
To-day there fall the dear surprise of peace;
The sky and sea, their broad wings round us sweeping.
Close out the world, and hold us in their keeping.
A little space for rest. Ah! though soon o'er,
How precious is it on the sunny shore!

Upon this sunny shore
A little space for love, while those, our dearest.
Yet linger with us ere they take their flight
To that far world which now doth seem the nearest,
So deep and pure this sky's down-bending light.
Slow one by one, the golden hours are given
A respite ere the earthly ties are riven.
When left alone, how, 'mid our tears, we store
Each breath of their last days upon this shore?

Upon this sunny shore
A little space to wait: the life-bowl broken,
The silver cord unloosed, the mortal name
We bore upon this earth by God's voice spoken,
While at the sound all earthly praise or blame,
Our joys and griefs, alike with gentle sweetness
Fade in the dawn of the next world's completeness
The hour is thine, dear Lord; we ask no more,
But wait thy summons on the sunny shore.

—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

Select Literature.

Printed in this paper by special arrangement with the author.

SEALED UNTO HIM.*

A Story of the Early Days of Mormonism,

BY JOAQUIN MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF THE SIERRAS," "THE DANITES," "MEMORIE AND RIME," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

A DAY OF SUSPENSE.

It was doubtful from the first how the men sent to execute 'judgment' on this poor girl would proceed, as they rode slowly down the hill into the camp. There was no doubt in any one's mind what they would do in the end. But how and by what tortuous roads of cruelty and delay and dismay would they proceed? By what cruel cat-and mouse means would they proceed to teach their terrible lesson of the vengeance and the power of Dan, 'a serpent by the way,' 'an adder in the path'?

When the sun shines hot and clear, a photograph is taken almost instantly, which will endure a long, long time.

And so it is in and with scenes like this. The blood was at fever heat. The imagination was like flame. Terror of what was to happen fastened all things there firmly as if the world stood still forever. The heart after a little time almost ceased to beat.

Before us to the south and far away gleamed the great sea of salt in the morning sun. A green island of trees where a thousand cattle fed, the property of the Mormon church, lay far away toward the other side. It was but dimly visible, yet beautiful, peaceful in its far tranquility as a picture of Paradise.

As the eye strained and swept across the gleaming sea of salt and rested on this beautiful island, they seemed to want to remain there. You could not turn your head away or withdraw your gaze. There was a fierce fascination that kept the strained eyes looking down and out steadily toward that dim and distant isle of peace and beauty, which was irresistible. The tired eyes wanted to rest there forever. Or did the eyes so desire to remain there, far away in fields of beauty and of peace, to escape the threatened scene of blood and peril at our feet?

Beyond the broad and gleaming levels of this sea of salt, still beyond the verdant restful isle, and right above and over the few scattered fields and farm-houses on the new shore, shot the snow-topped towers of the Wahsatch. These magnificent mountains drew an impassable wall, a crescent to the east and north, around an incipient Mormon city. These mighty towers of snow, this strange new people, mad on the subject of religion, called their 'towers of strength.' They likened them to the white towers that were above the mighty walls of Jerusalem of old. Everywhere, in all things around them, they read the fulfilment of prophecies, Bible traditions and Bible truths. The deserts and the wells in the deserts, the balm-of-gilead trees, even the locusts that sometimes devoured the land—in all these they read, imagined, believed implicitly, that they had here, thousands of miles away from all the world, found a new Jerusalem, that they were indeed the children of the lost tribes—the children of Dan indeed that should judge the people of the earth as they passed, and be as 'a serpent by the way,' 'an adder in the path.'

To the east of this remnant of a dried-up sea, and close upon the salt white shore of it, there gushed from the rocky hillside a little river of boiling water which sent forth its steam in the early morning in a perpetual drift of snowy clouds. These beautiful white clouds rose to the mountain-top to the east, and there rested lazily in the sun or cradled to and fro above the Mormon city.

Beneath these cradled clouds, far below them, and yet far above the city, and to the east and to the north, and above our own camp, there was drawn in a precise level the definite and unmistakable shore and surf-line of a great dried-up sea. Hundreds of feet above the black and heavy waters of Salt Lake, you can see where the surf roared in storm and tempest when the world was young, tore the rocks to splinters, fashioned caverns, and washed a pebbled strand. These marks will remain while the mountains remain. All around, high up on the hill-top, you pick up sea-washed pebbles petrified sea-fish of a forgotton age, stones with sea-moss and sea-shells encased in them, and endless evidence that the ships of Solomon might have sailed these mountain-tops, seeking the land of Ophir.

And yet here was pitiful man, in the heart of all this mystery, in the presence of ever-patient and industrious Nature, as she tried to fashion a home for him glorious and beautiful, cutting his fellow-man's throat before he had yet fairly sat down to the possession of it all.. Was there not sorrow enough here?

Why, these Mormons had been riding, racing, dashing about for days and days to find a single victim to murder. And now they had found their victim. She must die. She was already in some sense dead.

Some one had seen the hand of the giant shoot high and straight and perpendicular in the air as the Danites rode down from the hill. They answered with the same emphatic and silent sign. What did it mean? As they approached the camp, he also approached. He came with a heavy, massive, and deliberate tread, as if he owned the earth. He took possession of the place. They entered the camp together. The men looked at the giant for their orders. He motioned them to dismount. They did so, and stood a little apart, holding their hungry and tired horses by long rawhide tethers as they bent their sleek necks to the ground, rattled their steel bits in their teeth, and ate at the green and abundant grass as if it never had been or should be stained with blood.

I know you are clutching your hand here with ferocity toward the one party, and shame and pity for the other. You would have fought, died then and there, or destroyed the destroying angels, would you?

Not so. Braver men never were known than the pioneers of these days. But there somehow fell a fascination on all and always, from these swift and silent fanatics—the fascination of the serpent when it looks in a bird's eyes—that paralyzed the worn and weary pilgrims in these early days. And you search the chronicles in vain for one single act of successful defence. Not one of a thousand murders ever met with any real resistance.

Some believed that this new religion would cover the earth. Men who abhorred it had seen its audacity and power so suddenly and wonderfully developed here in these mountains of Mexico, that no wonder they were appalled and silent before its executioners. It had its believers, too, in every camp. No one dared complain to his neighbor, not even to his own brother, or build up plans of escape, punishment, or revenge. A man did not trust his own wife. There was but one course to take—bear all in silence.

Our party had already unyoked their oxen; and the large eyed, patient cattle, glad to be let loose more, were mouthing the sweetest grass along the green banks of the willow lined stream. The weary men gradually sank down on the grass in groups; the children clung to their mothers' skirts in silent awe. No one spoke to the terrified girl. The large, hollow-eyed leader looked at her a moment: their eyes met. She knew him then. He was her husband. She was an apostate wife, and had been so judged by Dan. The story of the terrible fate of an apostate wife was familiar even to the children who looked on in silent terror.

He froze her blood with a cold stare, and then made a motion with his large left hand, in which he still held a book, to the men with the horses. They took off their bridles from their hungry horses and hung them over the pommels of their Spanish saddles. Then they loosened the cinches of their saddles leisurely, and coming forward gathered about the elder. They sat down, still holding to their tethers. Then the elder or missionary began to talk calmly of the beauties of the book of Mormon, and to read and to preach. He beckoned all to draw near, and all drew near, obedient and breathless. With a gesture he bade the terrified girl sit close before him in the gathering circle, and she did so; her great sad eyes lifting to his eyes as the eyes of a bird might lift helplessly to the fascinating eyes of the serpent that is to destroy her.

(To be Continued)

*Copyrighted by C. H. Miller, 1884.

COULD THEY HAVE SAVED HIM.

BY MRS. SARAH K. BOLTON.

John Hadden and his wife sat in their vine-covered cottage in the twilight, very happy with their first babe, just old enough to have winsome ways and make the home cherry. Mrs. Handen looked still like a young girl, so gently had the years come and gone.

'We must find a place for him, because his mother has been so good to me,' said the young wife.

A troubled look came into the husband's face. To bring a boy to the great cities with all its temptations, a boy who was the only hope and joy of his mother, was a doubtful measure. A place might possibly be found, because the rising young business man had many friends; but where should the lad live, and who should watch over his evenings, and be mother and sister in a strange city?

'I am willing, Mary, for your sake; but who will make a good home for him?'

'Oh! there are hundreds of nice boarding places, and he can come to see us very often.'

'Perhaps we ought to take him with us, where Christian associations will be thrown about him.'

'But a home loses its comfort to have any outside persons come into it. He would be fond of the baby, and I should not mind the extra care much. My sisters come occasionally, and a young man needs the society of true, noble girls,' said pretty Mrs. Hadden, almost willing to have the boy come. 'But I could so rarely have you alone, John; and when could we plan together, or talk over the affairs of the day? We shall only have one life to live, and if we begin it by taking somebody into our home, I am afraid it will always be so.'

'But if the boy goes wrong, it will kill his mother,' said Mr. Hadden, who loved the privacy of home life as fully as his wife.

'Oh! he won't, and he must take his chance with the rest. He has had any amount of good advice.'

A situation was found in a large wholesale dry goods store, and a respectable boarding house obtained.

Arthur Howard, was a genial, frank, open-hearted boy, of nearly seventeen years; full of energy, hope, and love of a good time. Naturally refined, with pleasant manners, a skilled musician for his years, with a face almost as fair as a girl's, it was not strange that he won the hearts of his employers and became a general favorite.'

Mrs. Hadden invited him to tea, and he was playful with the baby, she half regretted she had not taken him into her home.

'How cheery it is over here!' said Arthur, as he held the baby from picture to picture on the walls. It was so very different from the boarding-house. Nobody seemed especially interested in him there save a few young men, who insisted on his going to the theatre, and then to supper afterward.

'And you don't drink wine!' said a handsome young man. 'Should think you must have been brought up down in the pine woods of Maine.'

'I don t like the taste, said Arthur.

'You will never have a chance to go with the best set if you don't drink. Can't get in at all. Why they'd think you were a deacon in a church! Besides, wine doesn't hurt anybody, any more than coffee. You like a good time,—don't you?'

'But I have a good time without wine,' said Arthur, remembering a mother among the hills who prayed for him.

'Oh, nonsense! it doesn't hurt a fellow to have a jollification one night in the week. I've been the worse for drink once in a while, and so have all the boys. No use going through the world so straight-laced. Never'll see all sides of it unless you go around.'

And so Arthur Howard drank with the rest; not much, for, as he said, he did not like the taste of it.

The boarding-house room grew no pleasanter, so he spent more evenings on the streets. He wished he knew some pleasant homes at which he might feel at liberty to call. His employers invited him occasionally, and many ladies were very pleasant to him; but they were busy with church work, and education societies, and forgot the young men at their very doors. Perhaps they could not spare the time to entertain young people, or to bring them together. But for what were their homes given them? And why the carpets so pretty, the pictures so attractive, and the coal fire so cheery, if not to make a place for somebody just beginning the life which they had found so full of happy realization? They had said that home was woman's grandest sphere, and why had they not used it? Were their husbands and children the all of life? And these same homes might have been the door of heaven to some souls, and they were not.

Mrs. Hadden's home was as pleasant as ever, but she was very busy with a new literary association, and she had been made the secretary of the foreign missionary society in the church, and really she got very little time to return the calls of her lady friends, which she needed to hold her place socially. And it somehow never seemed to occur to her that her lady friends didn't need these calls, and somebody else did. If Mrs. Hadden had started this literary society among the young people, it might have been helpful to some, who at the formation time in character, needed all the unseen moulding possible. We forget that as soon as the plateau of middle life is reached, we are thereafter always able to help others to reach it.

Arthur read less, stayed in the little room in the respectable boarding-house less, and went to church very little. Business was constant; he needed recreation, and he took it on Sundays. Mrs. Hadden never asked him to spend Sundays with them, the day when perhaps above all others, he needed home life, because she wanted her husband alone.

Letters, fond and anxious, came from the earnest mother, and Arthur wrote affectionately; but he never told her that he went roaming on Sundays, or that he drank wine or beer in the saloons, and that he cared less for the sweetness and purity of home life. He was just as genial as ever, had grown handsomer; but the innocence of the boy had faded into the slightly apparent confidence of the man of the rough world.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadden sat by their evening fire, while two pretty children played about the fire.

'I've heard sad news to-day, Mary,' said the husband. 'The firm where Arthur is, wrote me a note this morning, and I've been there all this morning, and I've been there all this afternoon. The books are wrong. You know we believed in Arthur fully, and I never recommended a boy so highly in my life. He came of such good blood, and his home training had been so tender and elevating. The whole thing will come out; and, Mary, what is worse, Arthur is to be arrested, and must go to prison.'

Mrs. Hadden's heart sunk within her. What if it had been her little Harry who played by her side?

'It will kill his mother, and she was so kind to me.'

It was the old story,—need of money, had increased expenses, had caused false entries to be made. The disclosures came to Arthur, as it comes to most offenders, like a lightning stroke. No man is ever ready to have his misdeeds see the light.

What the cell of a prison with its iron bed, damp walls, stone floor, and coarse fare, is to a gently reared boy, some know, who alas! have tried it. What remorse is, what agony and retrospection brings as one traces the downward way, step by step, some others know.

There came one day to the prison cell, a white-haired woman, accompanied by Mrs. Hadden. She seemed to have grown aged in a day. Her steps tottered, and her whole body trembled, as she folded the young man to her breast.

'My darling by!'

'Don't feel so, mother!' But his beautiful face was blanched, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

'How did it happen my son! You have been my all, my only boy!'

'It never would of happened if I'd had a home. A boy gets crazed in a great city, with nobody to care for soul or body. I got so lonesome, and the street became all the home I had.'

'And why not write me about it?'

'I could not burden you. I meant to have been a man for your sake, for I do love you,' and the young heart broke down.

The long interview ended with tender forgiveness on the part of the mother, and cheering words from the repentant boy.'

'I'll begin again, mother, and begin right.'

But the letter that went from the prison cell a few days after, was opened by other hands back in the country home, for the mother had gone beyond.

Mrs. Hadden held little Harry very close to her heart that night, after the sad news came, and the tears fell on his curly brown hair, as she thought how cheerless was a dark prison cell, and with no one near to speak a word, and her own bright fire, and her home beautiful. Suddenly she looked up to her husband.

'I can't get Arthur's words out of my mind, 'It never would of happened if I'd had a home,' and *perhaps we might have saved him.*

And with the same troubled look he had just three years before, when they were talking about Arthur's coming, Mr. Hadden said: 'I was thinking of that very thing, Mary.'—*S. S. Times.*

—If you cannot be happy in one way be in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run after felicity like an absent minded man hunting for his hat, while it is in his hand or on his head.

—The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last miserable.