



Weekly Monitor,
PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.
SANCTON and PIPEL, Proprietors.

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Yearly advertisements charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional insertion.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
Thursday, 8th of June, 1876.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

STATIONS.	Exp.	Pass. Pass.	and Exp.
Halifax	Leave	8 00	9 15
Bedford	"	8 22	9 43
Windsor Jctn	"	8 35	10 05
Mt. Uniacke	"	9 08	11 26
Ellershouse	"	9 33	12 50
Newport	"	9 43	13 18
Windsor	"	10 02	13 46
Halifax	"	10 21	14 28
Wolfeville	"	10 50	15 17
Kentville	"	11 20	16 05
Berwick	"	11 32	16 28
Bedford	"	11 55	17 16
Wilmot	"	12 33	18 05
Middleton	"	12 41	18 37
Lawrencetown	"	12 57	19 04
Windsor	"	1 00	19 30
Halifax	"	1 06	19 56
St. John	"	1 55	2 30

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

STATIONS.	Exp.	Pass. Pass.	and Exp.
St. John	Leave	8 00	9 15
Windsor	"	8 15	9 30
Halifax	"	8 30	9 45
Wolfeville	"	8 45	10 00
Windsor	"	9 00	10 15
Halifax	"	9 15	10 30
Wolfeville	"	9 30	10 45
Windsor	"	9 45	11 00
Halifax	"	10 00	11 15
Wolfeville	"	10 15	11 30
Windsor	"	10 30	11 45
Halifax	"	10 45	12 00
Wolfeville	"	11 00	12 15
Windsor	"	11 15	12 30
Halifax	"	11 30	12 45

W. H. OLIVE,
Custom House, Forwarding,
COMMISSION,
Railroad and Steamboat Agent,
Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
May 2nd, 1876.

GEORGE WHITMAN,
Auctioneer & Real Estate Agent,
Bond Hill, Annapolis, N. S.

ROYAL HOTEL.
(Formerly STUBBS)
146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

WILLIAM HILLMAN,
Silver and Brass Plater,
ELECTOR PLATER
in gold and silver,
No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Great Bargains
DRESS GOODS.

Summer Dress Goods
Now Being Offered at Cost,
by
M. C. BARBOUR,
111 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

THOMAS DEARNESS,
Manufacturer of
Monuments, Grave-Stones
TABLE TOPS, &c.
South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.

June Importation.
Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk Fringes; Seal Brown, Cream and Silk Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Eru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Eru Nets; Eru Laces; Eru Scarfs; Mullins of all kinds; Brown Hollands; Strath Lincens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea Cloths; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs; New Styles; Black Trimming Velvets; Mantle Velvets; Mainance Cloths; Mainance Brills; 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 Wreaps for Girdle; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Plaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.
27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

NOW HANDING.
200 PACKAGES LONDON CORKAGE TEA; 6 bags Ceylon Coffee; 75 boxes Corn Starch; 20 boxes Diamond Glass Starch; boxes Colman's Starch; 2 cases Nixey's Black Lead; 1 case Soap Tins; 15 cases Mustard, Spice, etc.; 5 tons Brandram's White Lead; 2 tons Colored Paints; 1 case Preserved Milk; and 1 case Corn Meal; 15 cases Dried Apples; 50 lbs. American Refined Sugar. For sale at lowest market rates by
GEO. S. DEPOSET,
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, situated 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 purposes, 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, touring and pleasure resorts, it will be indeed a patronize any party keeping a First-Class Hotel.

LAWYERS' BLANKS
A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.
No. 313 WATER STREET, BRIDGETOWN.

BILL-HEADS
Different sizes and styles promptly and Neatly printed at this office.
Call and inspect samples.

F A R M
FOR SALE.

PHINEAS PHINNEY FARM,
and is situated about three miles from Bridgetown on the main highway road. There is on the premises a substantial Dwelling House, two superior barns, a cider Mill with first press, 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 merchandise fruit, a lot of plum trees, which put up four barrels last year. This farm runs from the Annapolis river to the top of the North Mountain and contains 200 acres. There is good pasture, plenty of wood and timber, and a never failing well of water, and is a desirable property for any practical farmer to invest in. Reason for selling, the owner intending to go to California for his health.
Terms.—Made known by application to the subscriber.
GEORGE LEITCH,
or J. G. H. PARKER,
Bridgetown, May 10, 76 [13149].

THE BANKRUPT STOCK!
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.

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,
Cor. King & Prince William Sts.
Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages 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.

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 WILM. 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 Paper for Editions (25-20), containing over One Hundred full-page quarto plates, is the most elegant and most elaborate publication in the market. It is a work of art, and has been chosen by each other in praising it, and the masses buy it.
From local agent in Southport, Conn., "I am a village of eighty houses I have taken sixty-five orders; have unannounced in all about twelve days (in village and country), and have taken orders for five hundred and six copies. FULL PARTICULARS FREE. Address
J. B. FORD & Co., Publishers,
11 Broadfield St., Boston.

Just Received.
1 BBL SCOTCH SNUFF,
1 BBL SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE,
POWDERED TURMERIC,
POWDERED SAFFRON,
AYER'S Hair Vigor, Withers' Cod Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Linctus, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by
J. CHALONER,
Cor. King and German Street,
St. John, N. B., May, 76.

Dental Notice.
Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,
is now at his office in
BRIDGETOWN.
PERSONS requiring his professional services will please remember that in consequence of other engagements his stay must necessarily be short.
April 25th, '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 it the most widely circulated and influential newspaper published in Canada.
No. 145

Poetry.
"WHY DON'T THE WORKING MAN GO TO CHURCH?"

I don't go to church, 'cause I can't see the good,
And yet I'm none so certain I should go there if I could;
For I does what I likes, and jest when I likes it y'essee?
And I've none so great a liking for them mass meetings?

I don't go to church, 'cause my coat is getting old,
And the big folks look and nutter, 'if Beggers were to get the floor after his friend retired.
'It is fate!' he muttered. 'Destiny, what accident could throw that girl across my path three hours after landing in New York? Eloise, my daughter of Daniel Hunter. It makes me dizzy to think. If, after all, I am to grasp what I have coveted for years! Patience, patience!'

I don't go to church, 'cause the w' Squire a sitting there,
I keep a think what he called me, when he cooched me w' a stare,
It were just outside my garden, yet he names that he did call;
Thief and poacher! I hawkamassy! but a rabbit arter all!

That the thing. And if the Bolbie (as them farmers do agree)
Be gone poor folk at raising them I'll let the Bolbie be,
Parson says, 'I'm but a heathen. Well, a heathen am I still at midnights, is my old drunk Easy.

Select Literature.
Eloise's Inheritance.
It was a bitter night in November, a promise of a cold, dreary winter to come, when two gentlemen, some thirty-eight or forty years old, sat over wine and cigars in a luxurious room in an up-town boarding-house in New York City. One, the youngest of the couple had landed a few hours before from a European steamer, and had been telling travellers tales to his companion, far into the night hours.

"Rich?" he said, in answer to a question.
"No, but little richer than when I left the States. But I have gained experience and knowledge in my Paris life. There is nothing like the French schools and hospitals for a doctor. Best, I should not take thousands of dollars and miss the last four years."
"But you are glad to come home, Cyrus?"
"Home!" said Cyrus Worthington, with a short bitter laugh, "this is my home, a room in a boarding-house, and I have been a stranger here, Bert—the old bachelor, wrapped up in his profession, and the elish, half-starved founding. But we were very happy. Until I went to Harvard, where we met, Bert, my benefactor educated me himself, and I devoured books. I had no one to love, and books filled the cravings of my heart, so I studied the medical works in the library. You won't believe me, I suppose, if I tell you I could use a dissecting knife before I was twelve years old."
"I do not doubt it. We all considered you a prodigy of learning at Harvard. By the way, how did you ever come to leave the doctor for college?"
"He died it, distrustful his own powers of tuition after I passed seven years. When I came home, at your request, I became his partner and assistant until he died, leaving me \$30,000, and I fulfilled my life-long desire and went to Paris."
"I was that all that drove you to Paris? No love dream, no fair-companion on the steamer?"
"None. I am heart-whole at thirty-eight. Can you say as much?"
"Not I. My heart is as full of holes from Cupid's darts as a skimmer. My last love though, is the sweetest maid that ever won a heart, with soft eyes and golden curls. You shall see her. In all your travels you have seen no finer face than Eloise Hunter's."
Over Cyrus Worthington's face came a startled look that was almost terror. "Eloise Hunter," he cried, then added, with a forced carelessness, "it is a pretty name. Who is she?"
"The daughter of my landlady. Did I not mention her name when I wrote you I secured rooms for you here?"
"No."
"Well, that is her name. She is the widow of one Daniel Hunter, who died leaving her without an dollar, having squandered her fortune as well as his own. Not a bad man, I judge, but one

who was wickedly reckless in using money. What he did, and his widow keeps this house!"
"And this daughter—how old is she?"
"Nineteen or twenty, I should judge. She is so little and fair she looks like a child. You are tired, Cy."
"Very tired."
"You are as pale as death. I will leave you to rest. Pleasant dreams."
"Pale as death, and with his large, dark eyes full of startled light, Cyrus Worthington paced the floor after his friend retired.
"It is fate!" he muttered. "Destiny, what accident could throw that girl across my path three hours after landing in New York? Eloise, my daughter of Daniel Hunter. It makes me dizzy to think. If, after all, I am to grasp what I have coveted for years! Patience, patience!'

him with our aches and pains. There, dear, run up stairs, I will send Maggie for you when I get my dinner!"
Then the parlor was empty, for Cyrus sauntered off to his own room when Mrs. Hunter and her daughter were gone.
He was not many days an inmate of Mr. Hunter's house before he discovered that it was not that lady's policy to paralyze her daughter to her boarders. The girl lived like a nun, in her own room nearly all day, practicing at an hour when the gentlemen were away, and the ladies lying down or out.
Yet with his resolve in full force, Cyrus Worthington contrived to see Eloise very frequently. He would bend his great dark eyes upon her face, and hold her fascinated for hours by the eloquence with which he spoke of music, of poetry, of all the girl's soul worshipped. He drew from her the story of the pain her mother suffered around her heart, and delicately offered professional service, where his skill availed to bring relief, thus making one step by winning the gratitude of mother and child.
But while his own heart knew no more now than before the sweetest of love, he read in Eloise's eyes none of the emotion he hoped to kindle there. Heart-whole himself he had not been without conquests in his selfish life. Women had owned the magnetic power in his great dark eyes, his rich voice, the winning eloquence of his tongue. Belles, whose conquests were of well-known number, had let him read the love he awakened in their eyes, and flirted had owned themselves beaten at their own game.
Yet this day violet, little this reluctance, liking him well, gave him no part in her heart.

One word from Bert Loring, one glance of his blue eyes would call up flying blushes to the fair cheeks that Cyrus Worthington's eloquence failed to bring there.
But Bert, though older than his friend, had been an unsuccessful man. A poet by the gift of God, he was almost a pauper by the non-appreciation of others. Just the tiniest patrimony kept him from actual want, but though he had a hall-room at Mrs. Hunter's his boots were often shabby, his clothes well worn, and his purse lamentably slender.
And Mrs. Hunter seeing Dr. Worthington in her best room, prompt in payment, faultless in costume, with a certainty of thirty thousand dollars, and a possibility of greater wealth in the practice of his profession, encountered his attentions to Eloise, frowning upon poor loving Bert, who, spite of his jests about his well-ridged heart, gave the young girl true, loyal love.

It was the old, old story, and Eloise, torn by her filial affection and her girl love, was growing pale and wan as the winter wore away. There was no coercion, Mrs. Hunter loved the only child of her heart too well for that; but loving her she could not give her the poverty and Bert Loring. And one day when Bert pleaded his cause she told him:
"Dr. Worthington asked me this morning to give him Eloise. I like it like Bert. You are as dear to me as son, but you must think of the child above all. You know how dreary, sensitive, and helpless Eloise is. You know that hard heartedness of her mother, and how she lives in her music, her books."
"And her love! She loves me," interrupted poor Bert, a boy yet in many tender phases of his nature.
"And you, loving her, would you see her toiling, starving, starting, a poor man's wife?"
"You put it hastily."
"I put it truly. While I can keep this house up you are welcome to a home here for any day I like you. These heart spasms mean a sudden, certain death some day, Bert. Then, where are you to take Eloise?"
"I will work for her."
"Work first, then, and we are afterwards. My poor Bert, you are too like her to marry her. Could I but give you wealth, you could live in a poet's paradise, you and Eloise, never growing old, two grown-up children. But we are all poor. Do not torture her, Bert; you who love her. Go away and let Dr. Worthington win her."
"She will never love him."
"Not if you are here."
"I will go, then. You will let me tell her."
"Why? It will only make her life harder, if she thinks you suffer, will never force her to marry. But—if Dr. Worthington win her, I tell you frankly, it will make me very happy."
"So Bert—honest, loyal Bert, for his very love's sake turned his face from his love and went to another city, where he was offered a position as assistant editor upon a magazine, this was to be a magazine, that was to be a fortune in the future, but in the present was rather a log on the necks of the proprietors.
And Eloise wondering at Bert's desertion, knew all the sunlight was gone from her life when she said farewell. There had been no secret in Bert's parting with his friend. Frankly he had told him his hope, love and despair, and pathetically implored him to cherish Eloise lovingly, if he could win her love. Even while he spoke, Cyrus Worthington knew that his love would never come to answer his wailing, knew that one word of his could flood two lives with happiness, yet kept silence. In the days that followed, when he wooed the fair, pale girl, tenderly, devotedly, no pang of remorse wrung his heart, though he knew he tread carefully upon all loving flowers of hope in hers. He was a man who could have seen his own mother write in agony, if by her torture he could have wrung one new fact for science, and in the scheme of his life the heart pangs of a girl counted for less than nothing.
And while he courted his unwilling love patiently and gently, Mrs. Hunter, with her failing health, her pale face and weary step, pleaded eloquently in her very silence. A house of rest for her mother was what Eloise had been

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"Work first, then, and we are afterwards. My poor Bert, you are too like her to marry her. Could I but give you wealth, you could live in a poet's paradise, you and Eloise, never growing old, two grown-up children. But we are all poor. Do not torture her, Bert; you who love her. Go away and let Dr. Worthington win her."
"She will never love him."
"Not if you are here."
"I will go, then. You will let me tell her."
"Why? It will only make her life harder, if she thinks you suffer, will never force her to marry. But—if Dr. Worthington win her, I tell you frankly, it will make me very happy."
"So Bert—honest, loyal Bert, for his very love's sake turned his face from his love and went to another city, where he was offered a position as assistant editor upon a magazine, this was to be a magazine, that was to be a fortune in the future, but in the present was rather a log on the necks of the proprietors.
And Eloise wondering at Bert's desertion, knew all the sunlight was gone from her life when she said farewell. There had been no secret in Bert's parting with his friend. Frankly he had told him his hope, love and despair, and pathetically implored him to cherish Eloise lovingly, if he could win her love. Even while he spoke, Cyrus Worthington knew that his love would never come to answer his wailing, knew that one word of his could flood two lives with happiness, yet kept silence. In the days that followed, when he wooed the fair, pale girl, tenderly, devotedly, no pang of remorse wrung his heart, though he knew he tread carefully upon all loving flowers of hope in hers. He was a man who could have seen his own mother write in agony, if by her torture he could have wrung one new fact for science, and in the scheme of his life the heart pangs of a girl counted for less than nothing.
And while he courted his unwilling love patiently and gently, Mrs. Hunter, with her failing health, her pale face and weary step, pleaded eloquently in her very silence. A house of rest for her mother was what Eloise had been

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