

Weekly Monitor, PUBLISHED Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—\$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, \$2.00. Advertising Rates.

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing MONUMENTS & Gravestones

Granite and Freestone Monuments. Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad.

NOTICE. ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of SAMUEL T. NEILY, Esquire, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within six months from this date.

Dental Notice. Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, would respectfully inform his friends that he is now in BRIDGETOWN.

MORSE & PARKER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Conveyancers, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

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

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,164, being considerable larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

Dr. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE, is an unimpaired cure for Scurvy, Venereal disease, Gonorrhoea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse.

ALEXANDER FORBES, Tin Pedler, of Windsor, has rented Deekwith's Shop, near Railway Station, and is prepared to supply the public with all kinds of Tinware, Groceries, etc.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS, ST. JOHN, N. B., Will offer at their New Warehouse, Prince Wm. St., On or about the 15th MARCH, a perfectly New and Extensive Stock

DRY GOODS in all the Departments. ALSO: A Very Large Stock of Groceries, to which they would call the attention of the Trade.

Middleton Station. JUST Received, per Intercolonial, from Toronto 100 BBLs. SUPERIOR FLOUR. In Stock. 100 Bbls. Choice Klin Dried Corn Meal, Very Low For Cash.

BRICK, 30,000 Superior made Brick, enquire of Job T. McCormick at Lower Middleton, or the subscriber, N. F. MARSHALL.

GILBERT'S LANE DYE WORKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. It is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the market is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new.

NOTICE. ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAND IN FAVOUR OF JACOB SPINNEY, dated in September last, near the last of December next ensuing, for the sum of twenty-five dollars.

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX! STEAMER "EMPRESS" Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations.

STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY. Passengers for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

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Windsor & Annapolis Railway. Time Table. Tuesday, 3rd June, 1878.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST, Station names, and times.

Steamer "EMPRESS" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a.m. for Annapolis, and returns every Friday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 a.m.

When, however, most of the houses floated down the river, some of them bearing their owners on their roofs, such of the inhabitants as had money left did not hesitate to buy the property.

Only a single one of the original inhabitants remained, and he, although he had chosen the best of the abandoned houses for his residence, or even the elegant but deserted "company's store," continued to inhabit the cabin he had built upon his arrival.

PIANOS AND ORGANS, consisting of—First Class Grand, Square and Cottage PIANOS, First Class Palace and Uxbridge ORGANS.

NEW SPRING GOODS. Ex "Nova Scotian." SEVENTEEN PACKAGES CONTAINING: 22, 26 and 28 Gals. Worsted Coatings, New Patterns: Scotch Tweeds, Fancy Dress Goods, Black Brilliantines, Fancy Prints, Spring Styles, Regatta Shirts, Spring Styles, Scotch Yarns, Rumie Crash, Alambra & Honeycomb Quilts.

Thos. R. Jones & Co., ST. JOHN, N. B. BUSINESS CARDS Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

Poetry. ASKING A BLESSING. "Ay, but wait, good wife, a minute; I have first a word to say; Do you know what day to-day is? Mother, 'tis our wedding-day!"

Select Literature. Wardelow's Boy. New Boston had once been one of the most promising of the growing cities of the West.

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And so, following the example of most of his predecessors on the Mount Pisgah circuit, he paid many a visit to old Wardelow, to learn strength from this perfect example of patient faith.

The young man who had been sent by the Southern Illinois Conference to preach the word on the Mount Pisgah circuit, was great-hearted and impetuous, and tremendous in earnest in all that he said or did.

sign which informed travellers that persons wishing to go to New Boston would find a skiff marked "Wardelow" tied near the staging.

When one after another of the city "plots" upon which deserted houses stood, were sold for default in payment of taxes, old Wardelow bought them himself—they always went for a song, and the old man preferred to own them, lest some one else might destroy the ruins, and thus make the place seem unfamiliar to the returning wanderer.

Among the Mount Pisgah merchants there was one—whom he had never had a child of his own—who always pressed the old man's hand warmly, and admitted the possibility of whatever new hope Wardelow might express.

The pastors of the several churches at Mount Pisgah, however much they disagreed on doctrinal points, were in perfect accord as to the beauty of a character which was so completely under the control of a noble principle that had no promise of money in it; most of them, therefore, paid the old man professional visits, from which they generally returned with more benefit than they had conferred.

Time had rolled on as usual, in spite of Wardelow's great sorrow. The Mexican War was just breaking out when New Boston was settled, and Wardelow's hair was black, and Mount Pisgah was a little cluster of huts; but when Lincoln was elected, Wardelow had been gray and called old for nearly ten years, and Mount Pisgah had quite a number of two-story residences and brick stores, and was a country town, with court-house and jail all complete.

None of the railway lines projected to and through Mount Pisgah had been completed, however, nor had the town telegraphic communication with anywhere; so, compared with localities enjoying the higher benefits of civilization, Mount Pisgah and its surroundings constituted quite a paradise for horse-thieves.

"My staid friend," said he, "when two men get into such a scrape as this, and one of them is in your line of business, or the other will have to die, and I don't propose to be the one. I haven't finished the work which the Master has given me to do. If you've any dying messages to send to anybody, I give you my word as a preacher that they shall be delivered, but you must speak quick. What's your name?"

"No use—speak quick," hissed the preacher—"what's your name?"

"Not wishing to interfere in a fair fight, it is me, parson, Sheriff Peters—not wishing to interfere in a fair fight, I've been a lookin' on here, where I'd tracked that thief myself, and would have grabbed him if you hadn't been about half a minute ahead of me. And if you want to know my honest opinion—my professional opinion—it's just this: 'There was stuff for a splendid sheriff spilled when you went into preaching. How you'd get along when it comes to collectin' taxes, I don't know neither has't been at any meetin' where you look up a collection; but when it comes to an arrest, you'd just be chain lightning ground down to a point. The prisoner's yours, an' so's all the rewards that's offered for him, though they're not offered for a man of the name he gives. But, honest, now, don't you think there's a chance of mitigatin' circumstances in his case? Let's talk it over—I'll help you to tie him so he can't slip you.'"

"I've carried this as a sort of curiosity, but it may come in handy now. Let me see—confound it!—the poor old fellow is describing the child just as it was fifteen years ago. Oh, here's a point or two—brown eyes, black hair—oh, bully! here's the best thing yet—first joint of the left fore-finger gone!"

"Suppose you were to find that your father was alive, and had searched everywhere for you, and that he thought of nothing but your return—that he had grown old before his time, all because of his longing and sorrow for you? The thief dropped his eyes, then his face twitched, then he burst out crying. 'Your father is alive; he isn't far from this cabin; he's very sick; I've just let him. Nothing but the sight of you will do him any good; but I think so much of him that I'd rather kill you this instant than let him know what business you've been in.'"

"Let me see him!" exclaimed the prisoner, clasping and raising his manacled hands, while his face filled with an earnestness which was literally terrible—let me see him, if it's only for a few minutes! You needn't be afraid that I'll tell him what I am, and you won't be mean enough to do it, if I don't try to run away. Have mercy on me! You don't know what it is to never have had any body to love you, and then suddenly find that there is some one that wants you!"

And the sheriff replied: "He's your prisoner." "Then suppose I let him go, on his promise to stick to his father for the rest of his life?" "He's your prisoner," repeated the sheriff.

"Suppose, then, I were to insist upon your taking him into custody?" "Why, then," said the sheriff, speaking like a man in the depths of meditation, "I would let him go myself, and— I'd have to shoot you to save my reputation as a faithful officer."

"The preacher made a peculiar face. The prisoner exclaimed: 'Hurry, you brutes!' 'The preacher said, at last: 'Let him loose.' The sheriff removed his handcuffs, dived into his pocket, brought out a pocket-comb and glass, and handed them to the thief; then he placed the lantern in front of him, and said: 'Fix yourself up a little. Your hat's a miserable one—I'll swap with you. You've got to make up some cock-and-bull story now, for the old man'll want to know everything. You might say you'd been a sheriff down South somewhere since you got away from the feller that owned you.' The preacher paused over a knot in one of the cords on the prisoner's legs, and said: 'Say you was a circuit-rider, that's more near the literal truth.' The Sheriff seemed to demur somewhat, and he said: 'Without meanin' any disrespect, parson, don't you think 'twould tickle the old man and the citizens more to think he'd been a sheriff? They wouldn't dare to ask him so many questions then, either. And it might be onhandy for him if he was asked to preach, while a smart horse-thief has naturally got some of the pints of a sheriff about him.'"

"You insist upon it that he's my prisoner," said the preacher, tugging away at his knot, "and I insist upon the circuit-rider story. And he's got to be a circuit-rider, and I'm going to make one of him. Do you hear that, young man? I'm the man that's setting you free, and giving you your father."

"The father recovered, and lived happily. The son and the preacher fulfilled their respective promises, and the sheriff, always, on meeting either of them, so abundance in genial winks and effusive handshakings, that he nearly lost his next election by being suspected of having become religious."

"—Texas will send North 'half a million of beebes this year." —The emigration and death rate of the Chinese in America, during the last two years, exceeds the immigration by 500. —Coal oil lamps are coming into general use in Cincinnati. Twenty thousand have been sold within the past three months, and 4,000 gas metres taken out. —In Bado, Switzerland, the sum of twenty 'shillings annually to every hundred inhabitants is spent in education. In the other cantons from eight to twelve. —According to Dr. Fitch, there are not less than sixty different insects that prey upon the apple, twelve upon the pear, sixteen on the peach, seventeen on the plum, thirty-five on the cherry and thirty on the grape. —They have some queer doctors' out West. At a corner's inquest in Indianapolis, the other day, the doctor who injected morphine into the man's veins and caused his death, said that he didn't know anything about apothecaries' measures and didn't know how much morphine made a grain. He said he always measured his dose by taking them on the point of a knife.