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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.

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HARD TIMES Are Upon Us.

OWING to the hard times I am determined to sell at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE.

JEWELRY

FANCY GOODS,

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

DESK FOR SALE.

THE SANCTON. Agents wanted. Agents wanted. Agents wanted.

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

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN. STATIONS. Exp. and Pass. Pass. and Exp. Frt. Frt.

Table with columns for Station, Exp. and Pass. Frt., and Pass. and Exp. Frt. for Halifax to St. John route.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX. STATIONS. Exp. and Pass. Pass. and Exp. Frt. Frt.

Table with columns for Station, Exp. and Pass. Frt., and Pass. and Exp. Frt. for St. John to Halifax route.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

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.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00 do do do 2nd class, 2.50 do do do Annapolis, 1.50 do do do Digby, 1.50

Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class), 7.50 Return tickets to Ferryman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHWAY, 11 Dock Street, St. John, N. B., June 5th, '76.

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

Agents, 39 Dock Street.

W. H. OLIVE, Custom House, Forwarding, COMMISSION, Railroad and Steamboat Agent.

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.

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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

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS, No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

ERB & BOWMAN, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 3 & 4 NORTH MARKET WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Etc. CONSIGNMENTS OF PRODUCE Respectfully solicited and carefully handled.

THOMAS PEARNESS, Manufacturer of Monuments, Grave-Stones, TABLE TOPS, &c.

South Side King Square, St. John, N. B. P. S.—Mr. Pearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders.

GREAT REDUCTION! FOR CASH. Tweed Suits, \$20 to \$24, FORMER PRICES, \$26 to \$33.

MEN'S FURNISHING PROPORTIONATELY LOW. J. E. WHITTAKER, Cor. Germain & Princess Sts., St. John, N. B.

SADDLERY BUSINESS in all its branches, keeping on hand a large stock of Ready-Made Harnesses, comprising Silver, Brass and Japanese Mountings, a large amount of HILLYER'S MOUNTINGS at the Lowest Prices.

GEORGE MURDOCH, BRIDGETOWN, DEC. 8th, 1875. NEW FURNITURE WAREHOUSES! AT LAWRENCE TOWN.

THE subscriber has opened an above, and will keep constantly on hand a full line of Superior Furniture of every description, consisting in part of: Elegant Walnut (in Hair Cloth, Rep., &c.) Parlor Sets, Marble Top, and Plain Walnut Centre Tables, Parlor Chairs, Bay's Quairs, Bedsteads, Sofas, Couches, Lounges, Bedroom Sets in variety, Tables of all kinds, Bedsteads, Sinks, Washbasins, &c., &c.

Just opened—A large and Varied Assortment of Men's Youths' and Boys' and Women's Gaiters, and Infants' Boots, Shoes, and Slippers, in every style and quality.

Also—Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Meal, Tinware, &c., &c. For sale at low figures, to suit the times.

Money can be saved by purchasing at this Establishment.—Call and be convinced. FRID. LEAVITT, Lawrencetown, April 28, '76

MARBLE WORKS! Headstones, Table Tops, &c.

THE undersigned having entered into Co-Partnership for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of Marble, hereby notify the public that they are prepared to furnish at short notice and on reasonable terms.

MONUMENTS, Headstones, Table Tops, &c.

One of the Firm, Mr. FALCONER, has had three years experience in some of the best establishments in the City of Providence, Rhode Island, and feels assured that he can give every satisfaction to those entrusting their orders to him.

DANIEL FALCONER, OLDFHAM WHITMAN, BRIDGETOWN, APRIL 12th, 1876.

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, at the IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, Cor. King & Prince William Sts.

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 steamer

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.

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The French Edition of which sells for \$165, and the London Edition for \$200. Our Popular Edition (\$3.50), containing over One Hundred full-page quarto plates, is the cheapest and most beautiful in America, and the BEST TO SELL. Critics vie with each other in praising it, and the masses buy it.

From real agent in Southport, Conn.: "In our village of eighty houses I have taken sixty-five copies; 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.

Just Received. BIRD SCOTCH STUFF; SIMPSON'S CATTLE SPICE; POWDERED THERIAC; BROWN, SALTETTES; Ayer's Hair Vigor; Wilber's God Liver Oil and Linn's Kidney Lincture; C. Brown's Chlorodyne; Essential Oil of Bergamot.

For sale by J. CHALONER, Cor. King and Germain 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 may necessarily be short.

NEW GOODS! Victoria House, Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. Spring, 1876. NOW receiving per Freight and Mail Steamship 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 MONTREAL STAR have now (it is estimated) an audience of One Hundred and Ninety-seven Thousand Readers, which makes them the most widely circulated and influential newspapers published in Canada.

Poetry. LOST AT SEA. Not even a stone to mark his grave!

Down in the faithless deep he lies: Above him tosses the restless wave, And columns of surge to his memory rise.

Uknung to all, yet his sleep is as sound As if he were buried in holy ground!

No marble scroll of his name to tell— His name that was—but what recks he now?

It moves him not; 'tis over and well; There's tumult above, but there's peace below.

No sound came there; his peace to break— Can he ever wake; can he ever wake?

He was lulled to rest 'mid the tempest's roar; His death couch under the curbs of the foam.

The billows his dirge chant evermore— A dirge of death, yet a welcome home— The sea his sepulchre; let him sleep! At rest 'mid the throes of the restless deep.

And many a merry bark may go, And bird glide merrily over the spot, Nor less will the fish swarm dance below— He need not mind them, he will need them not.

Only then shall he rise from his bed, When the ocean itself is robbed of its dead!

Select Literature. My Lily of the Valley.

'Peep! It was a cherry, almost childish voice, well-known and loved by me; and yet I started in half affright, so deep was my reverie. Reveries, in the majority of cases, probably, have love for their inspiring god; but this was an exceptional one, else I had surely been prepared for any unpleasing surprise as this, from the very pryncess herself of love.

Not that she acknowledged it, or either, for that matter. But we were both finite, and love is infinite. "You little puss!" I exclaimed, "how you frightened me!"

"Do I look so like a fright, then, in my masquerading!" "Of course not. You are always charming. But your voice—"

"Was harsh and—"

"Charming, when you do fish for compliments this afternoon! You know your voice is soft and musical; for I have told you so several times; and—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Go on!" "It was that sweetest and softest that startled me, being so antipodal to my thoughts just then."

"There! a sudden seriousness settling over her manner. 'That convinced me that you are not obeying your doctor. You must have been thinking of those dreadful columns of figures, and 'such' and 'calls' and 'shorts,' and such ridiculous nonsense. Don't you remember you told me you shouldn't think of any 'calls,' but calling the cows, nor any 'shorts' but those they have for their supper, to make them give you an extra quantity of milk for your breakfast, so you can go back to the city in the fall vigorous for business, and fresh for the smiles of your sweetheart!"

"Quite a long speech upon my word! And it is not a month yet since I supposed you were never indulged in anything beyond monosyllables, and scattered ones at that."

"Thank you for nothing. But how do you see my costume?" "Charming! Who assisted you?" "I made the things, Cousin Maggie helped arrange them, and Mr. Fred Marston acted as critic, to see whether I was presentable."

"And pronounced you an *en fait*!" "Yes, if looks would do so. But he was so busy sketching that he would hardly say a word."

"Puss," I said after a moment's deliberation and wondering whether I really had the courage, "do you really remember all I told you, in my gossiping way, the day after Fred and I arrived, about the doctor's instructions—here I was never to think of business or cares of any kind, but only amusement, and any nonsense that came uppermost?"

"Who'd have thought I would go so contrary to *caro*—first, to come up to this quiet place, where both amusement and nonsense would seem to be sacrosanct; and—"

"Secondly," looking as prim and dignified as so slight and sweet a body could. "Yes, secondly, by falling in love with you!" I spoke deliberately, and with an effort; and the last word had not died from my lips before I knew that my premonitions of dangerous ground were not unheeded.

the personality of the personage, who was young, less than twenty, apparently, skin white and delicate, almost entirely devoid of color, eyes of a delicate blue, and lips whose just perceptible pout was in fine keeping with the round, cheery face.

Miss Perry said, the portrait yonder is enough like you to pass for your own, if you should only tell people you were masquerading. How like a lily of the valley it looks, with the round, delicately pencilled lips!

"What an idea!" said Miss Perry, the daughter of my hostess. "And yet, since you suggest it, I can trace quite a resemblance. I remember hearing papa say once that she was quite a belle in her day, and there was something of a romance connected with her."

It was in a dress precisely like this in all its details in which Miss Perry was arrayed when she peered over the rose bush on the afternoon in which my story opens, and greets me with her innocent 'Peep!'

"So," she faintly articulated, 'your amusement and housework for this summer are falling in love with an unsophisticated country girl! Quite delightful!'

"Miss Perry!" I exclaimed, in blank amazement, "you wrong me by your unappreciated irony. My words were not trifling ones, as you seem to think. I was to be abrupt and precipitate I am but a tryo in wooing."

I put my arm around her slender waist as I spoke the last words, and she suffered to remain there an instant, and then withdrew shrinking, giving me a half-startled, shy look as she glided out of the room—a look that haunted me for months afterward.

I saw her no more that afternoon, and the next morning Fred and I were off on a trouting expedition before she was astray. At supper she was absent, and her mother volunteered the information that she had gone to visit her cousins over the mountains.

'It's in the 'jining county, some twenty miles off,' she said. 'One of the boys was over this way on some business or other, and she appeared kind of moving, and then he spoke out. I just bundled her off quick. It'll do her good. She's a gal like all others.'

"Twenty miles!" I repeated. "She'll probably, then, be gone some five or six days."

"Five or six weeks more like," was the reply. "I told her she'd have to stay, most likely, till we sent for her, and that wouldn't be till after harvest-time was all over. The men and horses is mighty busy during the hot weather."

"I say, Fred," I said that evening, as we sat on the piazza smoking our cigars, "I've been thinking that I'll go back to the city to-morrow or next day. To tell the truth it's getting a little dull and monotonous, and—"

"Dull and monotonous! What has got into you? Why, it's only a day or two since you were going to stay a month yet. You're just the queerest chap!"

"I've been told that often enough to know it by heart, Fred. I think I shall go up by to-morrow night's train, and see how you shall go too if I wait over a few days."

"No, I. I shall stay another fortnight, at any rate."

"All right. It is settled, then. Walk up to the station with me, and you can send my trunk along some day when the wagon is going off."

The next evening we arrived at the little river in sight of the station some time before the train was due, and we sat down on a rude stone-work overlooking the valley.

"By the way," said Fred, "I didn't show you this, I believe. She looked so charming I couldn't help it."

And he opened his portfolio, which he invariably had with him, and showed me a sketch he had made of Miss Perry the day she was masquerading, which had thus far proved so disastrous to me. It was a personified lily of the valley, with the delicate features of her whose name of Margaret somehow grated on my ear, and as 'Miss Perry was too formal, I had taken to calling her 'Puss.'

"I say, Fred, I want this," I said. "Nonsense! You'd better let me keep this, and you take the original."

"A wise man is content with what he can get," I responded briefly, as I put it in my satchel.

Fred gave me a curious look, which I did not interpret till later in the season, and made no objection to my appropriating his sketch.

The sun was sinking behind the mountain, the valley we had just left having been for some time in deep shadow.

"Where are your canvas and colors?" I asked. "There's an effect of *chiaroscuro* that would draw praise from the most conservative critic."

my own mind that I shall order the suit as soon as I arrive in town, which will be some day next week, if I can tear myself away so soon.

"How did I do it? Bless if I know! I never dreamed of such a thing till you dropped that remark you did when I gave you the sketch of the lady in her masquerade dress, that 'a wise man is content with what he can get,' which flashed thro' my brain the intelligence that you had been rejected, or were satisfied you would be. Why, I never could conceive, for I always supposed you to be the favored one, but I didn't puzzle over the conundrum very long. From that moment I gave myself up to the task of winning her, and went at it rough-and-tumble. I never went into anything before so recklessly, because never before had I been so seriously in earnest."

"But you don't care for details. If 'none but the brave deserve the fair,' I have at least earned the trophy I shall henceforth wear so proudly on my breast."

Before Fred returned from the country, I was on the Atlantic. I had again dropped in a cowardly manner, and deserted my colors when a vigorous movement on my own part instead of resulting so, would have had a contrary result.

But I was both blind and stupid. I could neither see nor understand what had taken place, nor how it all tended to my advantage did I but follow it up. That knowledge did not come to me till many months afterward.

On the way, and pressed to the brim with it, that supposed I should forget the little country girl, and return heart-whole from the European trip I had been commissioned to take by the house in which I was engaged; but every day only added to the intensity of my sufferings, and finally the longing I felt most forever be unrealized, became so much a part of my existence that even sunlight began to take it hues from the half-ripened orange.

But the exigencies of the business I was transacting demanded my continued stay, and levied such a tax on my mental capacities that I soon began to look upon my trouble as annoying, but not serious, and as though a callous had grown over it, and no pain would result from it unless a violent strain were put upon it to bear upon it.

Then disaster came and the house suddenly failed, leaving me adrift; and I was preparing to return home when I was offered an advantageous position in a foreign house, a member of which, I was courteously informed, had observed the mastery manner in which I had managed the affairs of the branch which had been entrusted to me."

So, of course, it transpired that I did not return to my native land that autumn, nor the next, nor—in fact, it was three years from the time I left England before I returned. I landed in the middle of August last summer, and once began to hunt up old cronies, by aid of memory and directories. But I had no luck. Fred I could get no track of, only that he had just returned from a European trip; but where he might be at that particular time was uncertain. All for whom I cared in the city were out of town for the warm weather, or else where I could not readily find them, and I began to think I had better fool to come across the water, for some reason the train was delayed so unpropitious a time. My own immediate family, I found on enquiry, were stopping for a few weeks at a remote place, twenty miles or more beyond the little valley where Fred and I had summered some three years before, and toward that point I turned my face.

Just before sunset the train made a halt at the little village overlooking the valley where I had met my fate, and where the last time I had seen Fred he was engaged in taking a sketch of the valley, hardly taking his eye from the canvas to bid me his cherry good-bye. For some reason the train was delayed a few moments, and as I gazed over the valley, the old feeling of three years before was instantly surging and swaying in my breast; and before the train was again in motion I stood upon the rude country-station platform, unable to resist the force impelling me there, thinking I could pursue my journey the next day as well as this.

After the train had departed and I observed the curious country eyes scanning my singular movements, I suddenly realized my awkward position, and wondered what to do. Mechanically I stroled toward the spot Fred had chosen for his vantage ground to view the valley. Little change was visible. The sunset colors were less vivid, and consequently the shadows over the valley was less somber—a much more pleasing picture; and yet I could not help feeling that this sombre shadow was over my heart instead.

I anxiously followed the winding road into the valley, descending at every step further and further into the shadow; yet my soul into its own shadow plunged more recklessly still the gloom surrounding it seeming almost sultry in its intensity.

Suddenly it grew lighter. What did it presage? A large cumulus of cloud had drifted into the range of the sun's rays, and caught the splendor, sending them down to earth in a glow of reflection. "If my own soul could drift into such a volume of light? I thought, bitterly, and walked slowly onward."

What previous shapes the clouds take at times! This one and smaller ones, drifting with and counter to it, suddenly took the shape of a huge anchor, seeming to me, in my shorted vision, a gleam of mighty iron glowing with a false glimmer.

So intent was my gaze bent heavenward that I did not observe a figure immediately in front of me, emerging from the valley. It was female figure, and I lastly stepped on one side to allow her to pass, hardly withdrawing my gaze from the heavens. The moment she had passed, in obedience to a sudden impulse, I turned my head to see, hers also turned to observe me. The light from the cloud of hope shone full in her face, and I started at the recognition. Was my soul, then, drifting as yonder cloud had done? Was this thrill that bathed it in paths of light indeed, that warmed and glories all its shilnes on—or was it but mocking irony?

"Miss Perry!" I exclaimed, "this is a rare (Continued on forth page.)"