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Yearly advertisements changed often than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones Of Italian and American Marble.

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

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

Notice. ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, Executors.

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.

ROYAL HOTEL. (Formerly STUBBS) 146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR.

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

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

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. The Great English Remedy is an unrivalling cure for Scalding, Gonorrhoea, Stricture, Syphilis, and all diseases that follow a course of Self-Abuse.

SMALL & HATHEWAY, ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

LAWYER'S BLANKS. Neatly and cheaply executed at the office of this paper.

BUSINESS CARDS. Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers wish to call the attention of the Public to their

SPRING IMPORTATIONS,

consisting of Boots and Shoes, Tweeds and Cloths of all kinds, Crockery, Groceries, Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds.

BUILDERS

to their Stock of Nails of all kinds, Paint, Oil, Glass, Putty, Zinc, Tarred and Sheathing Paper, Laths, Knobs, Hinges, &c.

Also, CARRIAGE STOCK

consisting of Specks, Rims, Bent S. Bucks and Rails, Enamelled Cloth, Enamelled Leather and Dasher Leather, with a variety of

SHELF HARDWARE of all kinds.

FLOUR AND MEAL always on hand. The above will be sold low for Cash.

BEALES & DODGE. Middleton, April 28th, '77

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 material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dyeing to make them look as good as new.

Agents.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, Miss Wainor, Millinery and Dry Goods.

A. L. LAW. NOTICE. ALL persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a NOTE OF HAN D in favour of JACOB SPINNEY, dated in September last, past, &c.

JAMES J. BROWN, Torbrook, Nov. 22nd, 1877.



L. MATHESON & CO., ENGINEERS

AND BOILER MAKERS, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY Engines and Boilers.

Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz: Steam Pumps, Steam Pipes, Steam and Water Gages, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

STEAMER "EMPRESS" For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and Intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

Until further notice steamer "EMPRESS" will leave for what, Ross's Point every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock returning same days, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and Intermediate Stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00 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., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

Passengers for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Ross's Point, between 7, a. m., and 5, 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.

LAWYER'S BLANKS. Neatly and cheaply executed at the office of this paper.

BUSINESS CARDS. Neatly and promptly executed at the office of this paper.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Time Table, COMMENCING Wednesday, 15th May, 1878.

GOING WEST.

Table with columns: Station, A.M., P.M., F.M., and Freight. Rows include Windsor, Kentville, Wolfville, and Annapolis.

GOING EAST.

Table with columns: Station, A.M., P.M., F.M., and Freight. Rows include St. John, Kentville, Wolfville, and Annapolis.

Will not leave before 7 p.m. on Saturdays, N. B.—Express Trains every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, connecting at Annapolis with steamer for St. John.

International Steamers leave for St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8 a.m. for Eastport, Portland, Boston, and European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8:00 a.m., and 8:40 p.m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations. P. INNES, Manager, Kentville, May 13th, '78

Middleton Station.

JUST Received, per Intercolonial, from Toronto 100 BBLs. SUPERIOR FLOUR.

100 Bbls. Choice Kilm Dried Corn Meal, Very Low For Cash.

General assortment of Groceries &c. Always in stock.

Lumber and Shingles for Building purposes always on hand.

Persons wishing conveyance, please call on the subscriber. N. F. MARSHALL.

BRICK. BRICK.

30,000 Superior made Brick, acquire of Job T. McCormick at Lower Middleton, or the subscriber, at 10 1/2 cts.

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; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

L. S. MORSE, BURTON D. NEILY, Executors, Bridgetown, April 30th, 1878.



SANCTON

is still alive, and has a fine lot of

Gold and Plated Jewelry, FOR SALE.

—ALSO—

Good Watches

—IN BOTH—

GOLD & SILVER

Poetry.

HEREAFTER.

In after years a twilight ghost shall fill, With shadowy presence all thy waiting-room—

From lips of air thou canst not kiss the bloom, Yet at old kisses will thy pulses thrill, And long thou shalt not could'st not kill, Finding her presence in the gathering gloom.

Will mock thee with the hopelessness of doom, While she stands there and smiles, serene and still, Thou canst not vex her then with passion's fire, Call and the silence will thy call repeat But she will smile there with lips so cold and sweet

Forgetful of old tortures, and the chain That once she wore—the tears she wept in vain At passing from the threshold of thy feet.

—McMillan's.

LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded, By aught that occasioned a pang of regret, Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;

'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted From ill over which it is folly to fret; The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—

The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer The thought that the sun of affection has set; Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger, If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter, When kindness of yours with reception has met; The flame of your love will be purer and brighter, If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out of office, and try an example to set To others, who craving the mercy of heaven, Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt They who God's infinite goodness too cheaply Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."

—Chamber's Journal.

Select Literature.

MY NARROW ESCAPE.

I never told anybody how very, very near I was to death that night, just a year ago; but as I can now look and calmly recall each thought, each word, each act, I think I will write it down as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly circumstanced, hoping with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am and have been for the last ten years, the foreman and book-keeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up. Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sale of the lumber, which we send there by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what our mill cuts, although the amount of our sales from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside and presently the office door flew open as if some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small travelling-bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone, Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him, as usual.

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in the act of turning down the lamp, but, of course, I waited.

'Good evening, sir,' said the man, busting open with his right foot, 'Has Winston gone to the house?'

I answered that he had.

'When? I was afraid of it.'

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

'I shall not have time to go up,' he said. 'For the train is due in fifteen minutes.'

'Is there anything I can do for you?'

I asked.

'I wanted to leave some money with Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two, but I have just got a dispatch that calls me home.'

'What name, sir?'

'Anderson, of Andersonville.'

I knew him then though I had seen him but once before. He had been one of our Western customers. I say had been for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him and 'punch him up a little,' as he expressed it. The letter was in the breast-pocket of my overcoat.

'How much is my bill?' he asked, eyeing me sharply.

I answered promptly, for I had struck the balance not more than half an hour before.

'Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.'

'Humph! less than I thought. Write out a receipt for that amount.'

He left the stove and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

'It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know you know. You have been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature anywhere.'

He drew from an inside pocket a large, black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of notes he told me to run them over. It was an easy and short task, for each pile contained just ten one thousand dollar bills.

The balance was in fives, tens and twenties; and it took more time to count them; but at last we got it so we were both satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for the station. Anderson sprang for his travelling-bag, and giving me a hasty handshake, was off on the run.

I closed the door and counted the money again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a piece of paper around it, and slipped it into my overcoat pocket.

I did not feel quite easy to have so much money about me; but as Winston's house was at least a mile distant, I concluded to keep it until morning when I could place it in the bank.

I closed the damper again, drew on my gloves, took the office key from the nail just over the door, and stepped up to pull out the light. As I did so, I saw the receipt on the floor which I wrote for Mr. Anderson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I put it in my pocket and thought no more about it. Only that I would mail it to him. I would have done it then, but as the last train had gone out for that day, I could do it as well in the morning. Then, lo! I was in something of a hurry that night, for I had an appointment; and as well as my usual, I would be with a young lady, who, I hoped, would be my wife before many months.

I hastened to my boarding-house ate my supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's wearing the money in it, as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my room. Carrie was at home, of course, as she was expecting me, and leaving my coat and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor. I do not think a repetition of our conversation would be very interesting, so I will pass it, merely remarking that nothing occurred to disturb me until I rose to take my leave.

Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, but that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my hat.

'Why, Fred, you certainly did not venture out such a night as this without an overcoat?'

'No overcoat?' I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of way, for the thought of the money flashed upon me so suddenly, that it almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gone!

Then I was unnerved. I grasped at the stair-rail, and caught it just in time to support myself. Carrie came running out, her face pale with alarm.

'Oh, Fred! are you sick? Let me call mother and the doctor! You are as white as a sheet!'

'No, no, Carrie!' I entreated. 'There, I am better now.'

'And I was better. I was strong, all at once—deplorably strong. And what had brought about this change? That simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Anderson had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unpaid word as good as his?'

I was foolish enough to believe that I could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

'There, Carrie, I am alright now. The room was too warm. So some sneaking thief has dodged in and stolen my coat? Well, let it go. It was an old one, and now I'll get a better one.'

'But was there nothing in the pockets?'

It is strange how suspicious guilt will make me. I really thought that Carrie suspected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead.

'Nothing of consequence, Carrie. A good pair of gloves and some other trifling notions.'

'I am glad it is no worse, Fred, now if you will wait a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home.'

Thus equipped, I left her.

You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night, and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

'Why, Fred, you look as though you

had met a legion of ghosts last night?'

said Mr. Winston. 'What is the matter with you?'

'I had a bad night of it, I answered with a sickly smile.

'And you'll have another if you're not careful. You had better keep quiet today. By the way, did you write to Anderson?'

I do not know how I managed to reply, for the question set me shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak I could hardly sit in my chair.

I must have answered in the affirmative, however, for he said:

'Then we may look for something from him to-morrow or the next day.'

Immediately after he added:

'Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you're sweating like a butcher! You're sick, man! Come, jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home.'

I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my bedroom, I locked myself in.

Winston sent a doctor round, but I refused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my fellow-boarders; but I turned them all away.

Ah! those were terrible hours that I passed, and night coming on brought me relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved on self-destruction.

I commenced my preparation with the same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother, and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I inclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished I went to my secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was only a revolver, small and insignificant in appearance, but all-sufficient.

Having examined the cartridges to make sure there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire to gather courage.

It may be interesting to know that this courage came to me for the desperation, the growing fear of life—I can in no wise call it by that name. It was simply cowardice. Yet, whatever you may term it, it was all-sufficient for the time. It nerved my arm, and, lifting the revolver, I placed its cold, death-dealing muzzle against my forehead.

In another second I should have been lifeless; but just as my fingers began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door.

It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no one.

'Not me, Fred?'

I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters which I had left on the table, into my pocket, I opened the door.

'Oh, Fred, are you sick?' exclaimed Carrie, the moment the light fell on my face.

'Why didn't you send for me? Aren't you better?'

'Worse,' I exclaimed, huskily; but, Carrie—good heavens!

As I uttered this exclamation I started back, and then forward; and then— I scarcely knew what, for hanging across Carrie's arm was my overcoat!

Recovering from my astonishment I snatched it from her, and thrust my hand into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents.

You have heard about and perhaps seen, the singular capers of madmen, or the wild antics of one crazed with rum, or the grotesque dancing of savages. Well, judging from what Carrie told me, and the appearance of my apartment after, it was possible to concentrate the above-mentioned species of demons into one, their capering and dancing would appear tame in comparison with mine that night.

But I cooled down after a while, and just in time to save Carrie's head a thump from the chair or the washstand, which I had selected as partners in my crazy waltz.

Then I asked for an explanation. It was the simplest thing imaginable. I do not know why I had not thought of it before. It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. He had mistaken my coat for his own, and worn it down town, never dreaming that a small fortune was lying idly in the pocket.

Well! I didn't have the brain fever over the affair, but I was next door to it. I made a clean breast of the whole thing, excepting my attempt, or, rather, my resolve at self-destruction. No one ever guessed that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the first time.

I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser, and I hope a better man.

To-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

LEARN A TRADE.

Let the boys and young men of this vicinity read the following from the Toledo Blade and take the hint:

There is one lesson which we hope the present times will so deeply engrave upon the minds of all parents that its impression will never be effaced. That is the necessity of teaching boys some trade and

making them thoroughly conversant with it.

The flood of men who are wandering anxiously about the streets of all great cities, seeking, with weary hearts, employment which will provide for themselves and families even a meagre support, contains surprisingly few mechanics, or men who have been trained up to any regular trade requiring skill and practice. It is made up mainly of men who in their youth were "smart" young men, who thought they knew too much to tie themselves down to the drudgery and unpleasantness of any shop. There would be "gentlemen" wear good clothes and don a clean shirt every day, and follow some light "gentle" employment, which they could follow without serious effects upon their clothes or hands.

Those men have drifted around, clerking in a dry goods store at a small salary, run a cigar-stand, perhaps did some indifferent good book-keeping, copied papers, or done any or all of the one thousand and one things involving but little manual labor, brains or experience, which are possible in our complex system of life. As long as times were flush they succeeded tolerably well in satisfying their little ambitions. They wore tolerably good clothes and seemed passably "genteel." But the moment stringency began to make itself felt they were the first to suffer. Employers turned them off relentlessly, and retained skillful men to the last.

The reason was obvious. A trained man is an acquisition to any establishment, and if dropped there is no certainty about replacing them. But the crop of these men who are simply "generally useful" is a never failing one, and a man can go out into the street and pick up a hundred of them in an hour's time, each of whom will know about as much, be able to do about the same things, have the same general low standard of usefulness as the other. An advertisement in any leading daily newspaper in the United States for "a man for light, respectable employment," would bring a thousand applicants in twenty-four hours the majority of which would state that "wages would not be so much of an object as steady employment."

But no steady employment would be made for an advertisement for bricklayers or carpenters, or stone masons. No thousand of men clamoring to work at any price, would come trooping up in answer to an advertisement for blacksmiths, plumbers, painters, tinners or mechanics generally. Trade may be dull with these men, and wages low, but those who understand their business find no difficulty in securing steady employment.