

VOL. 8.

Weekly Monitor,

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

HENRY S. PIPER, Proprietor.

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

The average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is that of any other paper published in the City. The average circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other journal. Its circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the Star has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

Hardware and Carriages STOCK EMPORIUM, MIDDLETON, Annapolis County, N. S.

OUR IMPORTATIONS this season have been unusually large, and our stock in the following lines is very heavy. To those who are building, or who contemplate doing so, will find to their advantage TO CALL ON US FIRST BEFORE FENDING AWAY FOR THEIR

Building Materials,

SUCH AS—CUT NAILS, SINE FINE LATH to 40s, FLOOR BRADS, FINISHING NAILS, 6s to 10s, CHANCES SHEET, and BELGIAN GLASS, 3ds and 4ths, from 7x9 to 30x40.

BOILED AND RAW OILS, PRESSED OILS, and CELEBRATED "BLU" LIME, SHEET, ZINC, DRY and TARRIED SHEATHING, SHEET LEAD, LEAD PIPE & 1 1/2 IN BORE.

TOGETHER WITH

Brandram's Celebrated

London Lead,

in which we keep two grades—No. 1 and Extra—the latter taking EIGHT GALLONS OIL TO THE HUNDRED.

Our Stock for Ladies Furnishing is also replete with everything needed, such as

Mortise Locks, Mineral and Porcelain Mortise-knobs, Inside Silver Glass Knobs, Loose Pin and Loose Joint Butts, in Plain, Japanese, and Silver Tipped, Sash Fasteners, Thumb Latches, Top and Bottom Bolts, &c., &c.

ALSO:

GRAINING COLORS

In Light Oak, Ash and Walnut. Dry Colors for Tinting, &c., &c.

The above comprise one of the Best Bought and Best Selected STOCK of BUILDING MATERIALS in the Lower Provinces, and is well worth inspection. Come and see us, or send for our Price List.

With our general full assortment Carriage-Seat, Bent and Bolt Iron, Moon-eye Horse Nails, &c., &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

BESSONNETT AND WILSON

Middleton, Annapolis Co. ang 6

1000 AGENTS WANTED FOR VISITING CARDS, Games, Ac. Office & Sample Pack, 3c. Water Pen, 5c. Oil Chromo, 12c. 50 Tinted Cards, with name, 15c. Fine Photo. Album, 30c. Dream Book, 50c. Courtship, 50c. Toy Steam Engine, 81c.

A. W. KINNEY, Yorkmouth, N. S.

Encyclopedia Britannica.

Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of two or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF Parlor and Church Organs.

For Power and Quality of Tone, Rapidity of Action, and Promptness to Respond, they are Unsurpassed.

A careful examination of the instruments will convince the public that both interior and exterior are honestly made. In beauty and elegance of case they far exceed any Organ manufactured in the Maritime Provinces. They are AS LOW IN PRICE as is consistent with first-class workmanship, and are FULLY WARRANTED. Parties Desiring a FIRST-CLASS INSTRUMENT. Will find it their advantage to Correspond with THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY, or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

MANHOOD: HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED!

We have recently published a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical and permanent cure (without medicine) of Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., resulting from excesses. Price, in a sealed envelope, only 6 cents, or two postage stamps. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from thirty years' successful practice, that alarming consequences may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine, or the use of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Address: The Culverwell Medical Co., 41 Ann St., New York. Post Office Box 4586.

PURE WATER.

Pure water is obtained by using Corey's Patent Expansion Rubber Bucket Chain Pump.

It is the best chain pump ever invented and warranted to give entire satisfaction. All orders promptly attended to. N. H. PHINNEY, Lawrenceton, Annapolis Co.

GREAT BARGAIN!

Subscriber offers for SALE or RENT by Private Contract, His Beautiful Residence at LOWER MIDDLETON.

LOWER MIDDLETON.

The house contains 11 rooms, all in thorough repair, Good Stabling for 3 or 4 Horses, Carriage House and Wood House. The grounds consist of 2 acres in a high state of cultivation with a very fine orchard of 100 or more superior trees, (choice varieties of fruit) producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will produce yearly 3 Barrels or more. The grounds are also well stocked with a good variety of Fruit trees. The situation is convenient to Railway Station, Post Office, and within 5 minutes walk of three places of worship. Location desirable, and very healthy.

ALSO, Small Farm, situated in NORTH WILLIAMSTON, about two miles from Lawrenceton, Railway Station. The Farm consists of about 70 acres, 20 of which are in hay and under cultivation. A good Orchard, in bearing, producing yearly 25 to 30 barrels, and with care will soon increase to 100 or more barrels. Cuts about 14 tons Hay yearly, with a superior quality of hay. Location public, healthy, convenient and desirable particularly to a person of moderate means. Possession at once if desired. Terms for both places easy.

EDWARD H. PHINNEY, Middleton, Annapolis County, May 1st, 1880.

Boots & Shoes Hats & Caps!

LADIES' Kid, Goat, Serge and Leather Boots, MEN'S Boots Shoes and BROGANS, MISSES' Boots and Slippers, Boys' Boots & Shoes, Children's Shoes.

HATS! LADIES' Hats, Misses' and Boys' Hats, Men's Fur, Felt and Straw Hats, in all the leading STYLES of the day. At the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE for CASH or Prompt Pay.

At J. W. Tomlinson's, Lawrenceton, April 5, '80.

Something New!

THE Subscribers have just received their first advance of

SPRING STOCK

consisting of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

Groceries, Groceries, Glass Ware, Stationery, Book Paper, &c., &c., &c. All of which have been personally selected. And notwithstanding the great rise in prices, we will continue to sell at very low rates as we are determined to keep up our reputation.

Cheap Cash Store.

The highest market prices paid for produce in exchange for goods.

S. L. FREEMAN & CO., Middleton Corner, April 20th, '80.

Poetry.

"Holmgang."

Holmgang! So the German people Whisper when they hear the bell Tolling from some gray old steeples Death's familiar tale to tell; When they hear the organ dirges And the hymns that Luther sang, And the singers chanting stanzas, 'Holmgang!' Always going home.

Holmgang! Quiet and tender saying In the grand old German tongue That hath shaped Melancthon's praying With his stanzas and his hymns; Blessed is our loving Maker, That where'er our feet shall roam, Still we journey toward 'God's' care— 'Holmgang!' Always going home.

Holmgang! We are all so weary, And the willows, as they wave, Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary, Woo us to the tranquil grave. When the golden pitcher's broken, And the tender words are spoken, 'Holmgang!' We are going home, —A. H. Dugane.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed." (CHAPTER XXV. (Continued).)

"If you please, m'm, here's another letter of the same tenor as the first, received that whilst old Dan Tragon brought it, I saw him sitting so close to the table, that I could see the letter on his work-table; master had opened the drawing-room window, m'm."

The old man had given a little pale about the lips, but she slipped half-a-crown into the girl's hand, and spoke without the least agitation.

"I left the letter on the table last night; I was too tired to open it. But you see, m'm, it is not brought by me here. If he permits himself to be a messenger, he will sell no more fish at this house. See that the coffee is made properly."

"Yes, m'm; and the dark eyes of the young Phyllis glistened, undecorated, as she departed.

The moment she was gone Mrs. Challacombe locked her door softly; then she opened the letter which had come by post, and she read it with a beating heart.

"Dear Dan," she read, "I have just received your letter, and I am glad to hear that you are well. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and I hope you are all the same."

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would go to the fort he had twice escaped. Brown was an easily-persuaded man; he would give up the duty if asked in a proper manner.

This resolve Harwood carried out; and thus in the early morning Lillian saw him riding gloomily away, carrying a heavy load of fustian, mounted with him.

Death's familiar tale to tell; When they hear the organ dirges And the hymns that Luther sang, And the singers chanting stanzas, 'Holmgang!' Always going home.

Holmgang! Quiet and tender saying In the grand old German tongue That hath shaped Melancthon's praying With his stanzas and his hymns; Blessed is our loving Maker,

Holmgang! We are all so weary, And the willows, as they wave, Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary, Woo us to the tranquil grave.

When the golden pitcher's broken, And the tender words are spoken, 'Holmgang!' We are going home, —A. H. Dugane.

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changes he had made when he replaced the letters in the envelopes.

There were reasons that night why Thurstone should be so anxious, excited, and restless. He waited to see Major Wellington on his return from that dinner-party which the household had quitted at eleven, but at which some of the mercenary guests remained till the small hours.

From him he learned the news, made known by the physician who attended him that Richard Laneros was convalescent, and in no danger. On hearing this, Thurstone went to his room, threw himself on to the bed, and slept.

Awake in the morning at five by the clatter of horses and men departing, he saw Harwood's letter on his table, and opened languidly. With astonishment he looked at its contents, for he did not read Mrs. Challacombe's letter to Harwood, or his to her, beyond the first few words which his eyes scanned as he opened the missive.

The mistake was awkward, but it was not his fault if it was one which gave him the very advantage he needed over a hard-worthing man. In two minutes he had resolved what to do; in ten more he had found old Dan Tragon and put two letters in his hand.

"You go often to Captain Challacombe's villa—your presence there will not be noticed. Can you deliver this letter to Miss Challacombe, and can you put this one in some place where Mrs. Challacombe will find it so soon as the first postman comes soon after?"

"I can do it easy," said Dan. "You see, Elmwood Villa is close by; going by sea, though it is a long spell round by road; so I can take my boat and land down under the lawn, as I often do when I bring fish to the family."

"Will?" interrogated Thurstone anxiously.

"And the young lady's room opens on the garden, so I can say I am at her window and give her the letters. She's mostly up early these fine mornings, because she gets a quiet talk like with the old Captain while he's working round his flowers. Oh, I know the family's ways quite well."

"And the other letter?" asked Thurstone.

"Ah, I'll put her 'pon the missus's table just inside the dressing-room window? It's not addressed to the Captain, you know?"

"He won't see it," returned Dan, with a sneer on his face. "He don't trouble the dressing-room much, especially in the mornings; he ain't never there then."

"Off with you then, and here's five shillings for your trouble. And you must row fast, mind."

"Now I wonder if this here piece of money will bring me ill-lock," said Dan to himself, as he carelessly dipped in the smooth sea. "It's gived me by an unlucky man—yes, unlucky—for all his bright face, he's a queer fellow, and he don't like me in May, when his air's his ready for sunshine."

Dan executed his commission adroitly in spite of his forebodings; and Mrs. Challacombe was mercifully spared suspension, and perhaps terror.

"If by some doubtful mistake Thurstone had received her letter instead of his own, at all events he had promptly rectified the error, and if she was in his power, he would be silent for Lillian's sake."

As her bitter tears subsided she recognized her position and accepted it. She would sanction Lillian's engagement to this man, and get rid of her as quickly as she could. Until she was married there was no chance of comfort for herself, and she would never do it again in her possession.

"I return you this, thinking you will be glad to have it again in your possession."

This done, he thrust the letters into an envelope which he directed to Mrs. Challacombe, and felt he had done his duty.

"I have been thinking of you very much lately, and I hope you are all the same. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and I hope you are all the same."

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"But I do, John. I always see you when you are blind. Harwood liked her; and he is just as sure as Thurstone is poor. He is only in the army for his amusement, and will leave it when he marries. He won't drive his wife about in a baggage-wagon."

"Harwood! Well, it was I who saw that, my dear, not you."

A ball rose in Mrs. Challacombe's throat, but she thrust it down valiantly. It had always been her policy to be frank with her husband, because she had long since made the discovery that frankness hid falsehood far better than concealment did.

For this reason she went on, though it cost her an odd aspen at her heart. "So you did, John—I remember now. Yes; he liked her, and that was his reason for coming here so often, though I do believe you have at times been a little jealous, and fancied he was devoting himself to me."

"Not at all, Lillian, not at all. I could not fancy anything so ridiculous. You the mother of a family, and he such a young fellow! My dear, I am not so silly."

Two balls rose vindictive balls—ones in Mrs. Challacombe's throat this time, but again she conquered and smiled quite kindly.

"My dear old John, I think you and I understand each other pretty well, though we do have our little differences. And you do quite right not to be jealous, for there can be no doubt for whom young Harwood came here and condescended to partake of our humble fare."

"Very good fare—always very good," interposed the Captain—'and my best bit of claret opened for him too.'

"Mrs. Challacombe sighed. "There was very little of the claret left now—and it was hard—and the world was a wilderness—and men were deceivers ever, and their throats were wondrously fitted for the purpose of lying."

"Here is the letter he wrote me," said she, laying that freshly-polished epistle on the table. "You had better read it, John. I always like you to read my letters if you have time."

As Harwood in his letter had made no allusion to her, thinking either the best answer, this open offer of hers only did her good. The sole allusion to her note was the sentence written across it, and the full letter paper she had burnt.

"Oh, so he is gone?" said Captain Challacombe, but without some satisfaction in her voice, as he looked up from his perusal of the letter. "That's how it happened that Lillian and I saw him go by so early this morning."

It is possible she got up on purpose to give him that encouragement? And Mrs. Challacombe's voice broke into January rags in spite of his last effort at calmness. "My dear John, if your girl flirts with two men at once, you must expect she will fall into some dreadful snare. You must make Thurstone marry her soon for safety's sake—she is a dangerous girl to manage."

Her father had heard this said so often that it made little impression on him. "It appears to me that this young fellow's nose is rather odd and formal, considering how intimate he was here," he remarked.

"It is proper to be formal when a gentleman writes to a lady, John," said his wife primly.

"We did not want to be thanked for our hospitality, at all events; and, if he knew his own mind, he would be perfectly hopeless, he might have kept it to himself. Somehow it strikes me he was in a very ill temper when he wrote that note; there's something about it I don't like—something queer—oh, don't you think so, Lucy?"

"Mrs. Challacombe flushed, and for an instant she set her large, handsome teeth hard together; then she laughed slightly.

"We don't know all, John. The note is cold and odd; but there may have been cause enough for his ill humor. Girls are very deceitful; it is not likely he would have come here so often if Lillian had not given him tacit encouragement; and so, when he saw her yesterday arm-in-arm with Thurstone, like a milkmaid, I dare say he felt disgusted, and was little inclined to write warmly when he sent us his farewell."

This plausible suggestion startled Captain Challacombe; he put the letter aside without another remark upon it.

"On the whole, it is a good thing Lillian is going to be settled," he said, with a sigh; and I am glad, my dear, that you have sense enough to give way in this matter, though your sudden change has startled me a little."

"When a girl exposes herself to remark, as Lillian did yesterday, returned Mrs. Challacombe, with sententious bitterness, 'the wisest thing to do is to get her married at once. I have made up my mind last evening to let her have Captain Thurstone, for I saw with half a glance that she had disgusted her other lovers and was tired of their esteem.'"

"Hush! Here is Lillian coming. You are very hard on her, Lucy."

"She behaved disgracefully yesterday; you can't deny it." "He did not deny it, for Lillian entered by the window with face so radiant, and aspect so full of youth and joy and beauty, that her father's eyes glistened, holding her image, and he forgot all her so-called delinquencies in pleasure at her presence. She held an enormous bunch of roses in her hand, in which she forthwith made him bury his face."

"Are they not lovely? Aunt Laneros gave them to me. I have been to see Richard, and he is quite well again. I found him in the garden playing lawn-tennis with his brothers. What a gay, happy family they all are! They're all to thank Edgar Daveman for their happiness," said Mrs. Challacombe drily. "There would be no lawn-tennis without him, you know. Richard's is a quick recovery, observed her husband. 'He ought not to be out in the sun again so soon.'"

"My dear papa, he's quite well, and he is going to the ball to-night!" "He is very foolish, my love. Sit down and have your breakfast."

"I want to give my breakfast, papa. Will you have a rose for your coat?" asked his daughter, hovering near him. "She was so full of joy that her happiness was contagious, and her father, catching the sparks from her eyes, beamed and sparkled also, and at last laughed outright."

"It is all right, Lillian," he said. "Your mother has given it at last." "Oh, mamma, how glad I am!" cried (Continued on fourth page.)

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