



Weekly Monitor

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SANOTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

Advertising Rates. One Square, (two inches) - First insertion, \$1.00; each continuation, 25 cents.

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

Inducements to get up Clubs. Any person sending us 7 yearly subscribers, with the cash, will receive the Monitor for one year.

Any person sending us 14 yearly subscribers, with the money, will receive the Monitor for one year, and \$2 in cash.

Any person sending us 20 yearly subscribers, with the money, will receive the Monitor for one year and \$4 in cash.

From Mr. ROBERTS, of the firm of ROBERTS & Co., Lithographers and Chromo Printers, 50 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

WILLIAM ROBERTS. I had suffered since a severe attack of Rheumatism in my shoulder and arm that for some time I was unable to put on my coat without assistance.

Larrigan & Slipper Factory, PARADISE ROW, Adjoining M. Francis & Son's Factory.

THE subscribers are prepared to manufacture all kinds of LARRIGANS and SLIPPERS, and have now on hand a large assortment which they offer at greatly reduced prices.

WHOLESALE ONLY. VINCENT & McPATE, St. John, N. B.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS. A complete stock of CLOTHING, Cloths, Flannels, Grey, White and Printed Cottons, Wines, Tweeds, and Dress Materials in variety.

Mens' Womens' & Childrens' Boots & Shoes. A large Lot of TOYS suitable for Christmas.

Hats and Caps. Well selected stock of Goggles, just received and offered at the lowest rate for prompt pay.

HALS VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER. Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS. As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in one preparation.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H.

H. L. SPENCER, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, St. John, N. B.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway

WINTER ARRANGEMENT. COMMENCING Monday, 4th of Jan., 1875.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Table with columns: Stations, Exp., Pass. and Frgt., Pass. and Frgt. Exp. Lists stations from Halifax to St. John with departure and arrival times.

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N. B. - Express Trains run every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, when signalled, or when there are passengers to be taken down.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight from Halifax to Annapolis will run on MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, only.

Steamer "Scud" leaves St. John every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 8 a. m.

Through Tickets at reduced fares by above routes to all parts of the United States and Canada.

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STEAMER EMPRESS. UNTIL further notice Through Freight to and from Portland and Boston, will be taken at International Steamship Co's regular tariff rates.

Two Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX. STEAMER "SCUD".

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.

After January 1st, until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will run every WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY for Digby and Annapolis (returning same days), connecting at Annapolis with 2 p. m. Express Train for Halifax and way stations.

FARE. - St. John to Halifax, \$5.00; do. do. Annapolis, 2.00; do. do. Digby, 1.50.

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

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COLONIAL BOOK STORE.

J. H. HALL, Books, Stationery, Music, & House Paper, Wholesale and Retail.

THOMAS PATTON, Commission Merchant, GENERAL AGENT, Importer and Dealer in Flour, Meal, Tea, Pork, Sugar, Molasses, &c.

C. L. RICHARDS, SHIP BROKER, AND COMMISSION MERCHANT.

GORDON HOUSE, King Street. New Management! New Furniture!!

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

Berlin Goods. Opera Cloaks, Long Scarfs, Squares, Nubias, Hoodia, Alexandra Jackets, Sleeveless Jackets, Breakfast Shawls, Fancy Scarfs.

WILLIAM HILLMAN, Silver and Brass Plater, ELECTRO-PLATER in gold and silver.

GRANVILLE HOUSE. THE above Hotel has been newly opened and thoroughly furnished with everything the patrons desire.

Flour! Flour! 3,500 Bbls Superior Extra, Extra Family, Fancy & Superfine Flour of the following reliable choice brands: viz.

Inkerman Mills White Rose, Zenith, Carline, C. cross, Sebringville, Dominion.

For Sale by ERB & BOWMAN, 3 & 4 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

J. & W. F. HARRISON, 16 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B. HAVE just received

6000 lbs. Canadian Flour; 1100 do American do; 3000 do Corn Meal; 200 do On do; 7000 bu-h. Corn; 6000 do Oats; 800 Packages Tea; 500 do Tobacco; 300 puns Barbadoe Molasses; 300 do Cienfuegos do; 100 lbs. Porto Rico Sugar; 500 lbs. Crushed do; 400 do Mess Pork; 100 do Prime Pork.

J. & W. F. HARRISON, 16 North Market Wharf, St. John, N. B.

Victoria Steam Confectionery Works, Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

THIR attention of Wholesale Dealers and others is called to our stock of PEANUT CONFECTIONS.

J. R. WOODBURN & Co., Victoria Steam Confectionery Works, J. R. WOODBURN, H. P. KERR.

J. H. VENNING, GENERAL ENGRAVER, No. 94 Germain St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

Wm. H. KNOWLES, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of Trunks, Valises, &c., 49 GERMAIN ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

All Orders promptly executed. Canvas Covers Made to Order.

G. GRANT BULLEY, Forwarding and Commission Agent.

STORIES - HURD'S LANE, Office: 74 Bedford Row, HALIFAX, N. S.

E. D. WATTS, Would respectfully intimate to the readers of the Weekly Monitor that he has now completed his stock of

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Select Literature.

A ST. VALENTINE'S MISHAP. CHAPTER I.

It was the 13th of February. The early twilight, murky and chill, formed no inducement to persons who adorned an evening stroll; and Captain Thornbury for the last hour had sat upon his chair before a bright fire, with a cigar between his lips.

'Yes, sir,' was the quick rejoinder. 'In my desk,' continued the captain, 'you will find a large, fastened envelope; bring it carefully to me.'

'The customary,' 'Yes, sir,' Tim took the envelope, smiling face away, and repaired to the dressing-room, where, opening the desk, he speedily began fingering its contents.

'The removal of the closed envelope had disclosed several others of similar size and unused beneath. Tim's eyes glistened as he beheld them.

'I'm thinkin' the captain must have a hape o' swatehearts - the dears - if he's goin' to use all them. He can't be no. No, it's a little bit o' delicate attention on his part; for, may be, it struck him that I might have a valentine to send also. And, sure, the master would never mind if I did take one, even if he got to know it.' He reflected, hesitating. 'It's just the very size I want. It's Providence, it is!'

The temptation was too great. Tim drew out an envelope, then, from a piece of silver paper in his pocket, produced a valentine, rich in colour, representing a lady, the height of ugliness with a pointed, turned-up nose and mincing step; while the appendages referred in anything but flattering strains to the lady's beauty ending by an assurance that her charms were never made for love. This he rapidly slipped into the envelope, muttering in high glee.

'An' I 'ope you'll like that, Miss Kitty. Last year yez sint me a black feller, wid big, saucer eyes, and teeth all gums. Now, faith, it's tit for tat. Ye'll be expectin' somethin' purty from Tim as the last time, an' bein' ye've got to compliment me - I'll play ye a bit o' compliments.'

Giving the adhesive a lick enough almost to remove every portion of gum - though there was no small quantity - he had just fastened it down, as he heard the captain calling from the sitting-room to know what he was after.

'Comin', sir,' he answered. 'Faith, it's the lightest blowed out by the door,' he added, quickly replacing the contents he had tumbled from the desk; then, hastily thrusting the one envelope in his pocket, he hurried back to his master.

The captain was now standing with his back to the fire, and as the servant put what he had been sent for on the table, said:

'Tim, I know you can write so fetch the pen and ink here and address that letter, there's a good fellow.'

'With a grin - he was rather proud of his hard, round calligraphy - Tim complied; and had almost begun the name before the young officer uttered it.

'Miss Rosalind Gower, 'The Cedars,' 'Norwood.'

'That will do, Tim; how you can go. I shall not, I thing, want you again.' Tim having withdrawn, still smoking, Captain Thornbury continued, meditatively, to regard the envelope.

'Yes,' he murmured, 'I cannot but feel sure Rosalind returns my love. There was a look in her eyes when we last parted that I certainly could not mistake. Yet - yet, I am rather racked by the doubt, the terrible thought, that she might refuse me! Heavens! Only the contemplation of the idea nearly drives me mad! If - if she were to say 'No,' - should she really prefer that conceited idiot, Jedsion, why - why the sooner I get to India and serve as a target to the enemy, the better!'

'How exceedingly absurd you are, Cis! One would imagine, from the notice you take, that you were in love with the gallant officer yourself,' responded Rosalind, with a short laugh.

'If Captain Thornbury's dull, you may take my word for it, that it is not from the cause to which you would attribute it.'

'I am sure it is, Rosie. Why have you changed so?' 'I have not changed. You are making a great mistake, Cis, or are suffering, I fear, from mental blindness.'

'Why, you have not danced with him once.' 'How could I? He came so late, that I was engaged five deep.'

'Ah! but I knew a time, Rosie dear,' rejoined the other, 'when you would not have allowed yourself to be engaged five deep - when you would have kept one, if not two, for Edward Thornbury.'

'Cissy!' retorted the other, with an asperity strange to her, 'you are going too far, and talking of what you do not understand!'

'There, darling!' - and from his dark retreat the captain thought he saw the flash of two white arms rise up above the other's neck - 'I did not mean to make you angry. I desay it is all a mistake; but, do you know, we - Frank and I - thought that you loved Edward Thornbury, and that he loved you; but, of course you must know best.'

From turret to basement the Cedars was ablaze with light. The spacious, well-lit ball-room was already prettily well filled, when Captain Thornbury, with a nervous palpitation about his heart, entered it. His handsome appearance attracted many bright glances. But he had eyes only for her whom, as

he moved through the ever-increasing throng, he looked everywhere to find. Ah! there she was, yonder, talking and laughing with the puppy Jedsion. Ten to one he had her hand for the first dance. Why had he been hindered by the arrival of that despatch from headquarters, and had to answer it before he started? Ah! she saw him now. She blushed. Yes, he was sure - her colour, ever charming, had heightened at sight of him. That looked promising.

The next moment the captain was bowing low before his idol. Though a lover, his statement was correct: Rosalind Gower was beautiful, and her expressive face could beam and sparkle with love, or freeze into the most frightful beauty.

It was with neither the one or the other of these that she greeted the captain, as, casting a timidly searching glance at her face, he paid his compliments. Her manner was decidedly not cold, but it was assuredly devoid of that warmth, mingled with a tinge of nervousness and conscious down-dropping of the eyes, that he had hoped to see, and his heart beat yet a little faster and a little less reluctantly as he besought her hand for the quadrille then forming.

'Then may I hope for the honor of the next? - a valise, I believe,' he asked, flashing a covert glance of hate at the idiot, Jedsion, whose exultant smirk plainly showed whom Miss Gower had favoured with the quadrille - only a square dance, thank Heaven!

'Really it's most unfortunate, but I find my word is given for the first five dances,' rejoined Rosalind, smiling as she consulted her card. 'I cannot promise until the sixth.'

'The sixth?' stammered poor Thornbury. 'With that, then, I must be content. Business from the Horse Guards prevented my being here earlier else, surely, I should not have been so unfortunate.'

'Perhaps not, if you reckon it a misfortune, Captain Thornbury,' she replied; then added: 'Mr. Jedsion, I fancy they are taking places.'

The young officer drew mutely aside. He was even too confused to offer to hold Rosalind's bouquet or burlesque, though she rendered so slight a service would have been a consolation to him. What could it mean? How changed she was! Her last sentence had even sounded cold and scornful. Had she, indeed, deigned his intent by those lines, and was this a method to prevent an unpleasant interview? At that thought the room spun round, and Captain Thornbury hastened to sit down in a retired corner to recover himself.

Then, fearing such indolence, so foreign to his usual lively, sociable nature, would attract general attention, as it had already Cissy and Frank Gower's, he commenced to play a bit of the ones inquiring whether he were not well, the other jesting him upon being in love - he arose, found a partner for the next dance, and performed it to his fair companion's disgust, like an automaton.

It was no good attempting it. He could not get his spirits up. Rosalind's manner chilled him to the very heart. Not that she avoided him - no; she spoke, when there was occasion, pleasantly enough. But it was not as she had done the day previously - it was as she smiled upon and addressed even the young fellows, Frank's friends, whom she had only met that evening.

Four dances over - only one more to wait now - and then Thornbury, growing more moody and desponding resolved, whatever might be the consequences to know why Rosalind had so changed.

'Would he dance?' 'No, thank - not this time.' And to avoid similar requests, and to seek the comfort of solitude, he strolled into a deserted conservatory.

Here, behind a perfect hedge of high, spinous-looking exotics, stood a tastefully-formed iron garden seat, turned towards the grounds which it commanded with an extensive view of the Surrey hills. Upon the Thornbury hung himself, and surrendered his thoughts to the melancholy reflection upon what would be the end of it all - whether in three days' time, he should start for India, the happiest or most miserable of mortals?

It was not a pleasant reverie, and was momentarily growing less so, when he was accosted by the murmur of voices at the other side of the green partition. They were those of Rosalind and Cissy Gower, and they were talking about him. With bated breath he listened.

'It's really cruel, Rosie,' Cissy remarked, reproachfully. 'You have treated him shamefully to night. He looks quite miserable.'

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'Yes, of course; but - well, I may as well confess all - we have made up our minds, too, that we would propose before he left for India - that he would propose this very night.'

'I can assure you, my dear, that nothing is further from the captain's thoughts; and it is well it is so, for it prevents one of the most painful scenes a woman could go through.'

'Then you would refuse him?' was the wistful question.

'Decidedly - without the slightest hesitation. I am as little likely ever to consent to be his wife as he is ever to ask me to be so.'

'Well, I am truly surprised! You can't like that foolish coxcomb person? - that is impossible!'

'How do you know?' rejoined Rosalind, with a laugh, that struck like a knife in the listener's breast. 'Hearts are strange things, and he is most devoted. But come, I am engaged to him for the next dance. Is it a round one?'

'So; a square. It is the Lancers!'

The voices ceased; there was a rustling of garments, and the speakers were gone.

Assured of this Captain Thornbury - soldier as he was - buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child - or rather, man; it being without tears, the worst of griefs. The paroxysm reached no higher than his throat, but that it was wrong with torturing agony.

Conquering his emotion with a great effort, he forced himself to think how he should act. His first impulse - was to open the conservatory doors and escape unseen, but he had wisdom enough left to remember that he was in evening dress, and would have to return next day to bid the Gowers farewell before he left England. How could he do so if he quitted the Cedars in the eccentric fashion he contemplated?

No! On second thought he would master his suffering and say farewell that night. It would be better when surrounded by guests. Yet, if he stopped he would have to dance with Rosalind. Not at all - he would excuse himself. He dared not trust himself to him so cruelly on as she had, when her feelings towards him were such as she had at that moment expressed. He was right after all; she preferred the fool, Jedsion.

The last galling idea produced a sudden change. The captain felt his cheeks grow hot, his eyes sparkle, and a strange excitement seize him as it occurred; and it was under this influence that he resolved to return to the ball-room. The Lancers were just forming. The couple opposite Rosalind and Jedsion had yet to be filled up, and Edward Thornbury, quickly obtaining a partner, became their vicar.

His companion now had no cause to complain of his want of animation nor conversation. Ever gay and agreeable, he outdid himself. He saw Rosalind cast a strange look of surprise in his direction, and it seemed to serve as an incentive to his excitement for he laughed, chatted, apparently in the highest spirits - rather too high indeed, as if champagne had had something to do with it.

The dance over, he led his partner to a seat, apologise for so soon leaving her, and made his way to Rosalind. She was making the tour of the ball-room with the hateful Jedsion as he stopped before her.

'Pardon my intrusion, Miss Gower,' he said now very calmly, 'but the business to which I referred once before this evening necessitates my departure from Norwood to-night. If possible, therefore, may I hold myself excused for the next, the sixth dance, as I must, really, take my leave now?'

'He noticed - at least, thought he did - that she grew pale, that her voice faltered, as extending her hand, she said:

'This is very sudden, is it not, Captain Thornbury?'

'It is rather, but even with us military men, business must precede pleasure sometimes. Allow me to say goodbye!'

'Good-bye!' she exclaimed. 'Good-bye!' he reiterated; then added, in a low tone, 'I trust to have the pleasure of seeing you when I return - if I return - Miss Gower. When perhaps, though - and his glance for a moment rested on her companion - you may no longer be Miss Gower. Under whatever name, however, we can wish you greater happiness as a Captain Thornbury.'

He raised her hand to his lips, heard her say something, but could not tell what, owing to the murmur of voices, then hastened away. The other members of the family were in other apartments, and seeking them, he made his farewell. Ten minutes after, like a madman, he was hastening from the house. Even as his steps trod the crisp gravel of the avenue, a murmur and a commotion had arisen in the ball-room.

Miss Gower had fainted!

Ignorant of this - an event which might have caused him a beam of pleasure perhaps - Captain Thornbury reached his apartments, entered them so abruptly and unexpectedly, as to arouse a master's chair and his master's slippers. Much to his secret satisfaction, however, his delinquency was not noticed.

'Tim,' said the captain, hurriedly, 'most of my clothes and books are packed, are they not?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then fling the rest into the remaining trunks, and get one of the servants the while to fetch a cab, for, if possible, I must catch the last train to London.'

'What, captain, goin' to-night?' ejaculated Tim, aghast, as for the first time he perceived the haggard features and excited manner of his master.

'Yes, to-night. Don't stand gaping there, losing time! was the sharp reply. 'Unexpected business makes it imperative that I should be in town early to-morrow. Quick! do you hear me? See about the trunks!'</