

Weekly Monitor, PUBLISHED Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TON and PIPER, Proprietors.

Terms of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, \$2.00.

Advertising Rates. One line—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.00.

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Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

For all the purposes of a Family Remedy, and for curing Constipation, Jaundice, Indigestion, Piles, Stomach, Bile, Headache, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Strangury, &c., &c.

Are the most effective and congenial purgative ever discovered. They are mild, but efficient in their operation, moving the bowels surely and without pain.

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax, Wholesale Agents.

New Advertisements.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING Tuesday, 12th of Dec. 1876.

HALIFAX TO ST. JOHN.

Table with columns: Stations, Exp., Pass. Pass., Exp. Frgt. Frgt.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX.

Table with columns: Stations, Exp., Pass. Pass., Exp. Frgt. Frgt.

Trains carrying Passengers and Freight between Annapolis and Halifax run Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday only.

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

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.

Until further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her berth at Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, returning same day, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for and from Halifax and way stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00; do do do 2nd class, 3.50; do do do Annapolis, 2.00; do do do Digby, 1.50.

Excursion tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (not less).

Return tickets to Chertsey and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

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

STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

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

A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7 a.m. and 8 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.

GLASS! GLASS! 1000 Boxes Glass, in all sizes, at cheap White Lead, Oils, Brushes, Paper Hangings of all kinds, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at 22 Green St., St. John, N. B. BLAKSLÉE & WHITEHEAD, sept19 y

ADAM YOUNG.

38, 40, & 42 WATER ST.

and 143 Prince William St., N. B., Manufacturer of

Cooking, Hall and Parlor Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, &c.

Marbled Slate Mantle Pieces, Register Grates.

A large assortment of the above Goods always on hand, at the lowest possible prices. Catalogues on application.

August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

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.

No charge made unless a sale is effected, or for advertising when ordered so to do. may 22 '73 y

J. no. B. Mills, Barrister, &c., &c., Bona Vista House, ANnapolis ROYAL, N. S.

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

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER, Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. ly

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

T. F. RAYMOND, PROPRIETOR, sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN, Silver and Brass Pater, ELECTOR PLATER in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS No. 60 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. sept19 y

Great Bargains in DRESS GOODS.

A LOT OF SUMMER DRESS GOODS! Now Being Offered at Cost, by M. C. Barbour, 48 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

THOMAS DEARNESS, Manufacturer of Monuments, Grave-Stones, TABLE TOPS, &c. South Side King Square, St. John, N. B.

P. S.—Mr. Dearness will visit Annapolis and neighboring counties at stated intervals to solicit orders. A. L. LAW.

LAWYERS' BLANKS! A LARGE STOCK ON HAND AT THE "MONITOR" OFFICE.

Some material improvements have been made in the SUMMONSES. Call and inspect them. SANCTION & PIPER.

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.

Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemen's Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c., &c. dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOSS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SMITHSON, Merchant; Digby, Miss WATSON, Millinery and Dry Goods. may '76 A. L. LAW.

ALBION HOUSE, FALL AND WINTER! We have now completed our importations for this Season's Trade, and are showing a Full Assortment of

Fall and Winter DRY GOODS in each Department, which we offer WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, upon the most Liberal Terms, and Solicit Inspection.

BEARD & YENNING, G. W. STUART, Produce Commission Merchant, COLONIAL MARKET, HALIFAX, N. S.

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED. Guarantee Sales made in all cases, and in no case more than 5 per cent commission charged. Prompt returns.

Bill-Heads. Different sizes and styles promptly and cheaply printed at the office of this paper.

L. H. DEVEBER & SONS, Wholesale Merchants, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dry Goods Department, 93 & 95 PRINCE WILLIAM ST.

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, from the English Markets, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

AMERICAN GOODS, 216 & 218 Grey & White Cottons, Cotton Flannel, and Roll Linings, sold by the piece or small quantity.

Canadian and Domestic Goods, 34 & 36 Water St.

A full stock kept constantly on hand, of Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Rice, Soda, Cream Tartar, Nuts, and an assortment of Spices, for sale in bulk at the lowest prices. August 2nd, 1876. n17 y

MacFarlane & Adams, Forwarding & Commission MERCHANTS, Agents for Canada Paper Co. HALIFAX, N. S. Oct. 16th, 1876. 6m27 y

LONDON HOUSE, RETAIL.

BARNES, KERR & CO. INVITE special attention to their large and varied stock of STAPLE GOODS and General Household Requisites—Shirtings, muslin, and repps in silk and worsted, table covers and cloths, and a large assortment of dress materials—Ladies' fancy costumes, black and colored silks, tulle, and satins, umbrellas and parasols jet and silk buttons, trimmings, &c. &c. 3 and 4 Market Square, St. John, N. B.

THE BANKRUPT STOCK! OF THE 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.

Visitors to St. John will find superior advantages for procuring 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 to enable us to offer the most desirable at COST PRICES. MAGEE BROTHERS, St. John, N. B., May 1st, 1876. y

Just Received. 1 BEL SCOTCH SNEFF; POWDERED TURMERIC; BOKAX, SALT PEPER; Ayer's Hair Vigor; God Liver Oil and Lime, Kidder's Liniment, C. Brown's Chlorodyne, Essential Oil of Orange, very Fine, Essential Oil of Bergamot. For sale by Cor. King and German Street, St. John, N. B., May '76.

Checked Dress Goods; Black Silk; Pringles; Seal Brown, Cream and Ecru Silks; Nottingham Lace Curtains; Ecru Lace Curtains; Neck Frillings; Ecru Nets; Ecru Laces, Ecru Scarfs; Muslins of all kinds; Droyen Hollands; Irish Linens; Cream Damask; Linen Tea D'Oyleys; Ladies' Linen Collars and Cuffs; New Styles; Black Trimming Velvet; Mantle Velvets; Ladies' Dressing Gowns; Black and Blue Dress Trimmings; Gentlemen's Linen Collars and Cuffs; Linen Tassos, for Costumes; Narrow Flaid Ribbons; Flaid Sash Ribbons; Ladies' Dressing Caps; Ecru Gloves; Hyde Park Wraps, for Children; Crumb Cloths; Gentlemen's French Kid Gloves; New Flaid Prints.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, 27 King Street, St. John, N. B.

VINCENT & McFATE, PARADISE ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAVING received about \$5,000 worth of the finest quality of Oil-Tanned Leather from Wm. Peters, one of the Leading Tanners in the Province of New Brunswick, we will be prepared for the manufacture of all kinds of

LARRIGANS AND SHOES PACS, and believing this Stock to be far superior to any imported from the United States, will guarantee all our Customers a superior Article at a CHEAPER RATE than any manufacturer in the Dominion of Canada. Also having received one of the LATEST IMPROVED TURN SHOES MACHINES, at a cost of \$1,000.00, we will be able to compete with any of the American or Canadian in the Manufacture of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Children's SLIP-PERS of all kinds.

The average daily circulation of the Monitor Evening Star is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City. The average circulation of the Morning Star in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, 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."

Poetry. THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

Fast falls the snow on St. Bernard's high mountain, Storing its wealth in the gullies below; Hiding the streamlet, and scaling the fountain, And making the valley a wild waste of snow.

Nature is silent—the winds are all sleeping; Careless and stilly the snowy-flakes fall; Mute the monks of St. Bernard are keeping, Their vigils around the red blaze in the hall.

They sigh and softly the snow-flakes fall; Great 'tis an avalanche! Silence no longer; Comes with a night, and the winds cry aloud, And making the valley a wild waste of snow.

The wrath of the tempest grows stronger and stronger, Wrapping St. Bernard around with a shroud.

Holy St. Bernard! succor the dying, Where but this instant the avalanche fell; Mother and child in the deep snow are lying, Making their grave in the cold mountain dell.

No! there is one who is eagerly tearing, The link of snow from the child's freezing breast; And now he in triumph is rapidly tearing, Away to the convent a perishing guest.

Bob'd of her child, as it quits her arms, Life comes to the mother, its value has found.

Of her first, of her only born, gone are all her joys; Save on the snow-wealth that pillow'd its head.

See! the bereft one with wild terror screaming, Flies off the mountain—away and away; Frenzy itself has no hope of redeeming Her child; to the wolf or the eagle a prey.

She reaches the convent—she faints at the portals— She is borne to the hall, and to life restored; And sought, but in dying, the child she loved.

She opens her eyes—on her babe!—on her treasure, Once more on her mother her darling smiles; She weeps, but such tears have their fountain in pleasure, The dog of the mountain has rescued her child.

Select Literature. The Talbot Diamonds.

A brown-stone front. A fashionably dressed young man standing in the doorway; and old man, in equally modern attire, mounting the marble steps; and a very plainly dressed young lady passing on the pavement.

The young man bowed to the young lady, and she timidly acknowledged the salute. The old gentleman took notice of the act, and turned very quickly toward the young lady, but saw only a trim, lady-like figure gliding gracefully down the street. He turned, quite impatiently, to the young man, and asked, sharply; 'John, who is that?'

'That's Maggie Osborne, father.'

'Maggie Osborne! What do you mean, sir?'

'The young lady is named Maggie Osborne, was the quiet reply.

'No trifling! threatened Mr. Morton Talbot. 'Now, what is she? and who is she?'

'Your last question is answered. To the first I will answer that she is a very charming young lady.'

'Zounds! do you insult me!' exclaimed Mr. Talbot, in a rage. 'Now, sir, once for all! What is that girl? Where did you meet her? What are her antecedents?'

'I declare, father, you quite overwhelm me with questions. Pray excuse me if I ask you to repeat them, one at a time.'

'John Talbot, you are insolent!' cried Mr. Talbot, in a brusque tone. 'Insolent!' he repeated, pausing in the hall, most confoundedly inelated. 'And if I hear any more of this kind of language, I will be obliged to you to leave the house.'

'Father, I beg pardon, if I have said anything to wound your feelings, I interjected John, with a face that was anything but penitent.

'Would my feelings! Don't you be alarmed! I'm not so sensitive as that. But when I ask you a question I want an answer. Now what is that girl?'

'I fear, father, that I do not quite catch your meaning; said John, with a distressed look.

'John Talbot, I'm ashamed of you—positively ashamed! And I'm growing angry, too! I am, upon my word! I can endure but little more—very little more. Now, for the last time, is she respectable?'

'I don't know about that. To tell the truth, I wouldn't like to take much stock in your respectable acquaintances. But, about this girl, what is her standing? There's no use asking about her money, for her dress speaks for itself.'

'I am not so sure of that,' said John. 'Father, her wealth is enough about her to make a dozen men rich—yet she always dresses very plain.'

'Does she? Eccentric, no doubt. But that makes no difference. You know what my wishes are, so you can banish all thoughts of Miss—Maggie—Osborne from your mind. As for your falling in love with every pretty face you see, I'll not have it.'

John was about to reply, but the look of consternation that became suddenly visible on Mr. Talbot's face checked not have it.

'What is it?' he asked, hurriedly.

'The diamonds—the Talbot diamonds?'

'What of them, father?'

'I took them, several days ago, to Sanborn's to be reset, and got them again

—or thought I did—not two hours ago! must have left them, after all. I'll go right back and see, for there's a fortune in those Talbot diamonds.'

Half an hour later. An elegant Broad Street Store. Mr. Sanborn behind the counter, and Mr. Talbot Sr., before it.

Mr. Talbot was puffing like a spent horse, for no grass had grown under his wheels while hurrying back for those diamonds.

'My diamonds! the Talbot diamonds!' he exclaimed to the wondering Mr. Sanborn.

'Well—'

'Left them here? articulated the exhausted Talbot. 'Seen them?'

'Assuredly not, Mr. Talbot. You took them away with you.'

'The girl! Where is she?'

'Mr. Talbot shook his head.

'You mean Maggie?'

'I don't know whether it was Maggie or Mary, or Betsy, or who; but it's the one I dealt with.'

'You refer to Maggie Osborne, I presume,' said Mr. Talbot Sr. 'She left here soon after you went out, and will not be in the store again for several weeks.'

'Maggie Osborne!' exclaimed Morton Talbot. 'Gone, too! Depend upon it, she's got the Talbot diamonds!'

Mr. Sanborn stared in blank amazement, and mechanically gave Morton Talbot a sympathetic nod; and it was not until Talbot left the store that he fully realized the enormity of the crime with which his trusted employee had been charged. He promptly wrote to Maggie, offering sympathy and assistance, and declaring his belief in her innocence. And that was not all. With John Talbot's assistance, a search for the missing diamonds was instituted, but Mr. Morton Talbot knew nothing of it, and went on his own way to recover the lost gems.

A long, steep hill. At the bottom a runaway horse and a wrecked carriage; half-way up, the insensible form of Mr. Morton Talbot, so far on his search for Maggie Osborne or the lost diamonds; at the top, a comfortable farmhouse, and a young lady just coming through the gate to Mr. Talbot's relief.

Help was near, and with very little delay the unfortunate Talbot was safely encased between the two white sheets in the good housewife's spare bed.

His senses came back to him at last, and his first words were:

'What a tremendous hill!'

Then he bethought him of his errand, and started the young lady in attendance by asking, abruptly:

'What would you do to a young lady, if she stole your diamonds from you?'

'Never having been the owner of diamonds, I cannot say, replied the young lady; but I believe I should, first of all, get the diamonds.'

'Zounds!' exclaimed Talbot. 'And that's just what I will do. By-the-way, do you know a person named Maggie Osborne?'

'I do.'

'It is possible,' exclaimed Mr. Talbot as though it were the strangest thing in the world. 'Well, you are the first one. If I've asked one, I have a hundred, and nobody knew the little thief.'

'The what, sir?'

'That! She stole the Talbot diamonds, and I'm after her!'

'Why! why! I'm astonished! I knew Maggie had a very taking away, but I never supposed she would go so far as that.'

'Nor nobody else,' grumbled Talbot. 'There's my boy, John, won't believe a word of it. He's a better help than I am.'

'Two after her? Poor Maggie! She'll be caught, surely!'

'No, no, no,' interrupted Talbot, 'not about the diamonds; but he wants her for a wife!'

'Oh! that's funny, now—isn't it? Of course you'll not allow it?'

'Just let him try it!' replied Talbot, with a meaning smile.

'No, I knew you wouldn't. It would be scandalous. But you probably would not care so much if she hadn't stole your diamonds? Maggie is quite a nice girl, they say.'

'Well, no. John has always been a good boy, and if he really liked a good, respectable girl, and wanted to marry her, I don't know as I should say much against it. But such a creature! Bah! John's a fool!'

'How curious. But if she proves her innocence. For instance, if you should learn that she had not touched your diamonds at all, and your son still wanted to marry her, you would not object. Of course you wouldn't, would you?'

'No, I wouldn't,' replied Talbot—at the same time he was thinking, 'I'll be safe enough, for there's not the least doubt of her guilt. And I guess I'll promise further, for I really like this girl. It won't do any harm, any way, to give her a good opinion of me.' 'No, I wouldn't object,' he repeated, 'and more than that, I would give them a good setting up in life. I'm able, and I would do it, too.'

'Thank you, father,' were the words that came in answer to his; and, looking toward the door, he saw John standing there. 'I overheard your promise, father,' continued John, 'and I think shall be safe enough to set the wedding-day just a month hence.'

'Humph! Don't count your chicks too soon. That Maggie Osborne never will be your wife.'

'Not until she, or some one else, proves her innocence.'

'My demiee will be speedy, then,' said John, taking something from his pocket.

'Maggie! Not Maggie Osborne?' asked the old gentleman, scrutinizing the young lady, who was blushing and smiling, very prettily.

'Miss Maggie Osborne, father.'

'Drat me for a fool!' growled Pa Talbot. 'I'm a blundering fool; and a block-head; and blind as a bat! I don't deserve anything better. Here, Maggie, take the Talbot diamonds, and John, too! I've not another word to say against it. And all I ask of you is, if you ever find a bigger numskull than old Morton Talbot, give him the diamonds, and ask no questions.'

ALICE STANLEY'S VALENTINE.

BY ANNE MORROW.

'Sister Alice!' called a clear, childish voice. Sister Alice came to the window where her little sister, Minnie Stanley, stood. A prettier face and figure it would be difficult to imagine. Alice Stanley was more than pretty she was intelligent, cultured, and even tempered. She never thought of herself when the happiness, or even the pleasure of others was involved.

'What is it, Minnie, dear?' she said.

'I am trying to find a star,' replied the child artlessly, 'so that I may wish.'

'It is rather too early to see the stars yet. The sun is just set. But ah! there's the new moon!'

'O, yes! a tiny bit of a star close by it,' cried the child. 'Now, I will wish,' and she repeated:

'Star light, star bright, First star I've seen to-night; I wish I could, I wish I might, Have the wish I wish to-night.'

Then she stood a moment in silence and with a long breath of relief said 'Milton,' in a tone of satisfaction.

Alice laughed.

'What has Milton to do with the wish?' she said.

'O, that's the way! said Minnie, with much gravity. 'Jenny Brooks said to me say the verse; then wish, and then say the name of some poet; and she told me that Milton was a poet. Now, you wish, Alice. Didn't you know when you were a little girl?' she asked, very compassionately.

'O, yes!' said Alice. 'I know how only instead of saying, "Milton" I put my finger on my lips and went about until I could get some one to ask me if I had wished.'

'Then some one called Minnie, who ran away, leaving Alice still looking at the fast darkening sky.'

'The scene was one of exceeding beauty, for star after star began to twinkle, till soon the whole firmament seemed palpitating. But she scarcely seemed to heed what she saw. Her thoughts were not on the scene before her. Her sister's simple faith had brought back some memory of her own childhood days. With a smile and a sigh she repeated the rhyme, and then murmured softly to herself, "Let Dr. Cranston send a valentine to-morrow."

As she spoke, even though all alone, her cheeks were dyed with scarlet blushes. Frightened at her temerity, she turned hastily away.

At the same hour Dr. Henry Cranston was visiting his aunt and cousins, on his return from some patients.