

Weekly Monitor

VOL. 6.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 4, 1878.

NO. 33

Weekly Monitor,
PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

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One Square (two inches).—First insertion \$1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, \$3.00; six months, \$5.00; twelve months \$10.00.
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Yearly advertisements charged oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional insertion.

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The Subscribers having opened a
MUSICAL WAREHOUSE
IN DURLING'S BUILDING,
offer for inspection and sale the BEST and CHEAPEST

Musical Instruments

ever before offered the public. For Tones, Style, and Finish, our Instruments are unsurpassed, and have been sufficiently long before the public to have become the general favorite. Also, constantly on hand

Piano stools, Books, sheet Music, &c

Parties wishing Instruments will do well to call and inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere. All communications and orders promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed. Liberal Discount to Churches, Clergymen, and Teachers.
C. S. PHINNEY & Co.
Lawrenceville, A. C. n17

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PATENTS.

The Scientific American is a large First Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated, and containing the most interesting and valuable news of the day. It is published every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, except on public holidays, at 10 cents per copy. The subscription price is \$3.00 per annum, in advance, or \$1.00 per month. Single copies, 10 cents. Agents, Messrs. Mun & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

New Fall Goods.

Consisting of—
Overcoats, Suits, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Bags, Cases, etc., etc.
DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS TO MATCH.
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For Goods, Buffalo Robes in Jet, Black and Brown, Ladies' and Gents' Fur Caps, Mitts, and Boys' Fur and Cloth Caps, Kid and Fur-lined Mitts, Ear Trimmings, Ladies' Fur Mitts, Felt Hats, etc. Also—China, Earthenware, Lace, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Felt and Rubber Overcoats, Groceries, etc., all of which will be sold at LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Wanted!

500 Bbls. GOOD POTATOES.
W. H. MILLER.
Middleton, Oct. 15th, 1878.

Chaloner's Drug Store,

DIGBY, N. S.

The Proprietor who has been established in the past three years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soaps, Combs, Spoons, Fancy Toilet Goods, Perfumery, etc., etc. The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Flavoring Extracts, Fancy cheap Perfumes, and the "Smelling" Dispensary, these were originated by him. He also manufactures of the "Smelling" Dispensary, these were originated by him. He also manufactures of the "Smelling" Dispensary, these were originated by him. He also manufactures of the "Smelling" Dispensary, these were originated by him.

Take Notice!

That one of our private sale my horse the "Flying Frenchman" Frank, on account of my declining health. He is six years old, perfectly kind and sound. Any further information may be secured by applying to Mr. James Carleton, Bridgetown, or Mr. John Hall, Lawrenceville.
For price &c, apply to the subscriber.
WILLIAM L. LEONARD.
Paradise, Nov. 2nd, 1878.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

Time Table,

COMMENCING
Thursday, 7th Nov., 1878.

GOING WEST.	
Miles.	Time.
0 Windsor—leave.....	9 40
71 Hantsport.....	10 02
15 Grand Pre.....	10 25
28 Wolfville.....	10 58
37 Port Williams.....	11 12
45 Kentville—arrive.....	11 20
Do—leave.....	11 20
54 Waterville.....	11 33
62 Bridgetown.....	11 41
67 Aylesford.....	11 47
74 Kington.....	12 15
83 Wilmot.....	12 27
90 Middleton.....	12 36
97 Lawrenceville.....	12 52
104 Waterville.....	1 02
110 Bridgetown.....	1 15
117 Roundhill.....	1 38
124 Annapolis—arrive.....	2 00

GOING EAST.

Miles.	Time.
0 St. John—leave.....	8 00
0 Annapolis—leave.....	7 15
6 Round Hill.....	7 29
14 Bridgetown.....	7 43
19 Waterville.....	8 04
22 Lawrenceville.....	8 27
28 Middleton.....	9 02
31 Wilmot.....	9 15
35 Kington.....	9 32
42 Aylesford.....	9 58
47 Berwick.....	10 22
50 Waterville.....	10 37
59 Kentville—arrive.....	11 05
Do—leave.....	7 00
64 Port Williams.....	7 20
67 Waterville.....	7 37
74 Hantsport.....	8 06
84 Windsor—arrive.....	8 30

THE EXPRESS TRAINS

Express Trains every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, connect at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John, Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations, and with Stages for Yarmouth and Liverpool, N. S.

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.

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 Digby, Kentville, Windsor, and Annapolis, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock returning TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$8.50

do do do 2nd class, 5.00

do do do 3rd class, 2.00

do do do Digby, 1.50

Separation Tickets to Halifax and return, good for one week (1st class), 7.50

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

SMALL & HATHWAY,
St. John, N. B., April 2nd 78.

STEAMER EMPRESS

AND THE
WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

For Kentville, Waterville, Windsor and Halifax, and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendance at Warehouse, West's Point, between 7 a. m. and 6 p. m., daily, to receive freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates, etc., apply to

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In every village, town, and County in Nova Scotia, to canvass for the splendid volume of "Canadian History," entitled,

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UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD DUFFERIN.

By GEORGE STEWART, Jr., author of "Evening in the Library," "Story of the Great St. John Fire," etc., etc.

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at Lawrenceville

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Students prepared for the entrance examination of any University Law or Medical School in the Dominion. Special attention paid to Teachers.

Board cheap. For particulars address the Principal.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Chas. Bartheaux, of Nova Scotia, Annapolis County, are notified to present the same, duly attested, within three months from this date, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to John McKeown, Jr., of Wilmot, to whom I have given power of attorney for the transaction of said business.

GEORGE E. BARTEAUX,
Sole Executor.

September 6, 78.

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S

MARINE INSURANCE

ASSOCIATION,

Annopolis Royal.

THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates, and will do business with safety to the assured. All losses promptly paid on receipt of proof and adjustment.

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney.

ROBT. MILLS,
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Has opened up a
Dry Goods and Grocery Store!

in the building known as
THE MASONIC HALL,

where he intends keeping all the articles usually found in a general store, and to which he respectfully invites the attention of the public. He has now on hand a large lot of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS, &c., &c.

In the Dry Goods Department will be found a good assortment of

TWEEDS,
LUSTRES,
ALPACAS,
WATERPROOFING,
CLOAKING,
AND DRESS GOODS, generally

A further supply expected shortly. The above together with an assortment of CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE, NAILS, BROOMS, PAINTS, PARAFFINE OIL, SOAP, CANDLES, TEA, TOBACCO, &c., &c.

WILL BE SOLD LOW FOR CASH.
Bridgetown, May 22nd, 1878.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN

BOOK STORE

So universally known for many years at 101 Grenville Street, has taken a move to the upper and handily side of the same street. Remember, nearly opposite the old stand.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN,
124 Grenville St., Halifax, N. S.
July 17th, 1878.

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In every village, town, and County in Nova Scotia, to canvass for the splendid volume of "Canadian History," entitled,

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Poetry.

FOREWARNED.

BY THE LATE THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling

That I was to die in the noon of my day;

Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away.

I was gradually getting older, and beginning to think of turning in, when I heard a soft, clear voice, proceeding apparently from some one just beneath my window, saying,

"George, George, be quick! You are wanted in the lower."

I immediately looked from the window, and although the moon still shone brightly, some friend of my surprise I could not see. "I was, however," he said, "and was some friend of my landlord's, who was begging him to come into the town on important business. I turned from the window, and getting into bed, in a few minutes was fast asleep.

I must have slept about three hours, when I awoke with a sudden start, and with a shivering "gooseflesh" feeling over me. Fancying that this was caused by the morning air from the open window, I was getting out of bed to close it, when I heard the same voice proceeding from the very window itself.

"George, be quick! You are wanted in the lower."

These words produced an indescribable effect upon me. I trembled from head to foot, and with a curious creeping about the room, I walked quickly to the window, and looked out. As before, nothing was to be seen. I stood in the doorway for some minutes, watching for the speaker to show himself, and then laughing at my own nervousness, closed the window and returned to bed.

The next morning light was now gradually oversteering the heavens, and daylight is antagonistic to all those fears which under cover of the darkness will at times enter our brains. In spite of this, I could not shake off the uncomfortable feeling produced by that voice which had spoken to me. My eyes remained obstinately open; ears sensitively alive to the smallest sound.

Some half-hour had elapsed, when again I felt the same shivering over me. With the perspiration standing on my forehead, I started up in bed and listened with all my might. An instant of silence, and the mysterious voice followed:

"George, be quick! You must go into the town."

The voice was in the room—more, by my very bedside. The miserable fellow came over me, I cannot attempt to describe the feelings which I experienced at that moment, and that by no human mouth.

Hearing nothing more, I slowly got out of bed, and by every means in my power convinced myself that I was wide awake, and not dreaming. Looking at myself in the glass on the table, I was at first shocked and amazed, but when I saw my face, I was amused by the pallid hue and scared expression of countenance.

I grinned a ghastly grin at myself, whistled a bit of a polka, and got into bed again.

I had a horrible sort of notion that some one was looking at me, and that it would be next to impossible to get up, and that I was the least uneasy.

I soon found out, however, that bed, in the circumstances, was a mistake, and I determined to get up, and calm my nerves in the fresh morning air.

I dressed hurriedly, with many a look towards my shoulder, keeping as much as possible to one corner of the room, where nobody could get behind me. The grass in front of my window was glistening with the heavy morning dew, on which I had been so long gazing, and I felt that I could press without leaving a visible trace.

I searched the whole garden thoroughly, but no one could be seen of any person having been there.

Pondering over the events of the night, which in spite of daylight and common sense, I persisted in assuming a somewhat supernatural aspect, I wandered across the meadows towards the river, by a footpath which led to the ferry. As I drew near to the boatman's cottage, I saw him standing by the door, looking up the path by which I was approaching. As he shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked down to his boat, where he awaited my arrival.

"You are early on foot, my friend, this morning," said he, in a somewhat grumbling tone; "yes, it is early, sir, and I have been waiting here for you this two hours."

"Waiting for me, my friend—how so?"

"Yes, sir, I have; for they seemed to me to be waiting for me to be kept waiting; they have been down from the farm twice this blessed night, telling me that you would want to cross the river very early this morning."

I answered the man not a word, and getting into his boat, was quickly put across the water. As I walked rapidly up towards the town, I endeavored to persuade myself that somebody was endeavoring to play a silly hoax upon me. At last, stopping at a gate through which I had to pass, I determined upon proceeding no further. As I turned to retrace my steps, suddenly the same shivering sensation passed over me—I can only describe it as a cold damp blast of air meeting me in the face, and then, stealing round and behind me, enveloping me in its cold, icy folds.

I distinctly heard the words "George, George," uttered in my very ear, in a somewhat plaintive and entreating tone.

I was shivering with cold, fear, and (taming hurriedly round hastened on towards the town.

A few minutes' walking brought me to the market-place. It was a very busy market-day, for in spite of the early hour there was already a considerable bustle going on. Shops were being opened, the country people exposing their butter, poultry, and eggs for sale, and for about two hours I wandered among the busy and constantly increasing crowd, listening to every scrap of conversation that reached my ear, and vainly endeavoring to connect them with the strange summons that had come to me from the lower, and led me noisily to the town.

I could hear nothing that interested me in any way, and feeling tired and hungry, I decided on buying and eating at the hotel, which overlooked the market-place, and

then taking myself back to the cottage, in spite of the mysterious voice.

The cheerful and noisy bustle of the market had indeed partly dissipated the morbid fears which my fancy had taken, and I strolled into the bar, where I talked for ten minutes with the landlord without elucidating anything of greater moment than it was his (the landlord's) opinion that things were very bad—very; that Squire Thornbury was going to give a great ball on the occasion of his daughter's approaching marriage; and that Mr. Weston's ox was certain to carry off the prize at the next Agricultural Meeting.

I bade him good morning, and turned my steps homeward. I was checked on my way down the High Street by a considerable crowd, and upon inquiring what was the matter, was told that the Assizes were being held, and that an "interesting murder case" was going on. My curiosity was roused, I turned into the court-house, and meeting an acquaintance who fortunately happened to be a man in authority, was introduced into the court, and accommodated in a seat.

The prisoner at the bar, who was accused of robbing and murdering a poor country girl, was a man of low slight stature, with a coarse brutal cast of features, rendered peculiarly striking by his strangely sinister expression.

As his small black eyes wandered furtively around the court they met mine, and for an instant rested upon me. I shrank involuntarily from his gaze, as I would from that of some loadstone repulsive, and kept my eyes steadily averted from him till the end of the trial, which had been nearly concluded the previous evening. The evidence, as summed up by the judge, was principally circumstantial, though apparently overwhelming in its nature. In spite of the counsel's really excellent defence, the jury, unsubstantiated, found him "guilty."

The judge, before passing sentence, asked the prisoner, as usual, if he had anything further to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him.

The unfortunate man, in an eager excited manner, emphatically denied his guilt, declaring that he was an honest, hard-working, travelling glazier—that he was at Bristol, many miles from the scene of the crime, on the day of its commission, and that he knew no more about it than a babe unborn. When asked why he had not brought forward this line of defence earlier, he said he had wished to see, but that the gentleman who had conducted his defence had refused to do so.

His counsel, in a few words of explanation, stated that, although he had every reason to believe the story told by the prisoner, he had been forced to confine his endeavours to find witnesses who could furnish the circumstantial evidence for the prosecution—that most minute and searching enquiries had been made at Bristol, but that from the short time the prisoner had passed in that town (some three or four hours), and from the lengthened period which had elapsed since the murder, he had been unable to find witnesses who could satisfactorily have proved an alibi, and had therefore been forced to rely upon the weakness of the evidence produced by the prosecution. Sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner, who was removed from the bar loudly declaring his innocence.

I left the court painfully impressed with the conviction that he was innocent. The passionate earnestness with which he pleaded his own case, and that, in words, his expression that crossed his ill-omened features, when, finding his assertions entirely valueless, he exclaimed with an imperious, "Well, then, do your worst, but I am innocent. I never saw the poor girl in my life, much less murdered her, 'cashed' the whole court, at least the unprofessional part of it, to feel there was some doubt about the case, and that circumstantial evidence, however strong, should rarely be permitted to carry a verdict of guilty." I am sure that the fervent though unsupported assertions made by the prisoner, affected the jury far more than the florid defence made for him by his counsel.

The painful scene I had just witnessed entirely put the thoughts of the morning out of my head, and I walked home with my thoughts fully occupied with the trial.

The earnest protestation of the unfortunate man, and his face, distorted with anxiety and passion, rose over before me.

I passed the afternoon writing answers to several business letters, which I had found me out in my retreat, and soon after dinner retired to my room, weary with want of sleep the previous night and with the excitement of the day.

It has been my habit for many years to make every night short notes of the events of the day, and this evening, as usual, I sat down to write my journal. I had hardly opened the book when, to my horror, the deadly chill I had experienced in the morning again crept around me.

I listened eagerly for the voice that had hitherto followed, but this time in vain; not a sound could I hear, but the feeling of my watch upon the table, and I fear must add, the beating of my own coward heart.

I got up and walked about, endeavoring to shake off my fear. The cold shadow, however, followed me about, impeding, as it seemed, my very respiration. I hesitated a moment at the door, longing to call up the servant upon some pretext, but checking myself, I turned to the table, and resolutely sitting down, again opened my journal.

As I turned over the leaves of the book, the word Bristol caught my eye. One glance at the page, and in an instant the following circumstances flashed across my memory.

I had been in Bristol on that very day—the day on which the dreadful murder had been committed.

On my way to a friend's house, I had missed at Bristol the train I had expected to catch, and having a couple of hours to spare, wandered into the town, and entering the first hotel I came to, called for some luncheon. The annoyance I felt at having some hours to wait was aggravated by the noise a workman was making in placing a pane of glass in one of the coffee room windows. I spoke to him once or twice, and finding my remonstrances of no avail, walked to the window, and with the assistance of the waiter, forced the man to discontinue his work.

In an instant I recalled the features of the workman. It was the very man I had seen in the felons' dock that morning. There was no doubt about it. That hideous, morose, and repulsive-looking man had fixed itself indelibly in my mem-

ory, and now identified itself beyond the possibility of doubt with the sinister countenance that had impressed me so painfully in the morning.

I have little more to add. I immediately hurried back to the town and laid these facts before the judge. On communicating with the land lady of the hotel at Bristol, she was able to prove the payment of a small sum on that day to a travelling glazier. She