



VOL. 6.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 20, 1878.

NO. 31

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A COLUMN.—First insertion, \$8.00; each continuation, \$2.00; one month, \$4.00; two months, \$6.00; three months, \$8.00; six months, \$14.00; twelve months, \$24.00.

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

Insolvent Act of 1875, and Amending Acts. In the Matter of R. D. Macdonald, an Insolvent.

ALL persons indebted to the said Insolvent, are hereby requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

W. J. SHANNON, Assignee. n13 17

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marbles.

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

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

Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DAVID FALCONER. GOLDEN WHITMAN

A Word to the Wise!

Just received at

Moir's Musical Warehouse

from the first makers and largest factories in England, Germany, America and Canada, \$5,000 worth of

PIANOS AND ORGANS, consisting of—

First Class Grand, Square and Cottage

PIANOS,

First Class Palace and Uxbridge

ORGANS;

FIRST CLASS GOTHIC ORGANS,

Made especially for Churches, Schools, Lodges, Public Halls, etc. Persons wishing Organs for the above purposes will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves.

The arrangement of the Action, and the scroll and the feet-work in the back of the case is such that the tone, which is of great power, is thrown out of the back towards the auditorium of the building in which it may be placed.

Prices of Pianos - from \$200 to \$500. Do Organs - from \$100 to \$350.

We simply invite an inspection. Great Bargains will be given. A portion of purchase taken in Trade if required.

GEORGE MOIR, South Farmington, Wilmet, April, 1878.

Chaloner's Drug Store, Digby, N. S.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S. He keeps a superior stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Brushes, Soap, Comb, Spices, Fancy Toilet Goods, Feeding-bottles with Extra Utensils, etc. The Proprietor is also a large manufacturer of Blowing Extracts, Fancy Perfumes, etc. Goods are all of the best quality and are kept up to the proper standard. He also claims Poor Man's Cough Syrup, the cheapest and best remedy known—Chaloner's Worm Lozenges—Chaloner's Tonic Extract, the great Antibilious Medicine—Barks Liniment, called by one who used it, the best Liniment in the world—Furber's Preparations—Stove Varnishes—Salt Rheum Ointment and other reliable preparations. Goods supplied by wholesale. Address, J. CHALONER, Digby.

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

WHOLESALE Hardware!

Clarke, Kerr, & Thorne.

In addition to our large stock of Hardware, Cutlery, Etc.

We have received, during the last month: 80 Packages, Am. Hardware, 15 Casks and Cases Eng. do., 40 Barrels Pitch, Tar & Rosin, 250 Rolls Dry & Tarred paper, 4 Cases Planes, 10 cases slates, 9 Cases Saws and Saw Frames, 47 Bundles Shovels, 7 Casks and 116 packs. Paint, 5 Casks Chain Traces, 28 Cases assorted Goods.

NEW LANDING, Per S. S. Hibernian:—

43 Packages Eng. Hardware, 234 Pieces Bake Ovens, 128 Pieces Castings, 20 Barrels Paint Oil.

ALWAYS IN STOCK: ROPE, GLASS, POWDER, SHOT, ZINC, &c.

ALSO: LETTER AND NOTE PAPER, ENVELOPES, WOODEN AND CLAY PIPES, PURSES, NEEDLES, SPECTACLES, VIOLIN STRINGS, PLAYING CARDS, PENS, TRIMBLES, PENCILS, HAIR PINS, and a variety of LIGHT GOODS, suitable for the Wholesale Trade.

For Sale at very Lowest Prices.

Remember the Place! Nos. 42 and 44 Prince William Street, Old Stand of Messrs. T. & F. F. F. Co. St. John, N. B., October 9th, 1878. 9154

Three Trips a Week. ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS!"

For Digby and Annapolis. Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis 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 Kentville every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning, at 8 o'clock returning TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY evening at Annapolis with Express Trains for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax and intermediate 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 (1st class) 7.50 Return tickets to Clergymen and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHAWAY, 11 Dock Street, St. John, N. B., April 2nd '78.

STEAMER EMPRESS

WINDSOR & ANnapolis RAILWAY.

Persons for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates. A current agent in attendance at Warehouse, Read'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 SMALL & HATHAWAY, Agents, 11 Dock Street, ap18

The average daily circulation of the Weekly Monitor is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the Evening 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."

NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of the late Chas. Barzax, of Victoria Falls, 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 Wilmet, to whom I have given Power of Attorney for the transaction of said business.

GEO. E. BARTEAUX, Sole Executor. September 6, '78.

NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, Annapolis Royal.

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

THOS. S. WHITMAN, Attorney. RICHARD CLARKE, Director. SAM'L. MCCORMICK, W. M. WEATHERSPON, Directors. A. W. CORBETT, WM. MCCORMICK.

Sam'l J. Bogart, James B. Duff, Robert Delap, John P. Mott, John Mills, E. C. Twining, W. B. Troop, James E. Shafler, Alfred Troop, Wm. Crosway, Samuel Graves, Albert Delap, John Johnson, J. M. Gilliat, Lawrence Delap, H. D. DeBlois.

John Stairs, James B. Duff, John P. Mott, E. C. Twining, F. E. Rice, Alpheus Marshall, H. H. Chute, Richard Clarke, George F. Miller, David Walsh, Samuel Potter, J. M. Gilliat, Albert D. Mills, Howard D. Troop.

NEW GOODS. New Store.

I HAVE this day taken the store next the International Hotel, where I intend keeping on hand a very choice lot of Groceries, Small Wares, Gent's Furnishings, etc., and am prepared to sell at the lowest prices.

in all the latest styles. Also POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY, together with a select stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES, besides a large variety of other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold for the smallest living profits for cash.

MINNIE I. WADE. Bridgetown, May 1st, 1878.

The friends and Customers of Mr. R. H. Bath, who has retired from business, are respectfully requested to give me a call.

BUCKLEY & ALLEN, 124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S. July 17th, 1878. n13 7

Take Notice!

That I now offer at private sale my horse the Flying Dutchman, on account of my declining health. He is six years old, perfectly kind and sound. Any further information may be obtained by applying to Mr. James Carleton, Bridgetown, or Mr. John Hall, Lunenburg.

For price and copy to the subscriber. WILLIAM L. LEONARD, Paradise, Nov. 2nd, 1878.

No, Sarah, you mistake your strength of mind. At any rate, I have no such strength as you suppose. My wealth, nor her otherwise faultless beauty, could reconcile me to the fact that she has never loved me. I am shocked at the height of her vanity. Heavens! it haunts me yet!

"Daniel Bayley, for shame! You are not worthy of Isabel; and she is not worthy of me. One moment was enough to disenchant me. I did not even speak to her."

"But I know you would not, you love Isabel as you love me."

"I do, Miss Kingsley was absent at a large party; she did not return until late, and of course I saw her. I was presumptuous to have approached her then. The perfect figure, her well-chosen morning costume, her beautiful hair, were all so attractive to me, that I could not resist a glance at her; but a mirror before which she stood gave me back that eye, and shocked, miserable, and half-fainting (don't laugh at me, Sarah) I left the room, and without a moment's delay I came away."

"And this is your conduct to my noble-hearted friend?"

"I own it; but there was cause. I was deceived."

"You were indeed, my poor cousin—and yet how could she tell you?"

"Sarah, tell me, would you have done as Isabel has done?"

"I have never been placed under like circumstances."

"But I know you would not. You love the truth too well."

"I do love truth, Daniel; but it would be hard to give you up. I mean it would be hard to give up one in the way she must have done. It is so pleasant to be beloved!"

"Well, cousin?"

"You shall not call me cousin! What a blind, senseless fool I have been not to see in those beautiful eyes this moment! You love me, Sarah! I see it in those quivering lips, and those beautiful eyes, that never looked so sweet to me until I saw Isabel Kingsley's. And believe me, I always loved you; but your sister, sisterly conduct towards me made me think it could not be, and then you were so interested for your friend, too—so willing to give me up! Such disinterested friendship ought to meet its reward. Sarah, thank me, and then I will fall in love with you. You think I am unbecomingly conceited to accept the second place in any man's heart?"

Poetry.

WOMEN AND WINE.

Pop! went the gay cork flying, Sparkled the gay champagne, By the light of the day that was dying, He filled up the goblets again.

Let the last best toast be woman, "Woman, dear woman," said he, "Empty your glass, my darling, When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong brown fingers, And held them tight in fear, And through the gathering twilight, By the face of her whose beloved one, Looks on the wine when 'tis red, By the kisses changed to curses, By the tears more bitter than wine, Pledge a woman in her tear drops, Rather by far than in wine.

By the woes of the drunkard's mother, By the children that beg for bread, By the face of her whose beloved one, Looks on the wine when 'tis red, By the kisses changed to curses, By the tears more bitter than wine, Pledge no woman in wine.

"What has wine brought to woman? Nothing but sorrow and pain, It has torn from her heart her lover, And proved the prayer in vain, And her household goods all scattered, For she had no knowledge, but which O! I prithee pledge no woman In the course of so many—wine."

LINES. In memory of the late William L. Leonard, of Paradise.

Only sleeping, gently sleeping Is the parent gone before; Only resting, sweetly resting, On the bright eternal shore.

Only waiting, calmly waiting, Is the partner of thy life; For when the mighty battle, Free, at last from sin and strife.

Only watching, for the loved ones, Then to meet, 'neath God's high temple, When the triumph they have won.

Only past in dust oblivion, When the link, the sin, and loss, When we pass from earth to Heaven, 'Neath the shadow of the cross.

Only absent from the spirit World, He who lovedly laid me, In the grave of true affection, 'Neath the church's holy shade.

Why give him the glory that is his? Lawrenceston, Nov. 11th, 1878.

Select Literature.

"Time Sets all Things Right."

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

(Concluded.)

The moment came for him to depart. He kissed his sisters affectionately, and looked at the clock. "Twice was called before she could make her eyes presentable. Daniel did not notice it, as he laid her good-bye, he asked her to plead his cause."

"He described himself, his own virtues and failings, his admiration of a noble woman, his indifference to mere personal beauty, his utter disregard of the obligations of that sex."

"This letter, but should be written again, he would earnestly entreat her to answer him."

Miss Kingsley received the letter on the day after the steamer sailed, and her surprise at the unexpected contents was expressed to her by her cousin, but had never seen him; and her first impulse was to blame Sarah severely for showing her letter. A few moments later she had read the letter again carefully. It bore the impress of a good heart, and a correct appreciation of the feelings of a woman. It appealed to her best feelings, and it told her plainly and honestly how well such a man could love one who should carry out his ideal of female excellence. With this she was obliged, therefore, to be satisfied for the present—the writer was far beyond her reach, and had bound her not to answer it until she should hear from him again.

To say that Isabel Kingsley was not pleased would be false. It was the first time she had been an object of love. It was through Sarah's partiality for her she thought that it had come about, and of course Sarah had told him all; she believed that he was fully apprised of her perfections and imperfections. Standing before her glass that night, she wept as she looked at the unfortunate eye that was shown to her shuddering gaze. It was a hopeless case, for wealth had been poured out like water to relieve or cure, and she looked on the lone water which spoke out in every line of the letter which she held in her hand, and stood forth against this terrible mistake she had been made.

During the seven or eight weeks in which she waited for a letter, she saw Sarah feel too deeply, and Isabel too, conclusions, for conversation, respecting it, and she had not carried out Daniel's injunction; but she thought it was hard enough to part with all her cherished hopes, to give up all that had made her happiness, without being called upon to beg another's acceptance of it. That was the feather too much; and even Sarah, good as she had not submit to that martyrdom of herself.

The letter arrived in due season—a letter which Isabel felt bound to answer, and

which she did answer, with all the diction and beauty of expression that had so satisfied the fastidious Daniel Bayley, in perusing her letter to his cousin. Now the letters came thick and fast. A regular communication was established, and more and more love-like on both sides; sometimes Isabel would feel that the first sight of her might disengage her lover, but the subject was too painful to dwell upon, and she willingly dismissed a little frankness on her part with Sarah—an inquiry how much she knew of her personal appearance—would have set all right; but his inevitable sense of personal deformity haunted the poor girl, and the present was too delicious to her loving heart to give up for an uncertain future.

Sarah, on the other hand, believed that Isabel would disclose everything, and she set herself to the task of rooting from her heart all the affection which she felt for her cousin, and the brave and true-hearted girl strove long and well. If Daniel could be happier with another, she argued, she could never trust again, yet she carried out her duty, and she did not upon her other duties, and to forget, if possible, that she had ever suffered it to wander.

At length Daniel Bayley was expected home. Isabel's heart was a fever of expectation, love, and of dread—of love, for truly and earnestly had she learned, from the noble and manly sentiments expressed in his letters, to feel that she could not be parted from that dear hope; of dread, lest some unfortunate circumstance of which she had no knowledge, but which would have ruined her mind, should come between her and her happiness.

Sarah had neither hope nor dread; she had resigned all thoughts of her own, except as a friend; and if she sometimes sighed at the prospect of seeing another girl, she felt that she could better give up her love to Isabel than to a stranger.

He came, and the moment he could command his time, he started for her. He had assisted him to get ready for the journey; Sarah's lips had been his God-send. If she went to her own room to weep, no one knew it, for when she came forth, there was a smile of peace on her countenance.

She was sitting, on the third day of Daniel's absence, at a window that overlooked the garden. It was midsummer, and the twilight dew came down gratefully on the parched earth, and brought calm and a sudden glow. Her eyes sparkled, and she fastened his gaze upon Rubens with an expression of more than mere curiosity; but this exclamation lasted but a moment. The monk dropped his eyes, crossed upon his breast his arms, that in a moment of enthusiasm he had raised toward heaven, and repeated: "The painter is no longer in this world."

"Dead?" cried Rubens. "Dead and up to this time no one has known him, no one has mentioned his name, his name which will be immortal, his name which will surpass mine! And yet, the artist, with a noble pride, and yet, my father, I am Peter Paul Rubens." At this name, the pale visage of the friar was animated, and he fastened his gaze upon Rubens with an expression of more than mere curiosity; but this exclamation lasted but a moment. The monk dropped his eyes, crossed upon his breast his arms, that in a moment of enthusiasm he had raised toward heaven, and repeated: "The painter is no longer in this world."

"His name, my father, his name, that I may make it known to the universe; that I may give him the glory that is his!" Rubens and Vandyke, Jordens and Van Shelden, his pupils, I might almost say his rivals, surrounded the venerable friar, and pressed him to instantly disclose the name of the artist.

The monk trembled; a cold sweat ran down from his forehead upon his emaciated cheeks, and his lips contracted convulsively, as if about to reveal the mystery that he alone knew.

"His name? his name?" repeated Rubens. "The monk made a solemn gesture with his hand."

"Listen to me," said he; "you have misunderstood me; I told you that the painter of that picture was no longer in this world; but I never told you that he was dead."

"He lives! He lives! O, let us know him! Let us know him!"

"He has renounced things of this world; he is in a cloister; he is a monk."

"Monk! my father! monk! monk! monk! When God marks a man with such talents, this man must not be allowed to live in solitude. Ask yourself, Sarah, could you love a being, however lovely otherwise, whose beauty was marred by such a defect?"

"I think I could."

"No, Sarah, you mistake your strength of mind. At any rate, I have no such strength as you suppose. My wealth, nor her otherwise faultless beauty, could reconcile me to the fact that she has never loved me. I am shocked at the height of her vanity. Heavens! it haunts me yet!"

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EGYPT.

The land of the Pharaohs has made another remarkable stride in the right direction. Her ruler, the Khedive, as he is called, has adopted the European system of Government, promising to keep strictly within the limits of law and constitution.

The Khedive has become involved in enormous debt—private and public; but he owned as his private property, about one-fifth of the arable land of the country. He also carried on manufacturing enterprises of all sorts, and thus managed to plunge the country, as well as himself personally, into a sea of debt.

The laboring classes, (fellahs) have been treated as slaves, and ground down to the deepest wretchedness and poverty. The debt of Egypt and her ruler amounted last year to the enormous sum of £407,000,000 sterling! The population of the country is but five millions—mostly slaves. No wonder the debt was felt to be crushing. In his despair the Khedive asked for the counsel of the trustworthy English and French financiers, and those men have examined closely into the present state of the debt and receipts.

The Khedive has promised to act on their advice. He has yielded up his private estate, his houses, lands, etc., and all the public property is henceforth to be under public control. Mr. Rivers Wilson, an eminent English financier, is to be the Khedive's financial minister. This is an important revolution which will do much for the future of Egypt.—Witnes.

THE WILD MAN OF TENNESSEE.

There is now in Louisville, Ky., a truly mysterious and wonderful creature known as "the wild man of Tennessee." He is in the possession of Dr. O. G. Boyle of Paris, a town in the last named State. The wild man was captured by means of a lazar in the Cumberland Mountains, after a long chase, on the 15th of September. He is known to have lived in the mountains for eighteen years, staying in the water most time and subsisting on fish and roots.

Close inspection shows that his whole body is covered with a layer of scales which drop off at regular periods, in the spring and fall, like the skin of a rattlesnake. He has a perfect set of teeth, about 6 feet in length, and a dark, reddish beard about six inches long. His eyes present a frightful appearance, being at least twice the size of the average sized eyes. Some of his feet are formed together, which give his toes a strange appearance, and his height when standing perfectly erect, is about 6 feet 3 inches. A nervous twitching of his muscles shows a desire to escape, and he is constantly looking in the direction of the back of the neck, which he has a habit of crossing upon his breast his arms, that in a moment of enthusiasm he had raised toward heaven, and repeated: "The painter is no longer in this world."

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