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The average daily circulation of the Monitor is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the city.

The average circulation of the Monitor 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.

21 CASKS Refined Sugar! Received This Day, Ex. Steamer via Halifax. J. & W. F. Harrison.

The Latest Popular Music CALL AT THE OFFICE OF THIS PAPER and select any piece of Music you want.

H. S. PIPER, Bridgetown, Feb. 9th, 1880. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

16 First-class Cars (4 proportion being sleepers), 26 Second-class Cars, 3 Express and Baggage Cars, 3 Postal and Sm.-Kup. Cars, 240 Box Freight Cars, 100 Flat Cars, 2 Wing Ploughs, 2 Snow Ploughs, 2 Flangers, 40 Hand Cars.

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

THREE TRIPS A WEEK. Saint John to Halifax and Yarmouth, via Steamer and Rail.

STEAMER "SCUD." For Digby and Annapolis. Connecting at Annapolis with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, and from KENTVILLE, WINDSOR, HALIFAX, and intermediate stations, and at Digby with the Western Counties Railway, for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

UNTIL further notice, Steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and returns same day.

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. So universally known for many years at 101 Granville Street, has taken a move to the upper and shady side of the same street.

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 to their advantage to Correspond with THE ANNAPOLIS ORGAN COMPANY.

Or visit their Warerooms, George St., Annapolis.

L. H. S. THE HIGH SCHOOL, at Lawrencetown, opened for THIRD YEARS' work OCTOBER 1st, 1879.

FULLY EQUIPPED STAFF OF TEACHERS. Liberal Courses of Study. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TEACHERS' COURSE.

Room, Board, Fire, Light, and Plain Washing, \$2.00 per week. For particulars, address for Circular, C. F. HALL, Principal, or C. S. PHIBBS, Associate Principal.

OUR IMPORTATIONS this season have been unusually large, and our Stock is now unusually full.

BRIDGETOWN and MIDDLETON, Annapolis County, N. S.

Building Materials. SUCH AS CEMENT, BRICKS, LATH, &c.

Boiler and Raw Oils, Pressed and by the Celebrated "Blundell & Spence, London."

Brandram's Celebrated London Lead, in which we keep two grades—No. 1 and Extra—the latter taking RIGHT GALVANIZED TO THE HUNDRED.

CAUTION! EACH PLUG OF THE Myrtle Navy! IS MARKED

T. & B. IN BRONZE LETTERS. NONE OTHER GENUINE. 35 PER CENT!

BESSONNETT AND WILSON. Bendalar's Cough Remedy.

Wholesale and Retail. BESSONNETT AND WILSON. Middleton, Annapolis Co. aug 8

Still further Reduction, as the new factory will increase under the new tariff. He has his FACTORY fitted up with the MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY, and is running full time.

PARLOR FURNITURE, in Suites, from \$60.00 to \$120.00. BEDROOM SUITS, in Pine, from \$25.00 to \$40.00.

JOHN B. REED, Bridgetown, April 2nd, 1879.

Select Literature.

"With this Ring I Thee Wed."

CHAPTER I. "Beauty carries the day. I'll bet two to one on the Field-flower," said Lieutenant Luffincot.

"I'll take you," cried his brother-subaltern, young Harwood, "I always had Wealth to win. But time—name your time! How long are we to give the Field-flower to win, or rather lose her game?"

"Agreed!"—and Harwood drew out his book eagerly to note the wager. "You'll book no such bet, you two young fellows," said Major Werrington; and, lowering the "Times" from before his rubicund countenance, he regarded them both with an unsteady eye.

"Who is to stop us?" asked Harwood coolly. "Is there any new regulation out against booking a harmless bet while in Her Majesty's service?"

"That's just the point, Harwood; the bet is not harmless," observed the Major. "Not harmless?"

"No, you may be quite sure it would give Thurstone mortal offence." "Oh, come, Werrington," cried Luffincot, "who is to stop us? I should be glad to hear the name of the individual who would venture on volunteering information to Thurstone?"

"So you see it would be rather a dangerous task?" returned the Major. "Dangerous? No, I am no more afraid of Thurstone than I am of any other man," young Luffincot, blushing very red.

"What have Thurstone and I? Why that's the very day of my guard!" "Awfully sorry to hear it, my dear fellow, but it can't be helped now. Get some one to take your duty, if you can."

"Is that likely?" asked Harwood, with a rueful face. "Twenty-four hours of guard don't give a man such a cheerful time that he should be willing to swap a soldier's and a good supper in exchange for them. It is just like my crushing luck to have this happen. I did not think you would have played me such an ill turn, Thurstone!"

"Blow up the committee, not me," said Thurstone. "They deserve it. I don't if I had known it was your guard on the twenty-fifth, I would have put in a word of commiseration with you, old boy, and tried to change the day of the ball."

Harwood had by this time reached the door, and he stood there a moment, swinging it to and fro in his grasp, with a look of the most intense indignation.

"I have a great mind to say they want a penny subscription out of me," he said. "Except what you have paid already, observed the Major, Thurstone would not let the committee owe till they had a hundred and fifty in hand."

"I don't talk to you, old boy, and you are not anything particular to look at, Harwood." "Oh, don't humbug! I want to say that I don't resent a particular reason—for wishing to go to our ball, and, as you are the head and front, and body and soul, and bone of the committee, I say you claim the honor of the twenty-fifth, and I'll be damned if I'll be a good fellow!"

"It can't be done, Harwood. All the cards of invitation are printed." "First of the cards? I'll pay for new ones."

"If you paid fifty times over, it could not be done." "You mean you won't have it done."

"I mean I can't. All our arrangements are made for the twenty-fifth, and to alter them is out of the question."

"This was said in a tone not often used by Captain Thurstone, but it was half serious, half jesting, and it was half a voice into hard earnest, and it was also one which his subalterns thought it well to respect."

Harwood's flushed face grew ashy pale; to him it he dropped his gloves and stepped hurriedly to pick them up; then he resumed his hat on his head, opened the door without a word, and vanished.

"This is a jolly good move," he said, with a sigh of relief, as he sank panting into a chair. "I must say, I must say, Thurstone, yours is the best and coolest room in all this flaming Government pile. We poor old married men, the old cramped bones of our small lordships, don't get the chance of a breath of air in this furnace of a town."

"Moral—don't get married," returned the happy, handsome young bachelor, as, with cool, off, and wristsband turned back, he connected, with all the love of an amateur, the cool and delicious drink for which the parched throat of the Major was yearning.

How he expanded, how he unbuttoned himself, how affectionately confidential he grew, that poor old battered, care-burdened Major, as he slipped and stirred the rattling, glittering, delicious bits of ice, which, like some pleasant sin, cooled his tongue and burst up his soul!

though he was desirous of quenching some inward fire. "What an amazing duffer Luffincot is!" said Thurstone. "And that's a taradiddle of his, and no mistake; for, as I was coming back to barracks, I met Miss Challacombe and her mother driving out."

"Did you speak to her?" asked young Harwood, withdrawing an empurpled glance from the table to inspect the Major. "No, how the deuce could I when I was on duty? I wished the service at Jericho, and rode on to be sure. And so saying, Captain Thurstone swung his handsome figure over the arms of his chair and carelessly lighted a cigar."

"Why, Harwood, you are not going?" exclaimed Major Werrington, coming curiously over to the table to inspect the young man's proceedings. "You may as well eat your lunch, since the rules of the service make you pay for it."

"I have no objection to the service, but I am to commit suicide by choking myself," returned Harwood, pushing his chair back with much assumed disgust. "I was in hopes the committee would have stopped these beastly Spanishiards from sending their tough yellow bullocks to Plymouth, with the full intention, I do believe, of gradually destroying the English Army through indignation, but no—the cry is 'Still they come—they come!'"

"Are you going to the Hoe?" asked Captain Thurstone, with the most unceremoniousness, and yet with a directness which ignored all this tirade about Spanish bullocks.

"I shall try to find Luffincot if I can." "Well, if you see the Colonel there, just tell him, will you, that we have all decided to fix the twenty-fifth for our ball!"

"The Colonel? The Colonel? Why that's the very day of my guard!" "Awfully sorry to hear it, my dear fellow, but it can't be helped now. Get some one to take your duty, if you can."

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The bright May sun on the same glorious afternoon was shining down in glittering shafts of light upon a dazzling sea. The little waves sparkled with a thousand fires, and inshore they kept upon the

rocks with a glad sound full of summer life. Farther out, in deep water clear and still, the shadows lay of innumerable quiet things—things supine and silent shades with a summer heat and weariness about them which seemed to hold them in sweet warm slumber. Lazy trees, scarce stirring a leaf, spread out green arms in the sun-sprinkled sea, and cooled it with the fresh shade of their virginal verdure. Brown rocks fringed it with a dark border striped with the golden shadow of the flowering gorse, and beyond this the tall tapering masts of ships pointed downwards into azure depths, and upwards to an azure sky. Here and there a pennant fluttered languidly, showing bright against the quiet blue of Heaven, and brighter still in the tranquil depths of the blue water.

On the bosom of the waves Drake's Island slept, gently rocked by the rippling tide, while beside it lay a sister isle with rocks, inverted, and buildings strong as iron, standing airy on thin pinnacles and not unmoved. So clear and sharp was this pointed vision on the sea that it was hard to tell which was the real substantial rock and which the shadow.

The sound on this day was wearing its brightest robe of glory. Lovely Mount Edgcombe had donned the freshest greenest crown that sweet spring ever gave to this her favorite, and the frowning rocks of Bovisand gleamed and glittered in the smiling sun as though their cruel jagged peaks were but harmless phylacteries for the little laughing waves. Coves and cliffs and the giant breaker, which shut in and guarded all this beauty, had no strength in them to-day. The mighty barrier of rocks and wrought stones, against which the outside ocean chafed and roared, hid its power and seemed only a silent streak of shadow on a silent sea.

In the soft sweet sunshine of the wonderful May day all things looked unreal. The solid land, the glittering sea, the mirrored sky seemed a vision ready to vanish at the touch of some unseen hand. Even a sound broke somewhat of the spell, and a tiny ripple, creeping over shadow of trees or ship, wrecked its reality, and twisted it into some fantastic and visionary form. It was the day's diet, and the drowsy earth and ocean, sleeping in the sun, had dreamed this lovely vision of a land-locked bay. An island floating in the midst, a mountain, crowned and girded with fragrant woods, a city, white and glittering, stretching up among the hills, canopied by a sky divinely blue, and, lastly, the world's fleet, freighted with riches and gilded with strength, sleeping at anchor in a dream-sea. Yes, the moonlight sleep, and her dream shadowed and brightened, quivered and changed, as dreams do, till a sound leap sprung from the startled air, and the day awoke, and, lo, her vision was reality and life!

On upon the quivering and wakened sea sprang the sharp cry, rattle of musketry, the roll of drums, the tread of marching feet, and the spirit-stirring concert of military music. Right into the echoes of all these sounds there came gliding a little boat the rower of which rested on his oars to listen. He was an old man, with a tanned visage wrinkled and weather-lined by many a hot summer and many a rough winter, but the two faces on which he looked—the two which frightened his little boat—were fair and young and beautiful.

"It's the Rifles," said the old man; "they are out practising on the heights. Can you see them, Miss? They make a fine show sure enough."

The young lady to whom he spoke shaded her eyes with her hand and looked at the boat for a moment in silence.

"It is not the Rifles hand we bear, she said, as her hand dropped down.

"No, the music comes from the Hoe," observed her companion.

"Is it the band of the Lancers playing?" she asked—and there was a little touch of surprise in her voice, which brought a slight blush to her cheeks, as if she felt half-ashamed of her question.

"No, it is the Hundredth playing; it is their day for performing on the Hoe. Shall we stay and listen?"

"It is so hot here," the girl answered; "and we are just in the blaze of the sun." "All right then. Go on, Dan, and get someone near a breeze, if you can."

"Then we had better go round the Devil's Point, Sir. There's a land breeze there, and we shall be sure to catch it."

Slowly and softly the car rose and fell in the summer sea, and their measured cadence mingled with the floating music from the Hoe, the shouts of fishermen in the bay, the cries of sailors in distant ships, and the murmur of rippling waters. The glare and blaze of the hot May day were over. Life seemed strengthened in the freshened air, and the hum and whirl of wheels from the city, and the rustle of awakening leaves on the mount, all consoled the ear, as the boat glided on beneath the skillful hands of her ancient rower.

"Here comes the breeze," cried the young man who held the rudder. "Can't we set up a sail now, Dan?"

"We might, Mr. Davenant, but we are so landlocked here, you see, that we should be catching the wind at every corner."

"Never mind, let us try it. You are not afraid, Lillian?"

"There is not wind enough to blow a butterfly across a stream," said the girl only flap about like a dead thing."

"There's a little outblow of wind coming, Miss, that'll rouse you as well as I. Evidently old Dan Tregeon was not sorry to drop his oars and rig up the brown little mast, then filled out with a sudden gust of wind and swung their tiny bark round in a sharp curve."

"Oh, come, don't upset us, Dan!" said Edgar Davenant.

"No fear, sir. You take the rudder, and I'll hold the painter."

With the rope in his hand, the old man sat down in the shadow of the sail, and fixed his keen eye on his two companions. Dimly he was thinking what a handsome pair they made, and chief-ly he was wondering—as a poor man young Mr. Davenant was said to be, and how much of it was in land and house, and how much in gold and silver.

in one's pocket and always find money; there! Well, and I suppose he'll marry Miss Challacombe—he've been sweet on her many a year, as I do know right well; and it's a good thing for her to get a husband that can give her a good-look to rise in, if she's got a mind to it. But there, her pretty face is with a tummel of money, and there's others—"

A bare of trumpets and bugles came with a sudden clash into the old boatman's reverie and stopped it, rousing him into speech.

"Now be that the rifles or the Lancers, I wonder?" he asked, with eyes fixed on Lillian Challacombe's face.

"Perhaps she had guessed that his thoughts were settled hastily upon her, for a sudden blush of fire answered him, and, turning away hastily, she leant over the boat, holding her ungloried hand in the warm sea."

"Them Lancers be a lively lot," continued Dan Tregeon. "They keeps the three towns awake with their gay doings."

"A little too much awake," said Edgar laughing. "I would rather sleep at two in the morning than be roused by blowing and bugle-braying and shouts of 'Obadiah!'"

"What did that happen?" asked Lillian, raising her face suddenly, with a little shade of defiance on it.

"Just two mornings ago a party of them had been away to Fawcreek in a dragoon and they made noise enough coming back to wake Stoke, Plymouth, and Stonehouse."

"There was no great harm in it at all," events," said Lillian.

"Name in the world—only I would rather they had considered that there might be some invalids residing on their line of march."

"Ah, I had forgotten your poor mother!" Lillian answered. "Did the noise disturb her much?"

"Yes; and she slept no more that night, nor all the next. She had one of her strange nervous attacks in the morning and was fearfully depressed. That was why I did not see you yesterday, Lillian."

He turned towards her as he spoke with a look full of anxious tenderness, but Lillian's eyes were fixed upon the water, and she did not raise them to observe his face.

"I am not so exacting," she said in a low voice, "as to expect you to neglect your mother for me. I should have been trying to drive you away."

"I was in hopes you would have missed me nevertheless," he answered, leaning over the boat, he caught the small white hand, jeweled with seawater, and held it closely.

"Do let me go," she said hurriedly. "Here's a boat full of people coming!" "Take care, sir," cried old Dan, "we shall be run down! Them folks are trying to drown you, you see."

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(Continued on last page.)

(Continued from first page.)
All right, responded Edgar.
His friend now turned to Lillian, and started at her with wide-open, keen blue eyes.
Why, Lily, he said, *you are looking quite white—white as your name. We did not frighten you, surely?*

ANAPOLIS CO. TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.
In pursuance of a requisition of Teachers, and in accordance with the Regulation of the Council of Public Instruction, a Teacher's Association for the County of Annapolis was convened at a convention on the 24th of April. The schools of the County, in the person of their Teachers, were well represented, about ninety being in attendance.

MILLER BROTHERS, CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. I., or MIDDLETON, Annapolis Co., N. S. Importers and Dealers in Sewing Machines of both American and Canadian Manufacturers, over 20 different kinds in stock, among which is The RAYMOND, the most Popular Machine in the market.

DYE WORKS, GILBERT'S LANE, SAINT JOHN, N. B. MEN'S CLOTHES, of all kinds, CLEANSED or RE-DYED and Pressed, equal to new. LACE CURTAINS, BLANKETS, CARPETS, &c., Cleaned by a NEW PROCESS, every week day.

Favorite Literature. AT CONNOLLY'S. LATEST LIST. More Jitter than Death. The Root of all Evil. Thrown on the World. A Terrible Secret. A Bitter Attonement. Gervaise. Millbank. The Sin of a Lifetime. Married Beneath Him. Madeline's Lover. Publicans and Sinners. Struggles and Triumphs. Pearl and Emerald. A Broken Faith. Hope Meredith. Taken at the Flood. Ought we to Visit Her. Who Breaks—Pays. In Pains and Out. Only a Woman. The Fallen Leaves. And 500 others, all by the best authors, and well worth your money. If you do not want to wait, call on us, as we sell large quantities of these popular booklets quickly.

Look Here, Look Here! S. N. Falleesen's CHEAPEST PLACE TO BUY Your Clothes. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Just Received from Montreal: A large Lot of CLOTHS, which will be sold at the lowest prices. Call and inspect: Goods before purchasing elsewhere. S. N. Falleesen, Merchant Tailor, Water St., BRIDGETOWN.

BRIDGETOWN Marble Works. ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE. FALCONER & WHITMAN are now manufacturing MONUMENTS & GRAVESTONES OF ITALIAN and AMERICAN Marble. ALSO: Granite and Freestone Monuments.

TO LAWYERS. A FRESH LOT of Summons and Executions, printed and for sale at this office. \$1500 TO \$2000 A YEAR for \$5 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than \$1000 a month. No one can fail to make money fast. Anyone can do the work. You can make from \$25 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know the best paying business before the public, send your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free—samples worth \$5 also free, if you can send us your mind for yourself. Address: GEORGE FITZGERALD & CO., 750 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

NO TICE! E. C. Lockett, CLOCKS, WATCHES AND Jewelry. Has so largely increased that he has secured the services of a GERMAN WORKMAN. Who, in addition to Serving a thorough Apprenticeship at the Countess in his native country, has long been employed in the United States and Canada, who will give his whole attention to the Repairing of Clocks, Watches and Jewellery which will be promptly and thoroughly executed at REASONABLE RATES!

The Best Selected Stock AND SELLS AT DISCOUNT RATES THAN ANY ONE IN THE TRADE. CONSTANTLY ON HAND: A Fine Assortment of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FANCY GOODS, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, &c. &c. At Lowest Rates.

Sign of the GOLDEN WATCH. MONEY TO LEND! The Annapolis Building Society. LOANS MONEY ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY. INTEREST 6 per cent. Send stamp for circular and form of application. W. HALBURTON, Secy.

N. F. MARSHALL, GENERAL DEALER IN Flour, MEAL, Molasses, SUGAR, TEA, OIL, FISH, Lumber, &c. &c. TERMS CASH. BRICK. BRICK. 50,000 Superior pressed Brick 50,000 common " N. F. MARSHALL.

Ready - Made CLOTHING! BUFFALO ROBES, &c. JUST RECEIVED from Montreal, a large and well assorted stock of Ready Made Clothing & Buffalo Robes, consisting of Men's Ulsters, Youths' Ulsters, Men's Over Coats, Reefers, &c. Splendid Assortment of FALL SUITS. Pants and Vests. Also, 1 Doz. Very Fine Buffalo Robes. Horse Blankets. All the above will be sold very LOW FOR CASH. BEALES & DODGE. Middleton, Nov. 78.

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

John's Corner. If Chaucer was the first father of English poetry, was Chaucer's sister poetess's aunt? Speaking of rude remarks, any remark is rude that goes into trouble. A Last Farwell.—A shoemaker giving up business. Reading makes a full man, but the action is slow compared with drinking. To get cheap dancing lessons, let the servant girl drop a flat iron on your bunions. Give us neither poverty nor riches—anyhow, not poverty. When you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger—for there is a rock ahead. 'What,' asked Mr. Steele, 'is meant by 'his native air'? The intelligent promptly replied, 'The air of his head.' A young woman has painted picture of a dog and a tree so like that a person can't distinguish bark of the dog from the bark of the tree. On Colds.—Anybody can catch a cold now. The trouble is to let go again, like the man who caught the boat. No Gumption.—Ah, said the fly, as it crawled over my nose, I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, the flying age, and now I'm in the moultage, and there it stuck. 'Jane,' cried a fond mother, sticking her head out of the bedroom door, 'it is 11 o'clock! Tell the young man to warm, but the front door from the outside. A Terrible Weapon.—According to the London papers, all the most terrible and deadly weapons of war hitherto introduced appear to have been thrown into the shade by an improved revolver, which was exhibited recently by Dr. R. J. Gatling to a number of experts, at the offices of Sir William Armstrong & Co. This weapon is capable of firing 1,000 shots per minute, and killing a man or a horse at a mile range. The gun had a compact appearance, can be taken to pieces, and easily carried about, can be applied to military or naval use, and the mechanism is so simple, that, if the revolving barrel has ten compartments, into which, as they whirl round, metal cartridges drop from a tall oblong case fixed over the centre of the barrel. At each turn of the latter, ten shots are fired, and their dispersion is accomplished by a sliding aperture. The size of shot in different calibre guns of this kind ranges from musket balls to leaden pellets. By the use of this implement three men can do the work of 300 riflemen. A quarter of a million dollars are said to have been spent on experiments necessary to perfect this gun, which is now regarded by military experts as a complete success. An infant in Edinburgh met an extraordinary death recently. The mother had gone out about eleven o'clock in search of her husband, who had been drinking heavily for two or three years, and was in the house alone. On returning she found that the baby had fallen from the bed into a pill containing water that chanced to be standing there. On taking up the child the woman found that it had been drowned, and she rushed out to the street on the belief that the baby had fallen from the bed into a pill containing water that chanced to be standing there. On taking up the child the woman found that it had been drowned, and she rushed out to the street on the belief that the baby had fallen from the bed into a pill containing water that chanced to be standing there. A Humane Gaze.—The New York Methodist writes: We are happy to announce the death of Rev. J. T. Inman. He was for many years a missionary in South America—so he said. While there he discovered something which proved to be of the greatest value as a medicine—so he said. In his anxiety to do good he flooded the country with well-written circulars, and in response he received many thousands of letters with money inclosures to his rooms at the Bible House in this city. The receipts ran up to a enormous amount of \$250,000, and how a such more we have not the means of knowing. Now, it appears that this benefactor of his race never had a room in the Bible House, that his name was not on the list that he had never been a missionary, and that his precious feet had never trod the soil of South America. But he is dead! Let his ten thousand benefactors and their next of kin, in memory of a monument of brass that will pierce the azure sky. The advertisement referred to has appeared in many papers for many years, but for a few years past first-class papers generally rejected it. The other day a boy 12 years of age in New Jersey, hanged himself to escape a whipping. A gentleman anxious to ascertain the effect of transplanting at night, instead of by day, made an experiment with the following results: He transplanted ten cherry-trees while in bloom, commencing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Those transplanted during daylight became their blossoms, producing little or no fruit; while those transplanted in the dark maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten chestnut trees, and the result was a strong agreement to horticulturists to do such work at night. GYPSY REVENGED.—A few weeks ago a respectable old peasant farmer in a Roumanian village was visited by a young gypsy girl belonging to a tribe that had squatted in the neighborhood of his farm, induced the maiden to listen to his addresses, and finally obtained her consent to become his bride. He received several warnings from sundry of her gypsies, lovers, couched in threatening terms, but was so infatuated by her surpassing beauty that he disregarded them. On his wedding night a number of st. warty gypsies youths broke into his house, seized him in his bridal bed, bound him to a plank, and deliberately sawed him in two, leaving the bride a widow. His young wife, before his eyes. On the same night the tribe struck its tent and departed, nor have the authorities succeeded as yet in laying hands upon the perpetrators of the crime. EUROPEAN EMIGRATION.—Emigration returns made up by the Board of Trade returning officers at Liverpool, show that the stream of emigration from that port has reached a point never before experienced, and in striking contrast to figures which have been presented during the last few years of commercial depression. In the month of March 83 vessels left the Mersey with 13,363 passengers, an increase of 7,469 persons over the previous month of April last, March 1879. The further increase.