



VOL 6

BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1879.

NO. 50.

Weekly Monitor, PUBLISHED Every Wednesday at Bridgetown. SACTION and PIPER, Proprietors.

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

Advertising Rates. One Square—First insertion, 50 cents; every subsequent insertion, 25 cents; one month, \$1.00; two months, \$1.50; three months, \$2.00; six months, \$3.00; one year, \$5.00.

Half Column—First insertion, \$4.50; each continuation, \$2.00; one month, \$12.00; two months, \$18.00; three months, \$25.00; six months, \$40.00; one year, \$70.00.

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

NEW RICH BLOOD! Persons' Parative Pills... MAKE HENS LAY. An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist... DIPHThERIA! Johnson's Anodyne... NOVA SCOTIA LLOYD'S MARINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, Annopolis Royal.

THE undersigned are Insuring on MARINE RISKS, at the lowest current rates that the business can be done with safety to the assured.

THE Proprietor who has been established in St. John the past thirty years, has opened a Branch Store in Digby, N. S.

BETTER STILL THE Subscribers have lately received per "Alwood" 100 lbs. Choice Flour.

MONEY TO LEND, at 6 per cent. THE ANNAPOLIS BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND.

THE ANNAPOLIS BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND. HAVE Money to lend on approved Security, and on Real Estate.

THE average daily circulation of the Montreal Evening Star is 12,154, being considerably larger than that of any other paper published in the City.

THE average daily circulation of the Evening Star in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by a supply of brains out of proportion to their size; and therefore you are not to conclude that the Honorable Percy was deficient in mental respect, as some young aristocrats of "manly" complexion have been known to be.

Royal Hotel! NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE, St. John, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

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

BUCKLEY'S ENGLISH & AMERICAN BOOK STORE. 124 Granville St., Halifax, N. S. July 17th, 1878.

Windsor & Annapolis Railway. Time Table, COMMENCING Thursday, 7th Nov., 1878.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, GOING EAST, Station, Time, and Remarks. Includes stations like Windsor, Kentville, and Annapolis.

Express Trains every Wednesday and Saturday, connect at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John.

International Steamers leave St. John every Thursday at 8 a.m., for Esport, Portland and Boston.

St. John & Main Railway trains leave St. John at 8 a.m. and 8.40 p.m. daily, for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of the United States and Canada.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX! STEAMER "SCUD" For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway and Western Counties Railway for Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, and intermediate Stations.

Until further notice steamer "SCUD" will leave her wharf, Beads Point, every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, for Digby and Annapolis.

FARE—St. John to Halifax, 1st class, \$5.00; do do do 2nd class, 3.50; Return Tickets—St. John to Halifax and return, 1st class, 7.50; 2nd class, 5.50.

A. W. CORBETT & SON, Agents at Annapolis. SMALL & HATHAWAY, 41 Dock Street, St. John, N. B., Dec. 9th, '78.

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NEW FURNITURE DEPOT! Having imported a large stock of Elegant New Furniture, from the United States, I solicit the Public in general to call and inspect the same.

Parlor, Setting-Room and Bedroom Sets, in all the latest styles. Warerooms, Opposite the Bridgetown Railway Station.

I AM prepared to attend to all wishing my services as an UNDERTAKER, having imported a NEW HEARSE for the purpose.

CASKETS AND COFFINS constantly on hand. John Z. Bent, Bridgetown, Oct. 23rd, 1878.

NOTICE. ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of Samuel Tute, late of New Albany, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within eighteen months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to FRED LEAVITT, Administrator.

Queen St., Bridgetown, September 27th, 1877. JUST RECEIVED. A Fresh Supply of TEA & SUGAR, Biscuits, Confectionery, & LAYER RAINING BY BOX OR RETAIL, VERY LOW.

MRS. L. C. WHELOCK. BRIDGETOWN, Sept. 26th, '77. S. R. FOSTER & SON'S, STANDARD Nail, Shoe & Tack Works. ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, Canterbury Street. FALL, 1878. FALL. WE have now opened 200 Packages containing New Fall Goods!

OVERCOATING, BEAVERS; WORSTED COATINGS; SCOTCH TWEEDS; PRINTS, SHIRTINGS; DRESS GOODS, MILLINERY and a large and well assorted stock of HAT, ERDASHERY and SMALL WARES.

Terms Liberal. T. R. JONES & CO. St. John, N. B. Dental Notice. Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist, WOULD respectfully inform his friends that he is now in BRIDGETOWN.

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Poetry. THE TWO WORLDS. BY ANNE M. GIBNEY. What will banish gathering sadness When youth's dreams and hopes are o'er? What the glow of vanished gladness To the stricken heart restore?

Wealth, with all its golden offerings, Happiness cannot impart— All that high ambition offers Falls to ease a wounded heart.

Meers, brooding o'er their treasures, Are like spectres round a tomb: Titles can educe no pleasure, To avert life's hours of gloom.

Youth is arched with rainbow brightness, And springing mowers its path add, While as yet its life is young, Of the lark at dewy dawn.

But a shadow, darkly stealing, O'er life's prospect bright and fair, Child the font of early feeling, And o'erclouds the brow with care.

Boyhood's hopes, like transient visions, Quickly fade and pass away, That can give enduring gladness, Darken life's maturer day.

When misfortune's overcast o'er us— And we are lost or bereaved— And when nothing bright before us Indicates returning joy—

Whether can we, in our sadness, Go to find a sure relief, And our sorrows will be o'er, Or savage the pang of grief?

Not in rank or earthly pleasures, Not in fashion's restless crowd— Not in wealth's up-bored treasures, Can continuous peace be found.

But the Bible gives the presage, Of a world where all are blest, And the Gospel's thrilling message Calls us to eternal rest.

If to Mercy's call we harken, And our hearts are true and o'er, And o'erhauling clouds shall darken Our existence e'erlastingly.

While the joys of earth are groundless As a dream-created thing, Heaven's blessings are as boundless As the source from whence they spring.

Things of Time are doomed to perish; All that's vain and all that's decay, Treasures that we're pass away.

Faith's undimmed, upward vision Sets a rest prepared for me, Brighter than the land Elysian, Heav'n's blissful hope to see.

Things of earth my soul surrender, To attain that blissful rest, Far beyond the straggling splendours That adorn our every step.

I remember Watt's telling Of "a land of perfect delight," Where day endures in glowing, Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

O, I then would fain endeavor To attain that blissful rest, Where the saved from sin forever Shall be near the Throne of God.

Select Literature. Collared. BY ALBERT DE FOULON, AUTHOR OF "A TANGLED REIN," ETC.

The British playwright has one great advantage over story-tellers. In a few lines he can give time, place, and an introduction to his dramatic persons, sufficient to indicate what may be expected from them in the course of the piece.

The British playwright is not a bad sort of fellow upon the whole—a free and easy gentleman, upon whose conscience the laws of man and man (as applied to literary property) sit easily. He owes me something, and therefore I shall not apologise for making reprisals, and borrow his easy way of beginning. This, if you please, is the bill of the play, so far as it relates to the opening scene.

SCENE I. The room of a shooting-box in the North of England. Time, after dinner. Percival Marquis.

The Hon. Percy Rynold, otherwise 'the Bird'. Mr. Thomas Fitzwater-Smith, otherwise 'the Marquis'.

The Honorable Percy Rynold, was familiarly known as 'the Bird,' on account of a fancied resemblance which he bore to a favorite species of songster; and indeed if a canary of good family could part his frontal plumage in the centre, slightly suppress his beak, and grow a small moustache of a mealy character, he might resemble, and call himself the 'Honorable' after Master Percy. Nor was this resemblance merely on the surface. The gentleman had chirpy, bird-like ways, and a very sweet voice. Canaries, I am given to understand, are gifted with a supply of brains out of proportion to their size; and therefore you are not to conclude that the Honorable Percy was deficient in mental respect, as some young aristocrats of "manly" complexion have been known to be.

Mr. Fitzwater-Smith (christened Tom) was the only son of his father—the great game man, who had not only fabricated the wheels of all the railway trains, but those of Fortune's chariot as well. He died, very rich, about three years ago; and his name was Walter, and plain Smith would not do for his heir; but golden youth became Fitzwater, with a byphen, and banished the vulgar Thomas from his car-plate forever. The immense delight which he evinced one day at being mistaken for a celebrated marquis gained him that title for a nickname. He liked it. Waiters and cabmen who heard him thus addressed, would take it in earnest sometimes, and call him 'my lord,' which was pleasant. Looming about his gait were his innumerable days, with his pockets full of money, and safe under the wings of the government, this sort of wit brought him glory. Even his victims laughed, and allowed him on the back—'So long that he was not allowed his audience and his champagne with equal relief. They had their reward, as soon as good old Smith was in his grave, and the new set into which Smith's heir managed to wriggle, did not take his jokes half so well. There was a story about a horsewhip and some black balls, which was good-naturedly hushed up, as its hero showed signs of improvement. He had his good points, or we should not find him in his present company.

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The last of our trio, Charles Ashleigh, had no nickname in particular. He was one of those happy, careless natures which do not throw out any peculiarity whereon to hang one. In the regiment he was 'Charley.' With a few men he was 'old Charley,' and they knew what a true friend was. No woman had ever called him 'dear Charley,' and he repented it. If any one, not having the sense to see what underlay his careless demeanor, selected him as a person with whom it was safe to take a liberty, that one would find that he made a most unfortunate mistake. In this respect he was something like his favorite setter Lady, who declined to notice the yapping of small dogs, but was death on a real affront.

'Who's for the ball to-day?' said the Bird, throwing himself as the smallest man always will into the largest easy-chair, and lighting a cigar. 'you, of course, Marquis.'

'The tone of your inquiry seems to suggest that I'm a doubtful party,' observed Ashleigh, when the person immediately addressed had nodded assent.

The Honorable Percy looked round with an expression as though he was going to chirp 'twice,' but he refrained. 'In making one's selection those which prove themselves. The voracity of the Marquis's appetite for balls in general is too well-known to allow of any doubt as to his going. He would swim over the lake with his clothes done up in a water-proof sheet on his back, and dress upon a tombstone on the other side, rather than not go to this one; wouldn't you?'

'I mean to go—that's enough,' said the Marquis, rather gruffly. 'Of course. You will go anyhow, but circumstances might arise to prevent one or other of us from leaving the pleasure of your company.'

'How so? Is Ashleigh really undecided?'

He spoke quickly, and with a gleam of pleasure in his eyes. 'Not in the least,' Ashleigh replied. 'I shall certainly go.' 'The fact is, I have spoken to you, and you have crossed words and said, "Oh guard!"'

'Does he do so?' When one gentleman brightens up with pleasure at the mere probability of another gentleman's staying at home, be sure that there is some lady who is not going to do so. Where is she? She is up-stairs, dressing for the ball—nerves away from her shooting-box—but you really cannot see her. It is more to the purpose to ask where she was at two o'clock this afternoon. She was on the moon, taking the luncheon to a party of goose-shooters, with her soft brown hair breezied into a tangle about a face as pretty as the wild heather, and as sweet. She will be out to-night—in sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls—the belle of the county, the queen of the ball. She looks with a sigh at a large serge dress and a pair with a slight and bewildering little boots, and wonders if she will ever again be as happy as when she wore them last. Right in the centre of her dressing-table is a ruby glass vase, with a sprig of heather in it. The exquisite bouquet which she is to carry to the ball wastes its fragrance out of sight.

Down-stairs in the dining-room is a party of gentlemen, who was also at that shooting-luncheon, and whose last thoughts before he lapsed into his forty winks preparatory to dressing ran: 'Well I can't expect to keep her with me always. The young man is steady and rich. Lord, how times flies!'

What young man was rich and steady? Captain Ashleigh was steady, but not rich. 'The Bird' was pretty well supplied with worldly pelf, but sadly deficient in steadyness. It must have been Mr. Fitzwater-Smith who was running in the old gentleman's head as he dozed off before the fire, if he was thinking of any one he had seen lately, for he had no near neighbors, and our triumvirate at the shooting-box were the only men about. As Mr. Balfour of the Ridge was their only neighbor, and a very hospitable one, they made the most of him, and their welcome was as good as new. Happily a day passed in which some of them did not visit the Ridge. They had a standing invitation to drop in on an evening, and somehow or other the birds would get round that way about five o'clock, when Miss Balfour's afternoon tea was ready. In the evening she sang duets with the Bird, played bezique with Mr. Fitzwater-Smith, and talked art and travel with Captain Ashleigh. They sang and talked and played very well respectively; but the gunner had the best of it. He had seen a great deal—seen it well; absorbed what was grand and beautiful about him; and gave out part of its grandeur and its beauty in description to a hearer who could touch the spring which threw off his reserve.

He was also able to interest Miss Balfour in what his rival considered all sorts of trash—rare mosses and ferns, quaint construction of bird or insect architecture, strange effects of light and shade, with which her mountain home abounded. This was truly his happy hunting ground; and on the day that luncheon before mentioned, when a splendid lot of birds—three or four convoys packed—went away right into the thickest cover, Captain Ashleigh would persist in going back alone after a miserable brace, in quite another direction; and he never put them up after all. He only marked down a basket-carriage driven by a fair girl in a blue serge dress, who pulled up her ponies and exclaimed, 'Why, Captain Ashleigh! as though he were the last person he expected to see. Was it because she was vexed with him for being an accessory to the muddying of those little boots and the tearing of that dress, that she almost ignored his presence at luncheon, and was so amiable to Mr. Fitzwater-Smith as to raise the idea in her father's mind that he was the coming man and son-in-law? Or was she a flirt? She was no flirt.

Having thus answered the question which shunted the story from its opening scene, we'll return, please, to the shooting-box.

'I suppose we shall all go,' said the Marquis. 'If it continues fine,' the Bird replied; 'but the construction on wheels, dignified by the name of brougham, which has been sent for our conveyance, only holds two; and there is a young man with whom I am intimate, and in whose personal comfort I take the deepest interest, who absolutely declines to drive twelve miles in an open dog-cart, should this delightful climatic indulgence in one of its favorite mists.'

'Can we toss up for the dog-cart,' said Ashleigh. 'I will not place my life upon the hazard of—of heads and tails. If it remains fine, I go in the brougham. If it mist—which means rain by the bucketful—I stay. Behold, I have spoken!'

'You see a spiteful child, Bird; you're tender-plumaged shall not suffer. I'll take the dog-cart, anyhow,' said Ashleigh. 'Well, what is it?'

This to his servant, who entered with a small, but heavy parcel. 'One of the gillies brought it from the station, sir, this morning, and forgot to tell me. It was not my fault, sir.'

'All right, put it down.' 'What is it?' asked the Bird, when the valet had gone. 'Only Lady's new collar.'

'L—'s have a look.' 'Inquisitiveness, thy name is Percy Rynold, there.'

Ashleigh tossed him the package, out of which came a curb-chain collar, light but strong, with 'Lady, the property of Captain Ashleigh, E. A.' engraved upon the plate.

'I don't like those things,' said the Marquis; 'they rust. I prefer straps.' 'Dog-stealers can take off straps,' said Ashleigh in reply. 'So they can that, with a key.'

'With the key, which they won't get. The lock is a patent one.' 'Isn't it too small for Lady,' asked the Bird. 'Why, it wouldn't round my neck, would it?'

'Is that any reason why it should not fit Lady?'

'Bet you a sovereign it does not measure fifteen inches.' 'Done.' 'Who's got a measure?'

'We don't want one,' Ashleigh replied, taking off his shirt-collar. 'See! this is marked fifteen and a half. If I can get the chain on, it must measure as much. Will that satisfy you?'

'Perfectly.' 'Then then!' He threw the collar round his throat, and fastened it with a sharp click.

Mr. Fitzwater-Smith tossed the lost coin on the table, and left the room, muttering something that was not audible. 'How these rich fellows hate to lose,' said the Captain, as he pocketed his sovereign. 'They do, old man,' said the Bird very markedly. 'They hate to lose, but mostly they don't lose.'

'Well, you know your own running best. Look out, though, for the other horse is putting on a big-sput. For these stakes weight tells, and he carries twice thousand a year.'

'And I six hundred pay and all! It's heavy odds, Percy.'

'Grass against blood. Fit back the red, Charley; that is, if the girl—'

'Don't, please don't. Leave her out of this part of the talk. It's awful to think that she could be bought with money.'

'What about her being won by something else, whilst you stand by shilly-shallying.'

'They'll say I want her fortune.'

'Let them, so that you get her.'

'I must think about it.'

'He has made up his mind. Did you notice how he brightened up when he thought you were not going to the ball?'

'Not I.'

'If he does not propose to-night, call me a duffer,' said the Bird.

'Look here, Percy,' cried Ashleigh, 'I'm not a conceited man, but hang it, if I could feel that it was only a question of who spoke first, much as I, well, your notice how he brightened up when he thought you were not going to the ball?'

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(To be Continued.)

THE MERCHANT MARINE OF THE WORLD. The New York "Bulletin" has collected and published some interesting, but not very encouraging figures, (so far as American interests are concerned) as to the combined merchant marine of the world at the close of 1878, compared with the year previous. In sailing vessels there is a falling off in the total tonnage of 581,058 tons, while steamers show a gain in tonnage of 87,476. In 1878 the total number of sailing vessels afloat was 49,525 against 51,912 in 1877—a decrease of 2,387. Vessels flying the British flag greatly outnumbered, of course, those of any other nationality. They numbered in 1878, 18,394, of 5,576,918 tons, against 17,765 of 5,526, number and carrying capacity. The United States came next, with 6,950 vessels of 2,075,822 tons in 1878, against 6,305 vessels of 2,146,731 tons in 1877, showing a decline of 237 vessels and 70,999 tons. The Norwegians who come next in order, show a gain of 22 vessels over last year, their present total being 4,157. The Italians, French, Swedes, Greeks, Spaniards, Austrians, Danes, Portuguese and others show a decline, which is occasioned

