

The Halifax Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, ANnapolis COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1903.

NO. 40

VOL. 31.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
Over Hooper's Grocery Store,
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.
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Legal Steam Boat Building Society
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Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co. of
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Money to loan at five per cent on first
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BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
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Real Estate Agent, etc.
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Graduate of the University of Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
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James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and
Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr.
Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its
branches carefully and promptly attended
to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday
and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 2nd, 1901.

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

Leslie R. Fair,
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
April 1st, 1903-4

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
Capital Authorized, - \$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - 1,337,250
Capital Paid-up, - 1,306,345
Reserve Fund, - 891,598

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
W. ROBERTSON, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKBURN, GEO. MITCHELL, M. P.,
E. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
GEORGE STRAIN.

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.
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C. N. S. STRICKLAND,
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SAVINGS BANK
DEPARTMENT
Interest computed half-yearly at the
rate of 3 1/2 per cent on deposits of \$1.00
and upwards in the Savings Bank Department.
Collections receive immediate attention
and prompt returns made.

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If you have an idea, we will help you to make it a reality. We have a large staff of experienced inventors and engineers who will help you to perfect your invention and secure a patent for it. We have a large list of patents for sale and will help you to find the one that is best for you. Write to us today and we will send you a free copy of our book, "How to Secure a Patent."

MARION & MARION
Registered Patent Attorneys
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Are you going to have some Photos for CHRISTMAS?

Call at the BRIDGETOWN PHOTO STUDIO. I have a fine line of the newest Photo Mountings. A good variety of styles from which you may choose to suit the taste. The call for Christmas Photos has already started, and, as the trade promises to be lively, it is advisable for those wishing Christmas Photos to call early for their sittings, and thus give plenty of time for the finishing of the pictures.

N. M. SMITH, Photographer,
BRIDGETOWN, ANnapolis ROYAL, BEAR RIVER
Will be at Bear River the first week in November, and Annapolis every Thursday, excepting the first Thursday in November.

MARK DOWN SALE

Boots, Shoes, and Dress Goods.
ALL SOLD BELOW COST!

30 Pairs of Men's Tan Boots, mixed sizes. Ladies' Dress Goods marked 50%, will be sold for 25% per year.
40 Pairs Men's Oxford Shoes.
Large Stock of Children's and Misses Boots and Shoes.
Ladies' Tan and Black Dogolas, to be sold at half their value.

Sale begins to-day and continues until goods are sold.

MRS. J. E. BURNS.

Poetry.

The New Year's Answer.
Oh, spread thee, happy New Year!
Speed swiftly the wondrous
Beyond the gates of day.
Lift up the mystic curtain
That screens from mortal view
The portals of the future,
Which none may wander through.

Oh, tell us, happy New Year,
What gifts thou hast in store?
Will plenty be our portion,
Fruitfulness and raiming o'er?
Will every hope we cherish
Meet with fruition blest,
And every cup be honeyed,
Which to our lips is pressed?

Will springtime bring her garlands
To wreath the woodland fair,
Without a single blighted bud,
Among the blossoms rare?
Will summer send her roses,
And glad perfume her breeze,
Nor drop among the posies,
One single spig of rue?

Oh, will fair Ceres bless us,
In basket or in store,
No golden treasures pour?
Will glad Pomona smile,
With freewill offerings meet,
And shake from bending orchard trees
Rich trophies of our feast?

Will every eye be smiling,
And every heart be light,
And every household happy,
And every child be bright?
Will glad Pomona smile,
With freewill offerings meet,
And shake from bending orchard trees
Rich trophies of our feast?

Alas! the New Year answered,
"Such was not Nature's plan;
The wonders of the future
No mortal eye can scan.
But this let each remember—
Life cannot be all joy,
And clouds must follow sunshine,
As darkness follows day."

For joy would lose its savor,
Unmixed with grief and pain,
And hope would cease to cheer us,
If Grooms were never vain.
The cup of honeyed sweetness
And glad perfume her breeze,
If with the sweet was mingled
No bitter drop of gall.

No lot, however tranquil,
Can be a misfortune-proof,
And life for each is weaving
A varied warp and woof.
'Tis well our woe should attend
By Nature's hand prepared,
If but one tiny spig of rue
Or blighted bud were spared.

—Helen Whitney Clark, in Youth's Companion.

Select Literature.

The Mistake About Mr. Parkins.
(By A. M. L. Hawes.)
"It seems too bad to give it up now."

Miss Tully tried to speak indifferently, but she looked at Helen sharply, and there was an anxious undertone in her voice.

"Helen's parental working out a problem in algebra was the only answer. An old yellow dog curled up in one corner of the lounge, growled in his sleep, and his mistress drew a long breath.

"Helen scrutinized her slate, and then said suddenly: "Did you speak, Aunt Miranda?"

"I was thinking about the items for the Journal," said Miss Tully. "Seems as if we should have to give up the paper, and getting news is such an easy way to pay for it, but—" Helen was punning over the lost x again, and Miss Tully stopped with another sigh.

"The silence roused Helen. She hung her head and slat into a corner of the lounge, threw herself on her aunt, put both arms round Miss Tully's neck and said:

"Of course we can't give up the Journal, Aunt Miranda. I have to get out the puzzles, and you want the rules for knitting and pickles, and we haven't any two dollars. But, heh-heh—" Helen stood straight up and beat upon her breast—"I fling myself into the breach! I will save my country—no, my weekly literature. I will write the Gumbo items until your eye is better."

Miss Tully's smile was a failure. "O Helen, do you suppose you could?" "Could? Write? Well, I can't copy all the letters in a big round hand."

"But you know, my dear, you are so absorbed in algebra, and—" Helen dropped into a chair. "Say I'm headless, am I, candles, irresponsible. Do call things by their right

"Rose?" Helen turned on her aghast. "Was he cross?" "Cross?" burst out Mrs. Dunlap again. "He was mad—downright mad. He acted like a crazy creature. I ran right over as soon as I saw him, and I don't know but he'd have stayed and would till the cows come home if his nose hadn't got tired of waiting for him."

"Now, Helen," said Miss Tully energetically, "when I'm afraid of Joel Parkins, I'll let people know so. I've spelled him down in school too many times."

"But aunt," urged Helen, "I'm to blame." Miss Tully straightened herself in her chair. "I'm responsible," she said, impressively, "and the responsibility I've taken I shall stand to. Go straight along," and Helen went out, very miserable and not caring that Mrs. Dunlap followed her.

"I wish you had been there, Helen," said Mrs. Dunlap. "You never heard mortal man make such a fool of himself," she said, the words were so full of gossip he couldn't milk a cow or change his shirt but there was an eye to a hole in the wall, watching him. He had nothing to do but to sit in his billow spell when he'd eaten too much green stuff, and he was going to get your aunt discharged from the Journal."

"He didn't say that!" cried poor Helen. "He did!" declared Mrs. Dunlap. "He said the first time he went down to the city he'd go to the office and make a complaint about her. But there you needn't mind him; we all know what Joel Parkins is."

But Helen refused to hear more. She only said the words were so full of gossip he couldn't milk a cow or change his shirt but there was an eye to a hole in the wall, watching him. He had nothing to do but to sit in his billow spell when he'd eaten too much green stuff, and he was going to get your aunt discharged from the Journal."

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was a light on his face. "The little girl looks just as Susan did when she was little, but the baby—she's a boy—name and climbed into my bed this morning. Oh, he's a tear—he's afraid of nothing!"

"I'm very glad," Miss Tully began; but the sound of her voice reminded Mr. Parkins he had more to say: "And Mary Susan, she got hold of the little girl's note—" he waved his hand toward Helen—"last night, and she felt bad, she and Fiddia. And says she, 'O father, 'twas that piece in the paper brought me home!'"

"Well, I'm knocked flat. There's nothing for me to do but to come down and give my thanks to you," Mr. Parkins was on his feet, smiling at Helen. "And, seeing your crab-traveller's bearing this year, I brought down a few; and I want you both to come over and see Mary Susan. I tell you—that boy—he's a tear!"

"Mr. Parkins opposed the door and brought in a basket, which he put on the floor; then he stepped hastily out again.

"Oh," he said, turning back into the face of the thanks from Miss Tully and Helen, "when I go to the city I'm going to the Journal office to speak a good word for the correspondent at Gumbo. I'll see you up, I tell you."

Mr. Parkins laughed like one who felt power in his hands. "We're out of that dillying, after all, and I see the respect among us, aunt," she cried exultantly.

"But don't you forget it, what you can do for me, and expect to succeed, no matter what obstacles you may encounter. Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment."

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily working to make it what you desire. Be happy over something every day, for the brain is a thing of habit, and you cannot teach it to be happy in a moment if you allow it to be miserable for years.

Make yourself worthy of true friendship and lasting respect and worthy love; and if any of these emotions come to prove selfishness, remember that you are not the realizer—the real ones will come to you since you are worthy.

Acquire all the knowledge and accomplishments possible, and enter into studies and sports with all your energies. They help to round life out and to keep the mind fed with a varied diet, while they open new doors of pleasure and enjoyment.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing—man or beast—every day of your life. If you do no more than to feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog, or loose the cork check rein of a misused horse, you have travelled a step toward happiness, and have not lived the day in vain.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Stole Two Cent Stamp and Served 15 Years in State Penitentiary.
St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 23.—Elliott P. DeFrance to-day stepped from the State Penitentiary, a free man, having served a term of fifteen years.

He had been in the penitentiary since he was convicted in the United States District Court of Nebraska for holding up a mail train. He was sentenced to a term of fifteen years, and he had served only two years when he was released on parole.

DeFrance was arrested at St. Louis, Mo., on the charge of holding up a mail train. He was sentenced to a term of fifteen years, and he had served only two years when he was released on parole.

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A Drug Store that tries to Please.

We are always ready to do anything in our power to accommodate our customers. If you should desire some article or preparation not on general sale we will get it for you in the quickest time possible.

ROYAL PHARMACY

Wilbert A. Warren, Phm. B.,
Chemist and Optician.

For the New Year.

HOW TO FIND HAPPINESS.
Find out, as early as possible, what you can best do, and do it with your own hands, and expect to succeed, no matter what obstacles you may encounter.

Cultivate a philosophical vein of thought. If you have not what you like, like what you have until you can change your environment.

Do not waste your vitality in hating your life; find something in it which is worth liking and enjoying, while you keep steadily working to make it what you desire.

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Fell from the D. A. B. Express.
J. W. H. Cameron, one of the oldest mail clerks in the service, fell from the east bound express on the 19th inst. while en route to Windsor Junction, or near the South Union station.

When he struck the frozen ground his head was broken below the eye, his hands and feet were bruised, and he was in a number of places, but some of the wounds were serious, though of a very painful nature.

In this condition he was carried to the hospital in Halifax, where he is recovering from his injuries.

Mr. Cameron is 62 years old. His experience on Saturday night when he dragged his broken leg over half a mile of frozen ground, was one that only a stout heart could endure and live.

Cataract Deafness is Cured.
By a thickening of the lining membrane of the middle ear owing to prolonged inflammation from catarrhal germs. The only cure is fragrant, healing Catarrhose, which is carried by the air you breathe to the remotest parts of the throat and ear; it reaches the source of the trouble and cures deafness permanently. Every sufferer from impaired hearing should use Catarrhose, which has effected wonderful cures. You simply breathe its healing, medicated vapor—very easy and pleasant. Do not say your hearing will be restored. Catarrhose never fails; it is guaranteed. Two months' treatment for \$1.00 at drug stores.

Newcastle was shocked by the sudden death of Colonel R. E. Call, sheriff of Northumberland, on Wednesday. Mr. Call was one of the best known and most popular men on the north shore. He was in good health in the morning when he died.

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Terracenary Celebration for Annapolis and St. John.

At a meeting Monday morning to deal with the proposed terracenary celebration of the discovery of the St. John River, representatives of the different societies interested conferred with Attorney-General Longley of Nova Scotia, who represents the committee in charge of the Annapolis celebration.

Hon. Mr. Longley elaborated upon the particulars of the anniversary celebration proposed for Annapolis. He said it would be chiefly a literary character, and representatives of the important Canadian and American historical societies would be present.

Several politicians of prominence had promised to be present, and steps were being taken to induce Lord Minto and Sir Wilfrid Laurier to come. Hon. G. W. Ross, of Ontario, it was expected, would be present, and the French and Canadian governments had been requested to send official representatives.

It was suggested by Mr. Longley that, providing the Annapolis celebration was held on June 20 and 21, the observance in St. John could take place on the 22nd and 23rd, thus providing for the presence of the Annapolis assembly.

Mr. Longley's remarks were discussed and ultimately Rev. Dr. W. O. Raymond moved and Hon. H. A. McKeown seconded the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the appropriation of the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia respecting the proposed commemoration, in June next, of the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Port Royal and St. John by De Monts and Champlain be approved by this meeting, and that the celebration at St. John should follow immediately on that held at Annapolis, and be held on Thursday and Friday, the 23rd and 24th June next;

And further Resolved, That it is desirable that the communities of Annapolis and St. John should work together in every possible way to promote the success of the proposed celebration.

Eloped With Girl's Father.
Farmingford, N. Y., Dec. 21.—With the supposed form of his sweetheart in his arms, Edie C. Rowley, a British and Ohio railroad operator, descended a ten-foot ladder from the window at the home of James Hagarly. He intended to elope with the girl and marry her at Columbus, O., but when terra firma was reached instead they were not the real ones—the real ones will come to you since you are worthy.

Rowley proceeded to the Hagarly residence early Sunday morning, and made his way to the window of the girl's early. Young Rowley went to the window and, taking the girl heavily wrapped in a cloak, started for the city.

Form a habit of trying to do some little act to add to the comfort and pleasure of some living thing—man or beast—every day of your life. If you do no more than to feed a starving cat, speak kindly to a lost dog, or loose the cork check rein of a misused horse, you have travelled a step toward happiness, and have not lived the day in vain.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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