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SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Christmas Poetry. Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men! And thought how, as the day had come The belfries of all Christendom Had rolled along the unbroken song Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way The world revolved from night to day, A voice, a chime, a chant sub

Of peace on earth, good will to men! But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then peeled the bells more loud and deep, "God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!" -Henry M. Longfellow.

That Bad Teddy Brown. MARGARET VINCENT.

The wurstest boy I ever see
Is jes' that Teddy Brown,
He's jes' as bad as he can be
For one day he came down
To visit me awhile, an' play,
An' said our pa's an' ma'e
Jes' give us things on Christmas day,
An' th' ain't no Santy Claus.

I hain't go'n' play with Teddy Brown ! I hain't go'n' play with Teddy Brown
I'd like to well as not,
But he says Santy can't come down
A chimbly like we got.
An' he says how would his sleigh go
Last Christmas time, because
There wasn't then a speck o' snow?
So th' ain't no Santy Claus.

He's jes' the wurstest boy I guess That ever was, an'th him, but jes'
Go on an' pass him by;
So'd you, ef you could hear him say
That jes' our pa's an' ma's
Will give us things on Christmas day
An'th' ain't no Santy Claus. At Christmas-Tide.

blithe this hour, when once again The Star glows steadfast in the sky; to hope attuned when human pain Grows less, for faith that help is nigh; hallowed when the angel trai With song and harp are passing by.

Once more, between the midnight's gloom And the pale rose of breaking dawn, Heaven's matchless lillies wake and bloo And far athwart the east are drawn The pencilled sunbeams which illume All pathways men must journey on.

Again the Sages and the Seers
Bend low before a little child;
And o'er the long and stormful years,
The desert spaces vast and wild,
The strife, the turmoil, and the tears,
He looks, and smiles, the undefiled.

gain the Sages and the Seer

'Tis Christmas-tide! At Mary's knee
The shepherds and the princes meet
Love-bound in dear humility,
To clasp the infant Savior's feet.
The Star is bright o'er land and sea; The Gloria song is full and sweet -Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Ba

At Christmas-Time. At Christmas-time last year So many friends that now are gone were So many hopes were glowing then unspoken, So many faiths were strong that now lie

broken,
And loving hearts that trusted without fear,
At Christmas time last year. At Christmas time this year So many of us find the world a drear And barren desert, wherein blooms no rose, With mountain peaks surrounding it, whose

snows Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's foliage sere, At Christmas-time this year.

At Christmas time next year Who knows what changing fortunes may be Take courage, then! For night shall turn to from brightening skies the clouds must roll Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz: away, And faith and hope and love shall all be Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; At Christmas-time next year.

> The Christmas Children. The little folks at our house—they talk like anything 'Bout Santa Claus comin', an' what he's goin' to bring;
> An' mother never has to scold, or tell 'em

'bout the noise—
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best o' little boys! 'Cause why? They know that Santa Claus knows ever'thing they do,
An' while he's loadin' up his sleigh he's
watchin' of 'em, too!
An' them that minds their mother, they gets
straightway entered into his pleasures.

the most o' toys—
They're just the sweetest little girls—the best o' little boys! They've just been writin' letters to Santa Claus each day,
An' tellin' him just what they want, an'
showin' him the way
To where our house is, so's he'll know just where to leave the toys
Fer just the sweetest little girls—the best 'o

Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment. Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Consti-

Select Ziterature.

A Pretended Thanksgiving.

[By Will Allen Dromgoole, in Household.] the week, helping the white people prepare for Thanksgiving.
"Pears like wuzu't made fur nobody but de

rich, nohow," she told herself, as she dragged on her old shoes, and set about getting breakfast for herself and little Ephraim, the boy asleep in the bed she had just vacated. The complaint was not made aloud; not boy to hear her throw a suspicion upon that season which to him was one bright, beauti-

the cabin, had she entertained him with mammy. You furgit de 'tend-like."

accounts of the great dinners she had

There was a knock at the door tha been preparing, and the boy had listened, and asked questions, until the wonder in his burry that again endangered the Thanksgiv-

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1900. Aunt Emmeline called him her "lill" man," | cracked china bowl filled to the brim with a

got back, "if he tended right peart to meline's own best soft-soap.

and the streets were empty. Then, when

fus." Mammy got to go mighty soon.
Hit's mighty nigh Thanksgivin."
the feast—to show for it at night.
She hesitated. "Am it ?" said Ephraim, dragging on his to day. mammy ?"

all's tucky to-day.
"Will dey hab cranberries, too, lack lawyer Duffy, what you cooked de pies fur yis-

"Dat dev will, honey, dat they will. De rer en rest." Mayor ain't gwine to be outdone in nuffin,' I tell you, let 'lone Thanksgibin." "Will dey hab syllabub, lack Miss Tilsum, too ?"

"Yes, sah—en plenty ob it !" "En reasun cake ?" "En reasun cake, too." "En sweet pickles, lack de preacher ob de gospel's wife ?"

'Des de same, en more." The big round eyes grew bigger. "Mebby dey'll hab oyschers fried in crack

r scrops, lack de resteran' man gwine hab?" "Yes, sah, dev'll hab dem, too; only dey gwine stuff em inside de turkey." The boy was silent for a moment; then, with a long, deep sigh : "Mammy," said he, "I wish't us could

have a Thanksgibin', too." "Yes, mebby we kin, sometime. Jes' you be a good boy en tek keer de house en Efie while mammy go work, and mebby Thanks gibin' gwine come 'long to we all, too, some

from it long ago, and lived now only in the He set himself thinking when she had left en de drinkin's. I reckin hit's a mighty that sort of a missionary; but I attended a him alone. He had heard a good deal about fine dinner, dest fur two niggers to eat up all Thanksgiving dinner this evening to which

Thanksgiving; it evidently belonged to every- by deyse'ves." body alike, therefore everybody was duty As to the dinner? Well, that was a feature of the day, to be sure, but he felt quite

equal to that, too. He was rather late beginning, with such a dinner as he meant to serve, but he would do his best. In a few minutes he was hard at work, dishes clatter ing, kettle singing, spoons playing. The little cabin had seldom seen so busy a day; the town itself held not so happy a boy as little black Ephraim preparing his Thanks-dinner. When Aunt Emmeline, weary and footsore, dragged herself home at dark, she was greeted with the sound of singing, Ephraim's voice ringing out, not in Thanksgiving, perhaps, he had never thought of that, but just in joy, and the gracious content that comes with employment and with reasun one."
"And this?"

with hope. Perhaps that might be a Thanks. giving hymn after all, since "Joy is the grace we owe to God." The cabin was ablaze with light, a rich, warm fire-glow that went out to meet her as she opened the creaky old door. In the centre of the room stood Ephraim,

his back to the fire, his slight body leaning against his crutch, while he bent over some thing that might have been a royally spread banquet table, for all the show and shine of In truth, it was a big box that had served

as a sort of sideboard for dishes, tins, and water buckets, all these years. A clean, gorgeously pictured newspaper served as tablecloth; the dishes, both as to material and contents, were rare, as well as original. The board fairly scintillated with splendor, as the flames in the big fireplace mounted higher and higher up the blockthroated chimney.

Blinded by the light, Aunt Emmeline

board to a bowl of sawdust, plentifully enstaggered forward, when the voice of Ephriched with pebbles and old corks that he raim rang out in delighted, if frightened, protest. bottles under the house. "Look out, mammy !" he cried. "You'll

They're longin', longin', longin' fer the days hit, somehow, beca'se hit's all de thanks and Aunt Fmmeline did not say that Ben's an' nights to go,
An' all o' them are happy, an' they make gibin' we gwine get. The white folks dey years of service were paying the great law-An' all o' them are happy, an' they make
their mother so!
She never has to soold 'em, or tell 'em 'bout
the noise—
'Cause they're the sweetest little girls—the
best o' little boys!

An' all o' them are happy, an' they make
ain't pay me much dis time; dey asy dey
yer his fee for defending him, but the young
man understood.

"Dis here now," Ephraim went on with
his bill of fare, "dis here box top o' salt am

Aunt Emmeline got up one morning with a pain in her beck. She had been busy all no Thanksgibin' dinner gwine git a cent ob it; naw, sah."

Ephraim strolled over to the opposite side of the hearth, and stood contentedly looking down into the fire : "We got plenty, anyhow," said he, after a long, thoughtful silence,
"Yes, we got some taters, en some meal

fur a hoe cake; en mammy gwine stay et for the world would she have permitted that boy to hear her throw a suspicion upon that "Hoe-cake?" laughed the boy. "I say hoe-cake en taters! We got tucky, en ful dream.

For every night when she came home to Look et dat table; you furgit dat table,

her "lill' housekeeper," when leaving the cabin mornings, for her work, and promised have been the much coveted Southern syllato tell him all about Thanksgiving when she | bub, had it not been a bowl of Aunt Em-

But the woman was at the door, where a All day the eager little face would watch | young white man stood waiting admittance, at the window for her return. although she a well dressed, good looking young fellow, never came until the darkness had fallen, evidently used to the higher walks of life. "Aunt Emmeline," said he, a hand or they had eaten their supper, would come an either door-facing, "mother sent me by to means." hour of sweet content to both, when the ask you to come over and serve dinner for mother would take her child in her arms and her to morrow. She says she would like she wouldn't—I mean do you really think for con."

"Here's a dollar, then, for turkey and tell him of the bright, beautiful world, made | you to get there early, by eight o'clock." brighter and more beautilul by the good, Aunt Emmeline thought of her aching feet,

glad Thanksgiving.

And now it lacked but one day of Thanksgiving, and now Aunt Emmeline must be off early.

"Efie," she called, when the coffee began to steam, "jump up now, an ear we' break.

"Yes, sah, I mos' know she would. She gimme a piece of pie onc't, en onc't she gib mammy some buttermilk to make up de bread wid. Didn't she mammy?"

"Twice't," said Aunt Emmeline, softly.

"The young man rose, a hand in either thought of her aching feet, her empty pocket, the day she had meant to have at home with Efie. The young mammy some buttermilk to make up de bread wid. Didn't she mammy?"

The lawyer smiled and handed him the extra coin. And then the young reporter did that which made Thanksgiving in that o eteam, "jump up now, en eat yo' breakhaps a pail of odds and ends-scraps from

"I's mighty nigh bruk down," said she, at ragged old shoe. "Where you gwine to be last. "En to morrer hit's Thanksgibin.' I's feast. done wucked all de week, mighty hard; "At the Mayor's, son. I got to dress dey- en dey ain't nobody paid me nar cent, 'ceptin' ob de Mayor. Aldo dey is mos' ob 'em gimme somethin' 'nother. Yo' ma gimme nothin,' en I wucked two days fur her.

I reckin' I'm 'bleeged to stay home to-mor-But the young man was not listening; he had stepped into the room, and was looking, with eyes that saw deeper than Aunt Emmeline had seen, at the make-believe feast of crippled Ephraim.

city; a very new, a very earnest, and a one." that paper-covered box, and its curious viands. He was soon to see something deeper than fun in the Thanksgiving spread. He stepped further into the room, and stood beside Ephraim loooking down upon the table.

"Hello, little boy," said he. What have got here? A Thanksgiving dinner, as such very ambitious reporter. He saw a story, a got here? A Thanksgiving dinner, as sure

as I'm alive." Ephraim's eyes danced with delight. He was innocently ignorant of ridicule in any form whatever. "Yes, sah," said he. "Hit's shoy Thanksgibin' dinner. Aldo it am only a

'tend-like." "A what ?" "A 'tend-like. I 'tend like dis here box been a life of hardships; romance had faded am a table, en dis here paper am one of de means you are out begging!" said the form linen clofs mammy done up fur de white folks | er. "I believe all missionaries beg." las' week, en dese here things am de eatin's

> Aunt Emmeline tried to intefere, but the I have come here to tell you about it." reporter said : She said no more, but closing the door

reporter to hear of his grim, silent, ari

"En dis here am de graby en stuffin's." A

Baking Powder

Made from pure

cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food

against alum.

went about preparing her own humble supper, leaving Ephraim and the visitor Scarcely realizing that he did so, the you for contempt." young man drew a chair to the improvised table, and began to ask questions of the most remarkable Thanksgiving menu on re-

cord. He was enjoying it, too, quite as much as little black Ephraim. "What's this, Ephraim ?" said the visitor, pointing to a little round upturned fig box in the centre of the table.

The Mayor turned to the grocer: Dat? Det's reasun cake, what the Mayor ob de town sent me fur dinner to-morrer. Hit's a 'tend-like cake, but I 'spec' hit's a

"This" was a sort of oblong bit of coal slag that Ephram had picked up near the railroad track the summer before. It was now reposing in a glass dish, in a bed of green

cedar sprigs, with a yellow gravel stone here "Dis here's de tucky," said Epraaim "Don't you see de parsley, en de aigs 'round hit? Mister Lawyer Duffy sent me dat."

The reporter whistled; even Aunt Emmeline dropped her face over her broad tray to chuckle. She understood just what a surprise it must be to the starchy young recratic, close-fisted father sending a Thanksgiving turkey to a little crippled negro. But she saw no meaning in the suggestion that the turkey was a stone, as the young man

saw. "He sho did," Ephraim was saying. little fat, black finger pointed across the gether in a manner that might have meant

had found among some empty, cobwebbed either a smile or a snarl. "Defended me, I reckon, when you called CHRISTMAS SHOULD BE THE HAPPIEST OF "What makes you say Lawyer Duffy sent

ry I mentioned it. Good night, eir."
"Wait," said the older man, quietly-

feasting; and I'il be no party to it. Never in my life did I have one serious chought of the true intent of Thanksgiving until this night; and hereafter I'il keep it in the true way or not at all."

The lawyer looked at the fiery young fellow before him and something stirred in his

O. T. DANIELS.

BARRISTER,

(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

NO. 39

Miss Tilsum sent me dat."

she would?" he asked.

sure you need another cake."

nobody lef' to gib it to me."

have turned missionary."

heart. He did not wish that boy to grow hard and selfish. Nor did he like the "Die here bowl o' syllabub now," said his own home was a "farce," or a "feast" "Dis here bowl o' synabulo now, said Ephraim, indicating the dish of soft-soap, "Miss Tilaum sent me dat."

It hurt him and touched him.

"Miss Tilsum? That cross, ugly, stingy old maid! Do you mean her?" asked the he, his hand in his pocket; "but we all need a Thanksgiving, or a Christmas, now and thoroughly amused reporter.

"Naw, sah," said the boy. "I mean that then, to crack the ice on our selfish hearts. ar pretty, good, ginrus lady what libes on de corner ob Chisnut Street. Dat's de one I my part?"

"A turkey, sir," laughed the young man. The reporter broke into a laugh. "But "with stuffing and gravy. I will see to it

"Yes, sah, I mos' know she would. She fixings."

did that which made Thanksgiving in that "You haven't told me yet what those house, and in that cold, stern man's heart, a marbles scattered over the table mean," said Thanksgiving in deed and in truth. He he, not willing to lose one item of the strange stepped to his father's chair, and stooping, quickly touched his lips, warm with the "Dem? Dey's de good wills what des blood of youth and impulse, to the older goes long wid presents, aldo dey might be man's brow. And, "Thank you, sir," said unges, ef dey wuzu't marbles."

he, "and God bless our Thanksgiving.
The reporter studied the table carefully; There will be no "tend-like about it in this

the "'tend like" was pretty well complete. house.' "No," said the father, "there will be no He would like to have a part in it somehow. "Ephraim," said he, "you need—yes I am The next morning old Miss Tilsum, tasting

"Yos, sah," said Ephraim, "but dey ain't the syllabub she was pouring into a bowl, said with satisfaction "Well, fix one up somehow, out of flour, "No ''tend-like' about this syllabub, at or dirt, or cornmeal. I don't care what, and all events."

He was a reporter for a daily paper in the you say that 'the reporter gave you that The grocery man dropped an extra string "Yes, sah; I'll make it out o' flour, en out, and said, with a laugh:

A moment later the reporter was at the feel good, and there's no 'tend-like' about grocer's; whence Ephraim's imaginary dona- it." grocer's; whence Ephraim's imaginary donation had been sent. As he went in he meta
gentleman coming out. "Mayor," he cried,
"I was just going to call on you. Will you
come back a moment?"

And in a cabin that evening, a little negro, with round, white eyes, was watching
his mother carve a juicy turkey that adorned
a carefully spread table. As the broad,

come back a moment?"

The Mayor turned back into the grocery.
"Mayor and Mr. Johnson, both of you, I

"Glome de drumstick, mammy; gimme de "Gimme de drumstick, mammy; gimme de The Mayor and grocer smiled. "That drumstick, quick. When I eats de meat "For others, yes, sir. I am not precisely what sent all dis here. Gimme tofe de drum

sticks, mammy, quick."

you two gentlemen were both contributors. Home Christmas Trees. Why is it that more farmers do not have And when the story was ended the Mayor "I reckon I am an old fool," said he. "A of the brightest periods in the child's life to soft old fool; the very pickinamnies have look back to and it would be but very little found it out. As for you, sir, you get out more on father's and mother's part to have a rou for contempt."

The reporter went out, but he went saves so much bother, and we can just as laughing. At the door he put his head in | well put the presents in their stockings." "And don't forget to put in an orange, preciate our chances to have a fine Christman both of you. He said the 'unges' were the tree as we should. Think what prices our city cousins have to pay for their holiday evergreens, and all we have to do is to choose "When you send the rice and macaroni our tree and cut it! But they have their and sausages, send down the cake for me. evergreens, just the same, and we seldom Select a good one, and be sure it has raisins do. You think that you have not enough

"All right, Mayor," laughed the grocer. don't get a very large tree, but be sure "All right, Mayor," laughed the grocer.
"'All right, Mayor," laughed the grocer.
"'Il get them there by eight o'clock tomorrow." At the door the Mayor turned back:
"'I say, don't forget the oranges."
"'I say, don't forget the oranges."
"'I won't; one apiece."
"'If Thanksgiving and Christmas didn't come along once a year," he told himself as he walked toward his home, "I reckon we would all forget what it is to remember the poor. They kind o' pull us up with a halt and a prick at our selfish hearts, and set us thinking of others."

The reporter meanwhile was telling his story to the "pretty, good, ginrus Miss Tilsun," in her stiff little sitting-room on Chenut strret.
"Send syllabub to a lazy nigger, shall I?" she snapped. "They're an ungrateful lot, I can tell you. Syllabub! Well, I reckou."
"This one ian't ungrateful," said the young man. "He said you gave him a pier once: and he declared you were the 'good pretty, ginrus Miss Tilsun."

The thin lips of the old woman went together in a manner that might have meant either a amile or a snarl."

The Children's Day.

The Children's Day.

"Cook cot, mammy!" he oried. "You'll make you say Lawyer Duffy sent wash somethin' nuther. Don't tetch disher: disher's, he Thankeighind' dinner fut turkey "akked the reporter, with peon there is the here: disher's, he Thankeighind' dinner fut turkey "akked the reporter, with peon the seal to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to morrow. Look et dat I Ain' dat fine?" and the mer disher sell to the sell the mer disher sell de thanked the mer disher sell de thank of particular sell to the said februar. ""Et woman looked up from the hearth, where she was kneeling in the act of slaph and Ephraim. "Dey ain' no sho until many fine the college sell time, son?" "Hit's deta 'tend-like dimer, mammy,' and it leads to the said be thanked by a specific sell the think of the said be thanked proped for a moment into the chimmeyor. "It show you bawn."
"I show spec' it am," and Emmeline, as the dropped for a moment into the chimmeyor or a mer sell specific sell de thanks and the sell de thanks and the sell de thanks and the particular sell desired thanks and the sell de thanks and the sell de thanks and the sell details and

"God bless her; she knows what it is to be a 'begging missionary."

But he approached his father with some dread; he told his story poorly there; perhaps because the thin, stern face showed no response to the tale he was telling. When he had finished the attorney looked up grave ly, soberly, coldly. "Well," said he, "what do you want me to do about it?"

The young man bit his lip; there were tears in his eyes.

"Nothing," said he, "nothing! I am sorry I mentioned it. Good night, sir."

One Minute Cure for Toothache. "Wait," said the older man, quietly.
"Where are you going?,
"To tell mother not to expect me home to morrow. I tell you this is a farce, a miserable farce, in which I will take no part Thanksgiving to God when our own hearts are crusted with selfishness, like ice! Is isn't Thanksgiviog; it is nothing but selfish feasting; and I'il be no party to it. Nevering my life did I have one serious thought of the total exports of apples from United.

stayed ankles for children with weak ankles HALF SOLES AND TOP LIFTS, WOOL SOLES. big round eyes would be quite extinguished ing board. For Ephraim was a cripple. A little negro with a twisted leg, and a mind as bright as the one silver dollar that had been his. LEATHER AND RUBBER CEMENT. RUBBER BOOTS for Men, Women, Boys and Children. E. A. COCHRAN.