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Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and  
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Fred Finross. Dentistry in all its  
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**UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,**  
Incorporated 1856.  
Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000  
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**A. BENSON**  
**UNDERTAKER**  
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Caskets of all grades, and a full line of  
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**WANTED**  
bras, Andros, Castles, Trays and  
other household articles. Also old  
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and other clocks. Good prices paid.  
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# Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1901. NO. 35

## ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL. WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

There is nothing like ASTHMA-LENE. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good result from it. I was a slave, chained with painful sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of the dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overdone yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

**CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS**

EVERY BRING RELIEF.

Rev. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER, Rabbi of the Cong. Beth Israel, New York, Jan. 3rd, 1901.

DR. TAIT BROS. MEDICINE CO. GENTLEMEN—Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which come with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

DR. TAIT BROS. MEDICINE CO. GENTLEMEN—I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your ASTHMALENE for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I changed to see your sign up your windows on 130th street, New York. I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

DR. TAIT BROS. MEDICINE CO. GENTLEMEN—I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

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## If You Are A Business Man

You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the

## Weekly Monitor Job Department

is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

## WE PRINT

Billheads, Letterheads, Statements, Memoranda, Envelopes, Post Cards, Dodgers, Posters, Booklets, Books, Visiting Cards, Business Cards, or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

**Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.**

## Poetry.

A Mother's Song.

While you sleep I, watching, hear,  
How your heart how strong you beat,  
With the pure young lifeblood sweet,  
Unpolluted yet by fear,  
Till my own blood pulses leap  
While you sleep.

While you sleep the calm dark night  
Passes by so cruelly fast,  
Love is faint to hold you tight  
One more kiss; away I creep  
While you sleep.

—Constance Farmer.

## Select Literature.

### Almost a Monologue.

(By Elizabeth Hartman.)

Major Hughes and Captain Rhodes were sitting, smoking, before a blazing open fire in Major Hughes' cozy library. Between them was a small table that held a few books, and a box of choice cigars. Major Hughes was dark, tall and lean, slightly bald with a stoop in his shoulders, and an expression on his face of lately conquered querulousness on his face. Captain Rhodes was rather short, decidedly round, very bald, very erect, and looked as if he had been in the best of good humors all his life.

"Well," said Major Hughes with a satisfied air, "I believe that I have already said that I was glad to see you."

"Yes," said Captain Rhodes beaming on Major Hughes, "once or twice; but it's one of those things that you can't hear too often. You're looking a well-to-do fellow."

"I have," said Major Hughes, with a suppressed smile. "So good that I have gotten into the habit of saying 'That was the curse of my life.'"

"That's good," Captain Rhodes said heartily. "Now tell me all about yourself. I haven't heard a word from you since last August."

"No," said Major Hughes, "I'm not much of a correspondent; but a man who falls heir to a fortune and resigns and goes to Egypt for five years, doesn't deserve to be heard from his friends. Aren't you afraid you will forget, sitting so close to the fire?"

"No," said Captain Rhodes, pushing his chair back a little, "but it's only ten degrees above zero out of doors."

"Speaking of cold," said Major Hughes, musingly, "reminds me of an experience I had at Fort Keogh. You know I went there the year after you resigned, when I got my promotion."

"No, I didn't know it," said Captain Rhodes, "but go on."

"Well, you probably remember that I didn't like women."

"Yes," said Captain Rhodes, smiling. "That's the inconsistency of all time-novels where the 'most remarkable heroines' are."

"Yes, I got enough of women that way. The real thing always bored me, or embarrassed me. I don't know which; and you can imagine what a brilliant prospect there was for me when I got to my new station, and found that there wasn't a single unmarried officer there, with the exception of five or six youngsters, and they didn't want a rusty, fussy old man poking around with them. To make bad enough worse, there were dozens of little children about. The place fairly resounded with baby talk—the one thing that I abominated above all others. If I had had a controlling voice in Army Regulations, I wouldn't have allowed officers to marry. I hung around by myself for a month or so, getting more and more morose all the time. Of course I returned visits, but I selected times when I knew the wives were out. One night though, I got caught. I had heard that there was to be a ladies' card party, so I trotted around to see Wilhelm—we were room-mates at West Point, and I always liked him. He opened the door himself, and I shouted out at the top of my voice, 'Hello, old man, I've come to spend the evening with you' and then I stepped into the hall and saw Mrs. Wilhelm sitting in the par-

lor, it was too late to beat a retreat, so I shuffled in and shook hands with her. She received me cordially, not appearing to notice my embarrassment, and, to my own surprise, I soon found myself at ease, and having a very pleasant time. After that I got into the habit of going there. Mrs. Wilhelm was clever and bright, but she wasn't always doing the fire-work act, the way most clever women do, trying to dazzle people. She talked sensibly, and when she saw that Wilhelm and I were interested in some topic that she didn't care to discuss with us, she wouldn't try to make us switch off—she would just sit down at the piano, and play some thing soft that didn't thrust itself on our notice, but that, somehow, always had the effect of making us feel shy with all men. But it was when she changed when her daughter came home from school. Heavens, what a whirlwind that girl was—she was spoiled to the verge of derangement. She was only about as high—(holding his hand five feet from the floor). "And her hair and eyes were as blue as coal, and she was fairly insensitively healthy and full of life. She ruined the Wilhelm's house for me. In the first place, all the youngsters in the garrison swarmed about her—the house was always full of them—and if she happened to be by herself, and came in and found Wilhelm and me absorbed in some discussion she would say, 'Oh, you're talking some stupid man talk!'—and she would rush to the piano—and bang some horrible brass-band piece, or sing a college song at the top of her voice, with the loud pedal on. It was awful. And the Wilhelm thought she was perfect. One day early in November, I had one of my attacks of the blues. I ordered my horse in hopes of riding it down. It was lovely when I started—warm enough to be entirely superfluous, but my soldier, who had served in that country for years, begged me to let him put it on behind the saddle. He said that he knew that a change was coming, and that I would need it if I stayed out long. I let him do it, just to humor him. I rode along over the bad lands with those dreary buttes all around me, and away off to the right the narrow belt of cotton-wood trees thatched the river. I had gone about twelve miles, feeling blue and blue, when I saw a light in the distance. It was a small, white, round object, and I was sure it was a good housekeeper."

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them, and soon we had a stinky, smoky little blaze. She cropt up to it. Her face was swollen from crying, her eyes were red—all the rest of her was blue with cold. No, she didn't look pretty—she looked as if she had been under those circumstances—but I pitied her (for the first time), poor pampered child, doomed to die out there in that wicked night—for it was almost half-past six, and there was no sign of the storm's abating. The saddles smouldered along. They could not last much longer.

"At half-past six there was a sudden, almost alarming lull. The wind gave one wild shriek, and died down. The snow stopped falling, the clouds parted, and there, within twenty feet of us, I saw the belt of cotton-wood trees that bounded the creek. "We are saved!" I exclaimed.

"She turned her face towards the woods, started up, and fell back again. "I can't walk!" she said in a frightened whisper. I carried her bodily into the woods, and propped her up in a tree. Then I broke off branches, and in a little while had a big fire blazing right in front of her. That fire was the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my life.

"Major Hughes," she said in a few minutes, her voice trembling, "I wish my feet were fallen off—will you look and see if you can't get some shoes for me?"

"I'll rub them for you." So I did. I was horribly afraid they would break in about fifteen minutes, she said they felt better, and I was just about to propose that we start towards the garrison, walking a mile or so at a time and stopping and building a fire whenever she was tired, when I heard far off a faint baying. It came nearer and nearer. I jumped up, and in furious haste, added great branches to our fire. She watched me a moment, a startled look in her eyes, her head bent, listening—she heard the baying, too—then she knew.

"The wolves!" she said in a ghastly, blood-curdling whisper. "My throat had come true. "She crouched down beside the fire, holding her ears and gasping from terror. That fire was our only hope. The lean, furry beasts propped a-bout us, howling, their wicked eyes glaring in the light, their cruel teeth gleaming. Fortunately, there was plenty of wood at hand. I extended the fire until it almost surrounded us, just leaving a passage for myself to go through, and I kept the murderous, hungry fiends off with burning branches when I went out to replenish our stock. I never spent such a night, before or since, and I hope that you never will."

"At three o'clock in the morning we heard a bugle-call—then far-off shouts and whistles. Searching parties had been sent out for us, and one of them seeing our fire, headed for it. The wolves did not give up all hope of their supper until the soldiers fired into their ranks. I picked up a rifle, I hadn't had time to look at her from the moment my fight with the wolves began, until surrounded by our rescuers, saw her fall fainting into her father's arms. Her hat was pushed back, my coat, that had completely covered her face and head, slipped from around her, and, by the still light of the fire, I saw, just above her left temple, a broad streak of white in her black hair. Do you wonder?"

Just as Major Hughes finished his story, there was a clicking as of high heels in the hall, and a patter, such as of little, soft-shod feet—a voice said dolefully, "Do you see my mother's darling?—Do I made out of sudden and stuck together with my masses!"

"What! Baby-talk her?" said Captain Rhodes, looking at Major Hughes in astonishment.

The portiere was drawn back, and a handsome little boy, about three years old, ran in, followed by a charmingly pretty young woman. She was very small, her eyes were as black as coal, and just above the left temple there was a broad streak of white in her black hair.

"Why—it's!" she exclaimed—then stopped abruptly.

"Yes, it's," said Major Hughes, laughing, "and isn't it a good thing for me that five years ago I hadn't a controlling voice in Army Regulations?"

Hard Cold.

People whose blood is pure are not nearly so likely to take cold as are others.

Physiology goes into the reason. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure, causing healthy action of the mucous membrane and giving strength and tone to all the organs and functions.

This great medicine recovers the system after a cold, as no other does.

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**O. T. DANIELS**  
BARRISTER,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.  
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)  
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.  
Manufacturers Still Protestants.

(Montreal Witness.)  
The Canadian Manufacturers have gathered in force with no abatement of their demands. Twenty-five years ago the universal attitude of the protectionists was that they believed in free trade, but that the condition of a country whose manufactures were in an infant state was peculiar, and that infants needed nursing into life. After a quarter of a century we naturally hear no more of infant industries. It is now the country that is an infant, and its industries must be protected until it grows large enough to furnish them a market.

This seems to mean that five millions, chiefly farmers, now in the country, must be taxed for the support of manufacturers, so as to change the five millions into fifty, to secure a market for its manufactures. There is this to be said in favor of this view, that the only part of the country which has grown vigorously under protection has been in Montreal. It might, therefore, be held that whatever increase was to be observed anywhere was due to protection. We submit, however, that the result has been unsatisfactory. If the country is developed its centers will need no developing. If the centers are developed at the expense of the country, they are simply sapping its vital strength. That the taxing of farmers and all others to encourage manufactures is adding to the growth of our population there is no evidence to prove. Calculations based on the absurd figures of the census of 1881 are quite useless. The obvious pre-emption in that were our burdens less our numbers would be greater. Limitations of trade between the provinces the manufacturers strongly deprecated on patriotic grounds, as nothing to be done to draw profit together than absolute freedom of trade. For the same lofty reasons they will have nothing to do with reciprocity with the United States, and for that matter, however, apply this patriotic doctrine in its simplicity to the mother country. They are willing to enter into special and mutually protective arrangements with the mother country, taxing the food of the latter for our benefit, but as for that absolute freedom of intercourse which draws countries together they will have none of it.

—Public school teachers have many opportunities to notice just how certain thoughts and impressions fasten themselves in a child's mind and how unconsciously it comes to regard certain public questions. To test the ability of a primary class in English composition the beginning of a little story was written on the black-board in one of the public schools, and the children were required to finish it. "Good for the Alderman," was the title and the story began:

"A poor little girl was once selling apples at a railway station. A train came in, and several of the passengers bought fruit from her, and then went back to their seats. Just before the train started another man came to the steps and asked how much she charged for her apples. "Three for ten cents," she answered. "Then give me three," he said and took the apples, but before he had paid for them the train began to pull out. The man thought he would have the ten cents by not paying for the apples, so he went back into the car, leaving the little girl crying on the platform. But he did not get away so easily after all. An alderman of the town was sitting in the next seat, and had watched the "whole incident."

"Then the alderman was glad," she wrote, "because he had seen it all, and he could make the man give him half the ten cents, so it would be just as good for him as it was for the man that bought the apples. So he went over and told the man he had seen what he had done, and of course, the man gave him five cents right away."

Why Catarthone Cures Catarthone. It goes to every affected part and kills the germs that keep up the diseased condition. Catarthone never irritates, but stimulates the mucous lining of the nose, throat and lungs to normal action, and keeps the nasal passages free from offensive discharges. Catarthone contains no dangerous drugs or opiates, and is delightfully pleasant and simple to use. Catarthone is an absolutely certain cure for any form of Catarthone. It sells for dollars at druggists, small size 25c. By mail from Colcarr & Co., Kingston, Ont.

An old negro in a neighboring town arose in prayer meeting and said, "Brethren and sisters, I been a mighty mean sinner in my time. I had a heap of ups and downs—specially down—since I jined de church. I stole chickens and water millins. I cussed I got drunk. I slashed under coons wid my razor, an' I done er udder things, but thank de good Lawd, bredder and sistern, I never yet lost my religion."

## 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60. RED ROSE TEA.

These figures represent the selling price of

From the lowest to the highest. Every grade is Pure Ceylon and Indian Tea. Thousands of people who are using what they call "Black Tea" in bulk at 25c. per lb. would never use it again if they tried a package of Red Rose at the same price; but the grade which is most popular is the "Green label" which sells at 35c. Compare this tea with any other that sells at 40c. and you will understand why it is popular. One pound of Red Rose spends as far as one and a quarter to one and a half pounds of China Tea.

**T. H. ESTABROOKS,** Tea Importer and Blender, 13-14 North Wharf, St. John, N. B.