

PUMPS! PUMPS!

House Pumps,
Stock Pumps
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PIPE AND PIPE FITTINGS OF ALL SIZES

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd

Cowan's
"Perfection"
Cocoa

is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

A Fine Line of Goods

Is comprised in our new Spring Stock. Make your selection early before the rush begins. Already we are taking on extra help to fill our orders.

I. M. OTTERSON

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Many of our Models are imported from New York and Toronto and show the leading effects in the season's designs. A choice assortment of Ribbons and Novelties.

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Do You Grow Turnips?

IF SO, HAVE YOU TRIED

Atlee's English Bronze Top Turnip Seed?

This seed has been imported by Mr. Atlee from England for the past thirteen years the sales increasing yearly, till they are now sold and grown in Annapolis, Digby, and Yarmouth Counties their name having spread from section to section.

The Turnips grown from this seed are shipped in Carload lots to Boston as late as June bringing the highest prices.

They yield a superior, solid, fine-grained, well flavored turnip, unexcelled for table use. A splendid cropper and good keeper.

PRICE 25c. per lb.,

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Atlee's Drug and Stationery Store, Annapolis, N. S.

GREAT REDUCTION

We are selling at a great reduction in order to close out certain lines, viz:-

Ladies' Underwear and Night Robes, Men's Underwear and Top Shirts, Blankets, Wool Hosiery, Seersucker Muslin, etc.,

Millinery Department

Miss Wade's New Spring Stock of Millinery has arrived and she is prepared to attend to the needs of customers.

W. W. WADE, BEAR RIVER

Advertise in the Monitor

It Reaches the People

LIVING IT DOWN

Mrs. Allison looked critically over the pretty little library with its dainty ruffled curtains, well chosen engravings and quaint old-fashioned furniture. "Yes, everything is ready, and it looks just as it always did," she said to herself, "just as he's been homesick to see it many and many a time; nothing is changed except"—and for several minutes she razed absently into the open fire, gently stroking the back of a comfortable old rocker which, though empty, stood close to the glowing coals; then hastily brushing away a tear, she smiled happily. She was a tall woman, frail and old and careworn, with an air of distinction and of marked reserve, though as she bustled herself about the room her slight form was tremulous with joy or excitement, or both.

At last she took a book from the table determined to force herself to wait quietly, but before she was seated the loud unmusical clang of the door bell rang through the house. "That can't be Phil—it's too early—but I hope no one has come to call for he may be here within the next half hour," she said, talking aloud to herself, a habit she had lately fallen into, living alone and sometimes made nervous by hour after hour of unbroken silence. "If they have come to look him over, just to see how"—and her sweet face grew hard and defiant.

When she opened the door two old acquaintances of the peering gossip order walked into the small parlor, seated themselves and laid aside their light wraps. Evidently they intended to stay for some time.

"We happened to be passing, so we stopped to ask if you are better," explained Mrs. Maloney, somewhat disconcerted by her hostess' frigid

New Goods

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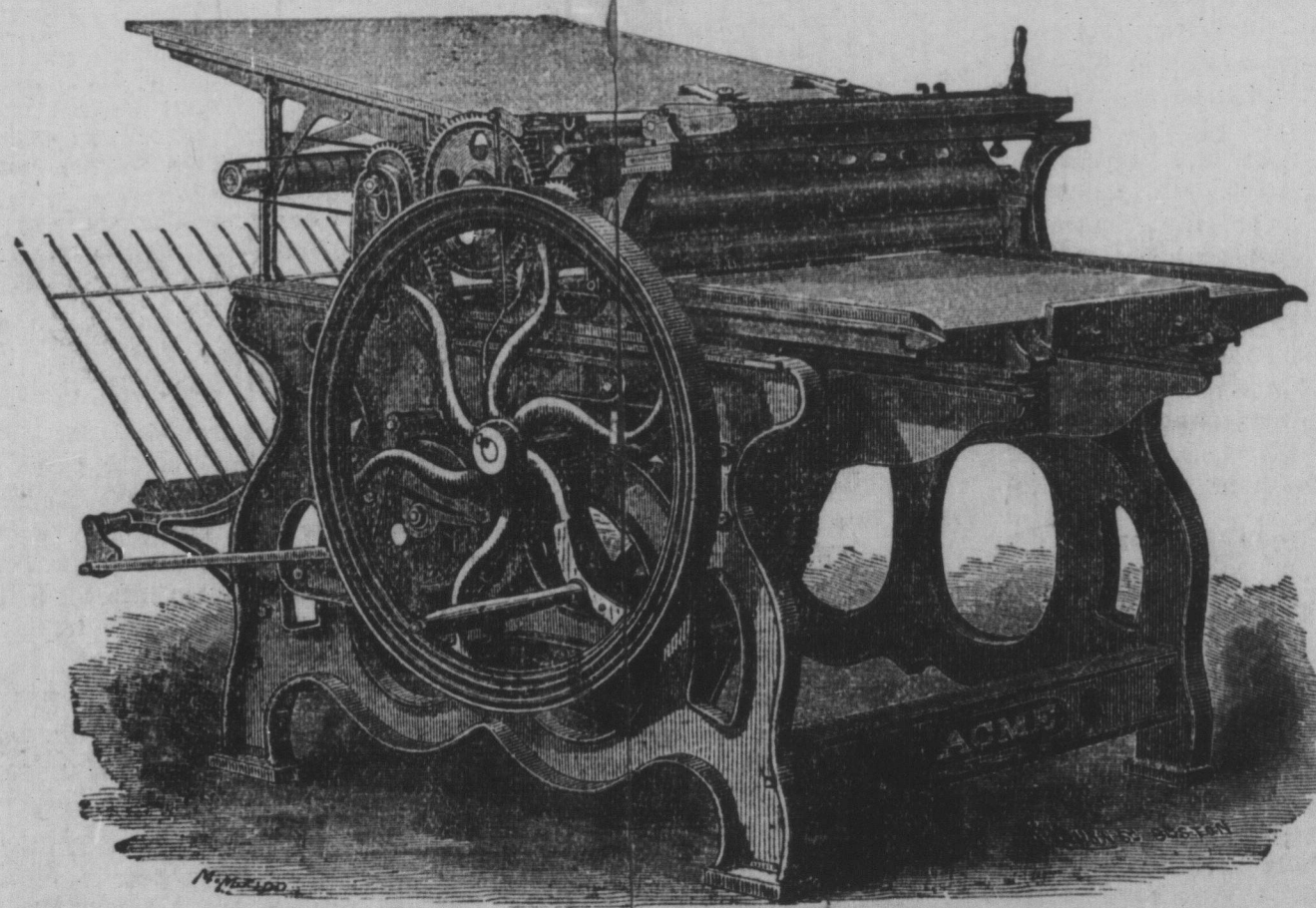
TOVER'S
SLICKER

you've yet to learn the bodily comfort it gives in the wettest weather

MADE FOR
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For Sale at this Office



Acme Press, bed 33 x 42, 8 column folio, with chases, roller corés, etc. This is a snap for a small newspaper office, or for poster work. Will be sold very low to make room. Apply at once.

M. K. PIPER

manner and utter lack of even a pretense of cordiality. "Did you get rid of your cold?"

"I am quite well, thank you," answered Mrs. Allison, but she made no effort to continue the conversation.

After a few desultory remarks and irrelevant questions, which won only monosyllabic replies and were interspersed with long pauses, Miss Morris said rather shamefacedly, "Well, we must hurry on," and hastily snatching their belongings she and Mrs. Maloney bustled away, happy to make their escape, though in spite of their "hurry" they stood at the gate for several minutes.

"I can't make out whether she's glad or sorry to get Phil home. I wouldn't have him in the house if he were my son!" Mrs. Mahoney exclaimed sharply, irritated that Mrs. Allison not only had not satisfied her curiosity but, thick skinned as she was, had made her conscious of her own rudeness and want of delicacy.

"You know, Dr. Marsh was always a great friend of the Allison's; he knows them better than any one else. Well, he said that her eyes fairly beam when she speaks of Phil and that her only joy during the past three years has been that she knew that each day brought him nearer the end of his time."

"Hem!" grunted the other incredulously. "Mary Allison is a very proud old woman. She won't admit to anyone that she's ashamed of him, that is her high and mighty way. Oh good morning, Miss Dorothy," she exclaimed in another tone to a girl of twenty-one or two who slipped past them into the yard, and she and Miss Morris smiled at each other significantly.

"It looks as if more than one person would be glad to see him," the latter whispered as they parted.

"I ran over, just for a minute, to put these flowers on the table before he gets home. They're the last of the season, I am afraid," Dorothy said rather timidly, as she appeared at a side door which opened into the little library.

Mrs. Allison kissed her tenderly by way of thanks but did not attempt to detain her. Philip's home coming was too sacred for even Dorothy's eyes, but she said affectionately and cordially, "Come and see him this afternoon or tomorrow, my dear," and added rather shyly by way of explanation, "You must not mind making the advance for I know Phil will be afraid of coming on people." Suddenly her attention forsook her. "What are you up to now, Dorothy?" she pleaded. "It will break his heart if you lose faith in him."

"I haven't lost anything," Dorothy answered softly and kissing her again ran away.

Mrs. Allison slowly followed her to the gate and watched her slight, graceful figure until it was hidden by the trees, then seeing a carriage draw near, she fled into the house, trembling with a nervousness that was part joy, part apprehension.

Philip stepped out crossed the tiny yard and porch and opened the door, all rather slowly, and went directly to the library where the little family had always lived. His mother stood before him, her face buried in her hands.

"Mother!" he said softly with a whole heart full of affection and longing in his voice.

"Oh, my son!" she cried in the same yearning tone, and going close to him laid her hands on his shoulders and looked long into his sad, tired eyes. "My poor little child!" she half sobbed.

"I'm home at last, mother," he said, after a moment's silence. "Home, home, home!" then stooping he kissed her fondly again and again.

"Oh, mother, if you knew now I've longed for even a glimpse of your dear face, for one kiss, to spend an hour with you—and father."

"I know, my boy, I know. Many a time I wanted to go to see you when father was alive but—" with an effort she went on, judging it better to tell the blunt truth in spite of its sting, "but, Phil, somehow he would not let me. He—well, he said he did not want his wife to visit a convict in the penitentiary. You know, Phil, he was always a strange, proud man but—oh, how could he have taken that stand when he knew, Phil, that you didn't steal it?" she said firmly, but glancing into his face for confirmation of her trust.

"No, mother, I did not," he said simply, and her last haunting suspicion vanished forever. "Father was feeble and broken, not like himself in mind any more than body. My—trouble was hard on him. Now I am glad that you never saw me there. You know that after he was gone I wrote you that the three years were so nearly over that I would rather you wouldn't come. I could bear to wait then, for the end was in sight."

Some minutes later they sat down to a dainty little luncheon, but Phil could not eat. "I want nothing but rest, mother, rest, rest." Then as the bell echoed loudly through the house he exclaimed in alarm. "Don't let any one come in. I can't face people yet." "But, my son, you must not feel that way, it simply breaks my heart."

"Mother," he began quietly, wishing her to understand the matter as he did, that together they might face the trying situation. "I've thought and thought about the future—I had plenty of time," he interjected bitterly, "and I am resolved to live down all this shame and disgrace. Only let me rest for a week or two here with you and then I'll send Jones away and take charge of the old store myself. It will be a long struggle, an uphill fight, mother, but we'll be brave together, won't we?" He felt that he must have some one on his side though it seemed selfish to make her share his burdens. "You see," he went on, "I don't start with a reputation to make, but with one to unmake before I can begin to build."

Mrs. Allison bid her gentle old face in her hands and wept aloud. "My boy, my poor, poor boy," she sobbed.

"Don't, don't, mother dear. I am not complaining or grieving much, only trying to bravely face things as they are. All will be well at last, that I am sure of, but you must help me not to get discouraged."

A month passed, then another, a year, and still the people of F—looked upon Philip Allison with distrust and suspicion, though their very evident desire to get a "good look at him" had died a natural death as his presence once more became familiar.

Business was poor. Dealers refused him credit, customers were few and cautious. He could not make enough to support his mother and himself

and it was fortunate that they had other sources of income. Worse, his old friends, the companions of his childhood and happy youth, passed him daily without any sign of recognition or with a cold, distant nod that was still more cutting—all but Dorothy. She was playful and friendly, even affectionate as of old, but with a strange perverseness. Philip, while longing for a hearty handclasp from his former comrades, was distant, almost discourteous to her, who alone was true, and who as his fiancée had been most hurt by his disgrace. Wonderful for so young and inexperienced a girl, Dorothy apparently never noticed his offensiveness and if it pained her, did not wince—she understood.

The fund of quiet humor which had been his birthright had slipped from him. He was patient but sad, sad, and broken in spirit. The prison gloom hung over him, he could not get away from its shadow.

Evening after evening he and his mother sat together reading and chatting pleasantly, except on the occasional day when the burden had weighed too heavily on his bruised heart. Then he would sit for an hour at a time, gazing absently into the fire with dull unseeing eyes.

"Phil," said his mother, interrupting his melancholy reverie on one such evening, "Dorothy loves you still. She is lonely and so are you. Why can't you both be happy?"

"Ask her to bear my stained name, to marry a man she could not trust? No, mother, never! I love her too much for that, I hope that in time she will forget me and learn to love some one else. If not"—and he looked more cheerful, "if not, surely time will work wonders and the day will come—though it may be years off—when I shall win back the respect of my fellows and my right to her affection."

"And, Philip, Mr. Hatchett came to ask me something about the titles to those two lots that adjoin the Ferguson property," said Mrs. Allison, who had been telling him all the little nothings which had occurred in the ten days he had been away from home. "I looked over a few of father's papers, but they were Greek to me, and really I hadn't an idea what it was he wanted to know, so I took them all to his office and asked him to go over them and put them in order while he had them. He knew all about father's business and will understand them better than you would, Philip, for father always treated you like a child," and she smiled a happy reminiscent smile. "What a bright and merry little chap you were, Phil, and how proud we were of you!" then as she shrank a little she hastened to add, "and always have been, dear."

Phil made no answer, and anxious to drive away the pain she had inflicted, Mrs. Allison rattled on. "He's had the paper a week. Why doesn't he return them, I wonder? But perhaps he has been too busy to attend to them. You would have been touched, Phil, if you had heard how affectionately the dear old man spoke of father. 'He was the soul of honor, madame,' he repeated two or three times in his courtly way. 'And a perfect gentleman,' he added, and then he brushed his eyes with a thin, trembling old hand."

At that moment the little maid of all work appeared at the library door saying in her timid way, "Mr. Hatchett wants to see Mr. Philip on business. He's waiting in the parlor." Silently Philip left the room. Mr. Hatchett had never spoken to him since he came home and he dreaded his interview. "Why didn't he settle the business with mother?" he grumbled to himself.

He paused for an instant at the parlor door surprised to see Mr. Hatchett nervously pacing the floor. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Hatchett?" he said politely, though stiffly.

"No, no, I want to see you on a little business. Can talk better as I am," and he continued to walk back and forth without saying another word until Philip grew impatient. At last he burst forth abruptly and with evident emotion. "To make a long story short, Phil, my boy, I've been going over your father's papers. Your good mother asked me to do so. Well—well," and he paused at a loss, before he blurted out, "You did not take the money—it was your father! I mean to publish the fact at once—tomorrow!" A great sob shook the old man's frame, but he kept his eyes on Philip whose face became radiant.

"Oh, Dorothy!" he thought, and he lifted his head as if a heavy load had been lifted from his shoulders—but for an instant only, then the full purport of the truth burst upon him and he turned deadly pale. "I can't clear my name at the expense of my father's, if only because it would break my mother's heart," he said slowly, after a long silence.

"Then I shall say that I have discovered the thief, that he is dead,

and that consequently I refuse to publish his name. Your father will not be suspected, his honor was—was above question," and his voice trembled a little.

"Are you certain that you can do this?" Philip asked eagerly.

"Absolutely certain; and now, my boy, though I don't deserve it, for I've thought very bitter things of you, will you shake hands? I—I was your father's best friend," and he broke down completely, and the tears fell unheeded on his withered cheeks.

Philip wrung his hand silently. "Let's tell mother—all that she is to know," he said at last and led the way to the library.

"Oh, Phil!" cried Mrs. Allison, half rising from her chair at the first glimpse of his happy yet sober face.

"Phil, what is it?" "Madame," Mr. Hatchett answered in his stead. "I have learned beyond a doubt that it was not your son who took the T. A. C. funds. The thief is dead and no one but myself and Phil need ever know his name. I see no necessity for exposing him as Phil can be cleared without."

A terrible sickening suspicion crossed Mrs. Allison's mind; she felt faint, the furniture of the room danced before her eyes, and she sank back helplessly into the depths of her great chair. Philip saw that she had guessed the truth. So did Mr. Hatchett and he slipped away unobserved.

Phil knelt beside his mother and softly kissed her hair. Lifting her face from her trembling hands she looked long into his eyes. "Oh, my boy! My poor boy! Phil, your father"—and her voice died away.

What could she say?

WHOOPING COUGH.

This is a more dangerous disease than is generally presumed. It will be a surprise to many to learn that more deaths result from it than from scarlet fever. Pneumonia often results from it. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in many epidemics of whooping cough, and always with the best results. Deibert McKelg, of Harlan, Iowa, says of it: "My boy, took whooping cough when nine months old. He had it in the winter. I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which proved good. I cannot recommend it too highly." For sale by

W. A. WARREN BRIDGETOWN; A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

WHAT A MOTHER WILL DO.

Upton, Mass., April 23.—Mrs. Emma Thomas pointed out with trembling finger to the chapter in the Book of Ruth, as she stood recently before the Massachusetts State Board of Charities making the strangest plea ever heard before that body—or any similar body.

Mrs. Thomas was begging that she be allowed to leave the world of living men and go to a living death in Massachusetts' leper colony, in lonely Penikese Island.

Mrs. Thomas is not a leper. She is strong and well. She knows that once on the island she can never return. She knows she goes to a tomb. That world will cry, "Unclean, unclean," and flee from her like an accursed if she ever leaves the island.

Yet she pleaded with the state officials, who heard her gravely. "You see, it's the boy," she sobbed "my son, you know. You've taken him from me and put him there. He is the only interest I have in the world. I just want to be with him and help him."

And in the end the board granted the permission. Mrs. Thomas was officially appointed attendant to all the ten lepers in the colony.

BILIOUSNESS AND CONSTIPATION.

For years I was troubled with biliousness and constipation, which made life miserable for me. My appetite failed me, I lost my usual force and vitality. Pepsin preparations and cathartics only made matters worse. I do not know where I should have been to-day had I not tried Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. The tablets relieve the ill feeling at once, strengthen the digestive functions, purify the stomach, liver and blood, helping the system to do its work naturally.—Mrs. Rosa Potts, Birmingham, Ala. These tablets are for sale by

W. A. WARREN BRIDGETOWN; A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

A TRIPLE TRAGEDY.

Paris, May 3rd.—A boy and two men were electrocuted in Paris today before the eyes of several thousand spectators. The accident occurred in the Avenue St. Ouen.

The boy was walking along a fence flanking the tracks of the belt railroad when he lost his footing and fell upon an exposed high tension cable. He was killed instantly. His flesh was carbonized and his clothing burned. A nearby workman jumped over the fence and rushed to the boy's rescue, but the instant he touched the body he fell dead. Another workman, ignoring the warning cries of the people, followed the first and tried to save his comrades, but he shared a similar fate.