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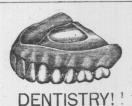
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VOL. 28.



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Poetry.

Mother and "How far away is the Temple of Fame?"
Said a youth at the dawn of day;
And he toiled and dreamed of a deathles **Doctor Too** ills and accidents, the mother must doctor her family. Tens of thous That left him feeble, and old, and lame,

"How far away is the Temple of Good ?" "How far away is the Temple of Good;
Says a youth at the dawn of day;
And he scrove, in a spirit of brotherho
To help and succor, as best he could,
The poor and unfortunate multitude
On their hard and dreary way.

He likewise strove with adversity,
To climb the heights above;
But his dreams was ever of men made free,
Of better days in the time to be.
And self was buried in sympathy—
He followed the path of Love. He was careless alike of praise or blame; But after his work was done, An angel of glory from heaven came And wrote on high his immortal name, Proclaiming this truth, that the Temple

Fame And the Temple of Good are one. For this is the lesson that history or this is the lesson that history
Has taught since the world began;
that those whose memories never die,
hat shine like stars in our human sky,
hat shine like stars in our human sky,
and brighter grow as the years roll by,
Are the men who have lived for Man.

— The Denver (Colo.) "News."

Select Literature.

Marcia's Leaf. ('Zion's Herald.')

"Molasses candy !" Marcia Dare's lips curled. "Molasses Candy! A candy-pull! Such a childish

"If I want it, it's no matter what it is ! "Indeed! Unfortunately, it is not a matter for you to decide. In aunt's absence

I am housekeeper, and I do not choose to "You think you'll have everything your own way, do you? You are mistaken! If you are mistress because mother is away, I am master because father is away; and, as master. I intend to have a candy-pull to-

"Not a drop of molasses shall be boiled in this house !' ery day." "I'll lock them up."

of them now.' cousin swiftly left the room. "Do you think you can outwit me?" she called.

"Try it." no reply. Marcia walked to the window which swept the street, and seated herself. Already her active brain was at work, and before Frank, bearing a large jug in each hand, was halfway down the block, her plan to Marcia.

of action was matured. She rose suddenly and tapped on the window. A young girl hurrying by, turned, smiled, and ran up the steps. Marcia admitted her. "Come in, said; "I'm so glad I saw you. Guess what that tiresome Frank wants now."

"Sewing! No; he never comes with his mending, I assure you.' "A composition written?"
"He'd get a lot of help from me."

"No, he knows I wouldn't do it."

"Oh!" said Betty Brown, "I didn't sup-

"How did you know anything about it Isn't it silly ? So childish !" "Oh, I don't think it silly, if it gives the boys a pleasant evening. Besides every alternate meeting of the club is to be devot ed to simple or old-time amusement.

"What club ?" "Why, Marcia, surely you know that Franks' class formed a club last month. They call it the 'Old-fashioned Club.' Hasn't Frank told you about it ?" "Frank tells me nothing. He goes his

way, I go mine." "Dear me! Why, I always want to know every detail of Ned's plans. They have capital times. You'll enjoy tomorrow evening, Marcia.'

"Where? Why, here with the club." "You don't think I mean to have a sandy-"Frank has invited the boys."

"You don't understand, Marcia. He has already invited them. All the boys know they are to meet here." 'I told Frank that no molasses should be boiled in this house. The club can come, but there will be no candy made."

"Frank will be disappointed." "I don't care." "Besides," hesitating, "you are placing him in a very awkward position."

"I don't care." "Oh, yes, you do! You don't want Frank o tell the boys they are not to come." "I said they might come."

"Oh, well, they expect-" "I don't care what they expect. It's a "Well," rising. 'I must go. I'm on my

'You can tell Ned for me that he will not need an apron here. Tell him distinctly, please, that no candy will be made." 'Oh, you'll relent! The boys will stay in the kitchen. They will not bother you.'

Betty shot a swift glance into her friend's face. It was untroubled. She hesitated a thought would be effectual: 'If Frank makes any explanation, he must use your

'Of course,' promptly. 'But, then, you know, I don't care what he says.' Marcia watched Frank narrowly when they met at the tea-table. He seemed in excellent spirits, she thought. Had he seen Betty? she wondered.

She nomed at her watch. It was time for the expected guests to arrive. She had planned that supper should be late. She put aside the paper, and waited. She wondered.

She nomed at her watch. It was time for the expected guests to arrive. She had planned that supper should be late. She wondered.

She paused a moment, and the bound that supper should be late. She wondered at her watch. It was time for the expected guests to arrive. She had planned that supper should be late. She wondered.

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unt wished you to stay at home evenings.' | ed the door.

elsewhere. To Ned Brown's probably. A 'Where are you going?' 'What pleasing manners !'
'You needn't sit up for me,' said Frank, She left her chair and went to the win- a leaf. pening the door.
I shall sit up for you. I know my duty.

beneath her half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse needle. He fitted a thimble upon his third finger and began to sew. Marcia resumed her reading. She glanced from time to time at the silent figure, stooping, with flushed face and knitted brows, over the coarse fabric. At nine o'clock she rose. 'It't bedtime,' she said. 'You can finish that fishnet—'

the kitchen-door and listened. She heard bridget's the kitching of the clock, she heard Bridget's voice crooning an old love-tune.

'Not there! Where are they? Not in active work. But, toward the close of the clock, she heard Bridget's voice crooning an old love-tune.

'Not there! They are boiling the molasses in the furnace!'

They are boiling the molasses in the furnace!'

She felt her way to the cellar door. She opened it. All doubt vanished. Her face grew scarlet with anger. 'The oil stoves!'

They are boiling the molasses in the furnace!'

She felt her way to the cellar door. She opened it. All doubt vanished. Her face grew scarlet with anger. 'The oil stoves!'

'Fish-net ! It's an apron ! 'An apron ! that thing !'

'You can make tea in addition to the coffee,' she said to Bridget. 'Mrs. Priest and all, talking, laughing, gesticulating, were apparently in high spirits. 'Over my discomfiture, no doubt,' thought Marcia.

'What work's Mrs. Priest a-coming fur?' 'I have put out blankets and spreads to be washed. You can bring them downstairs and convealed discover her. Without further thought she ran downstairs and convealed of the condition of the knows best what the farmer ought to do and think. It is indeed surprising to do and think. The specific through the many people there are who get their ideas in this secondhand way instead of reading and keeping themselves posted and thinking for themselves. Too many do even the was honorably mustered out in 1866, directly.'

extra work to do.' 'Mrs. Priest will do the extra work.' Bridget muttered indignantly as she went about her work. She made no further objection. She stood in awe of Marcia.

Marcia went out in the early morning. She looked into the kitchen upon "I'll send the jugs down to be filled this her return. A hot fire burned in the stove, the washerwoman was bending over the tubs, and Bridget stood near in full tide of dra-"Thanks! Much obliged. I'll make sure matic recital of some domestic mishap.

Marcia smiled. She was well satisfied. She went forward and touched Bridget's arm. 'I will answer the door-bell, if any one comes this morning,' she said. 'Mrs. Priest will probably need your assistance by and | you know.

Frank roamed through the house restlessly, but Marcia bore the delay calmly. Shortly after dinner a fine rain began to fall. An hour later Bridget came hurriedly

"What's to be done with all them wet blankets an' quilts? Wetter they be than when they were hung outdoor. Me nor Mrs. Priest never see 'twas rainin' till jest now.' 'You must put up lines in the kitchen. They must be dried.' Bridget demurred: 'How'll iver I get

the tay wi' all them things a-drippin'? An' mix me bread and scrub me floor?' 'It must be done. Have Mrs. stretch the lines at once.' Bridget made one more protest. 'It's down wi' rheumatics I'll be wi' th

damp in 'em a-stealin' inside me bones.' 'They must be dried. There is no other place. Keep a good fire, and by bed time they will be dry.'

'We could lug 'em-' 'Say no more, Bridget. Hang them in the Marcia was getting out preserves for sup per when Frank burst into the room. 'How

are we to make candy, I'd like to know with a kitchen full of wet sheets?' he exclaimed. 'They are quilts and blankets.' 'What's the odds ?' angrily. 'You knew wanted the kitchen this evening.'

'When blankets are washed, they must be 'You needn't have had 'em washed.' 'I am the best judge, Frank.' 'Couldn't you have waited till to-morrow I don't believe you thought of it till yester day! I believe you did it on purpose!'
'Will you ask Bridget to bring in th

ocoa? I am ready.' 'I'll tell her to fling those things into the tube !' leaving the room.

The meal which followed was a silent one. Towards its close Frank jumped up sudden-

'What's the matter with the gas? 'It flickers, I see,' answered Marcia. 'Flickers ! flickers ! It's going out 'Try another burner,' suggested Marcia,

placidly stirring her cocoa. 'Try another !' scornfully. 'If one doesn't ourn, another won't.' Nevertheless he lit every burner in the

'So much light is unnecessary,' comment Frank made no reply. Fixing his eyes upon the chandelier, he waited. When the

gas, which at first burned brilliantly, became a mere speck of light, he turned to not explain, the invitation they had receiv

'I understand,' he said, 'and it's a mean revenge to take. But you haven't outwit- ward the close of the evening the boys sat ted me yet! The boys will come just the 'I don't think they'll boil much candy in

the kitchen, thought Marcia.

Feeling her way to that roomshe explainded. From the sunny South had come ed matters to Bridget. Then, by the aid of matches, she reached the parlor, and lit her orders. But how gracious she was! uncle's reading lamp.

She had dressed before tea. She sat down the club had done full justice to the delica-

moment before using an argument which she thought would be effectual: 'If Frank thoughts were upon the coming entertain came and went, her voice trembled, but her ment. Presently she heard voices in the dining-room. She distinguished Frank's.

He is asking Bridget's advice. There is Frank's guests, and that evening I accident. nothing they can do. There are only two ly overheard a conversation which made me 'Oh, well, you'll have it yet! I wish I lamps in the house, and Bridget cannot think over the past to see if I were indeed

spare here.'
She looked at her watch. It was time for She looked at her watch. She had She paused a moment, and the boys look-She spoke sharply when, at the conclusion of the meal, Frank put on his coat:

'Where are you going?' You know that bell been rung, not once had a person enter
we startly that 'And so, continued Marcia, 'I asked you to be my guest to night because I desired to atone for my incivility then; because I wished to give my cousin a pleasant surprise;

'Ah!' thought Marcis, they have gone this little emblem of my earnest

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1900. She left her place and moved swiftly

> dow. It was raining and the air was thick with fog. A sudden desire for air seized 'but it seems to me one can begin to turn 'The whole house is full of steam from boys think so ?'

grew scarlet with anger. 'The oil stoves !' | see.'

she exclaimed, 'I forgot them.' Her curiosity prevailed presently, and stealing softly inside the doorway, she stealing softly inside the doorway, she stooped and looked into the large dim space. The boys were congregated at one end. There were the cil stoves, and there suspended from the beams, were shalf a dozen lanterns. Stooping over the kettles were four or five boys, stirring energetically; the others, she saw, were making preparations. into the kitchen.

'You can make tea in addition to the coffee, she saw, were making preparations to work the candy. All wore long aprons, and all, talking, laughing, gesticulating, ed," he knows best what the farmer ought to like the daily paper and "keeps post-to chant takes the daily paper and "keeps po others, she saw, were making preparations

thoughts she ran downstairs and concealed herself behind the furnace. Hardly had they had a garound the courthouse and listen they have the word and won Miss 'It'll be no use to wash 'em,' objected herself behind the furnace. Hardly had

> discover her ! At the side of the furnace farthest from her the stopped, divesting themselves of overcoats and rubbers. One was talking we were a nation of free thinkers, and when his wife and baby, until 1872. While staenergetically. 'It won't do to say a word against her, though, Frank wouldn't like it. Nobody'll ever know from his lips anything dangered.—Farmers Guide.
>
> ever this privilege is no longer exercised by the common people our liberties will be end dangered after the dangered.—Farmers Guide.

'I believe he does like her. He's always praising her singing, you know. It's a pity she's so hateful. If Frank had a lot of sisters it wouldn't make so much difference. Still, he's proud of her. She's handsome,

know, and if she was my cousin, she wouldn't reat me as she treats Frank. 'Perhaps she isn't as disagreeable as folks say she is.'
'Pshaw! Didn't she order the gas turned

off to night ? 'Frank didn't say so. 'Of course not. Catch him! But I say her in the gas office. What was she there for? And then that kitchen! She had a hand there, I know! But you musn't let Frank think you suspect anything.'

'No, of course not. Well, we're better off down here than we should be upstairs, if she was 'round.' 'That's so !' emphatically. 'Well, ar you ready? Come on then.'

Marcia waited until they had joined the others. Then, peering in all directions, she darted up the stair. Panting and trembling, she sank into a chair when she reached the warm, light parlor. But almost immediatly she arose and walked up and down the long room with feverish haste.

'So people talk of me! she exclaimed. 'They dare to talk of me! They call me hateful-disagreeable ! And Frank-oh !' with a sneering laugh, 'Frank is a martyr, of course ! It's all pity for him, is it

hapen, knotty apple smooth. But-I-I-and they dare !' y immature apple. An hour of restless pacing to and fro, a hour of fierce anger, exhausted Marcia. She threw herself upon the sofa. After a long time she grew calmer; after a still longer interval she allowed herself to dwell upon lone by rough, careless handling. the other words she had overheard; and then

though not without a struggle, she resolutely flooked back through the years that she etter than it was when it went in. Cold will retard but not entirely prevent had been an inmate of her uncle's house. the spread of decay. Death is certain A month later Marcia and Frank were Cold storage will not make a two-inch pipe seated in the parlor. Marcia held a paper mind the lessons you learned in school and It was this young man that Mejor Rockefel-Frank was reading 'The Great War Syndi you will remember that cold contracts-con ler shot and killed in the engagement with cate' for the third time, with unflagging in racts apples even, and it will (except in very the Filipinos. terest. It was his birthday, but Marcia had not noticed it. He had felt somewhat orable seasons and circumstances) contract hurt. Betty Brown never let Ned's go by without a word, he reflected. But now stirred, to the keenest patriotism, his mo mentary bitterness had vanished. With the book propped up before him, with his chim "What is the real good?"

came utterly oblivious of time or speech o sound. He started when Marcia put her hand upon his shoulder. 'Frank,' she said, 'there are friends here Frank jumped up, turned, a word of apology upon his lips, and met the laughing gaze of all the members of his club.

resting comfortably upon his hands, he be

"What is the real good?"
I asked in mueing mood.
"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasere," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," said the seer;
Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard: 'What-why-'
'It's your birthday,' said Marcia, smiling It was a merry evening which followed Frank could not understand, the boys could Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word." ed. Marcia had sent it, she had enjoined secrecy, they had come. That was all. Todust and bullion came out of Alaska, British Columbia, the North-West Territory, Wash down to a bountiful supper. This caused Frank much perplexity. Never before had ington, Idaho and Oregon between Jan. Marcia planned a surprise for him. It must and Oct. 24, this year.

words were clear and distinct : -Boys,' she said, 'four weeks ago you were as hateful and disagreeable as I was said to

'And so,' continued Marcia, 'I asked you and also because I desired to offer the club O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown Money to Loan on First-Class

Are You Going South

NO. 36

tie a small gold pin wrought in the form of

It's not the New Year,' she concluded,

over a new leaf at any time. Do not you

Thinking for Ourselves.

Making Others Happy.

a generous heart can exercise.

Baking Powder

Made from pure

cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food

against alum.

it is too late.

From the New England States?

The Best Route to Travel is from Boston to Norfolk, Virginia,

her.

"Till daylight doth appear,' trolled Frank as he ran down the steps. "Till daylight doth appear."

"Betty Brown thinks I'll give way to him, does she? said Marcia, angrily. "She is mistaken."

She did not speak when Frank presently returned and came into the parlor. He opened a small parcel. She looked furtively at him. He held a piece of striped linen crash in his hands.

"For his apron! He thinks I'll offer to make it!"

Frank rose presently, and brought his mother's work-basket to the table. From benesth her half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line when the stuff in two and thread a coarse line when the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse line who half-closed lids Marcia watched him cut the stuff in two and thread a coarse land from the lower resisting the stuff in the boust is full o

INSURGENT SHOT BY AMERICAN OFFICER PROVED TO BE HIS SON. How stranger is truth than fiction! For One great fault with farmers is that they

lines, thinking of course that as said mer- Yorker, enlisted as a private in a New York

Bridget. Quilts and blankets wants a good smart wind to dry 'em.'

'Mrs. Priest will wash them. It will be sunny later.'

'I likes to know over night when I has out of the likes to know over night when I has out of the likes to know over night when I has out of the likes to know over night when I has out of the likes to know over night when I has out of the likes to know over night when I has out of the likes to know over night when I has out of likes

her. Her heart beat fast. If they should and men who earn their livelihood by their A child was born—a boy. He was called wits, they should not grumble if things do Robert. When the little one was a year old,

little boy.

In 1872 he arranged to sail for San Fran-It is a good plan to make a resolution to cisco. Two days before the date set for be as kind to everybody as we possibly can while they are alive. When they are dead, Hong Kong was searched. Large rewards A friend of mine-and I may mention she could be found. The broken-hearted young you know.'

'Pshaw! Who cares for a girl's locks, if she's as hateful as Marcia Dare! I don't, I know, and if she was my cousin, she wouldn't

"nass something on," as she herself words it. arrival in San Francisco, and the grie I wish everyone would make the same rule. stricken father rejoined his regiment. He saw service with the Ninth in the Some one gave her a set of furs once. Immediately she sent off a warm dress to a poor Indian wars and in Cuba, and when his woman of her acquaintance who was in need regiment was ordered to the Philippines in of comfortable winter clothing, "Now I the spring of 1899 he went along. He was can enjoy my cozy furs," she remarked as then a captain and was known throughout she addressed the parcel. Another friend the army as a particularly daring soldier. sent her a necklet of beautiful Indian work- Soon after arriving at Manila he was made a manship. She immediately selected a pair of earrings from her by no means unlimited store of jewelry and gave them to a girl she knew who gets few presents.

Why not teach our children to "gass things or "in this delighting sense." It would bring a special she had some and deshing young the sense." It would bring a special she had some and deshing young the sense. on" in this delightful sense? It would bring troops led by a handsome and dashing young them riches that we could never count—the white man, who fought like a fiend. He babit of self denial, of thinking of others, of charged right up to the American lines

making generosity a pleasure instead of re- Major Rockefeller shot him dead, and the garding it as a disagreeable duty, and that insurgents fied. Major Rockefeller directed power of turning dross into gold which only that the body be searched, and papers found revealed that he was Paul Stanhope of Hong Kong. A diary, written in English and giving details of the business career of the Cold storage will not make an unsound ap young fellow, was found in his blouse. A month after the engagement he received a letter from Hong Kong in response to one he had written nearly a year before. The Cold storage will not make a rough, ill-Cold storage will not color red a pale, sick letter was from the American consul and recited that in 1879 a white boy had been Cold storage will not remedy the havoc placed in the Jesuit college in Hong Kong

vrought by worms. I want to say in pass- by a Chinese woman, who said that he was ing that intelligent, persistent spraying and 9 years old and that his name was Paul Yen. The name of the Chinese woman who had Cold storage will not remedy the damage nursed the Rockefeller baby was Yen. In 1881 the boy was adopted by an English Fruit will not come out of cold storage any merchant in Hong Kong of the name of Henry Stanhope. He gave the boy his name and reared him well. The young fellow was well known in Hong Kong as Paul Stanhope. He was of an adventurous disposition and neasure $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. On the contrary, call to some two years ago joined Aguinaldo's army.

When Major Rockefeller read the lettersomething in your pocket unless extreme it had been chasing him around the world are is used in the handling of your apples for nearly a year—he realized that he had rom the beginning to the end of the harvest. slain his own son. He dropped out of sight as mysteriously as the baby had dropped out of sight in Hong Kong.

From Manila he made his way to China,

and by devious routes to Santa Barbara,

Honduras, where he intends to remain, ac-

cording to a letter received a few days ago Gas on the Stomach.

Result of imperfect digestion—pressing up against the heart it excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by the use of ten drops of Nerviline in a little sweetened water, half an hour after the meal. Nerviline aids digestion, exples the gas and imparts a sense of comfort. Nerviline is good for a lot of other things besides. Keep it in the house for Rheumatism, Cramps, Neuralgia, Toothache. Druggists sell it.

-Patient forbearance would seem to be a eading characteristic of Mrs. Frances Forest of Ripley township, near Rushville, Ind. In a suit she has filed with the Circuit Cours she avers that in the twenty-eight years of her wedded life she never recieved a single owns a farm valued at \$5,000. She has supported herself and six children by sewing and washing for neighbors. Now she demands her freedom, custody of two minor children and \$1,200 alimony. In another suit she demands the return of \$500, an inheritance

-O do not pray for easy life! Pray to equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God

from her father's estate, which she loaned to

- Phillips Brooks. Minard's Liniment cures Distemper

or any Special Order

On and after October 6th, this Company will make Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:

Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening er arrival rains from Halifax. LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, \$1.50. Return, \$3.00.

> FIRM! NEW

Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we

All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and work-

manship. Call and inspect our new stock, Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates. For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways. For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. Vargouth N. S. October 1st 1800.

NEW GOODS! To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity

intend to conduct an WANTED! Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.

> **ROGERSON & MARSHALL** Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.