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Canada Assurance Life COMPANY. All persons insuring before the 31st of Dec., 1894, will obtain a full year's profit.

Weekly



Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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BICYCLES FREE

SAVE YOUR WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS. We will Give Four Bicycles

two for Nova Scotia and two for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island (Lady's or Gentleman's Wheel, at option of the winners) for the Largest Number of Welcome Soap Wrappers sent in up to and including May 31st, 1897.

The Bicycles are the Celebrated "Red-Bird" (new 1897 model) costing \$100 each, regarded as the standard high-grade wheel of Canada.

The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B., MANUFACTURERS OF THE Famous Welcome Soap.

CURRY BROS. & BENT,

BRIDGETOWN Wood-Working Factory, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. Contractors and Builders.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF THE WISE MAN SUFFICETH.

There are many wise men in Annapolis Valley, and some of them have and others have not caught on to our whopper of last spring that we had come to Bridgetown to stay, and asking for their pardon.

Dry Lumber, Sheathing, Flooring, Mouldings of all kinds, Wood Mantles, Counters, Store and Church Fittings, Sashes, Doors, and Factory work of every description at short notice.

JOHN E. SANCTON & SON, Selling at Reduced Prices for the next Sixty Days.

Call and see what they can do in their line. RUFFEY'S BLOCK.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

I intend to sell out the balance of my stock of goods during the next 90 days at prices to suit the times.

Men's Slippers, going at Cost. Balance of Larrigans at 75c per pair.

A full line of Xmas Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Currants, etc.

J. H. BURNS, AN OPEN LETTER To My Many Friends and Patrons.

We are now approaching the season of the year when everybody begins to think of selecting and purchasing Fall and Winter Clothing.

I guarantee every article in fit and workmanship or no sale.

I also carry a very large range of Ready-made Clothing in Men's, Youth's and Children's that I am offering at very low prices.

A. J. MORRISON, Merchant Tailor, Middleton, N. S.

Important Notice! I make no such profit on my Clothing that would permit me to sell \$16.00 suits at \$12.00; but I sell the best suit for the money that can be got in the county.

FISHER, the Tailor. Stores Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal

Poetry.

The Passing Years. The years are passing o'er me, Life's race is fast and true, And sunset skies before me Proclaim that day is done.

But what hath death of sorrow? Well know I that to-day I'm parent of to-morrow, With all its bright array.

At eve, when down I lay me, In quietness to sleep, This thought shall sweetly stay me: Eternal love doth keep.

The future I can gladly Leave to God's gentle care, But one thought at least shall stay me: That I may never be aware.

So few the hours remaining, To cheer my days and glad; I pray for grace sustaining, To use them as I should.

For bidden soul beside me, With mourning lift their plaint, At what time, Lord, they faint.

O, Faint of living waters, Design through my life to flow, To cheer my days and glad, In time of want and woe.

But I play the wretched grass at my root. "You think I am dead," "You think I am dead," "You think I am dead," "You think I am dead,"

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"Oh!" cried Sir John, rising, "the fellow's an idiot. To begin with, he ought never have taken orders—a great strapping fellow like that. I'm told he offended his people, and did himself no end of harm."

"But still, father, if he—"

"If he did, he should have sense enough not to backbite."

"I was once a friend from disgrace," said Willie stoutly.

"And to bring disgrace on himself. You should have had the old doctor's opinion. Why, they say he's had to sell even his books, and can't pay his landlady."

"I wonder," said Lady Catermole, "how long it will be before Mr. Athley supplies his place! I understand it is most difficult to find a curate who is now High Church. Now, Willie," she added, "if you have finished, we will go to look for your ring."

"They went upstairs together, and for the next hour, Miss Willie's chest of drawers was turned out and put straight in a quite unaccustomed manner."

"It does seem strange," said Lady Catermole, "that the ring should be so much of a thing."

"It is annoying," she said, "if I am married, my father is not."

"Does Sir John know?" he exclaimed, "when did you take your gloves off again?"

"In the garden. It was a lovely moonlight night. Somebody suggested we should go out."

"Was Mr. Carthew alone with you?"

"Yes," said Willie, "I think I should have been more careful of my gloves."

"And you took off your gloves? Excuse the question," said the Superintendent, but did Mr. Carthew touch your hand by any chance?"

"Certainly not," answered Willie, flushing deeply.

"You did not notice whether the ring was on your finger when you re-entered the room?"

"She shook her head."

"Now when you put your gloves on?"

"I am not even sure whether I did put them on afterward. It was—it was rather late."

"I must say," said Sir John, "that Carthew seemed dull enough the rest of the evening. He might well have had a weight on his conscience."

"I had been talking of his departure," answered Willie quietly.

"Anyhow," her father continued, "as I say, it will take a great deal to convince me the man is a thief. The circumstances look ugly, but, still—I wonder, by-the-by, whether he suspects—Mrs. Hebblewhite has been trying."

"If so, depend upon it he has boiled," said the Superintendent. "You see, Sir John, Mr. Carthew must have known all about the robbery. The ring was in his possession."

"Look here, Superintendent, the best course will be to bring the man here, and hear what he has to say. Suppose you step over to Mrs. Hebblewhite's, state the case frankly, and suggest the necessity of an explanation. The necessity certainly exists."

"When the Superintendent left the house there was silence in the library for a few moments. Willie was the first to break it."

"I can't understand it," he murmured, as though to himself.

"I think, dear," said Lady Catermole, "it will be better if you go away before Mr. Carthew arrives."

"You must let me stay, please, mother, if the girl has been so kind."

"Sir John stood watching his daughter perplexedly."

"You've taken me a good deal by surprise," he said curtly.

"Then Willie walked quickly toward the door."

"I shall come back"—she cried, but a sob ended the sentence.

"She gave herself away, anyhow," said Sir John, as the door closed.

"Poor Willie!"

"Did you know?" he demanded.

"Only that morning. The morning she discovered the theft."

"What I can't understand is this," said Sir John, pacing back and forth the room.

"If the girl has betrayed her trust to him as she has just done to us and the Superintendent, why on earth didn't he come to the point?"

"Their positions are so different."

"That doesn't surely hinder a man. Besides, he is not more than a gentleman, after all. I don't believe for a moment."

"How did the ring come into his possession?"

"Heaven knows. We shall hear what he says. But why did the fellow go away without making what Willie? Everybody in the place knows he took her a fortune. She's 22—she has a right to place herself. If it came to the point, and the girl's happiness were at stake—"

"I am sure you would never have consented."

"Then you know my mind better than I do myself. However, added her husband, "What we've got to do now is to hear the fellow's explanation."

"Will he declare that Mr. Carthew does not for her," said Lady Catermole.

"Then he's wonderfully hard to please."

"As the bell rang, Willie re-entered the library, followed almost the next moment by the Superintendent and Mr. Carthew. It must be confessed that Mr. Carthew looked somewhat shameful as he bowed to Lady Catermole, though a smile flitted across his face when Willie stepped forward, his small head thrown back, his right arm extended, grasping his wife with a hearty grip, she greeted him in a manner which was nothing if not conspicuous."

"Sir John," said Carthew, "I can assure you that no one was more astonished than myself to hear Mrs. Catermole's ring was found."

"The Superintendent smiled unpleasantly."

"Can you offer any explanation?" demanded Sir John.

"Yes. But I prefer to offer it to you alone."

"I am afraid that won't do," was the answer. "I am quite prepared to accept your assurance, but as the matter has become to a certain extent public I think it is inevitable that the explanation should be public, too."

"For a moment Harold remained silent. Then he darted an imploring glance at Willie's face, but a quick smile of encouragement was his only reply. At last he thrust his hands into his jacket pocket and brought forth a pair of white kid gloves, six buttons."

"Willie caught her breath quickly; she could guess how her ring came to be in Harold's possession—she could guess something of infinitely greater importance also."

"I fancy," said Harold awkwardly, "the ring must have fallen out of them."

"But," cried Sir John, "what on earth—"

"They belong to Miss Catermole," said Harold Carthew. "I am afraid I must plead guilty to the minor theft. He glanced deprecatingly at the Superintendent."

"The ring was always large," Willie faltered.

"You had not missed your gloves?" asked Lady Catermole.

"No, mother. I—I was a little upset that night. If you had asked me, I should have said that there were in my drawer with a dozen other pairs."

"You took them off while we were sitting in the school," Harold explained. "You laid them on the seat between me and I deliberately perjured them, I confess; but until the Superintendent enlightened me I had no idea—I suppose Mrs. Hebblewhite handed them more roughly, and that the ring fell out. Probably she did not notice it until she had put the gloves away again."

"But," demanded Sir John, "why on earth should a sane man steal a pair of school gloves?"

"Probably she did not notice it until she had put the gloves away again."

"But, for all that," Sir John persisted, "why take my daughter's gloves?"

"Then Harold folded his arms, and included them in a gesture of scorn, the next morning."

"I was going away, as I thought, the next morning."

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