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Don't send away for your COUNTER PADS. We can do them for you at home as well and as cheaply as you can get them anywhere.

MONITOR OFFICE

BACK TO MONOTONY.

Mrs. Baker ran out into the hall and grasped the collar of her husband's coat with an eager little tug that made the tall man smile, it was so infective.

"I'm all right now, Bessie," he said, cordially. You mustn't tire yourself out helping me when it isn't necessary."

"O Charlie," she exclaimed, "you don't know how good it is to have you go!"

Mr. Baker smiled again, and was about to remark that the implication was not precisely complimentary when he caught the earnest look in the returned eyes, and knew that this was no time for teasing.

"Yes, dear," he said gravely. "I know what you mean. I feel that way too. It is good to be going again. It is great to feel once more that you are a part of the system, to have a little place in the world, and fit into it every day, so the blue thing will be complete. It's good, too, to feel equal to the occasion. You know I didn't for a long time, back there. But don't wear yourself out trying to get everything into running order in one day, little girl!"

"Mamma!" a plaintive voice floated down over the banister.

Mrs. Baker laughed jovially. "There's Amy calling to have her hair done, as usual," she said. And then, with a good-by so rapturous in spite of its haste, that it sent Charlie off chuckling, Mrs. Baker hurried upstairs, smiling as if it were the most blissful thing in the world to be called to "do" Amy's hair.

They were all gone at last, being properly washed, combed, brushed, buttoned, collared, necktied and luncheoned, and Mrs. Baker stood in the parlor window watching and nodding until the fourth little mittened hand had waved its last and thrown its last kiss from the corner. Then she turned and surveyed her little parlor with its evidences of family life, looked through to the dining-room with the table still loaded with breakfast dishes, and on into the kitchen where a glimpse of the range showed the kettle steaming with an energy that demanded refilling.

"It's all just as untidy as ever," spoke Mrs. Baker aloud, with a little catch in her throat. "But it's beautiful! It looks precisely as it did that Wednesday morning seven weeks ago when I said I was sick of it all! When I said I hated and despised the everlasting cleaning and cooking, the everlasting muzzing up and eating up! When I asked what was the use of living, if a woman had to go through such deadly routine every day of her life. I wished something would happen. I said right plain I didn't care what happened, so long as something did. I didn't know what I was talking about, and I didn't know how soon I was to find out."

"When Charlie came home sick, and the money stopped coming in, I got an idea of what a lucky woman I had been. When the children came down, one by one, and it looked as if there would be a little white coffin in that bay window, instead of Lora's doll carriage that I'd fussed so about—then I knew how precious and dear my life had been. Then I turned round and wanted the things I'd despised. I told God that if He'd spare Charlie and the babies, I'd never make one of them unhappy again with nagging at them; that I'd never again hate my sweet woman's part in His world."

"And now, after all those dreadful weeks, He has given me back my husband, my babies, my home, with all its clutter and work. He's given me back the monotony I loathed. Oh, I praise Him, praise Him, for the monotony—the blessed monotony! Now monotony means a united family, and a chance to work and keep our unbroke home happy and comfortable! First I'll fill that teakettle, and then I'll dig out."—Mamma Stanwood, in Congregationalist.

THAT TEST REPORT.

St. John Sun.—The statements made in the Sun on Monday regarding the smallpox epidemic in Nova Scotia did not emanate with Mr. Hartman of the Colonial Stock Company, as might have been supposed. Mr. Hartman did not mention the existence of smallpox in Nova Scotia to anyone connected with The Sun, nor to anyone else as far as The Sun is aware, and the statement that his company had been unable to obtain bookines came from an altogether different source. This statement is made in justice to Mr. Hartman who has been accused of spreading false and misleading information.

DYEING is Such a SAVING
And it's as simple
as A. B. C. with



With the SAME Dye you can color ANY kind of cloth PERFECTLY—No chance of mistakes. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free from The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Dept. E, Montreal, Que.

HANDICAPPED

This is the Case With Many Canadian People.

Too many Canadian citizens are handicapped with a bad back. The unceasing pain causes constant misery making work a burden and stooping or lifting an impossibility. The back aches at night, preventing refreshing rest, and in the morning is stiff and lame. Plasters and liniments may give relief, but cannot reach the cause. To eliminate the pains and aches you must cure the kidneys.

Booth's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Can you doubt Annapolis Royal evidence?

Miss G. V. Misner, of Albert St., Annapolis Royal, N. S., says: "I had suffered greatly with a very weak back and backaches, dizziness and frequent headaches from which I found no relief, although I had tried several remedies. I then learned through an advertisement of Booth's Kidney Pills procured a supply and have found them to benefit me greatly. After only a short treatment my back is much stronger and the backache has disappeared. I am feeling much better generally and have not had an attack of headache or dizziness since. I am pleased to recommend Booth's Kidney Pills as I think them a very valuable remedy." This sterling remedy may be procured at S. N. Weare's Pharmacy.

Sold by dealers. Price fifty cents. The R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont., Sole Canadian Agents.

Moments of Despair

(Judge Ben B. Lindsay, in 'Everybody's Magazine'.)

I found my first employment in a law office copying letters, running errands, carrying books to and from the court rooms, reading law in the intervals, and at night scrubbing floors. I was pale, thin, big-headed, with the body of an underfed child and an ambition that kept me up half the night with Von Holst's 'American Law,' or a sheepskin volume of Lawson's Leading Cases in Equity. I was so mad to save every penny I could earn that instead of buying myself food for luncheon I ate molasses and gingerbread that all but turned my stomach; and I was so eager to learn my law that I did not take my sleep when I could get it. The result was that I was stupid at my tasks, moody, melancholy, and so sensitive that my employer's natural dissatisfaction with my work put me into agonies of shame and despair of myself. I became, as the boys say, "dopey." I remember that one night after I had scrubbed the floors of our offices, I took off the old trousers in which I had been working, hung them in a closet and started home; and it was not until the cold wind struck my bare knees that I realized I was on the street in my shirt. Often time when I was given a brief to work up for Mr. Thompson I would slave over it until the small hours of the morning, and then to his disgust—and my unspeakable mortification—find that my work was valueless that I had neglected the fundamental points of the case, or that I had built all my arguments on some misapprehension of the law.

Worse than that, I was unhappy at home. Poverty was fraying us all out. If it was not exactly brutalizing us it was warping us, breaking our health, and ruining our dispositions. It seemed to me that my life was not worth living—that nobody had any faith in me—that I should never succeed in the law or anything else—I had no brains—that I should never do anything but scrub floors and run messages. And after a day that had been more than unusually discouraging in the office and an evening of exasperated misery at home, I got a revolver and some cartridges, locked myself in my room, confronted myself desperately in the mirror, put the muzzle of the loaded pistol to my temple and pulled the trigger.

The hammer snapped sharply on the cartridge; a great wave of horror and revulsion swept over me in a rush of blood to the head; and I dropped the revolver on the floor and threw myself on my bed, sobbing and shuddering.

By some miracle the cartridge had not exploded; but the nervous shock of that instant when I felt the trigger yield and the muzzle rap against my forehead with the impact of the hammer—that shock was almost as great as a very bullet in the brain. I realized my folly, my weakness; and I went back to my life with something of a man's determination to crush the circumstances that had almost crushed me.

Why do I tell that? Because there are so many people in the world who believe that poverty is not sensitive, that the ill-fed, over-worked boy of the slums is as callous as he seems dull. Because so many people believe that the weak and desperate boy can never be anything but a weak, vicious man. Because I came out of that morbid period of adolescence with a sympathy for children that helped to make possible one of the first courts established in America for the protection as well as the correction of children.

Possibilities for Women

There is one asset the present century won't have much of on its hands a time to come, and that is the washed out, colorless woman of wrecked fortunes. The kind of education we are giving today make it possible for a woman to take her life in her own hands and do the best with it. She may never need to use her education from a utilitarian point of view—or she may. The wheel of fortune takes some startling turn these days, and crashes in upon some very happy homes, leaving only the wrecked debris to tell the tale. Does the modern woman, often left without a cent, creep away and lament for the rest of her mortal existence? She doesn't unless she's a fool.

She first takes an inventory of her stock in trade, so to speak. What am I best at—what, in other words, is my specialty? And then she prepares to face the great big pulsing world that is waiting for her to take her place in its ranks as a worker. Does she shudder at the thought of the struggle that lies ahead? Why should she? Isn't life a warfare; no matter how we take it? Haven't some of the greatest tragedies come into the lives of those who are shielded from even all need to buckle on our armour some time or other, so it is wise not to let it rust lest it fall to pieces when we want it some day in a hurry.

Yes, the world was never so full of possibilities for women as it is today. She wants a level head! Of course she does. She wants to hold her ideals in both hands and never let them go. She wants a much larger equipment than the woman of other days—naturally. She has much more to contend with. Her greatest asset is independence of character, it should absorb her through and through. Her principles ought to be truth and integrity in all things; and if she has sound common sense, well, I don't think there is much fear of her. Do you?

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, thirteen years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly

J. B. LIVESQUE*

St. Joseph, P. O., 18th Aug., 1900.

INFORMED.

New York paper: Sometimes a New Yorker acquires wisdom far from Broadway. A young man who had occasion a few weeks ago to spend some days in that part of Nova Scotia which a poem of Longfellow's made famous stopped at a small hotel not far from the old village of Grand Pre. Salmon was on the bill of fare and knowing that he was in a salmon country he ordered it. When he got it he asked the woman where the particular salmon before him was caught. Now the young woman didn't know and said so. Evidently she regarded his question as unnecessary and almost impertinent. He could hear her telling the other girls about it. He was quite unprepared, however, when the young woman brought his dessert and as she set a piece of blueberry pie before him, remarked: "The berries in this pie was picked by Evanveine!"

How to get a pure white loaf

THE object of all expert bakers and cooks is to make a pure white loaf. And this object is attained by the use of

PURITY FLOUR

Purity is a hard-wheat flour of decidedly superior whiteness. It bakes into a pure white loaf. So, you see, to get the really beautiful white loaf you must use PURITY hard-wheat flour.



"More Bread and better bread."

Western Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd. Mills at Winnipeg, Brandon, Goderich.

HEALTH, WEALTH, AND WORK.

So long as Nature's laws require that mankind shall work, the necessity of keeping one's self in health and strength is of first importance. Many people believe that men of great wealth do nothing. That is a mistaken idea. They may not work with hammers or shovels, but they work with their nerves, brains and minds. Scores of millionaires have worked themselves into nervous prostration in their efforts to control, to avoid losing, their millions. But it is the humble workers who suffer most.

Mr. Arvez Herten, of Robertville, Gloucester Co., N.B., is a sturdy man of 65, who works in the lumbering districts in winter, and who, therefore, must have good health. Some years ago, he suffered much from Dyspepsia, with headaches, dizziness and rheumatism. In a statement, dated June 24th, '09, he says he used only Mother Seigel's Syrup and four bottles cured him completely.

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We have a fine line of note paper for social use in packages of one hundred sheets or by the pound on which we will neatly print your home address or your initial.

Or you can buy it unprinted, if preferred, much cheaper than by the ream. Call and see it and get our tempting prices.

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Bridgetown Boot and Shoe Store
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We can save you over the ordinary 5% straight interest mortgage, \$92.60 ON EVERY 1,000 BORROWED ON our ten year term.

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AGENT AT ANNAPOLIS:
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HOLIDAY GOODS

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NEW DRIED FRUITS

Raisins by the box, half-box, quarter-box, 1 pound package, seeded and seedless; Currants, Figs, Dates, and Candied Peels.

NEW NUTS, shelled or in the shell; Oranges, Grapes, Confectionery, etc.

A large assortment of CANNED GOODS, MINCE MEAT and BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.

FANCY and STAPLE CHINA and CROCKERY.

WANTED:- Any quantity of good Yellow-eye Beans.

C. L. PIGGOTT, QUEEN STREET

Harness! Harness!

We have just received a shipment of harnesses which for quality of material and workmanship surpass anything we ever carried before. If you are contemplating the purchase of any goods in this line it will pay you to see our stock before ordering elsewhere.

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.