

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate Agent, etc.

JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.

DENTISTRY! DR. F. S. ANDERSON, Graduate of the University Maryland.

DENTISTRY. DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER, Graduate of University Maryland.

FRED W. HARRIS, Barrister, - Solicitor, Notary Public, etc.

James Primrose, D. D. S., Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Beaufort streets.

J. B. WHITMAN, Land Surveyor, ROUND HILL, N. S.

N. E. CHUTE, Licensed Auctioneer, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, Incorporated 1850.

Wm. Robertson, President, Vice-President, J. H. SYMONS, Secy.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager, C. S. STRICKLAND, Inspector.

AGENCIES - Annapolis, N.S. - E. D. Arnold, manager, Barrington Passage - C. Robertson, manager.

CO-RESPONDENTS - London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches.

A. BENSON, UNDERTAKER and Funeral Director.

WAREHOUSES at J. H. HICKS & SONS' factory.

WANTED - Old brass and iron Castings, Trays and Old Brass and Iron Castings.

J. H. LONGMIRE & SON, Bridgetown, June 11, 1901.

Weekly Monitor

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1901. NO. 21

If You Are A Business Man

You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer.

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, Doggers, 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.

FLOUR and FEED DEPOT

In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Diamond, Marvel, Perfection, Huron, Pride of Huron, Glengarrig, Campana, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose and Goodrich.

In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moultrie, Bran, Chop Feed and Oats.

Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockery-ware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

SHAFNER & PICCOTT.

SPRING FOOTWEAR! My assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers cannot be surpassed in the valley.

"King" Shoe For comfort, style and perfect workmanship these Shoes are the standard of the Twentieth Century production.

W. A. KINNEY, NOTICE! We will keep in stock as formerly!

J. H. LONGMIRE & SON, Bridgetown, June 11, 1901.

Poetry.

The Two Baskets. St. Peter, from the door of heaven one day, Spied two young angels on their happy way.

They were to bring back flowers more fragrant far Than the budding rose and blooming hawthorn are;

They were to bring the praise of all the stars Back to their baskets.

The Angel of Thanksgiving, full of glee, Dropped a huge hamper half as big as he;

And the Angel of Penance, with a sad face, Dropped a small basket.

When they returned, St. Peter as before, Sat with his golden keys upon the door;

But when he saw the things that lay upon the floor, He looked at them with a sad face.

The Angel of Penance bore a sack, Cream full, and bound snugly on his back;

Yet even there it seemed that he had laid Of bag or basket.

The Angel of Thanksgiving blushed to find The empty lightness of his mighty deed;

"But there!" he muttered, turning on his heel, To hide his basket.

Then spoke St. Peter: "When again you go On prayer gathering you will better know That men's petitions in the world below Are laid in a big basket."

"But when you go to gather up their thanks, For prayers well answered and forgiven grants, For hearts well-rested and disengaged hearts, Your smallest basket!"

-Quoted in The Sunday School Times.

Select Literature.

Ellie-Nellie. BY ANNE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"A WHAT?" Miss Annina turned her head slowly. Her hands were wide and stiff, and impeded motion.

"A rummage sale," laughed Claudia, out of breath with her hurry.

"You mean rummage, don't you?" said Claudia, with a look of surprise.

"Come right in here," she said to the slender, shabby figure hesitating in the aisle.

"I'm pretty big, but you are pretty little. You shall average about the right of way in the rack for your bundles."

"You stopped suddenly, for the shabby little person had no bundles. She was smiling, and her eyes were fixed on her face that she saw apart from Nellie's." Miss Annina said to herself.

"What is likely to cry my mind," thought Miss Annina, compassionately. "Now I wonder what she wants to cry for."

"You're doing something," whispered Claudia. "They're coming early on purpose, you see. I say, somebody's going to be delighted with that pretty girl and white silk."

"Why, let me see—yes, I know. It's your dress, isn't it?" Miss Annina said to herself.

"I believe she's going to buy it, and I've got it in the window because it's one of our 'drawing cards,' you see."

"The shabby little thing was Miss Annina's seat-mat of the train. She had slipped into the rummage sale, attracted by a little roll of blue linen in the drawer."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

Poetry.

rick it! There, we've started. Good-by—good-by!"

"Good-by, Annie. You're a dear," called Claudia's clear voice, heartily.

"I'm going to be a good deal like a painter's shop, I'm afraid," laughed Claudia to herself, as she stepped along toward Larry's office.

Larry was pondering over the pages of a great book, and his fingers were threading his fine crop of red brown hair, and of course, it stood up in wild abandonment around his patient face.

"You're a little red one!" she cooed. Larry started out of his deep meditation and smiled welcomingly at the visitor in the door.

"Instantly his hands went up to his forehead, and he looked at her with a sudden look of reproach.

"Annie, Mrs. Peabody," he said, firmly. "What will you learn that my hair is as white?"

"Sweet Auburn! I loveliest village of the plain," quoted Claudia, gaily. "Larry, I suppose there isn't a dearer boy to you than you are, but you're color blind, poor boy. You can't help it. If you'd let me, now, I'd cure you. For instance—when you forget how red locks just stand in front of the looking-glass—"

"That when you go to gather up their thanks, For prayers well answered and forgiven grants, For hearts well-rested and disengaged hearts, Your smallest basket!"

-Quoted in The Sunday School Times.

Select Literature.

Ellie-Nellie. BY ANNE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"A WHAT?" Miss Annina turned her head slowly. Her hands were wide and stiff, and impeded motion.

"A rummage sale," laughed Claudia, out of breath with her hurry.

"You mean rummage, don't you?" said Claudia, with a look of surprise.

"Come right in here," she said to the slender, shabby figure hesitating in the aisle.

"I'm pretty big, but you are pretty little. You shall average about the right of way in the rack for your bundles."

"You stopped suddenly, for the shabby little person had no bundles. She was smiling, and her eyes were fixed on her face that she saw apart from Nellie's." Miss Annina said to herself.

"What is likely to cry my mind," thought Miss Annina, compassionately. "Now I wonder what she wants to cry for."

"You're doing something," whispered Claudia. "They're coming early on purpose, you see. I say, somebody's going to be delighted with that pretty girl and white silk."

"Why, let me see—yes, I know. It's your dress, isn't it?" Miss Annina said to herself.

"I believe she's going to buy it, and I've got it in the window because it's one of our 'drawing cards,' you see."

"The shabby little thing was Miss Annina's seat-mat of the train. She had slipped into the rummage sale, attracted by a little roll of blue linen in the drawer."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

Poetry.

rick it! There, we've started. Good-by—good-by!"

"Good-by, Annie. You're a dear," called Claudia's clear voice, heartily.

"I'm going to be a good deal like a painter's shop, I'm afraid," laughed Claudia to herself, as she stepped along toward Larry's office.

Larry was pondering over the pages of a great book, and his fingers were threading his fine crop of red brown hair, and of course, it stood up in wild abandonment around his patient face.

"You're a little red one!" she cooed. Larry started out of his deep meditation and smiled welcomingly at the visitor in the door.

"Instantly his hands went up to his forehead, and he looked at her with a sudden look of reproach.

"Annie, Mrs. Peabody," he said, firmly. "What will you learn that my hair is as white?"

"Sweet Auburn! I loveliest village of the plain," quoted Claudia, gaily. "Larry, I suppose there isn't a dearer boy to you than you are, but you're color blind, poor boy. You can't help it. If you'd let me, now, I'd cure you. For instance—when you forget how red locks just stand in front of the looking-glass—"

"That when you go to gather up their thanks, For prayers well answered and forgiven grants, For hearts well-rested and disengaged hearts, Your smallest basket!"

-Quoted in The Sunday School Times.

Select Literature.

Ellie-Nellie. BY ANNE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"A WHAT?" Miss Annina turned her head slowly. Her hands were wide and stiff, and impeded motion.

"A rummage sale," laughed Claudia, out of breath with her hurry.

"You mean rummage, don't you?" said Claudia, with a look of surprise.

"Come right in here," she said to the slender, shabby figure hesitating in the aisle.

"I'm pretty big, but you are pretty little. You shall average about the right of way in the rack for your bundles."

"You stopped suddenly, for the shabby little person had no bundles. She was smiling, and her eyes were fixed on her face that she saw apart from Nellie's." Miss Annina said to herself.

"What is likely to cry my mind," thought Miss Annina, compassionately. "Now I wonder what she wants to cry for."

"You're doing something," whispered Claudia. "They're coming early on purpose, you see. I say, somebody's going to be delighted with that pretty girl and white silk."

"Why, let me see—yes, I know. It's your dress, isn't it?" Miss Annina said to herself.

"I believe she's going to buy it, and I've got it in the window because it's one of our 'drawing cards,' you see."

"The shabby little thing was Miss Annina's seat-mat of the train. She had slipped into the rummage sale, attracted by a little roll of blue linen in the drawer."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

Poetry.

rick it! There, we've started. Good-by—good-by!"

"Good-by, Annie. You're a dear," called Claudia's clear voice, heartily.

"I'm going to be a good deal like a painter's shop, I'm afraid," laughed Claudia to herself, as she stepped along toward Larry's office.

Larry was pondering over the pages of a great book, and his fingers were threading his fine crop of red brown hair, and of course, it stood up in wild abandonment around his patient face.

"You're a little red one!" she cooed. Larry started out of his deep meditation and smiled welcomingly at the visitor in the door.

"Instantly his hands went up to his forehead, and he looked at her with a sudden look of reproach.

"Annie, Mrs. Peabody," he said, firmly. "What will you learn that my hair is as white?"

"Sweet Auburn! I loveliest village of the plain," quoted Claudia, gaily. "Larry, I suppose there isn't a dearer boy to you than you are, but you're color blind, poor boy. You can't help it. If you'd let me, now, I'd cure you. For instance—when you forget how red locks just stand in front of the looking-glass—"

"That when you go to gather up their thanks, For prayers well answered and forgiven grants, For hearts well-rested and disengaged hearts, Your smallest basket!"

-Quoted in The Sunday School Times.

Select Literature.

Ellie-Nellie. BY ANNE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"A WHAT?" Miss Annina turned her head slowly. Her hands were wide and stiff, and impeded motion.

"A rummage sale," laughed Claudia, out of breath with her hurry.

"You mean rummage, don't you?" said Claudia, with a look of surprise.

"Come right in here," she said to the slender, shabby figure hesitating in the aisle.

"I'm pretty big, but you are pretty little. You shall average about the right of way in the rack for your bundles."

"You stopped suddenly, for the shabby little person had no bundles. She was smiling, and her eyes were fixed on her face that she saw apart from Nellie's." Miss Annina said to herself.

"What is likely to cry my mind," thought Miss Annina, compassionately. "Now I wonder what she wants to cry for."

"You're doing something," whispered Claudia. "They're coming early on purpose, you see. I say, somebody's going to be delighted with that pretty girl and white silk."

"Why, let me see—yes, I know. It's your dress, isn't it?" Miss Annina said to herself.

"I believe she's going to buy it, and I've got it in the window because it's one of our 'drawing cards,' you see."

"The shabby little thing was Miss Annina's seat-mat of the train. She had slipped into the rummage sale, attracted by a little roll of blue linen in the drawer."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

"Nellie's fond of grey," she said to herself. "I'll get a little more of it."

Poetry.

rick it! There, we've started. Good-by—good-by!"

"Good-by, Annie. You're a dear," called Claudia's clear voice, heartily.

"I'm going to be a good deal like a painter's shop, I'm afraid," laughed Claudia to herself, as she stepped along toward Larry's office.

Larry was pondering over the pages of a great book, and his fingers were threading his fine crop of red brown hair, and of course, it stood up in wild abandonment around his patient face.

"You're a little red one!" she cooed. Larry started out of his deep meditation and smiled welcomingly at the visitor in the door.

"Instantly his hands went up to his forehead, and he looked at her with a sudden look of reproach.

"Annie, Mrs. Peabody," he said, firmly. "What will you learn that my hair is as white?"

"Sweet Auburn! I loveliest village of the plain," quoted Claudia, gaily. "Larry, I suppose there isn't a dearer boy to you than you are, but you're color blind, poor boy. You can't help it. If you'd let me, now, I'd cure you. For instance—when you forget how red locks just stand in front of the looking-glass—"

"That when you go to gather up their thanks, For prayers well answered and forgiven grants, For hearts well-rested and disengaged hearts, Your smallest basket!"

-Quoted in The Sunday School Times.

Select Literature.

Ellie-Nellie. BY ANNE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"A WHAT?" Miss Annina turned her head slowly. Her hands were wide and stiff, and impeded motion.

"A rummage sale," laughed Claudia, out of breath with her hurry.

"You mean rummage, don't you?" said Claudia, with a look of surprise.

"Come right in here," she said to the slender, shabby figure hesitating in the aisle.

"I'm pretty big, but you are pretty little. You shall average about the right of way in the rack for your bundles."

"You stopped suddenly, for the shabby little person had no bundles. She was smiling, and her eyes were fixed on her face that she saw apart from Nellie's." Miss Annina said to herself.

"What is likely to cry my mind," thought Miss Annina, compassionately. "Now I wonder what she wants to cry for."