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Women and Children. Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

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VOL. 19. A. W. MOORE, PLEASANT AS MILH

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business in the premises known as the PAYSON PROPERTY, first door east of the Post Office, where he intends to conduct the Meat and Provision Business in the best style, and so as to meet the requirements of the style, and so as to meet the requirements of the style, and so as to meet the requirements of the style attention. MIDDLETON, . N. S. and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes ve a liberal patronage.

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SYRUPS of all kinds,

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JUST RECEIVED: TEAS AND COFFEES, UNEQUALLED FOR STRENGTH AND FLAVOR.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1891.

received the most careful attention, and 'Zeki'l, when your time was out ?"

ting with his heels thrust through a crack "Do the folks here know?"

One summer afternoon as he was plow- were gone.

cunting to the top of the fence, and sit- ment."

"I don't know as there's much to tell.

then fell apart.

THE WEEKLY MONITOR. At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S., the settlement. He did not seem to expect looked curiously at the solitary, stooping it, going his way quietly, and ever maintifigure inside the gate, his steps slackened, the mornin'," in a confused, propitiatory tone.

M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher. At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S. own private history. Not even Mr. Davy lor overspreading the healthy, ruddy hue She stared at him. Tanner could win him from that reticence, of his face. much as he desired to learn all about those long years of penal servitude and the life concealed behind them. He seemed to be the gate. 10,00 without any ties of kindred or friendship, "Howdy you do, 'Lijy?"

row, and halted.

set apart from other men.

R. S. McCORMICK, Manager. Poetry.

hat do I care that his hair is gray, His forehead crossed with many a li Are three times mine? nat his once bright eye has begun to for And his once straight form to bend, along the road, and, stopping at the fence, them," in a choked voice. What do I care? His heart is there-'Tis for that I loved my friend.

My Friend.

is not only years that have dimmed And turned his hair from its own bright in the lower rails. hey have left their trace on the gen So kind and true-

and leaning on the plow-handles. ut the saddening touch of sorrow's har Those mournful lines have penned; et still I find the noble mind Tis for that that I love my friend. nd what do I care that others scorn me rests there a beauty rare,

nd my heart I raise in graceful praise Thank God that I have my friend.

- Town and Country

Select Ziterature.

'Zeki'l.

Davy Tanner was a soft-hearted old man, nd the forlorn, friendless stranger apealed strangely to his sympathy, in spite of the countries, an nis name—why, yes, to be sure; it's Morgan, same as yours "Three; the girls, Cynthy an' Mary—" with a sharp, questioning glance.

But the countries of the of the candid statement that he had just But the momentary flush of emotion that 'Zeki'l's face flushed.

But the momentary flush of emotion that of the candid statement that he had just finished a five-years' term in the peniteritary for horse-stealing.

"I tell you this, not because I think it's anything to boast of, but because I don't want to 'pear like I'm deceivin' folks," he said in a dejected, melancholy tone, his face twitching, his eyes cast down. It was a haggard face, bleached to a dull pallor by prison life, every feature worn into deep lines. Evidently he had suffered beyond the punishment of the law, though how far it had eaten into his soul no man would ever learn, for after that simple statement of his crime and his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, servitude as a/convict, he did not again, servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his servitude as a/convict, he did not again, whough how far it had eaten into his the suffered beyond the punishment of the law, though how far it had either makin to shame. "I must think of them." Amade him for me, 'Lijy ?"

"Yes; for you. Cynthy's about grow an' a likely girl, I can tell you."

"I know: I thought o' them years ago."

"Yes; so it is; but some deeds aren't to be accounted for, nor recalled either, no matter how deeply we repent."

"Yes; so it is; but some deeds aren't to be accounted for, nor recalled either, no matter how deeply we repent."

"Yes; so it is; but some deeds aren't to be accounted for, nor recalled either, no matter how deeply we repent."

"Yes; of to maki

servitude as a convict, he did not again, even remotely, touch upon his past, nor the even remotely, touch upon his past, nor the inner history of his life. No palliative explanations were offered, no attempts made to soften the bare, disgraceful truth.

Mr. Davy Tanner was postmaster as well my control of the delegates to the Congress of Science, right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

The other family isn't to come then right away?"

Barrister and Solicitor.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL

LONDON FIRE INSUR-ANCE: COMPANY.

"I've been to the store for Marthy Anr

"I never! Forgot what you went after! What emotion those simple, con You beat all, 'Lijy Morgan; you certainly place words covered! They looked at each other, silently noting the changes time and "The man must 'a' sent your wits wool. sorrow had wrought. They had never gatherin', pa," cried Cynthia, jccosely. been openly declared lovers, but words long, thin, and pale, and the smooth hair each other, and they knew that they But he seemed a kindly natured man, "I like not to have known you, 'Zeki'l, framing it glinted like silver in the fire- would marry when she had finished her with a vein of irrepressible sociability run- it was so unexpected seein' you here," said light; but her dark eyes were wonderfully term as teacher in the county school, and ning through him, in spite of his solitary Lijy, huskily, scanning the worn, deeply soft and beautiful, and her mouth had

lingly over him, he would have become a ence in our looks sometimes, though you avorite with his neighbors.

are not so much changed," said 'Zeki'l,

Morgan gave her a grateful look. "No; an end to all plans, all hopes.

"You see I'm a cripple now, 'Zeki'l," Across the road, opposite his house, he quietly. He had been prepared for the but I don't think I care for any supper," she said, to break the silence. oken tools, sharpening dull plows, ham- "Twelve years? Yes; but it has seem- When he returned Mrs. Morgan sat by broken tools, sharpening dull plows, hammering patiently on the ringing red-hot delike twenty to me since—since it all
the fire alone. He looked hastily about tien, had wrought any change in their love.

"She's off too.

fire into a brighter blaze. hailed him. He plowed to the end of the "I know," said 'Zeki'l, hastily, his face "Marthy Ann, it was 'Zeki'l I saw this blanching; "an' I thought it would be evenin'." "Good evenin', 'Zeki'l," said the man, best to make a new start in a new settle. She dropped the ending. "Zeki'l."

"That I served my time? Yes; but e news down your way?" 'Zeki'l inquired, bought the Biggers' place I studied hard went on to tell her about their meeting drawing his shirt-sleeve across his face, about movin away, but I like it here. It's and conversation. Her hard, sharp-featurbeginnin' to seem like home." beginnin' to seem like home."

'Lijy stared at the poor cabin, the stunt'Lijy stared at the poor cabin, the stunt'Lijy stared at the poor cabin, the stunt'Zeki'ls refusal to live with them or to have
hand on his bared head, and tears gushed Billy Hutchins an' Sally Ann McNaily ed, naked peach trees, so cold and dreary. their kinship acknowledged. "I'm glad to see he's got that much con. from his eyes.

on away an' got married last night, an' looking in the wintry dusk.

bin door could be seen the broken, pictory of the ever struck. If you didn't bill it, an' hang thrust his nose into his hand. The touch the seem that the course of the ever struck is not a wife ministered to him; but he had for feited all claim to such heavenly joys.

A New Disease Amongst Children.

NO. 24.

'Lijy Morgan passed along the road on his ered dishes from the hearth to the table. sed way to Mr. Davy Tanner's store. He was "Well, where is the sugar you went hanging loosely around her sho distrust and predjudice died out, though a strong-looking, well-built man, with rag- over to the store to get?" she demanded

nd for the mail never brought anything to Their hands met in a quick, close grip, 'Lizabeth leaned forward. Her face was were not needed for them to un

ways of life. There were glimpses of lined face before him with glad yet shrink- chastened, tender lines about it. ing gaze. "Are you sick, 'Lijy?" she inqu "Are you sick, 'Lijy?" she inquired, in a undenied accusation of horse-stealing, folor that cloud of shame hanging forbid- "An' twelve years make a great differ- gentle, subdued voice, a voice with much lowed swiftly by trial and conviction, put set up a small blacksmith shop, and much meeting, and years of self-mastery had he said slowly. "I'll step out an' see if of his idle time he spent in there, mending given him the power of concealing emotion. the stock has all been fed."

iron. The smallest, simplest piece of work happened. Why didn't you come home, the room. "Where is Cypthy ?" the farmers recognized and appreciated his "I 'lowed the sight o' me wouldn't be "Gone to bed." good for you, 'Lijy; an'-an' the old folks "An' 'Lizabeth !'

ing in his cotton-field, a neighbor came "Yes; it killed them, Zeki'l, it killed He drew a sigh of relief, and stirred the

"Hush! Yes; he lives up on the hill from him by an almost uncontr "Howdy you do, Marshall? What's that's all. When I heard that you had between here an' the store;" and then he

old Miss Gillis is mighty nigh dead with the ja'nders. A punkin couldn't look yal. "Yes; it's mine, all mine. Come in folks couldn't forget how he'd disgraced her face, her eyes, illuminated by a pity lerer." He opened his knife, and ran his and sit awhile with me, an' warm. It's himself; an' to come right where he is! I and tenderness divine in their beauty.

his place at last."

"Has he?"

"Yes; I met him down at the store, an' he said the trade had been made."

"He's bound to go to Texas."

"Yes; so he 'lows."

"Well, old Georgy is good enough for me," 'Zeki'l remarked, with a pleased glance at his sterile fields.

"An' for me," said Marshall, heartily.

"Him across the bare yard and into the house. A flickering fire sent its warm glow throughout the had to go to the penitentiary to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill of desolation.

"Yes; so he 'lows."

"Yes; and she stood up a sleeve across his eyes, and she stood up a nearly all you had to get him out of prison, an' when he had to go to the penitentiary to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill of desolation.

"Do you live here alone?"

"Yes; all alone, except Rover and the glance at his sterile fields.

"An' for me," said Marshall, heartily.

"The cur rose up from the hearth with a limit and the house. Save us more trouble?" wiping tears of vexation from her eyes. "You spent nearly all you had to get him out of prison, an' when he had to go to the penitentiary to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill of desolation.

"Do you live here alone?"

"Yes; all alone, except Rover and the bodily pain. "God A'mighty forgive me." houldn't I love you all the sleeve across his eyes, and she stood up all you had to get him out of prison, an' when he had to go to the penitentiary to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold, a chill struck to 'Lijy Morgan's heart as he crossed the threshold,

lance at his sterile fields.

"An' for me," said Marshall, heartily.

The cur rose up from the hearth with a He paused, smote his knee with his open more, take care o' you all the more, take care o' you all the He lived alone in a weather-beaten log

"Wanderin' round don't make folks rich, but bin built on the roadside at the edge of "Wanderin' round don't make folks rich, but was of his stumpy tall, and gave the visite palm, and turned his face away.

"Well, if I don't know what I'm talking the best place in this settle tor a glance of welcome from his mild,"

"Well, if I don't know what I'm talking the best place in this settle tor a glance of welcome from his mild,"

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"Well, if I don't know what I'm talking the best place in this settle tor a glance of welcome from his mild,"

"Well, if I don't know what I'm talking the best place in the b I ment, an' he'd better stay on it. It won't friendly eyes.

I do to believe all the tales they tell about there were only two chairs in the room, these new States. I had a brother to go and Zekil placed the better that the same angry excitement.

grape-vine half covering the one slender oak shading the front yard. The house consisted of only one room, with a wide, deep fireplace in the north end, and a wide window to the south. The logs had shrunk apart, leaving airy cracks in the walls, and the front door creaked on one hinge, the other having rusted away.

But 'Zeki'l Morgan's ambition seemed attisfied when he came into possession of he house, the unproductive clearing around t, and the narrow strip of woodland bound.

There were only two chairs in the room, there can be fore that nappened, you know you ain't. Fill never be willin' to claim kin the front dasky twi light deepened to night, the orange glow fading from the west, and the stars shining the front door creaked on one hinge, the other having rusted away.

But or a suspicion of the truth seemed to occur, to Zion Hill settlement. The log walls.

Between the men a constrained silence foll. The meeting had been painful be. the house, the unproductive clearing around the stayed they had to sleep and the narrow strip of woodland bounding the richer farm beyond. From the on moss mattresses, an'my brother lowed good the open acknowledgement of either.

Between the men a constrained silence foll. The meeting had been painful be yound the open acknowledgement of either. Children sat around his brother's fireside, (Concius)

An extremely rare if not altogether new clown River, and the Blue Ridge Moun. it, an' do the Lord only knows what to it, roused 'Zeki'l. From the jamb he took a The girls had evidently been informed of discovery law has been recorded.

Section of the control of the life. A positive of the life. The control of the life. A positive of the

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,

AGENT OF THE CITY OF

* Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank Annapolis, N. S.

"An' I've grown old," he replied, and their eves met again in a long, eloquent, steadfast gaze, and they knew that neither It had only grown stronger and deeper. Her thin face flushed, her trembling fingers

gathered up a fold of her gown. Why don't you come to see us, 'Zeki'l?' "I can't, 'Lizabeth ; I can't. It would not be right. Don't you know I've been door at her feet, his face hidden against her knees "You don't know all: you don't know all." The words were wrung ed face softened a little when he came to could bear, to read in her eyes her faith

"Can't you tell me ?", she whispered

turesque hills marking the course of the Etowah River, and the Blue Ridge Mountains far beyond, and the Long Swamp range rising in the foreground.

Very little of 'Zeki'l's past history was known in Zion Hill settlement. He had walked into Mr. Davy Tanner's store one spring day, a dusty, penniless tramp, his clothes hanging loosely from his stooping shoulders, a small bundle in one hand, a rough walking stick in the other. Mr. Davy Tanner was a soft-hearted old man, and the forlorn, friendless stranger ap
tirrst his nose into his hand. The touch it would grow an 'burst out of the beds when you were sleepin' on them." 'Zeki'l's filled and lighted his pipe. Shoulders, a small bundle in one hand, a went down the last time, a man from one of the lower counties, an' his name—why, yes, to be sure, it's Morgan, same as yours and the forlorn, friendless stranger ap
tirrst his nose into his hand. The touch it thrust his nose into his hand. The touch it thrust his nose into his hand. The touch it thrust his nose into his hand. The touch it thrust his nose into his hand. The touch it thrust his nose into his hand. The touch it thrust his nose into his hand. The touch it thrust his nose into his hand. The touch it would grow an' burst out of the beds when you small twould grow an' burst out of the beds when you small twist of tobacco.

Will you smoke, 'Lijy?'

"I believe not; but I'll take a chew."

He cut off a liberal mouthful, and then 'Zeki'l filled and lighted his pipe. It seemed to loosen his tongue somewhat.

"She''s tolerable."

"You needn't be so careful, Marthy Ann," be said, without the slightest touch of bitterness in his call tone of its hand. The touch his relationship to them, for they looked his relationship to the she said, her sallow face flushing with a brought over from the Baltic ports to our shores. Its symptoms were great prostration and refractation of the head, accomplished.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.