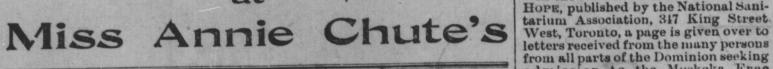


J. HARRY HICKS QUEEN STREET

to the the

THE WEEKLY MONITOR AND WESTERN ANNAPOLIS SENTINEL, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. FEBRUARY 24.

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admission to the Muskeka Free Hospital for Consumptives. Seldom have we read anything more pathetic. Here, for example, is a letter from a physician in Creemore, Ont., asking for the admission of a patient by the name of Morrison. He says :-

"I would like to urge strongly upon you the great claims of this patient. He has no home—mother dead—father working as a farm laborer. The boy has been living with an unmarried uncleno housekeeper-work, cooking, etc., being done by the uncle. The boy has absolutely no place to go where he

might be given any reasonable care, and he can get none where he is." Another case is from Thorold. Johnston Weldon writes :--

CANADA'S POOR CON-

SUMPTIVES.

A Story more Touching than anything from the Pen of the gifted

Ian Maclaren.

In the current issue of the Door OF

"I am a young married man, twentythree years of age. For several years I have been sick, but always able to keep my feet. Now I have come to the time when I cannot work, and cannot get medicine without means. My lungs are affected, and I am writing now to see if you can get me into the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consump-

tives. My young wife is here, and her parents have kindly opened their doors to her if I go away. quote. This is from a physician in Campbellford, Ont. He writes :--

"I have a patient suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, who has been laid off work for about three months "How now-was in hed part of that time, but latterly both his pulse and temperature have kept down and his weight going younger brother, but his neighbors are trying to raise a small amount of

money to help him." Ian MacLaren, who has given to us the character of Dr. McClure, were alive to-day that in letters such as these he touching and pathetic in many parts | Won't ye, Tommy?" than his Bonnie Briar Bush.

It is on behalf of cases like these, of which there are scores reaching the Secretary of the Sanatorium every plate. week, that the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives makes its appeal to-day for funds.

Bold Chanticleer. ૢૡૡૢૺૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡૢ૿ૡૡૢ૿ૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡૢ૾ૡૡૢૻૡૡ (From Boston Youth's Companion.) Grandsir Poole came in and kicked off his boots at the fireside. Grandma was turning fish hash out of the

spider for supper, and she only looked up to give him a friendly nod. Tom laid down his slate, and ran to get grandsir's slippers. Tom was twelve, and big for his age. He had freckles and steadfast blue eyes. Grandma and grandsir each had a se-

cret belief that he would be President; but Tom cherished his own ambitions. He thought there were few things more magnificent than to be editor of the county paper.

"Well!" said grandsir, serving the fish.

Grandma left her portion untasted. "Father, you speak up," said she. Is it all sottled?" "You goin' off to England on that

lumber vessel, from Canady?" "Yes, mother, I'm goin'. It's proper good pay."

she said.

lay a hand on her shoulder.

Just one more of the many we might ty. We've got to lay up suthin' listened ardently while she bargained you couldn't think of one? What's ahead. Mebbe Tom'll want to go to because he hoped to learn all branchthe 'cademy. Mebbe he'll go to col- es of the trade. He did errands until that?"

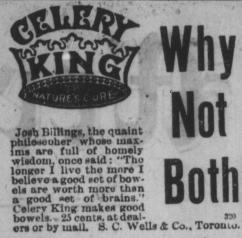
> "How do you think we can get accounts. along?" asked the old wife tearfully. "Why, mother, that boy's a won- here and everywhere in search of

He understood her, yet it was easi- der!" said Mary Ellen. "We've got copy. up. He is the only support of the er to answer as if she had been to keep him, that's all." family-mother, crippled father, and thinking of things more pressie than

the lack of his good company. "Job Tolman's goin' to pay that the quietest corner, away from the "Easter," said the young man.

would find material for a book more goes, Tommy'll take care or ye. up that."

"You bet I will!" said he gruffly. but her hands shook too much, and before you? What?" The next morning grandsir set out she passed the sheet to Tommy. This institution has not at any time, with Cousin Eliphalet for the Cana- "Here sonny," said she, "you see thoughts without noticing him. and since its doors were first opened in dian port where they were to ship what it says." for England, and Tommy, with his Tommy began reading aloud, but at same unconsidered frankness. grandmother, settled down to a lone- the second line he stopped and look- "It's 'most spring." said he. some life. For a time it went very ed ahead. Then he laid the letter "That's why I wanted that rooster." easily. Grandma tried to recall the down, and put his head on grand-"Why?" high heart that had stood her in ma's shoulder, just as grandsir used "Gramma's sick. No, she ain't so stead more than thirty years before. to do. much sick as she is homesick. We when grandsir used to go fishing to "Grandma," said he, like a man, lived down to the Port. Tell you it the Banks. As for Tommy, he felt "it's from one of the three that were smells good there-clams and tar and like a man. They were poor, but the saved. It says two of 'em were sick. gurry! Gramma says the mud there medicine for that lay in Job Tol- They had to go to the hospital in looks like the golden streets, and she Liverpool. And grandsir-he-he- hears the hens cackling in her man's barn. "When that hay is sold," said died." grandma, "the note will be paid up." Grandma sat for a moment quite come up to the old crower. I wanted But one December night the Tel- still, and then she fell forward into this crower to tune up under her out joyance in full cry! man barn burned down, and grand- Tommy's arms. It was only a faint- window; maybe if he could she'd get ma and Tommy looked at each other ing fit, the doctor told them; but well." aghast. Now they were poor indeed. from that day she kept her bed, and The young man laid a hand on Some tremulous expectation fluttered And as if sorrow hunted in couples. lay there, all her strength and cour- Tommy's shoulder. He turned him there. the county paper the next day had age ebbing from her. news of grandsir's ship. It had been "What's the matter with her?" ask- "Come back," said he. "We're gorun down by an Atlantic liner, and ed careworn Tommy of Aunt Mary ing to buy that crower." the three men saved had been taken Ellen, at the end of the third day. Tommy choked with refusals, but back on the vessel's course, to Liver- "I guess her heart is broken," said as the young man did not wait for pool. Was grandsir one of them? Mary Ellen. Her own face was wan him there was no sense in uttering "We mustn't give up," said grand- with tears. ma to Tommy, while her trembling Tommy slipped into grandma's his legs neatly bound together, was hand set his poor food before him room and put his cheek down to in Tommy's hand, to be carried, acand her face settled into lines of her's. grief. "He'll come home. You're just "Grandma," said he, "what is it? bably not sanctioned by the fowls as certain as I be, ain't you, Tom- You sick?" my?" She stroked his hair with one list-8 pairs Men's 3 Buckle Overshoes at ... | "Course I am!" said Tommy. less hand. A few pairs Men's Nol quality. Larri- seemed to be waiting, in the winter Tommy thought for a moment, and can't-" gans at \$1.65 cold, for some new trouble. Then then another solution came to him. 20 pairs Mens Boots at \$1.00 came a letter from Mary Ellen. "You homesick?" he asked. 15 pairs Ladies Kid and Pebble Boots grandma's married daughter living in Two tears crept out from her closat \$0...5 the city, begging them to come to ed lids. "Yes, dear," said she, "I' he. "I've found my Easter story. 986,859.17 3 Mens Overcoats at \$4.25 cash her for the rest of the winter. Her guess that's it." "Is that the waves?" she cried one of a homesick old woman from the "You keep watch o' the letters." day, starting up in bed. "Tommy, is country kept alive a little longer by J. I. FOSTER. said grandma to Job Tolman in her that the sea?" But, her window look- hearing a rooster crow! Story of the



a hard lot of late, but this little deal and made the wrinkles early. tenement appalled her by its povergreat expanse of water at its door, but this, he judged, was different. here she gasped for breath.

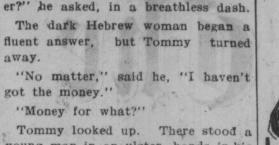
"Tommy,-' said she, in a whisper: hard case, but it's nothing to mine. as she bent over him that night and How would you feel if you were sent smoothed his hair, "I'd just as soon down here to write up the Jewish live in a peck measure, wouldn't quarter, and you knew half a dozen you?"

But Tommy was asleep, already dreaming of 'tendin' store.'

Grandma's hands fell in her lap. "I The next morning he began, and in @"Yes. That's why there are live dunno what's goin' to become of us," a week he had justified his warmest fowls for sale. It's a part of their Grandsir got up, and went over to salesman. He made change with a 'em killed according to law. Oh. "Don't you take on," said he. "I'm breathless. He went to the great Suppose you had a chance to do an as young yet as many a man o' for- markets with Aunt Mary Ellen, and Easter story for the Telephone. and

his feet ached, and kept laborious They were walking up the street

grandma. She had betaken herself to had been no mention of it.



young man in an ulster, hands in his pockets and hat on the back of his head. Tommy liked him, liked the look in his gray eyes, the lines about them, as if he had smiled a great

"What'll you take for that roost-

fowls in little coops.

"That rooster," said Tommy, at ty. Her own house at the Port was once. It was one of his business plain, but it seemed a part of the principles not to confide in strangers and it was mothered by a wide, wide "Want a rooster, do you?" said the sky. There she had been in the world; young man. "Want a rooster and can't have him? That's a mighty

other fellows had done it twice as well before you?"

"Is this the Jews' quarter?" asked Tommy.

hopes. Never was such a courteous religion to buy them alive, and have painstaking care that kept him your trials are nothing to mine! going roosterless to a tragedy like

the young man darting keen glances

"What's Easter?" asked Tommy. thinking of things more prosaic than "Not after father comes," said In the country meeting-house there

We have sometimes thought that if note as soon as he sells his hay." street, and there she sat knitting in the festival of spring. In the church said he. "You an' Tommy can live the dark. "Father wanted he should it means Christ's resurrection from on that. As fur as anything else have learnin'. Tommy mustn't give the dead. There are lots of stories

> about it, lots of symbols-eggs. Grandsir did not come, but instead lilles, don't you know! Well, now Tom was eating very fast, and there was a letter, remailed from the young man, what would you say if winking hard, his head over his Port in Job's uncertain script. you had to write a story about Eas-Grandma began to fit on her glasses, ter, and a million people had done it spoke softly:

> > He seemed to include Tommy in his Tommy felt like replying with the



get no rest by night and your work by day is too much for you. Those dull backaches nearly distract you. No wonder then you feel irritable and out of sorts. No one whose kidneys and blood are clogged with uric acid poison could be different. The remedy is DR. ROOT'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. They will put you right in a short time. The price is within your reach, namely 25c, although worth a dollar a box. Put up in

23: 0 0 t FILLS

was remembering the young and how keen his eyes were when they said good-bye. Tommy had the idea that this was the way to behave; to try one chance after another, and never to give up.

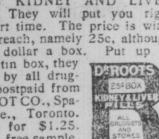
"He says she's lost the wish to live.

Tommy stole into the little back room and sat down by the bed. Grandma looked very old and wan. Tommy put his face to her's and "Gramma!"

She did not stir. Two tears rolled down Tommy's cneeks.

"Gramma, you've got to eat!" he

a dainty tin box, they are sold by all druggists or postpaid from DR. ROOT CO., Spadina Ave., Toronto. 6 boxes for \$1.25. Send for free sample.





7 lb. Whole Wheat - - "

them a sorrowful good-by at the even the city sounds were beating. human feeling, the poetic instinct to windy station. "If father's alive. "You want the sea, gramma?" ask- buy the rooster that saved the wohe'll write. An' if he comes, Job, you ed Tommy, achingly. tell bim we've gone on to Mary El- "The sea?" she repeated, looking "This is the cock that crowed in off as if even he were alien to her len's."

By the time they drew in at the beside the echo of beloved days. To wake the old lady all forlorn!' city terminus grandma had regained "The sea, the mud in the spring, the her composure, and it was a dignified hen's pratin', and the old crower | Jack Built' out of it! And it's an old lady whom Mary Ellen met, in struttin' up an' down. That's in the Easter story, don't you see? Easter! time to save her from beguiling spring o' the year. Why, it must be Resurrection! Isn't it resurrection to hackmen. Mary Ellen looked thin and bloom-tide now?"

a pang of compassion. "My sakes, Mary Ellen, what a were hot with tears.

on?'' could eat you up!" streets quite undaunted.

thinking of buying, call and see Always come to the Book Store for the Boston, St. John, Halifax dreams, and there's no brass band to

r.bout.

them. In five minutes the crower,

cording to immemorial custom-prothemselves-head downward.

"You mustn't give kim to me! urged Tommy, his eyes starting with delight. "I can't pay for him! I

The young man turned him about again.

"Get along home with you!" said Don't you see? It isn't conventional. what fetches 'em, every time. Story

tremulous staccato, when he bade ed on the little brick yard, where not boy that had the sharp sense, the

man! the morn'

"I could make a whole 'House That raise a woman from her sick bed and

him. Her eyes were red and her words

poor in her shabby dress, and the But outside the snow was sifting, give her heart and courage, and two women regarded each other with and the dark city seemed never to make her live again? I should say! have known a spring. Tommy's eyes You buy the Telephone next Saturday, day before Easter. No, tell me noise!" said grandma. "What's goin' A morning came when grandma lay where you live, and I'll send it to very still, and seemed not to hear, you!'

"Nothin' more'n common," said although Mary Ellen entreated her. He pulled out his note book, seem-Mary Ellen, thankfully, "except that in every tone of love, to take some ed to snatch the address off Tommy's you've come. Mother, seems if I drop of nourishment. Tommy was tongue, and was away, threading this story!" He was pointing out frantic with grief. He had hurried through the crowd. At that grandma's heart warmed, down to the market because he must. | Tommy took the middle of the and she went out into crowded and now he was running home at a street and ran for home. He dashed desperate trot, afraid of what he through the shon and tucked his sea- | clerk, suavely. "Tommy," said she to the future might find there. Suddenly he sick captive under a crate in the

editor, who at that moment felt ra- stopped. A sound had broken on the yard and there Aunt Mary Ellen met ther small and young, "you keep air.

But the tired eyelids did not rise. The lips stayed parted as if they had done with breath, and Tommy listened in a nameless terror, she seemed so still. Suddenly a sound broke on the air, triumphant, clear, a golden resonance:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Tommy's heart jumped with the surprise of it. He loved the crower. What a bird it was, 'to forget that ignominious progress, head downward, through the streets, and peal

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Grandmother's eyes were open.

"I thought," she said, weakly, "I 'most thought-"

"Tis, gramma, 'tis!" cried Tommy. "It's a real crower. Springtime. gramma, springtime! Muddy round the spring. And the hens'll begin to lay and the rooster'll crow. There, gramma, there he goes again!"

"Springtime!" said grandma to herself. "Springtime!"

A week after that Grandsir Poole himself walked up Snow street, where Mary Ellen used to live, and rang the bell at her old number. The tenement was empty, and the neighbors only knew vaguely that she had moved away. They had forgotten where. The more inventive made guesses, however, and grandsir plodded about until the middle of the afternoon, testing their theories in vain. At last he sat down on a bench in the park to rest, and let the spring wind buffet him. He felt faint and dazed. A boy was going by. He had frank blue eyes and a freckled nose.

"You look like Tommy," said grandfather; involuntarily.

"What yer givin' us?" inquired the boy, good-humoredly.

"No," said grandfather, "you're not like Tommy. But I'll buy a paper of you."

He bought a Telephone, and opened it on a story called "Bold Chanticleer"; and because it began, "Tommy had blue eyes and a freckled nose," he read it through.

Twenty minutes later Grandsir Poole, wild-eyed and breathless. plunged into the Telephone office, and everybody knew something extraordinary was going to happen. Either he was going to "lick" the editor or he had a "snap."

"I want to see the man that wrote "Bold Chanticleer" with a shaking finger.

"He's not in," said the advertising

"When will he be?" "He's out of town."

"Look here," grandsir broke forth.

250 7 lb.Onions - - - -"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" tremulous. tight holt o' my hand." "that's my boy he meant, my Tom-7 lb. Saurkraut - - - " -250 "I don't live in the old place," Never had he heard that cry in "Tommy, grandma ain't took a my! That woman-why, that wosaid Mary Ellen. "The shop I wrote these dark city wilds. It brought drop of anything this morning. She CHUTE A full stock of Dried and Canned Fruits, and Vegetables. Wanted:-M. man's Mother! She's homesick. She's you about is on Phoenix street. I've back the Port, the sea, the sky. If can't last long." any quantity of good Yellow Eyed Beans. dying! He says here she got well. C. L. PIGGOTT. MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE moved into the rooms right over it." grandma could but hear it! He rush-EVERYWHERE. "What's the doctor say?" asked Grandma knew Mary Ellen had had ed up to a shop where there were Tommy, with a new alertness. He (continued on page 3.)

If you want satisfaction in STATIONERY you will get it here because you have the largest assortment to select from. A great many women are dying,-or at least getting their Skirts, Coats and Feathers dyed for Winter and Spring. I am agent for the PARKER DYE I still have a large assortment of FOUNTAIN PENS. If you are 25C them. 25C

DAILY and WEEKLY PAPERS.