Sirs,-I sell more Opeleka Cough Mixture than all other kinds put together. La-sure you that it gives perfect satis faction in every case.

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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882-W. G. Parsons. B. A. Barrister, Solicitor, Etc. MIDDLETON, - - N. S. For Office, -" Dr. Gunter" building.

FREDERICK PRIMROSE, M.D., Physician and Surgeon.

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Special attention paid to Diseases Women and Children. Bridgetown, January 28th, 1891. 3m

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THE (HEAD OF QUEEN STREET.)

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.
Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge. G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29 \$1,000.00

GIVEN AWAY

THE WILMOT CORSET CO., South Farmington, N. S. Mrs. H. D. Woodbury, Mrs. L. C. Wheelock, C. H. Schaffner, R. D. Beals, S. Harris & Son, Mrs. Ausley,

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Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Monuments in Red Granite Gray Granite, and Freestone

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N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice.



WEDDING PARTIES A SPECIALTY Trucking of every description will be care fully attended to.

All orders left at the Grand Central Hote NORMAN E. CHUTE.

Bridgetown, June 4th, 1891. A COOK BOOK
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By mall to any lady sending us her post office address. Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.



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VOL. 19.

PALFREY'S

CARRIAGE SHOP

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REPAIR ROOMS.

ARTHUR PALFREY.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 291y

LIME and SALT

Capt. P. NICHOLSON, Bridgetown, N. S.

Lawrencetown, April 15th, 1891. 2 tf WE ARE PREPARED TO DO

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

FINE WORK

PROGRAMMES, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS,

Choice Lines of

always on hand.

A. W. MOORE, Fresco Painting in all Branches TIRED

Paper Hanging, Kalsomine, Marbleine, Whitewashing, Coloring, Etc., specialties Ceilings thoroughly whitened and cleaned without injury to Furniture of Estimates given. All jobbing punctually

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THE subscriber has lately established
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
trade in all particulars. By strict attention
and by dressing the best of stock, he hopes to
receive a liberal patronage. My team will run to

Bridgetown, June 10th, 1890 10 ly THE KEY TO HEALTH.

time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dys-pepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness Physician and Surgeon.

Office and residence in the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. L. G. deBlois.

Oscillatorial to Diseases of BLOOD BITTERS.

Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Sait Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Pluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar complaints yield to the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of the Skin, Propsy, Dimness of the Skin,

T. MILBURY & CO., Proprietors, Torosta: \$3000 A YEAR! 1 undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either states and write, and the after instruction, will work industriously how to care Theer Phonesal Dallace.



Feb. 11th. DR. FOWLER'S ·EXT: OF · ·WILD . CURES

TRAWBERRY HOLERA holera Morbus **IARRHŒA** 

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., Established 1873

THE WEEKLY MONITOR. ISSUED ON WEDNESDAY, M. K. PIPER, Proprietor and Publisher.

erms \$1.50 per annum, if paid within three en, I am a painter."

R. S. McCORMICH, Manager.

Portry. The Thing Not Done. sn't the thing you do, dear, tender word forgotten The letter you did not write, he flower you might have sent, dear Are your haunting ghosts to night.

The stone you might have lifted Out of your brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say; e loving touch of the hand, dear, The gentle and winsome tone at you had no time or thought for With troubles enough of your own.

r life is all too short, dear J. H. LONGMIRE, Master. F Also-Schooner NANCY ANNA, W. R. LONGMIRE, Master, will run on same route When schooners are not in port, apply to

Capt. P. NICHOLSON,

Lt's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.

God Will Conquer. od will conquer! Doubt it not n the shadow of a thought! This is Business! Plans of bravest men may fail Blown like leaves before the gale But the lightest word of His

The subscriber offers for sale a variety.

Selfish mortals feebly move:
He is strong for he is love!
Steadfast Righteousness is He;
And the Truth that maketh free
Every Hope unlit in Him
Le whantom-taper dim. Faint hearts cannot wage His war

Phæton Carts, for one or two persons.
Second-hand Carriages, in good repair,
And two Express Waggons,
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. An inspection invited.
JOHN HALL Yet revenge He must abhor. They who hate their brother-man

Well it is we know not now,
With us or without us, He
Will ride forth to victory.
Ours the choice;—beneath His feet,
Or beside Him in His seat. JOB WORK We have increased facilities for turning out Point against thyself thy sword Rather than let one thought be

Traitorous unto Liberty! Self-pronounced is else thy curse,-Hissed throughout the universe. LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
MEMO. HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS. There's a land where he will reign, Clothed in justice, pure from stain Sin, adopted and baptized; Will not there be recognized; Quietness that land shall see

For Himself its peace will be God will conquer! Take his side, And to certain triumph ride. Sure to strike fierce Error down. Sure to win truth's golden crown

ENVELOPES, ETC., ETC. Select Biterature.

**WEDDING STATIONERY** The Travelling Artist.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1891. She coloured violently at the thought of ing about her like a soft garment; and tramp coming from afar off-" this abduction, looking suspiciously at the knapsack. She thought he was daft, and as one rudely wakened. "That's like the Pridigal Son, Martha," he interrupted. stooped and and picked up a fork that was "Oh, I thought you never dreamed," he "Now, that's all my story," she said.

At Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., N. S lying in the porch, with which she meant said. to prevent his nefarious designs, did she seed "I don't dream; but it seems somethin's Martha rather like the tramp that wasn't upon the gate. He lingered! the matter with me to-day," she returned. a tramp?" "But we are jesting," he said; "Maid"And with me," he said.
"Oh; it is the new scene with you,"
"There is many girls named Martha."
"Would it make Martha happy if the young man were to—well, to stay with her for ever?" he asked. him open the flop of his bag. "Well, we don't want you—we're paint—she went on; "but everything's old here have require, and that's vellow white—to me."

"Un; it is the new scene with you,

Her voice had grown querulous, and her face troubled.

"It would make her happier to know that he was made better through her lo—" ed all we require, and that's yellow white to me." wash. So go away, that's a good man. "Should you like new scenes, Martha?" "And don't you think Martha was

an artist, and an exceedingly tired one, mind it, and some sad ones as kind o' like I didn't mean nothin'." and I should like to rest here and have a their sadness." ed at short dreason resolution if hospitality knows no place in your comif hospitality knows no place in your position, give me the word and I will go. "I don't know where it is; the story-you a story now, shall I?"

"You're laughing again," she said; the slightest. but I don't care. Look, now !" With a strange hobbling gait she was lame—that she was a cripple. He did go—that is, I mean—"

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank

Annapelis, N. S. "And so that's all the story! Didn't she stood beside him, her hands res ing

"Through her what?" "Gracious!" he said, rolling up his eyes. Then, seeing that he really fright—handsome ladies and gentlemen in fine left her?" he persisted.

"I'd like the scenes the stories tell about sorry when the tramp that wasn't a tramp "Well, her kind feeling for him." "Could she have no stronger feeling." o end the girl, he added, "I beg your par-don, Miss Martha; but the truth is, I am and never do wrong, or if they do you don't

"There! there! never mind," he said man, the fashionable man about town, to be

And for Heaven's sake don't speak of picrespectfully solicited.

Births, deaths and marriages inserted free of charge.

Add for Heaven's sake don't speak of pictures, and don't say you like them, and
don't sak me to show you what I can do."

She was more puzzled than ever; she
she asked.

She did not answer him, but sat there
with her eyes down.

"Once on a time," he said, "there was
don't sak me to show you what I can do."
She was more puzzled than ever; she
she asked.

She did not answer him, but sat there
with her eyes down.

"Once on a time," he said, "there was
a young man who was an artist. He was
a dreadfully conceiled young man, and in he said, cheerily, and went down She was more puzzled than ever; she looked at him keenly, noting for the first time that his face was pleasant to look upon, but upon which were many marks of the same the sa upon, but upon which were many marks of old pain and sadder marks of old pain and sadder marks of old passions, and the strange light of forced carelessness.

"Yes. Aunt Maria, she's gone to Miss with other young men and much reading.

Brown's funeral—she died o' gallopin' conad the strange light of forced carelessness.

Sumption. Her husband built this here "I don't understand pictures; and you porch, he did. Aunt Maria always liked he was conquered himself, and by what, do country flower, as much as the little daffoare making fun of me," she said, softly; Miss Brown; such a hand for Yorkshire you think, Martha? Why, by a pair of dils that sprang around his feet distorted somehow or other all her anger and defensive quality leaving her at the thought that sive quality leaving her at the thought that he laughed at her.

Ways have good dinners when they die.

Ways have good dinners when they die.

Ways have good dinners when they die. "Shade of Socrates forbid!" he ejacu- Aunt Maria is an old maid, and she would and they deceived him. After they had the daffodils as suddenly as he had come "Snade of Socrates forbid: he ejacu- Aunt Maria is an old maid, and she would ated devoltly; "and the milk, Chloe,—be precious angry if she found you here." deceived him, it seemed the devil came to across her, and had always spurned the him, and the artist went about doing all simple flowers before he had gained the would across her, and had always spurned the him, and the artist went about doing all simple flowers before he had gained the the harm that he could. Then even harm aid deprecatingly; "and if you turn your "Oh my!" she said; "why, I don't became stale to him, and he tried to call out again into all the old trouble, and sadand away, I'll get you a glass of milk." know none—at any rate, I didn't until you back that old spirit of ambition that had ness, and weariness, and pain? Would he

"I won't turn my head away; it's the came along a couple o' hours ago. But est head I've got, so why should I send it the couple o' hours seems like a year."

once actuated him; but he scarcely succeeded. So about a year ago he took up man remembering her. yet with burning face, and he saw that she "Oh, mercy! no. I wish you'd never wilder. He had sad times of it, and he

"Nice!" he echoed; nice to be father-less, motherless, Aunt Marialess? Martha, I am sensibly astonished at your awfulness."

"Oh, I didn't mean that; I mean't it's nice to meet someone that's just like me. Everybody almost I know has a mother and a father; and somehow Aunt Maria don't just seem to be what mother might have been—your mother always knows what you want before you tell her, you know.

"Oh, yes, Martha, I feel it borne upon me that we are twins."

But guided by him she seated herself the young man never ask her this? Could not she have tried to be clever and learn ranging her so that a glint of light struck upon her hair and lit up the depth of her eyes. She clasped her hands before her, looking up for inspiration.

"Now," he said; and, watching her curiously as she sat there, he made up his mind for a rustic picture while she spoke.

"Once on a time," she began, "there was a young woman named Martha, that hadn't no mother, no father, no nothin' but hadn't no mother, no father, no nothin' but her Aunt Maria, which she sometimes be-

thinkin' of her dream, when she spied a loth to go apart, bewildered and dreaming.

NO. 21.

with burning face, and he saw that she was a loring. On that is, I mean..."

"Now she did blush.

"Suppose If estay?" he said, looking at for the first time in her life she was sahams stook the first time in her life she was sahams stook for the milk and a morsel of bread, and came out with them. He was looking away from her out to the beautiful landscape, up to the fleery clouds, and a help-less look was on his face that made her pane. Then turned and saw her, and took the refreshment from her hand.

"May I not come into the pore while! regale myself."

"She nodeded.

In an instant he was beside her, sitting down upon one of the rough chairs under to ext.—he was looking far away. And so she watched him curiously and with a strange, new feeling.

"It is very paceful here," he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly; "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said, softly: "is stree never any sorted here." he said sould like to hear you speak a

"I haven't no tather; my father died ges ago," she said.

"And I haven't a father, either, Marha," he said.

"Oh, my! ain't that nice!" she cried.
"Nice!" he cchoed; nice to be father.

But guided by him she seated herself seems to me I can't refuse you nothin', and looking at him, smiling tenderly but with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the with white face, you have not talked; and looking at him, smiling tenderly but the standard looking at him, smili

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Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., Barrister and Solicitor.

AGENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSUR-ANCE COMPANY.

of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia

She held the gate open for him. Should he stay? One word would keep him, he knew, and he was so tired of everything, his life had closed in upon him so early. Silently "Would it make Martha happy if the

apon him-he, the artist, the rich, cultured She did not answer him, but sat there other negative attractions-he to talk sen-

She was perfectly calm, not confused in his pack and went from land to land mak. Quick as a flash he turned away, walked ing pictures, trying in all ways to forget rapidly down the road, turned once more, "So the couple of hours seem like a year? what could never, never be forgotten. He waved his hand, paused for a second-Have you grown so tired of me, Martha, was a weak man, of course, and he knew then on once more, never again to see her

sunk down overpowered by the load of sin Rife Shooting at the Paradise Range. and misery and memory he had carried so . The annual competition of the County

50 Capt. G. A. LeCain, 69th, 50 Pt. J. Hammond, 69th, 50 Maj. J. O. Marshall, 69th,



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

136 GRANVILLE STREET,