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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 28.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1901.

NO. 51

A Horse Trade.

(From Irving Bacheller's "Eben Holden.")

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Until the doctor comes, and for minor ills and accidents, the mother must doctor her family. Tens of thousands of mothers have relied upon JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, and have found it always reliable. It is used both externally and internally and it is the remedy for inflammation from any cause. Used continually for 90 years as a household remedy, its sustained popularity and increasing use every year are the best possible testimonials to its curative powers.

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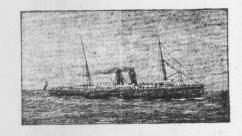
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In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian where the solution of the paper at Rhoda's downcast face. "Poor little woman," he thought tenderly; "how she tries to fill her mother's place! "how she tries to fill her mother's place!" "how she tries to fill her mother's place! "how she tries to fill her mother's place!" "how she tries to fill her mother's place! "how she tries to fill her mother's place!" "how she tries to fi

In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moulie, Bran, Chop Feed and Oats. WANTED! WANTED! Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockery-

ware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines. Confectionery, Stationery, etc. Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Poetry.

'Fore Daddy'd go to Bed.

Though men may heap the dollars up, In golden, gleaming piles,
Though they may bask beneath the light Or fickle Fortune's smiles,
Yet, when Death beckons unto them,
And murmurs, "Come with me,"
They're just as dead that day, my boy,
As you and I will be.

The dollars and the joy they bring,
The jewels and the wine,
Must linger over on this side—
They cannot cross the line.
The poorest, meekest of us all,
And he who is most proud,
Are on a level, for there are
No pockets in a shroud.

No need of pockets more —
But all his deeds—the good and bad—
They all have gone before.
And when he fares to Heaven's gate His future fate to seek,
'Tis well, if happily there may be
A tear stain on his cheek.

To drive out misery
Weigh in our favor—when we're dead,
As you and I will be.

They sat and talked where the cross road meet, Four men from the four winds come,

strength of the horse,
And the man from the East his pace,
And the man from the South loyed
speed of the horse,
The man from the West his grace.

come,

Each paused a space in his course

And smiled in the face of his fellow-man And lovingly talked of the horse.

Then four men parted and went their ways
As their different courses rap, And loving his fellow-man.

They meet next year where the cross roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come,
And it chanced, as they met, that they talked of God,
And never a man was dumb.

One said that he didn't exist.
But they lashed each other with tongues that stung,
That smote as with a rod;
Each glared in the face of his fellow-man,
And wrathfully talked of God.
Then four men parted and went their ways,
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with war in his heart, And hating his fellow-man.

Select Biterature.

Her Birthday.

and when the sunlight fell athwart the old chestnut, flakes of gold drifted through the mer hold and rustled to their winter sleep. But Rhoda gazed at the pretty sight with unseeing eyes and a frowning brow, her heart untuned to the morning's gladness. The cuckoo, in the dining-room clock,

thrust out his head and chirped the half hour, then his little door closed smartly. Rhoda glanced up impatiently. "Half-past seven, and papa will have to hurry his dows. breakfast. As for Sibyl, I suppose she is just bestirring herself. Everything goes wrong since mamma left us! Her lip quivered and tears stood in her eyes. "She would have remembered that this is my birthday, but nobody else will." A pang of self-pity made the tears overflow.

"They can't even be on time for breakfast by way of a celebration," she murmured, her rritation growing apace. Just then her frther's cheery voice was heard in the hall, and Rhoda made haste to conceal her tears. half ashamed of her morbid mood. If her eyes were suspiciously red, Mr. Vinton apparently failed to notice it. "What, wait ing for your snail of a father ?" he cried. "Oh, I see I am a trifle late," as his eyes followed Rhoda's reproachful glance at the lock. "We won't wait for Sibyl."

Rhoda presided over the coffee pot in dignified silence. No, her father certainly had no remembrance that this was one of the special days that her mother was wont to celebrate, her elder daughter's birthday. do? What did people do in such terrible Oh, how many sweet observations would pass with her mother ! Rhoda rattled the cups to hide the little sob that escaped her con- groaned aloud. Hurrying back to the wintrol. No, the others must not pass; there,

Mr. Vinton, with a word of apology, had the scene of disaster. taken refuge from the severe silence in the | What had Mr. Kenyon said? "This morning paper, glancing at the headlines as he hurried his meal. However, he heard da started. She had laughed aloud—a bit-

ways than one."

"Is there peace in this humble dwelling?"
cried a gay voice outside the door, and a bright eye twinkled mischievously at the crack. "Do forgive me, dear people, but I quite forgot the passage of time. I put my head out of the wiadow to say "good morning" to the glorious day, and the shower of falling leaves held me spell-bound." Rhoda did not deign to look that way. A perverse spirit had taken possession of the girl. "You must make haste, now," she said, severely. But, as Sibyl fluttered by her on her way to

sense of the fitness of things !" Sibyl bit she spoke her eyes were fixed upon the men, her lip and east an appealing glance at her | who were busy with some object in the wag-

good, long day to yourself, danghter. I oried, gripping Sibyl's arm until she winced. oried, gripping Sibyl's arm until she winced. "That is your birthday present from papa and me," Sibyl explained at once. "Please you," Rhoda said, coldly. "You will have the train."

"I'll be with you, papa, before you get to the moment, careless, light-hearted Sibyl forecorner," and she proceeded to finish her shadowed the womanly strength that would breakfast with a school-girl's marvellous one day be hers. Her touch brought comproving eyes. "I hope you will soon have Rhoda gave her but an incoherent explana leisure for acquiring respectable table manners," she said, tartly. "At least be more careful when you lunch with papa."

tion. The color faded in Sibyl's cheeks, and her clasp on Rhoda's hands grew closer.

'Oh, Doro," she cried, "God has been Sibyl opened her lips for a hasty retort, very good to me. Do you know how it hap-

Rhoda's speech. "Why don't you come and I searched a long time before we found too," she said impulsively. "We-" then a just the writing desk that we wanted for sudden thought checked the rest of the sen- your birthday gift. It was so late then that tence. "No, I thank you," Rhoda said, Noyes & Westcott's teams were all out, and loftily, "I have too much to do." Rhoda sat quietly until the closing of the So papa hunted up an expressman upon

gone. "No one remembers-no one cares," must have it here to night. We would have she thought, miserably. "I don't even believe they miss mamma as I do. And now his office. I was so anxious about it I-" they plan pleasant things while I am forgotten. Oh, it is so hard-hard!" And who was hanging upon her words. "I am though in her heart she knew her bitter afraid you won't like it,"-and she gave an thoughts to be unjust, the morbid mood held her in its grasp and she cried bitterly. A I was afraid they might make some mistake, spirit of restless energy took possession of and anyway I wanted to be here when they her and the day was devoted to the accom-plishment of distasteful duties that had I could feel easier, so I hopped on to an

provided Rhoda's favorite salad. Miss Rhody," she said, peering into the dining room, as Rhoda pushed back her chair, impatiently. "An' it's not more'n would contint a dir-rd that yez do be eatin."

body knew me, and I don't ever expect to do it again," she added, apologetically. Rhoda misses and a was gazing into the pretty, flushed face, with a sudden intensity. "Do you know," would contint a dir-rd that yez do be eatin."

body knew me, and I don't ever expect to do it again," she added, apologetically. Rhoda misses and the many body asks ye 'bout him for the highly accomplished animal. Dean had the manhood to pay up then and him tell 'em he's all ye expected."

We stood waiting a moment for the horse, which he never did. "It's all I need," the girl said, shortly, day with bitter, selfish thoughts, while papa still hugging her martyr mood; and Norah and you were planning for my happiness. I retired with a disappointed face—her little thought you forgot—that you did not care—

But when dusk fell Rhoda was thoroughdow, and, dropping limply upon a cushion, pillowed her head on the sill. The fair day, slipped away, leaving the west a-glimmer

erable, but give me time." suburban town broken only by the occasion- much that is best forgotten. Sibyl and I will al rattle of a passing waggon, or the distant | find something else to tell of our love and whistle of the trains plying between the city appreciation of our little house-mother." and its offspring. Rhoda listened dreamily for the approaching footsteps that would and laid her hands lovingly across it. "I give warning of the return of her father and | don't deserve it," she cried, humbly, "but sister. Sitting up, she raised the window do let me keep it. It will help me to rema crack that she might not be caught un- ember other things. Besides, if it hadn't aware. "I was so cross this morning that I

must make their home-coming cheery," she whispered penitently. Just then came the sound of running feet and the clamor of boyish voices. Something in their tone of excited horror brought Rhoda to her feet. Throwing the window wide open, she leaned out into the crisp air, but could get no clue as to the cause of the hubbub. A door in the opposite house opened and a man ran down the steps. "Hello!" ne called imperatively, after the passing rabble, "what's up?" "The 5.10 out train has gone through the bridge at the Hope

to cry out, but no words would come. As

"Did anybody call?" he asked. "Is it you, Miss Rhoda?" The electric light shone on her white face as the girl looked down with wild, beseeching eyes. "Oh, what shall I do?" she mouned. "What shall I do ?" "I am going right down to Hope dale," her neighbor said, quickly; and some thing in the strong, kindly voice steadied "There is nothing for you to de as yet. It would be useless for you to go with me. Keep a brave heart for whatever may come, and try to believe that this trouble may not be for you to bear-"

emergencies. At her helplessness and indow, she strained her eyes for further tidtoo, she must strive to fill her mother's ings. The street below now echoed to hurrying feet, as dark figures pressed on toward

her seat, something caught Rhoda's unwill vexation, "I did hope you would not be about, Rhoda. Now the edge is taken off ing eye.

"Now, Sibyl," she said, in disapproving surprise, "why have you put on your new gown. It is not intended for ordinary school wear. Oh, dear, I wish you would show some "are you really safe? Where is papa?" As "are you really safe? Where is papa?" As

her lip and east an appealing grance at the gon.

father, who, for a moment, looked a trifle

"Safe? Why shouldn't I be safe?" her

"Papa is de-"Oh-er, I forgot to tell you that I prom- sister cried in astonishment. "Papa is deised Sibyl that she might take lunch with layed by business and cannot come out unme in town to-day," he explained. "I suptil the six o'clock train. What is the matpose the new gown is in honor of the oc- ter, dearest?" beginning to be frightened, casion. She has some errand to do, I be- in turn, as the light from the hall showed lieve, so she will not be home until the lat- her Rhoda's face. "What is that? Are you ter part of the afternoon. You will have a | telling me the truth about papa?" the elder

to hasten, Sibyl. It is too late to go by the electrics. You had better go to town on "Come, Dody," and she drew her sister up the steps and into the dimly lighted drawing "All right," Sibyl assented cheerfully. room. "Now tell me all about it." At that celerity. Rhoda watched her with disap- fort and peace. Trembling and unstrung

then thought better of it. Her quick ear had caught a thrill of wounded pride in note of awe crept into her voice. "Papa to breakfast. they would not deliver it until to-morrow hall door assured her that her sister was whom he could depend, for of course we

bought it yesterday but papa could not leave She stopped and looked askance at Rhoda, embarrassed laugh-"but after they started disposed of, though Norah, the cook had got out and asked the men to let me ride on gan to laugh. attempt at celebration unnoticed and un- and it is through your thoughtfulness and now." care that God has spared you to me !"

ly weary. Pushing open the door of her clicked in the look. "Rhoda!" called Mr. nother's rooms, she crossed to the bow win- Vinton. "My poor little girl!" and as she ran to meet him, he caught her in his arms. "I saw Kenyon," he said, after an interval, which had been full of darkness to her had 'and he told me you had heard of the accident and were waiting. It has been a woeful with purest, palest green, portent of frost. birthday for my little woman !" His eye Gradually the tender associations of the was caught by the dainty, slender-legged place brought healing to her sore spirit, and mahogany desk, now divested of its burlaps as tears wet her eyes, Rhoda's mood changed. "Dear mother," she whispered, as if polished surface. "You need not keep the she felt the loving spirit near, I feel so mis- desk, Rhoda," he said, quietly, looking across her tumbled locks to read acquiescence A sweet stillness had fallen over the in Sibyl's sensitive face. "It will recall to Rhoda fell on her knees before the desk

been for the desk, you-oh, I can't even think it !" She shut her eyes and pressed her cheek against the satiny wood. Mr. Vinton looked at her with a sudden stricture of the heart. At the instant her face was like that of her he had "loved and lost

The Queen's Hope.

before her death: "My influence has ever been for peace. There have been wars, but only to establish peace, and to give the people security. Wars for that end are justifiable, but for no

what I would pray for on their behalf I would have them always associate my name with the peace and amity that promote the

England's destiny, and nothing would give me so much pleasure as to be assured that my spirit could in any way watch over and took us by the other team like a flash, on idea that it will be drawn up by the roots.

petuating social relationships. The custom is inveterate among all classes, and is so bound up with public bar-room habits in the United States and Canada that the one can hardly be abolished while the other remains.

Putnam's Canada that the other remains.

cream of tartar. Safeguards the food

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER.

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

gate. Ye didn't know what ye was sellin'." "If ye pass her once I'll give her to ye,"

"Mean it ?" said Uncle Eb. "Sartin," said he, a little redder in the

The horse played a part of no small im- "An' if I don't I'll give ye the whistler," portance in that country. He was the coin said Uncle Eb, as he turned abou of the realm, a medium of exchange, a standard of value, an exponent of moral character. The man that traveled without a fifty shot, but in a moment we were lapping a horse was on his way back to the poorhouse.
Uncle Eb or David Brower could tell a good
Uncle Eb or David Brower could tell a good

We needed another horse to help with the whistled. I have never felt such a thrill as haying, and Bob Dean, a tricky trader, who then. Our horse leaped into the deep grass, had heard of it, drove in after supper one running like a wild deer. evening, and offered a rangy brown animal "Hi there! hi there!" Uncle Eb shouted, at a low figure. We looked him over, tried bouncing in his seat, as we went over the him up and down the road, and then David, stones and hummocks, going like the wind. with some shrewd suspicion, divined later, "Go, ye brown devil!" he yelled, his hat

said I could do as I pleased. I bought the flying off as he shook the reins. horse and led him proudly to the stable. The mare lost her stride; we flashed by Next morning an Irishman, the extra man and came up into the road. Looking back, for the haying, came in with a worried look I saw her jumping up and down, a long way "That new horse has a chitterin' kind of Eb, his hand over the dasher, had pulled coff." he said.

but a kind of toom !" With the last word he obligingly imitated the sound of the cough. It threw me into "Sounds bad," said Uncle Eb, as he looked gate. Dean came along slowly.

"Thet's a purty good mare," said Uncle

at me and snickered. "'Fraid Bill ain't much of a jockey," said Eb. David, smiling. "Got a grand appetite—that hoss has,"

said Tip Taylor.

After breakfast Uncle Eb and I hitched relief coming over his face. him to the light buggy and touched him up for a short journey down the road. In five minutes he had begun to heave and whistle.

I felt sure one could have heard him half a hundred dollars ye can have her'n the been hitherto postponed. Lunch was hastily electric car, and when I overtook them, I mile away. Uncle Eb stopped him and be- whistler, both on 'em. Thet whistler's a

"Shure, it's worrukin' too hard ye are, body knew me, and I don't ever expect to body knew me, and I don't ever expect to be ain't with a bag o' beans. But don't ye The sum named was what we had paid

"There's Bob Dean," Uncle Eb whispered. | we stop t' look at the scenery," said Uncle "The durn scalawag! Don't ye say a word Eb, laughing as Dean drove away. "Kind "Good morning," said Dean, smiling, as "Got t' jedge the owner as well as the hose. "Nice, pleasant morning!" said Uncle Eb, as he cast a glance into the sky.

"Grand hoss!" said Uncle Eb, surveying

Uncle Eb expectorated thoughtfully.

him proudly. "Most remarkable hoss."
"Good stepper, too,"—id Dean, soberly.
"Splendid!" said Uncle Eb. "Can go a firmed in my dislike of farming, and I never nile without ketchen' his breath." "Thet so !" said Dean. "Good deal like Lucy Purvis," Uncle Eb added. "She can say the hull mul'plication table an' only breathe once. Ye can learn

as a distric' school-thet hoss is."

one hind foot. "Same age, too," said Uncle Eb, as he the case of the rubber plant a little bone meal looked into his mouth.

"Can pass anything on the road," said his winter time. "Can he?" said Uncle Eb, who had no taste for slow going. "Hitch him up an' le's see what he can do." good. The frequency with which palms and rubber plants need watering depends upon the air in the room, and the principal He carried us faster than we had ever thing to judge by is the dryness of the soil. ridden before at a trot, and coming up behind Two or three times a week in winter should ends of justice and of right.

"I have confidence to believe that this is reins loose on his back, and whistled. If

—A bill has been introduced into the State paid for the horse.

Paid for the horse.

Paid for the horse.

It was long after dark when we started years. When transfering one to a larger meanor for any person to treat another to home, leading him behind, and near mid- pot set the roots and the old earth, as little

like to meet him." I had only a faint idea of his purpose. going up the road, and when we turned other islands being secured by a power other about he was breathing heavily. We jogged than Great Britain. He says tha

" How's the hoss?"

"Splendid! Gives ye time t' think an'

(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

horse by the sound of his footsteps, and they to the mare. She quickened her pace a little, brought into St. Lawrence County the but we kept our position. Uncle Eb was haughty Morgans from Vermont. There was leaning over the dasher, his white locks flymore pride in their high heads than in many ing. He had something up his sleeve, as of the good people. A Northern Yankee they say, and was not yet ready to use it. Then Dean began to shear over to cut use had excellent self-control. Politics and the off—a nasty trick of the low horseman. I steed were the only things that ever woke saw Uncle Eb glance at the ditch ahead. I him to enthusiasm, and there a man was knew what was coming and took a firm hold known as he traded. Uncle Eb used to say of the seat. The ditch was a bit rough, but that one ought always to underestimate his Uncle Eb had no lack of courage He turned

down to a trot. Ahead of us we could see "A cough?" said I. our folks—men and women—at the gate "Tain't jist a coff, nayther," he said, looking down the road at us, waving hats and handkerchiefs. They had heard the

> "Yer welcome to her," said Dean sullenly. "Why not?" said the trader, a look of

grand longh.

"A whistler," said he, "sure's yer born.
any hoss I ever knew!"

o' resky business buyin' hosses," he added. b, as he cast a glance into the sky.

"What ye standin' here for?" Dean asked.

"where—every time. Never knew a mean man t' own a good hoss. Remember, my

"Jest a lookin' at the scenery," said he.
'Purty country, right here! Alwus liked "No use talkin'; Bill ain't no jedge uv "Nice looking hoss ye got there," said "He'll hev t' hev an education, er he'll "Wall, he's a good jedge o' gals, anyway,'

raded horses again.

Decorative Palms and Rubber Plants. In growing palms and rubber plants the sumthin' from a hoss like thet. He's good pot is an important item. That for rubber "Yes, sir, thet hoss is all right," said ing eight inches is not a bit too large for an Dean, as he drove away.

"Righter'n I expected," Uncle Ebshouted, pots should always be avoided, since the and then covered his mouth, shaking with paint closes up the pores of the clay and repressed laughter.
"Skunk!" he said, as he turned the animal much moisture and keeping out the air. It and started to walk him home. "Don't is important that the pot for a palm should min' bein' beat, but I don't like t' hev a man be much deeper than it is wide, for the roots rub it on me. I'll get even with him, mabbe." of a palm strike downward instead of spread-And he did. It came about in this way. ing out laterally. Of the two, the rubber We turned our new purchase into the pasture, and Uncle Eb and I drove away to Potsdam York Sun. For either, have a good layer of Giving expression to her thoughts on the British Empire to one of her maids of honor, horses in that part of the country. At last age, over it put a layer of florist's moss to we chanced upon one that looked like the prevent the clogging that might result from whistler, save that he had a white spot on watering. There should be a liberal quantity of sand in the upper layer of soil. In

> as a fertilizer should be added to the soil in took us by the other team like a flash, on the dead run and three in the buggy.
>
> For the most part it evaporates.

my spirit could in any way watch over and aid the accomplishment of that noble work."

"He'll do all right," said Uncle Eb, and

"He'll do all right," said Uncle Eb, and night when we arrived.

In the morning I found Uncle Eb in the out the borders with the new soil. Some viction is fixed at a fine of not less than ten stable showing him to the other help. To women who have had great success in rear ing custom have often been exposed, but men said, as I came in. "Wondered how he'd occasionally is wonderfully healthful to the

to hitch him up.

"Come, Bill," said he, "le's take a ride.

Mr. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand. Dean'll be coming 'long bym bye on his way is accused of attempting to form a Pacific t' town with that trotter o' his'n. Druther federation in opposition to the Australian federation, by the annexation of the Fiji Is-He let the horse step along at top speed | that his only purpose is to prevent Cook and about he was breathing heavily. We jogged him back down the road a mile or so, and when I saw the blazed face of Dean's mare, in the distance, we pulled up and shortly stopped him.

Dean came along in a moment.

"Nice mornin'!" said he.

"Grand!" said Uncle Eb.

"Looking at the lan'scape again?"

"Yes; I've jes' begun t' see what a purty country this is," said Uncle Eb.

"Splendid! Gives ye time t' think an' see what yer passin'. Like t' set 'n think once in a while. We don't do enough thinkin' here in this part o' the country."

"Y'd orter buy this mare an' learn t' ride fast," said Dean.

"Thet one," said Uncle Eb, squinting at the mare, "why she can't go fast 'nough."

"She can't, hey?' said Dean, bridling with injured pride. "I'd don't, think there's and clears the complection like Hood's.

"You'd better eat it slow," said Lonn.

"She can't, hey?' said Dean, priding with injured pride. "I don't think there's anything in this town can head her."

"Thunder!' said Uncle Eb, "I can go by her with ol' plug easy 'twixt here an' cur

SHAFNER & PIGGOTT.

Each night for fifty years or more,
'Fore dady'd go to bed,
He'd come 'round tryin' every door
From front hall to the shed,
And then he'd blow the candle out
And set it on the bin,
And by and by, you'd hear him shout,
'Is ev'rybody in ?'
And if it happened one of us
Young fellers still was out,
He'd walk around and fret and fuss
And say he had no doubt,
That somethin' had befallen us
Or we'd fell into sin,
But when he'd hear our trampin' feet
He'd say, 'Thank God, you're in i'

And now I reckon he's up thar, An now I receon he sup that,
Awaitin', day by day,
To bid us welcome from afar
If we should go that way;
But one thing's certain, he won't rest
Until his kith and kin
Have passed the portals of the blest
And all are gathered in.

A Bit of Philosophy

No pockets-for the shrouded has

'Tis well—for on our balance sheet
No dollars have a line,
But everyone of sorrow's tears
Like gleaming jewels shine.
And all the smiles that we have ceaxed

And they talked of the horse, for they loved the theme, And never a man was dumb. And the man from the North loved the

One imaged God in the shape of man,
A spirit did one insist;
One said that nature itself was God,
One said that he didn't exist.

(Marion Dickinson, in 'N. E. Homestead,'

dale crossing," came the impatient answer.
"Anybody killed? "Don't know yet; just going down;" and the dusky figure waited for no further interrogation. Rhoda clutched at the wall for support. She tried Mr. Kenyon sprang up the steps, he caught a strange sound from the dark house opposite. With a quick intuition regarding its cause, he turned back, scanning the win-

"For me to be-for me to bear," Rhoda muttered, struggling for calmness, that she might think coherently. The night wind grew keener as the darkness settled down and its chill was a potent aid to her effort. Her first impulse was to summon Norah; but at the head of the stairs she stopped. She could not yet bear her shrill outcries and ability to meet this appalling crisis, Rhoda

But it is too heavy a burden for young shoulders. She is feeling the strain in more ways than one."

And again, "must I bear it—must I bear it."
Suddenly the words died away, struck into silence by a sound far up the street—

awhile." British Empire to one of her maids of honor, the Queen is reported as having said shortly

other. enough to think of what I would wish and

Legislature of Oregon making it a misdedrink in any saloon or other public place where liquor is sold. The penalty on con- In the morning I foun dollars or more than fifty, or imprisonment | my surprise the white stocking had disap- ing rubber plants declare that the leaves dollars or more than five days or more than for not less than five days or more than "Didn't jes' like that white stocking," he that a little castor oil poured about the roots.

"Didn't jes' like that white stocking," he can be a sound to see a sound to the castor oil poured about the roots.

Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely goes on doing its work, and nothing is known of the operation till the corn is shelled. Plonty of substitutes do this. Some of them are daugerous. No danger from Putnam's except to the corn. At all druggists.

Made from pure

against alum.

Baking Powder