Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1902. NO 2.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison gate
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.
Commular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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BARRISTER,
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(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
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Commissioner and Master Supreme Court. Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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

USE
Dwight's Veterinary Ointment
for Scratches
Best Ointment made and costs just one-half the money.
FOR SALE AT
Medical Hall,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Notice to the Public
As I am an authorized agent of the Herbaroot Medical Company, of Montreal, for the sale of **Herbaroot Tablets and Powders**, the great family medicine and KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS, for the cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Torpidity of the Liver, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Pains in the Back, Female Weaknesses, and all impurieties of the blood, I would say to those in poor health that I will send by mail to any address on receipt of price, Herbaroot Tablets, 200 days' treatment, with guarantee, - $1.00
100 " " " " .50
Herbaroot Powder, per package..... .50
Inhaler..... .35
Herbaroot Powder cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, stops Headache and relieves Asthma.
T. J. Eagleson, Bridgetown, N. S.

WANTED
Good, smart agent to represent us in Nova Scotia for the sale of hardy Fruit and Ornamental stock. Sample case supplied free. Good pay weekly. We offer special inducements to any one who will make a specialty of ornamental business, having over 600 acres in cultivation we are in a position to give best possible satisfaction. Apply now. Pelham Nursery Co. Toronto, Ont.

TO LET
The Brick House belonging to the estate of late Robt. E. F'Randolph.
April 3rd, 1901.

Fine . . . . Job . . . . Printing . .

Good Stock,
Neat Workmanship,
Up-to-Date Styles,
Prompt Execution,
Reasonable Prices,
Satisfaction to Patrons.

We Print
BILLHEADS,
LETTERHEADS,
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STATEMENTS,
ENVELOPES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
FOLDERS,
BLOTTERS,
RECEIPT FORMS,
Trustees' Blanks,
Church Envelopes,
S. S. Library Cards,
LABELS,
POSTERS,
DODGERS,
CIRCULARS,
BOOKLETS,
PAMPHLETS,
APPEAL CASES,
LEGAL FORMS,
SPECIAL ORDERS.

Finest Lines ..IN.. **Wedding Stationery.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Monitor Job Printing Department.

353 MILLIONS

Capital Bank of England	$86,847,192
" " France	35,222,500
" Imperial Bank of Germany	28,560,000
" Bank of Russia	26,828,830
Total Paid up Capital of ALL Chartered Banks of Canada	68,596,166
Total Assets of ALL the Canadian Life Insurance Companies	59,522,077
Total Assessable valuation Real and Personal Property in the City of Halifax for 1901-1902	23,256,000
Total Assessable valuation Real and Personal Property in the City of St. John 1901-1902	21,391,100
	$350,493,865

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. of New York,
RICHARD A. McCURDY, President,
Had Cash Assets on December 31st, 1901, amounting to **$352,838,971.67**

For information as to Terms of Insurance in this the OLDEST AMERICAN COMPANY and the LARGEST COMPANY IN THE WORLD apply to any one of its many agents, or to

JACOB A. JOHNSON, Mgr.,
MARITIME PROVINCES — NEWFOUNDLAND and ST. PIERRE.
HALIFAX, - - NOVA SCOTIA.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE
CLOTHING
FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

I have decided to make a SPECIAL SALE and now offer the balance of my Fall and Winter Goods at prices lower than ever. I will make a clean sweep. The goods must go, and it will not be my fault if they don't go. I am not picking out a few lines of old stock and offering them at low prices, but offer my whole stock of Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children at prices lower than the lowest.

Look at these Prices! Come in and examine the Goods!

MEN'S TWEED AND SERGE SUITS—Blue, Brown, Grey Mixtures,—				
Regular prices:	$7 50	$8 50	$9 75	$11 00
My prices:	5 50	6 00	7 00	8 00

BLACK SUITS—Cannot be beaten anywhere. Regular price, $12 00; my price, $8 50

Overcoats and Ulsters at cost. Children's Suits at cost.
Men's Pants $1.50 a pair and upwards.
A lot of Top Shirts at very low prices.

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.
DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES ALWAYS IN STOCK.
☞Try EMPIRE LINIMENT—Our Leader.

MRS. J. E. BURNS.

THE SUPREME QUESTION — COST VS. RESULTS
EVIDENCE.
THERE:
"Attended a low grade, poorly equipped school at equal cost, and no position on completion."
HERE:
"Nine Instructors: over 30 Typewriters; accommodation for more than two hundred students; granted a national Diploma in 1901. I now receive $17.00 per week."
VERDICT:
Unanimously in favor of
MARITIME Business
HALIFAX, N.S.
KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Chartered Accountants.

TUDHOPE CARRIAGES
Steel or Rubber Tires,
3-4 or Standard size.
The Finest Stock of Light Concords in the valley.
Every Waggon guaranteed
N. H. PHINNEY & CO.
Lawrencetown, N. S., March 18th, 1902.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Parker's Cove Breakwater extension," will be received at this office until **Friday, 11th April**, inclusively, for the construction of an extension to the breakwater at Parker's Cove, Annapolis County, Province of Nova Scotia, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., on application to the Postmaster at Parker's Cove, N. S., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for twelve hundred dollars ($1200.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 19th March, 1902.

Newspapers inserting this advertisment without authority from the department, will not be paid for it.

—A child who has no appetite in the morning and who eats no breakfast, is in an unhealthy condition and should not be sent to school; its health should be attended to very carefully and a physician should be consulted. A sick child gains nothing in school; on the contrary, loses its little vitality and gets an unhealthy growth—grows too fast.

ALMOST LOST.

But Saved Through a Letter from an old Acquaintance.

To the Editor of the Monitor:—

I feel it a duty to let the public know through your paper what a close call I had and how I escaped. I was engaged as brakesman on the C. P. R., and contracted rheumatism, which soon became chronic. I became unfitted for work, and finally was unable to walk, in which condition I was when a letter from a friend in Winnipeg told me of Dr. Clarke's wonderful Little Red Pills, and how they had cured several of his acquaintances. I resolved to try them and it was only after taking six bottles that I began to improve. I am now, I am pleased to say, as well as ever, and back at my old occupation. I believe I would have died had it not been for this marvellous medicine.—A. F. Wood C. P. R., Montreal.

Thos. F. Gallwan, Marbank, Ont., says: Your pills are giving good results. My case is one of exzema of 17 years standing.

F. H. Yaets, Marlbank, Ont., says: I have had stomach trouble for over two years, and tried different remedies. Three boxes of Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills did me more good than anything I ever tried.

Peter D. McFadyen, Riverdale, P. E. I., writes: I have used your pills for stomach trouble and found them a wonder. Your catarrh cure is also a perfect cure.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, asthma, paralysis, eczema, coughs, backache, indigestion, stomach and liver troubles, female complaints, even when the diseases have been standing for many years. Price 50 cents per box. For sale everywhere. The Canada Chemical Company, Peterboro, Ont., will forfeit $10 for any case that these pills do not help.

Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Catarrh, and Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Eczema, same price, also will be paid for any case they will not cure.

On the Free List.

It has been announced from Ottawa that the government have placed a number of raw materials on the free list. The following are the articles which will be admitted free when imported by manufacturies:

Hemp bleaching compound, for the manufacture of rope; silver tubing, for manufacture of cutlery; yarn, or for manufacture of cutlery; yarn, of jute; flax or hemp, for manufacture of towels; steel casting in the rough, for manufacture of scissors and handshears. All articles used in construction of cream separators are also included.

How a Sprain Does Hurt.

But it isn't the pain alone that is dreaded, just think of the loss of time and wages. Sprains without number have been cured by rubbing Polson's Nerviline well into the pores of the skin surrounding the joint. No matter whether it is a sprained wrist, ankle, knee or back, just try Nerviline on it, and see how quickly it will cure. There is only one liniment that can be depended upon to cure sprains strains and swellings, and that is Polson's Nerviline. Large bottles 25 cents.

—You can't live without eating and you can't succeed in business without advertising.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

Poetry.

Mothers Hour.

Little figures robed in white,
Mellow glow of candle light.

Little hands upraised in prayer,
Rosy faces sweet and fair.

All the work and play and fun,
For the happy day is done.

All the little faults confessed,
All the troubles set at rest.

Childhood, sweet as dawn and flowers,
Drifts through many changeful hours.

But one hour, the mother's own,
Must belong to her alone.

When she sees each sunny head
Safe and cosy in its bed,

Then the world may do its worst,
God and she have had them first,

And her bairns are folded fair,
In the tender Shepherd's care.

God and she above them stand,
They are safe on every hand;

Kneeling for them at the throne,
They are her's and God's alone.

And each child a tender flower
Blossoms in the mother's hour.

Select Literature.

A Knight of the Highway.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

(Continued.)

After having blown to his intense satisfaction, two or three fragrant clouds into the warm September air, he took from his pocket a square envelope, from which he drew a letter. This he spread out before him on one knee. It read in this wise:

"Dear Philip: I have heard from your former friend, Everson, that you have again been seen in or near Kalamanti, and I am sending this enclosed in a note to him in the hope of reaching you. For the sake of our dead father and mother, for your sake and for the sake of us all, I want you to come back for another trial. Will you not? On the first of October the Evening Star passes into the hands of an acquaintance of mine, George Agnew, who intends making some sweeping changes in the staff. Recalling some sketches and skits you once wrote which received much pleasant comment, and the leanings you formerly had towards literature, which father (very unfortunately and injudiciously, I now believe) so insistently discouraged, I spoke of you to Mr. Agnew, who has very generously offered to give you a chance on the paper. October first, as I said above is the date when the change takes place, and if, by good fortune, you receive this letter, I beg you will not allow this (perhaps last) opportunity to retrieve yourself, to slip from you. I hope that you will believe me still

"Your affectionate brother,
Archibald Rossiter.

"It's mighty good of Archie," commented the wanderer, "a blamed lot too good! I don't deserve it. I'd probably make a mess of it, just as I have of everything else but this," and he glanced down at his worn and dusty shoes, and at his faded and weather-stained garb. "And yet,—well, it's what I used to think I'd like, and here I am more than half way there."

When his brother's missive had been handed to him two weeks before, he had been on the point of turning to the south. Instead he set his face eastward, not with a definite idea of falling in with what his brother had proposed though it might have been with that possibility in view. Now, after having had the past so vividly brought before him by his unforseen tarry in Illica, after having experienced emotions that he had fancied belonged almost totally to a different environment, he was more strongly moved than ever thus to challenge fate.

But the old weakness, the hesitancy, the dislike of responsiblity fostered by his roving life, was not lightly to be overcome; so he lay and debated. Against his undoubted desire to redeem himself, a desire which was also strengthening, rose the consciousness of former failure, and also the undeniable fascination his present existence had come to have for him.

Half an hour slipped by, an hour, and it was mid-morning. The heat increased, and the reclining man grew drowsy.

Vaguely, as in a dream, he marked two figures cross his line of vision and follow the river bank to a point not many rods from where he was lying. He saw these persons begin to divest themselves of their clothes, commented to himself that they were going for a swim, and here his consciousness ceased. Twenty minutes had elapsed when a scream rent the quiet air, a sharp, boyish scream of terror. At the second outcry, louder and shriller than the first, Rossiter sat up. A naked form was leaping wildly about on the river bank, with arms outflung, sending forth one terrified shriek after another. To Rossiter's ears the shouts now resolved themselves into,—

"Help! Help!"

The awakened man was on his feet in an instant. In such an emergency as this his habitual indecision did not show itself. Off went his cap, coat, and shoes, and away he sprang over the sward towards the distraught figure. He was naturally fleet of foot, and his muscles were hard from hundreds of leagues of tramping.

The youth, for such Rossiter saw the shouter to be, grew more frantic as he realized that aid was approaching, turning first one way and then another.

"Oh, be quick, be quick," he cried, but now his voice seemed to fail him and he did little more than utter a series of incoherent sounds.

Once within view of the river, Rossiter was not slow to grasp the situation. In mid-stream was a bather, who, by a spasmodic action of one hand, was just contriving to keep his head above water. He was swallowing great gulps of water with every movement, and was unquestionably on the verge of sinking.

"Stick to it," yelled Rossiter, without slackening speed, "I'll be with you in a moment."

One spring took him down the caked mud below the overhanging sod, and a second carried him waist deep into the stream. Then he struck out with vigorous strokes. He approached the exhausted swimmer cautiously, knowing if he would save him he must not allow himself to be caught in his drowning grip. When just beyond the reach of his arm he paused. The poor fellow made a frantic effort to grasp him, but Rossiter was watchful and easily eluded his grasp. It was like the last flicker of a dying flame. With a gasp and gurgle the man gave over the struggle. Here was Rossiter's opportunity and he was alert to improve it. As the sinking bather's head was disappearing he made a powerful forward plunge. Out went his hand, and his strong fingers were fastened in a mop of soaking hair. There was but a spark of consciousness left in the vody of the man when Rossiter jerked his head above water. He was well-nigh a dead weight, and his rescuer had no difficulty in whirling him about and gripping him beneath the armpits. In this wise he pushed him ashore. He began to revive a little as shallow water was reached, and was able, with Rossiter's arm encircling his waist to drag himself up to the grass on the bank, where he sank in a limp heap. Presently he began to vomit violently, whereat the boy who had been standing by, mouth agape and speechless, began to moan and whimper.

"It's the best thing that could happen," said Rossiter, reassuringly. "He'll come around all right shortly."

Indeed, it was not long before the rescued man sat up, a look of disgust and loathing on his face.

"Mother of Moses!" he exclaimed, "but I shouldn't want Mohondaga water for a steady diet."

He caught Rossiter's eye and smiled wanly.

"You were just in time," he said. "Jim there ain't worth shucks. He can't swim a stroke. Another minute an' I'd a' croaked."

"It was rather a close shave," said Rossiter.

"Gee, yes!" This was said with considerable emphasis, and a suspicion of color began to creep into the young man's face.

He was perhaps twenty-six or seven years of age, and as Rossiter now glanced from his face to that of the boy, who had edged close to him, he saw at once from the strong resemblance between them that they must be brothers, the younger being hardly more than sixteen. They were not unattractive faces, either of them, and in the eldest, Rossiter read lines of determination and self-control, that made him for the instant envious. Both were slimly fashioned, with a slight stoop to the shoulders, and both had the lifeless complexions of thoze who spend little time in the open-air. They had clear eyes of blue, and the hair of the elder curled some what. He had, moreover, an insignificant brown moustache.

"Come out in the sun," said Rossiter to the one he had rescued; "it'll brace you up."

He gave the man a helping hand, and steadied him after he got upon his feet.

"Crige, but I'm weak!" the whilom swimmer said. "You wouldn't think it 'ud take it out of a fellow so," he added as he sat down where he had laid his clothes.

Rossiter now began to realize the condition of his own clothes.

"I believe I'll have to wring my things out," he remarked, "an' let them dry in the sun," and he proceeded forthwith to put this scheme into execution.

For a space little was said, the two brothers absently watching the vagrant as he spread his worn articles of apparel upon the grass. Finally the elder spoke quickly.

"How'd ye happen along just as ye did?" he enquired.

"Oh, I was having a nap over yonder," said Rossiter, waving his hand in the direction of the elm under which he had been reclining, "and I heard his brother shout."

"Having a nap, eh?" this with considerable surprise, as though the speaker could not understand the philosophy of a mid-morning indulgence of that character.

"Yes, but"— with a swift change of topic of condersation, "you haven't told me what was the trouble with you out there," and Rossiter nodded towards the water.

"Oh, a cramp caught me. I must have been too warm when I went in. It doubled me all up on one side, and I called to Jim, who was paddlin' about in shallow water. He ran out onto the bank scared stiff, and began yellin' like mad. It's darn lucky he did I guess."

At this the younger brother laughed foolishly.

"Say," continued the elder, "you've done me a blamed good turn—."

"Don't mention it," said Rossiter interrupting him.

"But, by Gosh, I'm goin' to!" cried the young man. "What do you take me for? Now, as I say, you've done me a good turn, and I'd like to do you one, if you'll let me."

He looked at Rossiter appealingly.

"Well," said the latter.

"You're in hard luck, ain't you? No offence meant."

Rossiter lowered his eyes.

"Suppose I am?" he said.

"Got nothin' at all to do?"

"I had an offer this morning."

"Something that you care about?"

"I can't say that it is."

"Come along with us then!" this with a sudden enthusiastic burst of confidence. "My mother 'nd sister 'nd me 'nd Jim's goin' hop-pickin.' We've just come up this mornin' from Fallsburgh down the river where we live, and are goin' into the country this afternoon. Fine place, bully 'grub' 'nd all that! A chum of mine was to have been along but he backed out at the last minute, so it's all o.k. isn't it Jim?"

"Sure!" exclaimed the boy.

Rossiter was more than surprised at this spantaneous proposal. He was not accustomed to gratitude, and that he should inspire anyone with sufficient confidence to suggest such an arrangement struck him with something like amazement. But the more he meditated upon the suggestion the more tempting it was to him. Three weeks and a half had yet to elapse before the first of October. If he should decide to return and accept the offer made by his brother's acquaintance, here was an opening which would enable him to go back with a little money in his pocket, doubtless more than he could earn as a hostler.

"It's mighty good of you to mention such a thing," said he. "Are you sure you really mean it?"

"Mean it!" echoed the young man, "well, I guess!"

"Then I'm with you," said Rossiter surprised the instant he had spoken at his own earnestness and decision.

"My name's Joe Becraft," said the young man, "and this is my brother Jim."

"Mine is Philip Rossiter,—Phil, if you like," said the vagabond, and then he was suddenly conscious that he had given his full name for the first time in three years. Ross he had been accustomed to call himself when there was any question of identity.

"Is it a good omen," he asked himself, "or is it the beginning of another failure?"

III

OFF FOR THE HOP-FIELDS.

"You see it's like this," Joe Becraft was saying as the three trudged slowly in the blazing sun across the meadow towards the city. "The mill where I've been workin' these six years, an' where Jim's just startin' in, has shut down for repairs, so we're getting a holiday. Ma always goes pickin' hops, an' Mame,—she's my sister, but Jim an' me, we ain't so lucky every year."

"You like it then?" enquired Rossiter.

"You'd better believe I do. So'd you if you were shut up in a mill all the rest of the time."

"Haven't you a good position?"

"Oh, yes, I'm not kickin'. I'm under-overseer in the cardin' room. I'll get to be overseer one of these days an' then—" He broke off. There was a happy look in his eyes and he gave a little laugh, while Jim chuckled audibly.

"What are you snickerin' at, you

"What are you snickerin' at you young jay?" cried his brother, making a pretence of being provoked, and vainly trying to cuff the offender.

The more Rossiter talked with the elder Becraft, the more did he grow to respect if not to admire him, he was so wholly natural, so independent so self-poised, and yet so entirely without conceit. He was uneducated, save in a rudimentary way, having been the mainstay of the family for eight years, yet he kept himself informed on the topics of the day, and had his opinions on public affairs, which were more from bias than the views held by most of those in his station in life. Crude he was, but earnest, frank, and warm-hearted and Rossiter was shamed when he contrasted his own weakness and lack of purpose with the young fellow's unassuming strength.

As the three reached the square beyond the railway tracks, Rossiter noticed that Joe Becraft was beginning to lag and show signs of exhaustion.

"You'd better have a drink of whisky to brace you up," he said.

"A milk-shake will do the business" Becraft replied. "It's too hot for whisky. Maybe you'd like a nip," he added, with a peculiar side-long look which the vagrant caught. It was as though the younger man was surmising what the elder's habits might be.

"Oh, no," Rossiter said, not betraying the fact that he noticed Becraft's scrutiny. "I'm not much on whisky myself. I like a little beer now and again, however."

"Your beer ain't bad, but the shake is what I need now. I feel a bit empty."

They stopped at a small corner drug store, where all three had the drink which Joe Becraft craved, but the drug clerk looked askance when he came to serve Rossiter.

"My mother's waitin' at the Cottage Hotel," said the elder Becraft when they stood again upon the sidewalk. "That's where the hop-wagon's to come along for us about two o'clock. Now before we go up, for I want you to go along with us, I've got something to propose. You'll take it all right, won't you?"

"Perhaps I know what it is," said Rossiter, for several times he had seen Becraft furtively regarding his hair and beard.

"Do you?"

"I can guess."

"Well, if that's the case, you ain't a-goin' to mind, are you? You can pay me back, you know."

"You'll trust me to pay you back, then?"

"Trust you to? Why, of course I will. You'll pay me if you've got any thing to pay with, an' you'll have it all right after a while."

"I don't believe there are many who would take your view of it."

"P'raps not, for, to tell the truth, you ain't what the boys would call a 'swell.' But a shave and a hair cut make a lot of difference. I know of a place close by where we are. A chap from our town keeps it."

As they turned from the main thoroughfare, which was called Keneseo street, a puff of warm wind blew a cloud of dust in their faces.

"Thunder!" ejaculated Joe Becraft "I've swallowed enough nasty stuff for one day. Do you know," he added "for a decent city, this town is one of the dirtiest a-goin.' 'Tain't as bad as it used to be, but it's plenty bad enough."

Rossiter was not posted in the matter of municipal street-cleaning, so he did not reply to these observations. They had not walked more than a block when they saw a barber's pole and entered a little shop where a dapper man, with elaborately brushed hair and a not over-clean white duck jacket, was making change for a customer whom he had been shaving.

"Hello, Jim," said this individual, "what are you up to?"

"Oh, the mill's shut down for a few weeks, an' I'm off hop-pickin' with the family," answered Becraft. "Friend o' mine here," he continued, "wants to get you to fix him up."

The barber's attention was for the first time directed to the companion of the Becraft brothers.

"Say," he began.

"No jollyin' now," interrupted Joe, "he took an oath that he wouldn't get a hair-cut or a shave till you cleaned your streets properly, but he has backed out."

The barber exploded in a guffaw.

"Lucky for him he has," he answered, "unless he means to hire out to Forepaugh or Buffalo Bill as the wild man of Borneo."

While Rossiter's locks were being trimmed and his beard removed, Joe Becraft and his tonsorial friend kept their tongues continually wagging. Their conversation had chiefly to do with the town of their nativity and a certain portion of its inhabitants, and Rossiter listened with not a little inward amusement, for each young man had, in his way, a sense of broad humor that flashed out in their comments upon people. Finally the barber's task was accomplished, and he removed the soiled apron from Rossiter's neck with a flourish and a,—

"There you are sir!"

"Gosh!" Joe Becraft exclaimed, "I wouldn't believe you were the same fellow."

The change in the vagabond's appearance was indeed great. His rather large, clear-cut features showed to an advantage without beard or moustachin indicated a lack of decision, one studying his face for the first time would have said that its possessor was endowed with a strong individuality. His deep brown eyes were by turns grave and laughing. The discontent and bitterness which showed in the expression of his mouth were not to be seen habitually. Dissipation had left no mark upon his countenance, for although at times Rossiter had imbibed freely, he was very far from being a drunkard; indeed, he had no special taste for liquor, and had frequently resorted to it not so much because he craved it as because it took him out of himself.

Becraft produced some silver and paid his townsfellow.

"It's my treat today," he explained.

They now retraced their steps to Keneseo street and followed this thoroughfare until they came to the elaborate lift-bridge spanning the Ontario canal. From time to time Becraft regarded his new friend speculatively.

"Say," he at length broke out, as the three paused and leaned over the railing, idly scanning a steam-packet that was moored below, "you've been used to a different sort of life, have-n't you?"

Rossiter did not reply at once.

"Yes," he said finally.

"Had an education, an' all that?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You don't talk like most of the people I know."

"I'm not aware of any difference."

"Oh, yes, you are. That is, you would be if you'd stop to think about it."

"I got through thinking some time ago, at least I so imagined until lately."

"You know an education," said Becraft, not heeding Rossiter's last remark, "is something I'm always wishin' I had. It's a great thing."

"I've certainly not done very much with mine," replied the wanderer.

"How'd it happen?"

"It's hard to day. I don't doubt another—you, for instance,— would have profited by it, but as for me—" He ended with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

They continued to look at the steam-packet for several minutes longer, and then resumed their walk towards the Cottage Hotel.

"Don't believe we'd better say anythin' about my swimmin' experience to Ma, Jim," observed Joe Becraft, as they left the main street for the narrower thoroughfare where the hotel they sought was situated. "Like as not she'd have a blue fit."

"Bet she would," observed Jim.

"She's pretty nervous about my health sometimes," Joe explained. "You see father died of consumption'

"Why should you ever say anything to her about it?" enquired Rossiter. "Certainly, so far as I am aware, there's not the slightest need of your doing so."

"Oh, but I want her to know some day what you did for me. I'll tell her about it up in the hop-yard. She won't take on so there. I mean, she won't give it to me quite so strong about bein' careless, an' all that."

"Have it as you will," said Rossiter, "but I should be rather better pleased if you made no mention of it whatever."

"I'm goin' to introduce you," said Joe, "as a friend who's done me a good turn. That'll explain our fetchin' you along."

Rossater now descried in the distance the staring letters—"Cottage Hotel"—above a large and rambling wooden building, so he intimated that before he met the mother and sister of his companions he would like to make a slight change in his apparel.

"I've got another shirt in here," he said, displaying the bundle, "that looks more presentable than this one I'm wearing."

"Ma ain't over particular," said Joe, but as Rossiter insisted, they turned up at the side of the hotel and sought the stable where the vagrant made the desired alteration. He could but smile to himself as he was effecting this, the experience was so novel to him. It was many a long day since he had given much heed to what anyone thought of him.

The hotel stood upon a corner, and on two sides of it there was a wide veranda, at one end of which mother and daughter were sitting. The girl was a plain, shy miss of seventeen, while the mother proved to be a person of ample proportions, with a worn but kindly face which showed that her path through life had not been among roses. Her manner towards Rossiter was at first marked by a decided reserve, but when her son explained that he was indebted to "the gentleman" for a very particular favor, she thawed perceptibly, and later, when Rossiter contrived to compliment Joe while the latter was not listening, she quite beamed upon him, and thereafter the new-comer was fully established in her good graces. Though her experience in the world had been limited, like her elder son she was a person of observation, and treated Rossiter with something akin to deference, detecting in him a superiority of breeding.

It was not long before the clock in the City-Hall not far distant proclaimed the hour of noon, a fact that was reiterated by sundry whistles of different tone in various parts of the city.

(To be continued.)

Marconi's Achievement.

Marconi is only another one who has sought to reduce the area of the unknown and to annex new regions of experience to the intellectual capital of the world. The moral of Marconi-ism is that, as Augustine said long ago, God has made the soul of man for Himself, and the soul is forever restless until it rests in him.

Prayer is but a series of requests sent trembling out upon the cosmic spaces, all amounting to this: "We want a wireless station. We want to talk with the skies. We crave a word and a revelation from the great One who eternally maintains His own imperishable unity amid the multiplicity of lesser lives that come and go!"

Earth must have its Heavenly connections. Faith establishes the circuits between the lower and the higher spheres: the Bible encourages men (wherever they may now be tossing on the seas of life) to commit their wireless messages to the kindly ethers; and somewhere beyond the fogs and the storms a Heavenly listener stops in His grand march to hear what the pulsing prayers are saying.—Zion's Herald.

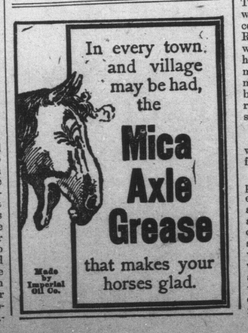
Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months confined to my room, and for two years could not dress myself without help, your agent gave me a bottle of Minard's Liniment in May 1897, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results that I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months.

The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully,
A. DIART.

St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.



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