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Weekly Monitor

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Books,

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VOL. 29.



"All that day and the next day and the

third the white flag and the crimson flag

-the sky was just as blue and the waves

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

- - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1901.

Poetry. Home. The home land, the dear land,

The heart is singing true,
There's a kind look a sweet look.
A loving look for you.
There's never a night when the darkness
falls, falls,
There's never a day when the sweet light
calls,
But the love shines clear for you.

Of all love, the best love,
The love of kith and kin.
Of true hearts, of strong hearts,
And yours to enter in,
And one may wander from shore to shor
And find no love the whole world o'er the love of the hearts akin.

-- Boston Transcript. The Shadowing Past.

"He followed me with hound-like tread, He dogged me night and day, Each time I dreamed that he was dead There at my feet he lay.

"Though once I harbored this old Hous By what right does he stay? So him at last I caught and bound, And rode long miles away. Dark paths with many a twist I took, Strange woods with twilight dim; Through by ways thick with turn and crock Alone I caried him.

'His last cries in a tarn I drowned, And hurried home once more.

o, waiting there, my old gaunt Hound
Stood whining at the door!"

—Arthur Stringer, in Ainslee's.

What's life in a city? There's no room to

The Captain of the Belle Aurore.

A STORY OF ISLE MADAME. "There, mademoiselle, is Isle Madame," spokes of the wheel, pointed beyond the pilot house window.

ferry boat, that plies daily between Mul-Scotch lads and girls chatting Gaelic on the make friends with the captain.

It had not been a very hard task-making friends with the captain. The old weatherbeaten sailor, whose silvery hair fell over the gentlest, kindliest of dark eyes and whose English held all the Acadian-French intenation and elision which no written words can portray, and smiled me a welcome he moment I opened the pilot house door. There are some sympathies which are in- her when it came !-that letter. inctive, some friendships which owe no captain of the Belle Aurore, for fifty years. stand waiting, and I would run the boat in "Not this boat, mademoiselle-she is a

other, also the Belle Aurore."

tremont and that the blood of the La and come. of thought and feeling in his speech. In men even of the humblest origin who have she set her lips. See, madamoiselle, there lived close to nature, gaunt mountaineers is the headland !" And the color flushed Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White pines or tracked the caribou through the white silence of winter downs; rough sailors who from lonely cross trees have watched The shore, and above a jagged ledge of rocks Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian the stars march down the tropic night to In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moulie, Bran, Chop Feed and Oats. meet the sun, one often finds surprise. The beauty they have drunk breeds gentle-ness and breaks to expression in half-formed

thought and faltering phrase. "I should think you would hate the English even now, you Acadians," I said to the heavily against the wheel. Captain d'Entremont as he pointed out the site of an old fortification; but he looked at half dreamily.

m-covered headlands. ow sandy cape coming into view on our memory of the empire that once held sway day by day, until she herself could come and

the captain. "On the other is Arichat. It is almost all French, Arichat. Many come black flag I would tell me; and if I saw a great black flag I would know—ah! she could not

the sun. "Her hands were little, like ing could hurt me-I was a father! I had a The captain put the wheel in his hands and

yours, mademoiselle, and she had great soft eyes and a smile that drew the heart. All "How I prayed Jean Baptiste the next Arichat loved her, but I the most of all. I was a wild youth in those days—a ne'er-dowell, as the Gaello people say—with no thought save for sport and brandy, until I loved Aurore. Why she loved me I know not, but she gave her heart to my keaping not, but she gave her heart to my keeping, and when her father in anger drove me from could I rebel with two to work for now? his door she followed, and the priest married

would not help us, and the others in Arichat faring his anger—for he was the chat, fearing his anger-for he was the work. The small boat I owned for fishing went down in the gale, and for a month or lell me, naught to warn, until against the ly, "always for fifty years. So will I pass, the lime, naught to warn, until against the went down in the gale, and for a month or two it seemed that we would starve. Yes, often there was in the house, mademoiselle, othing but the oatmeal. And Aurore would not. Then the steamer drew nearer, and black before my eyes was the little flag make the little cakes of it with water, and eak them to put half to my lips and she had made, as she made the crimson one, half to here with a kiss between. Never a knowing the good God sends grief as well a joy. "Like one stunned I stared at it until a reproach or harsh word came from her-

"Then it was that Jean-Baptiste Boudrot, came to us. He was captain and owner of the boat (the first Belle Aurore) that ran through the Gut, and he offered to take me as her pilot. He was a friend of Aurore's father, was Jean-Baptiste, and he had known

Aurore always from a little one. "I took his offer gladly, for no one in Arichat would help me, and there was nothing else but to go to Halifax and ship before the mast. I was to have good wages, so I took a little house for my wife out on the Point where she could see the boat pass daily, and we said adieu, and I went on board the Belle Aurore, not to set foot on Arichat or Each man jostles each as he seeks his own touch my Aurore's hand for seven months."

may know what she was, my Aurore."

rushed at him.

Why should he have trusted me, so honored me, I know not. Touched to the heart I watched him as he steadied the wheel with and the captain, leaning across the glittering his knee, and drawing a worn leather case from within his vest, took from it a letter.

grave and St. Peters's. Save for a few and the broken wafer that had sealed it still clung above the superscription.

It was worn in the folds the ink yellowed

of Aurore vibrate through the delicate tening the sweetest secret of a woman's heart to the man she loved. My eyes were wet as I gave it back to him, and he folded it to his heart again with

a smile more touching than tears. "Yes, she was beautiful, my Aurore," he said softly. "Ah, how I longed to go to "I went to Jean-Baptiste, and even beardebt to time. Already he knew that I was ed my heart to tell him why-but he would from the States, that I had been travelling through Nova Scotia and was on my way to Each day, morning and evening, as the the Bras d'Or Lakes; and already I knew Belle Aurore passed Isle Madame, my Aurthat he had sailed the strait, as pilot and then ore would walk out to the headland and as far as I dared for the sharp rocks. Ever

oung thing; but before her there was an- as the Belle Aurora neared our home I would sound the whistle; three times would I I had learned too, that his name was D'. sound it and then my loved one would know Tour so luminous in Acadian history, flow-ed in his veins. Fresh from the shadowed see Jean Baptiste in the stern of the boat "And ever as we steamed away I would valley of the Gaspereax and the sorrow watching, watching, until the island was haunted dyke lands of Grand Pre, it needed only a blur against the sky. He had never only this to deepen my already awakened interest. He was an Acadian, descendant of a race made alien in their own lands and with me in all those months. It was like grief to mine? You have known her love. the fire and poetry of la belle France, the | being in prison on board that boat—but I patience of a conquered people and the knew it was well for me and I stayed. Once patience of a conquered people and the touch of the old noblesse seemed present in his courtesy, his simple dignity, the fineness his courtesy, his simple dignity, the fineness than with the little gross at the end where

who have slept among the moon-touched into the old man's face as he bent across the rose a bold bluff set with a single balsam pine, tossing its dark arms against the blue. A hundred yards back a stone chimney crumbling to ruin told where a hearth fire once had burned. Another moment and we had passed the spot and the captain leaned

"The house is gone long since," he said "I did not wish to live. But there is the him back and I went in alone to where she "I did not wish to live. But there is the lay with the candles burning about her and place, madamoiselle—the Point where she came and where the flags told me. That does not live."

Then we had fallen into silence, and I was Aurore's fancy; her heart was as filled was Aurore's fancies as the clover blooms are watched the steep bluffs and shelving covers with sweet fancies as the clover blooms are filled with honey. She had made a great slip by, and the waves. blue as molten sap-phire, hurrying into foam beneath the fresh-white banner, she wrote, and when she could ening breeze. Such a breeze! Lifegiving no longer come to the point it was to be orimson flag, the color of great joy, then I would know the good God had sent a son to s wine, tingling with salt, and sweet with placed there; and if I saw beside it a little great whiffs from July clover fields and bal- | orimson flag, the color of great joy, then I "The captain's "There is Isle Madame" us; and if the flag was blue, like the June roused me, and I leaned forward to see a went well the great white flag and the small right.—Isle Madame, whose name lingers as bright one were to flutter from the point

from Louisburg to Quebec.

"It is a large place, Isle Madame," said the cantain. "On the other is Arches. The large place is the cantain. "On the other is Arches. The large place is the cantain. "On the other is Arches. The large place is the cantain. "On the other is Arches. The large place is the cantain. "On the other is Arches. The large place is the cantain. "On the other is a small the cantain." there from the Basin of Minas. We cannot see the village, mademoiselle, but further on this side of the island I will show you the place of my house."

black flag I would know—ah! she could not—the write those words, Aurore could not—the paper was all blotted there with tears.

"It all comes back to me mademoiselle—these fifty years." see the village, mademoiselle, but further on this side of the Island I will show you the place of my home."

"You have a family, then?" I asked.

"Yes, mademoiselle—a wife and little one. They sleep inland, under the shadow of the cross at Arichat." A light of infinite tenderness came into his eyes, and I was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the seem of the course of much blessing was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the self-the leaf of the course of much blessing was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the self-the heard, but what could I was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the self-the heard, but what could I was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the self-the heard, but what could I was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the self-the heard, but what could I was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the self-the heard, but what could I was the crimeou flag! Ah, I was wild with the self-the heard of the made moiselle—

"It all comes back to me mademoiselle—

"Above her grave the next day I put my hand in Jean Baptiste's hand, and we went back to the Belle Aurore together. But he was a broken man; before the next show that it is a self-the was a broken of the case of the course of the cour

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER,

(RANDOLPHS BLOCK.)

then he and I passed out of the door.

Behind us stretched the blue ribbon of the

The west burned like a great fire opal with the sun for its heart, and far behind, held between glory of wave and sky, lay Isle to be a sensible boy till be took to reading nonsense and nothing Madame—its rounded slopes and cradled he took to reading nonsense and a valleys warm with living rose, dark with else."

book to read. you have one?" "Yes, sir." owed blot. I would not believe—I could waiting. Yes—and Jean Baptiste also."-Edna Proctor Clarke in Illustrated American.

The Breathing Cure.

An enterprising woman in Kensington the aristocratic suburb of London, with an and white, could have killed myself for my folly.

Tough hand grasped my shoulder and proint a system of London, with an rough hand grasped my shoulder and proint a system of London, with an rough hand grasped my shoulder and proint a system of London, with an area of the aristogratic suburb of London, with an rough hand grasped my shoulder and proint a system of London, with an aristogratic suburb of London, with an rough hand grasped my shoulder and proint a system of London, with an aristogratic suburb of London, wit augurated a new rad, which is hast developed a sugarated a new rad, which is hast developed and seek that we use on the rocks?" and Jean Baptiste, with a face white and drawn stood over me.

"I did not heed him. I fell on the locker of ladies devoted to society. This year the was ferreing, which took all the spare time of ladies devoted to society. This year the what he read, the more interested he became.

She says we breath all wrong! Anyone who has gone through a course of ten lessons will tell you utterly misguided the most simple action of her daily life is! Of course there are people who must scoff and jeer at every derived from reading good books than he ever derived from reading good books than he ever derived from reading good books than he ever good books than he ever derived from reading good books and the ever derived from reading good books and the ever der "All that night as the boat lay at the wharf girl transformed into a graceful and elegant

caught a knife that lay upon the table, and depend on the muscles or the organs you wish to develop. There are no weight-lift-"It is you who have done it!" I cried—
ings, no dumbells, no gymnastic fittings!
All that is necessary is a floor to lie on and there to comfort her, to care for her, then she had not died. You have killed her!"

and I thrust him by the throat against the wall and I raised the knife to strike. But

bilot house window.

I was speeding through the Gut of Canso in the queer little steamer, half tug, half erry boat, that plies daily between Mul
He put it in my hands, gently as he would have laid a child there, and I opened it with reverent fingers.

He put it in my hands, gently as he would have laid a child there, and I opened it with reverent fingers.

He put it in my hands, gently as he would have laid a child there, and I opened it with he caught my hand and his eyes burned into mine as he spoke:

"We a consolved we have been cured of outward physical disfigurement and internal weakness testify mine as he spoke:

"My rubber plant had been flourshing for mine as he spoke:

"We account and I traised the knife to strike. But the caught my hand and his eyes burned into mine as he spoke:

"We account and I traised the knife to strike. But the caught my hand and his eyes burned into mine as he spoke:

"We account and I traised the knife to strike. But the caught my hand and his eyes burned into mine as he spoke:

"We account and I traised the knife to strike. But the caught my hand and his eyes burned into mine as he spoke:

"We account and I traised the knife to strike. But the numbers when have been cured of outward physical disfigurement and internal weakness testify to the effect of the treatment." "You cannot send me to hell, Jules d'Enremont-I have been there too long !" My Strawberry Shortcake. hand dropped, and I loosed him wondering. lower deck, and a Micmac smoking stolidly in the cabin, I was worn in the rolds the link yellowed in the cabin, I was the only passenger; and I had wandered into the pilot house partly to find shelter from the wind and partly to who felded with the captain.

It was worn in the rolds the link yellowed in the said—"you ?"—and with time, and many of the Acadian-French with times. Save a few cholce fruits for a garnish his voice was like the cry of a soul in tortime. Save a few cholce fruits for a garnish and cut the rest in halves. Mix the latter with muscard water. Was not a soul in tortime. Save a few cholce fruits for a garnish and cut the rest in halves. Mix the latter with muscard water. Was not a soul in tortime. Save a few cholce fruits for a garnish and cut the rest in halves. Mix the latter with muscard water. Was not a soul in tortime. Save a few cholce fruits for a garnish and cut the rest in halves. Mix the latter with musc "You loved her?" he said-"you?"-and her in her cradle—I taught her feet their aside for an hour or more in a warm place. der lines;—the soul of the young wife telling the sweetest secret of a woman's heart.

her in her cradle—I taught her feet their saide for an hour or more in a warm place.

Sift together a cup and a half of flour, half first steps—I watched her grow to woman-

first steps—I watched her grow to womanhood and waited and worked for her. Everything was for her—and I would not speak
until all was fitting to give her. And you,
a stripling—worthless—idle—came and
stole her from me—stole here before she
even knew my love! Fool!—could you not
guess why this boat is the Bell Aurore, and
"I stared at him mutely. There are
many women in Arichat named Aurore, and
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many women in Arichat named Aurore, and
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many women in Arichat named Aurore, and "I stared at him mutely. There are
many women in Arichat named Aurore many women in Arichat named Aurore, and round cake pan or deep pie tin. Put one

"Now you know the reason you are here, -I could not see her starve-and now you know the reason of my hate !" He brought his hand upon the table so that it rang beneath the blow. "It least I have keep you from her-at least I have kept her from the touch of your hand, the touch of your lips !" "I made at him again then, blind with rage, but he fell into a chair white and shaking, and I could not touch him. "Dead !" he said-"dead !" And then he

mine, Jules d'Entremont? What is your For me there is nothing—nothing in earth or heaven—nothing!" His arms dropped on

Belle Aurore was not moving, and when I looked from the cabin window I saw she was

looked from the cabin window I saw she was fast at the wharf at Arichat.

"We went ashore then, Jean Baptiste with me, and over the rocks and the bare fields to the little house Aurore had made so fair and beautiful. But at the door I put him back and I went in alone to where she lay with the candies burning about her and the little waxen form against her breast. It is not effective yokes and sleeves, and when not embroidered is tucked or shirred. Shirred chiffon is also used, and doubtless has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. Probably in appearence, even when lightened with lines of spangles between the shirrings. Tucked net and chiffon yokes have the same disadvantage of looking thick and heavy, but they must needs be alluded to as they but they must needs be alluded to as they but they must needs be alluded to as they are among the styles of the present moment. the little waxen form against her breast. Madamoiselle, it seems but yesterday." The old man's voice faltered and broke,

and for an instant there was no sound in the pilot-house save the rush of the divided the blue. I put out my hand and laid it "You also have watched beside the dead?"

I bent my head silently.

"Then you know—know that at first there is nothing but the dumb lips and the shut them into words, only I knew that day

NO. 13

swept the encircling sea.
"Always I pass it," said the Captain soft

Hull, wash and drain two baskets of ber- vised to dose it with mustard water. I was he was twice her age—the friend of her father.

-Mrs. Linna G. Luce, in the Practical ened butter, and place the other lightly over Farmer, writes: "There is no petty allments it. Bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty which is more annoying to a child than stomminutes. Pull the two layers apart and spread liberally with softened butter. Put remedies for them; but perhaps no surer one spread liberally with sortened outter. Fut remoties for them; but perhaps as sure one than sage and honey. Grate the sage to a than sage and honey. Grate the sage to a than sage and honey. Grate the sage to a the other layer then the rest of the berries.

Add one fourth a cup of milk to a cup of thick two or three teaspoonfuls three times a day.

turned toward me, and lifted his arms with a terrible cry. "What is your sufferings to here and there into the whipped dream. to knot up in the throat and choke it to Cream must be cold to whip thick.

heaven—nothing !" His arms dropped on the table and he fell sobbing—the sobs of a man that tear like wolves.

"And as I-looked at him the anger went from my heart, and I understood. I, who had known the wonder of Aurore's love, who had held her in my arms and and felt her lips against my oheek—I understood. The knife fell from my hand, and I knelt down beside him and dropped my arm across his shoulders, and so we stayed—I know not how long. Presently I realized that the Belle Aurore was not moving, and when I stars of the jet pallettes, is also effective.

Unlined yokes and sleeves are again fash ionable this summer, and while the fashion is one to be avoided for street wear, for dressy gowns there is nothing prettier, while dates and over with another thin sheet of pate. Out in squares or circles, after pressing well together, and bake in a hot oven. These may be iced and are very nice. Another way is to roll light bread dough out thin, butter well, spread with dates, and leaves are again fash ionable this summer, and while the fashion is one to be avoided for street wear, for dressy gowns there is nothing prettier, while dates and cover with another thin sheet of pate. Out in squares or circles, after pressing well together, and bake in a hot oven. These may be iced and are very nice. Another way is to roll light bread dough out thin, butter well, spread with dates, and leaves are again fash ionable this summer, and while the fashion is one to be avoided for street wear, for dressy gowns there is nothing prettier, while dates and cover with another thin sheet of pate. Out in squares or circles, after pressing well together, and bake in a hot oven. These may be iced and are very nice. Another way is to roll light bread dough out thin, butter well, spread with dates, and leave and cover with another thin sheet of the pate of the intention is one to be avoided for street wear, for dressy gowns there is nothing prettier, while dates and cover with another thin, sour cream; add one spoonful of sugar, one-half cupf are among the styles of the present moment. The sleeves worn with the yokes to match must always be long; elbow length is quite inappropriate and the undersleeve effect is

-Don't think that eruptions of yours can't virtue is its power.

**Baking Powder** 

Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum.

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

Money to Loan on First-Class

lead of Queen St., Bridgetown

A young man found that he could read

"It was a cruel mad thing for me to have led her to, for I had nothing; her father billed her to, for I had nothing; her father the heart of man, insistent as the love of God.

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, then rose, then the heart of man, insistent as the love of God. man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good

"Will you read a good book if I will let

"It will be hard work for you." "I will do it."

lend you a good book." He went with him and received the volume "There," said the man, "read that and come and tell me what you have read."

"I did not heed him. I fell on the locker and hid my face, sobbing like a little child for the little son I had never seen. I was but a boy myself, mademoiselle—I had but

She says we breath all wrong! Anyone delighted. He derived a great deal more says we breath all wrong! Anyone delighted. He derived a great deal more says we breath all wrong!

touch my Aurore's hand for seven months."

"For seven months! Do you mean you passed Arlohast daily for seven months and never went ashere to see your wife?"

"Even so, mademoiselle—those were the conditions. Jean-Baptiste Bondrot was a hard man, and I had a bad name. He only the first principle of car-bells the country—the sloging of the Belle Aurore."

"The Capitain of the Belle Aurore, and the Belle Aurore, and the Belle Aurore, and the sews a look of death meximal to what, and it had been my undoing, and Aurore of country, had not you hard to spare!"

The Capitain of the Belle Aurore, while Belle Aurore, and the Belle Aurore, and the Belle Aurore, and the sews a look of death meximal to work and the Belle Aurore, and the sews and the sext morning I left the wheal to another and atood at the province and the save and the series of the sew of the series of

-If there is a suspicion that worms are leatroying the roots of plants, dissolve a tablespoonful of mustard in a little water

enemies were at work upon it, and I was ad-

sweet cream and beat until stiff; add three If worms come up into a child's throat, maksweet cream and beat until still, said three tablespoons of powdered sugar, and, if de-sired, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, and when little turpentine around the mouth; but well mixed use as a garnish for the top of the cake. Stick the large whole berries etrates so quickly that the worms are liable

Recipe for preserving eggs for future use: Dip each in gum-arabic water or in melted grease, so as to render the shell air-tight. Another plan is to pour a tea-kettle full of 

Good Value of Meal Extracts.

The manufacture of meal extracts is a branch of trade which has increased enormously of late years. It is, however, a great though common, mistake to think that these widly advertised products are of much, if any, value as food. Liebig expressly stated that his extract of meat was to be regarded as a stimulant, like tea or coffee, and not as food, and his view is in the main confirmed by the experiments of later chemists. In some products, eight or ten percent of meat fibre has been added with a view to giving them some food value, but it is obvious thas a large quantity would have to be absorbed to get even as much nourishment as there is in an egg.

-If a man whose young son is made insane by cigarette smoking should take a heavy club and thrash half a dozen of the

nent to LOUIS G. DEBLOIS, M. D., Sole Executor T. A. FOSTER.

PALLOR AND LEANNESS. are the evidence of deficient nour ishment of defective assimilation.

W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas

Be sure you get Puttner's the original and best Emulsion.

**Puttner's Emulsion** contains in small compass and in palatable form a surprising amount

of nourishment and tonic virtue. Thin people who take it grow fat, -pale people soon resume the hue of health;, puny children grow

Of all druggists and dealers.

infinite tenderness came into his eyes, and I looked at him with sudden understanding. He did not speak—I knew he would tell something more.

"She was beautiful, my Aurore," he said after a pause, in which I watched the low-land slipping by and the white gulls circling