

Professional Cards.

GILLIS & HARRIS, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANnapolis ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE IN MIDDLETON, Next Door to J. F. Macdonald's Jewellery Store.

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s

MONEY TO LOAN.

NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.

LAND SURVEYING! C. F. ARMSTRONG, QUEEN'S SURVEYOR.

MISS MANNING, Pianoforte, Organ and Voice.

R. L. MILNER, Barrister, Solicitor, &c.

J. P. GRANT, M.D., C.M.

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

H. F. Williams & Co., PARKER MARKET, HALIFAX, N.S.

COMMISSION - MERCHANTS, AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, APPLES, POTATOES, BEEF, LAMB, PORK, AND ALL KINDS OF FARM PRODUCE.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock.

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

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.

Specialties: EYE, EAR, THROAT.

DR. M. G. B. MARSHALL, DENTIST.

A. A. Schaffner, M.D., LAWRENCEVILLE, N. S.

James Primrose, D.D.S.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

WANTED! Men to sell the old, established Posthill Necessaries.

Direct Evidence

CAUTION!

Important Notice!

MR. A. McPHEE, who will be at my Bridgetown store from this date.

FISHER, the Tailor.

Stores: Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.

Weekly



Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 25.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1897.

NO. 38.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, Incorporated 1856.

CAPITAL \$500,000, REST \$205,000.

J. STAIRS, Esq., President, E. L. THORNE, Cashier.

Savings Bank Department, Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 PER CENT.

allowed on deposits of four dollars and up.

AGENCIES: Annapolis, N. S. - A. D. McEneaney, agent.

London and Westminster Bank, London, Eng.

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WELCOME SOAP Missing Word Contest

The correct missing word for November was "Thorough" and the winner were Miss Annie Louise Wood, Westfield Beach, N. B.

Prizes: \$25.00 CASH PRIZES FOR THE CORRECT WORD.

CONDITIONS: The Name and Address must be written plainly with all Guesses at the MISSING WORD sent in, and must be accompanied by \$5.00 Welcome Soap Wrappers.

TOTAL, \$25.00 in CASH.

ALL OTHERS sending Guesses, as above, will receive one of our Handsome Premium Soapings, which will be published promptly at the end of each month.

THE WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

Grand Spring Opening GENTS' WEAR!

The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at

Extremely Low Prices.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

An endless variety of Spring Cloths

per S.S. "St. John City" from London, which will be made up in our Tailoring Department to your entire satisfaction or no sale.

A. J. MORRISON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S.



Call and examine my large selection of Stoves from \$2.50 up. A full line of Kitchen Furnishings in stock.



R. ALLEN CROWE, B. B. "GENUINE" White Lead, RAW AND BOILED OILS AT LOWEST PRICES.

Blacksmiths' Supplies a Specialty.

H. W. BENSON, The Shoe... That Slips... Slater Slipper Shoe.

KINNEY & SHAFNER, Sole Local Agents.

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I have completed arrangements with the celebrated cutter,

MR. A. McPHEE, who will be at my Bridgetown store from this date.

FISHER, the Tailor.

Stores: Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.

Poetry.

Insurance. How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!

How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!

I question much if any pain or ache, Or sorrow or body brings out our true high.

Death chooses his own time; it will be there, And all will have to bourn.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife, And shudder at the sound of the quivering life.

Yet we do not think of the trembling flesh that lies beneath, although the trembling flesh lies there.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And try to flee from the approaching ill; We seek some small escape; we pray; But when the blow falls, then our hearts forlorn.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, Bereavement, pain, all grief and misery, And all the things that mortals feel; On soul and body—but we cannot die. Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, Let all things can be borne.

Select Literature.

Mrs. Seabury's Trial.

BY LUCIE B. WELSH.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Beaman, briskly, to the other members of the Sewing Society.

"I've been thinking," interrupted Mrs. Lane, a gentle-faced little woman, "that perhaps we'd better give the money to Mrs. Seabury, and let her get just what she wants for herself."

"I don't think nothin' about it!" retorted that lady, sharply. "She hasn't got no judgment, I know well enough. See how nasty that black dress of hers is! If she'd bought something that wouldn't get rusty she'd showed judgment, I say! It wouldn't be right to give her money to spend, and I, for one, would be against it."

Mrs. Beaman glanced around the little circle. She was a large, portly woman, with a massive double chin and keen black eyes.

"I'm sure you're all right," said Mrs. Lane, "but I don't think we should give the money to Mrs. Seabury, and let her get just what she wants for herself."

"I don't think nothin' about it!" retorted that lady, sharply. "She hasn't got no judgment, I know well enough. See how nasty that black dress of hers is! If she'd bought something that wouldn't get rusty she'd showed judgment, I say! It wouldn't be right to give her money to spend, and I, for one, would be against it."

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Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER, AND SOLICITOR.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S.

"It never would answer," replied her mother, "Mrs. Beaman and the other ladies have a right to be very kind to us. We must consider their feelings. How hurt they would be if we refused to accept the present which has cost them so much, in time and expense! Come Esther you must help me in this matter. The other children will take in the way that you do. If you accept the gift cheerfully, and as if you were pleased, they will do the same. I shall depend upon you to do this."

"I will, mother, I will!" replied Esther. "And above all things, do not let papa suspect that there is anything peculiar about the clothes, for it would grieve him so."

"Each of the dresses was of so much value that not one of the children made any complaint when the dresses were brought home and tried on. When the cloth was made up, it looked even more starting than it had in the sample. The girl's dress, even little Nanette's, were made just like their mother's, with straight plain skirts and short waisted bodices, which bestowed in front. Such frocks had been worn by children when Mrs. Beaman was young, and she saw no reason for making these in any different fashion. Her own daughter's was after the same style."

No one knew how hard it was for Mrs. Seabury to leave her home arrayed in such a garb. But it was a great deal harder for her to see her children made so complacent. There was no trace of her unshapeliness in her face, however. Her struggle had been a silent one, in the solitude of her chamber, and no one knew that there had been a struggle.

"Oh, if we could ever get out of debt, how happy we should be!" she thought. Her mind went back to that June day, twelve years ago, when she had married Mr. Seabury. Her father had been a poor man, but had been to her education, but they were young and strong and could soon pay the debt. The children came fast. The minister lost his health, and was unable to preach for more than a year. The terrible debt still followed them, and now, twelve years later, they were no more able to pay it than they had ever been.

Mrs. Seabury had no talent for making friends, and his manner in the pulpit had become stiff and halting. Perhaps if the baby's mother had had less care and hard work the child would not have been so fretful. Even now her mind was filled with worry about the children's winter clothes. They had literally worn out something warm. "Oh, if we could ever get out of debt, how happy we should be!" she thought.

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Through all these unfortunate years Mrs. Seabury's faith in her husband had never wavered, and she brought up her children to revere him. Her reflections were suddenly broken into by the entrance of Esther, the largest of the girls.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, throwing herself at Mrs. Seabury's feet and bursting into tears. "I never saw you so lovely!"

"How they do it! How they do it, and to you, too! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" Mrs. Seabury was choked by an agony of tears.

"What is it, Esther darling?" cried Mrs. Seabury, by the baby's face, the long, regular features of her face. "Tell mother all about it, dear."

It was very unusual for Esther to break down. She was only eleven years old, to be sure, but in wisdom and experience she was twenty. She could scarcely remember when the burden of the household had not rested on her slender shoulders, while Hope, the smaller twin, had always had a baby in her arms.

"Tell me, Esther dear," repeated the anxious mother. "What were those awful dresses! We never can wear them—we never can! I'll just allow it! And how the baby will look in a dress of it! And poor Johnny will get to have a spencer, and it is such awful cloth!"

"Calm yourself, Esther, and tell me what it is all about. I don't understand in the least."

"I went down to see Rebecca Beaman this afternoon," said Esther, controlling herself with a great effort. "Her mother asked me to wait in the parlor a few minutes for Rebecca was busy. The dining-room door was open a little, and I couldn't help seeing into the room. I saw her mother and her mother was talking to my mother. They were going to the baby's room, and a spencer for Johnny, and a cloak for the baby, all of the same piece of cloth, and here is a bit I picked up from the floor. Isn't it beautiful?"

"It certainly was. As Mrs. Beaman told the ladies, it was a plain, and there were lines of green, red and yellow, the yellow being the trim. One dress of it would look strange, but the appearance of a whole family clothed in it would certainly be striking. Mrs. Lane had told the truth when she said Ann Beaman had no taste."

Mrs. Seabury took the sample in her hand. It was strong and fine, as Mrs. Beaman had said. Esther stopped trying to see how the cloth looked on her mother.

Mrs. Seabury possessed a quick imagination, and a keen sense of the ridiculous which for long years of hardship had not dulled. Already she saw in her mind's eye the family array, clothed in that startling plaid, marching down the street.

Here she paused for breath, and Mrs. Driscoll, a tall, gaunt woman with a little wisp of hair twisted into a knot on the back of her head, made a remark.

"They must be awful shabby people, I think. I don't believe she's got so faculty."

"That's neither here nor there," retorted Mrs. Beaman. "They haven't got no clothes, sure, and that's more our business than whether they've got any faculty."

She could criticize the minister's family herself, but no one else should have the same privilege.

"Well," she continued, "I went down to where I always trade, they had a piece of goods that was a bargain. It was a good heavy piece of tweed, and by taking the whole piece they let me have it pretty cheap. It cost considerably more than she intended to pay, but I'll make up the rest out of my own pocket."

"Why, there'll be a lot more we shall want," said Mrs. Driscoll.

"No, there won't be, neither," answered Mrs. Beaman. "for we'll make a dress for every one of 'em, and a spencer for Johnny."

"I don't see as they will. They'll look kind of nice and neat, I think."

Mrs. Beaman's eyes were a little bright, and all her old friends knew what that meant.

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