

The Montreal Monitor

ANNO DOMINI 1904. BRIDGETOWN, ANnapolis COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1904.

NO. 45

VOL. 31.

Professional Cards

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

Office in Middleton,
(over Hoop's Grocery Store),
Bridgetown, N. S.

O. T. DANIELS,
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH BLOCK).

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.
Money to Loan on First-Class
Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, & C.

Real Estate Agent, etc.
SEABYER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Money to Loan on First-Class
Real Estate.

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Real Estate.

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

Leslie R. Fairm,
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

THOS. BIRD,
Practical Watchmaker.

JOHN FOX & CO.
Auctioneers and Fruit Brokers,
Spitalfields and Stratford Market,
LONDON, G. B.

MISS ANNIE CHUTE,
Bridgetown, November 18, 1903.

ABRAM YOUNG,
Bridgetown,
who will give slippers any information
required.

**Fashionable
Millinery.**

Designed after the latest
models. Special attention
given to quality and style.
A beautiful assortment of Ostrich
Plumes at special value.

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Doctry.

Three Sonnets.

EAGLES OF TIBERIUS.

They say at Cana that Tiberius loathed
his slaves to eagle ere he had them
slung.

In the byways, from the rocks that hung
Boelling above the sea, and the sea's
sound.

Slowly the eagle struggled, round and
round,

With the jagged slabs that from his
talons swung.

Sank through the air, to which he
leaped, clung,

Until the sea caught both, and both
were dead.

O Eagle of the Spirit, hold thy oval
Work thy great wings and grasp to
the sky.

Let not this shackled body drag thee
down,

Into that stagnant sea, where, by and
by,

The ethereal and the clay both
were dead.

Bound by a link that neither can un-
do.

EMPTINESS.

There is a legend that is
known

To Spanish scholars, how the fertile
land

For years was ravaged by a robber,
led

By a knight with vision ever down,
And

For, at last, when he was over-
thrown,

The shape that made so desperate a
stand

And quivered still, was found to be,
when

A suit of armor, empty, had to crown
Naught

Naught fights like emptiness. Beneath
The

Veil of
Of Islam's warlike prophet, from Bag-
dad.

To Jerusalem, it made the nations
quail;

And once, as Templar and crusader
fought,

It shook the earth. 'E'en now, faith's
only

Yet without and struggles with the life
it had.

THE RING OF FAUSTUS.

There is a tale of Faustus, that one
day

Lucifer the Venetian, then his love,
Had,

While he slept, the rashness to
remove

His magic ring, when fair as a god
he lay.

And when a sudden horrible decay
O'erpassed

His form, a thousand writhing
kisses

His wife
This thing he saw, while she
above

His shroud
crouched and watched him
die.

There is upon Life's hand a magic ring
The

Ring of Faith—gold, life's gold
of gold;

Remove it not, lest all Life's charms
take

away.
Remember it not, lest straightway you
lose

Life's
check fall in, and every living
thing

Grow
all at once, unutterably old.

—Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

Select Literature.

AN IDEAL HUSBAND.

(By Ellen F. Bedford.)

On the evening of Mrs. Dunham's
discovery

Mrs. Reed was out of
sorts with herself, and everybody, if
the

truth must be told. Nothing had
gone

right that day. Her new dress
did not

come home until afternoon, when
her

modiste had promised it in the
morning,

and several changes had to be made in it
at

the last minute. The children had
been

troubled with the cook and Mr. Reed, to
whom

she had referred her trials, did not seem
to

take them to heart much, and had
answered:

"Oh, never mind, Julie. Worry things
might

have happened. You'll forget it all
about

when you get to Mrs. Dunham's."

"Quite likely I'll forget how miser-
ably

this dress fits me when I know
all the

other women are making men-
tal

comment about it," said Mrs.
Reed,

crossly. "If you'd had as many
changes

as I have today I don't believe
you'd

feel like passing them. You'd natu-
rally

suppose that a wife had a right to expect
a

little sympathy from her husband.
But

ninety-nine times out of a hundred
she

doesn't get it."

"How do you know about this ninety-
per

cent of un sympathetic hus-
bands?"

laughed Mrs. Reed. "I don't
believe

you understand the one per-
cent

of husband that you lay claim to
as

well as you ought to."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," re-
sponded

Mrs. Reed lightly, and with an
air

that said she was used to being
misunder-

stood and unappreciated. "Some hus-
bands

that I know are the ugliest of their
wives.

They treat them as well after their marriage
as

they did before. But they're the excep-
tion

that proves the rule. We have no
right

to expect much of the most of them—
of

the home-keepers."

"I'd like to know what I've done to
deserve

such a scolding, over the shoulders
of

husbands in general," said Mrs.
Reed,

locking puzzled. "I'm sure I
don't

know what I'm to blame about."

"Oh, you aren't to blame about any-
thing,"

said Mrs. Reed, with smiling
sarcasm.

"Of course not. Men never
are."

Only, sometimes foolish women
can't

help being hurt over what they
haven't

done. That's one of our pecu-
liarities.

We're hardly responsible for it,
you

know, being foolish women,"
and

Mrs. Reed's tone took on a
sharp

suggestion of ill-nature that
told

she was in one of her most fault-
finding

moods.

"Mr. Reed looked at her heavily. Then
he

turned and went out of the room.
In

the hall he sat down to wait for
her,

and as he waited he puzzled over
the

problem of the woman. Did a man
live—

had a man ever lived—to whom a
woman

was not a puzzle past finding
out!

The first thing Mrs. Reed saw, when
she

entered Mrs. Dunham's parlor, was
a

pretty little instance of conjugal love
that

half angered her. Rothwell Dane
was

leaning over the back of his wife's
chair,

smiling down into her face in a

way

that

she

could

not

under-

stand

that, for the moment, he was
oblivious

of the presence of other wo-
men.

His wife was the one woman in
the

world to him just then.

"If my husband were like that,
now,"

thought Mrs. Reed. "That's an
lover

yet, though married. That's an
lover