Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1902. NO. 40

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.
Commissioner Agent of the United States.
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Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
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DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
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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.

CABLE ADDRESS: WALLFRUIT, London. } Established over a quarter of a century.
JOHN FOX & CO.
Auctioneers and Fruit Brokers,
Spitalfield and Stratford Market,
LONDON, G. B.
We are in a position to guarantee highest market return for all consignments entrusted to us. Cash draft forwarded immediately goods are sold. Current prices and marked reports forwarded with pleasure.
Nova Scotia Apples a specialty.
Compare our prices with other firms and you will see more money.
Represented by Abram Young, Bridgetown, who will give shippers any information required. Aug. 28th—6m

ESTABLISHED 1910.
W. HIEATT & SON,
Fruit Brokers,
Covent Garden Market, London.
Mr. E. W. Hieatt, of the above firm, is now in travelling the valley soliciting consignments in apples to his firm.
REFERENCES:—London and County Bank London.
Bank of Nova Scotia, Kentville
J. E. LLOYD, Agent, - Bridgetown

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER
OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
T. J. EAGLESON,
26 tf QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN

NOTICE
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of F. WILLIAM BISHOP, late of Clarence, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within six months from date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to
ANNIE LAURA BISHOP,
Administratrix
Clarence. Sept. 24th, 1901. 3m

WANTED
Old brass Andirons, Candlesticks, Trays and Snuffers; old Mahogany Furniture. Also old Postage Stamps used before 1870—worth most on the envelopes; old blue Dishes and China. Grandfather clocks. Good prices paid.
Address W. A. KAIN,
116 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

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

ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

There is nothing like ASTHMALENE It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
NEW YORK, Jan. 3rd, 1901.
DR. TAFT BROS'. MEDICINE CO,
GENTLEMEN,—Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.
After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that ASTHMALENE contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether.
Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.
DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.
GENTLEMEN,—I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your ASTHMALENE for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
Yours respectfully,
O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Feb. 5, 1901.
DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.
GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with Asthama for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full sized bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.
S. RAPHAEL,
Home address: 235 Rivington St. 67 East 129th St., New York City.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal

DO NOT DELAY. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., New York City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

If You Are A Business Man

You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the

Weekly Monitor Job Department

is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

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Billheads, Letterheads,
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or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING
—AT—
MISS CHUTE'S
Oct. 9th and 10th.

NOTICE!
We still keep in stock as formerly,
Cedar Shingles, Lime, and Salt
The subscribers also intend to handle Coal this season, both Hard and Soft (best grades) which they will sell right.
J. H. LONGMIRE & SON.
Bridgetown, June 11, 1901.

Poetry.

THE GOSPEL OF LABOR.

Henry Van Dyke.

But I think the King of that country comes out from among His tireless host,
And walks in this world of the weary, as if he loved it the most;
For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for him.

He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead;
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.
He puts His hand to their burdens, He enters their homes at night!
Who does his best shall have as guest the Master of life and light.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

Why should we ever weary of this life?
Our souls should widen ever, not contract;
Grow harder and not stronger in the strife,
Filling each moment with a noble act.
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,
Doing our duty to our fellow men
And striving rather to exalt our race
Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,
We shall erect our names a dwelling place
Which not all ages shall cast down again;
Offspring of time shall then be born each hour,
Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard
To live forever in youth's perfect flower
And guide her future children heavenward.

James Russell Lowell.

Select Literature.

The Check-Draft.

'Old man Catlin,' so called to distinguish him from his son 'Lishe and his several nephews, had been a domestic potentate of the absolute type. When his only son married and his daughter-in-law was discovered to be a person of large, cheerful views, which she did not submit to the arbitrament of his judgment, he experienced a most annoying surprise.

One of Amanda's opinions was that the use of a coal stove is primarily to keep the house warm in winter, rather than to give a superior economist an opportunity to show how little coal he can burn and still keep the fire actually alight. Hence arose the war of the check-draft, which raged with intermittent fury from October to May.

The old man would come in ruddy from those outdoor chores with which he multigated the tedious leisure of his old age, and remark, 'My, you've got it hot here!' He would then pull out the check-draft with a defiant click.

Amanda's response depended upon her mood. If she happened to be engrossed in some prospective triumph of needlework, she paid no attention to the challenge until the room became too cool. Then she shut the check-draft and there were no more words about it.

If she felt cross or tired she made no such delay, but seized an early opportunity to carry the heat into her father's territory by heating the room a little hotter than it was before. This was not accomplished without an exchange of verbal missiles, some of which were very likely to hit 'Lishe who, whatever his original temper, had lived with his father long enough to acquire a cowardly taste for peace.

'One thing about it Amandy, 'you and pa gets lots of practice in repartee,' he said one day, when his sufferings as umpire had got the better of his discretion.

The older Mr. Catlin, besides possessing some strategic skill, had a sense of humor which lent a secret zest for him, even to those occasions when Amanda outgeneraled him. She had no such solace, but instead a domineering conscience which forbade her to quarrel beyond a certain point with her husband's father. When that point was reached she suffered in silence, and being a clear-headed, hot-tempered woman suffered acutely.

Old Mr. Catlin was a light sleeper, wherein he had the advantage of Amanda, who believed that no woman was truly doing her duty by her family unless she went to bed very tired every night. She therefore slept heavily.

The old man discovered that by getting up towards midnight he could open the check-draft and get back to bed again undetected. On occasions, therefore, when he was inspired by a particular obstinancy, he pursued this ingenious plan. One night, however, Amanda came forth from her bedroom holding a lighted candle above her head, and confronted him to his discomfiture.

'What do you want, father?' Is anything the matter?' she asked.

'I came down to get a drink,' he retorted with great presence of mind, and an excessive dignity. So these two midnight prowlers surveyed each other with mutual defiance and suspicion. Amanda complained to 'Lishe of his father's duplicity, but he chuckled at it with a certain admiration and remarked, in a not too soothing way, 'Well, I shouldn't get up nights to quarrel with him, if he is stubborn.'

'Lishe's remonstrances always followed the line of least resistance: therefore he addressed them to Amanda, because she would pay heed to them and his father would not.

On one subject Mr. Catlin and Amanda were in full accord—Amanda's house plants. She kept a good many in a large bay window, and the old man sometimes informed outsiders that he considered Amanda 'a master hand with plants.' They were no ordinary geraniums and fuchsias that Amanda tended, but lantenas, calseo, larias, begonias and delicate ferns.

When visitors expressed an envious admiration for them, father sat by and listened with ill-concealed pride. When they asked for cuttings, he produced his sacred pocket knife and carefully sliced off the designated shoots himself.

'Shears bruises 'em,' he was wont to remark, oracularly.

If Amanda could have brought herself to appeal to him on the ground of danger to the plants, he would have yielded the pleasure of manipulating the check-draft, but unhappily, Amanda had as much stubborn pride as her neighbors. It irked her to appeal where she had a right to demand.

In the fifth winter she began to feel the strain of these hostilities. She said sharper things to her father than she had ever said before, repenting them afterwards in bitter self reproach. When she had fits of crying and even scolded 'Lishe, on whom she usually lavished all the motherly tenderness of a childless woman, her husband began to look grave; and he finally consulted the family doctor.

'I think father kind of wears on Amanda,' said 'Lishe, in attentive confidence.

The doctor pricked up his ears. He had served on the building committee with Jacob Catlin when the town hall was built and Catlin had worn on him too.

'I think it's very likely,' he assented. 'You'd better have her go away and make a visit. When she comes back, get the old man to go off somewhere.'

'I don't suppose,' added the doctor, tipping back his chair and looking at 'Lishe with a twinkle of fun in his gray eyes, 'I don't suppose Amanda has the least idea that your father is so fond of her. But he is. He was down here yesterday inquiring of me what ailed Amanda and if I didn't think hanesocd steeped with smartweed would be as good a tonic as you could take. He said he always had his family take them in the spring.'

'Lishe threw back his head with a loud laugh.

'Yes,' he said, 'father fetched home a bundle of each of those herbs and put 'em on the pantry shelf; and Amanda, she's got so kind of used up, she stuck 'em in the stove.'

'You have her go right off,' said the doctor.

So dispirited was Amanda that when she received an urgent invitation from her sister—inspired by the crafty 'Lishe—to make her a long visit, she never even protested that she had nothing to wear. She let 'Lishe take take her to the station, without reminding him of any one of the innumerable things that would need his attention during her absence.

True, as the train was about to start, she did open her lips to admonish him that he would see that father didn't let the plants freeze. But looking into his kind, anxious face, she realized the futility of asking 'Lishe to cope with his father. So she only put her head down on his shoulder and cried a little, at the same time pushing him from her and urging him not to let the cars run over him when he jumped off.

Father revelled in his brief authority. He poked down the ashes with a judicious hand and shut the check-draft to the sole end that he might pull it out again all unassailed. He took such complete delight in keeping the sitting room at the lowest possible temperature compatable with having any fire at all that he never noticed that 'Lishe kept the kitchen stove almost red hot, night and day.

Then the weather turned fiercely cold of a sudden, without any regard to theories of an arch economist. 'Lishe had been up late one night, doctoring a sick horse, and on the next night he slept more soundly than usual. When he awakened in the morning, the fires had been out for hours, and all Amanda's precious plants were frozen stiff.

Even Mr. Catlin had felt the bitter chill of the night, and looked more subdued than usual when he entered the kitchen, where 'Lishe was frying buckwheat cakes.

'I guess we let the fires get a little too low last night,' said 'Lishe, when father had duly performed his ablutions at the kitchen sink.

'Why so?' asked father, truculently.

'Well, they went out. Must have been early in the night and Amandy's plants are all gone.

'Can't be,' I put papers behind 'em, same as usual,' said father, with dogged excitement. He stepped hastily across the kitchen and threw open the sitting room door.

'They're froze stiff, every one of 'em' said 'Lishe, ruefully. 'I guess Amandy'll take the roof off when she sees 'em. That Japan lily was just getting ready to blow. There has never been a Japan lily in this township till Amanda gave fifty cents for that bulb.'

'Lishe looked with commiseration at the drooping stem of that regal lily of Japan.

'Amanda thought about as much of those plants as ff theyd been children,' 'Lishe continued at breakfast. 'A lot more than she thinks of me, at times.'

But the old man sat stiffly silent. He was not going to let anybody know how little prepared he felt to meet the coming eclipse of his daughter-in-law's bright face. To expect Amanda to refrain from saying, 'Now see what you have done!' was to expect a superhuman magnanimity, and for once in his life old Mr. Catlin knew that he had no adequate reply ready.

'I guess you'll have to build the fire in the coal stove, pa,' said 'Lishe, noisily clattering the dishes. 'I must get that wood hauled now while it's froze. We'll have a thaw after this cold spell.'

'I'll tend to it,' said his father briefly.

During the forenoon, 'Lishe, unloading his wood, noticed his father hurrying in and out, emptying ashes and sifting coal.

'Pa ought to keep his hat on,' he said to himself, 'seeing how cold the wind is.' But Jacob Catlin did not look at all as if he would receive advice graciously, and 'Lishe refrained from giving any.

When the fire was successfully kindled the panes of mica were thoroughly smoked, and the carpet, where father had spilt ashes and then tried to clean them up, looked as if they had been smeared with some gray wash.

This result of his labors galled the old man who had a just appreciation, kept as secret as the grave, of Amanda's comfortable cleanliness. His jaw stiffened ominously as he surveyed his handiwork.

He went to the barn and harnessed his horse to the light wagon. The cold was not so keen when he set forth, but there was a chill in the air which penetrated his tired old bones. Stopping at the next neighbor's he held a parley with her. She agreed to go to the Catlin home and clean up and fix up things as they ought to be. For this service father paid her in advance. He also offered to drive her over, but she replied that with the wind blowing the way it did she'd rather walk.

Father therefore went on toward town and stopped at a florist's. He pottered about in the suffocating, steamy atmosphere from one greenhouse to another, because, although he knew many of the plants he wanted by sight, he did not know their names He would have only the best specimens, and he bought some new ones which took his fancy.

'You can't take these home any such day as this,' said the proprietor, who had followed him around in amazement and some irritation at his deliberation and criticisms.

'Why not? why not?' asked Jacob Catlin, testily. He was finally convinced with difficulty that it was too cold.

'We can send them out in our covered rig tomorrow if it warms up some, said the florist, and Mr. Catlin was obliged to content himself with going away empty-handed as he had come.

Before he had reached home he realized that he felt very ill; and as he was painfully putting up the horse, he said to himself, much as he might have retorted upon Amanda, 'I reckon what coal I've saved will cost me middling dear before I get through.'

Then he added, with a return of the wonted spirit, 'But it's worth something to find out what a tomfool an old critter can be that's bound to have his own way.'

He was cowering over the kitchen fire when his son came in to supper.

'Lishe, as he went back and forth, observed the old man silently for some time. Then he said, 'You ain't going to have a sick spell, are you, pa?'

'I don't know but I am,' said the old man, forlornly. There was a kind of unconscious appeal in his face, already flushed and swollen with fever. 'Lishe acted promotly. Within an hour he had put his father to bed, and he and the doctor were making poultices.

Some time the next day Jacob Catlin's dull senses apprehend him that Amanda's face was bending over him, and that there was nothing in its expression to be dreaded, only a great and comforting compassion.

Upon this he resigned himself to a stupor broken by intervals of delirium, when he had it in mind always to tell Amanda something if he could summon strength enough. At last, one day, when her quick, kind hands were busy about him, he managed to clutch one of them and hold it feebly. Amanda bent down close. In a sudden flush of intelligence she understood and could answer that tormenting thought of his.

'Those flowers you got me are splendid, father,' she said. I never had any so pretty before. They're growing to beat all.'

Father listened greedily; finally he mustered all his strength. 'I shan't meddle with that stove again,' he whispered, hoarsely.

She laughed a little, lest he should imagine he saw tears in her eyes. 'Oh, pshaw! Yes, you will; you can see now just how it acts.'

But the old man shook his head firmly, and having thus expressly renounced the dictatorship of the check draft and set all right between himself and Amanda, he fell asleep, holding her hand in his tremulous grasp.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S KINDNESS.

(From Gen. Portet's 'Campaigning with Grant.)

'Three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur and murmured: 'Poor little creatures, you'll be taken good care of,' and turning to Bowers, said: 'Colonel, I hope you will see that these motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly.' Bowers replied: 'I will see, Mr. President that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and are well cared for.' Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrates his kindness, which was mingled with the grandeur of his nature."

TAKE NOTICE

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well known people. From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of household remedies.
C. C. Richards & Co.

REFLECTIONS.

"Trust in the Lord and do good."

There is honor among thieves but you need a microscope to find it.

If others harmed us half what we harm ourselves, we would go to a lawyer about it.

Peace and personal profit are to be sought, but not by making a truce with the enemies of God.

"You can't stop it." A century ago that was the great argument for legalizing duelling and slavery.

ENLARGING ONE'S CIRCLE.

'I wish I had made my life wider when I was young,' said one woman to another, lately, with a sigh, 'for I find one has to allow for shrinkage, and I didn't.'

'Why not widen it now?' suggested the friend. 'While there's life there's hope.'

'But that's just it—there isn't hope. When I was eighteen, life was illimitable. If I couldn't do one thing I could dream of another. The horizon was so far off that it practically did not exist. I could make my own limits and make them as wide as all out doors. Instead of that, I chose my lot, and fenced it in, and here I sit inside of it and realize my limits. Life isn't going to grow any larger for me and more than that, it is bound to narrow—it has narrowed, though I've been unconscious of it. I feel something like the man who was imprisoned in an iron cell and the cell, by an ingeniously cruel device, grew smaller every day till it finally was such a tight fit that it killed him. I'm not in danger to that extent, but I can realize his feelings as he saw the walls contract, just the same.

'Everybody has had the feeling, Lucy, sooner or later,' said the other, 'and it certainly isn't a pleasant one. I remember my first attack of it very well. It was after my husband died and my son married and I suddenly realized that I had limited all my horizons to my home and home was empty and I was shut in on myself as if a Chinese wall had cut me off from the rest of life.'

'But you have so many interests—I can't imagine your ever feeling so!' said the first woman.

'I hadn't any outside interests then,' said the other, 'but I soon saw I had to have them. With their help I broke down the walls and widened out. It wasn't easy, but I felt it was my only hope. Then after some years my brother died and I had his boys and girls to look after and then my grandchildren came into my life and that helped too. But even yet, I try every year to enlarge my boundaries, for life will narrow if you don't provide against it. It's just the opposite of the circles in the water when you throw a stone—they spread and spread and that's what our lives ought to do; but unfortunately barrow human existence seems to begin with the outside circle and contract all the while to the very centre, unless we prevent it.'

'But how is one going to prevent it?' responded the first, 'I don't care for charities, I'm not fond of women's clubs. I haven't any talent for music—I haven't any talent for anything in fact. I am a hopeless case, Maria.'

'Oh, no, you're not. You're fond of travel and make friends easily. Next time your husband goes off on a business trip, go with him. There was that delightful journey he took to the Pacific coast last year and you would not go because it was house cleaning time. A cell with clean lace curtains, my dear, is none the less a cell. You won't have such a chance of broadening travel again for a while, I'm afraid.'

'But, whenever Henry goes next, go with him. And you might start a hobby—any hobby will do. I know a woman who collects pewter things—candlesticks and porringers and plates and all that—and really she has become a great deal more interesting since she took it up, for she reads up on colonial times and visits collections in other cities and corresponds with people. Photography is a tremendous help to some people—and I have one friend who really was sinking into a green and yellow melancholy when she happened to become interested in her own genealogy, and thence went to genealogy in general and now she is writing a book and is quite an authority. As for gardening—'

'I hate old candlesticks, I can't bear amateur photographs and if there is one thing I abominate it is family trees,' replied the first woman, smiling. 'But gardening, I confess, appeals to me. Perhaps I can enlarge my circle by digging—who knows?'

'I prefer people to flowers myself,' said her friend. 'But the value of hobbies is that they inevitably bring you to know the other people who ride them too. And gardeners are a most interesting set, from Adam down to Elizabeth. Your circle ought to be a very charming one, Lucy, and as wide as the world and as history. Courage! I see the walls crumbling already and a broader horizon coming in view. I'll send you over "My summer in a garden," and you'll see how everything in fancy and philosophy and wit and human fellowship can develop out of horticultural analogies. If you can get a hundredth part of what Charles Dudley Warner did out of gardening, your life will be wide enough for all the rest of us to envy.'

'Ah! but I can't put in what he did—there's the trouble! My hobby would be a very lame and halting one at the best.'

'Never mind! The lamest hobby can carry you out of yourself and beyond prison walls. Lonely people get narrow; but the loneliest persons, the busiest persons, can enlarge their circle if they are only in earnest about it. I suppose not many of us can get to the wide outlook of the old poet who said: "Nothing human is foreign to me," but not one of us need sit still inside of fancied limitations and grow narrower year by year. Each of us can be 'a self-evolving circle" as Emerson says.'

'Oh, if you are going to bring in Emerson, I submit unconditionally,' cried her friend, and the discussion ended in a laugh. But the flower garden has been begun since and a trip to Bostofi comes off shortly, so the circle is enlarging already.—Priscilla Leonard in the 'Interior.'

—Every day should be to you a day of royal discontent. You never thought as well as you ought to think. You never meant as highly as you ought to mean. You never planned as nobly as you ought to plan. You never execute as well as you ought to execute. Over the production of the scholar, over the canvas of the artist, over the task of the landscape gardener, over the pruner's knife, there ought to hover perpetually his blessed ideal, telling him, "Your work is poor—it should be better." So that every day he should lift himself higher and higher with an everlasting pursuit of hope which shall only end in perfection when he reaches the land beyond.

ACHES AND PAINS.

You know by experience that the aches and pains of rheumatism are not permanently, but only temporarily relieved by external remedies. Then why not use an internal remedy. Hood's Sarsaparilla, which corrects the acidity of the blood on which rheumatism depends and cures the disease? This medicine has done more for the rheumatic than any other medicine in the world.

THE EMPTY NESTS.

I had a nestful once, one of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them, but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly.

We American parents are spared the sense of inevitable separation which is integral in English homes. Our broader land, our newborn industries, our yet formative condition, leave us a hope that our boys may find work near at hand. We do not begin to sum up our chances of influence in India and Africa and Canada while curly heads yet lie on the nursery pillow; and to define a suitable education for this or that service while the little ones are still building block houses on the floor. After maturity it is a rare thing to find a son under his father's roof, still rarer that from a large family there are not many emigrants, and it is a climax of family joy if once in 20 years, a father and mother can see their living children gathered about their table, united perhaps at some dear festival.

Yet, without this impending certainty of absolute separation hanging over us the family circle breaks all too soon, and from that moment there is a vacant room in the lately overcrowded homestead and a change in the mother's life and heart which is to remain always. The little chamber, hardly large enough for the strong, active lad to move about in, the place hitherto so hard to keep tidy and orderly, looks desolate enough now that he has gone away to school; the old cap, picked up a thousand times in unlikely places, hangs from the peg, a sort of mark of ownership, while for nine months out of twelve he is living under new influences and learning to be cheery and happy and overflowing with wholesome interests, forgetful of what was once up to him the sum of his desires.

He will love on—20 years hence perhaps love better than ever before the roof under which he was born, and the mother who gave him life—but his place in the home nest is vacant. Henceforth home is an incident, not the centre of existence. School, college, work marriage—so the future unrolls its plan. Mother may kneel beside the narrow boyish bed and carry him as mothers will, forever in her heart, but Jack's room is only his in name.

And his sisters, so united, yet so strangely unlike in taste and looks and predictions, how hard to realize that they are gone! The elder, mother-sister, so helpful in family crises, so authoritative and so strong to influence, without whom nothing was complete, nothing decided, can it be that she will only come back as a guest and the family life go on without her? And fair, shrinking Allegra, always timid and unwilling to take responsibility, how impossible to believe that she has assumed the headship of a stranger's household and taken upon herself without a tremor the control of a family of her own. And stormy Kate, the masterful victor on so many fields, how strangely her trophies look as they hang upon her wall. How dearly she loved them, those tokens of triumph on many a hard won field. Yet now she is content with decorous drives and no longer courts the brown check which the sun kissed. Softly the mother goes from room to room and closes the doors after her. The dear old house, so recently too full to offer hospitality, has abundant guest room now. A tender wonder rises in her heart. Allegra does not send for her once dear pictures nor for the mandolin hanging disused. Kate bids her divide her "sticks" among the children. Yes, they are gone!

The mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear
To love—and then to lose.

In yet another way silent chambers are created in the old house. Still, indeed, is the place where the august and all powerful angel has stood, tender, yet inflexible; he whom no man may resist. Who shall say what departure is to the man and woman who call that child their own? What a chill fills the once warm nest! Yet it may be the outgoing of a young life, upborne by the strength of the divine messenger to—as the broken heart believes—places of unutterable beauty and peace, leaves a less sorrowful loneliness in the home than when willing feet flee away joyously to walk in the earth's rough paths so full of possible mis-adventure. No danger of ill tidings of error or of misfortune coming back from that far shore. Of one the heart may say, 'For him I feel no fear." Of this child no anxious thought can ever arise.

Most parental hearts count themselves but faint types of the eternal Fatherhood, the happiest of homes are but reflections, dim and imperfect, of the paradise where love has no imperfections. The silence made by the death angel is not without occasional interruptions of sweet echoes of unearthly music, soothing and full of peace. The emptiness of the chamber from whence he has borne a child has often a spiritual fulness which comforts a mother's grief. There come times when her strained ears hear soft rustlings of angelic wings. The spot from whence her child's soul took flight has ever a sense of companionship to her. This room is not like those others from which her girls went out to choose the fair lot that maidens choose.

So far on the side of those who lose, but it is not all which we can see. "To bear, to nurse, to rear, to love," yes all true, and yet as true as the poet's pathetic close, which has a sound of tears in it— "to lose!" But what would we have? Given our choice, what would we ask? What is the sum of our endeavor? What the ultimate end of our travail and strife? Surely not to keep the lives, brought to fully perfected strength and development, in abortive confinement in the enclosure of a too narrow space. Above all, surely not to hold back a soul ripe for sinless activity in a sorrowless world.—New York Post.

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