Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR AND NOTARY PUBLIC. ffice in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate. -WILL BE AT HIS-OFFICE IN MIDDLETON, (Over Roop's Grocery Store.) Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States. Agent Nova Stotia Building Society. -AGENT FOR-Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,

Real Estate Agent, etc. RANDOLPH'S BLOCK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC. missioner and Master Supreme Court Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.



DENTISTRY

DR. F. S. ANDERSON

DENTISTRY. DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER, Graduate of University Maryland, Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900. and fourth weeks of February 1st, 1900. CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY

FRED W. HARRIS. Barrister, - - Solicitor, Notary Public, etc. 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.

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

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. UNION BANK OF HALIFAX.

Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000 , - 800,000 445,000 Capital Paid-up, Rest, - - -DIRECTORS WM. ROBERTSON, WM. ROCHE, President. Vice-President. C. C. BLACKADAR, Esq. J. H. SYMONS, Esq. GEO. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P. E. G. SMITH, Esq. A. E. JONES, Esq.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S. E. L. THORNE, General Manager.

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Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on pecial denasit.

Savings Bank Department.

Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent AGENCIES.—
Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager.
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Pas-Dartmouth, N. S.-I. W. Allen, acting acting manager.

Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.

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Sydney, C. B.—H. W. Jubien, manager,
Sydney Mines, C.B.—C. W. Frazee, acting manager. Wolfville, N. S.-J. D. Leavitt, manager

CORRESPONDENTS.—
London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston. EXECUTOR'S NOTICE. LL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of

O. S. MILLER, Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.—14 tf EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ll persons having legal demands against estate of JOHN R. KINNEY, late of digetown, in the County of Annapolis, farm. HETT1E J. KINNEY, Executrix. JOHN L. MARSHALL, Executor, EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of FRANCIS R. PRAT, late of Bridgetown, in the county of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate pay-EDWARD M. EATON,

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates, cleased, are hereby required to be dark elected, within three he date hereof, and all persons destate are requested to make ment to LOUIS G. DeBLOIS, M. D., Sole Executor

LOUIS G. DeBLOIS, M. D., Sole Executor

LOUIS G. DeBLOIS, M. D., Sole Executor

LOUIS G. OEBLOIS, M. D., Sole Executor

LOUIS G. DEBLOIS, M. D., Sole Executor

LO



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 29.

Victoria Day!

May 24th, 1901.

Spend Your Holiday at Bridgetown!

Offer two good Purses

\$300.00 in Purses \$300.00

Good, clean sport is promised.

Good order will be maintained on the grounds

pssssssssss

If You Are . . .

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

is fully equipped for all kinds of

Job Work. Work done promptly,

neatly and tastefully. Nothing

A Business Man

forget that the

Weekly Monitor

Job Department = =

but good stock is used.

WE PRINT

Billbeads,

Statements,

Envelopes.

Dodgers,

Booklets,

or any Special Order

Letterbeads.

Memoranda,

Post Cards,

Dosters,

Visiting Cards, Business Cards,

that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work,

Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, n. S.

Books,

Grand Stand, 15c.

FREE-FOR-ALL (Trot and Pace)

THREE MINUTE, " "

Admission to Driving Park 25c.

For two Popular Races.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1901.

The three Robes. There lies across the mother's knee,
And gathered in her hand.
A little robe of puffs and lace,
With an embroider'd band.
I see her smile, I hear her sing.
A low, sweet lullaby;
And oft, I see a thought of joy,
Light up her bright blue eye.
It is a robe for her dear child,
To be christen'd in!

There lies across the mother's knee,
And gathered in her hand,
A silken robe, with puffs and lace,
And an embroider'd band,
'Tis white, and like a cloud at eve,
That floats across the sky;
But oh, I hear the mother give
An off represented sigh.

An oft repeated sigh.

It is a robe for her dear child.

To be wedded in !

There lies across the mother's knee,
And gathered in her hand.
A robe of softest wool; but it
Has no embroider'd band.
And on her cheeks so wan and pale,
The mother's tears I see,
And hear her pray, Lord give me strength,
Oh, give thy strength to me!
It is a robe for her dear child,
To be buried in! Anna M. L. Moseleg.

Iam thy Pleasure. See, my face is fair— With silken strands of joy I twine thee round;
Life has enough of stress—forget with me!
Wilt thou not stay? Then go—thou ar
not bound.

I am thy Pastime. Let me be to thee
A daily refuge from the haunting fears
That bind thee, choke thee, fill thy soul with woe; Seek thou my hand—let me assuage thy

I am thy Habit. Nay, start not; thy will Is yet supreme, for art thou not a man? Then draw me close to thee, for life is brief— A little space to pass as best one can.

I am thy Passion. Thou shalt cling to me Through all the years to come. The silk-CONDITIONS.—National Trotting Association rules to govern. Entrance fee five per of purse, five per cent additional from winners. Purses divided 60. 25, 15 and 10 per cent horse distancing the field or any part thereof entitled to first money only. Casses not filling sfactorily will be declared off. Six to enter and four to start. Both races to be mile heats, 3 in slopples not barred. Entrance fee must accompany nominations. en cord

of Pleasure has become a stronger bond,

Not to be cleft nor loosened at a word. Entries close on Monday, May 20th, at 9 o'clock, p. m., with he Secretary, E G LANGLEY, Bridgetown om whom any further information required may be obtained. am thy Master. Thou shalt crush for me The grapes of truth for wine of sacrifice; ly clanking chains were forged for such as

I am thy Master—yea, I am thy Vice ! -Katherine La Fargo Norton, in April

Select Literature.

BEING THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BLUE-RIB-BONER)

At the age of six Skipper went on the

of those little wheeled houses, all windows hands.

without even pricking up is ears.

It was strange work Skipper had been brought to the city to do. As a colt he had seen horses dragging ploughs, pulling big instead of canter. He had liked best to Skipper all about it. lope off with the boy on his back, down to the Corners, where the store was.

big Western grays or stout Canadian blacks | year's out." sho seemed fully equal to the task. Also there were carriages—my, what shiny carriages! And what smart. sleek-looking zled Skipper. The sounds and the smells conhorses drew them! And how high they

did hold their heads and how they did throw heard him chirrup softly, and soon felt at their feet about—just as if they were dancing | ease on the tanbark.

came to the stable to feed and rub down the harnessed to a beam by traces of equal horses. Skipper's man had two names. length. One was Officer Martin; at least that was After some more evolutions a half dozen

that "Reddy" must be his real name.

As for Skipper's name, it was written on the tag tied to the halter which he wore

As for Skipper showed these men how he could the tag tied to the halter which he wore
when he came to the city. Skipper heard
him read it. The boy on the farm had
done that, and Skipper was glad, for he
liked the name.

Skipper snowed these than how he could
who banked the circle as far up as Skipper
could see shouted and clapped sheir hands
until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had

gan the day, you must stand with your nose just on a line with that of the horse on either side. If you didn't you felt the bit or spure. He mastered the meaning of "right dress," "left dress," "left dress," "lowrard," "fours right," and a lot of other things.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a a ap." Here they said, "Halt" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" at him to the stable, he fed him four big red apples one after the other. Next day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

For a whole year Skipper was the pride of the force. He was shown to visitors at the stables. A ton of it wouldn't make a pound of good flesh. Oats? Not a sign of them were very strange.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a a ap." Here they said, "Halt" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" at him to the stable, he stable, he fed him four big red apples one after the ont think much on other things.

Supper was late in coming to Skipper that ont think much on other things.

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For a whole year Skipper was the pride of the force. He was shown to visitors at the stables. A ton of it wouldn't make a pound of good flesh. Oats? Not a sign of the prove its value. Beware of such. Get Put-nam's at druggists, or if you cannot get it we night. He was almost extraved when it was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

For a whole year Skipper was the pride of the force. He was shown to visitors at the stables. A ton of it wouldn't make a pound of good flesh. Oats? Not a sign of the prove its value. Beware of such. Get Put-nam's at druggists, or if you cannot get it we night. He was almost extra

Some of them were very strange.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a a ap." Here they said, "Halt" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop, by the slightest pressure on the bit.

It was lazy work, though. Sometimes when Skipper was just aching for a brisk canter he had to pace soberly through it park driveways—for Skipper, although I don't believe I mentioned it before, was part and parcel of the mounted police force. But there, you could know that by the coat of arms in yellow brass on his saddle blanket.

For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact right angle with it; motionless as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near stables. He was patted on the nose by the Mayor, came up especially to look at him. In the park Skipper did his tricks thim. In the park Skipper dave she who exclaimed, "How perfectly wonderful!" as well as for pretty nurse-maids who giggled and said, "Now did you ever see the likes o' that, Norah "

And then came the spavin. Ab, but that was the beginning of the end! Were you ever feeld of clover, while a dozen brass bands played a waitz and multitudes of pour or port the wagon to which he was to be hitched was the beginning of the end! Were you ever feel do felover, while a doz

way. But then, when you are on the force was at first glance.

the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang that he was talking about him. Skipper sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams, too. It was a run away. Skipper flecked lips of the horse, or the scared man | to Skipper. He wished Reddy could hear in the carriage behind. It was a case of it.

crazy roan what real running away was!
But what was Reddy going to do? He felt double. The man wanted to know how him gather up the reins. He left his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Red-a bay gelding of this description. dy was actually going to try a brush with the runaway. What fun !

Skipper pranced out into the roadway and gathered himself for the sport. Before he indignant. He asked if the other man could get into full swing, however, the roan wouldn't like a silver-mounted harness and a had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.
"Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skipper.

"Well now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is—almost free. And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter ! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the road-side, of women who tumbled from bicycles will you make it five?" into the bushes, and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

scared already," thought Skipper. But she did run well; Skipper had to adfore he could strike his best gait. Then for and said very slowly and distinctly, looking a few moments he could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself 'Are you all done? Thirty-five—once inch. But the mare was blowing herself and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was Thirty-five-twice-Third-and last callputting the pent-up energy of weeks into his | sold, for thirty-five dollars !" strides. Once he saw he was overhauling her he steadied to the work.

Reddy did a queer thing. With his right to be "knocked down" for thirty five. hand he grabbed the roan with a nose-pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the one. We will not linger over it. The redreins. It was a great disappointment to faced man who led him away was a grocer. Skipper, for he had counted on showing the He put Skipper in the shafts of a heavy

Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper shouted and handled boxes, and barrels. wished they would come more often. Some- When the wagon was heavily loaded the times there would be two and even three in red-faced man drove him back to the store. a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass | Then a tow-haired boy, who jerked viciously without a single runaway on Skipper's beat. on the lines and was fond of using the whip But duty is duty.

During the early morning hours, when avenues. force. Clean of limb and sound of wind he was, with not a blemish from the tip of his black tall to the end of his crinkly forelock.

There were few people in the park, Skipper's one are rein too hard while rounding a corner hear rein too hard while rounding a corner around in a circle, lifting each forefoot with and a wheel was smashed against a lamp of the light, bicycle-who were two men.

"Queer?" one

and full of people come rushing down the Asho became more accomplished he noticstreet with a fearful whirr and clank of bell, ed that "Reddy" took more pains with his A who o ole lot fer a quarter!" he wanted to bolt. But the man on his back spoke in an easy, calm voice, saying, curried and brushed and rubbed with chamber of the cab-horses, on whom he used to look

buggy and thought it good fun, though you Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the

"Sure an' it's app'arin' before all the swells in town you'll be, me b'y. That do ye think But here there were no ploughs, nor hay- of that, eh? An' mebbe ye'll be gettin' a carts, nor mowing machines. There were blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad; an' mebbe Mr. many heavy wagons, it was true, but these Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's were all drawn by stocky Percherons and | berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the

The Horse Show was all that Reddy had fused him. But he felt Reddy on his back,

Then there was a great crash of noise and "Proud, stuck-up things," thought Skip- Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. It was clear that none of this work was | First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and for him. Early on the first morning of his then a rush to troop front, when, in a long service men in brass-buttoned blue coats line, they swept round as if they had been

the one to which he answered when the man | were picked out and put through their with the cap called the roll before they paces. Skipper was one of these. Then rode out for duty. The other name was three of the six were sent to join the rest of "Reddy." That was what the rest of the the squad. Only Skipper and two others men in blue coats called him. Skipper remained in the centre of the ring. Men in noticed that he had red hair and concluded tall black hats, showing much white shirt-

the Mall. "Reddy" would sit as still in the Skipper had never heard him use before. But worst of all was the string of bells bed, said to his son: "When ye has naeth

that he was talking about him. Skipper learned that he was only six years old, and learned that he was only six years old, and that he had been owned as a saddle-horse by

The man talked very nicely about Skip-How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that wind and limb, and was not only trained to

"Someone on the outer edge of the crowd said. "Ten dollars." At this the man on the box grew quite

lap robe thrown in. "Fifteen," said another. Somebody else said "Twenty," another nan said, "Twenty five," and still another, "Thirty." Then there was a hitch. The

man on the box began to talk very fast in-"Thutty-thutty-thutty-thutty-do I hear "Thirty-five," said a red-faced man who

had pushed his way to the front and was "Just as though that little roan wasn't looking Skipper over sharply, The man on the box said, "Thutty five a good many times and asked if he "heard nit that. She had a lead of fifty yards be- forty." Evidently he did not, for he stopped

When Skipper heard this he hung his head. When you have been a \$250 blue-Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead, ribboner and the pride of the force it is sad

The next year of Skipper's life was a lark roan his heels. Skipper knew, after two or | wagon very early every morning and lrove three experiences of this kind, that this was him a long ways through the city to a big down-town market where men in long frocks drove him recklessly about the streets and

He had been broken to saddle by a Green a sway of the body and a pawing movement post. The tow haired boy was sent head Mountain boy who knew more of horse which was quite rhythmical. He learned to first into an ash barrel, and Skipper, rather nature than of the trashy things writ in box with his nose. He learned to walk startled at the occurrence, took a little run books. He gave Skipper kind words and an sedately behind Reddy and to pick up a down the avenue, strewing the pavements occasional pat on the flank. So Spipper's disposition was sweet and his nature a trusting

There was always a sugar-plum or a sweet other assorted groceries.

one.

This is why Skipper learned so soon the ways of the city. The first time he saw one

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This is why Skipper learned so soon the ways of the city. The first time he saw one of the cart sat a leather-lunged man who roared: "A-a-a-a-puls! Nice a-a-a-a-puls!

Skipper felt this disgrace keenly. Even "So-o-o! There, me b'y. Aisy wid ye. ois until it shone almost as if it had been with disdain, eyed him scornfully. Skipper much to the profit of the street children, and loads of hay, and hitched to many kinds of vehicles. He himself had drawn a light been detailed for the Horse Show squad. sold again.

Skipper looked over his new owner without joy. The man was evil of face. His long whiskers and hair were unkempt and finest horse on the force—took the blue rib—"Parbleu" once, but gave the idea up.

were many open spaces, most of them fenced in by huge bill-boards. Behind one of these sign-plastered barriers Skipper found his new home. The bottom of the lot was more than twenty feet below the street level. In the centre of a waste of rocks, ash heaps and dead weeds tottered a group of shanties, at strangely made of odds and ends. The walls were partly of mud-chinked rocks and partly of wood. The roofs were patched with strips of rusty tin held in place by stones. In one of these shanties, just tall enough for Skipper to enter and no more, the horse that had been the pride of the mounted park police was driven with a kick as a greeting. Skipper noted first that there was no feed-box and no hay-rick. Then he saw, or rather felt—for the only light came through cracks in the walls—that there was not seed and sin the city government. Just elected this fail. But he isn't happy because he can't the city government. Just elected this is in the city government. Just elected this fail. But he isn't happy because he can't the city government. Just elected this is in the city government. Just elected this fail. But he isn't happy because he can't the city government. Just elected this is in the city government. Just elected this fail. But he isn't happy because he can't the city government. Just elected this fail. But he isn't happy because he can't the city government. Just elected this fail. But he isn't happy because he can't the city government. Just elected this fail. But he isn't happy because he can't wis not now incurable for Catarrhozone cures sends the healing medicated air into every sends the healing medicated air into every sends the bealing medicated air into every s

through cracks in the walls-that there was no floor. His nostrils told him that the drainage was bad. Skipper sighed as he thought of the clean, sweet straw which Reddy used to change in his stall every night.

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

o-o-o-o-olt ra-a-a-a-ags! Buy o-o-o o-olt up from the roots to the leaves, and in the nostri's, the straining eyes, and the foam was closing out her stable. This was news The lump on Skipper's hock kept growing or taking up and breaking up, by the leaves, bigger and bigger. It seemed as if the darts of carbonic acid gas from the air. All plants of pain shot from hoof to flank with every breathe, and plants, like animals, breathe in step. Big hollows came over his eyes. You oxygen and breathe out carbonic acid gas. could see his ribs as plainly as the hoops on This process of breathing goes on both day a pork-barrel. Yet six days in the week he went on long trips and brought back heavy similation, which takes place only in the loads of junk. On Sunday he hauled the light; consequently more carbonic acid gas Junkman and his family about the city.

Once the junkman tried to drive Skipper

the surplus carbon remains to be used in the Once the junkman tried to drive Skipper into one of the Park entrances. Then for the first time in his life Skipper balked. The junkman pounded and used such language shade, but we do not all know that this

> Soun after this there came a break in the agreeably cools the air, and absorption of daily routine. One morning Skipper was carbonic acid gas, which purifies the air, not led out as usual. In fact, no one came trees are directly beneficial to us, and yet, near him, and he could hear no voices in the in the wholesale destruction of forests, we near by shanty. Skipper decided that he have been working against these beneficent would ake a day off himself. By bracing influences, and it would be well for us to

> for the staple was insecure.
>
> Once at liberty, he climbed the roadway were swept from the earth, all animal life that led out of the lot. It was late in the fall, would become extinct, hence it is easy to but there was still short swest winter grass understand that the destruction of even so to be found along the gutters. For a while much tree life has had a detrimental influence he nibbled at this hungrily. Then a queer upon our climate, making animal life (our idea came to Skipper. Perhaps the passing life) less easy and comfortable than it might

At any rate Skipper left off nibbling grass. the present climatic conditions, hence self-He hobbled out the edge of the road, turned so as to face the opposite side, and held up his head. There he stood just as he used to stand when he was the ride of the mounted growing while we are sleeping, but it will squad. He has on post once more.

His coat was shaggy and weather stained. selves while we stay in it, and a better home hook caused one hind quarter to sag some- trees as we have opportunity what, but aside from that his pose was Farmer. strictly according to the regulations. Skipper had been playing at standing

post for a half-hour, when a trotting dandy who sported ankle-boots and toe-weights, pulled up before him. He was drawing a light, bicycle-wheeled road-wagon in which Western world to a little rock away off in

ter; that's all I see in it." then, in a loud, sharp tone, said :

"'Ten-shun! Right dress!"

Skipper hobbled out into the road.

sun-bleached, like the tip-end of a pastured cow's tail. His clothes were greasy. His voice was like the grunt of a pig. Skipper wondered to what use this man would put him. He feared the worst.

Far up through the city the man took him and out on a broad avenue where there were many open spaces, most of them fenced in by huge bill-boards. Behind one of these

Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

BARRISTER,

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

"Be aye Sticking in a Tree."

An old Scotch laird, when on his death the Mall. "Reddy" would sit as still in the saddle, too. It was hard for Skipper to stand there and see those mincing cobs go by, their padhousings all a glitter, crests on their blinders, jingling their pole-chains and switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle-horses canter past in the soft birdle path on the other side of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force it was at first glance.

Skipper had never heard him use before. Something hard made it thick and husky. When Skipper saw these he knew he had suspended from two uprights above the seat. When Skipper saw these he knew he had fallen low indeed. He had become the horse to a wandering junkman. The next step in his career, as he well knew, would be the glue factory and the bone-yard. Now, when a horse has lived for twenty years or so, it is sad enough to face these things. But at eight mears to see the glue factory close at the saddle horse of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force it was taken to a big building where there the new-comers and go out for duty. Before Reddy came back Skipper was led away. He was taken to a big building where there all the new may well give heed; not altogether for the reason that we benefit both ourselves and our fellow man, and increase the value of our property by the improvement. The fact that tree planting is of direct benewas at first glance.

But Skipper did not stay here long. He

But Skipper did not stay here long. He

But Skipper did not stay here long. He One afternoon as Skipper was standing post like this he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was began to talk very fast. Skipper gathered roared through his matted beard: "Buy are held in solution in the water which goes

as you might expect from a junkman, but agreeable coolness is due to the water vapor all to no use. Skipper took the beating with lowered head, but go through the gate he would not. So the junkman gave it up, although he seemed very anxious to join of the surplus water which has brought up the line of gay carriages which were rolling mineral food from the roots.

In this transpiration of water vapor, which against the door he readily pushed it open, consider tree planting solely upon this economic side. If all trees, bushes and shrubs

of a smartly groomed saddle-horse was be. Accepting this premise, it follows that responsible. (possibly) be growing and shedding its bless-Few people were passing, and none seemed to notice him. He was an odd figure. We can make the world pleasanter for our-

My first impressions of St. Pierre are "Queer?" one of them was saying. "Can't say I see anything queer about it, Captain. Some old plug that's got away from a squat- of France, the contrast is striking. There are no lofty buildings to try the eyes; no "Well, let's have a look," said the other. are no sidewalks; few horses; no He stared hard at Skipper for a moment and hotels, as we understand them; no daily newspapers; no theatres—nothing that in the least suggests the States, except the Skipper pricked up his ears, raised his electric lights. There are long, narrow, head, and side stepped stiffly. The trotting hilly streets, lined with low, slanting-roofed dandy turned and looked curiously at him. houses; there are little rough carts, drawn "Forward!" said the man in the wagon. by dogs, driven by natives in Basque caps, ipper hobbled out into the road.

"Right wheel! Halt! I thought so," teams with picturesque villagers prodding said the man, as Skipper obeyed the orders. them on—they must be villagers, for there back spoke in an easy, cain the spoke in the spoke "That fellow has been on the force. He are no farms and hence no farmers—there nose once or twice, and then pushed his muz-zle to one side. Skipper ducked and coun-zle to one side. Skipper ducked and counhe wrecked the wagon on a hydrant. For this the fakir beat him with a piece of the trick. The man turned his back and began in a straight-back chair while the barber vehicles. He himself had drawn a fight buggy and thought it good fun, though you did have to keep your heels down and trot did have to keep your heels down and trot did have to keep your heels down and trot did have to keep your heels down and trot does his work. He keeps up a running fire time, but when they were out on post he told ened to arrest him. Next day Skipper was "Doyle," said the man, as he walked back committal expression as "Oni, oui," or

You may meet the Alderman himself, wearing an English made riding suit, loping comfortably along on a sleek bay gelding with two white fore-legs and a white star on his forehead. Yes, high-priced veterinaries can cure spavin—Alderman Martin says so.

On and after October 6th, this Company will make

Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Beston as follows, viz: Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival .rains from Halifax.

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, \$1.50. Return, \$3.00.