J. M. OWEN. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

AND NOTARY PUBLIC. filce in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gat -WILL BE AT HIS-OFFICE IN MIDDLETON, (Over Roop's Grocery Store.) Every Thursday. Consular Agent of the United States.

Agent Nova Scotia Building Society Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

Money to loan at five per cent on Rea Estate security.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC Real Estate Agent, etc. RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.

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

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC.



DENTISTRY DR. F. S. ANDERSON. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty Office next door to Union Bank. Hours: 9 to 5.

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 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. Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891.

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

N. E. CHUTE,

Licensed Auctioneer BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000 Capital Paid-up, - 800,000 Rest, - - - 445,000

DIRECTORS WM. ROBERTSON, WM. ROCHE,
President. Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR, Esq.
J. H. SYMONS, Esq.
GEO. MITCHELIT, Esq., M.P.P.
E. G. SMITH, Esq.

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

Bills of Exchange bought and sold Highest rate allowed for money or pecial deposit. 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, Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager.
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson,
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows,
manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway,
126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion
Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.
For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to Dartmouth, N. S.-I. W. Allen, acting D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
Liverpool, N.S.-E. R. Mulhall, manager.
New Glasgow, N. S.-R. C. Wright, manager. North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazee Sherbrooke, N. S.—F. O. Robertson,

manager.
St. Peter's, C. B.-C. A. Gray, acting manager.
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. ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of

O. S. MILLER.

Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.-14 tf EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN R. KINNEY, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, are hereby required 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 payment to

HETTIE J. KINNEY, Executrix JOHN L. MARSHALL, Executor EXECUTOR'S NOTICE A LL persons having legal demands against the estate of FRANCIS R. PRAT, late of Bridgs town, 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 A LL persons having legal demands against the estate of WALLACE G. FOWLER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Gentleman, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within throught from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to LOUIS G. DEBLOIS, M. D., Sole Executor

Bridgetown, Feb. 11th, 1901.

or to F. L. MILNER, Proctor of the estate.



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 29.

D66666666666666

A Business Man .

forget that the

Weekly Monitor

Job Department ? ?

but good stock is used.

WE PRINT

Billheads.

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.

bccccccccc

On and after October 6th, this Company will make

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

Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockeryware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines,

Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

#Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed

SHAFNER & PIGGOTT.

SOLID FACTS

About Solid Shoes!

Compare the Shoes we sell with the shoes to be had at other stores.

WOMEN'S DONGOLA BUTTON BOOTS: \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50
WOMEN'S VICI KID OXFORD SHOES: From 75c to \$2.25

MEN'S BOX CALF LACED BOOTS, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50.
MEN'S DONGOLA KID LACE AND CONGRESS BOOTS: \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

We are showing the greatest line of Children's Boots ever shown in

Dressings, Laces, Wool Soles, Gaiters and all other sundries to

E. A. COCHRAN

You will find our shoes are a little ahead in quality and a little bear and, sobering down at last, he tried to put

The Shoes at our store come only from reputable makers.

and Cornet in a few days.

hind in price.

WOMEN'S DONGOLA LACE BOOTS:

be found in a first-class Shoe Store.

W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.

Books,

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

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1901.

Was it a stranger, the bearded man that

"Oh, mother! mother!"

marks of ancient date.

have no such experience.'

it's all so changed except this house.'

face lighting up.

The Tree God Plants. The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;
It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,—
But any wind that blows is best.
The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
Meets all its need.

Poetru.

There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields.
The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when spring comes it surely knows
And every bud to blossom grows.
The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night Grows on apace by day and night
Till, sweet to taste and fair to sight,
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm hath power to blast
The tree God knows;
No thunder-bolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane—
When they are spent, it doth remain.
The tree God knows
Through every tempest standeth fast,
And from its first day to its last
Still fairer grows.

A seed God sows—
A little seed—it soon will grow
And far and near all men will know,
For heavenly hands He bids it blow.
A seed God sows,
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, through death, it go

-Copied from The Uplands of God

Select Literature.

Lemu-el.

BY LEIGH NORTH. Across the fields floated te trembling voice: "Lemu-el! Lemu-el! O-h, Lemuel! Floated softly, yet far, with a half musical wholly pathetic cadence, and seemed to nestle and die away at the foot of the low hills which the village folk politely called "The mountains.'

A little old woman with a snowy cap, a small shawl pinned over her shoulders and a dark dress, stood at the door of a cottage. The smooth silvery hair and the soft wither ed cheeks seemed to suggest the charm of an earlier day; perhaps she had even been very stay. So we've been wandering a bit. Then fair in her long-ago youth. But the large dark eyes had a strange, restless look, and A younger woman stepped up beside her. from within. She was taller, larger and less to walk around and take my bearings firstcomely, but the resemblance between them

laying her hand on the other's shoulder. "Some other day he'll come. I wouldn't "Some other day?" the older queried, a faint color tinging her cheek. "Yes, yes, some other day; come and get

the table and seated her beside it. "Mary, put a plate for Lemuel; he might like a bit, too; and why do you forget?" she "Yes, I'll go and fetch him now," he said. added, half fretfully. With a patient sigh the daughter obeyed. How many weeks, ated." rising. "It's seldom we're so long separmonths and years was it she had gone through her useless task?

your cup of tea," and she led her mother to

rmured, half to herself. "Yes, to-morrow he will come, surely," Mary answered cheerfully. It was almost sterotyped, their brief talk, young eyes. repeated daily. For years the mother's heart

"To-day, to-morrow, he will come !" In the meantime the hamlet had grown around with questioning eyes. As they ening like when you gives an order. from a straggling settlement to almost the tered, a wild cry rang out, and the old woman proportions of a town. The narrow, con- threw herself upon the boy with passionate sted main street, where butcher and baker caresses, exclaiming unconsciously in the had huddled together, in confused proximity, words of Scripture: had been widened, and more pretentious Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows. viz: stores and offices had taken the place of the is alive again! He was lost and is found!" Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; rarrival rains from Halifax. smaller wooden structures of 20 years since. Factories and mills had their clustering and the boy's rosy cheeks grew rosier as he shops, and workmen's dwellings and long stooped to her embrace.

the letters without handing them to her, and

when one was returned to Lemuel unopened,

memories of his youth in wild dissipations.

away his old life from his thoughts amid new

between them. The father's heart was sore,

For years and years the two women had

ved on together, the snows of age whitening

the mother's hair, while the roses of youth

departed from Mary's face. The whole village knew the story, and even the stranger passing by would shake his head and guess something of its pathos as a woman's voice rang through the field: "Lemu-el! O h,

scenes and surroundings.

fringes of outlying streets, with more or less | Then she drew away, yet still clinging to ornate villas and cottages, had succeeded to him, and looking imploringly at the elder rural lanes or short cuts across the common. son. The street on which our cottage was situated had been graded and curbed to the foot a good lad; he means no harm!" and the of the hills which it was meant to climb, but two men clasped hands silently, while a He knew no fear, bless you, and was always had faint-heartedly given out, and though tranquil, happy look crept over the poor approached on the other side by many more harrassed face.

showy residences, the cottage still held its own and looked out across the fields as it had but an old woman and a boy might often be almost a prairie. It and the inclosed plot cottage, and late roses bloomed on the faded on which it stood was a pattern of neatness which brought no shame, and even set a worthy example; to its larger neighbors.

Trees and vines had grown about it, but they were kept sharply trimmed. All necessary repairs were promptly attended to, and each new coat of paint reproduced, as nearly as might be, its predecessor. No changed, as a wing to the new house, where Mary was happy again in being a mother to her nephew. When her short each new coat of paint reproduced, as nearly as might be, its predecessor. No changed as a wing to the new house, where Mary was happy again in being a mother to her nephew. When her short ladian summer was over and they laid the little mother to rest, they wrote "Peace" on the white headstone.—Housekeeper. on which it stood was a pattern of neatness | cheeks, and the sad eyes grew calmer, though within or without showed themselves, no added luxuries or adornments crept into any

In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, of the four rooms, or the little mother grew restless and unhappy, and what remained for poor Mary but to guard her peace. restless and unhappy, and what remained for poor Mary but to guard her peace.

Nearly 20 years ago father, mother, son and daughter had occupied the home. The father, somewhat taciturn and cold, had unbent little to his children and frowned upon what he considered youthful follies; when, in the case of the son, his eldest born, folly sometimes deserved a stronger name, he reproved fiercely and perhaps unreasonably. The boy, fired with the independence of youth, resented and rebelled, and quarrels youth, resented and rebelled, and quarrels | worst cases.

ensued till it ended in the father's turning his son out of doors with the injunction never to let him see or hear from him again. Too literally had his behest been followed. The mother idolized her boy, and under the strains of silent grief her mind gradually gave way. No word had come back from the wanderer. He had written to his mother gave way. No word had come back from the wanderer. He had written to his mother several times, but the father had destroyed

The Druggists are Busy.

he wrote no more. He tried to drown the **Baking Powder** To his whereabouts neither mother nor sister held any clew, so the great silence had fallen but he gave no sign, not even on his death-bed, which followed in less than a second

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

Told at Pontac.

one day came along the road, with slow steps, looking here and there as if half in a dream? Back from the hills came a faint echo "Lemu el !" and he started and pressed for ward. He turned unerringly into the gate, passed through the open door, and throwing himself on his knees, buried his face in the old woman's lap, as she sat by the table: "Why, father!" she said, with only a faint surprise in her tone. She half put out her hand as if to stroke his hair, then drew it back. The man rose and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "She does not know me!" at him speechlessly for a moment. Later she broke out: "Oh, Lem, is it you? Why, why have you never sent us word all these

I write again and again, and this is all I got-my own letter returned, and he drew from his pocket an old envelope with post-"Oh, father!" Mary murmured, and then she turned away to stop the fast-flowing "Where is father?" the man asked, sterner note coming into his voice. "In the churchyard this many a year, she answered. And he sat down heavily. the old woman gianced at the newcomer rively, but silently. The other two fell to talk in low, suppressed tones, going over I was a most dazed at hearing these folk,

I was a most dazed at hearing these folk,

Offtimes she stumbled, ofttimes bruised her is off the spirit as a whole; it sees the deed The old woman glanced at the newcome into talk in low, suppressed tones, going over briefly the life that lay between this and their partiag.
"Yes, I sowed wild oats enough at first," the man said, "but I managed to work my way across the ocean, and then there came over me a great disgust of myself and my

lost there.

"Your boy?" Mary asked eagerly, her me for a long time. "Aye, my boy-bless him. He's a great lad. Well, I settled down in England, in a mostly seafering folk, many of 'em sailors, decide, and so she prayed to God, never fishermen, and that like, and when you've doubting but what He would answer her good, sizeable village, after awhile, and I did fairly well. Then I married, and we had come to my years, young sir, and had my prayer, to send her some sign to show her

this one boy and a girl." "Where are your wife and children?" He turned his face away for a moment to conceali ts quivering. "The boy is with me-the other two lie under the sod. When it came over me that I must see the old place once more, and here I am." "But where is your boy?" pressed Mary

"He's down at the hotel. I just wanted Yes, mother always wanted this kept | 13

for a wife when I came alongside. "I loved her from the first day I saw her, listened—'tis truth I'm telling you, sir—she So she bustled about tidving un the always neat little house, and looking into the glass to give some touch of improvement to her and with it I bought a share in a vessel tradown personal appearance, of which, poor soul, she scarcely ever thought, but she had a sudden wish to be pleasing in the strange the vessel myself, and we mostly had English her arms touched him. The mother wandered around restlessly, sailors aboard, for though this French talk's The mother wandered around restlessly,
had yearned and waited for the absent or the
dead. But each morning life renewed itself
out toward the hills, but saying no word.
out toward the hills, but saying no word. out in the open, with the wind blowing half and hope sprang up again in the clouded And thus they waited. At last the click of a gale and the vessel straining in every plank, mind. Each morning of all these long years. | the gate sounded, and the two, father and it ain't no use. You can't rise to the occasion,

so to say. It sounds as if you was apologisson, came up the path, the latter looking "Well, in the summer weather I'd often take Marie with me, and, anyhow, I wasn't away much longer than a week at a time, and it was here at Pontac that we had our "O, my son! my son! He was dead and "Humor her, lad," the father whispered, born Marie went to sea with me no more, as the fog lifted little by little, and she saw her she had plenty to fill her time, keeping the | way before her. And so, bruised and bleedplace tidy and looking after Master Willie, ing, her clothes torn to shreds, and aching "Oh, father! be friends! be friends! He's out in a boat when he could get the chance, our boy home from the sea." or else clambering about those rocks yonder. asking his mother how old he must be before he could go out in the lifeboats, and save So no more the sad cry rang over the fields, people from the wrecks. And when she'd

> nights, and good sport is to be had in catching them. You prod down in the sands after 'em with a sort of spud, and precious quick "Well, Willie had had one of these spuds given him, and nothing would suit him but Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashhe must go out sand eeling. Howsomever, fulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etihis mother feared to let the boy go out at

at night. A nice, delicate little fish they

and when she saw his clothes and his spud were gone, she knew what had happened, and looking out of the window she saw that the moon's light was hid, and a thick fog hung over the coast. In mortal terror and trembling she dressed, and, taking a lantern with her, hurried to the beach. Where on that long stretch could she hope to find her Willie? She must go right out as far as she could, calling on the boy, and hoping she might get near enough for him to hear and to answer her. She knew all the chances were against her, and if the fog lasted the boy was almost sure to be lost; and she knew-hut she gave no heed to it, sir-that she was risking her own life to save her boy's. "She turned her back to the beach, so that she faced right out to seaward, and holding the lantern before her marched straight for ard. She made up her mind to

BARRISTER

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) lead of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

We think the famous line in Terence which

found him—ah! poor lass, how was she to find him in that maze of orags, and in the awful darkness of that fog?—but if she found which a few superficial "realists" who decry

Does this mean on Shakespeare's part moral

was, too—and then lait a chattering to each other in French lingo, more like a flock of sparrows in the early morning than like men as has reason and can think a thing out afore answer. She knew it was no manner of use ian dramas in which the subtle poison of evil over me a great disgust of myself and my evil ways. Father was hard enough on me—but I was wrong, too, very wrong, and for mother's sake I should have been patient and tried to do better. Please God my ball have no such experience."

a has reason and can think a thing outside they gives it mouth. Bit by bit I managed to go any further for'ard, and her suffering—to go any further for'ard, and her suffering—for mind and heart, I mean—got greater nor ever as she thought how her last they use these strange words themselves, went to right or left. And then for the work out its way; not one in which suffering for mind and heart, I mean—got greater nor ever as she thought how her last they use these strange words themselves, went to right or left. And then for the work out its way; not one in which suffering for mind and heart, I mean—got greater nor ever as she thought how her last they use these of Englishmen. It's not only that they use these strange words themselves, went to right or left. And then for the work out its way; not one in which the suddent is to go any further for'ard, and her suffering—got goodness is not crowned with its own reward of becoming more and more perfect. Didactic shakespeare could not be, any more than they use these strange words themselves. but it's the fact that they couldn't understand me when I started using 'em too that riled out loud to think that her Willie's life mayed as a spectacle to the most lethargio of hap depended on whether she went this way or that. She didn't dare trust to herself to come to my years, young sir, and mad my experience, you'll know that nobody—not the Prince of Wales nor Archbishop of Canmany's the time she's told me, though it may citizen. "Certainly," he said to the caller, terbury—aren't to be mentioned with a sailor. sound strange like to you, sir, that as she "what shall I say?" He was furnished with sound strange like to you, sir, that as she if inished her prayer and turned her eyes first truthfulness, for well does it say in the Bible, 'all men his word rely on.' 'And true the tale is I promised to tell you about those rocks and that bit of beach before us, and well worth the telling, for it to where she had seen the gleaming, but sound strange like to you, sir, that as she "what shall I say?" He was furnished with an outline of what was wanted, and wrote a second a lifting of the fog to the right of her, so that there was just a sudden glimpse of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she was of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her prayer was heard. She waded on the prayer was heard. She waded on the prayer and turned her eyes first an outline of what was wanted, and wrote a second a lifting of the fog to the right of a raticle that was a scorcher. "That's splendid," exclaimed the friend delightedly, when the article was read to him. "That's the was furnished with an outline of what was wanted, and wrote a second a lifting of the fog to the right of her, so that there was just a sudden glimpse of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, for she knew of light, and her heart leapt, f

shows I was right to get to have a liking for the folk here, for all their French talk. It's a liking that comes over one bit by bit, slowly, like an illness; you hardly feel it growing, just the same until you got back. How like but it grows on and on, and in my case it head right against a sharp boulder which had anything to do with that for the world. was helped by a special liking for one of them. Ah! a bonny bright lass she was, bloomin' as the flowers in spring, and carried something floating. She drew it to deep the self as graceful as a ship in full sail, with show the staller and rosier, too, since the English born, whilst I see a look of the mother in him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him him him!" Mary cried. I'm pining to see him."

"Bring him him him was helped by a special liking for one of sprang up from the sea, and for a moment I cannot afford to get into a scrap with my to make their homes brighter by having her she shouted, 'Willie, my Willie; mother is here; answer me, my darling.' And as she

her arms touched him.
"She sprinkled his forehead with sea nearer to each other because nearer to God. water, and gave him some brandy from a We have to build up a new spiritual and little he came to and kissed the mother who had risked her life to save his. He had look upon the ethics of Christ's new kingdom tripped in climbing that rock and fallen there without saying yea. Social conditions must stunned. He was too weak as yet to stand, be based on spiritual ideals. Christ has but she took him in her arms, and began the long journey back home. The cruel stones fatherhood, motherhood, and brotherhood. cut her feet, and many times from pain and In living out these ideals of Christ the kingweakness she thought she must have fallen dom of God is to come on this earth. We little home. Only one child was born to us, and died with him in that smooth sea. But, must build up society on spiritual ideals, and and proud enough we were of our little
Willie, as we called him. After he'd been

who was troublesome enough when he grew up. For he was a true sailor's boy—always and praising God, my brave Marie brought he declares, is widespread in this country

A True Lady.

The world is wide, these things are small, They may be nothing, but they are all.

to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. it operates as a justifiable cause for consign-Bad manners in a woman is unpardonable. quette is the result of circumstances. All night time on the beach, for she know'd he'd give no thought to the tide, but be full of his sport, so she'd hear nothing of it, and always saw him safe in his little bed alongside her sive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned tion of abstract propositions in the own before ever she fell asleep.

as a State's Prison offence, and certainly to the setting before men' minds of an ideal of true, just and pore living; a place in up his mind that he would go, leave or no prisonment for life. It is a bitter shame which those who are weary of the burden e leave, so when his mother came up he lay that they need it. Women are the umpires daily cares should find a moment's rest in quite still in his crib and seemed to be fast asleep, though it was just the night for sand-points should be referred. To be a lady is eeling—the moon shining and the tide far more than to be a prince. A lady is always a place in which the man of strife and bushout—and my Marie thought she would have in her right inalienably worthy of respect had a deal of bother with him, before she got To a lady, prince or peasant alike bow. Do after all, are the rewards he covets, comhim to be quiet. But as soon as ever his mother was asleep, he slipped out, got his that need restraint. Do not wish to dance wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in senti ment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

ONE PILL IS A DOSE

mother was asleep, he slipped out, got his clothes on, took kis spud without making ever a noise, and went out of the house on to the beach.

"It was some longish time after that, that his mother woke with a start, and turned as usual to see that the boy was safe. An awful fear came over her when she found the bed was empty. She got up and struck a light, and we would when a woman falls in worldly builds up to whole system.

"It was some longish time after that, that his mother woke with a start, and turned as usual to see that the boy was safe. An awful fear came over her when she found the bed was empty. She got up and struck a light, wounded when a woman falls in worldly builds up the whole system.

"It was some longish time after that, that his mother woke with a start, and turned as usual to see that the boy was safe. An awful fear came over her when she found the bed he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's ideal is not would when a woman falls in worldly builds up the whole system.

The King of Corn Cures

NO. 6

wful darkness of that fog?—but if she found him she might know where his home lay. She knowed the boy would be far out—a daring, venturesome young rip like him woulders of rock, hard as steel and sharp as a sword, and ask yourself what chance of living a boat would have near them when the sea is coming pouring in and dashing against them with a force that frightens you to think of. Here and there, as you see, at there's a bit of sand in among them, but rocks, ah! rocks for near a mile away. And it's not only to ships as the danger is, for it's a dangerous beach to walk on when the tide's out, and when it's turned it throws out a long arm of water there where you see that stretch of sand, and on our other side it comes in quicker nor it does among these comes in quicker nor it does among these rocks in front, and many a body has been and fell, and the lantern went out, but she the banished Duke. He enters into Maclost there.

If it it again, and walked more slowly, for ahe
it it again, and walked more slowly, for ahe
it it again, and walked more slowly, for ahe
it it again, and walked more slowly, for ahe
beth's terrible remores as truly as into poor
Henry VI's humble piety. He was in love
was now right among the rocks, and terrible
rough walking it was. But she still kept
with maskind; if ever it could be said of any thirty year, and I've learnt to like it now, though it were strange at first for one who had lived with a goodish bit of land at his "Her heart was falling her, and I don't him thus he loved and pitied him." back, as one may say, to be cabined up in a suppose any one, sir, could understand what small place like this, where you've always she was suffering. We men can love our indifference? If it did, his mighty claim to

small place like this, where you've always
got your face to the sea. There's no land
bairns right well maybe, but what's our love
bairns right well maybe, but what's our love
to a mother's? And here was she, as loving
say, 'It's only from the land; there'll be no
wreck here to-night.' But it weren't only
the place as was strange and small at first,
the place as was strange and small at first,
the place as was strange and small at first,
the place as was strange and small at first,
the place have been caught by the cruel tide
and swallowed in the denths of the sea. when first I came among them, talking away
when first I came among them, talking away
to us in English—poor English enough it
was, too—and then fall a chattering to each
as the waters came more about her. And
life" was doubtless a very insufficient defin-

This Happens Frequently in Newspaper Work.

"A newspaper man was asked," says an

God is nearer to man than ever before. and though I can't say what she saw to love heard a little moan quite close to her, and This is apparent to all those except who are in me, love me she did, and married we were she clambered up that rock in less time than the "chief mourners at the hearse of time." before long. For I'd saved a bit of money, I can tell you, and with one great burst of Our conception of God fifty years ago was joy she held her Willie in her arms. She not so pure and spiritual as it is today. ing between Jersey and London, doing a good business in carrying potatoes. I commanded somehow she knowed 'twas him as soon as which enable men to live and overcome, are

A mania for confectionery is a much more common condition than is generally realized, ne declares, is widespread in this country, the greatest enemy to the health of young women being the manufacture of fancy confectionery. He states that the natural liking for candy, under the stimulus of its combins Wildness is a thing which girls cannot tions of chemical flavors, terra cotta and people from the wrecks. And when she'd put him off, and tell him to wait a bit yet, done when first built on what then seemed seen walking together on the road near the he'd bother her to let him go out sand-eeling grape its bloom. Familiarity without confi-indolence, chronic gastric catarrh and, most dence, without regard, is destructive to all to be deplored, a fetid breath. The breath are, mostly caught at low tide on moonlight that makes woman exalting and ennobling. of a healthy girl of twenty, Prof. Quackenbos says, should be pure and sweet as the May breeze. Transformed into a nauseous Nothing? It is the first duty of a woman blast by the intemperate use of confectionery,

ment to Coventry.

The Church's Mission. The following is Professor Huxley's defia-

Joaquin Miller adds the weight of his pretest against the fashion of banging horses' tails. It is English, he allows, but England is a breezy and cool land, with much much and no fles or mesquitoes. This vast land of ours is hot, dry, dusty, and filled with flies and moequitoes that torment horses almost to madness. The horse needs his tail here as much as he needs his teeth. God gave it him, says the Poet of the Sierras, and if you have the ghost of a heart you will let him keep it.—Boston Herald.

The King of Corn Gures
Is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, crowned by years of success, regal because unapproached and unapproachable, holdingsway in this continent owing to its superiority, Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., on receipt of 25 cents.