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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

· · · WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1900.

new Year's Poetry.

for a text.

As each year hurries by, let it join that pro-

tell you the future can hold no terrors For any sad soul while the stars revolve, f he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!

Uncle Ezra's New Year Reverie.

leven thirty, New Year's Eve-the Ninethe wind is sighin; Old Doctor Time has given him up—there Old Doctor Time has given him up—there ain't no use in physic,
His breath comes short and wheezy-like, same's mine does with the phthisic. But tho' I know he's booked ter sail on board old Charon's packet,
There'll be no weed upon my hat, no crape upon my jacket.
Fer when I've lived, as he has done, a hundred years, full measure,
I think I'll say ter Death, "Shake hands!
I'm proud ter have the pleasure."

And yet he's been a smart old boy-there's

consarped creation;

The telephone and telegraph have come to teaming millions—?"

we know of its great throbbing heart, its ing at the pictures. One of those very square students, you know—some of them ease our labors, And make John Bull and Uncle Sam chat

The X ray lights a chap's inside and shows the framework in it, the framework in it, the framework in it, the spry typewriter prints his words a hundred ter the minute, dred ter the minute, that is plain, tho 'equeakin', the moir' picters show him he how looked when he wuz speakin', the moir' picters show him he how looked when he wuz speakin', the spranges cook his food, electric launches float him, and through electric lighted streets electric wagons tote him, and if one of 'em runs him down and does his vitals sever, and for the sprange in and fix. I saw the people going into this bazzar, so I when the was a certain manliness about nim; still I was disappointed. I had supposed Strong '91' would be a tall, imposing orea twee, 'with an eyer that takes the breath,' and all that kind of thing.'

'Thanks, that is what I was disappointed. I had supposed Strong '91' would be a tall, imposing orea twee, 'William the will be a tall, imposing the tree, 'with an eyer that takes the The X ray lights a chap's inside and shows

Century's comin'!
What does he bring, I wonder now, ter tickle and surprise us?
What magic tricks is up his sleeve ter please

magic tricks to a paralyze us? and paralyze us? our granchildren go abroad upon an air-Will our granchildren go abroad upon an airship liner,
Or whiz straight through the earth upon an
hourly train ter Chins?
Will we "expand" until the moon's divided
'monget the nations?
Will war news telegraphed from Mars affect
the stock quotations?
"Go on, "Light o' Life." Will water burn, I wonder? And will fire

be cold and freezy? Will nothin' be impossible, and miracles jest easy? wonder if— But there! I'll stop; my I wonder if— But there! I'll stop; my
"wonder"'s gittin' tired.
And, see! 'ris on the stroke of twelve! The
Old Year has expired.
"The Nineteenth Century's dead!" So says
the old clock with its tickin',
He's dead and gone fer good and all, but I'm
alive and kickin'.

Ping up the cyttain', clear the stage! I'm alive and kickin.

Ring up the curtain! clear the stage! I'm ready fer the drama.

Your welcome Mister Twentieth! Now start your panorama!

Select Ziterature.

A Christmas Girl.

BY CAROLINE ATWATER MASON IN "LADIES"

you been all the morning, Lite?" "Been?" cried the other, turning her eyes, which were fairly blazing with fun and excitement, up to the ceiling to denote speechless rapture, and effecting a miracucan you ask? There is but one absolutely soul-satisfying spot in this benighted burg !

it art you want? There it is; any amount | ment had arrived, I remarked, modestly,

"I was going to say, if he were out of it tenderly, while I, withal, went down into have the thing on that account."

While you take your place in the line of progression

Why, truly, Emily, there are lovely toys there for only five cents apiece, and he shall have his darling stocking full. It will hard to the blast.

Why, truly, Emily, there are lovely toys 'How many of these can you do in a week?

They will sell like wild fire.' Now, why wild fire should sell rapidly is not for you in the property of the prop ly count at all, you know." Mrs. Loraine looked a little grave.

"I wish it wouldn't, dear; but you know who sees it will want it, Mr. Dudley says,
"Fiddlesticks! stop being sober. Won't
ave it, not a bit of it! Emily, my dear, I
ave a statement of some slight importance

Who sees it will want it, Mr. Dudley says,
and he pays me a dollar, Emily Doraine, for
every one!"

At this point Lite held out in her small

At this point Lite held out in her small is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems have a statement of some slight importance have a statement of some slight importance have it, not a bit of it! Emily, my dear, I
have a statement of some slight importance
to make to you. Look at me for a moment!"

At this point Lite held out in her small
pink palm, with an air of exaltation, a bright

'Yes For look! how the light of the New Year is to make to you. Look at me for a moment!" "I am looking; you are awfully pretty. I silver dollar. The worn, wan face of the bruised old never saw so many fireworks in your eyes. Is that what you want me to see?"

"Desist! There is no time for insipid flattery. She whom you see before you ispresumptively-a pampered worldling, a bloated bondholder, a millionaire! She is already rolling-in imagination-in gold." "Yes, but she has rolled in imagination a good many times before." "Oh, Emily, how stupid you are ! I do

not roll in imagination; nobody does. Some people are so dense," and Lite put her hand known as that. Not know Strong—pride of

post-office that I would give myself up to a name. I had forgotten.' "Ob, Lite, and you went to the five-cent he look very different from other students?" -and let you make the sketch from her par-

'Well I have seen him.'

his vitals sever,
The doctors put some new ones in and fix him better'n ever.

I saw the people going into this bazaar, so I went there too. Then I went to the Walde bright. Library and walked about with the air of a bibliomaniac. I am sure I impressed the Mrs. Loraine and her sister belonged to nummic And lively music in the air—the Twentieth librarians. Then I strolled in the park a the great army of women who are carrying little while and looked at the lovely ladies in on a struggle to make a living against heavy their carriages, and 'played' I had left mine odds. By birth and education they belong-

just outside, you know, and all that." "You must have had a charming time, | could now command. They had come to and rolled, as you said, in imagination." wonderful secret and we'll never tell you at afford. Mrs. Loraine, after seeking in vain

"Then, last of all, I dropped in at Dudley's to see the water-colors. Free collec- marked talent in painting to account, thus far unsuccessfully. tion, madam, do not alarm yourself-

brac for a while; some things were even finer

"How did she find it out ?" "When they told her the price, of course. There is one standard which is infallible ! world where she touched it, that nothing-Now listen; it so happened that Mr. Dudley himself was there-"

"How do you know it was Mr. Dudley?" Author of "A Daughter of the Dune," "Mrs.

Rossiter Lamar," etc., etc.

"Here I am at last!"

The speaker was a tall, slight girl with fair hair and a charming face who had, at the moment she spoke, rushed breathlessly into a dull upper room of a tenement house.

Seated at a sewing machine by the window ous face, who, yet, looked up with a serious face, who, yet, looked up with a serious face, who, yet, looked up with a smile as her returned.

"I know—no matter how. He saw me admiring a lovely bit of an English moor—just a grey-brown corner up against an atumn sky—and he came up and began atumn sky—and h

beautiful time !" "I am glad, dear." "Don't be gladdest yet, 'for still there's ing daylight in cutting out work, standmore to follow."

"What more than this !" "Aye, more! You are a wise woman, kitchen preparing the tea; Joey, cherubic with his fair, curling hair, big brown eyes know about. You remember the day we passed the University Chapel, and I was so mother following him. A stranger, a young "And that is—?"
"Why the five and ten cent store of course, smily Loraine."

"Lite!"

"Assed the University Unapel, and I was so impressed with the shape of the old tower and that end of the Quadrangle?"

"Lite!"

"Yes."

"The University Unapel, and I was so impressed with the spape of the old tower and that end of the Quadrangle?"

"Yes."

"The University Unapel, and I was so impressed with the general aspect of a student, bowed respectfully, and handing her his card asked if Miss Gilbert lived there, and

"Well, I had a bright thought, but you if she were at nome. her pretty mouth full of mischief, "there is not, so far as heard from, an aspiration of my soul, which is not met and satisfied to myself. But the next day I worked out to myself. But the next day I worked out I my soul, which is not met and satisfied there."

"Eliza Gilbert, you are too ridiculous," laughed her sister."

"Please don't call this good little girl Eliza. It scares her. And, cara mia, you do not understand. You figure to yourself, T. and T.—Trash and Trumpery, Trumpery and Trash. Nothing of the sort! This is on a higher plane than any five and ten-cent store which has ever presented itself to your sor.

"It was really a clever sketch for me, and the chapel tower and a line of the Quadrangle; put an the old buildings of the Sonow to make it look Christ mas-y. Across the bottom I lettered, in very quaint Gothie letters, "Souvenir of Old your say? Who can it be? Emily—it is Strong of '91'—and with Litte fainted in pantomime; but instantaueously recovering went into the next room and received her caller with a business-like air which greatly amazed her aister."

"It must have been lovely.',
"It was really a clever sketch for me, and sister. which has ever presented itself to your sordid. Do did imagination—yes my love, sordid. Do you hear?" and Lite turned a look of impressive severity upon Mrs. Loraine, who was now busily stitching away upon a red flannel shirt.

"Books? Gewiss! Shakespeare is now reduced to five cents. The master piece of all the ages are gathered together. They do

of it—high too—that is the only thing that that I worked in water colors a little my-

A New Year's Resolve.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.

A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgeting.

We waste half our strength in a useless regretting.

We waste half our strength in a useless regretting.

We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

It art you want? Inere it is; any amount of it—high too—that is the only thing that was high. Ten cents will put you in possestation of the highest forms. But I see that I worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was ligh. Ten cents will put you in possestation of the highest forms. But I see that I worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was ligh. The cents will put you in possestation of the highest forms. But I see that I worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had paid her five dolong. Which was light. Worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light sketch with me, and with that I worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light sketch with me, and with that I worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light sketch with me, and sit if worked in water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light sketch with me, and six more which he owed ther. We will our amuse of the old South life my pretty Christmas card, making a picture of it, taking in a little more of the Old South little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which was light sketch with me, and with that I with the world of water-colors a little my self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which we self. Mr. Dudley had fancied so, which we self. Mr the croup the other night. There were in mate, Dutton, died within the year. He any longer, that is morally certain. I won Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is shining;
Did you faint in the race? Well, take brief to the east;
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder the lining;
Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a text.

As each year hurries by, let it join that progression.

Lite had taken of the simple little black hat she wore, and laid aside her jacket, and now came and sat by the sewing-machine, asking as she did so—

where so Joey?

"He is taking his nap, to be sure. Look for a text.

As going to say, if he were out of it tenderly, while I, withal, went down into land of the croup the other night. There were in fact, several points in the family history which I omitted. But he croup the other night. There were in fact, several points in the family history which I omitted. But he took my sketch, and regarded it with the eye of a connois-asking as she did so—

"Where's Joey?

"He is taking his nap, to be sure. Look for his cye-glass, pulled a piece of chamois-skin out of his pocket and wiped for a text."

As cach year hurries by, let it join that pro
"I was going to say, if he were out of it tenderly, while I, withal, went down into

'Couldn't you guess about how it would the great city, or who knows but we might I have never seen the Chapel at night.' or any other carping cricket to ask. No

matter for anything but the blessed fact. I look ?' 'Lite shook her head with decision am to do it by the dozen, for every student 'The shadowing, you know must be done

'Yes, it is almost full,' returned Strong, eagerly 'I wish you could see it to night, way," returned Lite. it is going to be fine.' 'Talk about not being able to afford five-

cent presents for your angel child! What do you think now?' he added—
"But of course you can't stand out on the sidewalk to sketch it."
"I did the other from memory," said Lite, "but this is so different, I should want to be perfectly accurate."

It, algaer up in the world thad they—chas is, having a fourth story room above them—and being quite alone, had been invited to Christmas dinner.

They made a merry round, our easily pleased trio, of the crowded, brilliant shops, 'You are an angel child yourself," said Mrs. Loraine, and began to cry. 'Nict waar? And what do you think?

'Most wonderful of all-I saw Strong of '91; 'Who is Strong of '91, pray?' 'Emily! Not know who Strong of '91 is ing about." He hesitated, and then, with an extraordinarly frank and winning smile, each lined, when Mrs. Loraine suddenly vanafter living six months in Hamilton! I

Well I have seen him.'

This is a red-letter day, isn't it? Does see, the moon must rise about seven o'clock place of meeting farther up the street. Of

locomotion.

And cranky winds wuz all we had to shove us 'crost the ocean.

But now greet Scale or a greet S - Strong '91' I had noticed him look. Having referred this proposition to her for a copy of Kate Sanborn's "Year of Sun-"You must not intertupt me. Here we man, whispered in an almost awestricken you where doing it."

have come to the city to live, and what do we know of its great throbbing heart, its teaming millions—?"

"Seventy-five thousand, to be exact."

"Its towers, its palaces, its gilded—?"

"Luxury?"

"Thanks, that is what I was after. "My love she lives in a two-pair back." These two rooms, the courtyard below, the streets from here to the post-office and the church strong of 11 was disappointed. I had supposed from here to the post-office and the church strong of 12 I had noticed him looks in day the pictures. One of those very square students, you know—some of them are so—with a kind of nibbled mustache and freckles."

"How uninteresting."

"He had a good face, though, and I thought there was a certain manilness about him; th

ed amoung better surroundings than they through the kitchen door.

No girl who reads this story will be sur-Hamilton with the hope of larger op prised to hear that Lite spent an unpreceportunities than their native place could dently long time upon her toilet after tea;

for music scholars, had betaken herself to making shirts, while her young sister conher black cashmere dress was neither modish nor handsome, and her hat and jacket were simple and inexpensive, Lite looked so extremely pretty that the valiant heart of Strong '91 smote against his ribs when he met her at her door that evening. If she met her at her door that evening. If she held heen a princess instead of a poor working ducted their small housekeeping operations, and at the same time tried to turn a very Mrs. Loraine was a widow; her little Joey Although she was on pleasure bent,
She had a frugal mind:
So I strolled out among the lovely brice a brac for a while; some things were even finer

Mrs. Loraine was a widow; not in the lovely brice a three-year-old boy, was the pride and the had been a princess instead of a poor working girl he could not have escorted her to the house of his aunt with more chivalrous and house of his aunt with more chivalrous

than at the bazaar."

"Lite!"

"They were, really, but not so adaptable—don't say cheap, it is such an unimaginative word. Then on among the pictures. Of course, Emily, I had the slight advantage here of knowing where to admire, a point which is desirable for several reasons, objective and subjective. There was one woman there who spent half an hour admiring the wrong thing. I felt sorry for her when she found it out, she was so mortified."

"House of his aunt with more chivalrous and deferential attention.

"They were all so kind to me," so Lite and the color box and the restent into the cold her sister, as she laid her color box and particular than the reason of merity and the sister, as she laid her color box and profile down and three werself into the color had the restent instead of bitterness.

"They were all so kind to me," so Lite and knocked upon the gray-green panel of the sisters' outer door. That it was didnet rise of an error in the cold aristocratic stare with which 1 am familiar, but left me to myself to do my work affer they had greeted me with the sweetest cordiality. Mrs. Ford is a ploture—white hair, dark eyes, and such a gracious smile. Miss Ford, I am confident, was appointed a gay," but she was furthermore so sweet-

my window."
"What did Mr. Strong do?" count for it; and so she was fond of calling

as she returned.

"I should think "at last!" Where have and let me see them all and talked in such a pleasant way about them. Oh, I did have a pleasant way about them. Oh, I did have a pleasant way about them. Oh, I did have a pleasant way about them. Oh, I did have a pleasant way about them. Oh, I did have a pleasant way about them. Oh, I did have a pleasant way about them. as Mrs. Ford did me." "But why do you want to be so econom

ical, little sister? Your smiles are what

Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

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MATANT POTTO Pto

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

Money to Loan on First-Class

look a ltttle ashamed of their clothes, I admit. Music? Handel, Haydn, Wagner—
you can have them all for a mere song! Is it art you want? There it is; any amount the ment had arrived, I remarked, modestly,

"I was going to say, if he were out of hearing, that we can have the jolliest time the depths; and then, with an odd little snuff the has, he remarked.

"I was going to say, if he were out of hearing, that we can have the jolliest time the depths; and then, with an odd little snuff the has, he remarked.

"I was going to say, if he were out of the tenderly, while I, wirhal, went down into the depths; and then, with an odd little snuff could do it."

"Oh, I see, said Lite, gently, 'I wish I could do it."

"First to the market," commanded Lite, who directed the line of march; "we must not could do it." But how can I manage the moonlight? secure the turkey and cranberry sauce before we subject ourselves to the temptations of iniously end with a paltry chicken,

"We don't any of us like cranberry sauce

Mrs. Hannibal was the lame and somewha

There was a momentary pause, and then it, higher up in the world than they—that

"Certainly, that is just what I am think enjoying the fine things they looked at, and ing about." He hesitated, and then, with the simple things they purchased with equal should be asnamed to argue myself so unpeople are so dense," and Lite put her hand on one side, with a small, pensive sigh.

"Go on with your story, love," said her sister, patronizingly.

"Well, to bagin with, you asked me how I happened to go to the new bazaar. It was in this wise: the idea seized me as I left the post-office that I would give myself up to a more office that I would give myself up to a more office that I would give myself up to a more office that I would give myself up to a more office that I would give myself up to a more office that I would give myself up to a more office that I would give myself up to a more of the University, stroke oar in the crew, the more that the university, stroke oar in the crew, the the University, stroke oar in the crew, the University, stroke oar of thing. Now, how would it do for you to let me take you there this evening — let me would be missing, having appointed a have been seen dreaming, that she was asking

were.

"To thick of it. Emily," she cried, "such a corruscation or prender—to earn five dollars all at once, to do a lovely thing for that poor mother, and then to 'behold grandeur' in a University avenue mansion, escorted by Strong, the magnificent, Strong der einzige—'the lamb at home!'"

merry. And merry they were all through supper, which did not take lambers a feast; and Joey before a fea

- 'the lamb at home!' "

"'The lion in the chase!' It is too much.
What can I do to perpetuate the emotions of Loraine sat by the table, unfolding small this hour?"
"I would suggest that you put the teakettle on, and let it and your rapture boil in
Last Christmas Eve the boy's father had unison."
"Boiled rapture!" murmured Lite, with an air of infinite contempt, and vanished through the kitchen door.

"Boiled rapture!" murmured Lite, with together they had filled the tiny stocking, and had stood by the bedside afterwards,

little face, and had whispered to each other -" He is ours." "You must cry, darling," Lite said; "it and I am confident that every girl who reads it will be glad to be assured that although knows we are trying to do our best, don's

not only "blithe and bonny, and good and gay," but she was furthermore so sweethearted, so full of helpfulness toward all the world where she touched it, that nothing—so Mrs. Loraine said—but the spirit of Christmas itself falling upon her, could accommon the common tree was a number of young people there in the music room—and come over to my window."

In the rad so when was fond of calling window."

We are to have some very simple characters and tableaux," she explained, "almost entirely impromptu; and we want Miss Gilbert to help us. Her artistic sense will be the thing we especially-need, and I have fixed my window."

In the rad so was appointed and tableaux, she explained, "almost entirely impromptu; and we want Miss Gilbert to help us. Her artistic sense will be the other was appointed and tableaux," she explained, "almost entirely impromptu; and we want Miss Gilbert to help us. Her artistic sense will be the other was appointed and tableaux," she explained, "almost entirely impromptu; and we want Miss Gilbert to help us.

The radius of the common treatment of the point of the promote the committee on me (perhaps she was self-appointed) for she would occasionally leave the other was a number of young people the point of the point of the promote the point of the promote the point of the promote the promote the point of the promote the point of the promote the I must tell you how delighted we all are at

MR. BALDWIN PREPARING FOR A JOURNEY

ing daylight in cutting out work, standing at a table before the window, when there came a knock at the door. Lite was in the kitchen preparing the tea; Joey, cherubic with his fair, curling hair, big brown eyes and white pinafore, opened the door, his mother following him. A stranger, a young man with the general aspect of a student, bowed respectfully, and handing her his card asked if Miss Gilbert lived there, and if she were at home.

Having received the caller with the same quiet dignity which belonged to her, Mrs. mand of Vice-Admiral Makaroff of the Imperial Russian navy, is now being fitted out at Newcastle for the expedition, and Captain Bernier, the Canadian explorer, is busy in London fitting out the 'Scottish King.' He will shortly appear before the Royal Geographical Society and outline his plans.

What with these expeditions and the German expedition the year 1901 promises to be eventful in the history of searches for the North Pole.

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