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UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000 - 900,000 Capital Paid-up,

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Caskets of all grades, and a full line of

Cabinet Work also attended to.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. · · · WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1901.

Married-widow-single-deserted?"

"Married this forty-nine year to

"How many children? Sex-mar-

"Seven-five livin' here-two above,

Still questions, questions! She an-

Philippines, sir."

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.



VOL. 29.

Rev. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER, Rabbi of the Cong. Buai Israel.

when all else fails.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3rd, 1901. GENTLEMEN. - Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which com-bine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful,

After having it carefully analyzed, we can ium, morphine, chloroform or ether.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill.,

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER. Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS MEDICINE CO.

GENTLEMRS,—I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your ASTHMALENE for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been sellicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon'your windows on 130 h street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D. DR. TAFT BROS MEDICINE CO.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE Co.

GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with Asthama for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full sized bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address: 235 Rivington St.

67 East 129 h St., New York City.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal

DO NOT DELAY. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 1985t 130th St., New York City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

Weekly Monitor Job Department ? ?

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

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Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, n. S.

NOTICE

LL persons having legal demands agains the estate of F. WILLIAM BISHOP, lat ANNIE LAURA BISHOP,

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER

SERVED AT ALL HOURS. Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on

Because he robbed me. Every day never yet could see the sun go down With the ould blanket on me should- You're not walkin' down town?" was angry in my heart, nor There is nothing like ASTHMA-LENE It brings instant relief. even in the worst cases. It cures

crime
Repeated every hour. For life and breath
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly

Luxuriant dinner, so to spake, Kitty!

Mrs. Malone, skurrying along one of the poor streets that lie south of Van terly

Luxuriant dinner, so to spake, Kitty!

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Mrs. Malone, skurrying along one of the poor streets that lie south of Van the poor streets that lie south of V The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, III., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acied like a charm. Send me a full size bottle." Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly

Byen and east of Blue Island Ave.,
The voices of these robbers of the almost fell over the tattered figure derosity and apparent obtuseness, she must keep her dreadful secret! What have we done to Death that we must die? 'tis goin' to my juty I am-"

Wilfred Seawen Blunt.

Select Ziterature. The Mission of Kitty Malone.

veracity.

ferman took himself away.

soon hasn't got the heart of a her-

ous east wind and hastened on.

"Sure, if I cud make up my mind to.

aunt as well. Then there's Nora

gone, an' it would scald the heart of

her to think of us nadin'-she's that

tindther, the crathur! Malachi-he'd

Was he alive or dead? Sure 'twas a

sad world it was! "Arrah, 'tis nothin' of the sort!" she told herself

with sudden energy. "Isn't it a-

in' along like a hin on a rainy day-

now runnin' a bit an' then sthoppin'

stopked short as a massive form

"Mrs. - Mrs. Comisky!" she mur-

entirely. Go on wid ye!" she adjured herself sternly. "Go-" She

My poverty, but not my will con-I had a nestful once of my own,

Ah, happy, happy !!
Right dearly I loved them, but when
they were grown,
They spread out their wings to
fly!

—Jean Ingelow. disthracted like to see if himself wants anythin' afore I get back-" out from its furze-bush of straight, It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day.

"Tis goin' out ye are, Kitty?" There was nothing in the weak old I do?" he demanded. voice to make Kitty start as she did. She hesitated in her task of pinning her rusty shawl around her thin "I was that same," she admitted

cheerfully. "'Tis a beautiful day entirely. The-the walk 'ud do me good," she supplemented hastily. "Faith, no doubt of that. Ye've ravenous expectancy. "Why-Patsy been kep' in the house pretty clost with that long pneumony of mine. Will ye be gone long, alanna?" There was apprehension in the look

Mrs. Malone bent on the white head stooping towards the little sheetiron stove. When she spoke it was in a manner at once airy and reas- be!" she said again. suring. "Sure 'tis quite a step to market. Dennis. I think I'll he goin' to the farthest wan. They do be havin' things more raisonable-like. It," she paused, the thought of a sin to be confessed at her Christmas "duty" flashing across her mind, "it's-our Thanksgivin' dinner I'm

goin' to get!" she concluded. "I wouldn't be afther buyin' anythin' exthravagant, Kitty," counseled Dennis Malone. He sat huddled forward in the pitiful inertia of age and physical lassitude. "The docther an' medicines must have took a heap of our savin's. I wouldn't buy what might be called luxuriant, so to

"I won't Dennis!" promised Kitty. She was tying her plain little bonnet on her sleek old head. "You can thrust me for that!" she added with go to Thomas-but he hasn't only all what seemed unnecessary fervor. "I -I won't!"

She did not leave the room at once. She stood behind him, trembling, cowering, resolute, a queer agitation convulsing her worn and wrinkled countenance. She looked with blinking eyes at the stooped form in the rocker, then around the room - the barest, poorest, shabbiest, cleanest much he airnt. An' Daylia, that's little room. The grime of a generation of objectionable tenants had been scrubbed out of the rough boards by Kitty's energetic hands. These same busy hands had polished the few chairs and made shining the one small window, and kept immaculate the and fashioned the bright patchwork spread thereon, and prepared the little luncheon - plain and meager enough for a convalescent-which was set forth on a little table drawn beside the old man's chair.

"It may happen," she declared, speaking hurriedly, as though the ossibility had just occurred to her, "that I mayn't be back for a-for a rate good bit, Dennis. 'Tis thinkin' am goin' over to see Nora, if-'twould be safe to lave you that long." Then, as she felt his eyes turn slowly in her direction with a sort of questioning surprise, "I-I'm afther hearin' Mary Ellen ain't as well as she might be, an'---" "Ma-Mary Ellen!" His tone was vibrant with anxiety. "Is Mary

"Not to mention," Mrs. Malone roseate countenance beamed down hastened to assert. She was wishing she had not chosen his favorite grand- upon her. child to afflict. "Only a little-a weeny bit quare like." She picked mured. She had long known Mrs. up a basket near, and edged towards Comisky for "a dacint woman." the door. There she paused, gripping the basket until her knuckles showed ing the pale saffron of her cheek. "So -you won't mind if I don't get home gone to the same parochial school. for a couple of hours-eh, Dennis?" "Tis me," corroborated Mrs. Co-She broke off. She was swallowing misky. She wore a cloth skirt and hard. Dennis looked up-met full the a coat of electric seal plush. From eager, penetrating intensity of her a fur collarette a cataract of bushy He forced a valiant smile to heads and tails dangled over her his bloodless lips. His eyes narrowed capacious bosom. On her hat a long into an expression of quizzical len- beaked green bird perched in a grove iency. The unfailing courage of his of aspiring, if rigid, ostrich feathers.

God. Do be steppin' along now, Kitty in a glove of purple kid. "'Tis a woman! Don't be afther givin' me month o' Sundays since I set eyes on airy a thought. Sure, the strength you," she went on. "I heard Dennis is comin' back in me to bate any- was took rale bad some weeks back. Dennis Malone, sir." thin' ye ever dreamed of. An' what Better, is he? That's good. You're I long have had a quarrel set with with this illigant lunch—the bit o' not lookin' very well, yourself. I've ried—employed—live at home?" bacon, an' the cheese, an' the crack- been down to visit my niece Maria. ers-not to talk of the tay on the 'Tis twins-an' the christenin' is to sir. Three married, that has all they Was wrestled from me after bitter stove ferninst me-why it's good be fit for a Roosian. But where can do to care for their own. Wan enough for the President, Kitty. might you be goin', Mrs. Malone? workin' to kape herself. Wan in the

thers, an' all an' all, it's like I'll She looked down on the miserable Would the questions never cease? tear
Over the dying summer. I have known No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice—Death.

Lear I won't be lookin' for ye till gown, the worn black shawl, the insufficient bit of head covering. She thriftin' woman, dear. Gwan! But,"

Little creature in the scant black shawl, the insufficient bit of head covering. She caten no breakfast. There had been o' bacon 'ud be rale tasty!" she only enough to leave for Down't be said my decade. I won't be lookin' for ye till gown, the worn black shawl, the insufficient bit of head covering. She caten no breakfast. There had been o' bacon 'ud be rale tasty!" she only enough to leave for Down't be lookin' for ye till gown, the worn black shawl, the insufficient bit of head covering. She caten no breakfast. There had been o' bacon 'ud be rale tasty!" she No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice—Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime of the door, "I wouldn't be gettin' a—a crime.

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The fair world is the witness of a control of the control of

heath
Sound in every ear and chill the passer-by,

Annual Toront the Cattered light derosity and apparent of a boy who seemed to have sprung from the ground at her very feet.

Well as any one. This was not the well as any one. well as any one. This was not the passer-by,

—What have we done to thee, thou monstrous Time?

—Was Malone? Is it works where are ye hurryin' to, monstrous Time?

—Was Malone? Is it works which the window marked first time she had known a neighbor age, her husband's, their nationality, "South-West." She, too, received Mrs. Malone? Is it worse himself is?' to slip timorously towards the city, "No-no, Patsy Hefferman. 'Tis- carrying an empty basket. But she had not dreamed things had come to "An' lavin' the church behind ye!" such a pass with the once "aisy"

he cried incredulously. "Father Malones. "An awful nuisance the shoppin' Flynn ain't a-hearin' on the river, I'm thinkin'!" Patsy was a mercione must be doin'," she remarked less inquisitor. Mrs. Malone withered under his frank doubt of her Kitty's head at some object which ered under his frank doubt of her interested her. "I spent every last dollar Tim gave me except filty cents. "Patsy," she entreated, "you run I'm goin' to stop into his saloon on to the house-do now! I wouldn't me way home. 'Tis lucky I met with inconvayniance ye, but it's ye's the ye if 'tis only the half dollar I got most accomadatin' bye in the parish. left. This long time I've been sayin' If ye'd but be waitin' around kind of to Tim I must pay you for that hin. 'Tis on me conscience when I go to confession the last Thursday of every Patsy's freckled hatchet face looked month." Her hearty laugh sounded bleached hair with suddenly awakenpleasantly. "So here 'tis-an' wished interest. "What'll ye give me if in' it was five dollars I owed you-I

do now!" "Glory be!" ejaculated Mrs. Ma-"What-what hin?" whispered Kitty lone. She stood staring helplessly at Malone. the shabby young Celtic Shylock, "Och, hear the woman now!" Mrs.

who, with his overgrown frame bent forward, his feet in the broken boots turned toes inward, his hands thrust in his pockets, and his ragged arms akimbo, awaited her answer with ravenous expectancy. "Why—Patsy you to be forgettin' it!" She thrust waist of her gown. Suddenly she desisted. If she had money at the bank You'll find the shops most illegant. this was to be a grand Thanksgiving! -or anywhere else, for the matter of Good afternoon to you, ma'm!"

She could not remember ever having dodged so many dangling turkeys beping after her in a way she confore the doors of the butcher shops.

Good afternoon to you, ma'm!"

She could not remember ever having duivering with nervous fright, was not seriously hurt.

"Don't say anything to the man, or that—would she be bent on her present mission? Would she be tramping these many weary blocks? "Glory sidered decidedly stylish, and Kitty And what pumpkins-golden as the gentlemen!

"Glory be to God! What hin? I pink-fleshed loins of pork, and chickit's goin' to the the-ayter ye are. Hope ye won't be late." He cast a black wan—no, nor a white wan! But viands. The smell from the bakeries don't mind lettin' her have enny untarily Mrs. Malone jerked it behind her back, but it was too big to esit! 'Twas the saints sent it- Glory there, that was ginger-bread! - and cape notice. "I won't kape ye any be-" She broke off in sudden horror coffee-and tea. If there was but a the reverential rapture with which she had accepted the miracle worked in her behalf suddenly blotted out.

"It were never the saints—never!"

"It were never the saints—never!" longer romancin', ma'm!" With which Parthian shot young Mr. Hef-Trembling, little Mrs. Malone look-"It were never the saints - never! ed after him. "Musha now, the gos-

man who told all the black lies I did Comisky had given her for the black quavering.

Dennis! rin'! An' the way he looked at the this day? Three to Dinny!" She hen of elusive memory. basket. Wethen now, I wondther did checked them off on her fingers. "Wan he suspicion anythin'?" She bent her to Patsy Hefferman- an' wan to be complainin'! Me that's got a him! spare little body against the rancor-Mrs. Comisky-oh, wirrasthrue! What han'ful o' silver." But suddenly she kind of a pinnance won't Father knit her brows craftily-walked more Flynn be afther layin' on me! Five slowly. It was with much deliberadecades maybe-wan for aich-or the tion that she made some purchases. his own to kape, but his wife's old stations it might be! Me poor sowl!" Meat was one. She knew that except Never loomed Bastille before a pris- to the families of old soldiers no But she don't know the last cent's oner as frowned the grim gray wall meat was furnished to the poor by of the building wherein is located the the county. She took with her only County Agent's office before the two ounces of tea and a loaf of shrinking gaze of Kitty Malone. bread. She would come for the rest, shrinking gaze of Kitty Malone.

Never did feet more reluctant creep up the dirty stone stee into the dream many-angled room, with its dream many-angled room, which is dream many-angled room, which

be free with his money-if he had enny. But 'twas never a dime he cud hould in his pocket no matther how washed walls based by a deep band of slate-colored paint, its two slate-colored benches, its pillars of the same dismal hue. Never did heart sink sodden in a woman's breast as sank her's when in obedience to a motion from the policeman of duty, to whom she had whispered her street and number, she crept to the foot of one of the waiting lines of applicants. There were three of these lines of depressed patient people—men, women and children. Restricting and dividing each line were rails of the universal dingy shade that emphasized the melancholy atmosphere of the place. A sign on the window to the right caught her eye:

BURIALS.

DOCTOR CALLS.

No patients sent to Dunning on Thursday,

Dunning! She shuddered at the word. Surely she and Dennis need never go there! Something would turn up! Rody might come home!

But if any one were to see her here—now! What if the fact that she had applied for relief were to get abroad in the parish! Whete a vice recorded in the main shed to the lark of the word and the store, her precious net store, her precious package under her arm. She lanset brushed against a young woman who was coming towards her.

"Mary Alice Ryan," she cried, "an' how is Larry?"

A pale and woe-begone face, framed in a black shawl which was held under the chin by a bony hand, looked down on her.

"Bad, Mrs. Malone. He screams can't be cured. It's hard—for a boy that's been as strong as any in the word. Surely she and Dennis need never go there! Something would turn up! Rody might come home!

But if any one were to see her here—now! What it the fact that she had applied for relief were to get abroad in the parish! Whete a vice recorded were the control of the word and word of the store, her precious package under her arm. She almost brushed against a young womand was coming towards her.

"Mary Alice Ryan," she cried, "an' how is Larry?"

A pale and woe-begone face, framed in a black shawl which was held under the chin by a bony hand, looked down on her.

"Bad, Mrs. Malone. He screams to be with you and fathe cook on the north side-" She walkband of slate-colored paint, its two would permit her to ride on the mored less rapidly. Her head drooped Was it possible she might let Delia know of their straits. Was it in her direction lay reliefreprieve? But as suddenly as it had come the gleam in the faded eyes flickered out. Delia had been saving to buy an aotomobile-coat and a feather boa. Delia had always been stylish. And it was grand Delia looked, to be sure, when she was dressed up. No, it would never do to appeal to Delia. If only Rody were at home! Rody, the gay, loving, hard-working, young fellow, who would never let her or his father suffer! But he had gone off to the Philippines this many a month back.

shamed of yerself ye are to be para- never go there! Something would

applied for relief were to get abroad in the parish! What-a voice recalled loomed up before her- as a broad, her. It was her turn at the window. Malone. "You tie that to Larry's "Name?" asked the voice in a wrist, an' let him fly it. Wisha, wostrong foreign accent. She found herself looking up at a the nickels for, anyways, if the childthin, middle-aged man, with pene-trating eyes, a brownish mustache, bit of a b'lloon, indade!" And Kitty They both belonged to the Married and an expression of keen intelligence. skurried off with a gesture of magni-Ladies' Sodality. They had been Her name! She cast a terrified look ficent scorn for that which the maswhite, a slow distressed flush stain- neighbors when the Malones lived in around. The applicants to the rear ter called "trash." She found the a brick house. Their children had were paying no attention to her. The fire out and Dennis asleep. greater number carried yellow cards, managed to crawl over to the bed.

> man behind the window spoke again. sent from the County Agent's made "Catherine," she answered huskily his appearance. Ele looked sharply -"Catherine Malone." "Ever received aid from the county ed drawers and bins, scrutinized the "No-oh, no, sir!"

"'Tis me," corroborated Mrs. Co- more or less crumbled and dirty. The He was still sleeping when the man

"Got help from-" He rattled off which Kitty insisted on answering race rang in the kind old voice. The vigorous hand she extended to the names of half a dozen phi "'Tis fine I'll be goin' on, plaze Mrs. Malone was gorgeously draped pic and benevolent societies. the names of half a dozen philanthro- outside the little ramshackle house

O. T. DANIELS BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC. Etc. (RANDOLPHS BLOCK.)

Money to Loan on First-Class

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

ally gave Kitty a yellow ticket which she was present for "single rations." It is the first step that counts. Kitty found her second deception less difficult than her first. She had stayed with Nora the previous day. She had not gone to market. Yes, Mary Ellen was quite recovered. And now, sure she must be off if they were to have a bite of Thanksgiving dinner at all, at all!

"Ye won't be exthravagant, Kitty?" he again implored. "We can't have over much left in the bank. A bit o'

voluntarily she put out her hand— digestible!"
clutched at the ledge to steady her"'Tis now. An' it's never meself

o' Wales ask?" demanded Kitty Ma-

That day she duly presented her age, her husband's, their nationality, her coal check and the single rations the cause of their distress.

"That's all." The man looked up which were her due. Could she carry from his writing. "A visitor will call to investigate. That's all now."

Then Kitty found berself outside mand—she had asked for and received Then Kitty found herself outside charity for the first time in all her ple were surging across the room to another window on the opposite side

—a window behind which barrels and boxes, sacks and bundles, all containing processories. ing necessaries of lite, rose in a Dennis from suffering she would do it mighty pile straight up to the ceiling.
The portly policeman took pity on her bewilderment.

"You'll be around to-morrow" he "You'll be around to-morrow," he assured her cheerfully. "Visitor will get to your place to-day. He'll give you a ticket. Come in to-morrow."

She did not know how she got out control of the control of the same to see them, wearing her best clothes; Malachi, who would give if he had it—to any one, for the matter of that; and Rody—the baby of the family, "the best of the bunch!" as on Clinton Street. She was buffet- Dennis put it.

ing her way back, her empty basket dangling on her arm, and in her heart deep disappointment—a bitter despair.

She did not know that had she stat.

She did not know that had she stat. She did not know that, had she stat- down!" She was crossing the street when ed how immediate was their necessity Comisky was appealing to a striped for relief, she need not have waited the shrill Babel of cries assailed her. barber's pole near by. "The black for help until after the formal investigation want to be sure! The wan you let me tigation Now her colly wild don't be sure! The delay was fatal. The next inwan to be sure! The wan you let me have to make broth for Leo when you lived in the brick house. 'Tis like arrived—to make sure Dennis would the sure of the stant the speeding street-car had a caught the skirt of her gown. She arrived—to make sure Dennis would the sure of the stant the speeding street-car had caught the skirt of her gown. She the coin into Kitty's cold little claws of hands. "Take a car—do now! not grasp the import of that humiliating visitation. Surely, surely folks were prosperous this year! Surely she had striven so hard to procure, she had striven so hard to procure, and to procure, she had striven so hard to procure. lay scattered on the l

be!" she said again.

There really was nothing more to say. Patsy's rapacious expression became emerged in a frown. "Mebbe"

Malone was shaking her head over the money in a dazed attempt to recall the debt.

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Malone was shaking down a yellowish disk of money in a dazed attempt to recall the debt.

Malone was shaking her head over the money in a dazed attempt to recall the debt. I was, when I got in the ens, and fruit, and all tempting Sure," as some one express don't mind lettin' her have enny black wan—no, nor a white wan! But she never looked at the basket. Sure now, I'll stop stewing meself about it! 'Twas the saints sent it— Glory there, that was ginger-bread!—and some some one one of the car she there, that was ginger-bread!—and some one of the car she there, that was ginger-bread!—and some one of the car she there, that was ginger-bread!—and some one of the car she there, that was ginger-bread!—and some one of the car she there, that was ginger-bread!—and some of the car she there is the car she can be a some one of the car she that the car she that the car she that the car she that the car she ca mentioned. She rode home in less, coffeless, beanless state.

membered that tightly clenched in her fore her little shanty sent her reeling What 'ud they have to do with a wo- hand she held the fifty cents Mrs. onward with a cry-faint, ineffective, Dennis! Something had happened to Dennis! Dennis had learned of her deception, and the truth had killed "Glory be!" she cried, "an' me to

It was Patsy Hefferman who re-A path was made for the tottering old figure. She got to the door. It was opened. The blackness which had descended the day previous came before her. This time it was lit by dancing flecks of flame. She staggered—fell forward.

"Mother!" The word sounded from

rent the air—just then that a man went by.

"Gimme a red wan!" cried Mrs.
Malone. "You tie that to Larry's wrist, an' let him fly it. Wisha, woman, don't ye be for bawlin'! What's man, don't ye be for bawlin'! What's hands which held some torn scraps

hands which held some torn scraps of yellow paper. "No fear-eh, mother?" "No-glory be to God!" cried Kit-tty Malone. "Glory, an' Her soldier son bowed his head. "Thanksgiving!" he said.

Don't think because you have taken many nemredies in vain that your case is incurable. You have not taken Hood's Sarsa-

parilla.

It has cured many seemingly hopeless cases of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney complaint, dyspepsia and general debility—many cases that may have been worse than yours.

What this great medicine has done for others it can do for you

'IT'S GOOD TEA!'

. That is what people say about

RED ROSE TEA

around the bare, orderly room, open-

small black heap in the coal box,

asked a lot more questions, all of