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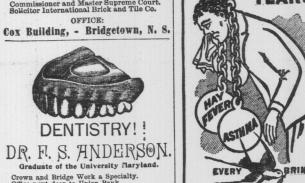
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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 29.

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There is nothing like ASTHMA-

LENE. It brings instant relief,

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

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GENTLEMEN, - Your Asthmalene is an excel-lent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which com-bine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that ASTHMALENE contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,
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Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co.

Gentlemen,—I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your ASTHMALENE for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted wich spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign uponlyour windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthmalas 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.

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Home address: 235 Rivington St.

Feb. 5, 1991.

gray stone-wall,

While near the reedy marsh-pool the bull-frogs splash and call.

The torches of the golden-rod are glowing in the green;

The trees like flaming seneschals, stand forth in ruddy sheen;

The trees like flaming seneschals, stand forth in ruddy sheen;

The swallow's nest hangs empty, all songless and forlorn.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal

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

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Bridgetown, N. S. Weekly Monitor,

WANTED

MOTICE

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

Poetry.

God broke our years to hours and days. That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along, To keep quite strong. Should all the weights of life future, rife With woe and struggle, meet us face to

face
At just one place
We could not go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Our pathways lie so steep. Our pathways lie so steep, Bur we can go, if by God's power We only bear the burdens of the hour.

When the Crimson's on the Maple. When the crimson's on the Maple, and the

When the crimson's on the Maple, and the gold is on the corn,
Arches of crystal amethyst the morning's gates adorn;
The altar-fires of sacrifice blaze forth on vale and hill,
As summer yields her sweet breath at the pricetess autumn's will.
Oh, fair and white the birch's arms as by the brook she grieves,

Oh, fair and white the birch's arms as by the brook she grieves,

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Oh, fair and white the birch's arms as by the brook she grieves,

Oh, fair and white the birch's arms as by the sailor hope to would have laughed only in the hill have been and him groan instead. Again he haughed him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead. Again he haughed only in the pain made him groan instead haughed only in the

When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn, Sandaled with light the shining hours that speed the pallid morn, The sumach done her scarlet, the clematis

While pendent from the perry ous many globes of ruby light.

The chestnut burrs are dropping from their leafy screen wind-torn,

When the crimson's on the maple and the gold is on the corn.

When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn,
In pillared chambers of the west the evening star is born;
And heavy hang the purple vines along the gray stone-wall,
While near the reedy marsh-pool the bull-frogs splash and call.
The torches of the golden-rod are glowing in the green:

The torches of the golden-rod are glowing in the green:

The torches of the golden-rod are glowing in the green:

The torches of the golden-rod are glowing in the green:

The torches of the golden-rod are glowing in the green:

The they would lie quiet and look out of the window at the river and beyond where the big hills purpled to the skies and were al.

Washed and were al.

Washed the thin, faded cheeks of Mrs.

Page, as she bent far forward and resumed her sewing.

"Mebbe I am rather fretful,' she said to herself, thoughtfully. "I'll try to keep my troubles to myself after this; but it's hard to git no pity when one's feelin' so miser'ble.

and forlorn,
When the crimson's on the maple, and the gold is on the corn.

And yonder on a bier of moss, the forest

Select Ziterature.

In the Little Hospital. A Touching Incident of Two Patients Who

BY P. Y. BLACK.

In the little country hospital the young nurses were very good and attentive to everybody, not having been in the business long enough to have grown callous. They were nice girls, mostly in their first year's course, and their lips would twitch and their faces whiten very often in the operating oom when they held a patient's hand while he died in the night. But they were brave and went about the pretty hospital singing softly in the cool corridors, carrying little white clothed trays to the sickrooms and being the best of medicines themselves by reason of their neatness, their bright eyes and kind voices.

Now, one beautiful bright spring afternoon, at the railroad junction in the town two trains filled with pleasure seekers smashed together, and the doctors and the matron and the nurses were plunged into a world of work, for ambulance after ambuaccident and left to the care of the girls whom nebody knew anything about, because his father and mother were both killed in the collision, and there was nothing on them to show who or what they were except that they were very poor. It is comprehensible that a very great deal of attention was paid to this little fellow, and he would have been placed in the women's ward, as the hospital was too small for a children's ward, but the women's ward was full. So the boy, quite insensible, was laid on a cot in the men's ward, and next to him was laid a big brown bearded man, also insensible, from whose clothes had been gathered quite a sum of

rough looking man indeed. The man came to his senses first, and it was night. The nurse on watch was quite firightened at the man. He was in pain, and great allowance must be made for that, ant never in all her life had the little nurse to listen to such words as came from the big brown bearded man's lips. He wanted to get up and go right away, but he found he ould not move his great massive legs. So he began to abuse his fate and the railway, and the hospital and the nurse and mankind in general. He was a very bitter-mouthed nan indeed. The little nurse by the light of the night lamp did her best to soothe him use he roused other patients, and there was a terrible moaning and wailing in the

said very prettily:

"Good morning, dad. How are you this The sailor, looking into the little fellow's eyes was abashed and stopped his swearing and was silent for a moment, and then muttered clumsily : "I'm all right."

- - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1901.

"That's nice," said the boy, and became unscious again. The sailor did not abuse anything any more just then, but lay groaning and every now and again when the little nurse slipped

look at the boy.

hiding leaves!
Oh, low the plantive requiem through woods of verdure shorn,
When the crimson's on the maple and the man would forget himself in his pain, and

be patient. Then the child would say : "How do you feel, John?" And the sailor would answer :

"First rate, Joe." "That's nice," little Joe would say. And When the crimson's on the maple, and the they would lie quiet and look out of the

asked very politely:
"And how do you feel Mr. Smith?"

And Mr. Smith would always answer be-When the crimson's on the maple and the cause it pleased the child; "First rate, Joe." "That's nice," said Joe. And so he would thize with him !"

twig and thorn.

The last pale aster by the road bends low

ask each in turn, and to each answer, always the same, he would reply cheerfully, "That's nice."

At last they told the sailor that there was no hope at all for him. A clergyman came to prepare him. He took the news very had happened. calmly, but instantly whispered :

"And the little fellow, Joe ?" so innocent he needs no preparation. But For days the poor sailor was in much of the usual had taken place.

trouble, and one night he whispered to his little companion: "Joe, say you was rich as Vanderbilt and he was going a long sail, would you leave

"No. John," said the child, very earnestly; "I would want you to come too." and leave me on the wharf, or-or if you was safe in a fine big ship, see me busted to plenished, he got along with one. All the pieces on the rocks?"
"John," said the child, "I would jump

have occasioned this remarkable alteration out and pull you to my ship, I would." "Good old Joe," said the sailor, and said squeezed Joe's hand and whispered: "Pray hard, Joe. Pray hard for me to come along. Pray for two, Joe."

And little Joe prayed for two.

The two used to watch for the searchlight lance came driving up from the scene of the two great cities on the river. When the steamer turned a point, its light flashed for many people sorely hurt. And among them an instant full on the front of the little hostion; an' now if she thinks that by goin' was a very little boy about six years old, pital. Joe and John, hand in hand, very, 'round with a pout on her face, she'll get very weak now, would lie and watch for it. Joe had made a story that it knew they barkin' up the wrong tree. When I say a were there and smiled in on purpose to say

were there and shined to be purpose to say
"Good night." Always he piped "goodnight," in return and John also. Then Joe,
squeezing the once powerful hairy hand,
would feebly ask:
"How do you feel, John, to-night?"
"First rate, Joe," poor John would answer with a smothered groan.
"That's nice." "That's nice."
And they would lie very still or gradually

And they would lie very still or gradually go to sleep.

And so one night the steamboat came up the river and turned the point and cast its light upon the little hospital.

"Good night," said the sailor in a very low, husky whisper, while Joe's little hand rested on his. But the boy's eyes were wide with a strange light.

"It didn't say "good night," John," he whispered, and tried to squeeze his friend's hand. "It said good-by."

The sailor tried to rise in bod, but was unable even to call out. He saw the river but he could not see the other side. It was dark. He was afraid. His fingers closed around the child's feebly.

"How—do—you—feel—to-night, dear John?" said little Joe's voice very sorely and tenderly.

There was a moment's pause. The sailor's voice rang out with a glad ory: money and whose few papers went to show that he had been a sailor. He was a very

There was a moment's pause. In a sailor's voice rang out with a glad cry:—
"First rate Joe."
"That's nice," said the child.
And the little nurses, running in found the friends had gone together.—Los Angeles

A Certain Remedy for Corns, small ward. And all at once the small boy came to his senses, too, just for a minute, and his face was turned to the sailor's face, and his eyes fell upon the sailor's eyes. He was not quite sensible yet, for it seemed he mistook the sailor for his dead papa, and he said very prettily:

A Certain Remedy for Corns, and one always to be relied upon is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure and always painless. Nearly fifty imitations will send it to you by mail upon receipt of 25 cents, post paid, to Canada or United States. N. C. Polson & Co. Kingston Oat.

The Value of Sympathy.

By George S. Cuthbertson With a shadow of impatience on her wrinkled brow, Mrs. Page tossed the garmentshe was mending on the iable and leaned wearly back in the old-fashioned, willow he hobbled slowly into the house. Mrs. rocking chair. Turning to her husband, who Page had gone to bed and Jonas disliking to sat by the window reading, she said complainingly:

"Dear me! Jonas, I believe I've got one o' lected to procure a light, but felt in its usual the worst headaches I've had in many a day!

the worst headaches I've had in many a day!

place, in the darkness, and failed to locate

An' there's such a stitch in my left side, I

it. He ran across the ink bottle, however; it was on the corner shelf, perilously near

"Thar ye go it ag'in, Car'liny!" exclaimed the edge, and his sleeve brushing against it Mr. Page, irritably, as he crushed the news rolled it over on its side, spilling a portion paper in his hand and flung it into the rack of its contents on the shelf and the remainder bove his head. "I vow I never saw the on the spotless floor of the pantry. heat! Wimmen are cur'ous critters -allers The last letter he wrote he lost the cork ed to her to makin' sich a great how d'you do 'bout noth- out of the bottle and thoughtlessly put it in'. Got some new ache or pain ev'ry minit away without putting in a new stopper. "Pretty boy! He thought I was his dad," of the day. Then they be forever whinin' he said and would have laughed only his an' tellin' ye of it! Ye never hear none o' when he had obtained a light and taken a

"Lan' sakes, Car'liny! don't din that old story into my ears ag'in! man would forget himself in his pain, and the nurses would shut their ears, terrified, and the matron would threaten to move single it reg'lar, till I can repeat the hull each of the top shelves and then looked bus'ness, word for word. If I'm heartless ened him to silence, for ever since the accident he had a great love for the child. The goin's on like this what's made me. Every-child would look at his huge friend in sur-body has his own ills to bear an' I ain't exbarrel and even peeked into the flour bin. her snow,
And all along the woodland path the leaves are flying low,
The bees forsake the clover, and begin their droing flight,
While pendent from the berry bush hang
While pendent from the berry bush hang
While pendent from the berry bush hang

child would look at his huge friend in surprise when he fell into one of his rages and say:

"Oh, John, that's not nice!"

And John would bite his lips at once and that alls ye—ye let yer mind git too much control over yer body." tellin' ye of it all the time. 'Nother thing, ment. If I don't bathe my leg with it I that ails ye-ye let yer mind git too much he said querulously. Then raising his voice

control over yer body.' As these taunting remarks left his lips, dead, were it possible, he cried : the ill-natured spouse seized his hat and flounced out of the house, slamming the door

Two silent, unbidden teardrops trickled gently down the thin, faded cheeks of Mrs. git done a-usin' it," came the deliberate re-"Mebbe I am rather fretful,' she said to on the wash bench, you'd find it where ye

had it 'fore supper." could not turn about to see the other pagit no pity when one's feelin' so miser'ble. his breath. "Sure 'nough-come to think "Jonas allers looks to me for symp'thy, when he's sick," she continued. "He'll go dosin my sore hand. Why didn't I hev my to his bed an' take on an' hev me wait on wits 'bout me, without askin' Car'liny; might a known I wouldn't git a civil answer.' him; with me it's dif'rent-I've got to keep workin' away, no matter how bad I feel. 'Magination! Jess you till Jonas Page has tion in which Jonas had unshaken faith; and his next allin' spell an' see how I'll symp'-

groans to apply a liberal quantity to his in-Her eyes gleamed and glowed, and her jured leg. It was indeed a severe and painlips closed tightly with a peculiar twitch of ful bruise; the swelling was apparently getting larger and taking on a purple hue. determination,

Nothing more was seen of Jonas until he And when they asked him how it went with him he always said, though sometimes mid heaven throne, Beholding thence a world at rest; while in her cloister lone Kneels Night, a nun dark-hooded telling her beads till most.

When the crimson's on the maple and the gold is on the corn.

— Zions Herald.

And when they asked him how it went with him he always said, though sometimes with him he always said, though sometimes dame in to supper. He appeared somewhat with him he always said, though sometimes dame in to supper. He appeared somewhat with and kis left hand wrapped up in his red bandana handkerchief. He didn't say anything when he removed the covering and an ugly, ragged wound extending half way across the palm was disclosed and drew the warm clothing about him; a patients came to the hospital, and John and low were all alone, save the nurses who considerably disappointed to view. He looked considerably disappointed to the didn't say anything when he removed the covering and an ugly, ragged wound extending the constant of the old clock in the kitchen disconsolate and had his left hand wrapped up in his red bandana handkerchief. He didn't say anything when he removed the covering and an ugly, ragged wound extending the constant of the constant of the old clock in the kitchen disconsolate and had his left hand wrapped up in his red bandana handkerchief. He didn't say anything when he removed the covering and an ugly, ragged wound extending the covering and an ugly, ragged wound extendidition to the covering and an ugly, ragged grew to dread the time that was soon to pointed, however, when he found that the periencing a similar sensation. A train of sight of it attracted only a passing glance sober reflection had taken possession of it. from "Car'liny," and didn't even rouse her womanly curiosity enough to inquire how it

How tantalizing she could act. She him incessantly and just the least bit of a didn't offer to assist him in binding it up, pang of regret that he had uttered them began to gnaw at his heart strings. "Don't tell him," said the minister. "He's let alone express regret at its occurrence, but stood by the stove dishing up the potaa good deal sooner than he had anticipated. toes as unconcernedly as though nothing out He wasn't prepared for their visit and, somehow or other, his stock of fortitude appear-Jonas heaved a heavy sigh and walked ed exceedingly small. It was very difficult silently into the pantry, where on the little orner shelf he procured a strip of court to lie there and suffer and receive no tender

plaster with which he carefully drew the words of sympathy to which he was accusedges of the wound together. The evening meal was eaten in moody silence. Jonas always drank two cups of of endurance-"he wouldn't whine over "Would you feel sorry, Joe, to sail away tea, but rather than make the first "break in the ice" by asking for the cup to be re-

time he kept wondering what could possibly

in his wife's deportment; he finally came to was brief. He awoke shortly after midthe conclusion it was owing to the indiffernothing more until prayer time, when he ence he had manifested concerning her head-"This kind of actin' is somethin' new," he grumbled on his way to the barn to finish the chores. "If she's so sens'tive as to git her back up 'bout a triflin' piece o' nonsense of the big night boat which ran between like that, she kin jest keep it there! The only time I ever got down on my knees to her was when I popped the marriage ques-

> thing, it's said for all time. His hand was exceedingly sore; it was continually in his way and everything he attempted to do he injured it anew. At length when he seated himself beside the brindle cow and devoted himself to the

me to back down an' eat humble pie, she's

milking, which task he had to perform with a single hand, his temper got quite beyond his management. "Lan' sakes !" he sputtered. "Car'ling don't seem to care no more fer me than if I was some scalawag dog. If she had one spark o' kindness, she would hev offered her

services with the chores. She might a done the milkin' anyway !" While conducting this one-sided convertion, he proceeded to extract the milk with

quick, savage jerks and entirely forgot to accord the worthy bovine the respect she believed was due to an animal of her rank. Not possessing the power of speech she made use of the only available means at hand of successfully remonstrating against such barbarous treatment; for concentrating a vast amount of strength in her right hin leg, she unexpectedly exhibited a surprising degree of celerity and caressed Mr. Jonas Page's shin bone with her rough hard hoo in a manner that was not calculated to in spire undying gratitude; at least Jonas didn't take it that way, if we may regard the forcible language he used (we will not repeat it) as a candid expression of his feel

"Drat the beast !" he exclaimed, angrily picking up his pail which had been kicked distance to one side, and recommend

O. T. DANIELS BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH 8 BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

NO. 30

Wha'ts got into her-seem's though every-

thing on the farm was itchin' to git into a

fight! I'll bet a dollar my leg's black an'

blue; there's a lump comin' on it big's a hen's

egg. I'll probably be lame now fer a month !"

disturb her, hunted fully half an hour for the

through the cupboards; but the object of his

"No use talkin', I've got to hev that lini-

won't be able to git onto my feet tomorrow,"

to a pitch sufficiently loud to awaken the

"Car'liny, I say Car'liny, where's the

deep it ? Half the time 'taint in it's place !"

"Of course it ain't in its place when you

tomed when ill or in trouble on previous oc-

He had boasted of his wonderful powers

every triflin' thing that happened to him"-

oh, no; yet several times he checked himself

from pouring forth a doleful rehearsal of

night in most intense agony from toothache.

"Christopher C'lumbus!" he groaned.

"What'll come next-ow-um! Job was

afflicted an' so 'm I. Ouch-Car'liny-ow-

um-get the toothache drops-my confound-

Mrs. Page, thus rudely aroused, sprang

up in alarm and confusion. She heard only

the sound of her husband's stentorian voice;

she didn't understand what he said, but im-

agined from the tone that something serious

"What's the matter, Jonas?" she asked,

"Lan sakes, Car'liny-matter? It's the

"Thar ye go it ag'in, Jonas, I declar'! 1

never saw yer ekil. Men are more bother'n

they're worth, twice over! Got some new

ache or pain both day an' night; an' now you

hev the imp'dence to 'waken me out o' a

sound sleep to go whinin' and tellin' me of

"Oh, you needn't expect any symp'thy

Baking Powder

Made from pure

cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food

against alum.

toothache-the worst I've had in a long

time! Um-ouch-git the drops, I say-

ed head's goin' to jump off !"

was wrong.

rather excitedly.

his afflictions into "Car'liny's" ears.

Sleep came to him at last, but its

His work at the barn finally concluded,

Money to Loan on First-Class

from me; an' if ye think ye're goin' to lay from sleepin' ye're mistaken ! 'Nother thing, I firmly believe it's more'n half 'magination that ails ye-ye let yer mind git too much control over yer body. You kin hunt up them drops yerself-I'm goin' upstairs an' see if I can git quietness and peace !" With these words, Mrs. Page sprang out of bed and lightly ascended the stairway, leaving Jonas so surprised and bewildered

that for a minute he absolutely forgot the pain in his tooth. liniment bottle. Man-like, he at first neg. "Car'liny's givin' me a dose of my ow med'cine, I guess," and a sudden tinge of shame dyed his face. "Whew ! 'nother tooth beginin' to howl an jump-'sif one

wasn't plenty. I've got to git them drops an' I might as well git 'em first as last." He swung himself cautiously out of bed and hobbled to the pantry. Fortunately his search was not as prolonged as when seeking the liniment. But to his great disappointment, scarcely enough of the remedy remained for one application. The relief, "I'll ketch it now !" he declared, ruefully, though immediate, was only temporary.

> The rest had undoubtedly recuperated it for it seemed to possess double the force. Positively, Jonas was in a deplorable condition: his hand throbbed in a disagreeable manner, his leg was swollen and stiff and sore, and his teeth-well, words are utterly inadequate to express the extreme pain they

In his younger days he attended church regularly and evinced considerable activity as a member; and now in his misery he remembered and repeated several of his oldtime prayers. Their good effect, however, were destroyed by the flow of stronger lan-

desperation he pulled the cover off the salt guage that invariably succeeded them. "I've stood this thing long's I'm going to," he said fiercely. "Here's three mortal hours gone by an' 'taint no better. I'll jist hitch up an' drive over to Rideway, rouse up the

dentist, an' hev these tormented teeth yank ed out in a jiffy." Donning his great coat and muffler, he proceeded to the barn. No sooner had the liniment bottle? Where the deuce do you outside door closed at his heels, than Mrs. Page's white robed figure came gliding down

With lamp in hand, she entered the hedtort in chilling accents from the bed-room. chamber. Disorder reigned supreme. Four "Perhaps if you took the trouble to look out the flask of liniment which for once had not proved equal to the emergency, two west towels, a basin of water, and a bag of hope "Spunky's ever," commented Jonas, under were strung over the bureau. A couple of bout it-I did hev the plaguey thing there quilts and a pillow lay on the floor, while other bedclothes were rolled in a ball down by the footboard.

As Mrs. Page noted these particulars, the This particular liniment was a preparastern lines around her eyes and mouth relax. ed; and a look, in which anxiety and comhe proceeded, with many stifled grunts and

> "Poor Jonas!" she murmured audibly wonder if he's yet found out the value of ympathy ?"

"Wal, I guess I kin retire-at last," he covering and an ugly, ragged wound extend- and drew the warm clothing about him; a she perceived in the hazy dusk of early

When he returned some two hours later, Mrs. Page noticed directly that her husband's face wore a radically different expres-"I ain't no more exempted from ills than sion. She thought first the loss of his two you be, yet I ain't tellin' ye of 'em all the time." These words kept coming before in his appearance, but this she realized to be an erroneous idea when Jonas came into the house and, walking (or rather limping) straight up to her, placed both hands on her A multitude of ills were coming upon him

"Car'liny," and his voice seemed strangely husky. "Car'liny, you an' I hev been burdens nigh onto twenty years and yesterday we were foolish 'nough to 'quarrel 'bout pathy. Comin' home from Ridgeway I got to thinkin' it all over; an' I kin see now where I was wrong. Fact is I've been too independent lately-I needed the lesson ye taught me last night. Life's an up-hill road an it's best to lean on one 'nother when we come to the rough places. I want to ask you to bury the hatchet-will ye do it ?"

Innovation in Methodist Church.

And Mrs. Page answered seriously: I

Toronto, Sept. 29th.-There was an innovation in the Methodist Church service at Sherbourne street church to-day. Male and female members of the choir appeared in black gowns like university professors, with ollars and ties. The women had no hats, but wore black velvet bows in their hair. The congregation is wealthy, and the gowns are intended to put an end to any distinction in dress and prevent rivalry among the ladies. The congregation is highly

A Big Quarters Worth is always found in a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the best household liniment known. It iline, the best household liniment known. If cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, sickstomach, in fact it is good for everything a liniment ought to be good for. Mothers find it the safest thing to rub on their children for sore throat, cold on the chest, aprains and bruises. Never be without Polson's Nerviline. It will cure the pains and aches of the entire family and relieve a vast amount of suffering every year.

puts in the lips of the dying King Arthur; "Pray for my soul. More things are wroughs by prayer
Than this world dreams of; wherefore les that not work drawn of the wheterore lee thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of Both for themselves and those who call them

For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God." Unimpeachable. If you were to see the unequalled volume of unimpeachable testimony in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla, you would upbraid yourself for so long delaying to take this effective alterative and tonic medicine for that blood disease from which you are suffering. It eradicates scrofula and all other humors and cures their inward and outward effects. If you were to see the unequalled v

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