

## For The Xmas Trade

CHOICE FRUITS AND CONFECTIONERY AT LOWEST PRICES

Sweet Jamaica Oranges 15 cents doz. up.  
Finest Green Grapes 18 cents lb.  
Best Table Layer Raisins 16 cents lb.  
Valencia Layer Raisins, 3 lbs. for 25 cents  
Nuts, Figs Dates, etc. fresh and cheap.

Extra fine line of Perrins, Webbs and Moir's Chocolates in Fancy Boxes.

SEE OUR SPECIAL LINES OF CHINA

Decorated Dinner Sets \$6.00 to \$15.00  
Tea Sets 2.75 to 7.00  
China Fruit Dishes, Special 18 cents

Christmas Tree Decorations

J. E. LLOYD GRANVILLE STREET

## Stoves 1908 Stoves



The Queen still leads. We have it! Also Hall Stoves in all the latest patterns; parlor and heating stoves for coal or wood at lowest prices.

Kitchen Cooks and Ranges.

Hot Air Furnace Heating and Plumbing a specialty.

## R. Allen Crowe

### MAGAZINES FOR 1908 AT LOW PRICES.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE SNAPS WE ARE OFFERING IN MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS. YOU CAN TRUST YOUR BUSINESS WITH US FEELING ASSURED YOU'LL GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

REGULAR PRICE. OUR PRICE	REGULAR PRICE. OUR PRICE
The Century.....\$4.00	McClure's.....\$1.50
St. Nicholas (new sub.).. 3.00	New Ideas......50
.....7.00	Pearson's.....1.50
Review of Reviews.....\$3.00	.....\$3.50
McClure's.....1.50	Woman's Home Comp'n \$1.00
St. Nicholas (new).....3.00	Review of Reviews.....3.00
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St. Nicholas (new).....\$3.00	of St. Nicholas (new)
Delimitor.....1.00	Success Magazine.....1.00
Everybody's.....1.50	.....\$3.00
World's Work.....3.50	.....\$5.00
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I shall be pleased to forward you my Catalogue of other Clubbing offers, if you wish the same.

Atlee's Drug and Stationery Store, PHONE 31  
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

### The Manufacturers Life in 1907 A Comparison Showing Remarkable Progress.

ITEM	1906	1907	INCREASE
Net Premium Income	\$1,847,286.06	\$2,011,073.53	\$164,687.47
Interest and Rents	326,630.96	420,982.81	94,351.85
Total Income	2,193,519.19	2,433,114.15	239,594.96
Assets	8,472,371.52	9,459,230.69	986,859.17

Insurance in Force Dec. 31, 1907--\$51,237,157.00

No other Canadian Company has ever equalled this record at the same age

O. P. GOUCHER General Agent, Western Nova Scotia.  
OFFICE—MIDDLETON, N. S.

The E. R. Machum Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.  
MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

## Advertise in the Monitor

## ORIGINAL STORY

Written for the Monitor Sentinel Prize Competition

### A Daughter of France

(By "Lynne Reede.")  
A chill wind was blowing up from the sea. In the west the dull November sky was banked with heavy masses of crimson with, here and there, a streak of gold like the gleam of a burnished sword in a sea of blood. The river, dark and swollen, flecked here and there with masses of yellow foam, was running like a mill-race, swiftly out to the open sea. The night was coming on apace and gave promise of being a stormy one. Within the chateau of Count de Robeval the lights shone brightly. The countenance of his haughty owner was sufficed with proud triumph as his eye rested on the sealed package that had just come by special messenger from the gay court of Francis the First.

He might well be pleased; for this document gave to the proud nobleman the vicereignty of a vast region in North America, or, as it was then called, "The New World," with unlimited powers for colonization and trade. Surely this seemed a brilliant prospect for one whose love of ruling and haughty overbearing temper had won for him the title of "Le Petit Roi De Viteau."

He was not alone in this sumptuous apartment. Beside the open fire in a low frontless seat a tall, queenly girl, his niece, who glanced quickly from time to time at the precious document which he was now reading for the second time with every appearance of the liveliest satisfaction. This done with a proud smile he handed it to his niece.

Magdalen Robeval was the only child and betrothed of a younger brother, who, dying some ten years before, had left his little daughter to the tyrannical upbringing of her imperious uncle.

To Robeval, harsh and overbearing as he sometimes was, she was as a daughter. All the love of his cold, proud heart was centered in her; and she repaid this love with a filial devotion, although at times her gentle womanliness shrank from some notion of his which instinct told her would have more than one eligible offer. He hoped by feeding her ambition, and by careful planning, to induce her to make a brilliant match. But his hopes in this direction were doomed to disappointment, for Magdalen had already given her heart to a young lieutenant in the navy, who, although of an illustrious family was yet but a younger son with his own way to make in the world with such help as might be afforded by a modest patrimony and high connections.

For the rest he was a brave and resourceful young officer, who had, on more than one occasion, received honorable mention for valor. That Robeval could be induced to regard this suitor with a favorable eye was out of the question. For two generations there had existed a deadly feud between the families of Robeval and St. Cyr, and there was no doubt that powerful influences would be exerted from both sides to prevent their union.

But the young couple were not to be deterred by frowning relatives. With the aid of her old nurse, the willful maid arranged a secret meeting with her lover; and their plans were made. Magdalen was to spend the Christmas holidays with a party of young friends at the home of her aunt, so she determined to make use of her annual liberty.

On Christmas Eve, dark and stormy as it was, with her old nurse as sole witness, Magdalen Robeval and Louis St. Cyr were secretly married. After the holidays Magdalen returned to her uncle's house, and St. Cyr to his vessel.

Robeval now announced his intention of forming a colony in his new dominions. For this purpose he chartered three vessels.—The Grey Swan, The Petrel, and The Ulrida—and set about collecting supplies and articles for his intended trade with the Indians who were wont to barter their almost priceless furs for a handful of colored glass beads or common articles of brass or tin, and gaily colored cloth. His next care was to induce emigrants to cast their fortunes in with him.

Many were the hardy souls who volunteered to share his enterprise and ere the return of spring all was

in readiness for the journey.

Magdalen, to her secret consternation, was ordered to prepare to accompany her uncle and, although openly rebellious, was forced to comply with his wishes, leaving a message to be delivered to her husband on his return.

On the first day of March the convoy set sail for the New World. Two days later St. Cyr's vessel sailed into port and his wife's message was delivered to him.

He at once resigned his commission in the Navy and, turning all his worldly possessions into money, with which he procured the necessary outfit together with a few luxuries, he took passage on a small trading vessel, "The Bon Ami," intending to join his bride in the colony, and, in the course of a month, was following in the wake of Robeval to the chilly Northland.

With favorable winds all went well with Robeval and his companions. They had nearly reached the St. Lawrence. Here they met with adverse winds, which enforced a week's delay. Robeval fumed and fretted, but it was of no avail. It was during this period that the news of his niece's marriage was brought to him.

Robeval was furious, and at once determined on a fearful punishment for the girl and her companion, who had dared to defy his authority and disregard his wishes.

About half a league from the spot where his vessels were anchored was a small group of uninhabited islands whose dark, forbidding coast had gained for them from the superstitious sailors the title of "Demon Islands."

To one of these islands, therefore, by his orders, Magdalen and her old nurse were secretly conveyed together with a supply of provisions and necessaries. There, without a word of farewell, he left the delicately nurtured girl who until now had been to him as a daughter.

That night taking advantage of a favorable wind, he sailed away. For a while the double bereavement was almost more than Magdalen could bear. But the absolute necessity of forming some kind of a shelter for themselves at length roused the two women to action.

With the aid of an axe and a spade, which had been left them by Robeval, a small dugout was formed, with sides and roof of brush and leaves, before the door of which they decided to keep a fire constantly burning, as well for a protection from wild animals, as to serve as a beacon to attract any passing vessel to their rescue.

Every morning eager eyes scanned the wild waste of waters for the sight of a sail, only to meet with disappointment. And every night, ere darkness fell, their straining eyes were fixed on the distant horizon all in vain.

One wild night, as darkness gathered o'er a stormy sky, the keen eyes of Magdalen descried far off the white glint of a sail. At once the beacon fire was heaped with brush and leaves and all night mid drenching rain the two women worked untiringly to feed the feeble flame, which, in spite of all their endeavors, at length went out. Their dry beds of leaves had been burnt and at length in despair, completely exhausted, they flung themselves down on the wet floor of their hut.

The morning dawned clear and bright overhead but with a heavy wind, and the sea, running mountain high, rolled its foam-crowned waves far up the rocky beach.

The vessel they had sighted the night before was helplessly drifting toward the breakers. Her mast had gone by the board and she herself was a wreck. The seamen, hoping to outride the storm, had cast anchor but these offered but slight resistance to the force of wind and wave. So in spite of all their efforts the destruction of their staunch little craft seemed almost inevitable.

The rocky nature of the shore on which the vessel was drifting made it highly improbable that a small boat could live to reach the shore, and none but the strongest swimmers could hope to live amid that boiling surf.

Breathlessly Magdalen and her companion watched the approach of the doomed vessel which, alas, they were powerless to aid.

At length there came a succession of heavy seas and the gallant little vessel was swept by a terrific drift-wood, came hastening to her destruction. The ship was on the rocks!

A cry of despair from those on board came o'er the waters and mingled with the wail of the helpless watchers on shore as the vessel began to break up.



Don't believe pneumonia can be cured by rubbing liniment or oil on the sore spot. The disease cannot be reached in that way. It must be driven out of the system. Only Dr. King will do this quickly. 25 cents, at druggists or mail. S. C. W. & Co., Toronto.

The sailors flung themselves into the sea and attempted to swim ashore. Only a furlong; yet man after man was pounded to death on those terrible rocks. The hungry waves would not be cheated of their prey.

At last but one strong swimmer remained to buffet with the waters. He had been the last to leave the remnant of a vessel, as he was also the first of a wave somewhat higher than the rest, he was carried over the deadly rocks on which so many had perished, and was flung bleeding and senseless on the shore. The two women at once rushed forward and dragged him up out of reach of the treacherous waters, and immediately began to exercise all their art to revive him. Wiping away the blood from his face, what was Magdalen's surprise and thankfulness to recognize the features of her beloved husband. The labor of the two women was shortly rewarded and St. Cyr, who had been merely stunned, opened his eyes and recognized his wife.

His joy was unbounded and there on the beach they knelt down and thanked God for His mercy in restoring them to each other in their time of need.

Their next duty was to see if any of the others had been washed ashore. Only two bodies were found and these were so cut and battered as to make it impossible that any could remain and later be shrouded in the sand and, with a single prayer, the bodies were committed to their last resting place. Magdalen and her companion now led the way back to the hut to obtain the rest and refreshment of which they all stood so much in need.

From the wreck, St. Cyr gathered a large quantity of provisions. Pieces of planking, boards, boxes, sails, cloth, and everything that could be of use to them was carried out of reach of the water.

His next task was to build a small hut that would offer sufficient shelter and a modicum of comfort for themselves and their stores during the severe winter.

Here they lived, if not in luxury, at least happily, till the coming of the next spring.

In the meantime how fared it with Robeval? His three vessels reached their destination in safety but it was soon found to be a most inhospitable shore. The virgin forest, which clothed the land almost to the water's edge, was ever a shield to their deadly enemies, the Indians, and the marshy meadows were soon found to be the hot-beds of malaria. One by one the little colony began to succumb to one or the other of their deadly foes. The setting in of winter but the bitter cold proved equally disastrous in many cases, especially among the women and children of the little community, and all were homesick with longing for their homes in the sunny land of France, and, as spring drew near, clamored loudly to return.

Robeval and a few friends strenuously held out against this move and soon the whole camp was in open mutiny.

Obtaining by force what they could not obtain peaceably, they possessed themselves of the necessary stores and proceeded to fit one of the vessels for sea.

Meanwhile Magdalen on her little island was passing through the deep waters of affliction. With the advent of winter a little son had come to share her love and claim her care. Her old nurse, who hitherto had been her faithful servant and companion, succumbed a victim to malignant fever after a short but painful illness.

To her little son, therefore, Magdalen turned for companionship and consolation. He, in spite of the rigorous winter, grew and thrived, and during the sometimes long absences of St. Cyr when hunting or otherwise providing for the necessities of life, she found some companionship and solace in the presence of her baby.

But a greater evil was yet in store. While cutting firewood, St. Cyr had the misfortune to meet with a terrible accident. A tree, falling at an unexpected angle, pinned him to the earth. Magdalen, who from her doorway had witnessed the accident, at once flew to his assistance and by her almost superhuman exertions succeeded in extricating him from his pitiable position. Three of his ribs

were broken and his lungs so injured that it was evident to both that his last day's work was done.

Magdalen now took upon herself the task of provider and soon became quite an adept in the use of her husband's arquebus, and many a denizen of the forest had cause to rue her skill.

Nor was she behind-hand in the use of the axe. The free out-of-door life, added to a naturally vigorous constitution, had made her a splendid specimen of womanhood. During the fine weather, Magdalen devoted her spare time to gathering piles of wood for use when storms without and cares within should make it almost impossible for her to venture forth.

It was while engaged in this occupation that she spied one of the vessels of Robeval's command, The Petrel, skimming gracefully as some white-winged bird over the dark waters.

At once she sped to the signal fire, leaping on leaves, brush and everything at hand to swell the volume of flame.

To her unbounded delight a small boat was let down from the side of the vessel and the occupants began to row rapidly towards the shore. She at once communicated the joyful tidings to her husband. But his fervent thanksgiving was more for her sake than his own. Too well he knew his own days were numbered, but life might yet hold much for her across the deep blue sea.

Pitifully, tender hands raised St. Cyr and carried him to the boat. Magdalen following with her child. One last look at the grave of her faithful companion, and then for France and home.

Every comfort the ship afforded was freely accorded the dying man, whom many of them remembered as a brave and gallant officer.

But who can stay the hand of death? Ere two days had passed Magdalen was a widow.

Of Robeval there is little more to tell. Disappointed in his schemes for colonization, ruined financially, broken in health and spirit, and racked with remorse, he at length set sail for home, accompanied by the remnant of his followers.

As they neared the island on which he had left Magdalen and her companion, he gave orders for a boat to take him ashore. Alone, he walked up the beaten footpath. Midway, his eyes fell on the rough wooden cross that marked the lonely grave. Robeval buried his face in his hands with a groan of despair. Was this to be the end of his search? With faltering steps he passed on to the hut which gave little evidence of recent occupation. The rude door hung half off its hinges and the floor and woodwork were flecked with moss. A few dilapidated cooking utensils, red with rust, hung upon the wall or littered the floor. Slowly, as one who has lost all hope, Robeval turned away, and in silence was rowed back to the ship.

From that day Robeval was a changed man. His step lost its elasticity, he seemed to have aged years in a single day. No longer was his voice raised in harsh upbraidings. He became as silent as he had once been overbearing.

On his arrival in France he heard the news of his niece's return and bereavement. Humbled and repentant his first thought was to go to her and beg her forgiveness. Magdalen forgave him, but dismissed him from her presence.

"I forgive you," she said, "cruelly as you have wronged me, because, under heaven, your inhuman conduct was the means of prolonging my husband's life. But hereafter our paths must lie apart. Never again will I sit by your fireside or eat from your table. The very sight of you is torture to me, and recalls all the horror and suffering, and loss, that I have endured. If you are in need I will gladly afford you a pension for the remainder of your life, but more I cannot do."

"I have enough, more than enough," cried Robeval, in a voice choked with emotion. "I have at best but a few short years of misery, and it matters little where my last days are spent. My conscience is heavy with guilt and my heart is broken. Farewell, my daughter! That God's blessing may rest on you and yours will be my dying prayer. Farewell!"

And thus he passed from her life. His days were ended in a monastery which he had enriched with the remnant of his fortunes, for Magdalen had utterly refused to accept anything from his hands, either for herself or for her little boy.

Indeed her own fortune more than sufficed for their simple needs and already a tidy sum was accumulating for the use of young Louis, when he should come of age.

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER AND SALT RHUMUS.

The intense itching characteristic of these ailments is almost instantly allayed by Chamberlain's Salve. Many severe cases have been cured by it. For sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

### AN OBJECT LESSON IN PAYING YOUR DEBTS.

Mr. Brown keeps a boarding house. Around the table sits his wife, Mrs. Brown, the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. Black, the boarder, Mr. Jordan, the carpenter, Mr. Hauley, the seed and lumber merchant.

Mr. Brown took \$10 out of his pocketbook and handed it to Mrs. Brown with the remark that there was \$10 toward the \$20 he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying: "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews in turn gave it to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hauley requesting his receipt bill for lumber. Mr. Hauley gave it back to Mr. Brown, saying: "That pays \$10 on my board." Mr. Brown passed it to Mrs. Brown, saying he had now paid her the \$20 he had promised her. She in turn paid Mr. Black to settle her pastry and bread account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hauley, asking for the amount of his four bill. Mr. Hauley again remarked that it settled for his month's board, whereupon Mr. Brown put it in his pocket remarking that he hadn't supposed a greenback would go so far.

But suppose Mrs. Brown had sent to a mail order house for a new bonnet, then that \$10 would have gone out and never come back.

There is a moral to this: Spend your money with home merchants.

HOW ONE DOCTOR SUCCESSFULLY TREATS PNEUMONIA.

"In treating pneumonia," says Dr. W. J. Smith, of Sanders, Ala., "the only remedy I use for the lungs is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. While, of course, I would treat other symptoms with different medicines, I have used this remedy many times in my medical practice and have not failed to find a case where it has not controlled the trouble. I have used it myself, as has also my wife for coughs and colds repeatedly, and I never willingly and cheerfully recommend it as superior to any other cough remedy to my knowledge."

For sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

There is a school-teacher out in Tecumseh, Kansas, who goes to school every morning and through all the routine of teaching, but has no pupil. In July she signed a contract, with the School Board to teach the school for five months at \$40 a month. At that time there were about fifteen children in the district. October 5th, when the teacher went to the building, not a child appeared. In the three months from the time she signed the contract every child had moved from the district and the parents had arranged to send them to city schools. In the meantime the teacher has all the time for reading or studying. The School Board, which is required to furnish heat and janitor service, has asked if there is not a way to clear the school and stop the payment of the money, but E. T. Fairchild, State Superintendent, has ruled there is no way except by a compromise.

Repeat it—"Skillo's Cure will all ways cure my coughs and colds."

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