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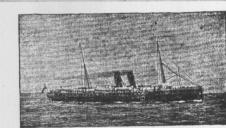
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Poetry.

Where Love is there God is Also. Is love in thy heart? Then God is there,
For God is love.
Keep love in thy heart, let not love depart;
If love aye be there, thou need'st not despair,
For God is love.

Is love in thy home? Then God is there,
For God is love.
Keep love in thy home, O! let it not roam;
If true love be there 'tis no lion's lair,
For God is love. Keep love in thy heart, keep love in thy

For God is love.

If love leave thy heart, thy God will depart;
If love leave thy home, thy God will be gone,
For He is love. Keep love in our home, keep love

Thou God of love. Satan seeketh each hour, whom he may devour, Love shieldeth each heart from his poisoned dart, And Thou art love.

The Pitiful Battle of Creeds.

'Tis said that the banner of peace is furled Most often o'er faiths and creeds, And that fully one-half of the wars of the world, Are neither for rights nor needs, right, Or to help some sectarian cause And I think we must seem to the Father of

Like babies who fight over straws. For what matters the faith which we privately hold,
Or the heaven we specially crave,
When our brethren all 'round us are hungry and cold,
With bodies and souls to save?
And who will it trouble, life's journey once

By which of the numerous roads Ve traveled in order to gain the same sho If we carried the "little ones" loads? If we helped all our neighbors, encouraged

the sad,
And tried to be faithful and good,
If we loved all the fallen, made weary hearts glad,
And did just the best that we could?
For the Master preached "loving," not
valor or might,
And I think that His tender heart bleeds or His children, who, hearth work, fight
In the pitiful battle of creeds.

— Exchange.

Select Ziterature.

A Little Vacation.

"I don't suppose she has ever really been o Lake George or Saratoga." "What makes you think that?" "Because she is always talking about those places. I'm deadly tired of her.

The last speaker took off a sailor hat and beautiful!" began to fan herself with some vigor. She glanced from the tail of her eye toward a then. young man who was spinning along the with a swift and ridiculous change from enue on a bicycle. This young man was now in front of the piazza. He did not slacken his speed, but the corner of the next cottage. He came

he snatched off his hat as he went by, execut- forward with his hat in his hand and Boy, ing a very good bow, considering the pace at the collie, directly went to his side and refor a moment; and in that moment several five miles before you appeared again," re-

men, women and boys went by, all on bicyc- marked Miss Willows. les, for the place was Cottage City, and the time was summer; and Cottage City rounding ocean, and its tempting Gulf charms." Stream, than it could go on without its con-

"Curious that his mamma let him go out, isn't it?" at length asked Miss Willows, In fact, Janet Gould had a genius for silwho was still fanning herself, a little height- ence. She had a way of sitting without ened color on her tanned face. The other girl turned toward her com-

are you talking of, anyway?" know it.

"The young man—the model son—the Miss Willows looking at her at such times, with it.

sponse," don't have it. As for me, I'm | cause of cleverness in others. Anyway she

I suppose"—thoughtfully--"that they can't tarry smell or the salt water smell?"

she pulled down a little lower a few locks of straw hat on the back of his head; his legs miles from everywhere." her hair from under the hat so that they were extended, and he was gazing intently Janet rose and walked out of the car should lie on her forehead.

"I do think," she said at last, "that Mrs. Newcomb was real good to let her son bath to-day?" he suddenly asked. ride this morning. She must be asleep, or or her smelling bottle, or I don't know what, us, and I'm sure I should have remembered or even to listen to what she says about it if she had mentioned it." hovering about his mother so."

"You mean if he hovers about you." bring her a pail of salt water."

The young man rose. Miss Willows put one hand up to her face and yawned deep and long. Her companion, Janet Gould by name, gazed at her with serious intentness. Then she looked out on the avenue again where were people walking and bicycling and dogs and children carcooling, and where the sun was baking the concrete which diffused a "1 go where duty calls me." stimulating odor all over the island; that is,

Miss Willows turned toward the girl calm- She swung it in her hand, ly reposing in the chair behind her.

"I didn't know you were such an idiot,"

day and inhaled the air. These people said that they supposed that it would be impos-sible, even though they tried as hard as ever they could, to have diphtheria while they were at the Vineyard. It was the concrete, they said. Anyway, it was the healthiest place in the world; and the Gulf Stream-But at this point Janet Gould's thoughts began to go far afield, and she immediately tried to rouse herself. She took her watch from her belt and looked at it. It was exactly ten o'clock. It would not be time to

go in bathing before eleven at the earliest. She had been sitting in the deep rattan rocker for more than an hour, and she should think it was a whole day since she and Marian Willows came out of the breakfast-room and established themselves in the back part of the wide veranda.

But Miss Gould was glad the time seemed so long; she wished each day would stretch on to the length of a week. She did not care how long she stayed away from Chilli If the wind is only right we shall do it splen down that she might think. cothe and from teaching school. She knew she ought to love to teach those little children; she always felt that she was not really a was standing before her, and the dog was a womanly woman because she did not love her work. But it was just heavenly to was standing before her, and the dog was tanding before her, and the dog was ta ren and to know that she need not try to in-still an idea for days and days. It did take "All right; I'm so glad," was the reply. still an idea for days and days. It did take so much out of her to try to instill ideas.

the least how many teachers died in the attempt to make children learn all they ought to know, and at the same time have the fact that they were learning pleasantly disguised that is—we—but—"

to know, and at the same time have the fact that is—we—but—"

the extreme meagreness of that knowledge. In fact, the story that the place was named thands. It was a little, rough, hard hands. that they were learning pleasantly disguised city. This murmur consisted of the sound of human voices on all the piazzas, of the

occasional joyful yap of a dog; for the place splendidly, Mr. Newcomb."
is a very paradise for dogs. One of these The young man continued to He paused by Miss Willows and interro- his face. gatively wagged his tail, looking up at her as he did so. But the girl did not appear to comb explained that Wilding was a friend had sloped down somewhat, or was it the at least tomorrow. notice him; so he moved on, and suddenly of his with no end of money; he had come natural rounding of the earth's surface, the "Have it jes' as you like," was the answer, Janet felt the touch of something cold and down in his yacht, and he had told Newcomb | world being a ball? at the side of her chair. She jumped, uttered an exclamation, then held out her hand

"Why, Boy, is that you? I thought you were on your wheel -I mean, I thought you were with your master, who is on his wheel." The yellow collie swung his tail again and licothe. What am I that I should go out in then sat down near the girl's chair.

A little shrill laugh came from Miss Wil-"Yes," she said, "here we sit; the men still effervescing when she and Marion Wilare on their wheels, or they are yachting, or lows, in white suits and sailor hats, went on they are fishing; and we are grateful if a dog comes along and does not snub us. For said, that they were rich girls, and that my part, I'm tired of it." She stretched up her arm and yawned

"Do you ? You must be naturally stupid languor to animation, as a young man in a

mained close to him. The two girls gazed after him in silence "I thought you were going to ride twenty

The young man sat down near her. "So I was," he said; "but I saw you two could, perhaps, better do without its sur- ladies here, and my bike instantly lost its Miss Willows laughed gaily. Newcomb

speaking, as if this speechlessness were a sort of pose; and it made people look at her and wonder about her; particularly did it

lows?" No, I don't want any more fried how-how suggestive, or something, she ground beneath the wind. Janet held her

asponse, don't have it. As for me, I'm going to continue to east it. When a girl lives in Chillicothe, she doesn't have much chance at salt-water food, generally speaking. I've felt my brain growing a lot since I've been at the Vineyard."

"Have you? I'm glad to hear it. But fish doesn't nourish brain any more I suppose you know that."

"Doesn'ti? No, I didn't know it. But it's no matter. Was that Mr. Newcomb who went by on his wheel?"

"Yes, I can't understand why you shouldn't openly acknowledge that you saw him."

"I do openly acknowledge that you saw selty made some remark about the exhibit. I recognized the knickers. But I really don't know"—plaintively—"why you should be so touchy just because Oliver Newcomb went by on his wheel. There's a lot of men have believely the latest the latest the latest the latest the latest the latest than the latest the latest that the latest that the latest the latest the latest the latest than the latest th

As he spoke Newcomb had rather a vague expression upon his countenance. His face Janet roused herself from her reverie resist the concrete. Sometimes I feel as if I | expression upon his countenance. His face couldn't resist it myself. Which do you was thin and delicate, and he had that kind like better"—with sudden animation—"the of eyes which can look pleading and pathetic tion between two men who were standing his tail. She held out her hands to him. when there seemed no occasion for supplica- outside. But Miss Willows did not think it neces- tion or pathos. Perhaps it was Newcomb's sary to make any reply to this question. She | eyes that made it so easy for him to awaken

at the toes of his canvas shoes. "Is my mother going to take a salt water she would want him near; for he might have to bring her handkerchief, or her eyeglasses; tell us at breakfast. She usually does tell the moor. She said aloud as she strolled on

ever come to such a plebeian spot as Cottage
City. I wish she had chosen some other. I
"No," said Janet Gould from the rear, City. I wish she had chosen some other. I believe I really could become interested in "Mrs. Newcomb informed me that she didn't that man person if he didn't look so silly sleep well last night, and she was going to ly enough. The little song sparrows were try to get a nap. She asked me to tell you, Mr. Newcomb, if you came back in time, to

> It was at this moment that Miss Willows ardently wished for the second time that she

In a moment the two girls saw Newcomb t was universally acknowledged to be a sauntering down the path with a large buck-

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1900.

she remarked. " As how?" still calmly. "As to tell that man that his mother wanted salt water." "But she did want it."

ation at this response. She rose and flounced | what she left Nantucket town for. toward the house door. She paused there

hour and helped kill it."

at the same time she was sure that she ought to get speech with her. He said that it was necessary that she as if she were hedged about by what he had ed aloud, after which she closed her eyes and appeared to go asleep. She was awakened There were the sky and the moor, and there well. Then she felt her face growing hot

of a dream: didly."

The girl opened her eyes. Mr. Newcomb be so many hundred miles from those child- own that she had been asleep. "I shall be ber to have heard of any one's being lost on was a voice in a dream that she heard.

It seemed to her that people did not care in Wilding is awfully particular about people's swiftly on the wind. being prompt." "O, I shall be sure to be ready. I'm cer-

Here Janet stopped and blushed and laugh-Miss Gould shut her eyes and listened to ed. Newcomb laughed with her. He seem could remember, and that slight reminis "Hullo! I say, can't ye speak, nor nothin'?" the low, pleasant murmur of the miniature city. This murmur consisted of the sound "It's no use" exlaimed the girl, at last; She would look up Nantucket the very mo. "Is it morning, or is it the night after toof human voices on all the piazzas, of the muffled, rapid, peculiar noise of rubber know who Wilding is, and I've been sound haps she would never be back there; perhaps "Tain't mornin', 'n' tain't ter-morter,"

bound tires over the hard paths; of the asleep, and I only heard you say you reck- she would starve and die here, and the spar- was the answer; "it's jest this evenin'; sharper sound of children's voices, and the oned on my going, and that we should do it rows would cover her with leaves. is a very paradise for dogs. One of these animals was now stepping on to the piazza.

The young man continued to look so gay she laughed quite boisterously.

It is a very paradise for dogs. One of these animals was now stepping on to the piazza.

The young man continued to look so gay she laughed quite boisterously.

Of course the train had gone long ago, and ous laugh. She held on tightly to the small his face.

They both laughed again. Then Neweven if it had not, it made no difference to tough hand.
her, for she could not find it. The land "You're min

wet and soft on her hand, which hung down to ask some young folks to go over to Nan-"He said to be sure and ask some nice | blow. It almost seemed as if she would be | ful that you've found me." girls," said Newcomb with a meaning glance.
"So you began with me," returned Miss

taken up bodily and carried somewhere.

Perhaps she would be carried to S'conset He had disengaged his hand from her grasp Gould. "How good you are! You almost make me forget those school children in Chil." and get there as soon as the train. All these and had thrust it into his pocket. He suppositions she made aloud, for she liked whistled two or three notes before he said:

> was alone. sumptuous pleasure boats were merely a

matter of course with them. Certainly it was great fun, as they assert-"Tired? Oh, I think it's beautiful— ed to each other at odd moments throughout the trip; and it continued to be fun after they had all landed. But Janet, being often I-oh, is that you, Mr. Newcomb?" of a pensive turn, and liking frequently to take her pleasure in a sad kind of a way, in the wilds of Nantucket. proposed privately to Miss Willows that they try a trip in the Nantucket Railway cars. They would go up to S'conset, and could come back again long before "The everywhere. If she could only see one now Lark" would spread her wings for the re-

turn trip, which was to be made by starlight. But Miss Willows would have none of a get somewhere. journey like that. She said that she was not often so lucky as to be in the lap of luxury, and she was bound to make the most of

her opportunity. So it happened that Janet was alone when she took her seat in the train. The company glanced at the other girl, who smiled lazily had separated a while after landing at the wharf in the town, so that the girl's movements were not observed. She sat very quietly, gazing about her from the open car, and not feeling any premonition, as heroines are so likely to feel, that she was and wonder about her; particularly did it only conscious that she was very happy.

"Let him go out?" she repeated, "what have this effect with men; but she did not The warm south-west wind swept through the car, bringing full breaths of saltness

a way his eyes had.

very grave.

somewhere on these moors. She gazed every

where, but she could see no living thing say

over her knees. She sat thus a long time

ought to walk, and she had walked so much

Something ran out of the fog up to her

your master?"

she was tired; and she was getting dis-

person who has the honor to sit at the table with us, and ask three times a day, "Will you have some more fried fish, Miss Wil- keep on liking her. If she had any idea of that land where grass lay over almost on the the sum who is and halted along over the great stretch of flat land where grass lay over almost on the three trains and pumped and bounced and halted along over the great stretch of flat land where grass lay over almost on the three trains and pumped and bounced and halted along over the great stretch of flat land where grass lay over almost on the trains and pumped and bounced and halted along over the great stretch of flat land where grass lay over almost on the trains and pumped and bounced and halted along over the great stretch of flat land where grass lay over almost on the trains are the sum when it is that it is the table with the sum when it is that it is th fish. I don't think I shall ever want any looks I should just hate her. I suppose she hat on with her hand, leaning forward tosh. I don't think I shall ever want any is one of those human beings who don't say ward the window, drinking eagerly the air "All right, then," was the placid re- bright things themselves, but who are the tended all around her. She called the coungoing to continue to eat it. When a girl makes others feel as if they were clever, try a moorland. She saw close by the rails

be so touchy just because Oliver Newcomb went by on his wheel. There's a lot of men been by on wheels within the last half hour.

In property the street of the street of

the least consequence.

Janet roused herself from her reverie enough to take in the sense of the conversa.

Solidently it had become dusk. It was a dog who suiffed at her, then began to wag his tail. She held out her hands to him.

"What is it this time?" "Oh, something about the engine, and put on her hat and took great care in the stabbing it through with her hat pin. Then stabbing it through with her hat pin. there's a warped rail ahead of us. We are in for it an hour at the very least, and five miles from everywhere."

Jamet's heart went down like lead. The She stood a moment, irresolutely, then she chose to wander off to her left. She took that direction became it was not toward the constant of the const

that direction because it was not toward the the dog. "I don't know," was the response, given sea, and for the womanish reason that apthat she had never before been in a place quite so different from Chillicothe. So she Lake George. I don't see why she should Miss Willows lowered her eyelids as she kept going on. The rough grass scraped through her thin stockings, the sand got in her shoes, the wind pressed her forward. It was delightful. She could not breathe deep continually poising upon tall grass heads and singing-ah, how they did sing! There was presently absolutely nothing visible any-

where but moor and sky, and one girl walking on the moor. Her last coherent thought had been that it must take a great while to fix an engine and to straighten out a bent rail. So she kept on. There is a great fascination in walking over a sandy beach or a large plain. Nothing marks your progress; there is a bewil-

dering sense of infinity. Janet Gould was aware only of an indefinstimulating odor by the people who came here every summer, and sat on piazzas all walked at his beels. O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER.

(BANDULPH'S BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

She began to think of cosy rooms, lighted, and with people in them. She had been in

uch rooms; but she had not been particu-"Of all the things I ever did," she said larly thankful at the time. The sun must have set. It would be a She did not know how long she had been long night. She was glad of even the light

NO. 31.

aloud again, "this is the best."

going on, and she did not hear the rattling sourf which she had brought on her arm, of the train when at last it started. Indeed, But it seemed very thin now. Her lips being a dreamy person, given to fits of ab. were wet and salt. sent-mindedness, it had already begun to "Ah!" she sighed again; "if I were only a The other uttered an inarticulate exclams seem to her that this might easily have been heroine!" she was so chilly that she did not

dare to sit still too long. "It does seem as She looked up at the pale, hot sky. She if the dog might have stayed!" and said sharply:

"If you had held your tongue, Janet Gould, as you do most of the time, mother's know in the least why, but all at once she call Mr. Newcomb's face. He had been tellown boy might have stopped here for half an asked heself if she knew where she was, and ing her how impossible it had been for him

by hearing a man's voice saying, as if a part of a dream:

were the song sparrows, and there was the girl—though she did not notice that latter

After this a great deal of time passed, dur-"I quite reckon on your going, Miss Gould. fact. She drew her white skirt up and sat which Janet wondered about and thought of her school in Chillicothe, and of hew there What puzzled her extremely was that she would be two or three people miss her and could not tell in which direction to turn to who would be sorry for a long time-per-

Nantucket. Of course she wasn't really loss, only temporarily mislaid. Here she cried. "We mean to be off sharp at nine. And laughed, the sound of the laugh going off Janet sprang up. She felt drenched with swiftly on the wind.

She tried to recall her geographical knowstretched out her arms. Yes, of course she

ledge of the island, and she was shocked at had been dreaming. because "Nancy took it" was about all she that clasped hers, and now the voice said: "Oh, yes, I can speak," she responded.

that's all 'tis. "Leaves of what?" she asked, and then It was a boy's voice, and Janet could dim-

"You're mistaken." she cried, gayly, "it's

to ask some young folks to go over to Nan-tucket the next day, on board "The Lark." She walked about a little more, holding the hat in her hand. How the wind did "only take me somewhere. It's just beauti-

to hear the sound of her own voice now she |-"She kinder talked's if she'd been lost." "Yes," she answered briskly. "I came Janet's spirits were bubbling up. And they kept on bubbling all day; and were there is a south-west gale sweeping over two days. I wish you'd take me somewhere Nantucket. When the rest of the world is now as quick as you can. panting and perspiring, people on this hap

> When Janet believed that it was time for take you in fast enough. Come on. the sun to set, though it was not setting, The boy moved, and Janet sprang quickshe looked at her watch, and found that it ly to his side. She took hold of his arm. was only an hour and a half since she had She explained to him that she was afraid he left the cars.
>
> But a great deal may happen in an hour and a half. In that time she, Janet Gould, wanted to lith that she might hold him if she wanted to. He knew women didn't have

> had left civilization and been swallowed up much sense, anyway. She mounted a little hillock and gazed sharply all about her. She thought there was in the room and the woman there had ought to be boys here. There were boys wrapped a heavy shawl about her. "The land !" cried this woman; "so you've she would follow him-follow him to that be'n stragglin' round in the fields, have ye?

"utmost purple rim," for then she should But 'tain't late." She glanced at the clock, which marked a As these words of the poet came in what quarter to eight. Janet also looked at the

blushed a little, and she blushed because she "I suppose it's to-morrow night," said the emembered the expression there had been girl. in Mr. Newcomb's eyes that day when he | Here the boy, who stood staring steadily had stood with her at the bows of "The at her gave a grunt. His mother stared Lark" and quoted Tennyson. But, of also. course, he did not mean anything. It was "No," she said; "I rather guess it's to-

Yes, there certainly ought to be a boy (Concluded on fourth page.) Are You Going South birds. She sat down and clasped her hands

the wind sweeping over her. She became From the New England States? The sun was getting down toward the The Best Route to Travel is from That was west, of course. But she could Boston to Norfolk, Virginia, not succeed in calculating which way she

Merchants' and Miners' Steamers. Marion Willows knew she had started for S'conset. But if anybody went to S'conset | The most elegantly fitted boats, finest

NEWS OF THE WORLD. "Do stay!" she exclaimed; "and where is A petition asking for the reduction of let-"Do stay!" she exclaimed; "and where is rour master?"

The animal sniffed again, wagged his tail presentation to United States Congress.

he dcg.
"How much company he'd be!" she said.
Demmark demmads \$7,000,000 and the United States offers only \$6,000,000. It is believed that the definite American offer will be laid before the Danish Parliament in November. Winston Churchill, the London newspaper correspondent, has probably made a better thing out of the Transvaal war than almost anytoody else. He has drawn a larger salary than has ever been heard of before for a war correspondent. He has accepted an offer of £10,000 to lecture in America. His book will probably have a large sale. He has made a journalistic reputation that is worth a big income, he has gained a position as a public man, and he has earned a seat in parliament. Winston Churchill, the London news

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Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, acting manager.
Liverpool, N.S.—E. R. Mulhall, manager.
New Glasgow, N. S.—R. C. Wright, North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazee, Sherbrooke, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, St. Peter's, C. B.—C. A. Gray, acting nanager.
Sydney, C. B.—H. W. Jubien, manager,
Sydney Mines, C.B.—C. W. Frazee, acting manager.
Wolfville, N. S.—J. D. Leavitt, manager.

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