

Professional Cards.

J. M. CRAW, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Real Estate Agent, etc.

JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC.

DR. F. S. ANDERSON, Graduate of the University Maryland.

DR. V. D. SOHAFFNER, Graduate of the University Maryland.

FRED W. HARRIS, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc.

James Primrose, D. D. S., Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Greenville streets.

J. B. WHITMAN, Land Surveyor, ROUND HILL, N. S.

N. E. CHUTE, Licensed Auctioneer, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, Incorporated 1858.

AGENCIES—Annapolis, N. S.—E. D. Arnold, manager.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S. E. L. THORNE, General Manager.

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Weekly Monitor

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901. NO. 26

If You Are A Business Man

You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer.

Weekly Monitor Job Department

is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully.

WE PRINT

- Billboards, Letterheads, Statements, Memoranda, Envelopes, Post Cards, Dodgers, Posters, Booklets, Books, Visiting Cards, Business Cards,

or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.

FLOUR and FEED DEPOT

In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Huron, Pride of Huron, Glengarrin, Campana, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose and Goodrich.

In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moulie, Bran, Corn Feed and Oats.

Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockery-ware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

SHAFNER & PICCOTT.

Reputation Not Character. "Sir," he said to the manager of the store, "I want to warn you against that clerk at the ribbon counter."

"King" Shoe For comfort, style and perfect workmanship these Shoes are the standard of the Twentieth Century production.

W. A. KINNEY. Everything you need

Examination Supplies

Central Book Store

B. J. ELDERKIN. TO LET

The Brick House belonging to the estate of late Robt. E. P. Randolph.

Wanted Old brass Andirons, Cast-iron Stoves, Trays and Chimney old Kitchen Furnaces.

Poetry.

I leave to God, to-morrow's where and how, And do concern myself but with the now.

Like one blindfolded, groping out his way, I will not try to touch beyond to-day.

That done, the next! and so on, 'till I find Perchance some day I am no longer blind.

As I pursue my daily tasks, Upstairs and down stairs, in and out,

Upstairs and down stairs, in and out, Each room I visit in its proper train.

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The Beaumanoir Ghosts.

The family of Fungus-Smythe was settled in—ah, Mr. Smythe had made a fortune in business.

"The butler was hung for murdering him, and they say that both are seen," threw in one of the housemaids.

"No, in the room at the end of the great corridor," Mr. Smythe said.

"You're surely not afraid, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Jacks, starting up.

"No, I'm not afraid. I dare say it's rate, but I object to rats. I object to all noises at night, and I do, thank God, sleep in the mill in Lunenburg to Beaumanoir in B-shire.

"You're surely not afraid, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Jacks, starting up.

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Select Literature.

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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

"I was that frightened, partly with the sight of the ghosts and partly with the following of Mr. Bance," said the boy.

"I was not frightened," said the coachman; "but I was, but I—I have my master's interests at heart, and I know there is no one else competent to drive Sir Tony and my lady home—and it is a long way, sir, and Brown Ross does stumble, and needs a light hand."

"All at once Mr. Bance's face grew livid and his great jaw dropped."

"There they are again!" he gasped, and looked hastily behind him to see that the coast was clear that he might make another bolt.

"Stay and do not be such a coward. Where are the ghosts?"

"There! There, sir, looking over your shoulder!"

Mr. Smythe turned and saw Aunt Eliza and Jane standing in the rear. Impelled by their curiosity they had followed to see the end. Aunt Eliza still wore the gray worsted comforter about her throat.

"The corridor was filled with members of the family, the visitors, servants in various costumes, hastily extemporized, most with candles, all with ruffled heads, and wide-extended eyes, and a singular dearth of bloom in their cheeks. All were clamoring to know what was the matter. Had burglars broken into the house? Had any threats been uttered? What ails that! Whose jewelry? Had fire broken out? Where were the fire engines and ladders?"

Mr. Smythe's face was ashy. "Nothing but nightmare," was his explanation. He shut the door of the Haunted Room and drove Aunt Eliza and her niece into their chamber.

"By degrees the alarmed assembly dispersed."

Next morning Mr. Fungus-Smythe was radiant. "Nothing could have been better," he said. "It was the climax to the ball—the ghosts. All old families have hereditary ghosts. We have a double name as well as the ghosts."

In the darkness, terror became more intense, and the screams and howling continued and swelled in volume. Presently a door opened and Mr. Smythe emerged hastily wrapped about in a dressing gown, and holding a light.

"What the deuce is the matter?" he inquired.

He found Aunt Eliza and his niece, Jane, cowering like frightened birds about the passage, unable in the pitch darkness to find their door.

"Oh, uncle, we have seen the ghosts!" "Oh, James, I see both of them! O, horror! O, horror! O, horror!"

Now other doors began to unclose, and heads were thrust forth and inquiries made as to the cause of the uproar.

Piercing shrieks and the howling as if of a bull resounded through the corridor and instantaneously both lights were extinguished.

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Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

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ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powder are the greatest enemies to health of the present day.

Loss of Appetite is commonly gradual; one dish after another is set aside till few remain. These are not eaten with much relish, and are often so light as not to afford much nourishment.

Loss of appetite is one of the first indications that the system is running down, and there is nothing else so good for it as Hood's Sarsaparilla—the best of all tonics.

Accept no substitute for Hood's.

Christianity is not a drill; it is life, full, free, radiant and rejoicing. What a young man should do to get the most out of his imperfect body, to fix his mind on the bright image of perfection; not to worry his soul with rules, but to live with Christ as one lives with a friend.

There is one way to complete manhood, and that is, fellowship with Jesus Christ.—Jas. Macfarlane.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

KODAK SAFETY FILM

The way a five-year-old girl spelled "TWO" P-O-S-E