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UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, Incorporated 1850.

Capital Authorized, \$1,500,000. Capital Paid-up, \$505,000.

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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1901. VOL. 29. NO. 24.

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. Nothing but good stock is used.

WE PRINT

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

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FLOUR and FEED DEPOT

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

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

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

Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHAFNER & PIGGOTT.

My assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers cannot be surpassed in the valley.

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

W. A. KINNEY, Examination Supplies Everything you need

Central Book Store B. J. ELDERKIN.

Poetry.

God made our lives to be a song, Sweet as the music of the spheres That still their harmonies prolong For him who rightly hears.

The heavens and the earth do play Upon us as if we be in tune; Whence shouldst thou have thy melody, And tender, sweet pipes tune.

But oftentimes the song's a pain And discord mars our harmonies; Ourselves are snared by selfish strain, And harsh hands break upon our keys.

But God meant music; and we may, If we will keep our lives in tune. Hear the whole year sing roundelay, December answering June.

God ever at his keyboard plays— Harmonies right and discord wrong: "He that hath ears," and who hears, May ever hear the mystic song.

The Two Armes.

At life's shelling column posts, two mar- shall'd hosts are seen— The two armies on the trumpet shores, that Death flows back between.

One marches to the drum-beat roll, and And hears upon a crimson scroll—"Our glory is in the blood."

One moves in silence by the stream, with And yet what silent eyes; Calm as the patient planet's gleam, that walks the shadowed skies.

Along its front no sabres shine, no blood- dyed panes are seen; Its banners bear the single line—"No blood is to be slain."

For those—no death-bed's lingering shade; At home with kindled brow and lifted blade In glory's arms they lift the sword, for those who bleed the blood of life—no strife, no battle—no strife.

The bloodless warriors, who by night, and whose answers "Here am I!"

For those, the sculptor's laureled bust, the builder's marble piles; The southern pealing of their drums through long cathedral aisles.

Two paths lead upward from below, and angle with each other; One counts each burning life-drop's flow, while the other's chosen warriors wait till all their souls are shown.

Love's path is the straight line through the gate, to sit beside the throne! O. W. Holmes.

Select Literature.

Stupid Jabe Horton.

Jabe Horton was lying under a maple tree behind the evergreen hedge that bordered his father's farm.

He was gazing at the fine peach orchard before him, with laden with ripening fruit. It was the only peach orchard in Centerville, and he was proud of it.

At the moment when he was gazing at the peach orchard, a man in a suit of clothes, who he knew to be Mr. Horton, came up to him.

"What's that you're looking at?" asked Mr. Horton.

"I'm looking at your peach orchard," answered Jabe.

"That's a fine peach orchard," said Mr. Horton.

"Yes, it is," answered Jabe.

"I'm glad to see it," said Mr. Horton.

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right, Jabe. Don't forget that. I know your doing your best, an' God'll bless you, my son!" Jabe was in a measure comforted.

"Jabe," said his father, later, "I wish you'd burn that brush beyond the south meadow this afternoon. It'll come, too, as soon as I can, and help you."

It was a warm day for brush burning, but Jabe worked faithfully. About four o'clock his mother brought him a lunch and a pitcher of cool lemonade.

"Set right on that log, ma, an' rest. You've worked good to yer boy!" said Jabe gratefully. "Mrs. Horton leaned herself with her big sunbonnet, but soon she began plucking brush to make the flames leap higher. The snapping and cracking of the dry branches at the fire shot through them was made to her."

"Don't get too near, ma, the wind is pretty strong an' the sparks might fly on ye." Mrs. Horton leaned herself with her big sunbonnet, but soon she began plucking brush to make the flames leap higher.

Jabe was standing on the opposite side of the fire, shooting the partially burned sticks farther up into the flames. When he stepped back he was horrified to see that the bottom of his mother's dress was a bluish-grey color, as though it had been scorched.

"Ma! Ma! Yer dress is afire." She started quickly, but in the depths of her sunbonnet, did not at once discover the burning. "I don't see any fire," she said nervously. "I guess not—where's it?"

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O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER.

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 ly Lessons From the Senate.

It is useless to conceal the fact that the census returns have been read with general disappointment by our people. It is true that increase in population is not the greatest benefit that can come to a country.

From Sunday to Sunday the sky had been thick with a fall of snow. Every flake that fell in the big stack had been driven to this rocky shore by the wind coming up the river out of the east.

There was full fifty feet of snow in the deep pit, which, under a slender crust, lay light and dry as a heap of feathers. On the far side the trees stood to their boughs in the drift.

The great gloomy cavern under the canopy of the forest was choked with snow. McVeigh picked up a fallen branch of dead pine as he came to the head, then cautiously stepped out upon the dome like top of the great drift.

"Hold there! Stop careful, now," said he, as I came running after him, frightened at the near sound of the wolves. "Ye might get 'er ears if ye broke in here," said McVeigh, and, as he spoke, he thrust the long rod of timber down into the heap of snow.

"See there!" he continued; "the weight of 'er finger sends it down out of 'er sight." "Then they made for us, jumpin' clear every mornin' they made. There was a fall of six feet at the edge of the pit an' they jumped in a bunch. The big heap of snow trembled when they hit it, an' they mark as if it had been water.

"We got to camp as quickly as our legs would take us, and told how we wallowed the winter. The boys listened with much interest, but not a man would believe us if it had been water. We heard a snore from an' seen the splinters of 'er arm by an' the white snow over 'er. Then it stirred on the break like a hallow, an' 'er, praise God! it was still." That is the end of the camp.

Warm Weather Diet. It is astonishing, said a physician to their writer, how little thought the people give to their food in relation to various seasons of the year.

Dr. Newman Hall taught himself extreme speaking by practicing daily for a whole year, ten minutes a day, locking his door, opening the Bible at random, and delivering an address on whatever text happened to catch his eye.

Dr. Cabanah of the International medical congress detailed his experience with large doses of olive oil in cases of severe gastric distress. In his first case the young man had suffered from an injury in the gastric region, and it seemed probable that a slow had resulted. The pain on eating was so great as to make him avoid food.

A man of cheapness, of efficiency, and of promptitude, is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Kidney and Bladder Remedy. It goes right to the root of the trouble.

Kind lady—Here's a dinner pour man; I can only give you a nickel—can you change it? "Blind Beggar—No, bless yer; here's yer nickel, kind lady; now promise me yer won't go to bed with that bargain sale an' spend it foolishly."

God hides some ideas in every soul. As some there in our life we see a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of action in the hidden impulse to do our best.—Robert Collyer.



Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum.

There is no premium on adjectives in advertising

REDUCTIONS

People say it is "good Tea." That's enough.