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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Meekln



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

to Mary Ann in a grudging way :

that would go to town to work for her."

don't you go yourself, Mary Ann?"

"What do you mean ?" asked Mary Ann.

er say so often. Miss Anson only has you

She signed the papers you know."

other day when you would be eighteen."

"Then I can work when I please?"

you. She's getting old. She'll not get any-

one to do as you have done. And no wages

Mary Ann made no reply, but her eyes

other girl would have run away from

"What !" she exclaimed sharply.

turned to the open window-

Miss Anson, without turning her head.

gathered together her few possessions and

made them into a neat bundle. Then she

and fresh. The birds were twittering and

Mary Ann.

ing such a question.

you are eighteen !"

excitedly.

VOL. 29.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

- - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1901.

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You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the

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Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, n. S

we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five now, and neither of them can be spared. In Flour we have in stock Pive Roses, The Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

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St. Peter's, C. B.-C. A. Gray, acting marked at the very lowest figure. When they select one of the boys they will

St. Peter's, C. B.—C. A. Gray,
St. Peter's, C. B.—C. A. Gray,
St. Peter's, C. B.—C. A. Gray,
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convince you that you can save your purchases of footwear.

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ment of the affairs of the business houses will select a boy in whom they have confidence. not select him for his ability to swear, use slang, smoke cigarettes or tap a beer keg. CORKESPONDENTS.—
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The sease men may have a few of these habits
themselves but they are looking for boys
who are as near gentlemen in every sense of
the word as they can find, and they are able
to give the character of every boy in the
standard of the Twentieth Century These men may have a few of these habits next door to the Post Office, will son why they do not want him, but the boy can depend upon it that he has been rated according to his behavior. Boys cannot afnoney and get perfect satisfaction ford to adopt the habits and conversation of the loafers and rowdies, if they ever want to be called to responsible positions."

The London Free Press strikes the nail on

the head in the following: "When we see

often wonder if they know the business men

(Practical Christianity.)

The Salvation Army is now operating in different countries and colonies with a lane leading to Miss Anson's back door. She staff of 13,465 officers in 7,616 corps or

They preach Salvation in 31 different languages, publish 59 periodicals in 22 different nguages, putting out 1,064,116 copies every issue. Their social institutions num-609, employing 1,703 officers, beside 591 men and women holding no rank. ually 3,946,532 beds and 6,136,732 meals.

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the only neuralgia remedy that has never failed to cure even the worst cases, and it will surely cure you. Five times the strength of other remedies, it penetrates the tissues, and drives out the pain instantly. Quick relief, sure cure; large bottles 25c.

Poetry.

The Murmur of a Waterfall.

- BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL The murmur of a waterfall A mile away, The rustle when a robin lights

- The rustle when a robin lights
 Upon a spray,
 The lapping of a lowland stream
 On dripping boughs,
 The sound of grazing from a herd
 Of gentle cows.
 The echo from the wooded hill
 Of cuckoo's call,
 The quiver through the meadow grass
 At enening fall:
 Two subtle are these harmonies
 For pen and rule; For pen and rule; Such music is not understood
- But when the brain is overwrought It hath a spell,
 Beyond all human skill and power
 To make it well.
- The memory of a kindly word
- The memory of a kindly word
 For long gone by.
 The fragrance of a fading flower
 sent lovingly,
 The gleaming of a sudden smile
 Or sudden tear,
 The warmer pressure of the hand,
 The tone of cheer,
 The hush that means "I cannot speak,
 But I have heard!"
 The note that only bears a verse
- But I have heard!"

 The note that only bears a verse
 From God's own Word:—

 Such tiny things we hardly count
 As ministry;
 The givers deeming they have shown
 Scant sympathy;

 But when the heart is overwrought,
 On who can tell

Oh, who can tell The power of such tiny things to make it well?

Miss Anson's Bound Girl.

Select Ziterature.

(By Emily S. Windsor, in "The Standard.") The baskets of freshly gathered berries was very heavy. Mary Ann shifted it to her eft arm, and stepped farther in on the side of the road, for a rattle of wheels and a cloud of dust announced the coming toward her of some vehicle. As the latter come stylish cart, driven by a pretty young wonan in a pink muslin gown. She reined in her horse sharply as she drew near. Mary Ann was walking on, but turned as a clear, vibrant voice called out, "Stop a moment,

The occupant of the cart leaned out. The pink flowers on her white straw hat swaved in the breeze. An odor of mignonette reached Mary Ann, and as she moved closer to shone and her cheeks were pink. the cart in answer to the call her eyes fell Lucy looked at her curiously. "She's a on a cluster of the blossom fastened on the tosom of the pink gown. "Can you tell me of any girl who would Mias Anson long ago." But they had come

Mary Ann was too much astonished to an- and Mary Ann was left alone. She was in a swer readily. During all the summer the fever of excitement. To think that she had folded her arms about him, breathing words and what he was to do, and he understood been the objects of her profoundest admira- other girls around, and had not known it ; that he could not understand why folks were that they couldn't have understood; but we beings from another world. Had kept her more incessantly at work than

The lady repeated her question, adding an "Perhaps one of the Dill girls would." "Where do they live ?"

Mary Ann pointed in an easterly direc-"Oh, those girls! I have been there. No, there are only two of them at home Can't you think of someone else ?" Mary Ann reflected an instant. "I don't believe there is anyone else," she said. "I want a girl to assist my housemaid.

well: \$3 a week." "Oh !" said Mary Ann. Three dollars a week ! The Dill girls had told her that they could earn a lot of money in the city, but she had not thought it would be so much as that. She had never had so much at one time in her life. The

lady noticed the eager expression on the "Perhaps," she said with a sudden thought "you would come. Though you do look very young," glancing up and down the girl's slender form, and at the thin, eager young face. "How old are you?" Mary Ann shook her head. "Oh, I am

I belong to Miss Anson. I am her bound girl. She's had me since my folks all died when I was nine years old." "O, I see. Well, if you should know of a

her to come to me. They will tell her at "And I was eighteen in April." the hotel where I live-Mrs. John Carlton.' Miss Anson sat up suddenly. "It's true," she said. "You are not bound now." "Yes, I will." "I am going away tomorrow. Don't for-Mary Ann was surprised. She had ex-

The girl looked after her till the cart disappeared around a bend in the road. She went on her way with a sigh. The mounting sun warned her that it was getting late. Miss Anson would be waiting for the berries. The time for blackberries was nearly past, fore she could find the quantity necessary for the completion of Miss Anson's jelley. standard of the Twentieth Century when a boy applies for one of these places

This quickened her steps. The basket seen ed heavier. She felt strangely tired, and there was a vague feeling of discontent in her heart. A vision of the dainty pink figure in the cart with its flower crowned had floated before her eyes. She looked down with sudden disgust at her own scanty, fad ed cotton gown. She gave her battered old straw hat a vicious pull. With \$3 a week, she thought, one could have a nice gown, and perhaps a hat with flowers on it. short turn in the lane brought her to the

to Mary Ann the lady drove on.

had expected a sharp reprimand for having been so long, and she was not disappointed Her explanation of the scarcity of the ber ries was received with a sniff of incredulity "I suppose you stopped to talk on the "I didn't see anyone to talk to, but-' began Mary Ann, and paused.

"But who ?" asked Miss Anson, sharply "One of the ladies from down at the hotel She put down the pan and looked around at "What on earth did she want to talk to you for ?" she asked.
"She wanted to know if I could tell her of

was still a long distance to the village. The "Humph! It's a pity those lazy city women didn't have to do their own work. Now

stone on which she had taken a seat was fore the partition would be gone.
under a large elm. The girl leaned her head "It come to me, while we we

bring me the sugar—and look lively. We've against its trunk and closed her eyes. How there lookin' at the hole up near the roof got to get this jelly, done up."

Mary Ann was kept busy till late in the afternoon. Then Miss Anson, the jelly being finished, and the kitchen put into immaoulate order, declared that she was 'all least out.' She such extensively into a company of the state of the country better. She had never been to the immaoulate order, declared that she was 'all country better. She had never been to the offy but once—a long time ago—with Miss of the country better. She remained how bettend dusty agong the mount of the country better. She had never been to the offy but once—a long time ago—with Miss of the country better. She remained how bettend dusty agong the mount of the country better. The more points at the hote up near the roof where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place the might yet a might be might yet and the might was a long time to the country better. She had never been to the office where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where Tommy was, that if I was in his place where

She rose with a groan. "I declare, I'm the greatest care—and she had been sick so that tired! I'll have to go and lie down. long, too. Who would take care of Miss "We just put a Mind that you are back in time to make Anson if she were sick ? And she did not climbed to the little shelf that runs round seem very well now, for lately she had to the buildin' above the windows, and then

for in write. She gave Mary Ann a nod quickly away-but not in the direction of a ladder. The ventilator was only about leave home this year. I'd like to go," add- down in a chair. She looked at Mary Ann got to the place where we could go down. ed Lucy, regretfully, for they say that she's with a strange expression. "I suppose you

"And she pays three dollars a week," said aid slowly. Lucy turned to her suddenly. "Why her hand and went over to Miss Anson. Mary Ann, surprised at her companion ask- about the money. I'd rather stay here, clapper, and dragged out a long plank, and 'But you don't have to stay with her after mean of me to think I'd go, and-"

Here Mary Ann broke out crying. the girl down beside her. "Didn't you know that? I've heard moth-"Don't," she said. "I'm glad that you are till you are of age. You can do as you please then. Mother knows all about it. myself. But it's not right—I see that. I'll hundred years, I guess. Father was on the not let you work so hard again. And about other side of the buildin' and didn't see me. All I have will be yours when I am gone. done it.

"I was eighneen last April. Oh, Lucy, are you sure of it ?" exclaimed Mary Ann, "Of course I am. Every one around here There, don't cry so-it will be a long time since last night. You've been faithful Mary Ann. I am going to have Joe Williams "Of course you can. I wouldn't stay with come every day to attend to the garden, and crazy over. Now let us have breakfast." Though I don't see what she will do without

> The Heroism of Benjamin Broad. (David H. Talmage, in "Wellspring.")

queer little thing," she thought. "Any One day, with almost bewildering suddenness, Benjamin Broad became a hero. No comfortin' to him to feel that he was goin' one was particularly surprised but himself. to the place where their ways separated, village had been free all these months! Free like the of praise and sprinkling tears upon his jacket, me. Some kids would have been so rattled usual. Well, it would all be over now. She would go to that lady in town. She would not have to work so hard, and she would not have to work so hard, and she would his feet awkwardly and twisted his fingers save him.

Miss Anson was sitting in the kitchen, and was very uncomfortable. knitting, when Mary Ann got home. The girl said nothing, but went to work and prepared supper as usual. When the meal was ting again. Instead, she folded it away and leaned back listlessly in her rocking chair. such a commotion she might have noticed how white and worn her mistress looked, and herhaps have wondered to see her sitting with clasped hands, for Miss Anson achievement. He had a very hazy notion of about the holes. All this fuse makes me

was no given to sitting idle. When Mary Ann had finished her usual evening work she came down and stood before Miss Anson. She was trembling a little

Thereupon Benjamin Broad delivered his blade of grass. and her face was flushed. "I'm going to own and only account of the circumstance town to live," she said. "I'm going tomorwhich had brought him into the fierce light of public notice, while a conscienceless gen-Miss Anson looked at her in amazement. on the other side of the hedge. "It was they went away together; I don't know "I'm going to town to work for that lady. this way," said Benjamin. "The man who where." Lucy Dill told me that I'm not bound now, bought the old schoolhouse fixed it up into I'm eighteen, and I'm free. And you never told me, Miss Anson, and you've been so hard on me. It was mean-mean. I can get three dollars a week and I can be like and come pretty near burnin' up a lot of it, too." other girls." The girl's voice had been on people. The fire caught in the second story, the verge of trembling, but became firm beand it was burnin' reg'larly hot before any Benjamin was greatly interested. Miss Anson said nothing, only stared at If you had told me," the girl went on.

one discovered it. I guess I was one of the very sound for some reason or other, and the pected an outburst of anger. Miss Anson sank back in her chair again, with her face "I'm going in the morning," said Mary "The work is not hard, and I-"You may go when you please," said

hustled so hard that I stuck my foot clean I had to walk, for I didn't have any money. through the seat of 'em, and those trousers It was night when I got to the town where are in the rag bag now. Then I called to he was stayin'. There was a buildin' burnin', father and skipped out. It was broad moon- and I hung round the outskirts of the crowd, light. Hardly any one else was stirrin'. watchin'. people standin' round, moanin' and groanin' boy's face,-appear at a little window up and wringin' their hands, when they ought near the roof of the buildin'. The flames next morning. After dressing herself she to be ringin' a bell. They were all women were lickin' the very edge of it. I thought and children. The men were away workin' he was doomed, and I prayed-prayed for went softly down stairs. She had decided on a railway grade somewhere. Nobody the first time in many years—that he might seemed to think of sendin' in an alarm; and be saved. I promised the Lord that I'd do see Mrs. Carlton at the hotel before that the flames were shootin' out of the windows, my duty to the boy if He'd only save him; and the black smoke was rollin' up into the sky in great clouds.

Ann caught a glimpse of her mistress's face looking wan and haggard in the early morning light, her gray hair straggling around it self: 'There! she's come away and forgot over the pillow. She hastened out of the to bring the baby.' That's the way it house. There had been showers of rain durpens in stories, you know; and I felt a kind of crawly feelin' in my hair, and there was ing the night which had made the air crisp a lump in my throat, and my heart thumped numberless sweet odors floated about. Mary like a bass drum. But it wasn't the baby Ann walked along with a feeling of exhilaration. She was free. She could do as she an orphan, you know; that is, his mother's wished. She was no longer Miss Anson's dead and his father's a drunkard, nobody knowin' where he is; and these people had pleased. But presently Mary Ann's thoughts took him to board, the town payin for it. strangely turned to Miss Anson. How sick It was a sort of a new thing. He'd only and worn she had looked in her sleep that been boardin' with 'em a day or two, and 'twasn't very strange that they didn't think morning. Yes, she was getting old. Who of him when they got out. He was sleepin' to feel tired. She was hungry, too. She in the closet where the janitor used to keep wondered if Miss Anson had gotten up yet. the brooms and things-remember? The She would find it hard to come down and ges only outside window in it was a little hole her own breakfast, for she always seemed Tommy was a goner. The room into which Mary Ann sat down to rest awhile, for it the door of the closet opened was roarin' with fire. It wouldn't be many minutes be

NO. 22

beat out.' She sank exhaustedly into a Anson. She remembered how hot and dusty death any more than other folks do. I chair by the open doorway, and fanned here it was, and how the pavements had made thought of a lot of things while we were self with her apron a few moments. Then, her feet ache, and good it seemed to get back standin' there. The golden rule kept runnoing searchingly around the room, said to Miss Anson's neat house and cool, shady nin' through my head like seventeen race garden. Yes, she remembered that time horses. I remembered the time when we well, for it was just after that that she had to Mary Ann in a grudging way:

"I guess there's nothing more to do today.

You may take Mrs. Bell her shawl that she left here the other evening.

"I guess there's nothing more to do today.

Well, for it was just after that that she had been sick so grade doubt to the root and took the variety wan't a good to her then, and she had been sick so grade doubt do it. "We just put a plank up on the steps and

muffins for supper."

Mary had performed her errand and was returning home, when she was overtaken by Lucy Dill. As the two girls were walking morning.

seem very well now, for lately she had to Mary had performed her errand and was returning home, when she was overtaken by an in April. But she had looked so sick that purpose and nobody but the boys knew they were there. They didn't show. It was just whiried past. This time the lady was a vis- Mary Ann and an addenly and walked as easy to climb up that way as it was with the village. She walked so fast that she three feet to one side of the line of holes, and "Do you know her ?" asked Lucy curious- got back to Miss Anson's at but a little later I figured I could work over on the eavethan her usual hour for rising. She set to spout, and let Tommy hang on to my legs "No, but she was talking to me this morn- work and worked so well that she had an while he was gettin' through the hole. Then ing. Thought perhaps I would know a girl unusually nice breakfast almost ready when he could walk along on the shelf that runs Miss Anson came down stairs. The latter above the upper windows same as it runs "She wanted one of us. But we can't came into the kitchen languidly and sank ahove the lower ones, holdin' to me till we

"It struck me I'd try it, anyway. A felare counting on going this afternoon?" she ler ought to be willin' to do as much to save another feller from bein' roasted to death as Mary Ann put down the dish she had in he'd do to steal the clapper out of a bell for fun. I'd have felt real guilty if I hadn't "I'm not going," she said. "I know I tried it. So I chased round to the lumber wouldn't like it in the city, and I don't care yard, just as we did when we hooked the Miss Anson-if-if you want me. It was Billy Stivers and Dick Kerne, who happened to come along just then, helped to carry it over and stand it up on the steps. The fire Miss Anson put out her hand and pulled bell rang just as I began to climb, and I heard a breakin' of glass above me. It was Tommy. He'd woke up and had smashed not going child. I suppose I have been too the glass out of the ventilator. 'Twas the hard on you. You know I've never spared first time that ventilator had been open in a

money-I made my will three years ago. If he had seen me, I don't suppose I'd have "When I got up to where I could get hold into full view Mary Ann saw that it was a knows about it. Mother was wondering the yet, I hope. I have done a lot of thinking of the eave spout, I stopped a minute to catch my breath. I could hear Tommy cryin'. I looked over to where he was, and called to him. He heard me in spite of the you can have time for those books you're so roarin' of the fire, and a look came into his face that was worth seein'. I can't tell you what kind of a look it was, but it made me eel that I was doin' somethin' worth while for the first time in my life; and what do you s'pose he said? It was awful funny. He said, 'Hello, Ben. When you get over here we'll both fall down together.' You see, he'd made up his mind to crawl out of

the ventilator and fall, and it was reg'larly to have company. He told his mother, when that gentle lady "I told him just what I was goin' to do, And Miss Anson had been so hard on her. making such a fuss. He was genuinely andid it just as I'd figured it out. The hook noyed. When people stopped him on the street, as they did for a time after the ex-

nervously and looked straight down his nose "That's all there was to it, except that the crowd cheered when we came down, and "It seems to me," Benjamin said one day, father danced round me as if he was half out with a suggestion of peevishness in his tone, of his wits. First he acted as if he was goin' "as if a feller couldn't do anything without to hug me, and then as if he was goin' to somebody's kickin' up a fuss about it." He shake the stuffin' out of me, but he didn's addressed the remark to Robert Smith, and do either; he just took hold of my collar Robert Smith grunted sympathetically. Rob- and held on tight. I s'pose he thought I'd ert had but just returned from a visit at his be doin' somethin' else if he let me go. The grandfather's, and was therefore not imbued crowd said-or some of 'em said-that they with the enthusiasm of those who had been expected to see me come crashin' down to present on the occasion of Benjamin's glorious my death ev'ry instant. They didn't know

"What did you do, anyway " he asked. Robert made no comment. He was lying upon his stomach, meditatively chewing a

"Do you know where Tommy is?" "Tommy's father happened to come after tleman with whiskers listened affectionately him the next day," said Benjamin, "and

"I know," said Robert. "Mr. Tirrel's nements instead of tearin' it down and been livin' in the town where I've been choppin' it up for kindlin', as he should have visitin'. I heard him tell the story you've done. One night the old thing got afire, been tellin' me, and he cried when he told

"How did you happen to hear him?"

"'Twas at a temp'rance meetin'," said first to see it. The schoolhouse was only a Robert. "I was there with grandfather and little way from our place, you know, and my window's on that side. I wasn't sleepin' aisle with Tommy hangin' to his hand. He light woke me up. I saw what was the last drop,' he said, and his voice was pretty matter in a minute, and I hustled into my trembly. 'I've touched my last drop. want this meetin' to witness what I say. He paused an instant, chuckling. "I went away one day last week to see my boy.

Another boy crawled up the side of the "Then all of a sudden I heard one of the buildin' like a fly, and brought him down. women give a screech, and I thought to my- I don't know how he did it. It was the

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O. T. DANIELS,

BARRISTER. NOTARY PUBLIC. Etc.

(RANDOLPH S BLOCK.) lead of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

most wonderful thing I ever saw. The sight then, and the folks crowded forward and shook his hand."

looking at the sky very thoughtfully. Presently he looked down again at his chum lying in the grass.

"It's pretty good, ain't it, Bob?" he said.
"You bet!" said Robert. "Let's go

A Letter a Day.

(Martha Clark Rankin in "Congregationalist.") "It is thirty years since I left home to enter college," said a Boston professional woman the other day, "and since then I have never been with my parents except for a few weeks at a time. Yet there has never been a day of absence when I have not writried I have been, or how wretchedly I have felt, I have always managed to get off some sort of a letter every day, and the writing has been just as much a part of my using

regime as bathing or dressing."
When, thirty years before, the father and mother in a pleasant Maine home had sud-denly discovered that their brilliant daughter could not lenger be satisfied to remain with them, the blow was at first an over whelming one. They tried to console each other by saying that four years would soon be gone; but in their hearts both felt that the college course was the beginning of a career, and that the happy home life of the

life, you dearest dears," said the affection girl, who loved her parents and would gladly have stayed with them were it not that power she had not strength to resist compelled her to go. She felt that her unusual talent was a sacred trust for which she must give an account, and it would be wrong to it, so she said a regretful good-bye to her

As the days passed and every one brought a welcome letter, telling so fully and naturally of all the new experiences that the parents sometimes felt that they had just ente not so dreary as they had feared. The letters generally came late in the afternoon. and the reading and re-reading, with talking over of the various items, and the writing in return, gave occupation for the send a letter each day, but they never failed to receive one, and its regular arrival was

the bright spot in their lives. The four years slipped away, as years have to see their daughter graduate they felt al-ready acquainted with the classmates and friends, with the faculty and the whole college life, and the three never-to-be-forgotten days were filled with delightful experiences. As the parents' fears were res the daughter found in Boston a field of wide informed of all that she was doing and plan days were filled to overflowing, yet she some which to talk with the dear parents about Europe; they have met many distinguished

the road to success and usefulness. grow more and more precious. The mother reading them till she knows them by heart : carried up to the attic. The neighbor that the attic must be full of letters, for not

"A great waste of time and money," peg ple used to say at first, but as they have ealized the perfect union and intimacy which these letters have cemented between parenta treasured pile on the old desk with envious the boys and girls who have gone out from her home, and how the first news of changes

The Farmer's Sun the other day interviewed Benjamin D. Waldbrook of the Township of Trafalgar, in Halton County; who is deof the most complete links connecting the times." "The spring of 1866," he told a representative of the Sun, "was probably as the brilliant promise of early summer in that season was speedily followed by the blacka foot in depth, and from the first fall in June until the following spring, the earth emained under the covering of the wintry blanket. Absolutely nothing in the way of of crops rotting in the ground. What did was still full of stories of the horror of the year-long winter which had just passed

Australian Immigration.

The Australian Parliament is just now considering a law which will keep out not only the Chinese and Japanese, but the Doukho whose presence now is numerically enriching the population of Canada. The Australian law empowers officers of the Commonwealth to exclude new comers who cannot read and write sixty selected words in the English language and permits aliens who may have been snuggled in to be deported at any time within two years after their arrival in Aus-

Makes people better acquainted with their recorces of strength and endurance.

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