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

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, Incorporated 1856.

Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000 Capital Paid-up, - 900,000 Res., - 505,000

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

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Dartmouth, N. S. - I. W. Allen, acting manager. Digby, N. S. - J. E. Allen, manager.

Correspondents: London and Westminster Bank, London; Bank of Toronto and Branches; Upper Canada Bank of New Brunswick; St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants National Bank, Boston.

A. BENSON, UNDERTAKER and Funeral Director.

Cabinet Work also attended to. Warehouses at J. H. HICKS & Co's Factory.

TRY BLACK CROW, No. 251, Quick Shave Ask your Grocer.

WANTED Old brass Andrew, Cambridge, Tryps and Buffers, etc. Halcyon, Portland, etc.

Free Syllabus and general information on application to KAULBACH & SCHURMAN, Proprietors.

Weekly Monitor

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1901. NO. 22

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,

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, Gleaner, Campana, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose and Genesee. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

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.

SHAFNER & PICCOTT.

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

SPRING FOOTWEAR!

My assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers cannot be surpassed in the valley. They particularly include a superior lot of Men's and Women's Tan Balm, which I have marked at the very lowest figure.

"King" Shoe

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

W. A. KINNEY.

THE SESSION - OF THE - 1901

Begin Sept. 3rd, 1901.

Poetry.

The Murmur of a Waterfall.

The murmur of a waterfall a mile away, The rattle when a robin lights on a bushy tree, The lapping of a brook stream on dripping boughs,

Select Literature.

Miss Anson's Bound Girl.

(By Emily S. Windsor, in "The Standard.")

The baskets of freshly gathered berries were heavy. Mary Ann shifted it to her left hand, and stepped forward on the side of the road, for a rattle of wheels and a cloud of dust announced the coming toward her of some vehicle.

The Heroism of Benjamin Broad.

(By David H. Talmage, in "The Volunteer.")

One day, with almost bewildering suddenness, Benjamin Broad became a hero. No one was particularly surprised by himself. He had done a lot of thinking about it since last night. You've been faithful Mary Ann. I am going to have Joe Williams come every day to attend to the garden, and I'll have a man to look after the house.

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A Letter to Davy.

(Written by Clark Rankin in "Congressionalist.")

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"I shall write to you every day of my life, you dearest dear," said the affectionate father, who loved her parents and would gladly have stayed with them were it not that a 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 hide it away without any effort to increase it, so she said a regretful good-bye to her happy childhood home.

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 entered into college themselves, the Maine home was not so dreary as they had feared. The letters generally came late in the afternoon, and the reading and re-reading, with the talking over of the various items, and the writing in return, gave occupation for the long evenings. The parents did not always send a letter each day, but they never failed to receive one, and his regular arrival was the bright spot in their lives.

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The Hot Weather Test. Makes people better acquainted with their resources of strength and endurance. The many find that they are not so well off as they thought and that they are easily overtaxed and depressed by the heat. What they need is the tonic effect of Hood's Serravallo's which strengthens the blood, promotes refreshing sleep, overcomes that tired feeling, creates appetite.

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"How did you happen to hear him?" Benjamin was greatly interested. "I was at a temporary meeting," said Robert. "I was there with grandfather and grandmother, and he went up the middle aisle with Tommy hanging to his hand. He never spoke for some reason or other, and he light woke me up. I saw what was the matter in a minute, and I hustled into my trousers."

"He named an instant, checking. 'I hustled so hard that I stuck my feet clean through the seat of 'em, and those trousers are in the rag bag now. Then I called to father and stepped out. It was broad moonlight. Hardly any one else was stirring. When I got to the schoolhouse I found the people standing round, moaning and groaning and wailing their heads, when they ought to be trying a ball. They were all women and children. The men were away working on a railway grade somewhere. Nobody seemed to think of sending in an alarm; and the flames were shooting out of the windows, and the black smoke was rolling up into the sky in great clouds."

"Then all of a sudden I heard one of the women give a scream, and I thought to myself: 'There she's come away and forgot to bring the baby.' That's the way it happens in stories, you know; and I felt a kind of creepy feeling in my hair, and there was a lump in my throat, and my heart thumped like a bass drum. But it wasn't the baby this time. It was Tommy Tirrel. Tommy's mother, you know, that is, his mother's name was Tirrel, and his father's a drunkard, nobody knows where he is; and these people had taken him to board, the town pays for it. It was a sort of a new thing. He'd only been a few days with us a day or two, and 'twasn't very strange that they didn't think of him when they got out. He was sleeping in the closet where the junior used to keep the brooms and things—remember! The only outside window in it was a little hole for ventilation. It looked a good deal as if Tommy was a gone. The room into which Mary Ann sat down to rest awhile, for she was tired. It wouldn't be many minutes before the partition would be gone.

"It comes to me, while we were standing against the trunk and closed her eyes. How quiet it was. It would not be so in the city, she thought. She wished that this Mrs. Carlton did not live in town. She liked the country better. She had never been to the city but once—a long time ago—with Miss Anson. She remembered how hot and dusty it was, and how the pavements had made her feet ache, and how it seemed to get back to Miss Anson's neat home and cool, shady garden. Yes, she remembered that time well, for it was just after that that she had the scarlet fever, and Miss Anson had been so kind to her, and had nursed her with the greatest care—and she had been sick so long, too. Who would take care of Miss Anson if she were sick? And she did not seem very well now, for lately she had been down in a chair for weeks. It was just as if she had not been so mean, and had told her in April. But she had looked so stock that morning.

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"Mary Ann put down the dish she had in her hand and went over to Miss Anson. "I'm not going," she said. "I know I wouldn't like it in the city, and I don't care about the money. I'd rather stay here, Miss Anson, but—will you want me? It was here Mary Ann broke out crying.

"What do you mean?" asked Mary Ann. "Didn't you know that I've heard much about you?" "Miss Anson only has you till you are of age. You can do as you please then. Mother knows all about it. She signed the papers for you."

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Mary Ann made no reply, but her eyes shone and her cheeks were pink. "Lucy looked at her curiously. 'She's a queer little thing,' she thought. 'Any girl would have run up her neck and taken Miss Anson long ago.' But they had come to the place where their ways separated, and Mary Ann was left alone. She was in a fever of excitement. To think that she was free! Some kids would have been so glad to be free that they would have run up their necks and taken her long ago. But she was not like that. She was a sensible girl, and she had had her share of work. She would not have to do that kind of work. She would have three dollars a week.

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

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Are you using ROYAL BAKING POWDER?



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