

Weekly

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1902.

NO. 26

VOL. 30.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office: in Annapolis, opposite Carleton gate
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
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Real Estate.

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JOHN ERVIN,
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OFFICE:
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Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
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Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance Agent.

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 1,000,000
Res't, - - - 642,660

Directors:
Wm. Robertson, Pres. - - - J. H. Borne, Vice-President.
John R. Bay, N. S. - - - W. Ryan, Manager.
Geo. Mitchell, M.P.P. - - - E. G. Smith, M.P.P.
A. J. Jones.

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

Collections solicited.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
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demand deposited.

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Interest at the rate of 4 to 6 per cent

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Barrington Passage - - - C. Robertson, manager.
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Cape Breton, N.S. - - - C. Robertson, manager.
Dartmouth, N.S. - - - J. P. L. Stewart, manager.
Digby, N.S. - - - E. Allen, manager.
Gloucester, N.S. - - - W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N.S. - - - W. L. Wright, manager.
Halifax, N.S. - - - C. W. Harvey, manager.
Kentville, N.S. - - - F. O. Robertson, manager.
Lawrencetown, N.S. - - - F. G. Blair, manager.

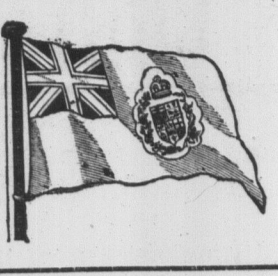
New Glasgow, N.S. - - - C. W. Wright, manager.
North Sydney, C.B. - - - W. Frasse, manager.
Port of Spain, Trinidad - - - A. DeRoche, manager.
Shelburne, N.S. - - - C. E. Jubler, manager.
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Sydney, C.B. - - - W. A. Williams, manager.
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Wooler, N.S. - - - A. F. Little, manager.
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London and Westminster Bank, London.
England; Bank of Toronto and Branches
Upper Canada; National Bank of Com-
merce, New York; Merchants' National
Bank, Boston; Royal Bank of Canada, St.
John's, N.B.; Royal Bank of Canada, St.
John's, N.B.

OYSTER AND LUNCH COUNTER
OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHEONS
SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on
half shell.
Cakes, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from
first-class bakery always on hand.

Monitor Job Printing Department.



Fine Job Printing.

C. L. PIGGOTT.

R. A. GROVE
Sanitary
Plumber
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Phone 21

Good Stock,
Neat Workmanship,
Up-to-Date Styles,
Prompt Execution,
Reasonable Prices,
Satisfaction to Patrons.

We Print
BILLHEADS,
LETTERHEADS,
NOTEHEADS,
MEMO FORMS,
STATEMENTS,
ENVELOPES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
FOLDERS,
BLOTTERS,
RECEIPT FORMS,
Trustees' Blanks,
Church Envelopes,
S. S. Library Cards,
LABELS,
POSTERS,
DODGERS,
CIRCULARS,
BOOKLETS,
PAMPHLETS,
APPEAL CASES,
LEGAL FORMS,
SPECIAL ORDERS.

THE JUDGE EXPECTED.
(By Hildegard Brooks in the Youth's Companion.)

Over the wall of pines that rimmed the farm the morning sky was brightening. The flames of the bonfire had subsided; the ruins had crashed together with showers of sparks. Under the live oaks gathered the Morris family and their nearest neighbors amid such household goods as had been saved from the burning.

The mother was weeping softly, not so much over the loss of the house, as because it had been her own; for her, Nicholas, must stay and raise the crops while the rest of the family returned to the north. She thought he was too young at eighteen to take care of himself.

"Well, I say, the negro, Ted, to cook for him, he would live like a savage she feared; and he would lose heart at being so much alone. Mr. Fouches sought to comfort the mother by expressing her intention of being neighborly to Nicholas."

Meanwhile, Mr. Morris gave Mr. Fouches his reasons for leaving the farm with perfect confidence to his son. Nicholas was energetic, he was intelligent, he had stood well at the agricultural college and he had plenty of practical training on the home farm. As for the boy, he was elated. To be left his own master a thousand miles from home, with land, milk, horse, barn, implements, seeds and a few hand under him was a delightful responsibility! He could not look with any sorrow on the ruins of his father's house. From those smoking ashes his independence had risen, like a phoenix with wide spread wings.

"Ted, from now on I'm your boss!" he called to the negro, with a mixture of respect and defiance. Ted, who had been raised in the kitchen, looked pleased. This Nicholas raised his gun above his head and waved it in the air. He greeted the rising sun with a whoop of joy.

"Get down that gun, my boy!" called his father. "You ought to be flourishing a hoe."

The gun below the hoe? This became the problem to Nicholas in the first weeks of independence. Every morning to them both lay in the kitchen, the choice to make between them.

Those who have handled both hoe and gun will agree that the gun is the more enticing. The hoe carries you out into the hot field to unweary toil that is likely to tire a back. The gun takes you through the glittering pine woods, and along brook hillsides where the broom-sedge waves, and down the dim branch bottoms where the magnolias grow, great and cool ever green. The hoe will promise you a corn harvest in the fall, perhaps; the gun will assure you a goodly amount of your supper, perhaps.

To tell the truth he had made rather a jolly life of his bachelorhood. His mother's fears for his good spirits were unfounded. "Get up!" he called to the small outhouse, which was now his dwelling, was to invite all the Fouches and their pretty visitor,

Flour and Feed Depot

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

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

C. L. PIGGOTT.

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Poetry.
OMNIPRESENCE.
"Nothing is created vainly," said my soul. All things that are
Have a deep significance meaning—
falling leaf or shooting star.
There is one whose tender love is fold-
ed in the folds that blow,
You must hear his holy footstep tread
His downy path on the snow,
His the stars light of heaven, and all that
lives and moves and is;
Even the heart-throbs in thy bosom
are the echoes of His voice.

WORK.
Let me do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In rooming market place or tranquil
home,
Let me find it in my heart to say
"What vain wish; my blessing not
my doom,
Of all who live I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the
right way."

Then I shall see it, not too great nor
small
To suit my spirit and to prove my
strength,
Then I shall cheerfully greet the labor-
ing hours,
And when the sun is setting
I shall thank the Lord for the day
that has been mine.

At evening, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for my own work
the best.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Select Literature.

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advise us down here on the never-
ending of farming. It is greatly to
our advantage that you have come
among us. We are sadly behind the
times as you must have already
noticed. I am myself a constant
experimenter on my plantation, and
his coughing-stock as any one
will tell you, of my conservative
neighbors. Would it trouble you too
much, before I could forget, to visit
your model little farm, to answer a
few of my more urgent questions?

Then followed inquiries as to the fer-
tilization of cotton and the cultivation
of corn. Many of these seemed to Nick-
olas rather elementary. The Judge's
style was so courteous, however, and
the respect on the whole so flattering
that Nick went well pleased to his
cabin, to answer the letter at once,
and to the next day he was ready.

As he wrote he began to grow un-
comfortable.
"I'd better practice what I preach!"
he muttered. "If the old gentleman
should ride up today and inspect my
model little farm he'd be rather sur-
prised at the looks of things."

He threw down his pen and betook
himself to the field to see what he
was about.

Ted was asleep in the tremulous
shades of a flowering sassafras on the
purple borders of the woods. The mul-
berry trees, roan and near, and some
such young about as he could find,
the plowing was not half done.

"This is what I've done when a farm-
er writes letters instead of looking
after his men!" Nick, in high dis-
tress, he felt rather angry with Judge
Fouches for taking up his time. With
plainspokenness, he had been told
and sent him to mend a broken-down
fence, then hitched up the mule and
undertook to do his share through the
self. When he had the handles steady
and the share slipped through the
furrows, from a point of view,
that might be finished his letter to
Judge Fouches, cordially urging that
no negro could be trusted to keep up
with him. "I shall be at home both
days," he wrote, "as I am very busy
on my farm. I have to be to my
field in the 'push of plow-time.'"
He ate bacon for his supper instead of
the delicate fare being brought him
left in the North. It put him into
good humor with the work, and he
submitted to the Judge's visit.

"That night he finished his letter to
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ending them his good-bys by the
young lady. His face was flushed,
there was a frown between his eyes as
he centered home; yet a smile twitch-
ed about his lips, as if in spite of his
self. When he opened his own gate
from his saddle and rode on through
the cotton-field, which looked like a
vast garden of hollyhocks in full bloom,
his face relaxed and he laughed
aloud. If he could forget, he surely
the rest of us can even if we have our
doubts about the method. The em-
ployer.

"Nick hasn't been to Marmington,
after all," remarked Mr. Fouches to
himself a few days later.
"Do you know why, sir?" inquired
Miss Coralie, setting her lips in curves
of gravity. "It is because I am the
man who wrote the letter. I know it
was rather mean to deceive Nicholas,
but in giving him the letter, I was
the judge has made him find himself."

Bar Conference with Chamberlain.
London, Sept. 6.—Nothing important
is believed now, is likely to ensue
as a result of the conference, held yester-
day at the colonial office, between
Joseph Chamberlain, the Colonial Sec-
retary, and the Boer generals, Botha,
De la Rey, and others. There may be
however, slight modifications of the
plans outlined at the settlement of the
matters in the annexed territories, but
these will be in the nature of internal
changes, more interesting to political
economists than to the world at large,
and even these will only occur after
Mr. Chamberlain shall have consulted
with Lord Milner (British High Com-
missioner in South Africa), and after
such consultation shall have laid the
matter before the cabinet. What trans-
pired at yesterday's conference is lit-
tle more than what happened when
the cabinet receives a trade or other
delegation in support of its particular
views. No topic really vital to the
conquered republics, so far as their
relations to the outside world are con-
cerned, could be admitted to discus-
sion; such points were irrevocably set-
tled when the terms of peace were
signed. The concessions which Mr.
Boer generals urged Mr. Chamberlain
to make were almost vitally important
to individual Boers, and especially to
land owners, but of comparatively
small importance to the rank and file
of the Boer army, and to those who
directly concerned in South Africa.
Except for the breaking of precedents,
hampering Lord Milner or antagonizing
the loyalists of Cape Colony and Natal,
it may be said that Mr. Chamberlain
has not been in a position to concede
all the general's asked. These
exceptions, however, involve so many
wholes within wholes that the discus-
sions are likely to be protracted, with
a result that will combine as much of
the compromise as is consistent with
the imperial dignity. These half way
courses and unimpaired denouncements
of the Boer generals, whose imagination
has been unusually fired by accounts
of the Boer army, which were so
forcibly brought home to the average
Englishman's eye of the war as the
visit of the Boer generals to Mr.
Chamberlain's office, and it is possible
results are magnified out of all reason.
The British government will not
give the Boers all it can in a desire
to gain their co-operation in the
reconstruction of the Boer republic,
but ready there is a riotous stern
reviving among the Boer army and
among the British residents of the South Af-
rican colonies over what is termed
"the imperial government's anxiety to
reward disloyalty and aggression."
One of the most serious of the Boer
loyalists, than he ever was by the
Boer generals. With such conditions re-
vival, then, of the Boer republic, and
Chamberlain immediately to secure any
important concessions for the Boers,
even though he must recognize the jus-
tice of their claims."

HOW TO EDUCATE.
There is one mistake which almost
all educationists make, and one mis-
take which vitates the whole modern
attitude towards the child says a
writer in the London News. They are
trying to give to the children what
they have not got themselves.
Education is a very curious thing.
Used even in its narrowest sense, the
sense of instruction, it is primarily the
communication of something from one
who has it to one who has it not.
Thus the conductor who assures me
that his omnibus is going to Haymarket
and the hawk who asserts that the
objects in his barrow are oranges
assist in my education. But in those
more complicated things people have
got an odd idea that education is a
kind of conjuring trick, that by turning
the communication of something from one
who has it to one who has it not.
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WHAT BREEDS YOUTHFUL CRIMINALS.
(The Westlake.)
The terrible story of youthful de-
pravity and crime revealed in con-
nection with the recent murder case in
St. John, throws a lurid light on con-
ditions which obtain not only there,
but, it is to be feared, to a greater
or less extent, in all our cities and
towns. It is not a pleasant thing
to be awakened to the realization that
such conditions exist, but it is far
better to face the fact than not to
know it, than to seek to satisfy our-
selves by wishing that things were
different, to relieve our apprehen-
sions and diminish our responsibilities
by ignoring them or explaining them
away.

The fact is that there are in our
cities and towns, "boys' clubs,"
gangs, and other hazy organizations,
finitely formed and closely knit
associations of boys and youths, the mem-
bers of which meet together frequently
and steadily, and that for no purpose
of mutual improvement, moral, mental
or physical, but on the contrary, for
the cultivation of habits and the de-
velopment of character essentially and
increasingly vicious, gradations and
criminal.

Unhappily, it is not hard, but very
easy for boys, and boys of the com-
paratively tender age of from twelve
to sixteen or seventeen, to "go to the
dog" in any of our cities and towns,
poisoning the system and dulling
the brain; the cheap novel, inflaming
the imagination, the lurid pas-
ionate and perverting the moral sense,
the grossly conventional and wholly
illustrations of the Sunday numbers of
the "yellow" and even of the white
press imported from our border,
not to mention the internal and un-
speakable books and pictures, that
show and show their way too frequently
into the hands of such young people,
the lax, loose state of parental respon-
sibility and general conduct, the
moralization of the youth and boys of
our towns and cities.

The over-muchness of the most
important social questions that con-
front us is the saving of our young
people from the influence of the
literature with which the country
is flooded. The sewers of the Ameri-
can and Canadian literature, the
trash and filth of that melange of
sensationalism and suggestiveness which
is the staple of our literature, is
desiring to pose as an alarmist, but
we believe that the public would be
pleased to find that the literature
in, if made aware of a tenth part
or even of a hundredth part of what
is going on in the literature of the
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