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**J. M. OWEN,**  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,  
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Office 14 Annopolis, opposite Garrison Gate.  
—WILL BE AT HIS—  
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,  
(Over Roope's Grocery Store),  
Every Thursday.  
Omnibus Agent of the United States.  
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.  
—AGENCY FOR—  
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.  
\$25 Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate monthly.

**O. S. MILLER,**  
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,  
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RANDOLPHS BLOCK,  
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Prompts and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

**JOHN ERVIN,**  
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.  
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**DR. F. S. ANDERSON.**  
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**DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,**  
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Will be in his office at Lawrenson's, the third and fourth floors of each month, beginning Friday 1st, 1901.  
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**FRED W. HARRIS,**  
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Fire, Life and Marine Insurance Agent.

**James Primrose, D. D. S.**  
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Grandville streets, formerly occupied by Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.  
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1901.

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

**N. E. CRUTE,**  
Licensed Auctioneer  
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

**UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,**  
Incorporated 1856.  
Capital Authorized, - \$1,500,000  
Capital Paid-up, - 900,000  
Res., - 505,000

**DIRECTORS:**  
WM. ROBERTSON, - WM. ROBERTSON, President.  
C. C. BACKLAD, Esq., Vice-President.  
C. C. SYMONS, Esq., Cashier.  
GEO. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P.,  
R. S. SMITH, Esq.,  
A. S. JONES, Esq.

**E. L. THORNE, General Manager,**  
C. N. S. STRICKLAND, Inspector.  
Collections collected.  
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.  
Interest at the rate of 3-1/2 per cent.

**Savings Bank Department.**  
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Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Armand, manager.  
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, manager.  
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**CO-RESPONDENTS:**  
London and Westminster Bank, London.  
English 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**  
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Caskets of all grades, and a full line of funeral furnishings constantly on hand.  
Cabinet Work also attended to.  
Warehouses at J. H. HICKS & SON'S factory.

# Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1901.

NO. 20

**If You Are A Business Man**  
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

**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 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.

## SHAFNER & PICCOTT.

**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 Bais, which I have marked at the very lowest figure. My speciality this season is the

## "King" Shoe

For comfort, style and perfect workmanship these Shoes are the standard of the Twentieth Century production. A call at my store next door to the Post Office, will convince you that you can save money and get perfect satisfaction in your purchases of footwear.

**W. A. KINNEY.**

**BRIDGETOWN MEAT MARKET**  
Having purchased the business formerly owned by W. M. Forry, Esq., we are in a position to supply our customers with every thing in the line of Prime and Fresh Meat, Fish, Butter and Eggs taken in on-going for goods.  
**MESSAGER & HOYT.**

### Poetry.

Sometimes.

Sometimes when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forever more have set,  
The things which we have judged to be  
Have appeared.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and  
And when a friend we love is lying low,  
When human kisses cannot reach his face,  
And he is not the loving father,  
Then wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened  
breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,  
And that sometimes the subtle pall of death  
Unlocks the fairest bloom his love can send.  
If we could push aside the gates of life,  
And stand within and all God's workings  
see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife  
And for what mystery would find a key.  
But not today. There is content, poor  
heart!  
God's will like hills, pure and white un-  
fold.

We must not tear the close shut leaves  
That will reveal the hidden cups of gold.  
And if by patient toil we reach the land,  
Then many feet have trodden loose, may  
stand—  
Then shall we know and clearly under-  
stand—  
I think that we shall say "God knows the best."

### Select Literature.

**How Mrs. Peet went to Prayer meeting.**

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

(MARY E. Q. BRUSH, IN AMERICAN MESSENGER.)

Mrs. Darius Peet watched the minister's  
back as he walked down the path to the  
front gate. It was a straight, martial-looking  
back, for the Rev. Mr. Bayard had  
once served in the army; he had his military  
bearing. He also carried other soldierly  
attributes into his pulpit and pastoral work.  
Just now he had been engaged in looking up  
one reported as "unlucky" in his ecclesiastical  
rank.

"Mr. Bayard remarked that he had  
seen me at prayer meeting in a long time."  
Mrs. Peet, in a tremulous solilo-  
quy, as she turned from the window and  
pushed back the big rocking-chair into its  
accustomed place in the corner.

"I kind of wondered whether he'd missed  
me," she continued. "I've always been  
regular in my going when I could be. Some-  
how, I always felt the need of the mid-week  
meeting. One feels the need of a little  
spiritual rest and strength to hearten one  
up. Seems like what I read in a book of  
Oliver Maria's. Told about all the days of  
chivalry and King Arthur and tournaments.  
There, one knight's battle against another  
and they fight all for honor and glory, and  
when the folk'd see the tournament solilo-  
quy tuckered out, the king'd tell the herald  
to blow a trumpet for a halt, that'd give the  
knights a chance to take breath and rest.  
So they lay down their weapons for a  
while, drink, and eat, and then they get  
their armor if it was out of order, and may-  
be, if they'd been wounded, their wounds  
would be washed and balm put to 'em. So  
they'd get all heartened and could fight  
on again. Seems to me the prayer-meeting  
is just like that herald's trumpet! But, oh  
dear! I haven't been inside that chapel  
door! I don't know how many weeks!"

"There ain't no way in trying to go now!"  
she exclaimed. "I'm bound to ring some  
time up. I'll take me an omnibus to walk  
there, and I don't want to go in when every-  
body's seated and the praying's begun.  
Besides, there's the cow to get to."  
With many a sigh the pain-lad sister  
went to her work, and drew her sewing  
work forth from the over-flowing basket  
at her side. She was putting very large  
patches on a very small garment. It was  
suggestive of her daily efforts, the patient  
edge of the shears her own Tommy had made  
in his trousers. "A real tired-out knight!"  
Short and lean and faded with much  
battling from that big opponent, the world,  
there was not much about her to suggest  
the golden days of chivalry, the gay glitter  
of tournaments and the stalwart knights  
who took part therein; but, he knows, not even  
King Arthur himself had purer face, more  
courageous or more steadfast purpose to  
deal valiantly with the sin that do beset  
us than had this plain, middle-aged woman.

"Darius don't believe in prayer meeting,"  
Mrs. Peet continued. "He says the Bible  
says, 'Go into your closet and pray.' My  
with a sigh I'd be glad if he'd do that. He  
never goes into the closet unless it's to get  
the umbrella or boot-jack, and, most gener-  
ally, if he can't lay hands on 'em first thing  
in the morning he'll have with a sharp  
word of rebuke with a sharp rebuke with an  
evidence of her perturbed feelings.  
"Come, boss! come!" she cried.

A square, dark shape rose up against  
a patch of ox-eyed daisies, and there was a  
warm whiff of clover-scented breath.

supper, or has to go to see a man, or a man's  
coming to see him, and so he can't stay with  
the children! That's the way it's been for a  
long time. Then the children had the  
measles and Darius's mother was here  
with the grippe, and, well, not a Thursday  
evening have I had in I don't know when.  
But Tom looks for go this week!" Here  
Mrs. Peet made her back almost as straight  
as the minister's. "Yes, I'm going, and I'll  
teach, too, I'll be hard to speak out in  
meeting! There's a big lump come in my  
throat, but I must make that my heart'll be  
so filled with joy at being able to come to  
meeting one more that I can say some-  
thing. 'For out of the abundance of the  
heart the mouth speaketh.'"

Let it be said to Mrs. Peet's credit  
that she did make an effort to carry out her  
much cherished plan. She got the bulk of  
Thursday's work done in the forenoon; she  
put on a calico wrapper for her neighbors,  
Mrs. Holland, returned for the latter's  
promise to come over and look after the  
children for that evening. When the sun's  
rays falling about the yellow painted kitchen  
floor told her that six o'clock was near,  
she began to prepare the evening meal.

Back and forth she pattered from pantry  
to tea table, the crisp ruffles of her petti-  
coats rustling gently. A big white apron  
tied round her waist, for, in order to save  
time, she had early dressed for prayer-meet-  
ing—made her spare form look almost  
plump; the soft dark hair just a little  
sprinkled with white, and released from  
curling paper, curled about her hair, her  
head and down over the top of her ears;  
while a flush of excitement tinged her  
cheeks with a becoming pink flush.

While she awaited her husband's coming  
from his work, and the children from their  
play, Mrs. Peet thought she might prob-  
ably spend the time in looking over her  
Bible and settle herself into a proper state  
of mind. "One needs't expect a blessing,  
but she's ready for it," she said to her-  
self. "I do want a real spiritual uplifting  
to-night this evening. Oh, how glad I'll  
be to sit down on that prayer-meeting  
bench and hear (strongly) Burt Prater sing  
and see the folks who were usually trouble-  
some and rebelled strenuously at having Lucy  
Maria, red-haired and austere, placed in  
authority over them."

In the midst of the confusion Mrs. Peet  
sent over her little boy for some dried poppy  
leaves to make a poultice for a felon, and  
Mrs. Peet had to trudge up to the attic to  
hunt for the paper bag containing the dry,  
Kurlin blossoms. Her husband came home,  
with his clothes draped her hair and  
streaks of dust on her cheeks, she presently  
came down the stairs.

"Twenty minutes past seven! I shall have  
to be going. It's too much for Lucy  
Maria to manage those young ones, and so  
for asking Darius to stay and help her, that's  
no use! He's got one of his cross-grained  
streaks, and when he's supper and gone to  
the village he's 'gone for good' or 'gone for  
something. I declare I don't believe he's  
milked the cow, either. He came home  
late, I suppose he thought she was milked.  
Well! well! I'll be best as I'll be!"

There was a subdued murmur in the  
adjacent bedroom, the door of which presently  
opened, and Lucy Maria's head, with its  
radiant halo of tawny locks, peered out.  
"I've got 'em quieted down," she said  
with an important air. "They're all in bed,  
and I'm going to tell 'em about Gollish.  
You can go right on to meeting if you want  
to."

But Mrs. Peet shook her head wearily.  
A strange depression of spirit seized her. She  
left hurried and baffled in the struggle,  
"There ain't no use in trying to go now!"  
she exclaimed. "I'm bound to ring some  
time up. I'll take me an omnibus to walk  
there, and I don't want to go in when every-  
body's seated and the praying's begun.  
Besides, there's the cow to get to."

"I've been struggling a long time, and feel  
like a real tired-out knight!" said Mrs.  
Peet, sadly, as she slipped off the ragged  
edges of the shears her own Tommy had made  
in his trousers. "A real tired-out knight!"  
Short and lean and faded with much  
battling from that big opponent, the world,  
there was not much about her to suggest  
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word of rebuke with a sharp rebuke with an  
evidence of her perturbed feelings.  
"Come, boss! come!" she cried.

A square, dark shape rose up against  
a patch of ox-eyed daisies, and there was a  
warm whiff of clover-scented breath.

"That you, Crumple—good cow!" Mrs.  
Peet exclaimed.

Mrs. Peet was a good milkier, and soon  
the red clover or make your bed among it!  
You're lot is easier than mine!—a rich mead-  
ow in summer, a warm stable in winter,  
and all you have to do is show your work,  
with nothing to worry about. No, Crumple,  
you never have hope and longing and  
glimpses of a better life which one struggles  
toward and falls to reach! Oh, dear!"

Mrs. Peet set the pail of milk on a mossy  
stump, while she leaned wearily against the  
fence.

"Not forsaking the assembling of your-  
selves as the manner of some," she quoted.  
Seems to me I have seen that command  
somewhere—in Hebrews I guess. But how  
can I obey! I've tried and tried and failed.  
I feel the lack in my life for the warmth  
and cheer of the dark church here—the  
glow from the altar fire. I suppose that  
folk are over there in the chapel now,  
singing and praying—seems 'most as though  
I could hear 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'"

Something in her last sentence threw, as  
it were, a reflection of light back into her  
gloomy soul—"Nearer, my God, to Thee."  
She looked down humbly and tearfully upon  
the white stars of the daisies at her feet.  
They had been Father—every golden heart  
—every nearly detail!

She turned her gaze upward toward other  
stars—the eternal ones! Her heart leaped  
forth following her.

A strange, brooding presence—silent, lov-  
ing, holy—seemed to enfold her.

The slight wind softly stirred the bunches  
of elder blossoms leaning against the fence  
rails—the flowers seemed like soft white  
lamps. Somewhere among their green  
depths a night bird trilled softly.

Mrs. Peet knelt down among the grasses.  
"Lord," she murmured, "forgive that I  
have rebelled because things have not turned  
out as I planned. I thought for thee and  
thought I could find thee best among my  
chosee ones and in the house of thine abode.  
But thou art here as well as there!"

Aye, God was there! The "blessing" so  
hunged for came! "I thought for thee and  
thought I could find thee best among my  
chosee ones and in the house of thine abode.  
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Mrs. Peet knelt down among the grasses.  
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and stood twisting it nervously with both  
hands.

"I—I—I kinder thought you'd like the  
berries, Hannah! they're mighty healthy  
eatin' in the mornin'," he said, haltingly.

"Much obliged," returned Miss Stubbs,  
carelessly. "Father likes them."  
She was transferring the bacon to a dish,  
and did not look at Peleg.

"I thought you liked 'em, Hannah."  
There was no answer to this. Miss Stubbs  
was pouring intently into the coffee pot.  
Her father had risen and was stiffly ap-  
proaching the table.

"Flaw berries, Peleg," he said.  
"Can't be beat," said Peleg, emphatically.  
"I s'pose you're countin' on taking the  
prize," said Mr. Stubbs. "My, they are  
sweet," he added, as he crushed a berry be-  
tween his lips.

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**O. T. DANIELS,**  
BARRISTER,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.  
(RANDOLPHS BLOCK.)  
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class  
Real Estate. 44 ly

lains' on table' that premium for his straw-  
berries. The show's on Saturday, and he  
won't be here to enter his berries."  
Miss Stubbs stopped to take up a stitch  
in her knitting before she replied.  
"Praps he's fixed it up with some one to  
send in the berries for him."

"No," said Mr. Stubbs. "Hiram said he'd  
only time to get his other clothes on and  
make tracks for the train. He had'n't time  
to 'range anything. I guess he's pretty  
worried between 'thinkin' of loasin' the pre-  
mium and of his sister's husband a dyin'."  
"I guess he'll not worry much over John  
Butler's death," observed Miss Stubbs, dryly.  
"A no account human."

"That's so, Hannah, still death's death,"  
said Mr. Stubbs solemnly.  
His daughter made no reply to this pre-  
sented remark. She appeared preoccupied,  
and as the forenoon wore on her preoccupa-  
tion increased. She apparently scarcely  
heard her father's frequent expressions of  
regret that Peleg's strawberries could not  
complete for the prize.

On arriving at his sister's home, Peleg  
found his brother-in-law had taken a sudden  
change for the better, and that he was out  
of danger. So the second day after his ar-  
rival, he took the train to return home,  
thoroughly provoked that he had taken so  
much trouble and so unconsciously the straw-  
berry prize lost for nothing. But he was  
just like Hiram to get frightened for no reason.

As the train neared Ellibury, the town  
where the strawberry show was being held,  
Peleg's annoyance increased. He thought  
how different was the day from what he had  
pictured to himself it would be. He had  
fancied himself returning home from the  
show the proud possessor of the prize, and  
displaying it in triumph to Hiram.

A sudden thought came to him; he would  
get out at Ellibury and visit the show. He  
would like to know whose berries took the  
premium. But they would not be such fine  
berries as his, he was sure.

So, when the train reached Ellibury, he got  
off and made his way to the place where the  
display of berries was being held. This was  
the town market-house. Many people  
were passing to and fro, and Peleg heard  
himself say that the award had just been made.

He pushed his way in and stopped at the  
first stall. It was prettily decorated with  
plants and roses, and in the center was a  
basket of strawberries, large, red, juicy and  
luscious looking. To the handle of the  
basket was attached a bow of white ribbon to  
indicate that the berries had been awarded  
the first prize.

"Wonder whose they are," muttered Peleg,  
and stooped to look at the entry card  
stock in the side of the basket.

"What he saw caused him to rub his eyes,  
and look again. Why, he must be dreaming!  
But there in plain characters were the words,  
"These berries were entered by Mr. Peleg  
Wilkins of Ellibury, and were grown by him  
on his farm."

Peleg stood in incredulous wonder, un-  
mindful of the jostling throng.  
He was recalled to himself by hearing a  
voice exclaim, "Why, Peleg, and looking up,  
he saw old Mr. Stubbs sitting inside the  
stall.

"Why Peleg—you're not it, Peleg. You're  
all right," he exclaimed, rubbing his  
hands together.

"Well, I'd be twisted!" cried Peleg.  
"I'll tell her!"

"How did you get here? How'd Hiram's  
husband?" asked the old man.

"Better," growled Peleg. "Lost all my  
time for nothing. How on earth does those  
berries get here, Mr. Stubbs?"

"Mr. Stubbs chuckled. "Well, Peleg I got  
so worked up 'bout you I s'posed I  
was that your berries couldn't even be sent in  
—that Hannah she said that she did not  
want my piece of mind destroyed, and she  
guessed she could fix things. And so she  
picked the berries and we came on the first  
train, and Hannah 'rang'd everything."  
"Hannah!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins; then  
asked breathlessly, "Where is she?"  
"She went home on the noon train, but I  
told I'd stay till the 'wards were made.  
I know you'll get it, Peleg, for there's not a  
berry here as can hold a candle to them."  
The stall was not too wide for Mr. Wilkins  
to reach over and shake Mr. Stubbs' hand  
gratefully.

"Come," he said, "there's a train in a  
quarter of an hour. Let's get home."  
"All right, Peleg, I'm willin'," and Mr.  
Stubbs rose stiffly and came around the stall.  
"I'll get home in time for supper. And I  
know I'm hungry. You'll eat with an Peleg."  
Miss Stubbs was in fact preparing supper  
when her father and Peleg entered.  
"They took the prize, Hannah," exclaim-  
ed Mr. Stubbs gratefully.  
His daughter received the news gladly and  
soberly looked up from the bread she was  
slicing at the great Mr. Wilkins.  
But the latter was not daunted. He had  
been doing some thinking about the event of  
the strawberry show and came to the con-  
clusion that he would not be a "twisted fellow"  
any longer.  
"Do you know what I called that berry,  
Hannah?" he asked coolly.  
"No," she answered carelessly.  
"Peleg gave a quick glance around the room.  
Mr. Stubbs had gone out to the well to get  
a pitcher of water.  
"Well, I thought of calling it the 'Hiram  
Stubbs' but I've come to the conclusion that  
"The Hannah Wilkins" would be a bet-  
ter name. What do you think?"  
Miss Stubbs was arranging the bread on  
a plate. When she had the last slice placed  
to her satisfaction, she looked up at Peleg  
and said:  
"I think you'd better sit down to supper."  
But the flesh which had crept over her cheek  
was not unnoticed by Mr. Wilkins.  
"What do you think of that name?" he in-  
sisted.  
"No," said Miss Stubbs slowly. "It's  
not a bad name. Now, will you sit down?"  
Hood's Saraparilla builds up a broken down  
system. It begins its work right, that  
is on the blood.

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