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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Cabinet Work also attended to. White Coat, per bbl. \$4 00

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- - · WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1901. BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

ness of the heavenly land !

you Are A Business Man

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VOL. 29.

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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is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

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Visiting Cards, Business Cards. or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work,

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, n. S.

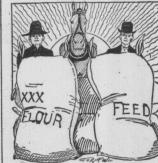
In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Somewhere. What great difference did its make about an old lady's bonnet anyway, so that it was comfortable, she went out an ite-Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

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

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

Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get

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-AND-FEED!

guarantee every barrel of Flour

to give satisfaction or Tilson's Delight, " 4 25

Tilson's Pilgrim, " Feed Flour, per bag, Middlings, Bran,

Women's Tan Bals, which I have marked at the very lowest figure. My specialty this season is the

"King" Shoe

For comfort, style and perfect workmanship these Shoes are the next door to the Post Office, will onvince you that you can save noney and get perfect satisfaction in your purchases of footwear.

W. A. KINNEY.

"possession is nine points of the law," and he answered in this wise: "Success in a lawsuit requires (1) a good deal of money, (2) a good deal of patience, (3) a good cause, (4 a good lawyer, (5) a good counsel, (6) good witnesses, (7) a good jury, (8) a good judge, and (9) good luck."—New York Press.

which many housekeepers regard as a necessity to their preserve closets. To can it, what less than an inch long. Pack it into jars, fill with cold water, cover and put in a cool dark place.

In a nav nt to be seen in Boston. I buried out talk that October noble life. When the younger dog outran you ought to 'a' seen Maria when that hat come home. It she wasn't happy! I was a stood by this spot we thought our bitterest really edeserved our praise, Tige always wash it thoroughly and cut into pieces somejars, fill with cold water, cover and put in a you ought to 'a' seen Maria when that hat

Poetry. The Heights Beyond.

Let the strong soul aspire, and boldly climb The hills that seem to bound the world at clouds
Quiver in violet mists and melt in heaven.
Still let him follow, follow where sublime
Crag after crag among their icy crowds
Peint into space, still over them will shine
The separating azure that shall be
Beyond his utmost, and the paths divide
Beyond the treading of his feet; and he
Shall find the heavens higher than their
gleams.

gleams, Higher the thoughts of God than any dreams. Shall he lose heart then on his joyous quest?
Droop as a leaf where the worm drills a way?
Nay, forever and forever rest
Before him, limitless in lines of light,
Bathed in a loveliness of perfect day.
Those shining paths where an Almighty
Hand

ckons him on from far to farther height, here love and hope and faith and joy have -(Harriett Prescott Spofford in The Con-

Select Literature.

Aunt Maria's Afterwards.

It was years ago, that March, when a few days of springlike air, swelled the buds on the maples, sent small green shoots from the daffodils, and set us girls planning about spring hats. Cousin Louise and were to go into the city tomorrow on a shopping expedition; so my sister and I ran ross the street to Aunt Maria's to consult with our cousins, the "other girls."

It was the largest, pleasantest room in the house, and Grandma was so bright and ubject of straws and bonnets and leghorns, high crowns, rolling brims, tips, plumes, Louise, being fair, should get a pale blue, shirred-like bonnet, and cousin Clara a white crepe one with pink roses. Sieter Ruth's bonnet was to be like herself, quiet and sweet-a fine straw with a bit of delicate ace and heliotrope; while mine, all agreed should be a hat with rolling brim, faced with pies. There was no need of such clatter and

ma got up and went to her bureau drawer. that are weary .- Congregationatist. while you're about it," she said, as she lift-

you, and I'll pay for it myself."

ommander in-chief of both households.

teen-year old daughter might be "like other

tion for her to go to Boston and spend a

"Grandma ought to have a new bonnet, mother," said Louise. "One of these fine Neapolisans, trimmed with black lace would came down to the kitchen one morning he was be lovely for her."

Aunt Maria took her mother's straw bonthere; that was as far as we could ever get net and turned it about on her head inspect

into Tige's past. But he brought so much joy along with him that we soon ceased to ing it critically, thinking meanwhile, that wonder, or care, where he had come from or who had brought him. It was quite enough this season, and that it was time to retrench that he came and stayed. From the beginning Tige's behavior was excellent. He was small, grey, with two

him, and when he walked he wobbled slightlast. "This bonnet is just as good as it ever ly on his legs. But he soon grew away from puppy-hood, other. Why should we? And then if Tige

and as he got bigger he also got better. By the time he was a year old he had built up a Grandma said meekly. "That would be extravagant; but I thought a new border to get himself well regarded in the communmight be put, and maybe a new pair of was from this high place in public esteem tetter for a calf. It was after this that the border," said Aunt Maria in a decided tone. "The strings can be sponged and ironed, and they will look as well as ever."

BY FRANK BATAD.

that Tige suddenly fell. ing of our lives-we felt that Tige was one leaped higher and looked us more steadily So saying she handed it back to Grandma, and turned to give Louise further commisof us as much as was Fred, or Tom, or Emsions for the city. Ruth told me afterwards ma Lou, or myself-it may be said that some the chain and staple were gone from his of us are wanting, some are unpleasant, all that she left like saying : "Give it to me, are uncomplimentary. This much, however, Grandma, I will have it all freshened up for is necessary to the story and must be told. ing things we just thought. One night in August, just when Tige was a But none of us ever thought of going contrary to Aunt Maria's decrees. She was the little over a year old, twenty-two of our ing Tige was nowhere to be found. That is Grandma took her bonnet in silence, and

put it back in the drawer. She was not the story of his fall. She was not a vain old lady but her tastes day. All the dogs in half a county had covered the fire, gave the alarm, and a fearwere nice, and she knew as well as any of us been promptly shot weeks before. Grass younger ones that her bonnet had lost its had sprung on the grave where we had deed of his life was done just as he approachireshness.

Grandma took her knitting presently and the rest—but it would be quite wide of the hundreds of people were at work on the seated herself by the south window in her truth to say that we had forgotten the marsh, the dike suddenly gave way. Tige, armchair. As I watched her I fell to wondering if her thoughts were going back just
now over the years to the time when Aunt

I have said, was one of us. We had rough

We had low back from us. Tige,
was one were were going back just
now over the years to the time when Aunt

I have said, was one of us. We had rough

We had low back from the property of the proper now over the years to the time when Aunt

Aria was a baby. They were poor then, and I had heard Grandma tell how she did

him. Indeed, instead of the passage of time

making us forget him, it seemed rather to

It was shortly after this that we first her own work, and made shirts for several making us forget him, it seemed rather to families to help make the ends meet. Was show us the wideness of the gap in our lives on ticed a change in Tige. He wore a more framework and the state of the gap in our lives at satisfied look, as though he had done at and sewed to earn money enough to buy a of the gay days of the past winter made a cunning little white hood, made of satin and look forward into the coming one particular-swan's down, for her baby girl? Or did she ly gloomy. This saddened us. It made us his efforts, or attempt to rest upon what he remember how many weary stitches it took forget that perhaps Tige had been really o earn that fine, broad-brimmed straw hat guilty of a great wrong; at any rate, it made was getting old. A close look showed his trimmed with white ribbon, that her thir-

confusing, and that over everything there girls?" Perhaps her mind dwelt on a story had settled a thick haze of mystery. This discussion of the subject—all reference to even the good qualities of our fallen favorwear. I had a bonnet made of a handsome so we obeyed, but we went on thinking, plece of velvet that my brother sent me from Paris. I didn't say a word to anybody. I just slipped upstairs and ripped that bonnet up, then I got your grandfather to take me to town. I had some money I had been saving up a good while to have no some money I had been saving up a good while to have a collegue and some money I had been saving up a good while to have no some money I had been saving up a good while to have no some money I had been saving up a good while to have no some money I had been saving up a good while to have no some money I had been saving up a good while to have no some money I had been saving up a good while to have no some money I had been saving up a good while to have a collegue and successor.

I have said the autumn had come—the dwith him: for we knew that he knew whet it all meant. At first it added to the saving up t

beauty. The long black feather curled around her golden hair, and just touched her shoulder. In front there was a little white tuft, with some tall bird's o' paradise feathers waving in the The million wild her shoulder. The million was necessary there out of regard off with Bingo, Tige would come shyly up to feathers waving in it, The milliner said in for the dead lamb.

needed that, so I got it besides. You've no One day in question we had stood for some stood. idea how handsome she looked, and I enjoyed that forty times better than when I had it for mine."

One day in question we had stood for some time, and were on the point of leaving when something rustled the fallen leaves behind us. When we turned we saw something to Bingo. It had been agreed, however,

knitted on. It was only a fortnight from that day, and we gathered again in Grandma's room. There was no merry talk.

There was that strange hush which but one presence brings, broken only by low sad strains of music, and words of conselation spoken in subdued tones.

Sunday morning. The sun fell warm into the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the same time he moved his lips nervous the same time he moved his lips nervous the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the strains of music, and words of conselation spoken in subdued tones.

Sunday morning. The sun fell warm into the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the sill, his right foot lay—we wondered afterwards if he had placed it there to remind him under suffering, when he looked ashammatic that the had been cut for the chain when the whole counterpart and grass;

There was that strange hush which but one presence the same time he moved his lips nervous the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the same time he moved his lips nervous the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the same time he moved his lips nervous the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the same time he moved his lips nervous the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the same time he moved his lips nervous the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the kennel where Tige was in his fourteenth year. It was a sunday morning. The sun fell warm into the kennel where Tige lay. His nose pressed the kennel where Tige was in his fourteenth year. It was a sunday morning. The sun fell warm into the kennel where Tige was in his fourteenth year. It was a sunday morning. The sun fell warm into the kennel where Tige was in his fourteenth year. It was a sunday morning. The sun fell warm into the kennel where Tige was in his spoken in subdued tones.

(Frandma slept peacefully. There liegered on her dear face the light of the parting smile she had given us at parting. Fair flowers were all about her, and I noticed as in the ferns was something new and alarming the first state of the parting smile she had given us at parting. Fair flowers were all about her, and I noticed as in the ferns was something new and alarming the first state of the looked ashammed, when his whole countenance danced with some merriment, but that strange, pieroing look that came from the hot, wild eyes there in the ferns was something new and alarming the first strange of a long-gone humiliation—in the notice that had been cut for the chain when Tige was young. When he slept longer than usual that Sunday morning, we went to him. I bent over her for the last time, how pure and fresh the white ribbon was which tied ment, that brought him nearer to us. With her cap, and then with a pang remembered this, fear mastered us. We turned, and, her old bonnet strings. Dear Grandma, she with all our strength fled toward home. smoothed his ruffled coat as far back as we

raiment, the purity, the unchanging fresh.

Two days later, down where we sailed where he was—a kind of informal lying in We all loved Grandma dearly. For a were less afraid; we opened our hearts and —mainly those who usually worked on the marsh—dropped along, looked at Tige, time it seemed as if we could not go on without her. One day, towards evening, a longing crawled mother's feet, over between the barn seized me to look once more into grandma's and the wood, and she saw how wasted he away. Bingo sat most of the day at a rever room; so I went across the street and stole was, she, too, had pity on him. The home ent distance, with a stilled, sebered look around to the side door which opened directly into her room. It was a jar and I stepped great anxiety. He refused to have Tige thought of him at all it was to wonder at softly in. Grand's armchair—empty !—stood oome near him, refused his forgiveness, or by the window. I leaned over it, trying to even a kindly look; but the next day mothers at andard set by Tige, was generally bad. picture her as I had seen her so often sitting er assured us that Tige was not to be shot at present, anyway. In this we saw gleams of of my soul, thou Saviour dear." But the hope, but gleams only. It was not till some The next day we buried Tige. Now, it at dusk humming her favorite hymn, "Sun sound of sobbing reached my ears, and look- days after when we found Tige one morning ing up I saw in the shadows, at the further securely chained at the door of his kennel, end of the large room, Aunt Maria, standing by the bureau. Grandma's bonnet was in her hand. She turned it about and looked ment—perhaps for life. But even this saying his grave should be dug close beside at it as if she would torture herself with the thought sent our hearts bounding with a the small, low mound under which another certainty that it was indeed shabby; then great gladness. For a long period the small that morning, occasionally putting in her quiet word, while we went deep into the she kissed it again and again, and bowed the morning occasionally putting in her certainty that it was indeed shabby; then great gladness. For a long period the small ing for years. There was something about the spot that hallowed it. The swish of the

her head over it in an agony of bitter weeping. And I had thought Aunt Maria selfher head over it in an agony of bitter weepme come in, so I went noiselessly away. She had always abundantly supplied her mother with necessities and comforts, but acquital, it was, we were sure Tige ferns; but never could we persuade him to she would have given all she possessed that felt,—and we felt the same,—a kind of parnight in the desolate room, to be able to recall the thoughtless words which for the times, if this might not mean he was guilty after his death, have we asked the question sake of a few paltry dollars denied the dear old mother almost the last request she ever made.

Seemed delighted to suffer. But it was part that never could be answered. It was part of the mystery of his great life—part of the the bounding freedom loving dog, first showbon, a flower, a tender word, a loving Tige began to teach us, and we began to selected that very spot. Anyway, to bury

might have short periods of freedom during ed it out. "I've worn it just as it is, going The Fall and Rise of Tige, the day, but he was always to be chained at night, Sometimes when we forgot him he would come and motion as towards his chain. Other times when we were late in mysteriousness of a new baby. When we the field he would hurry us toward home. —for there was nothing to say-He would always crowd as many useful acts as possible into his free hours. There was one thing, however, that Tige-willing and ready as he always was on other occasionspositively refused to do, and that was to hunt sheep. He would face the boldest steer of the berd with the ferocity of a lion, but we always noticed that when he met sheep in the road Tige slipped under the fence and white feet, white breast, soft when you felt took a wide circle through the fields. On these occasions we would stop and thinks, but we never made any comments even to each

> had heard ! In six months from the time Tige had village-wide reputation, and had done more returned, for one night he was chained there were ten when he went free; in less ity than many dogs have done when the than a year the staple at his door was drawn, time comes for them to die of old age. It and the chain taken to make part of the old bounding spirit seemed to come fully As to the details of this unexpected cloud- back into Tige's life. He always ran faster, in the eyes from the day he discovered that

when he felt there was no necessity for say To tell of all Tige did in the years after, of things great and little, would be quite imsheep were killed by dogs. The next morn- possible. But at least a few must be noted. Once when a bear was carrying off a pig in the night, Tige set furiously upon him, and growing childish, but I was sure that a tear trembled on her eyelid as she bent her white head an unnecessary length of time over her drawer. She felt hurt—I know she did.

Time passed, and summer slipped into a utums. Frost came and the wooded hills across the river took on flaming scarlet. Ice formed at night and held fast, well into the buried our pet lamb-it had suffered with ed old age. One autumn afternoon, as

his far-back youth. But he did not cease had done. It was plain, however, that he us glad that the evidence on the point was eyes had filmed over. When we roamed far he dropped behind, when we came home we she had often told me; how, when Aunt
Maria was nineteen, there came an invitaTige's behalf, even if he were dead. Open him he would hesitate and then seem to be became more shaggy and less beautiful; when "Maria felt bad," Grandma's story ran, ite—were strictly forbidden. We knew he ran he limped and sometimes stumbled. "because she thought her hat wasn't fit to father was serious when he issued this order, It came to us that Tige was getting old. It

ing up a good while to buy me a new bombazine dress, but I thought a cheaper one would do just as well; so I just took some of There came to us a wish to discuss our old dog's inner greatness again shone out. that money and went to the best milliner in favorite subject. In a remote, quiet place, We saw him brighten, saw in him a new town. I bought a long black feather—I where the sand was warm and soft, where resolution to meet it all with brave resign knew Maria liked 'em-and I told her to the pines swished sadly all about, we had nation. Looking back we can now se make me a hat fit to be seen in Boston. I buried our one pet lamb It was out to its this was one of the noblest things in Tige's

Was grandma thinking: "And yet Maria begrudges me a little new ribbon for my bonnet, as well off as she is too!" If any such thoughts disturbed her, they did not appear on her placid face as she patiently knitted on. It was only a fortnight from that day, and we cathered again in Grand; this eyes strained full upon us, crouching and list that startled us. There, low on the ground that the older dog should remain unmoissted in possession of the low, but comfortable kennel, at the end of the kitchen. Bingo was provided with quarters in the woodshed.

Emma Lou clutched hard at my arm.

No change was made until after a certain event took place one September night when that day, and we cathered again in Grand; this Tire sank lower into the farms and grant.

When church time came they said we need had gone where garments are without spot or wrinkle. How she would enjoy the white ence, but said nothing.

When we told our story they listened in silcould reach, raised his head a little, and then for the rest of the day we let him remain boats, Tige came to us again. This time we state it proved. In the afternoon neighbors thought a long time silently, then went We hoped new responsibilities would steady

may seem strange that we did it-indeed, outside people may set it down as an inconburial place for Tige we were unanimous in had won his way, at least a short distance, into even father's hard heart. It was all a lowed; we had seen him there once—but in keeping with his life of brave penitence

We have all grown since-even Emma Lou has become quite large-still on Sunday the nines where there are two low mounds At the head of one of the the is noting end of the newer, broader mound there rises a piece of plank, smooth on the graveward the words:

A GOOD DOG.

We never knew; we never tried to find out. It was his strong, clean, after-life we saw hat only-for that hid everything else. He taught us that it is a weak thing to do to

Their Little Economies. IT" ARE SHOWN UNCONSCIOUSLY.

The dusk was enchanting in the studio, and the shadows deep and warm and inviting lamp under the teakettle. "I might as well light the gas, to," she said, as she held up "Oh, no! not yet!" protested the other

girls; "this twilight's lovely." "Then I'll light the radiator. It's getting chilly," insisted the hostess. Her friend got

she explained. "When Alice ignites a

burned coals on the sly.' "Little economies certainly are tyrannous said Priscilla. "Now, there's empty boxes.

Baking Powder

Made from pure

Safeguards the food against alum.

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

(RANDOLPH S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetows

Money to Loan on First-Class

At regular periods I set my teeth and climb up to select victims for the garbage-man, but I can never withstand the caressing ap-

"Come to think of it I have a weakness, which isn't at all original," said Marian.
"It's twine. That is, the pretty kind—nice pink cord, and red cord, and gilt cord, and firm brown and white. I have a fat bag of it, which keeps getting fuller. I hate to part

"I have no such foolish idiosyn said Helen, "'less its new coins. I always keep a new coin until I'm so flat broke I have to let it go. Almost I'd rather give an

old dime for an newspaper than a shining have past their usefulness; they are beyond renovation, but I fold them carefully—,, "Do I hear these things called economies?" asked a derisive masculine voice, which prov you know what's the matter with you girls? Well, you've got the 'attic habit' and yov've got it bad. Hoarding, in some form or other is a feminine instinct, though some masculines are tainted with it. That's why all

space got to valuable." Then, being a feminine thing, the tea-kettle spluttered over indignantly, and the lamp with the red shade was lighted at the sacri-

houses used to be built with an attic, until

Helen Keller in Halifax.

A more than ordinary interest attached constrained and cold! She had not heard seemed to take his chain as a proof that he body went there but ourselves. True, it on Saturday, June 29, by the presence of Dr. Parker presided on the occasion. Lieut. dress. There were addresses also by Principal Fearon, Attorney General Longley, President Forest, of Dalhousie, and Rev. Dr. Gordon. The work of the year appears to have been quite successful. The school is every deaf mute child in the province should ing advice, decided to provide herself with the identical head gear she had had in mind for the last month.

The bounding freedom loving dog, first anowing the sweet spices of fresh rib
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in the bounding freedom loving dog, first anowing the swe of speech. Miss Keller, who is now twentyone years of age, was born in the State of result of a severe illness, she lost both sight and hearing, but under the instruction Halifax-Miss Keller, at the age of seven

learned the alphabet through the sense of this key of knowledge in hand, and with the guidance of patient and efficient instructors, Miss Keller made such remarkable progre that at the age of twenty she was able to enter Radcliff College, the Ladies' Annex of Harvard, and has now completed the first year of the course. This young lady's case is vigorous mind, when sustained by patience and blind, one would be inclined a priori to pronounce the task impossible. But Miss Keller, the successful student at Harvard University, is certainly a living and illus Keller gave an address at the Halifax insti-"Her address," says the report of the prodelivered in a natural voice, which had in it no trace of that strained sound so common in the speaking of the deaf. She spoke quite fluently, with good articulation and modulation. For about ten minutes she held the wonderful story of her life, and urged no one

The address was in part as follows:

"Dear friends:—I am glad to be with you. I do not at all feel as if I were in a strange country, for I have been familiar with the name and the story of Evangeline's without a wink, and then use up gray matter and burn her fingers trying to save on a match, which was 1 of 200 she got for I cent. I've seen her relight old matches. It's really pitiable." The hostess looked guilty.

"Well, I'm glad somebody else is mad on the subject of economizing on burned things, said the young matron. "I have to confess to a sneaking fondness for cinders. I can't bear to see cinders wasted. We have grate fires in our house and I watch the maid hungerily to see that she is careful always to abstract cinders from aebes. I know the maid despises me for a miser, but I can't help it I often scratch my own fingers picking out burned coals on the sly."

The address was in part as follows:

"Dear friends:—I am glad to be with you. I do not at all feel as if I were in a strange country, for I have been familiar with the name and the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's attend to he with you. I do not at all feel as if I were in a strange country, for I have been familiar with the name and the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's with the name and the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's with the name and the story of Evangeline's attend the land the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's with the name and the story of Evangeline's attend to head the story of Evangeline's with the name and the story of Evangeline's of the maid the peculiar difficulties and deougation the story o The address was in part as follows:

There is this to be borne in mind in these days when so many young men are giving so much attention to muccular development, in gymnastic and athletic exercises, that there cannot be permanent muscular strength where there is not blood strength. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives blood strength, promotes digestion and assimilation, and builds up the whole system.

-The English sparrow isn't in such bad discovered that he will eat the brown tailed moth, and those suburbanites who have been victims of that pest recently only regret that there aren't more of the little Cockney bards than there already are.

Who do you hang to yours? Don't know how to oure them? Why Putnam's Painless Cora Extractor does the work in thort order—you just try it. Guess your druggist has t all right—ask him.

Those who drink RED ROSE TEA are its best advertisers.