

Farm For Sale

The subscriber offers for sale two farms at Centrela. One contains 150 acres, three hundred fruit trees putting up one to two hundred barrels of apples, forty acres in hay and tillage, cutting twenty tons hay, fifty acres pasturing through field and pasture, fine intervals and brook Cottage house and good barns.

The other is a small farm, containing 3 acres, one hundred fruit trees, bearing about fifty barrels yearly. Suitable for man with trade.

Advertiser is leaving the province. Apply early. MAJOR A. MESSENGER, Centrela. May 11th, 1909.

FURNESS, WITHY & CO., LTD.

STEAMSHIP LINERS.

London, Halifax and St. John, N. B.

From London. From Halifax. Steamer.

June 9—Kanawha July 1
June 22—Rappahannock July 14
(via Havre.)

July 9—Shenandoah July 23
July 24—Kanawha Aug. 13

The above steamers have a limited accommodation for saloon passengers

From Halifax to Liverpool via St. John's Nfld.

From Liverpool. From Halifax. Steamer.

—Durango July 2
July 3—Tabasco July 19
July 10—Almeriana July 29
July 24—Durango Aug. 12

FURNESS WITHY & CO., LTD., Agents, Halifax, N. S.

Special Summer Course

during July and August. Enter now and be ready for work in the early autumn.

Special classes, special hours, special rates from July 5th to August 27th at the

Maritime Business College HALIFAX, N. S.

The Hayward Clothing Store

Carries a full line of Hats, Caps, Ready-to-wear Clothing, etc.

A brand new line of MEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR in Silk and Balbriggan for Men and Boys. CHILDREN'S WASH SUITS.

HAYWARD CLOTHING STORE UNION BANK BUILDING

New Goods

Washing Machines Price \$7.00

Hammocks and Flags, Ice Cream Freezers and Churns, at low prices.

ALSO we keep a full stock of SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Paints and Floorglaze.

K. Freeman's HARDWARE STORE

Lime Vitriol Paris Green

For sale by A. R. BISHOP, QUEEN STREET.

WANTED.

A LARGE QUANTITY OF HIDES, PELTS, CALF SKINS & TALLOW

Cash paid at the Highest Market Prices

MCKENZIE CROWE & Co., Ltd.

To Arrive This Week

150 M. CEDAR SHINGLES
50 M. SPRUCE SHINGLES

The above are splendid value. We continually keep in stock LIME, SALT, and CEMENT.

PRICES RIGHT.

J. H. LONGMIRE AND SONS

No Summer Vacation

We would greatly enjoy one, but as many of our students are from long distances, and anxious to be ready for situations as soon as possible, our classes will be continued without interruption.

Then, St. John's cool summer weather makes study as pleasant during the warmest months as at any other time.

Students can enter any time. Send for Catalogue.

S. KERR, PRINCIPAL
Old Fellows Hall



Cowan's Cake Icings

If you had trouble with prepared Cake Icing, it was not Cowan's. Even a child can ice a cake perfectly, in three minutes, with Cowan's Icing. Eight delicious flavors. Sold everywhere.

The COWAN CO. Limited, TORONTO. 73

A Fine Line of Goods

Is comprised in our new Spring Stock. Make your selection early before the rush begins. Already we are taking on extra help to fill our order.

I. M. OTTERSON

NEW SPRING MILLINERY

Many of our Models are imported from New York and Toronto and show the leading effects in the season's designs. A choice assortment of Ribbons and Novelties.

MISS ANNIE CHUTE

Stores in Bridgetown and Lawrencetown.

Do You Grow Turnips? IF SO, HAVE YOU TRIED Atlee's English Bronze Top Turnip Seed?

This seed has been imported by Mr. Atlee from England for the past thirteen years the sales increasing yearly, till they are now sold and grown in Annapolis, Digby, and Yarmouth Counties their range having spread from section to section.

The Turnips grown from this seed are shipped in Carload lots to Boston as late as June bringing the highest prices.

They yield a superior, solid, fine-grained, well flavored turnip, unexcelled for table use. A splendid cropper and good keeper.

PRICE 25c. per lb.

or sent by mail on receipt of price with 4c. per lb. added for postage

Atlee's Drug and Stationery Store, Annapolis, N. S.

Infants' Shoes

made on correct lasts, in factories where they make only children's goods, in Black, Tan, and Chocolate with hard and soft soles, made in full and half sizes.

Childrens' Shoes

We carry the celebrated "Classic" Shoe which is made on the very newest lasts to fit children's feet, and is the very best wearing line of Children's Shoes made. We have these in Black, Tan and Chocolate in Slippers, Oxfords and Shoes.

Little Gents' Shoes

made on little men's lasts. We also have these in Black, Tan and Chocolate of the celebrated Classic make, made in full and half sizes.

Do not spoil your child's feet by cheap shoes, get a pair of Classic Shoes and be sure their feet are comfortable. The Hartt Boots and Shoes in Tan, Pat. Kid, and Box Calf in all sizes.

E. S. PIGGOTT, Granville St.

Advertise in the Monitor It Reaches the People

Dianthe in the Woods

(By M. Druff Newell.)

Andrew Saboury was on his vacation when he met his fate.

A severe attack of typhoid made him welcome to a quiet old farmhouse, "20 miles from a lemon," as a desirer's haven, and went there for a summer's sojourn the first of July.

The old couple with whom he boarded were one Lemuel Merriwether and his wife, and they worried constantly, for fear he should have a relapse.

"I'm very apt to," Andrew assured them often, "being so weak, you know. The delirium especially is very apt to return."

Being a young bachelor he enjoyed the society in his behalf and worked shamelessly on their sympathies.

"My heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Merriwether the morning that he told her that, throwing away a raisin that she was seeding and putting the seeds into the cake in her excitement.

"Oh, it's a very sad disease," continued Andrew pensively, reaching for his fifth cookie.

Then he took his camera and went out for a morning's prow through the woods.

Just before he started back to the house he took the picture that started the trouble. He had been walking along by the river and, struck by a clump of birch trees that fringed a dim woodland path, he trained his camera on it and sought the fender. He smiled happily as he saw the picture it made—the slim young trees with the long path winding up behind them!

"That's fine!" he told himself, and holding the camera steady, snapped it. He could scarcely wait to get home to develop it.

Mrs. Merriwether saw him coming and exclaimed anxiously, "Gracious me, boy, 'ere's the fire?"

"Got a fine package," he answered solemnly.

Mrs. Merriwether, honest soul, stared after him.

"You don't suppose, now, the heat has affected his head, do you?" she whispered to Lemuel as he came up from the barn a little later.

"No, no, he'll go all day in a hot sun, and after such a fever as he had he's liable to have spells of looney, you know. He said so. I just asked him what he was hurrying so for, and he said he had a prize package, and I declare to goodness I didn't see nothing but that old camera!"

"Shoo, shoo, mother, the boy's all right. It's probably just some of his funny business."

If they had seen "the boy" at that precise moment they would probably have been more anxious than they were about him.

He was looking at the developed film with startled eyes. His hands shook as he held it up dripping between him and the small ruby lamp on the table.

"By George!" he said, and put it through the bath again.

A second time he held it up and scrutinized it in the dim red glow.

"By George!" he said. "It's a witch, or I'm going looney."

There was the path, stretching out alluring into the woods beyond. There were the birch trees, tall and slender and beautiful—and there, just beyond them, peering out between two massive oak tree trunks that bordered the path, was a girl, or a witch, or a dryad, with laughing lips, flying hair, and an extraordinary 18th century gown.

"How the dickens!" puzzled Andrew. "It's something on the film. There couldn't have been a real girl there, alone. Lord, there ain't one within 20 miles. She surely wouldn't walk that far, and there was no team in sight, and anyway, what would a girl of revolutionary days be doing here?"

He washed the film carefully, and put it through the hypo bath! Then he washed it again, and hanging it up to dry went down to supper.

There he talked at random, his mind being full of the mysterious picture. His remarks were so rambling that they confirmed every suspicion that Mother Merriwether had formed that afternoon.

"He's off," she whispered sharply to Lemuel outside the kitchen door.

"It's the heat. He's way off, just see how funny he talks. If he ain't better in the morning we'll have Dr. Snow come over. We'll have to watch him.

Without his knowing it. We must be mighty careful not to excite him. Oh goodness, ain't it awful, that poor boy? My, but typhoid's a fearful disease."

Lemuel as a watch dog proved to be Al. Andrew had difficulty in shaking him off long enough to go to the dark room at bedtime.

The film was almost dry, and he could scarcely wait until the next day to make a print of it.

When morning came, however, he found Lemuel sticking closer than a brother. Wherever he went Lemuel went also, and when Lemuel had to leave him long enough to see about his live stock, mother obediently took up the trail just where he left it, until Andrew, impatient and totally unconscious of their anxieties in his behalf, bluntly locked his door in her very face, and getting out his printing frame settled down to business.

The sunshine was bright in his south window and he had a print completed in quick time. He held it to the light excitedly, the water dripping from it.

"Christmas, it's a goddess!" he ejaculated.

She peered out at him, her laughing face round and mischievous. Her dress was of olden style, with huge panniers at the side, and a trim-laced bodice with a low neck and little puff sleeves. One tiny foot stuck out saucily in a high-heeled French shoe.

Andrew stared at her amazed. She might have just stepped out of some old French painting. Why had he not noticed her as he snapped the picture? It was all mysterious. Then he heard Mr. Merriwether's step outside and he called to him:

"Any little French court ladies around here?" he inquired.

Andrew opened the door and Lemuel came in, a puzzled expression on his honest old face.

"Not that I know it," he answered. "Well, then, I'm seeing things," laughed Andrew, "because I saw one of the woods yesterday, puffs and tumbles and high-heeled shoes."

"You did?" exclaimed Lemuel slowly. "You did, eh?"

Then, to Andrew's surprise, Lemuel quickly took the key from the lock and putting it in again on the outside of the door went out, locking it behind him.

Andrew pounded and yelled, in rage and surprise, but all to no purpose. A half hour went by. Then a carriage drew up to the door and a second later Lemuel unlocked Andrew's door and entered, a strange gentleman with him.

"Not feeling well, I hear?" the strange gentleman remarked.

"First I knew of it!" spluttered Andrew.

"He's got a relapse!" exclaimed Lemuel. "Gone crazy again! Seeing things! Saw a French court lady in the woods yesterday— But he got no further.

Dr. Snow broke out into a mighty roar. "So you are the young gentleman?" he said. "Let's see the picture."

Andrew brought it sulkily forth, not yet understanding.

"It's my niece, Dianthe Barrows," explained the doctor after a minute, still laughing.

Andrew smiled. Dianthe! How the name fitted her!

"She was attending a fancy dress lawn party at Stratford, about six miles up the river on the other side. She paddled down in her canoe, and seeing those pretty birch trees wandered into the woods, hiding her canoe in the bushes.

"She knew that she would probably show in the picture, as she happened to peer out from behind the trees just as you snapped it. She was dressed in a French costume that used to be her great aunt's."

"We had a good laugh last night when she told us about it. We could imagine what a surprise it would be to the gentleman, whoever he might be, after the picture was printed."

"It was," said Andrew, laughing himself now.

"Is— is she staying with you here in town?"

The doctor smiled a little. "Yes, for the summer. At present she is sitting outside in my buggy, holding the horse."

"I'll come out and meet her," said Andrew promptly. "I always knew I'd marry a girl named Dianthe." (Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

OPPOSED TO SLANG.

Donald had been to Sunday school, and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then, they killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy, and—"

"Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground.

"It was, too," he insisted. Then he added, "The teacher said 'kid' but I don't use words like that."

SIGN OF THE SEVEN DEVILS.

A distinguished doctor some time ago wrote to a professional friend saying: "I would rather see a patient with almost any other disease enter my consulting room, than one afflicted with the seven devils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia."

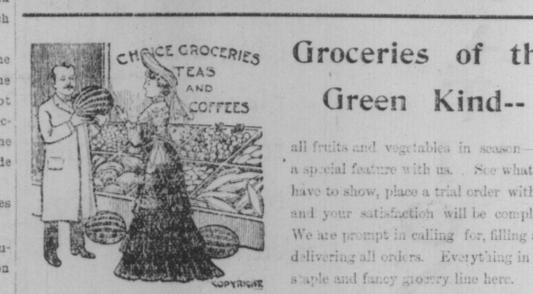
That doctor knew exactly that Indigestion is difficult to cure—that it poisons the blood, starves and weakens the body and nerves. But he didn't seem to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured tens of thousands of cases of Indigestion, Simon Briand, Cape Anquet P.O., Richmond Co., N.S., wrote us on January 27th last, saying: "For over 3 years I suffered from Stomach troubles. The little food I ate gave me no nourishment to my body. Three months ago, I tried Mother Seigel's Syrup and two bottles of it completely cured me." He adds that it also cured a number of his friends.—Price 60 cts. per bottle. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

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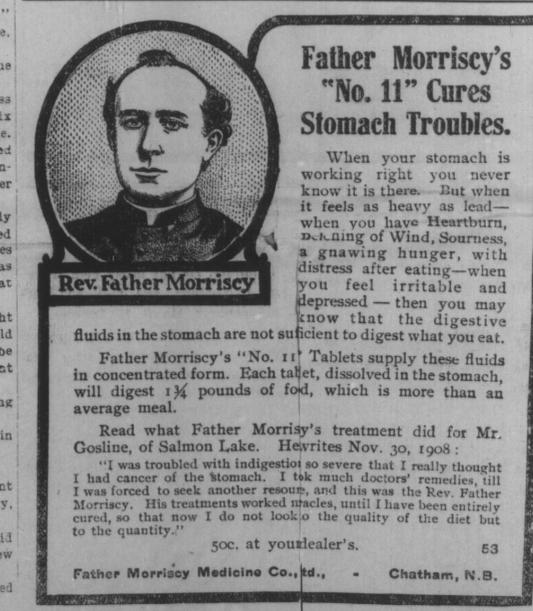
J. E. LLOYD, Phone 23 Granville Street.

The Manufacturers' Life Record for 1908:

Net Premium Income	\$2,119,583.57
Interest and Rents	458,306.61
Total Income	\$2,577,890.18
Payment to Beneficiaries & Policyholders	\$663,047.22
Reserve for Protection of	\$9,428,591.00
Insurance in Force End of 1908	\$54,287,420.00

No other Can. company has ever equalled this record at the same age

O. P. GOUCHER General Agent, Western Nova Scotia. OFFICE—MIDDLETON, N. S. The E. R. Machum Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B. MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.



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When your stomach is working right you never know it is there. But when it feels as heavy as lead—when you have Heartburn, Pain of Wind, Sourness, a gnawing hunger, with distress after eating—when you feel irritable and depressed—then you may know that the digestive fluids in the stomach are not sufficient to digest what you eat.

Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Tablets supply these fluids in concentrated form. Each tablet, dissolved in the stomach, will digest 1 1/4 pounds of food, which is more than an average meal.

Read what Father Morriscy's treatment did for Mr. Gosline, of Salmon Lake. He writes Nov. 30, 1908: "I was troubled with indigestion so severe that I really thought I had cancer of the stomach. I took much doctors' remedies, till I was forced to seek another resort, and this was the Rev. Father Morriscy. His treatments worked miracles, until I have been entirely cured, so that now I do not look to the quality of the diet but to the quantity." 50c. at your dealer's. 53 Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N. B.