

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Hoop's Grocery Store)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.

Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
will be in his office, Lawrence Street, on the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning September 10th.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office hours at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1900. 20 1/2

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, - 750,000
Res't, - - - 387,500

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROY, Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKBURN, Esq.
H. H. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P.
E. G. SMITH, Esq.

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

Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent.

AGENTS:
Annapolis, N. S.—E. D. Arnsd., manager.
Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, manager.
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Barrows, manager.
Clark's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—I. W. Allen, acting manager.
Gloucester, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnsd., acting manager.
Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Barrows, acting manager.
Liverpool, N. S.—E. R. Mallal, manager.
New Glasgow, N. S.—R. C. Wright, manager.
North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazer, manager.
Shelburne, N. S.—E. O. Robertson, manager.
St. Peter's, C. B.—C. A. Gray, acting manager.
Sydney, C. B.—H. W. Jubien, manager.
Sydney Mines, C. B.—C. W. Frazer, acting manager.
Wolfville, N. S.—J. D. Leavitt, manager.

CO-RESPONDENTS:
London and Westminster Bank, London, England; 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.

Progressive Bakers
Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in

EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by

The E. B. EDDY Co. LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

WANTED! WANTED!
15,000 Hides,
16,000 Pelts,
For which the highest prices will be paid. Spot Cash. Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.

MacKenzie, Crowe & Company.

Weekly Dominion

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1900. NO. 37

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

Billsheads, 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.

THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COY., LTD.

On and after October 6th, this Company will make Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:

Steamer "BOROX" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening, after Halifax.

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, \$1.50. Return, \$3.00.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the established rates. For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.

For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:

Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an

Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.

All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.

ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

Bridgetown Boot and Shoe Store
FALL STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL LINES!

MEN'S LEG BOOTS, Grain and Wax.
MEN'S HEAVY GRAIN BELLOWS TONGUE. Five different lines to pick from.
WOMEN'S HEAVY GRAIN SKATING BOOTS. Six different lines.
BOOTS FOR WEAK ANKLES. I have got a line of Boots with stayed ankles for children with weak ankles.
HALF SOLES AND TOP LIFTS, WOOL SOLES.
LEATHER AND RUBBER CEMENT.
RUBBER BOOTS for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

MURDOCH'S BLOCK, - E. A. COCHRAN.

Poetry.

Judge Not.

How do we know what hearts have with it?
How do we know?
Many like speckles, are foul within,
Whom outward grace is spotted as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so,
How near the God the souls of such have
How many more penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who aimed more than we?
We think our brother walked gallantly,
Judging him in self-righteousness, and well,
Perhaps, had we been driven through the
Of manifold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he—
How can we tell!

Dare we condemn the life that others do?
Dare we condemn?
Their strength in small trials not a fear,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem,
And if to us we wish to them
Is given knowledge of the great and true,
More do they need our help and pity, too,
How can we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day—
And help us all!
We cannot walk alone the perfect way,
But allow us to err on our journey,
We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Falls one of our words but each hath need to say,
God bless us all!

The Petrified Fern.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Waiting when the winds crept down so low,
Rushes tall and moss and grass grow round it.

Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crown it
With young and keeping holiday.

Not far from man's tread that way,
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monsters fished swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mammals hunted their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain,
Taurus revolved in great mysticities,
But the fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its green crest way,
No one came to note its day by day.

Earth one day put on a frolic mood,
Of deep strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty woods.
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it and laid it safe away.
O long, long centuries, that day!
O changes! O hills' bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Unseen! Lost! There came a thoughtful
Searching nature's secrets, far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He viewed a fossil fern which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Valuing, looking, then drew clear line,
And the fern's life lay in every line!
So, I think, God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us, at this day.

—L. Dolles Branch.

Select Literature.

Lawrence Thorne, Junior.

By GRACE S. BUCHANAN.

(From the Boston Youth's Companion)

He closed the door of his father's library with a click which trembled on the banister. He stole softly through the hall and up the stairs into his room, the door of which he instantly closed. Crossing the floor, he flung himself, full length, face downward, upon the bed.

The attitude of the figure, with its boyish outlines of rumpled hair, square young shoulders and strong legs beneath the pygmy stockings, suggested both grief and despair. At eighteen the business of suffering is sometimes intense, but seldom prolonged. As yet it was a full hour before the shoulders stirred, except with an occasional long-drawn breath.

An outlook might have fancied Larry asleep, but when he slowly drew himself erect, it was not sleepiness which made his eyelids droop so heavily. His handsome face was angry, and a store of sobs about his mouth were straight and hard.

He began packing a leather travelling-bag, moving softly about from closet to closet, selecting and rejecting with care. At this moment the door opened and a knock came, and after some hesitation decided to make no change in them except to replace the pygmy stockings with a more quiet pair. In the bag he put one light-colored sweater and a store of sobs, collars and neckties which he chose from a lavish stock. He took a handsome top-coat from its yoke in the closet, but shook his head and replaced it with a shag.

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There was silence again for a minute. Then Mr. Thorne, who is a dry one, said: "Do think that I spoke more harshly than you deserved?"

The father waited for a reply, but receiving none, went on: "My son chooses to defy my father, to break his promises to me, to disgrace my name at college where I have placed him, and to allow himself self-accuse. His misconduct happens not once, but many times. When I tell him that I am disappointed in him, ashamed of him, that I cannot trust him, he feels that I have been unduly hard upon him. But is all this sufficient for his determining to leave my roof—for his threatening to do so without my consent?"

The boy looked up quickly.

"No," said Mr. Thorne, "you did not say so, but I think I am to infer, and I am, that if I refuse you will go, notwithstanding."

"I could have gone," said Larry, proudly, "without saying a word."

"I appreciate that. At the same time—you intend to go. Are you willing to tell me where you are going?"

"I mean to do that, sir," said Larry. "I shall go to my cousin Barrett Warner in Montana."

"Have you money enough?"

"The boy's last month's allowance, sir."

Mr. Thorne turned back to his desk, and resumed the writing which Larry's entrance had interrupted. The boy watched the pen travel steadily over the lines after the first few words, and then he saw that the pen then Mr. Thorne rose and spoke, slowly and decidedly, holding himself in his usual erect fashion and looking into the eyes of his son—on a level with his own, for the two were the same athletic build.

"Lawrence," he said, not harshly, but so gravely that the words sounded very stern to the listening ears, "for twenty-four hours I forbid you to touch my money. If you care to preserve any of the whatsoever between us, you will not disregard this command. At the end of that time, if you still feel that the best thing you can do in the circumstances is to take yourself off, I shall not say or do anything to restrain you; but you must understand that from the time you go your allowance ceases. If you remain it will be out of your hands."

The boy's eyes met his father's in one long, steady gaze. A strong will looked out of both pairs, the inflexible determination of the elder matched by the full grown purpose of the younger. Then Lawrence Thorne, raising his hand and waving slightly, "He doesn't love me—he can't! Why, he may never see me again in this world—the only son he has left! He doesn't understand me a bit. He's as hard as flint. He wouldn't even say he wanted me to stay. Stay! I couldn't stay now!"

Lawrence Thorne, senior, dropped into his chair with a breath which equalled that of his son. He was breaking little splinters from the rough rail fence. Below the downcast gray eyes were a pair of very pink cheeks which testified to her interest in her old comrade's fortune.

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The girl looked up. "I'm sorry for you, Larry," she said in a low tone, "because I can see you are very unhappy. I don't suppose it's any use to beg you not to go, and I'm not wise enough to say the right thing; perhaps I ought not to say anything. But what I can't help thinking is that it seems a pity for you to—run away from your room."

"To run away from my room?" repeated Larry slowly, while a singular gleam came into his eyes. "Is that what you think I'm doing?"

"I don't see what else it is," she answered, gently. "You've made this room, and you've got things at it as their own, you've got to leave them so. Even if you do well in the West, you'll always have to remember what you left behind you here."

"But you don't understand," Larry told her, hurriedly. "What else can I do? I've failed in every way to please everybody—you included. What was the use of my trying to do what I'm not adapted to, and be what I'm not in me to be? And now that Lawrence Thorne, senior, has shown what he thinks of me—"

"He'd believe he thinks it!" cried Juliet, eagerly. "I think you misunderstand him. Even if he really doesn't treat you any more, why don't you make him do it? You can earn his confidence all over again. As for your not being fitted for study, what difference does that make? You wouldn't take a day in the gymnasium. The best of one of our fellows of a different build doing a thing it was twice as hard for you to do, but you wouldn't be outclassed, and you kept at it till you could do it—and I don't see why you can't do it. You go at your books in the same way, whether you like them or not? Even on a Western ranch, you'd find use for your knowledge, and even if you didn't, you'd find use for the training you've had. Think of your father—such a splendid mind he has, and what a disappointment it would be to him to have his son an—"

"Ignoramus!" finished Larry, grinning.

"You know I didn't mean that," she said, with a deepening of the excited color in her cheeks. "And Larry—I don't mean to preach—but I'm afraid when you get out there you'll find it—perhaps—still harder to—keep right."

The boy turned away abruptly at the low spoken words. He was not sure how much Juliet knew of the fact of his own high, highly paid salary, but he was sure that she knew of his father's high opinion of him. He was sure that she knew of his father's high opinion of him. He was sure that she knew of his father's high opinion of him.

with Juliet! Since the days when they had been his neighbor and friend, and until the last year she had shared nearly all his plans and secrets. He could trust Juliet, and it was better that he should not go away leaving her to think what she would of him.

She did not speak, but stood with her face turned aside, while he wondered if he would lecture, scold or snub him. It was not Juliet's way to do any of these things. She was sure that she would let him in any doubt as to her position in matters of right and wrong.

"Do you mean?" she asked him slowly, at last, "that you are going away on account of that?"

"What—suspension? Oh no, that's only part of it! The truth is, he's been disappointed, you know well enough I hate to study now—well—then a girl like you who adores books could possibly understand. There's something in me like a steam engine under tremendous pressure; and after I've plugged away so long with a steadily mounting steam gauge, I've got to break loose or burst. That's what gets me into scrapes. Why, if I had been old enough when the Spanish war broke out, I'd have been the happiest man on earth. Yet I couldn't stand the discipline of a military school, so it's no use going in for that. I can get on at Barrett Warner's ranch, where I can live the life of a wild Indian pony."

"Oh, no," she interrupted cheerfully, with a glance at the handsome bicycle suit, at his well kept hands, at the fine lines of his face, "you are going in for the rough life of a Western ranchman?"

"Yes," he said, "I'll look it over, he's acquainted, with a flush, and I'll own that it's not my ideal. But—I'll tell you, Juliet. The greatest of all my reasons is one I can't say much about. Perhaps I oughtn't even to tell you. There's that which I don't like to see my father has come to the end of his patience with me. I don't know if I can blame him, for I have disappointed him in every way. But his face darkened. He has said things to me I can't stand. I don't have to stand them. He told me—"

"Larry," interrupted the girl, "I don't think you ought to tell me."

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Larry's voice broke; he turned away to hide the angry tears which were welling into his eyes, but Juliet did not seem to be observing him. She was breaking little splinters from the rough rail fence. Below the downcast gray eyes were a pair of very pink cheeks which testified to her interest in her old comrade's fortune.

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The girl looked up. "I'm sorry for you, Larry," she said in a low tone, "because I can see you are very unhappy. I don't suppose it's any use to beg you not to go, and I'm not wise enough to say the right thing; perhaps I ought not to say anything. But what I can't help thinking is that it seems a pity for you to—run away from your room."

"To run away from my room?" repeated Larry slowly, while a singular gleam came into his eyes. "Is that what you think I'm doing?"

"I don't see what else it is," she answered, gently. "You've made this room, and you've got things at it as their own, you've got to leave them so. Even if you do well in the West, you'll always have to remember what you left behind you here."

"But you don't understand," Larry told her, hurriedly. "What else can I do? I've failed in every way to please everybody—you included. What was the use of my trying to do what I'm not adapted to, and be what I'm not in me to be? And now that Lawrence Thorne, senior, has shown what he thinks of me—"

"He'd believe he thinks it!" cried Juliet, eagerly. "I think you misunderstand him. Even if he really doesn't treat you any more, why don't you make him do it? You can earn his confidence all over again. As for your not being fitted for study, what difference does that make? You wouldn't take a day in the gymnasium. The best of one of our fellows of a different build doing a thing it was twice as hard for you to do, but you wouldn't be outclassed, and you kept at it till you could do it—and I don't see why you can't do it. You go at your books in the same way, whether you like them or not? Even on a Western ranch, you'd find use for your knowledge, and even if you didn't, you'd find use for the training you've had. Think of your father—such a splendid mind he has, and what a disappointment it would be to him to have his son an—"

"Ignoramus!" finished Larry, grinning.

"You know I didn't mean that," she said, with a deepening of the excited color in her cheeks. "And Larry—I don't mean to preach—but I'm afraid when you get out there you'll find it—perhaps—still harder to—keep right."

The boy turned away abruptly at the low spoken words. He was not sure how much Juliet knew of the fact of his own high, highly paid salary, but he was sure that she knew of his father's high opinion of him. He was sure that she knew of his father's high opinion of him.

That was the worst of it. The boy who had been his neighbor and friend, and until the last year she had shared nearly all his plans and secrets. He could trust Juliet, and it was better that he should not go away leaving her to think what she would of him.

She did not speak, but stood with her face turned aside, while he wondered if he would lecture, scold or snub him. It was not Juliet's way to do any of these things. She was sure that she would let him in any doubt as to her position in matters of right and wrong.

"Do you mean?" she asked him slowly, at last, "that you are going away on account of that?"

"What—suspension? Oh no, that's only part of it! The truth is, he's been disappointed, you know well enough I hate to study now—well—then a girl like you who adores books could possibly understand. There's something in me like a steam engine under tremendous pressure; and after I've plugged away so long with a steadily mounting steam gauge, I've got to break loose or burst. That's what gets me into scrapes. Why, if I had been old enough when the Spanish war broke out, I'd have been the happiest man on earth. Yet I couldn't stand the discipline of a military school, so it's no use going in for that. I can get on at Barrett Warner's ranch, where I can live the life of a wild Indian pony."

"Oh, no," she interrupted cheerfully, with a glance at the handsome bicycle suit, at his well kept hands, at the fine lines of his face, "you are going in for the rough life of a Western ranchman?"

"Yes," he said, "I'll look it over, he's acquainted, with a flush, and I'll own that it's not my ideal. But—I'll tell you, Juliet. The greatest of all my reasons is one I can't say much about. Perhaps I oughtn't even to tell you. There's that which I don't like to see my father has come to the end of his patience with me. I don't know if I can blame him, for I have disappointed him in every way. But his face darkened. He has said things to me I can't stand. I don't have to stand them. He told me—"

"Larry," interrupted the girl, "I don't think you ought to tell me."

"I will," cried the young fellow, fiercely, "whether it's dishonorable or not, because I must make you understand, and you can't do it unless I tell you. He said—I won't stop—that he was ashamed of me—that he couldn't trust me. He never said things like that before. I suppose I'm a miserable good-for-nothing, but I—I don't think I could stand it to be with him and know he didn't care for me better than to say he couldn't trust me. He might as well have said—"

Larry's voice broke; he turned away to hide the angry tears which were welling into his eyes, but Juliet did not seem to be observing him. She was breaking little splinters from the rough rail fence. Below the downcast gray eyes were a pair of very pink cheeks which testified to her interest in her old comrade's fortune.

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