

THE HOME

THE WOMAN WHO LOVES MISERY.

(By Winifred Black.)

A woman came to see me about her husband the other day. I knew the woman before she was married; she was a pretty girl, rosy, blue-eyed and full of a kind of shallow gaiety; she was poor and unknown, and she had no place of any importance even in her own little important world.

The day she came to see me about her husband she was beautifully dressed. She drove to my house in her own carriage, and she had given up invitations to three separate rather exclusive affairs to give her attention to the discussion of the man she had married, and what was going to do about him.

"I'm almost crazy," she said. "He says he is sick and tired of me, and that he will do anything in the world for me if I will only go away and leave him in peace. He's so mean and hateful in a thousand little ways that I hate the very sight of him. We never sit at the table together unless we have to, and we go for months without speaking one word to each other. He hasn't said a kind thing to me for two years. What shall I do?"

"Why don't you do what he wants you to?" said I. "Let him go."

"What, and stay at home in that place where every stick of furniture reminds me of my misery and let him run round and round the world, having a good time? Why the very thought of the thing drives me frantic."

"Well, then, take the children and go round and round the world yourself," I suggested humbly.

"Why, he'd be perfectly delighted," said my friend with the husband, hearing at me as if I had advised her to cut off her two pretty little useless hands and give them to the man she once loved, for a birthday present.

And then she began and told me the whole wretched story of indifference and bickering and envy and fault-finding, over and over again. I saw that she had told it so many times that she knew every word of it by heart.

She didn't want help, she wanted sympathy; I'm afraid she didn't get it. The longer she talked and the more she cried and protested, the sorer I felt for her husband. When she started to go home I had all I could do not to telephone him and offer to smuggle him out of the country, where he could escape from the pest of a love which had turned into a small, petty hate.

That woman doesn't want to make her husband happy; she wants to make him miserable. She doesn't even want to be happy herself. She had such a good time being neglected for so long that I believe she'd be at a perfect loss if she should wake up some morning and find that all this misery, mostly of her own making, was a bad dream. If I disliked my husband so much that I spent my time thinking up ways to harass and humiliate him, I'd leave him if I had to support myself scrubbing the streets to do it.

If I didn't want to scrub the streets, and didn't have brains enough to do anything else, and was poor spirited enough to prefer money and comfort and social position with misery rather than honest independence with peace of mind, I'd look myself honestly in the face in the first looking-glass I could find and I would say: "I'm a poor-spirited failure of a woman; I don't wonder that I bore my husband. At any rate, I won't bore my friends." And I'd keep my troubles to myself and bear them with a dignity which would compel the respect of the most indifferent husband who ever lived.

I told the woman who came to see me about her husband something like this the other day.

TELLING THE TRUTH.

Whenever Mrs. Joshua Ely declared that for her part, she believed in speaking the truth and not minding matters, her hearers knew that somebody's reputation was about to suffer. Mrs. Ely herself said that she had always been out-spoken, and she always intended to be. Her neighbors said—various things. The fact of the matter was that as Mrs. Ely was the possessor, in addition to her sharp tongue, of an imposing presence and much force of character, nobody in the village dared openly oppose her.

Nobody, that is, until the new minister's wife came. The new minister's wife was a slender, girlish-looking creature, whom Mrs. Ely "sized up" at once as being one of those women who need somebody to form their opinions for them, and this responsible duty she promptly took up on herself. She was the first to call, and in the course of a long inopportune she enlightened the minister's wife in regard to the fallings of a large number of her husband's parishioners.

"I think it is better to know the truth in the first place," she declared, "staying up" a moment for breath.

In her absorption of the theme, she had not noticed how the color had arisen in the little woman's face, nor that she had been waiting for an opportunity to speak. Now she spoke with quick earnestness.

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Ely, there is nothing so difficult to know as the truth. Because, of course, the truth about a person means the whole person; it is no more fair to pick out one trait and call that the truth than it would be to define a rose bush as a bush with thorns. That is true, but a very small part of the truth.

"I've thought a good deal about this since I've been a minister's wife, and I've made up my mind to learn just as much of the truth as I possibly can. This is especially necessary in coming to a new place, where we don't know anybody, and that's why I'm so glad that you came.

"You are just the one to help me, you've lived here so long and know everybody so well. I'm going to ask you, just as a beginner towards the truth, if you won't go over the list of church members with me, and tell me the very finest and bravest thing you know about everybody? You've no idea how it will help."

What Mrs. Ely said is not recorded but what she really said was that something must have happened at the minister's, for Mrs. Ely "looked real sort of queer" when she came out.—Youth's Companion.

A PRAYER.

God of the lonely soul,
God of the comfortless,
God of the broken heart—for these.
Thy tenderest:

For prayers there be enough,
Yea, prayers there be to spare.
For those of proud and high estate:
Each hath his share.

But the beggar at my door,
The thief behind the bars;
And those that be too blind to see
The shining stars;

The outcast in his hut,
The useless and the old;
Whoever walks the city's streets
Homeless and cold;

The sad and lone of soul
Whom no man understands;
And those of secret sin, with stains
Upon their hands.

And stains upon their souls;
And shudder in their sleep,
And walk their ways with trembling
Hearts
Afraid to weep:

For the childless mother, Lord,
And ah, the little child
Weeping the mother in her crave,
Unreconciled—

God of the lonely soul,
God of the comfortless,
For these, and such as these, I ask
Thy tenderness!

Whose sin be greatest, Lord,
If each deserve his lot;
If each be rep as he hath sown;
I ask Thee not.

I only ask of Thee
The marvel of a space
When these forgot and blind may
Upon Thy face,
—Ella Higginson, in "Scribner."

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

That land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,
Ah! if beyond the spirit's inmost
Aught of that country could we
Surely know,
Who would not go?

Who might we but hear
The hovering angels' high intimated
Chorus
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful
Eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before
us—
With one rapt moment to see and
hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left
us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream
as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were love-
sit only—
That weary mortal coil, were we
quite sure,
Who would endure?

CURE FOR STAMMERS.

There is one fact from which all stammerers may derive comfort. Their distressing complaint is not incurable, according to those who have thoroughly studied the subject, no matter how bad the case may be. Not a few able speakers were at first bad stammerers, but by persevering with a course of vocal gymnastics they remedied the defect.

A careful process of education under a competent tutor is the best cure for stammering, and if the tutor's system is the outcome of personal experience with the affliction, so much the better, for it is obvious that, if a man who professes to cure stammering works by methods which have proved entirely successful in regard to himself there is every possibility of others deriving similar benefit at his hands.

If only for this reason alone, the methods of Mr. Walter A. Yearsley, of Acrrington, London, deserve attention. For twenty-five years Mr. Yearsley was a severe stammerer. "I spent upwards of six years abroad," he recently informed the writer, "visiting various institutions for the cure of speech impediments. I then returned to England—no better than when I went away.

"In spite of this, I felt convinced that there must be a cure for this distressing malady. If I could only find the missing link and connect it, heretofore I had gained my success would be assured. After diligent study and research my efforts were crowned with wonderful success, and in the remarkably short period of two weeks I had eradicated every trace of my impediment. The result of my discoveries was the founding of the Autophonic method, a cure which I have every reason to believe will very shortly be adopted by the Board of Education and recognized as a national one."

Mr. Yearsley has not only proved the efficacy of his treatment by curing many people at his school for stammerers in Acrrington, but also by successfully treating a number of school children. The local education committee were so impressed with the effectiveness of his method that they placed a number of afflicted boys and girls under his tuition for six weeks' training, and at the end of that time they were able, amongst other things, to recite John Adam's famous speech on America's Declaration of Independence before an inspection committee.

Mr. Yearsley relies mainly on rhythm to overcome the oral difficulties, preceded by a steady course of vocal gymnastics. The first of the vocal exercises in the case of John Adam's school children, consisted of articulating the vowels a, e, i, o, u at the top of the voice. Then the pupils articulated them by inflexion, rising from the bottom of the scale to the top, and sinking back to the lowest inflexion.

The instruction for all exercises were printed on large sheets, and were read rhythmically at the top of the voice, and with the full force of the lungs, syllable by syllable, by the whole class. Here is an example of one of the exercises: In-hale-with-a-view-of-expanding-the-chest-muscles. Do this without raising the shoulders or otherwise moving. Relax the muscles and repeat.

Then follow regulations on costal breathing, dorsal breathing, waist breathing, abdominal breathing, and combined breathing, all of which are learnt by the children by heart and repeated a syllable at a time, as in the exercise given. In certain combined exercises the lesson strikes one as being a mixture of voice production and dumb-bell exercises, for the dumb-bells are manipulated at the same moment as the syllable is expressed, and appear to assist in jerking out the sound.

During the whole proceedings there is a great volume of sound, as from an elocution class training their tongue and throat muscles by shouting the letters of the alphabet. All through the exercises Mr. Yearsley gives the word of command after the manner of a drill sergeant, and then repeats the sounds with the children.

It is of great assistance to Mr. Yearsley when the parents of his pupils see that their children practise at home what they have learned from him. Otherwise there is apt to be a relapse.

The patient should be encouraged to read and speak slowly and deliberately, and advised to pause for a short time when he feels a tendency to stammer. Then, again, in ordinary conversation it is often important to have someone present who may by a look put the stammerer on his guard when he is observed to be talking too quickly or indistinctly. Thus, by patience and determination, many stammerers have so far overcome the defect that it can scarcely be noticed in conversation.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

WOMAN AND HER WORK.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the New York American.)

"Woe unto the land that works its women," said a wise man. But equally wise minds realize that idle women are a greater menace to any land than tollers.

We have but to read the scandals which are given in the testimony at murder and divorce trials to see where the idleness of women leads.

Great men and women are not born from idle mothers—mothers who have nothing to do but to search for amusement. Yet healthful and robust children are not born from overworked mothers—mothers obliged to go outside their homes to be wage earners.

But between purposeless and idle lives and the hard-working mothers a child would run a better chance with the latter to be "well born."

From the census report of 1900 we gain some interesting statistics of the women who are working in America.

There were at that time two million and ninety-nine hundred women engaged in domestic service.

In agriculture, ninety thousand eight hundred; in manufacturing, one million three hundred thousand and some odd hundreds; in trade and transportation, over five hundred thousand; in professions, over four hundred thousand; as dressmakers, over three hundred thousand; laundresses, about the same number; saleswomen, one hundred and forty-nine thousand; stenographers, eighty-six thousand; retail dealers, thirty-four thousand; bookkeepers and accountants, seventy-one thousand, clerks, eighty-five thousand; telephone operators, twenty-two thousand.

Then there were two hundred and fifty-three bankers, forty-five brokers, one thousand and two hundred bank officers, three thousand manufacturers and officials of companies, one hundred and fifty-three builders and contractors and two hundred and sixty-one wholesale dealers.

Among unusual employments for women are found civil engineers, carpenters, blacksmiths, mining engineers, surveyors, chemists, saloon keepers, undertakers, "motormen," barbers, plumbers, plasterers, paper hangers, firemen and sawmill workers.

Women are engaged in all but nine of three hundred and three bread-winning occupations in the country. Darwin says: "In order that women should reach the same standard as men, they should be trained to energy and perseverance, and have reason and imagination exercised to the highest point. Then they would probably transmit these qualities to their daughters."

Dr. Emmet Dinmore, in his "Sex Equality," makes a loud and earnest appeal for the advancement of women into all the arts, trades and professions. He believes a greater race will be the result, and that woman's financial independence will eventually lead to natural selection in marriage, and do away with marriages made for support and without love as the foundation.

"When material advantages are ignored," he says, "and marriage is the result of unselfish love, together with a similarity of tastes, domestic life will yield its greatest joy."

One thing is sure. Woman is forcing her way ahead into avenues long closed to her; she is growing mentally; and however discordant our domestic conditions seem today, we can but rest on the hope that a new and great race will result from woman's transmission from old to new ideals.

WOMAN'S SCALP TORN FROM HEAD.

St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 20.—A serious accident occurred late on Friday afternoon to Mrs. Hugh McLeod, an employe in the Cotton Mill at Milltown. While at her hair comb she became entangled in some rapidly moving machinery and her scalp was torn from her head. The skin and flesh was removed from just below the eyebrows, and clear around the back of the head. As quickly as possible the injured woman was removed to Dr. Deacons' private hospital and at this time there are hopes of the replaced scalp re-uniting with the head, and of the unfortunate victim's life being saved.

WHY HE LOST THE RACE.

Some little boys were running a race, and all felt sure that Tommy, the boy in the lead, would win as he was the fastest runner. Those looking on began to cheer the different boys, and Tommy gradually fell behind until he was the last one to reach the goal. His friends gathered round inquiring why this was. And Tommy, wiping the tears from his dirty little face, replied: "You yelled, 'Go it, John; so it, Jimmy!' but there was not a one yelled 'Go it, Tommy,' and somehow I just could not run at all." A word of cheer frequently makes all the difference between success and failure.

THE SAVING OF MONEY.

Making the ingenious observation that savings banks are "recruiting stations for dollars" that are existing for investment, and when enough of them line up to make it worth while, the wise commander moves them to the front for service."

"Cent for Cent" for December quotes an observation of the late Russell Sage to the effect that his first one thousand dollars was the hardest to get. Then it goes on to tell the story of one young man who by careful economy managed to save 75 cents a week. About one month he deposited the small accumulation in a savings bank. He had gotten hold of the fact, however, that not mere savings, but the wise investment of savings is the road to competency and eventual wealth.

Now, says the journal quoted above, "seventy-five cents a week is only thirty-nine dollars a year. The average young fellow would say that is hardly worth saving. A short time ago I talked with this young man, and to my inquiry as to the amount of his savings, he replied that he had between forty and fifty dollars, and wanted to know where he could safely invest fifty dollars with a certain profit above that of bank interest. It requires no small degree of fixed purpose to lay by comparatively insignificant sums until one has accumulated sufficient to begin investing, but for the rank and file of young men that is the road they must travel in making a start."

This little suggestion is printed now as a timely one. At the beginning of the new year all sorts and conditions of men, young men especially, form new resolutions for the regulation and government of their lives. In this suggestion of saving there is an idea worth taking up and acting upon. Many a life fails because of the lack of control of its owner. In the actual saving of a few dollars a year by a young man with a small income there may not be a great deal, but the ability to do so under adverse circumstances and much temptation to do otherwise, shows his capacity to master himself, and is a thing always worth the effort.

Sealed Tenders

Sealed tenders for the Collection of County rates in the various Wards of the County of Annapolis are requested for the year 1909.

1. Tenders to be filed with O. S. Miller, Clerk of the Municipality, at Bridgetown, on or before 12 o'clock noon of January 2, 1909.

2. All tenders to be marked "Tenders for Collection of Rates," and to name the proposed bondsmen.

3. Collectors must guarantee the amount of each rate roll and the collection thereof, subject only to any losses the Council may see fit to adjust.

4. The committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

FREE MAN FITCH,
JOHN PIGGOTT,
D. M. OUTHIT,
Committee on Tenders and Public Property.

GREETINGS

While wishing a Bright and Happy New Year we extend to each and all our customers our heartiest thanks for the kind co-operation which has helped us to make the past year the most eventful of any since we opened our doors.

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