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Real Estate Agent, etc. RANDOLPH'S BLOCK, BRIDGETOWN, N. S. The Wheels of Two Great

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. JOHN ERVIN, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Head Office, Halifax, N. S. CAPITAL.....\$500, 000

WM. ROBERTSON, Esq., President. Savings Bank Department.

Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 PER CENT. allowed on deposits of four dollars and

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There are gold dollars to be saved!

Men's good wearing Suits, with \$4.00 | 12 doz. Men's every day-wear Pants. Story of the Story of

beautiful line of Black and Blue Serge Suits made up in first-class style.

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Men's Reefers, Jumpers and Waterproofs, all sizes, colors and prices.

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of every description. To give a full detail of the hundreds of articles pertain

ing to Men's and Boys' wear would simply be confusing to buyers, but rest assured that not a single item in the above department has escaped our price-

Underwear, Top Shirts, Cardigan Jackets, Sweaters, Hose,

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NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES.

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mouth.

For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Central, Intercolonial or Coast Rail

way agonts, or to

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us an increasing business tihs season, for which

we heartily thank you. Our aim is always to

give our customers first-class goods and the best

possible values for the price with prompt delivery.

ALWAYS IN STOCK A COMPLETE LINE OF

Prints commencing at 5c. per yard.

Wraps, Horse Blankets at the closest possible prices.

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We do not dabble in Dry Goods-we make it a business, and long ex

\$6.00

Read every word of this advertisement!

Men's fine heavy Tweed Pants. \$1.00

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attract hundreds of shoppers who have a keen scent for bargains

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choice stock and made up to our order.

Cuffs, Mufflers, etc.

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## Momitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 27.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1900.

**Baking Powder** 

Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food

against alum.

Poetry. Here's Good Luck.

The touch of a hand, the glance of an eye Or a word exchanged with a passer by; A glimpse of a face in a crowded street, And afterwards life is incomplete; A picture painted with honest zeal, And we lose the old for the new ideal; A chance remark or a song's refrain, And life is never the same again.

A friendly smile, and love's embering spark
Leaps into flame and illumines the dark;
A whisper "Be Brave" to our fellowmen
And they pick up the thread of hope again
Thus never an act or a word or thought,
But that with unguessed importance is fraught;
For small things build up eternity
And blazon the ways for destiny.

Select Titerature.

The Sea of Fire. BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

\$13.00 Men's best quality heavy Frieze \$9.35 Pop Blake, the engineer, observed it first not long after midnight-a faint, bloody foam Don't imagine because we have not mentioned anything in of color creeping up the northern sky. The your line that we have forgotten you. If you want anyfireman, busily feeding the furnace of the o'clock. Then, stripping the perspiration gangway of the swaying engine and looked up. He at once pulled out his watch and urned the face of it against the light of a lantern that sat on the floor of the tank. Not time for day yet," he grunted; "be sides, that's in the wrong spot. Must be Northern Lights. Say, Pop, them's fine, Dress Shirts, Hats, Caps, Braces, Neckties, Collars,

ain't they ?" he shouted. Blake glanced toward the north, nodded his grizzled head, then turned his eyes again to the great wedge of light rushing into the darkness along the rails ahead of the engine. North and south spread infinite wastes of plain-vague, formless void; overhead hung a sky like a canopy of dark-blue velvet lifted on a million golden spear-points. Westward, eighty miles away, the tops of the Rockies ched the low-hanging fringes of stars with

gaps of black. A hot August wind was blowing, and as the big 1006 rushed along the rails, hurrying the Pacific express toward the far distant sea, the warm air purred in Blake's ears like a tiger's breath. He looked back along the all the most fashionable shades and makes. Bengalines, Box Cloths, Habit Cloths, Fancy Tweeds, Cashmeres, Surah Serges, Covert Coatings, train, glanced at the strange and ever changing lights and colors painted on the northern heaven, then pulled the throttle a notch

"If that's the reflection of a prairie fire we tains." he muttered in his blowing beard. The train was a sort of sleeping procession Drawers, Stockings and Gloves are prominent in our mark down. The balance of our Ladies' Jackets will be closed out at a small advance on the seats of the day coach and the smoker, nodding, crumpled, and looking unlovely and Blankets from 69c. to \$4.50 per pair. Comfortables, Counterpanes, Carriage deformed, passengers drooped, or lay breathing heavily. The brakemen and conductor Men's Clothing and Furnishings will be a leading feature while this sale lasts. sat down at every opportunity, keeping 25 doz Women's Corsets at 50c per pair. They look to be worth double awake with difficulty; the "peanutter, ensconced among his trumpery in the for 275 pairs of Men's, Women's, Misses' and Boys' Boots and Shoes will ward end of the smoker, lay relaxed and

be sacrificed. The price we have marked these at guarantee us a awake. They sat exactly opposite each other in the smoking-car, one by a north Don't Delay, this is a golden opportunity and we mean business. window and the other by a south window Their grim, pale faces were half turned toward each other. Without looking directly, Bridgetown to Boston each saw the other and narrowly noted his every movement, almost his every breath. One had brown eyes, the other gray; both were of middle life, and both looked forceful, Loon nervous, and used to struggling with Nature ran through him. "It comes!" he cried. Bridgetown to Boston by his side, holding fast the butt of a pistol. Almost the same thought was in each man's

\$6.50.

and return

\$11.50.

mind, and it was this: now? I shouldn't care to escape—I'd face the esult-death, or whatever else might come -he'd have got his just deserts, anyway !' rouble rankled in each man's consciousness, bitter hatred and anger that seemed eating

nto the heart of each like an acid. 'He had no right, moral or legal, to cut hat ditch through the sag an' turn the whole creek down his valley, leavin' my ranch dry, an' ruinin' me," was the first thought in the brain of the brawn-eyed man. "I took up my land first, an' the natural course of the eam was down my valley. I beat him in | cried Loomis through the clamor. the lower court, an' now when I'm dead broke an' can't raise money to fight him, he's appealed the case to the Supreme Court! his are to him. I'd never had to send mine East to mother's if he'd left the water run where it belongs. I got on this train to go out to the mines to see if I c'd raise some noney by working, an' here he is followin'

You're giving will before daylight comes." In the bosom of the gray eyed man sharp teeth seemed gnawing. The pain of it set a glittering light in his eyes. He moistened-his dry lips, and his brown, toil-calloused fingers lightened about the butt of his pistol. "Everythin' I've got in the world is in that ranch of mine," he brooded, "an' if he's channel I'm ruined, that's all. I'd nevel took up the land an' improved it if I hadn't seen that the creek used to run through the sag an' down my way a long time ago. The natural bed of the stream is down that way:

"We've got t' take water at the Shunt natural bed of the stream is down that way; besides, I'm not lookin' out for strangers over the case through the Supreme Court I don't know; maybe I can raise some money workknow; maybe I can raise some money workin' out in the mines. I wanted to get away
so I wouldn't have to kill him, an' here he is,
followin' me! He's said endagh an' done
enough to me; the world ain's big enough for
'aboth of us; that's all. He's got to get out of
it, an' he will before sun ap."

there'd be one chance in a hundred, mebby,
that we'd run past the firs. But we've got t'
have water."

"Stunty" came out of the gangway and
scrambled toward Blake's ear. His face was
eager and flushed with light.

"Why don't you stop at Baid Head, Pop!"

booke over the hill; away toward the south
the billow of fire awept on, tossing its banners of amoke and flushe and other with something in their faces never
eager and flushed with light.

"Why don't you stop at Baid Head, Pop!"

Thus they sat nursing their poison, the he yelled; "that hill of gravel an' alkali be-The faces of both were haggard from worry and sleepless nights of secret cursing and much as other men, but many months of boy against him and hugged him. anger and mental turmoil had burned a hard, drawn, half ferocious expression in the aspect of each.

at a little station in the midst of that lifted zone of plain which sweeps along the base of the Rocky Mountains for hundreds of miles. briggs don't know the safety-valve's wedged; keep mum." About them men sprawled and snored, sodden and inert, unconscious of the wakeful horror that brooded in their midst. Ahead in the cab window of the 1006 Pop Blake leaned out, swaying with the rock and roll of the huge machine. Every few moments he looked toward that growing con- them; they still kept to their watch. flagration of smoke in the northern sky, then

coal-pile and the furnace door of the engine dipped Briggs, the fireman, grimy with dust and oil, and wet with sweat. Now and then he glanced toward the north, and once he stood still through several seconds, earnestly regarding the marvellous lights and tangled ribbons of color shifting and beating up into the blue concave of the

The world seemed on fire. He stripped the perspiration from his brow with a bent efinger and looked toward Blake. "Can we make it, Pop?" he shouted. The old engineer did not turn his face. Like gray iron it was set straight ahead. "I don't know, Jim. Keep hot hell under

her," was all he said. His lips shut tight and worked involuntar ily in his beard, and he opened the throttle wider. Briggs began feverishly pounding coal and shoveling it into the firebox. It was now nearly four in the morning,

and a faint gray began to creep upon that open, lifted land. Northeast, north and northwest the heavens looked to be on fire. | the cover off the intake. When the nozzle Straight overhead the sky turned faintly was in the opening Briggs snatched the downpink. A half hour later the vast bulk of the dangling lever rope and pulled. There was rounded world came heaving upward out of a quick gush of water, then something snapthe gloom like the yellowish back of some | ped in the tauk, the lever at the top of the mighty monster lifting from the sea. Dawn great thb flew up in the air and the flow was breaking in the east. Blake did not need to turn to see it. Thin

lakes of matted grass, shoreless everywhere save for the vast ring of the horizon-line and the purpling bank of mountains in the west. In that early day, for more than a hundred miles, only section houses, an occasional solitary depot, and water tanks graced the track that threaded the arid desert. Heavy winter snows and spring rains had brought an unusual growth of verdure, which, with full breath, plunged headlong into the black the advent of the dry season, had fallen dead, making the world a table of luxury for fire. Blake ran his eye out over the limitless

The division station, just within the mouth a pipe, and holding fast to that he found the of the first mountain canon, was nearly fifcy miles away. It was all slightly up-grade. The train pulled like lead. Back in the smoker the brown-eyed man and he of the gray still sat tense and pale. Weary, nodding, dreaming, not a man on the lip from its hinges and let the water run! the train from the front mail car to the red But the weight of fluid upon the valve, and hind-lights saw the crimson glare and rolling | the strength of the hinges defeated his efforts. tousle of smoke clots and flame-tips stretching across the north. Seventy miles wide,

came surging southward. In the terrible glory and grandeur of it the cawn was swallowed up and lost. "Stunty" Steele, the "peanutter," was In the three Pullmans all was curtained, dim and quiet. Even the black porters alept. the first person rearward from the engine who saw it. His freekled face whitened, a spark of something like fire swam suddenly into the centre of each of his eyes, and he leaped up and rushed through the smoker and into the day coach. The conductor was lolling by a south window, his cheek on his hand, his eyes half closed. A brakeman lay back in a seat near by, cap off, open mouthed, snoring. "Stunty" lunged at the conduc-

" Bob ! For Heaven's sake, look at that !" "What is it, 'Stunty?" he asked quick-

The boy almost dragged him over to a north window. "There-look at that!" he half whis-Loomis fetched a gasp from the thrill that

and men. Each kept his right hand down " The fire break burners are a hundred miles east of us-we're trapped !" He wheeled round and started toward the rear of the train, then turned and hurried | was tenderly rolling and pressing the boy's "Shall I kill him here and now or wait toward the front. As he passed the two thin body. The glare from the nearing biluntil we get to the mountains; Why not rigid watchers in the smoker, the hard glitter of their stare did not waver nor relax. Three minutes later Loomis came clamber-

All the steps, secret and open, of their stumbled down through the loose coal to the man came to Loomis' side. boiler head. "Stunty" was at his heels. Briggs was working like a demon. Into rear three cars, Bill; hustle them into the the white disk of the furnace door he was plunging a long iron rod, stirring the seething mass within. He turned a pair of red eyes to Loomis' face for an instant, blew the dripping sweat from his mustache, and went on stoking with all his might.

"Can we get to the mountains, Pop?" Blake's gray face came around with a jerk. "Hullo, Bob! No-well, no: we can't make it. The wind's from the north, an' that fire's comin' like a race-horse. I'm runnin' her wide open, an' Briggs is fairly meltin' her string of dead elephants. We're makin' 'bout forty miles an hour, but we'd have t' make a Lundred t' run past the fire. D'ye if I swore I'd shoot him on sight—an' I see there in the northwest—it bends down to'ards the track; it'll strike the rails first 'bout twenty miles ahead, I judge."

the distant billow of fire, a vast crescent of lashing flames stretching east and west from horizon to horizon. It was a sight to set quaking the coldest heart that ever beat. Awe was blent with a reflection of terrible trouble in their faces. Briggs dashed half a pail of water on his

tank; that's 'bout six miles ahead," he shouted, his lips not two feet from Loomis' head. "If we didn't have t' make that stop there'd be one chance in a hundred, mebby,

ness of murder burning in each man's blood.

yond Shunt's tank, you know. If the passes of both were haggard from worry sengers o'd get on that they'd be all right." Loomis' big blue eyes fell to "Stunty's" hating. In natural composition they were freckled face, and suddenly he caught the "Good boy !" said Blake with emphasis. "Mebby we can make the hill; it's just

about eighteen miles from here. I've got a They had boarded the train after midnight | wedge in the engine-pop-I made up my mind t' take the train through or blow up He glanced toward the toiling fireman "The passengers are on," he added, glancing

back along the string of cars. More than a hundred human heads dotted the north side of the long train. The features of the two ranchmen were not among said the grey eyed man. turned his eyes hungrily toward the distant | The blue steel needle trembled toward the

mountains. Back and forth between the danger point. "Keep 'er there, Jim!" he He went back over the tender into the coaches and began trying to abate the panic that raged among the passengers. "Stunty" planted himself in the gangway of the engine and watched the oncoming wall of flames.

Terrible beyond description, it came, the

charge, as it might be, of a hundred thousand angels of death on shining horses, with tossing manes of flame and the gleam and leap of ten thousand swords in flashing tangle above them. Up in the air the smoke, as of battle, shot in wavering spires or streamed forward over the wallowing under-billow in gigantic puffs of darkness. Every substance and form of life fell and turned to flame and ashes before it.

The train was sweeping along the rails; every ounce of power that lay in the great 1006 was going into her whirling drivers. Blake held the throttle wide, and Briggs was working madly.

At last they thundered up to Shunt's tank and stopped. Briggs was on the tender with

The perpendicular lever had pulled loose patches of rose on the mountain-tops far | from the valve-lip in the tank! The valve earth's rim eastward. The region was no water! A cry went back through the train more than wide-spreading solitude, a faint- that no water could be got into the engine; ly undulating sea of gray sage-brush and that she was ready to explode for want of it. Men came wildly swarming forward. But almost instantly some one was going up the side of the tank like a wildcat. It

> was "peanutter" Steele, whose wiles and wares the passengers had vainly tried to escape and despise. When he reached the top he did not wait a moment, but threw the cover from the manhole, and, taking a water below There was a thunder of fluid on his eardrums, a sense of stifling pressure, then he was on the slimy bottom feeling for the valve. His clutching fingers fell-first upon

valve-lip and lifted it. The water drove in about his hands and sucked the lid down : he tore it open again and braced himself. If he could only break He must hold it open-how long? He was suffocating. Despite his will, the

poisonous air burst out from his lungs and and burning over 28,000 square miles of prairie before it ceased, that ocean of flames the water rushed in at his lips. Still he clung to the valve and held it back He was filled with pain and blackness and gurgling, but would not let go. Then suddenly he was dimly dreaming, the valve closed with a snap, his feet and body lifted upward, his clenched fingers slipped from the wood, and he shot to the surface Loomis was leaning down into the manhole and grabbed the limp boy and drew him up.

A moment later the conductor came down the tank-ladder with "Stunty" hanging over his shoulder like a dripping rag. Many hushed their wild chatter and their screaming at sight of that senseless form. The two whose dominant intent was murder stood by, in the face of imminent death and the mad excitement of the hour, still watchful, malignant. But that vision on the ladder disturbed them. The hand of each man slowly unclasped from its pistol-butt, came out of pocket, and dropped nerveless. "Get aboard everybody !" roared Loomis

The two ranchmen came last. They moved like men in a dream. With a double blast of her whistle the throttle of the 1006 came wide; she seemed to rise from the track and plunge, and in a moment the train was rushing toward the mountains.

"Stunty" lay on the floor of the baggage-

car by the open door. Loomis, on his knees lows of fire came in through the door and lit up the lad's swollen features and the conductor's pale face. The man did not look up; the boy was as one gone out of life. A brake " Get everybody and their traps out of the cars ahead, then cut off the empties," said

the conductor as he worked. " Do as I say -let the cars burn !' Five minutes later three empty coacher parted from the train, swung back, and 1006 set a wilder pace.

Ten miles to go now: the wall of fire seemed not a half-mile distant when the train whirled around a long curve and stopped just south of Bald Head Hill. Blake set the injectors working, and clam-bered out on the footboard of the engine and pulled the wedge from the safety-valve.

Briggs jumped down and reeled toward the hill like a drunken man. Blake caught him by the arm and helped him forward. With feet spurred by terror, men, women and to the hill's white crest. ame Loomis, with "Stunty" in his arms.

came animals running the northern region came animals running wolves, coyotes, rabbits, deer, wild horse a she-bear and her cubs, a bull bison and hi female mates, all panting and as wild-eyed as the cluster of human beings on the hill. Harmless from terror, they crowded up the slope and stood gazing northward.

No creature thought of danger save for that which lay in the roaring sea of fire about them. Wolves pressed against the limbs of men, and antelope and bear stood cowering together.

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

An Officer's First Battle.

HIS MEN BAN AWAY FROM HIM. What are the feelings of an officer when right," and that Blake was going for help. for the first time he leads his men into battle? Loomis stopped half way down the hill; This is a question which the soldier himself "Stunty's" head turned on his shoulder. The alone can answer, and we suspect that a good boy's eyes opened, startled, strange.

"It's gone by; everybody's safe," said the big conductor assuringly.

"Stunty" gazed around at the blackened world a moment, looked down at the conworld a moment, looked down at the con-course of passengers, then suddenly hid his ace against Loomis' neck and cried.

The two who would have killed, he of the experience in battle. "We were advancing The two who would have killed, he of the gray eyes and he of the brown, looked at each other a little space; then, as if bidden by the same thought, flung their pistols far down among the ashes of the brush and struck their right hands together in a fervid

the whole body of the army behind the regi-"There's water enough for both of us in ment. While the men were leisurely tying the creek. I'm ready to dismiss the suit," their horses an officer came up at a furious said the grey eyed man.

"Yes, there's plenty for us both. Let's you stopped here for, and blocked up the go back and divide it," said the other, and whole road?" I saw the point in a moment, talking together they passed down the hill. and bade my men move out of the wood. In the meantime my scabbard got itself hopelessly entangled in a bush, and 'the more I tried to get it loose the more it stuck the

So I told my men to form at the chell, recently drawn from life by A. I. Keller. This is printed in tints, and is a in the bush, while, with naked blade flashing striking likeness of the venerable author of 'Reveries of a Bachelor." It is accompani and with an arrial on "The Many of the fun and had run over the house of the ed with an article on "The Master of Edge wood," by Arthur Reed Kimball, who writes hill, and scattered along the whole length of on that gracious and personal side of Mr. the line. After infinite difficulty, many Mitchell's long literary career which is as words and more temper, I got them together

"We were barely in position when I heard brilliantly described by H. J. Whigham (who made his reputation as a correspondent in the Sparish West of the Board war is a with a saw the ball high in the air. As near as I in the Spanish War). He is accompanying the Modder River column, and describes the where I stood, and I dismounted with removement of troops from Cape Town to the markable agility, only to see the missile of front. His own photographs give a realistic war pass sixty feet overhead. I felt rather picture of the actual conditions encountered by the troops. Future articles will follow deal relieved when I saw that they, too, had Theodore Roosevelt's second chapter on were looking at me. I quickly mounted the career of Cromwell deals with the "Long Parliament and the Civil War." It contains

We were ordered to charge soon after, and Colonel Roosevelt's acute analysis of the early the enemy easily gave way before us, for battles of the Civil War, the personality of the troops, the use of "shock tactics," the passed some dead and wounded, the first sad importance of cavalry and the small relative results of real war that I had ever seen. At

interesting comparison between the English rain fell in torrents, not even a campfin Civil War and the American Civil War. could be kept to light up the impenetrable The illustration is on the same elaborate scale as that of the January instalment. It ground. The pale, rigid faces that I had represents the best work of Seymour, Lucas, seen turned up to the evening sun appeared Yohn, Shepperson, Frank Craig, and Peixot. before me as I tried in vain to shield my own The opening instalment of "Tommy and a comrade, blundering around in the dark-Grizel," Mr. Barrie's great serial, has been ness, splashed my eyes full of mud, I closed them in my first sleep upon a battlefield."

duced, has been widely noticed, and the en. A MAGAZINE FINDS BUT 80 WORTHY MANU-Grizel and Thrums reappear with some of the by the Ladies' Home Journal during the amusing incidents of the celebrated Tommy's year just closed. Each was given a careful

reading, but out of the entire number only eighty were found worthy of publication. general of the department of Havans, dcs
The Manuscript Bureau of The Ladies'
The Social life of Havans." He corHome Journal is operated at a large expense but the hope of discovering new writers or what society is in that capital. The gaiety some aspirants with undeveloped talent "The First Night of a Play." "Through

the dances, the music, the beauty of Cu the Slums with Mrs. Ballington Booth, "What it Means to be a Librarian," by Her-"The problems of a Pacific Cable," by bert Putman, Librarian of Congress, and Herbert Laws Webb, is another article of "The Pew and the Man in it," by Ian Macmportance in our colonial relations, and es- laren, are among the notable features of the mportance in our colonial reservant bills to February Ladies' Home Journal. An Ameriay a Pacific cable are before Congress. Mr. can Mother answers conclusively "Have Webb is an electrical expert who has taken Women Robbed Men of their Religion?" partins everal cable expeditions. He describes and there is an interesting article on Mile. Chaminade, the famous comprsor and plan-Pacific, and discusses the difficulties which are likely to be met with and the conditions

of success.

The fiction includes a tale of the Reconstruction period in middle Georgia, by Joel Chandler Harris, entitled "Miss Irene," and a nowerful story by William Allen White. a powerful story by William Allen White, and "Edith and I in Paris," "Her Boston entitled "The Mercy of Death," which has Experiences," and the "Autobiography of a to do with the career of a western senator in Girl" continue with increasing int Washington. pictorial feature, "In Honor of St. Valen-A brilliant essay on Chopin as a psycholog-

lustrated poem by Oliver Herford complete dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

Rare Postage Stamps.

A cablegram from London; England, on Sunday last, to the Toronto Telegram says that at a sale of rare old postage stamps tofifty one pound; New Brunswick shilling unpenny unused for ten pounds; Newfoundland shilling, sixty-one pounds; Newfoundland ling, violet, unused, thirty five pounds, and

One postage stamp brought \$1710 Friday ction. It was a specimen of the first issue of British Guiana in 1850. It is of the two cent denomination. The stamp was pur chased by a prominent stamp and coin com pany of New York, who represented an English collector. Mr. Hunter bought the speci-

Smoking Stunts the Growth of Boys. Whatever difference of opinion there may boys. It affects the action of the heart and reduces the aspicity of the lungs. Young men who are being trained for athletics are not permitted to smoke by their trainers because, as they say, "It is bad for the wind! The argument that will appeal most forcibly to your boy is that smoking will stunt his growth. It has been proved that youthful smokers are shorter and weigh less than their comrades who do not smoke. Cigarettes are particularly injurious. Nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, is said by chemists to be, next to prussic said, the most rapidly fatal poison known. The tender tissues of a growing boy cannot absorb even a very small quantity of it without most injurious results. \*\*February Ladies' Home Journal.

Toilet Articles, etc

Choice Family Groceries,

Flour and Meal, Crockeryware,

Patent Medicines, Confections,

MacKenzie, Crowe & Company. SHAFNER & PIGGOTT.

PARK'S children hurried up the gravelly, ashen slope PERFECT **EMULSION** After them, the last man to quit the train, contains the prescribed proportions of the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda (together with Guaiacel), making it the greatest Then burst the supreme vision. From out

At length the monster passed; the light broke over the hill; away toward the south

NO. 46.

Scribner's Magazine for February has for faster.' sociated with his farm and his friends.

face against Loomis' neck and cried.

"The Opening Period of the Boer War" is

this exciting campaign.

received with enthusiastic praise. The careful workmanship, in striking contrast to many popular novels which are rapidly pro icing charm of the story itself has mastered the widest audience. In this instalment, return to his native village.

Major T. Bentley Mott, late adjutantrects many false impression in regard to dignity, and refinement of what is best in Havana social life are graphically pictured

ist and poet by James Huneker, an art ar some happy bygone days. By The Curtis ticle by Frederic Crowninshield, and an il Publishing Company. Philadelphia. One

Made Brave by Toothache.

CONSUMPTION

Lime and Soda are important ele-ments in the tissues of the body. In Bronchitis, Consumption, Chronic Coughs, and all Catarrhal Conditions,

these elements are rapidly exhauster and must be replaced or the system

Reconstructor

of exhausted tissues known. It prevents acid-fermentation and aids digestion and assimilation. It assists nature in destroying germs. It acts as a tonic, increases appetite, is nutritive and vastly improves the general condition of the patient;

Price 50 cents per Bottle

of all Druggists.

HATTIE & MYLIUS,

While some old soldiers were telling war tories one of them recalled a carious incident He had a raging toothache, and the night day he was in line with his regiment, and there was the usual nervous apprehension among the men, but he was fully occupied with his aching tooth. Suddenly the fight

at the head of the company. He yelled and cheered and fought for two hours, and when the victory was won he was highly complimented for his bravery. "Yet," he said, Hunter, New York. This is the largest sum it wasn't bravery at all. It was that aw any stamp has ever brought in the States at ful tooth, and my desire to do anything to banish the jumping pains !" LIME AND SODA IN

> a upon the advisability of smoking for men there is none as to its pernicious effect upon boys. It affects the action of the heart and

Duly Feed Man and Steed.

Feed your nerves, also, if you would have them strong. The blood is the feeder and sustainer of the whole nervous system. Men and women who are peryons are so because their nerves are statved. When they make their blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, their nervousness disappears because the peryes are properly fed. Hood's cause the nervousness disappeare be-cause the nerves are properly fed. Hoad's Sarsaparills never disappoints Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 25c