The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1904. NO. 22

Professional Cards

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

Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, &c.
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

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.

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 days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 35 tf

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, N S
April 1st, 1903.—1y

Fine Watch Repairing.

THOS. BIRD,
Practical Watchmaker,
Begs to inform the people of Bridgetown and surrounding country that he has permanently located next to Dr. DeBlois' office on Granville Street, where he is prepared to clean and repair all kinds of watches and clocks, and trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

Capital Authorized, -	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, -	1,336,150
Capital Paid Up, -	1,326,295
Reserve Fund, -	925,000

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR. GEO. MITCHELL, M. P. P.
E. G. SMITH, A. K. JONES,
GEORGE STAIRS.

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr,
W. C. Harvey, - - Inspector.

BRANCHES:
Annapolis, Arichat, Baddeck, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Glace Bay, Granville Ferry, Halifax, Inverness, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Lockeport, Mabou, Middleton, New Glasgow, North Sydney, Parrsboro, Sherbrooke, Springhill, Sydney, Sydney Mines, St. Peter's, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.
Port of Spain, Trinidad; St. John, N. B.

CORRESPONDENTS:
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
London and Westminster Bank, London, England.

Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year.

STATEMENT

	1887	1903	1904
Capital,	$ 500,000	$1,200,000	$ 1,326,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits,	472,401	5,115,848	6,834,421
Circulation,	148,443	1,043,860	1,194,502
Loans,	793,830	6,534,320	7,697,609
P. D. Bills,	52,139	10,754	1,346
Liabilities,	804,426	7,157,176	8,115,850
Assets,	1,358,209	9,170,243	10,373,650

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed at highest current rate on Savings Bank Deposits and on Deposit Receipts, compounded half-yearly.

ROYAL
The absolutely pure
BAKING POWDER
ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful; it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. NEW YORK.

Poetry.

Noon in the Woods.

"Hush!" said the pine on the hill,
And all of them listened together—
Listened and nodded and grew so still,
Still in the golden weather—
And the squirrel who fancied he'd something to do
And chattered awhile complaining,
Felt the spell of the silence creep over him, too,
For noon in the woods was reigning.

And the sunshine slips through the boughs,
And gold is the place of its falling,
Gold where the wild dove murmur and drowse,
And gold is the coo of their calling.
The little bright eyes are closed in sleep,
And hush d is the sob of complaining,
For silence broods, as it broods on the deep,
When noon in the woods is reigning.

—Roland Whittle in the San Francisco "News Letter."

Out of the Hear'.

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flowing back with a ripply sheet,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay.
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been.
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well—
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell—
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing,
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

* * * * *

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living;
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache.

—James Russell Lowell.

Select Literature.

BRADFORD'S HAPPY MEDIUM

"I do not expect to secure a prodigy, neither do I want an irreclaimable dunce. I want an office boy who can remember the name of the firm he works for and can make a round trip of two blocks under an hour."

This was what President MacDonald of the MacDonald Company had said to his manager after many trials of many boys had "worn his temper thin," as he described it. Mr. Bradford had replied that he had in view a mean between the two extremes which he hoped would fill the specifications.

"If you think you can strike the happy medium, by all means try," said Mr. MacDonald, "but I anticipate no such good fortune."

When the "medium" arrived and proved to be not a boy, but a girl, the whole office force took an interest. Perhaps it was not unnatural that a portion of the interest assumed the form of good natured chaffing, and that out of the chaffing should arise the nickname.

Her name was Marjorie. She was twelve years old and small for her age. She was not pretty, but she was radiantly clean and wholesome, and she had a smile that suited her face as the bloom suits a red apple. It seemed the outward evidence of a perennially spontaneous joy in mere existence. So, though a whimsical putting together of the president's word and her own joyous disposition, the name was formed—Happy Medium—Bradford's Happy Medium.

But if the name suited her in one respect, it did her gross injustice in another, for there was nothing whatever "medium" about her.

It was just after Christmas that she came to the office. By February even Mr. MacDonald admitted that she had made herself useful. She worked rapidly, she learned rapidly, she was intelligent, she was trustworthy. That she listened in an inoffensive way to what went on in the office, and remembered, was demonstrated more than once by her intelligent subsequent action in the little details given to her care. This made her the more valuable.

At first the humorous chaffing, although not unkindly meant, made her timid and threatened almost to dim her smile; but when Bradford, whose kindness of heart was as unfailing as his insight into character, sharply discountenanced any fun at her expense, her happy spirit blossomed like a flower. She at once gave undemonstrative but absolute allegiance to the young manager.

It was during the early months of the year, when the MacDonald Company, steel bridgebuilders, were in the midst of their "rush" season, that things occurred which not only threatened disaster to the business of the season, but brought about a very grave situation in the offices.

Smith, Shores & Company, a competing firm, suddenly began underbiding the MacDonald Company, on a series of important contracts. And so little did their bids cut under the MacDonald Company's estimates that suspicion of treachery in the office was at last aroused, and finally an open charge was made by a member of the board of directors.

The charge was directly against Bradford as manager, and, despite an expression of confidence in him from a number of the members of the board, a check was placed upon his movements.

The matter was not supposed to be public in the offices, but not only Bradford knew, but everyone else knew.

The situation, unrelieved by any new development, caused general distress. The young manager, hoping for vindication, went quietly on with his work, but his keen hurt was not wholly concealed. Days passed. The cloud on the spirits of the office force was heavy.

Most of the employes liked Bradford and believed in him. Some, however, showed a readiness, not rarely to be observed in a certain class, to nurse any suspicion against another's integrity when once it had been suggested. Still others, but a few, who jealously disliked him for his success in his work, covertly sneered at him. Marjorie was unwaveringly loyal. Her nimble little feet were more nimble than ever in his service. Secretly, almost stealthily, she watched to save him annoyance, her sorrow for his suffering equalled only by her faith for him.

Then came the bidding on the great bridge at Marion, for which half the companies in the west submitted estimates. It was to be a valuable contract to the successful bidder. The MacDonald Company's estimate was prepared with especial care and placed in the custody of the young manager, who, with his own hands, locked it in the safe beside his desk on the night before it was to be submitted.

Two pairs of eyes besides Bradford's witnessed the last operation. One pair belonged to Murdock, the night watchman, who was emptying the office waste baskets at the time; the other pair to the little office girl, who lingered unusually late that night over her work of getting the last letters sealed and stamped.

"Keep a specially sharp eye on the office tonight, Murdock," said Bradford, as he pulled on his gloves before leaving. "We don't want any thieves here."

The manager did not look at the watchman as he spoke, and only one pair of eyes saw the slow grin on Murdock's face. Their glance was neither bold nor keen, but they were very intelligent eyes, and that grin seemed to let a flood of understanding into the busy little mind back of them.

"Be sure to spring the latch good when you go out, young one," said the watchman, as, after Bradford had gone, he returned the great empty waste baskets to their places and turned to go away again.

Half an hour later the offices were dark except for one dim gaslight burning in the outer room. When the watchman returned and let himself in with his latch key everything within bore its usual night aspect of quiet good order.

The man peered round the ground, glass partition shielding the entrance, and examined the silent rooms with care. Then he returned to the door. He was not alone. Two other men stood just at the outer door.

"Come in," said Murdock, gruffly. "Mr. Melchers, you'd better stand just outside the door and watch for anybody who might come. There's no danger from the back stairs way, for the door is bolted on the inside. Mr. Hendricks, you come with me."

Evidently the watchman was not new at the business in which he was engaged. He led the way directly to the great safe beside Bradford's desk.

"Now," he said, "we don't want any more light here than is necessary. We'll go into the inner office for light when we get the papers. It won't take more than half an hour to find out all the details of what the MacDonald Company's bid is, and then you can duck out, and no one's the wiser. That's the beauty of this graft—no papers to carry—nothing to do—but get—a look at the—estimates."

The last sentence was broken by brief moments of silence, for which the faint click of the safe combination was explanation enough. The man sank to his knees before the big safe, his hand, with evidently accustomed touch, manipulating the lock. A longer pause ensued, and then the doors of the great safe opened.

"I haven't worked here six months for nothing," said Murdock, as he reached into the safe and with sure hand took out the packet he had seen Bradford place there. "I hadn't been here three before I got hold of the combination.

"We'll use the lights in the inner office," he said again, rising to his feet with the precious packet and leading the way inside the room farthest from the street windows, "and we'll pull down some curtains first, too."

He seemed to be in a sort of hysterical mood as he suited the action to the word. Then the two men sat down at the big table under the light and nervously opened the envelope.

The gas jet in the outer office burned dimly, but it shed sufficient light to show a curious thing. The big, pannier-like waste basket standing beside Bradford's desk seemed suddenly to develop a strange life and energy within itself. It moved, trembled, creaked and swayed, and then in the dark opening of its capacious mouth appeared a very white, disturbed little face. Then suddenly the basket rolled over on its side and disgorged a little girl who was supposed to have gone home to supper long before.

The little girl stood in the middle of the floor trembling and hesitating. She had not acted without a plan, but to scheme and to execute are two very different things. For a moment her undertaking seemed more than she could accomplish. Then she thought of Bradford and the false suspicion against him, and she set her lips hard.

Her footsteps were noiseless on the carpeted floor as she made her way over to the gaslight and deliberately turned it out. Keeping out of the path of light from the inner office she crept softly round the corner of the glass partition, and in the dense darkness softly closed the hall door, holding the catch to prevent it snapping. Then she held her breath and listened for some movement from the man outside, but none came.

She crossed the room again, this time to the door which led to the back hallway and stairs, and a moment later she was flying down the alley, over the slippery cobblestones, hatless and coatless in the freezing night air.

John Bradford's house was but five blocks up the avenue. Bradford himself answered her excited ring at the door bell. Astonished as he was, and comprehending little of her tale, he gathered enough from her gasping statements and from the names she mentioned—Hendricks, Melchers—to cause him to act quickly. The name Hendricks he recognized instantly as that of an employee of the rival company.

He caught a hat from the rack, and, jamming it on his head, ran down the steps, with the faithful little girl panting painfully at his heels. Together they raced through the street at a pace which made the few belated pedestrians turn and stare after them, but they stopped for nothing till they found a big policeman. Bradford explained in a sentence, and the three hurried to the street door of the office building.

"It's all quiet, sir," said the officer, as they entered. "It don't look to me like robbery."

"Never mind what it looks like," said Bradford. "The little girl knows. Careful, now."

Together they crept up the dark stairway. As they neared the landing where Majorie had warned them they would find one man posted as sentry, the officer struck a light, but the place was deserted—the fellow had found some early cause for alarm and had fled. Whether or not he had warned the others remained to be seen.

Bradford pulled out his keys, and with elaborate care unlocked the office door. As the door opened silently the sound of low voices from within came to him, and he smiled grimly. He wasted no time, but, followed by the officer, with the little girl tremblingly bringing up in the rear, he tiptoed across the main office and entered the inner room.

Neither of the two busy men within had left his place since Marjorie had crawled from her basket. No sound had reached them to give them an inkling of the forces she had set in motion for their discomfiture. Both were so excitedly intent upon their work that even when Bradford entered neither looked up.

"Well Hendricks," said the young man, quietly, "do you think Smith, Shores & Company can bid lower?"

The culprits jumped as if under a lash. Hendricks threw himself forward half across the table, staring with a piteous attempt at a smile to conceal his terror. Murdock, the cooler of the two, slid his hand along the table toward the papers.

"Drop it," said Bradford, sternly. "It's too late now, Murdock."

Then he turned to the officer. "Put these men under arrest," he said. "I will appear against them." The open safe, the papers spread upon the table and the written memoranda, which Hendricks had made, constituted an abundance of proof against the two men, and Bradford was satisfied.

Marjorie leaned weakly against the window sill by Bradford's desk while the officer and his prisoners filed out. There was little parley, for Bradford would not listen.

Then the young manager sat down in his chair and drew the little girl to his knee, as he might have done with his own daughter. She was very tired now, and for some reason she felt a greater impulse to cry than at any time during the whole of her trying experience, but there was such kindness and such sincerity in Bradford's voice and manner that she was compelled to smile instead. He drew her story—a very modest story—from her first, and then he talked a little himself.

"You're a trump, Marjorie," he said, holding her slender hands gently in his big ones. "You're a very brave girl. I don't see now how in the world you did it, but you did. You've saved the company a great many hundreds of dollars in profits on that contract, and you have saved something for me worth even more to me. You very well know what it meant to me, too. I understand that, and I shall never forget it, or you. Mr. MacDonald won't forget, either, you may be sure of that."

Then Bradford put the little girl in a cab, with sundry things that might eke out a very late supper, and sent her home, while he himself called on Mr. MacDonald and told him the story.

There was no lack of complimentary things said to Marjorie during the next few days, but the best part for the little girl came at the end of the week, when an official looking envelope was laid on her desk. Inside was the MacDonald Company's check for a substantial sum, with the statement that it constituted her "commission" on the contract which had been secured.

Then, better still, there was a letter from the board of directors, in which they thanked the little girl, not only for her service in saving the hands of the pilferers, but "for a lesson in faith and constancy to duty and to friendship which will not be forgotten."

And Mr. MacDonald's words to Bradford, when he assured him of the directors' deep regret for the unjust suspicion, and of their perfect confidence in him henceforth, were not less honestly meant if less seriously phrased.

"Well, Bradford," he said, "if your little friend Marjorie sets such an example for us as the 'happy medium' only, I think some of us old heads must take a leaf out of her book, or submit to classification in the lower rank."

Ayer's

Don't try cheap cough medicines. Get the best, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. What a record it has, sixty years of

Cherry Pectoral

cures! Ask your doctor if he doesn't use it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

"I have found that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best medicine I can prescribe for bronchitis, influenza, coughs, and hard colds."
M. LOZEMAN, M.D., Ithaca, N. Y.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Bronchitis**

Correct any tendency to constipation with small doses of Ayer's Pills.

England's Oldest Clock.

Peterborough Cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320, and is probably the work of a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This wheel is about twelve feet in circumference, and the galvanized cable about 300 feet in length, supports a leaden weight of three cart-weight, which has to be wound up daily. The clock chamber is in the northwest tower, some 120 feet high, where the sunlight has not penetrated for hundreds of years, and the winding is done by the light of a candle. The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs thirty-two caret-weight, and it is struck hourly by an eighty-pound hammer. The going and striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock has no dial. The time is shown on the main wheel of the escapement, which goes round once in two hours.

Catarrah, Pneumonia, Consumption

Death's fateful trinity they are often called. Catarrh is the first stage, pneumonia often follows, and consumption finally exacts the full penalty. This can all be averted by using healing, balsamic Catarrhozone, an antiseptic that penetrates the remotest air cells of the lungs. Catarrhozone reaches the entire mucous surface of the throat and breathing apparatus; it carries health wherever it goes, brings instant relief and is absolutely certain to cure. Don't delay, get Catarrhozone to-day. It means health, certain cure. Two months' treatment $1.00, trial size 25c. Catarrhozone is guaranteed.

Napoleon's Stuffed Horse.

The stuffed horse of Napoleon I., formerly preserved in the Imperial Museum, but long since lost sight of, has been found hidden away in the national storerooms. The coat is white, with brown spots here and there, and on the thigh is branded the letter "N," surmounted with the imperial crown. This most interesting relic was presented to the government of the Second Empire by the Natural History Society of Manchester.

Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by S. N. Weare.

—Self-trust is the first secret of success, the belief that, if you are here the authorities of the universe put you here, and for cause, or with some task strictly appointed you in your constitution, and as long as you work at that you are successful.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Lost Bank Books.

There is hardly one of the thousands of depositors in the savings banks of Massachusetts—and of every state, for that matter—but will be interested to know that the supreme court of that state has just decided a case that might at any time be paralleled in his experience. It all arose over a lost bank book, and the finding of the court is in the interests of the people.

The case in point was this. In 1894 died John H. Webber, of Cambridge, leaving to his credit in the Cambridge savings bank the sum of $1,744. But the bank book disappeared and the bank refused to pay the money to the administrator of Webber's estate, on the ground that its by-laws contained this provision:

"No person shall receive any part of his principal or interest without producing the original book, that such payments may be entered therein, unless it be proved to the satisfaction of the trustees or the treasurer that such book shall have been lost or destroyed in which case a legal discharge will be given."

The institution further held that no evidence of the loss or destruction of the book had been furnished, and the administrator went to the courts to get his money. It has been awarded him, the supreme bench ruling that a savings bank has not the power to make itself or its officers the arbiters as to whether a depositor's bank book was destroyed or lost.

Of course there is nothing in this decision that should be taken to encourage carelessness in the handling of bank books, comments the Boston Journal, yet it is well that depositors know their newly defined rights in the matter A knowledge of the ruling may at some time or other save many a man or woman anxiety and delay.

For the Young Man's Eye.

Young man, did you ever put your arms around your dear old mother who has loved and cared for you and tell her that you love her and are grateful for the tears she has shed and the prayers she has offered for you? She may think that you love her without you assuring her that you do, but it costs you but little effort to tell her and your words may bring more joy and sunshine to her heart than you ever dreamed of. Some young men will pay $2 for a livery rig to ride with a 75-cent girl and tell her all the nice things they can think of that are true, and more that are not true, and don't spend 5 cents or five minutes in a year to show their old mother that they care anything for her.

Very Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden and severe attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again and for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatment without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque county, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly realize that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by S. N. Weare.

Repose of Manner.

The air of distinguished repose so sought after by our nervous society woman may be acquired by any one if she will remember that the secret of a reposeful manner simply means the power to totally relax. Much of your nervous energy is lost in nervous fighting. One beauty specialist goes so far as to declare that nothing will make wrinkles quicker than the habit of moving and jerking and that nothing is so fatal to beauty as coughing and wheezing. All such habits are really nervous complaints. To cure all these fidgety movements cultivate the habit of sitting perfectly still, keeping the hands and fingers motionless as long as possible, and relax.

Scribner's Magazine for August.

For many years the August number of Scribner's Magazine has been the Fiction Number of the year, noted for its selection of the best short stories obtainable, with the most beautiful and elaborate illustration in color, and in black and white.

The issue of this year is a remarkable one. It contains short stories by Rudyard Kipling, Edith Wharton, Thomas Nelson Page, Josephine Daskam Bacon, and others; serials by Robert Grant and Nelson Lloyd; and poems by Henry van Dyke, John Finley and E. S. Martin. Certainly no more distinguished list of writers has appeared together in a single number of a Magazine.

A Family Necessity

Is a remedy capable of affording immediate relief to the hundred and one ailments that constantly arise. It may be a cold, perhaps toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back,—use Nerviline, it's more penetrating, pain subduing and powerful than any other liniment. Nerviline is at least five times stronger than ordinary remedies and its worth in any household can't be over-estimated. For man or beast Nerviline is a panacea for all pain and costs only 25c. per bottle. Buy Nerviline to-day.

—Japan in territory is very little larger than Nova Scotia. Yet the ingenuity of the farming in Japan may be inferred from the fact that the 45,000,000 inhabitants live almost entirely on the production of that country.

—Politeness, or civility, or urbanity, or whatever we may choose to call it, is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction.
Dr. J. H. Holland.

Your Eyes

may need looking after. Don't neglect them, lest they become seriously and permanently impaired. Step in and let us test them for you without charge. You lose nothing by having them examined, and you may gain a great deal.

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Graduate Optician.

Royal Pharmacy

Loyalty and Labor Union.

At the last annual meeting of the American Federation of Labor, the convention held in Boston and representing a constituency of a million and a quarter of members, the delegates, we are told, "received with prolonged cheers" the suggestion of Mr. James O'Grady, a fraternal delegate from Great Britain, that "the representative labor bodies in England and America join forces in one great international universal body of organized labor." Probably not one of those who cheered, if even one of them stopped to consider the significance of such an organization, grasped the true import of the suggestion, involving as it does a return to the primitive type of loyalty characterizing semi-civilization.

* * * * *

Loyalty or patriotism, in its general acceptance, was at first fidelity to the family, then fidelity to the tribe or clan, then, under the feudal system, to the overlord, then to the king as the supreme overlord, and finally to the representative legislative assembly for the entire community, when recognized as embodying in its law-making prerogatives the right to control king and citizen alike for the good of all. To substitute loyalty to this class for loyalty to the community or country is obviously to revert to a loyalty whose first allegiance was to the tribe or clan, and thus to disorganizing conditions. Such a possibility led President Roosevelt to declare in a Labor Day speech that "any kind of class animosity in the political world is, if possible, even more destructive to national welfare than sectional, race, or religious animosity." — From "The Point of View," in the August Scribner's (Fiction Number).

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get, and strongly recommend it.
GEO. HOUGH.
Livery Stables, Quebec.

Dry Weather is Causing Forest Fires.

Last week, says an exchange, a tremendous bush fire was raging on the Hants side of Cobequid Bay, and on Onslaw Mountain in Colchester county, and in many places crossing planks on the I. C. R. caught and burned until put out by the section men. Haying is now on, and as a result of the continued dry weather the crop is away below the average. Grain has also suffered, and will be short in the straw.

A Well Known Albany Man.

Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

About eighteen months ago Mr. W. S. Manning, of Albany, N. Y., widely known in trade circles as the representative of the Albany Chemical Co., was suffering from a protracted attack of diarrhoea. "I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," he says, "and obtained immediate relief. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to those similarly afflicted." Sold by S. N. Weare.

—The Quebec provincial government is selling the Magdalen Islands to a New York syndicate. These islands are valuable for their mineral and herring fishing. There is some fretting over the alienation of public property in this fashion, but it remains, of course, under Canadian law as before. The real cause of irritation should be, that while New Yorkers may buy up any quantity of Canadian territory, the laws of New York forbid aliens to own land in that state.

—The British force has commenced the march upon Lhasa, Thibet. Gen. Macdonald hopes to reach the capital by August 5th.

Hump Back

SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Sweep Hill and Plain With Shot and Shell.

London, July 26.—Cabling under date of July 24, the Daily Mail Newchwang correspondent describes a fourteen hours desperate battle with heavy losses on both sides which resulted in the Russian position at Ta Tche Kiao being rendered untenable, by reason of which they will be compelled to retreat towards Haicheng.

"The battle began at six o'clock in the morning," the correspondent says, "the Russians resuming the attack on the Japanese position on the heights of Ta Tche Kiao. After a few hours the Japanese left flank from Teoing mountain captured the village of Targhuditsen, compelling the Russians to retreat to Ten Ghunitsen, six miles from their base.

"The Russians, now reinforced, maintained the position until five o'clock in the afternoon, then the Japanese right flank made a sudden appearance on the hills south of Ta Tche Kiao and by a tremendous fire forced the Russians to retreat.

"The Japanese firing line extended fifteen miles. After two more hours of an incessant storm of shot and shell they swept the last hill and the plain clear of Russians."

The correspondent at Tientsin of the Standard reports incessant fighting since Thursday around Ta Tche Kiao and Kaichou in which the Japanese were steadily forcing the Russians back.

The despatch from Liaoyang to a news agency here reporting heavy fighting there all of Sunday, it would appear, refers to this battle, and from this and other reports it seems that some 30,000 Russians were engaged and that the battle to a great extent was an artillery duel, no mention being made of a cavalry charge, although the ground is fairly open and level.

Tokio, July 27.—In a daring night attack against a Russian force, estimated at five divisions, with 100 guns, General Oku succeeded in driving the enemy from their strong line of defence south of Tatchekiao.

Advancing on Sunday, General Oku found a superior force confronting him and that a heavy artillery fire from the enemy was checking his men. He thereupon decided to hold the positions he then held and to attempt a third surprise by night. This was successful, the Japanese troops hustling the Russians into a retreat from Tatchekiao. The Japanese had only 88 casualties. No estimates of the Russian losses are given.

Along the Halifax and South Western Railway.

Construction work on the Halifax and South Western Railway has come to a standstill at Bristol, near the town of Liverpool. The work of completing the line between this point and Halifax still goes on, but advance to the westward is, for the present at least, checked.

This delay is caused by the rivalry of the towns of Liverpool and Milton, and the strenuous efforts that each is making to have the line carried through it.

Liverpool lies directly in the course of the part of the line now partially completed, and should it continue on that course it will take in several small towns along the South Shore as well as a generally populated country. To pursue this course, however, it will be necessary to construct a long and expensive bridge.

If, on the other hand, the road swings to the north and is built on the east side of the Mersey River to Milton, it may there cross at the head of tide water by means of a much less expensive bridge, and while coming very near to Liverpool will also pass through Milton. This would also change the direction of the general route, giving it the advantage of a more direct and shorter route to Shelburne, and the disadvantage of passing for the most part through a wilderness and away from the inhabited districts referred to.

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It is also further reported that the situation is further complicated by a disagreement between the government and Messrs. McKenzie & Mann. The government favors the route through Liverpool and via the south shore; the company, on the other hand, prefer the Milton and interior route as it is more direct, besides avoiding the heavy bridge.

People in touch with the working of these various forces and conditions, think that the matter will not be definitely settled till after the coming elections, which may be a year hence, though probably nearer.

The delay is more regrettable, as the present methods of travel never seemed more difficult and intolerable than now with the railway about in sight.—The Suburban.

Orange Meat Premiums.

Period of Coupons Extended until the First of January next, 1905.

The premium period for using Orange Meat coupons has been extended from July 1st, 1904 to January 1st, 1905. All coupons are good, whichever date is marked on them. Orange Meat is the most popular cereal on the Canadian market. It is made from Canadian hard wheat by a new process, and is both nutritious and pleasant to the taste. The premiums include heavy silver plated spoons, sugar shells and butter knives. Full directions are in each package.

A Little Boy Accidentally Kills His Mother.

Morristown, N. J., July 13.—"Mamma, mamma, watch me shoot!" said four-year-old Otto Britting to his mother yesterday morning in their home at Shongum lake. The little fellow managed to tip his father's shotgun out of the corner of the room, where it stood at full cock.

As Mrs. Britting ran toward the child there was an explosion, and she fell to the floor. A charge of shot had passed through her abdomen, when she was within a foot of the muzzle and entered the wall of the room a dozen feet away.

Mrs. Britting lived nearly two hours. She was in agony most of the time, but she caressed her little boy with her dying breath. The child seemed to realize what he had done, for he cried pitifully and said as he stroked her cheek: "Poor mamma, poor mamma, I did not mean to hurt mamma."

Many Sudden Deaths

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