Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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We are instructed to sell that Superior Farm at West Paradise, belonging to Mr. McClockey. Has Two Hundred Acres, including 60 Acres under tillage, and 7 of Marsh, with excellent well-watered Pasture; good Orchard, mostly young and nearly all in bearing. Average crop at present, 130 barrels of prime Shipping Fruit; cuts 80 tons Hay. Modern House; good Barn and Outhouses. Also, all the Farming Utensils, nearly new, and the entire Crop, now growing, including two hundred bushels of Oats, now harvested and all the stock in hand. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Will be sold at a bargain.

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CLOTHING
at CUT PRICES

	Former Price.	Cut Price.
Men's Ulsters,	$5 00	$3 50
Boy's Ulsters,	4 25	3 25
Men's fine extra-lined Overcoats of best make and quality	12 00	10 00
Men's Heavy Blue Overcoats	8 00	6 00
" " Black Pilot Cloth Overcoats, satin lined	10 00	7 25
Men's fine Brown and Grey Overcoats,	10 00	7 50
Men's Canadian Tweed Suits,	9 00	5 50
" " " "	10 00	6 25
" " " "	12 00	8 00
" Heavy Reefer Suits in blue, black and brown,	10 00	6 80
" Heavy Working Pants,	1 25	99
" " Tweed Pants,	1 50	1 20
" " " "	1 95	1 35
" " " "	2 00	1 65
" " " "	2 50	2 00
" " " "	2 75	2 25
" " Dress Pants,	3 00	2 40
" " " "	4 00	3 10
" " " "	5 00	4 00
Boys' Suits,	3 50	2 75
" "	5 50	3 50
" "	6 50	5 25
" "	7 00	6 00
Youths' Suits,	2 50	1 75
" "	3 50	2 75
" "	4 50	3 75

☞I have a line of Boys' Overcoats which I will close out at cost.

☞Also I have a few Ladies' Fine Cloaks and Coats Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.

BOOTS & SHOES
at CUT PRICES

	Former Price.	Cut Price.
Men's Long Boots,	$4 00	$3 50
" heavy Bellow Tongue Boots,	1 50	1 15
" " Wax " "	2 25	1 88
" long Oil-tan Felt-lined "	2 75	2 00
" ankle Felt-lined Boots	2 50	1 75
" extra grained, bel.-tongue,	2 50	2 00
" Long-legged Lace Boots	2 75	2 25
" Rubber Boots,	3 55	2 98
Lumberman's Rubbers,	1 75	1 25
Men's Extra Buff Boots,	2 25	1 75
Men's Fine Dongola, extra value	3 00	2 38

A quantity of Ox Blood and Tan Boots will be closed out **at cost.**

I have a complete line of **Ladies' Button and Lace Kid Boots.**

Oxford Ties,	$1 75	$1 25
Fancy Slippers,	1 50	1 00
Fancy Slippers,	1 75	1 20
Ladies' Long-legged Rubbers	2 25	1 85

Overboots and Cardigans at **10 per cent discount.**

Full lines of Boy's, Youth's and Children's Boots at prices that cannot be beat.

I keep a fine line of Horse Blankets, Woollen Robes, Wolf Robes, Harnesses, Halters, Whips, Combs, Brushes.

Also Top Buggies, Concord Waggons, Carts, Plows, Harrows, in fact all kinds of Farming Tools.

Flour, Meal and Feed at lowest Cash prices.

5 p. c. Discount on above prices for Cash.

See my stock of GENTS' FURNISHINGS, HATS, CAPS, TIES, Etc.
WANTED—Any quantity of good Butter, Oats, Eggs, Wool and Cash.

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Manufacturers and Builders,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
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We manufacture Church, School and Office Furniture, Wood Mantels, Bank and Store Fittings and building materials generally, and have a large and well assorted stock of **Fancy Woods** such as **Cypress, Whitewood, Quartered Oak, Ash, Walnut, B. C. Cedar, Douglas Fir, etc.**

Having two large **Dry Houses,** we can guarantee delivering **Dry Stock.**

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Boot & Shoe Store!
FALL AND WINTER STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

OVERSHOES!
Men's Manitobas,
Ladies' Manitobas,
Misses' Manitobas,
Children's Manitobas,
Men's Snow Excluders,
Men's City Jersey Arctics,

OVERSHOES!
Men's City Jersey Excluders, 2-buckle,
Men's Drab Gaiters,
Men's 2-buckle Snow Excluders,
Women's Carnival Overshoes,
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RUBBER BOOTS!
Men's Rubber Boots (Canada),
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RUBBER BOOTS!
Ladies' Rubber Boots,
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A large stock of LEATHER GOODS, all of the best makes.

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ORANGE Marmalade

I am selling MESSRS. CROSS & BLACKWELL'S Celebrated Orange Marmalade at the

FOLLOWING LOW PRICES:

1 lb. Tin,	-	14c
1 lb. Glass Jar,	Patent Top.	16c
4 lb. Tins,	-	50c
6 lb. Tins,	-	70c

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EARN A WATCH

Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty **Topaz Scarf Pins,** at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topaz has all the brilliance of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.

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FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm situated 2½ miles from Bridgetown. This is an A1 hay farm, two large orchards, one small plum orchard, good pasture and wood land. House and outbuildings in good order. About two-thirds purchase money can remain on mortgage. Apply to

W. M. SCOTT.
Bridgetown, May 2nd, 1898. 51 tf

CAUTION!

All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or notes.

E. BENT,
J. B. GILES, } *Executors.*
Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

WANTED! WANTED!

5,000 Hides,
15,000 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.

Poetry.

Recompense.

(New York Dispatch.)

There is no joy but has its drop of sorrow,
No song but has an undertone of pain.
One yesterday, to day, and yet to morrow
Has e'er its sunshine interspersed with rain.

We chase the brightest sunbeams and they lead us,
Full often where the deepest shadow lies!
We fret at fate, but never will it heed us,
Or turn the course of fortune otherwise.

We sigh because too heavy seems life's burden,
The path too rugged for our weary feet.
We weep because too meagre seems our guerdon,
And long for wayside cool and meadows sweet.

And yet we rise by obstacles surmounted,
By burdens bravely borne and foes o'erthrown,
Each seeming hindrance ever may be counted
Unto the higher realm a stepping stone.

Worthless the gold while yet untried by fire;
The finest statue grows by many a blow,
He who has much to meet may much aspire,
He of the even way must stay below.

The One Who Tried and Failed.

(Rose A. Carter in "Success.")

There are plaudits enough for the victor,
Where he has won the field,
And the garlands are fair, and bestowed with care,
That men in their homage yield;
For this world below loves a hero, you know,
And his name will defend if assailed,
So lend a hand, and help to stand,
The one who tried and failed.

Men will ever defend a victor,
His failings are virtues now,
But count the cost of the one who has lost,
And stands with unlaureled brow;
Though he struggled hard, in hope of reward,
And his struggle naught availed,
Give the praise that is due to the valor true
Of the one who has tried and failed.

And though the other be victor,
As judged by our mortal ken,
'Tis God in his might who judgeth aright,
And knoweth the victor 'mongst men.
His foe may yield on some other field,
If this failure be not bewailed;
So say God-speed, in his hour of need,
To the one who tried and failed.

Select Literature.

ELZIRA.

The time came when Mr. Dobbs could build a nice, new farmhouse, and Mrs. Dobbs could have a parlor "like other folks." It was a happy moment for her when the Brussels carpet was laid and the upholstered chairs were brought from the village. There were four of them—one blue, one green, another olive, and the fourth a large easy chair, a beautiful garnet.

The sofa was also garnet, and it set across a corner, wearing a constant blush of welcome for stylish people who never came.

Of course Mrs. Dobbs had callers, but her neighbors always came to the side door where they could sit outside and visit, or in the neat dining-room. She would invite them into the parlor; but no! they felt more at home elsewhere; so the nice room, with its chairs and tables, tidies, photographs, and vase of pampas grass, was left very much to itself. There was a large mirror on the wall in which Mrs. Dobbs always looked when she was ready for church, and also some pictures which I hope you will not ask me to describe, but which were just as dear to the farmer's wife as if they had been painted by the "old masters."

Sometimes when Mrs. Dobbs put on her clean afternoon dress she used to go into this room and sit first in one velvet-covered chair, and then in another, until she had tried them all. It was just like Silver-hair, who went into the "Three Bears' House," and sat first in the "G-r-e-a-t Bear's chair" and so on, until the "Little Bear's chair" went all to pieces under her.

But there was this difference. Mrs. Dobbs' chairs were strong, and as she went out after her solitary visit she always looked back and saw them in their blue, garnet, and olive elegance standing sedately in their places.

Mr. Dobbs' favorite seat was on the back porch which faced the western hills and gave him glorious sunset views.

Nobody knew what he was thinking about, for he did not talk much, but if one looks at Nature's beautiful sights—sky and field and forest—he often has very pleasant thoughts which he can not express in words. The view from the back porch also took in a hill a short distance from the house where were three little graves; and Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs could never forget, no, never! the dear little forms they had buried there. Perhaps Mr. Dobbs had been thinking of Willie and Susie and the baby one night in August, when suddenly, as he sat there, he saw a young girl come briskly along the roadway and stop at the garden gate.

There she stood, looking at the neat garden with its neat rows of beans and beets and popcorn, and its beds of onions and curly-headed lettuce.

"Mother!" called Mr. Dobbs, and his wife came trotting out obediently. "Find out what she wants, will you?" he asked, pointing to the silent figure leaning upon the gate.

So Mrs. Dobbs went down the garden path, holding up the light print dress carefully. "Well, little girl, what do you want?" she inquired.

"I'm just lookin' tryin' to find me a place," she replied calmly, meeting Mrs. Debbs' inquiry with steady gray eyes.

"But where do you live? I don't seem to remember whose girl you are."

The bright eyes were cast down, but her tone was still calm as she said, "I'm just stayin' at that house out beyond the village; the big yellow house with poplars in front. I guess you know about it."

Mrs. Dobbs felt a certain respect for the girl who would not say "poorhouse."

"So you've been staying with Mrs. White's folks?" she said.

"Yes'm. My folks are all dead since gran'mother went. Didn't you ever know Gran'mother Wilkes—Mrs. Elzira Wilkes?"

"Why, certainly. I want to know if you're her gran'daughter."

"Yes'm. She wouldn't like it if she knew I was at the yellow house. She said there was a place for me somewhere. She said there was folks who would be good to me if I worked faithful, and may be buy me an organ, but I'd got to hunt 'em up. I wish this was the place, it looks so nice."

"O, I don't need a girl," said Mrs. Dobbs, hastily. But suddenly she realized she was not perfectly satisfied with her new house and wondered, as her eyes met those of the girl, if it might not be something alive and young that she missed.

"So you think you would like to come here. Well, I never thought of such a thing till this minute, but maybe you could come for a spell. O, you needn't redden up so! I'll have to talk with father, and I suppose he'll think we couldn't no way have you. What's your name?"

"Elzira—Elzira Wilkes," was the prompt response, "same as my gran'mother's."

"Well, come to-morrow about three o'clock, and we'll see."

Then, as the girl turned to go away, she added, "Bring a pail, Elzira, and tell Mrs. White you are coming to get some Early Sweets."

Mrs. Dobbs was surprised at herself as she walked back to the porch, and yet she smiled as she said, "It's old Mrs. Wilkes' gran'daughter, Eben. You remember she moved to Pemaquid some years ago. She's in the poorhouse, Elzira is, but she says there's a place for her, so she's lookin' round. Seems as if she thought she could pick out a home and folks for herself same as she'd pick out calico for a new dress. Poor child, she needs a new dress, too."

Mr. Dobbs said nothing, so she turned her face away and continued, "You see, Eben, I thought when we got our new house, and I had my parlor all furnished, I'd feel contented, and not think so much about—the children. But yon can't love things made of wood—leastways I can't, and it come to me while I talked with Elzira that I wanted a live girl in the house. Maybe she isn't the one, and maybe you won't like it, but—"

Mr. Dobbs cleared his throat and hitched his chair to a new spot.

"Just as you like, mother. She might be real handy for you."

And that was all that was said about Elzira until two o'clock the next day, when Mrs. Kingsbury, Mrs. Dobbs' nearest neighbor, came to return the "preserve kettle" which see had borrowed, She also had an eye on the "Early Sweets."

Mrs. Dobbs had a confidential nature, and had soon told her all about Elzira, and her hope that she might be "a girl she could keep."

But Mrs. Kingsbury shook her head. "You don't want that girl, now I tell you. My husband's sister lives over to Pemaquid, next house to where her gran'ma lived. H'm! Elzira would drive you crazy."

Mrs. Dobbs' disappointment showed in her voice as she said, "Why, what has the child done? She looked like a real bright, high-spirited girl."

"High-spirited!" echoed Mrs. Kingsbury, "yes, she is. When her gran'ma's money was all gone, Elzira picked berries and sold 'em for medicine and tea. I s'pose she didn't know what 'twas to have a good, square meal many a day. But you never would know it. She's got that way of holding her head as if she owned a farm.

"Well, Mr. Smith, my husband's sister's husband, said he couldn't let 'em starve next door to him. He said Gran'ma Wilkes must go to the poorhouse where she'd have good care. He told Elzira what he should do, and she took on awful. She said her grandma shouldn't be took away now she was old and poor. She said she could take care of her—she was going to sell the mahogany table and the spoons!" Mrs. Kingsbury paused to laugh, but Mrs. Dobbs wiped her eyes.

Well, Mr. Smith knew he must do his duty, so he said he should come with the overseer of the poor, and have gran'ma took off in a good covered carriage. Instid of being grateful, Elzira waved her pipe-stem arms, and says she, 'I shan't let you take her out of the house!' But Mr. Smith went with the overseer just the same, and when they got their next morning, what do you think? That girl had hung a red cloth out the winder, and printed 'smallpox' in big letters on the house! Of course, they wasn't scared, but they was provoked. Mr. Smith went up to the door and 'twas locked. 'Well,' he says, 'we've got to break in, it's our duty.' They were just about to do so, when down came a lot of cold water from an up-stairs winder."

Mrs. Dobbs was now laughing very heartily. "O, you see the funny side of it!" said Mrs. Kingsbury, tartly, "but 'twasn't any laughing matter to them—two big men put to flight by that wisp of a girl."

"Poor child!" ejaculated Mrs. Dobbs, "her gran'mother was a Spencer, and they was all proud spirited. What did she do then?"

"Do? She sold the table and spoons, and her gran'ma died the next week. Mr. Smith's folks didn't go near, but she managed."

"Did she ever ask his pardon for throwing water over him?"

"Oh, yes; she came 'round with an old silver watch that was her father's and asked him to take it as pay for spoiling his hat."

"And did he take it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with a queer expression in her kind eyes.

"Why, yes; he knew it was a good time-keeper, and he was wanting a watch, Mr. Smith was. Elzira kissed it and made quite a time parting with it; but, of course, she didn't need such a thing at the poorhouse."

Mrs. Dobbs put one hand over her lips and pressed hard, as if she were afraid to speak. Just then the clock struck three, and around the corner of the house with light, quick tread came Elzira.

Her face was quite pale, and her eager eyes asked the one question which meant so much to her, and Mrs. Dobbs understood.

"I've given you fair warning," whispered Mrs. Kingsbury with a disapproving glance at the girl, but Mrs. Dobbs opened her arms.

"Come here, you brave child," said the good woman; "I guess if you could stand by your gran'mother and keep her out o' the poorhouse you're the very girl we want."

Elzira gave one little sob, as if her fortitude must at last give way, and threw herself upon her knees, burying her face in her new comforter's ample lap. She had "found her peace."

Mrs. Dobbs has never been able to understand her good fortune in finding such a brave, true spirit as she discovers day by day in her adopted daughter, and Elzira is as greatly puzzled over her choice of a home. When a new organ was placed in the parlor and music lessons became a beautiful reality, and when Mrs. Dobbs saw a very erect Elzira faithfully practicing her scales, she said to Mr. Dobbs, "It was something 'alive and young' that my parlor needed, just as I told you."

And they both look over on the hill where three little graves are, and thank their heavenly Father, who sent the homeless girl to their lonely, loving hearts.—*Mrs. O. W. Scott, in the Sunday School Advocate.*

ROYAL Baking Powder
leaves neither acid nor alkali in the food.

In raising food in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, there is either an acid or an alkali remaining. The cream of tartar and soda bought from the shops vary greatly in strength, so that no one but a chemist after analysis can use them in the proper proportions to obtain a neutral result. A little too much cream of tartar, and there is an acid residuum. A little too much soda, and there is an alkaline or soapy taste left.

Royal is compounded by expert chemists who determine by analysis the quality of all ingredients and admit none but the most highly refined. The result of its work is accordingly pure, sweet, wholesome food which can be eaten without discomfort by those of most delicate digestion. The Royal saves labor to the housewife amounting to more than its cost.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Liquor and Tobacco vs. Tea.

Is not much of the light, masculine laughter of life associated with the fruit of the grape and the aroma of tobacco?

Josephine gave a little laugh. "You say the masculine laughter of the world. I assure you that much of the masculine laughter which you associate with the fruit of the grape is associated in the feminine mind with conjugal and maternal tears. I quite understand your appeal to the imagination from the masculine point of view. That is, I suppose the words wine and tobacco bring in their train for man pleasing and even inspiriting images; that under their influence the soldier believes himself more brave and wins battles in anticipation; that the artist gets a glimpse of his great picture, and that the tired husband and father sees evolve from the bottom of his beer-mug a transfigured reflection of his wife and children. But we women, who, as a sex, have always done without wine and tobacco, know from experience that, however lofty and delightful your visions at such times, there is always a reaction after alcohol, and that we generally get the full benefit of the reaction. If, now, inspiring visions never come to us and other total abstainers, there would seem to be some reason why we should be willing to bear the brunt of man's inebrietics a little longer; but really, my dear philosopher, is there any reason to believe that we do not entertain visions quite as inspiring and delightful as yours? We drink only tea—too much of it for our nerves, I dare say—but we will gladly give that up if you will abjure alcohol and cigars.—*From Search Light Letters, by Robert Grant, in the January Scribner's.*

A New Departure.

Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French physician, has at last opened his magnificently equipped laboratory in Windsor, Ont. There is a large staff of chemists and physicians at his command, and the men and women of Canada may procure the advice of this famous specialist free of charge.

Dr Marschand has a world wide reputation for successfully treating all nervous diseases of men and women, and you have but to write the doctor to be convinced that your answer, when received, is from a man who is entitled to the high position he holds in the medical fraternity.

Why suffer in silence when you can secure the advice of this eminent physician free of charge.

All correspondence is strictly confidential and names are held as sacred. Answers to correspondents are mailed in plain envelopes.

You are not asked to pay any exorbitant price for medicine, in fact it rarely happens that a patient has expended over fifty cents to one dollar before he or she becomes a firm friend and admirer of the doctor.

A special staff of lady physicians assist Dr. Marschand in his treatment of female cases. Always inclose three cent stamp when you write and address The Marschand chemical Co., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. Mention the WEEKLY MONITOR when you write the Doctor. 1y

—Rev. Dr. McKenzie said at the last meeting of the Boston Young Men's Congregational Club, "the Christian Church has not yet emerged from the militia stage of warfare against evil. When the 'regular army' stage comes, the evangelization and conversion of the world will slide along."

—White of egg, beaten up with loaf sugar and lemon, relieves hoarseness, a teaspoonful taken once every hour. An egg in the morning cup of coffee is a good tonic. A raw egg, with the yolk unbroken, is beneficial for convalescents.

—What the calla needs: "Water like a mill, heat like a furnace, food like an army, absolute rest during summer."

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S.

Liners Lost at Sea.

A CAPTAIN'S STORY OF WHO IS OFTENEST TO BLAME.

"There's another side to this question of the criminal carelessness of the commander which we hear so much talk about whenever a liner is lost," said the captain of a big ocean steamship the otherday. "It's not the captain who is really to blame in one case out of ten even when he is running his ship at full speed through a fog. It's the public that's to blame, and I'll tell how it is.

To begin with, everybody knows of the rivalry between the different lines. Everybody knows what a difference there is in the estimation of the public, between the rival boats of the same grade which start at the same time and come in 24 hours apart. The man who has travelled by the boat that comes in last is going to say to himself that next time he will go on the so-and-so, which must be a better boat, for didn't she come in a day ahead of the one he came on?

"The captain of boat No. 1 is a hero for the time being, and the company he works for smiles on him. That he has run all the way at full speed through heavy seas and fogs and has taken all kinds of risks he knows, but he doesn't say anything about that, and the company doesn't, either. They have beaten the other line, and that is enough.

"The captain of boat No. 2, which came in a day behind the other, knows just what is in store for him before he reports at the office of his company.

This is about what he hears:

"Why, how is this, Mr. Blank? You came in 24 hours behind the so-and-so. What was the matter anyhow?"

"Well, you see," says the captain, "we had storms part of the way, and when we got to the banks we struck a fog so thick you couldn't see your hand before your face, and we had to run at half speed all day."

"Ahem!" one of the owners will say. "Ahem! Its a bad thing, Mr. Blank, for us to be beaten 24 hours by the so-and-so."

"Captain Blank says no more, but feels that he has been reproved, and he remembers it on the next trip. The seas may be running 'mountains high' and the fog may be so thick you can't see the funnel from the bridge, but he is bound to get in on time this trip, and he does. So he knows what he is required to do and goes on making record trips.

"It is the public. you see, which the company has got to please if it is to exist, and the captain has to please the company. Some day he does this once too often. He collides with another ship in a fog, maybe, or runs on the rocks. Perhaps the natural love of life or the thought of a helpless family keeps him from deliberately going to the bottom with the ship, but he knows that his career is at an end.

"The board sits on the case, and if there is any evidence to show that the accident was due to the carelessness of the commander in running at full speed in thick weather, or whatever the case may be, he is reprimanded and his certificate suspended for some months at least. When at last he gets the certificate back, it has a hole punched in it.

"Now let us suppose that he has been a faithful servant of the company for a good while, and they like him and decide to transfer him to another ship and give him a chance for existence. This new ship has to be insured, of course, before she goes to sea. The underwriters make their examination and in the course of their inquiries there comes up the question as to who is the captain of the ship.

"When they hear the name, they will probably say: 'Why, let us see! Isn't he the man who sunk the so-and-so? Yes! Oh, we can't take any risks on a ship commanded by Captain Blank! Put another commander in his place and it will be all right.'"

"The company is therefore obliged to dismiss Captain Blank. Then he starts out to find another situation. His certificate, you remember, has a hole in it. He goes to see the owners of another line. As soon as they hear his name they say:

"Oh, yes. Didn't you command the so-and-so?"

"Yes, I comanded that boat."

"Humph! Very sorry, captain, but we haven't anything just now. If we should have anything, we will let you know.

"This scene is repeated at one steamship office after another on both sides of the water."

The captain leaned his elbows on the table. "Do you wonder," he said after a pause, "that generally when a liner is lost at sea her commander isn't among the saved? But mark my words," he added, rising, "in almost every disaster, when the cry of negligence is loudest, it's the public that's to blame and not the captain, who only does what he is obliged to do."

A Lesson in Economics.

Among the common misconceptions with regard to banking is that which classes deposits as capital lying idle. It is common to hear men of small means condemned for leaving their money in a bank on deposit instead of investing it in enterprises and giving employment to labor. It is erroneous to regard money lent or deposited on interest as lying idle. Money will not bear interest unless it is in use, that is, unless it is giving employment and increasing the productiveness of human labor. The man who deposits or loans his money on interest is investing by proxy and is giving employment to labor quite as certainly as another who invests directly in a productive enterprise. A bank will pay interest only so long as the deposits are in demand and can be used in current business, and the fact that banks pay interest is a proof that the money left on deposit is employing labor and increasing its productiveness.

A Strong Nation

Consists of strong men and healthy women, and health and strength depend upon pure, rich blood which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. A nation which takes millions of bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla every year is laying the foundation for health, the wisdom of which will surely show itself in years to come.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A Remarkable Tradition.

Germany is the home of legend and tradition. One of the oldest traditions of the Hohenzollern is that three emperors of that House will reign in Germany in one year, and that the third will have seven sons, and will bring ruin to the nation as well as an end to the empire. It is notable that the first portion of the prediction was fulfilled when the present Emperor came to the throne. His father, the Emperor Frederick, and his grandfather, the old Emperor William, died within a year prior to his accession.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.