Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1902. NO. 46

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.
Commular 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.

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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.

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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. 25 tf

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

CABLE ADDRESS: "WALLFRUIT, London." Established over a quarter of a century.
JOHN FOX & CO.
Auctioneers and Fruit Brokers,
Spitalfield and Stratford Market,
LONDON, G. B.
We are in a position to guarantee highest market return for all consignments entrusted to us. Cash draft forwarded immediately goods are sold. Current prices and marked reports forwarded with pleasure.
Nova Scotia Apples a specialty.
Compare our prices with other firms and you will see more money.
Represented by Abram Young, Bridgetown, who will give shippers any information required. Aug. 28th—6m

ESTABLISHED 1910.
W. HIEATT & SON,
Fruit Brokers,
Covent Garden Market, London.
Mr. E. W. Hieatt, of the above firm, is now in travelling the valley soliciting consignments in apples to his firm.
REFERENCES:—London and County Bank London.
Bank of Nova Scotia, Kentville
J. E. LLOYD, Agent, - Bridgetown

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER
OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
T. J. EAGLESON,
36 tf QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN

NOTICE!
We still keep in stock as formerly,
Cedar Shingles,
Lime, and
Salt
The subscribers also intend to handle Coal this season, both Hard and Soft (best grades) which they will sell right.
J. H. LONGMIRE & SON.
Bridgetown, June 11, 1901.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING
—AT—
MISS CHUTE'S
Oct. 9th and 10th.

ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

There is nothing like ASTHMALENE It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.
NEW YORK, Jan. 3rd, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS'. MEDICINE CO.,
GENTLEMEN,—Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.
After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that ASTHMALENE contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether.
Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS MEDICINE CO.
GENTLEMEN,—I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your ASTHMALENE for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130:h street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
Yours respectfully,
O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.
GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full sized bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.
S. RAPHAEL,
Home address: 235 Rivington St. 67 East 129 h St., New York City.
Feb. 5, 1901.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal

DO NOT DELAY. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130:h St., New York City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

If You Are A Business Man

You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the

Weekly Monitor Job Department

is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

WE PRINT

Billheads, Letterheads,
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Booklets, Books,
Visiting Cards, Business Cards,

or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.

ADVERTISE IN YOUR PAPER.

No paper could live on the money paid for it by subscribers. It gives them more than it gets from them. It pays editors, reporters, correspondents, printers, pressmen, paper makers, landlord, coal dealers, gas makers, etc., more than its subscribers pay it. It expects to cover its expenses partly by selling its advertising space. If any person wants to use the publicity that the paper has for sale and on which it depends in a measure for its living, subscribers or not subscribers, justice and business principles require them to pay for it. After giving subscribers more than their money's worth it could not also give them free advertising. If its publicity is worth having, it's worth paying for.

—Writing done with a clean quill dipped in onion or turnip juice is invisible when dry. To read, hold for a few minutes in front of the fire, and the writing will turn brown.—Pittsburg Despatch.

SCIENTIFIC VOICE IMPROVER.

Because of its strengthening influence upon the vocal cords, Catarrhozone cannot be too highly recommended as a wonderful voice improver. It almost instantly removes huskiness or hoarseness, thus insuring clearness and brilliancy of tone. This Catarrhozone keeps the mucous surfaces in perfect condition, and its regular use absolutely prevents any bad colds and throat irritation, thereby removing the singer's greatest source of anxiety, unfitness of voice. The most eminent speakers and prima donnas would not be without Catarrhozone and credit in no small degree their uniform strength and brilliancy of tone to its influence. The hard rubber inhaler fits conveniently into purse or vest pocket, and may be used in the church, theatre, any place or time. Complete outfit $1. Small size 25c. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Over 200 soldiers have been frozen to death in Northern Japan.

Poetry.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while, 'mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through,
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile,
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew.
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the rarest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest joy
Once in a while.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

Select Literature.

Doing Her Duty.

"Oh, dear, I wish I could do something great," thought Helen Livermore, as she sat comfortably before her dainty pink dressing-table and brushed her long, shining hair vigorously. "I'd like to be like sister Dora or Clara Barton. I wish I could stop studying and just go round nursing people and taking care of ragged children and carrying water to the wounded and getting right laws passed. I'd like to have somebody kiss my shadow the way men did Florence Nightingale's. I suppose such women begin to look out for others when they are quite young."

As Helen brushed away, her thought took more definite shape. "I will begin right now, even if I have to work under disadvantages. Now I'll try to do good to just as many people as I possibly can. There's lame Miss Parsons. I'll take her for a drive in the pony-cart this afternoon, and I can take some flowers to old Mrs. Patten. Yes, and I'll give my old jacket to that Hennesy girl. I ought to have a new one, anyway. Now I must try to do good at home, too."

So Helen finished dressing and appeared at the breakfast-table with a serene smile, as befits a saint in the making, prepared to do good to her family and all the world. She meditated over her chop as to the best way to do good to Jack, her rather trying brother, some two years younger. She ought to hurry about it or he would be starting off for school.

"Have you quite learned your Virgil yet?" she asked him finally in an elder-sisterly tone that somehow never set well on Jack's nerves.

"Oh, I have it near enough, I guess this time," was his off-hand answer.

"I shall have twenty minutes after breakfast and if you'll come to the study I'll go over it with you."

"No, thank you," responded Jack, rather ungratefully. "I've promised to see Fred about something before school."

"But, really Jack, you ought to be perfectly sure you know your Latin. You'd better let me help, as I am quite willing to undertake the trouble for your sake."

"'Nobody asked you, sir, she said'" quoted Jack, irreverently as he left the room to avoid further discussion.

Helen, feeling injured but complacent, called Nella, the maid, to help her after breakfast to cut the roses. Nella demurred a little, saying it was to be a busy day, as Mrs. Livermore's sister and niece were coming in the afternoon and preparations were to be made for receiving them. But Nella was always delighted to help Helen in anything; and together they cut all the best roses, heaping them in a basket which Helen bore off triumphantly. She had no time to study her history lesson, as she had intended; for it was a long walk to old Miss Patten's small room in an apartment house at the lower end of town.

When she arrived there, the room was locked and her knockings were unanswered, until a neighbor put her head out of a door on the same entry and called out:

"It's gone away for a week, that Mis' Patten is mum. And were yo bringing her the roses, I'd like to know?"

Helen was about to offer some of them to the woman; but, before she could speak, the other gave a loud laugh and said:

"And I'm thinkin it's a pound of tay Mis' Patten'd be likin better than thim flowers." And she slammed the door.

Helen was almost frightened; but she hurried away, knowing she had a long warm walk before her. It was too long, as it proved; and for the first time that year Helen was late for school. She left the roses in the dressing-room and hastened to her seat. When the history class was called, she recited so poorly that Miss Graham looked at her in surprise; and Helen felt the hot blood mount in her cheeks. When the hour for English came, she suddenly remembered that she had left her carefully written theme on her desk forgetting it in her thought of the roses. Miss Hunt's tired eyes looked reproach at her excuses; and Helen thought to herself: "Just because I was trying to do good in the world!"

Helen's school began and ended latter than that which the younger children attended, and she was quite used to having her luncheon alone. Today her mother came in as she seated herself; and, after talking for a minute about the coming of Helen's cousin and aunt she said: "Helen, did you cut all the roses this morning? I had depended especially on having them for the table tonight, as sister Hannah was always fond of them. Next time when you wish to take every single one, please ask me about it first." Mrs. Livermore spoke in the pleasantest way; but her disappointment was evident, and Helen was deeply regretful. "Oh, don't worry over it," her mother said. "I'll make some other flowers do."

"It's all the worse," grieved Helen, "because I couldn't do anything with them till recess; and then they were not nearly so fresh, and I just gave them to the girls."

Helen was to drive to the station for her aunt and cousin at five o'clock and it was planned that she should do her studying and practicing first so as to have her evening free.

"Yet I cannot bear to give up taking Miss Parsons to drive. We might go for an hour, and then I could leave her and go right to the station." So she ordered the pony carriage for half past three o'clock. That gave her little time for studying; and then she was interrupted by Jack who begged her to sew up a rip in his baseball suit before he went to practice. She came near refusing; but the thought that he would go to her mother instead, and that she ought to do some thing to make up for the roses, silenced her, and Jack never noticed but that she did it as willingly as ever.

It was a fine day for driving, and her spirits lifted as she came near the little cottage where Miss Parsons lived alone. The little lady was sitting out in the garden. "Don't you wish to go to drive with me?" was Helen's cheery greeting.

"Go to drive? Well, no, I don't believe I do, especially in all this dust" was the rather discouraging response. A feeling swelled in Helen's heart, which if translated into words would have said: "I'll never try to do good to you again;" but fortunately feelings may be suppressed and Helen's face was calm and friendly as she tied her horse, accepting Miss Parson's invitation to 'come in and set awhile.'

It was too early to go to the station; and so she sat under the tree, listening at first to rather monotonous gossip about how Mrs. Jones had decided to get her styles in New York the coming spring and how the minister's wife had turned her brown cashmere and made a really decent looking dress out of it and how it was rumored that the schoolmaster thought of putting up a tombstone to his aunt's memory, seeing that her husband showed no signs of attending to this proper mark of respect.

Helen listened and answered when she had a chance. Miss Parsons became more and more friendly as Helen showed no signs of hurrying away. After a while she brought out some lemonade, which Helen sipped gratefully; and, when her visitor at last arose to go, she said abruptly:

"Well, it's downright neighborly of you to stop; and I'm not going to say but that I'll go to drive with you some day if you'll give me another chance. I'll confess I thought at first that you came out of charity like, just as the hospitality committee of the church once called and never came again; but, seeing as you sat and stayed an hour, I suppose you didn't do it out of duty, but that you came just as you go to other places."

Miss Parsons looked keenly at Helen who stammered something about coming again and fled. It was hard to forget this in the meeting with her aunt and cousin at the station and the next two hours passed quickly.

After dinner she had to leave the pleasant company for an hour or more of evening study to make up the neglected lessons, which seemed to bother worse than usual. At last she threw herself on the bed and reviewed the day.

"I made Jack cross this morning and I hindered Nella's work and I cut the roses and didn't do my work, and Miss Parsons saw right through me, and now Aunt Hannah will think I don't care a thing about her or I would have planned to have this evening with them. And I never tried so hard to do good to people in my life! What a mixup it all is!"

But in the other room downstairs this is what they were saying:

"How lovely Helen has grown in these two years!" said cousin Mary.

"Yes, and the best of all is that she is so unobtrusively helpful and genuine. She never seems to think of herself at all."

"Oh, yes," said papa, "we should not know what to do without Helen. She keeps us in sunshine all the year round, rainy days and all."

"She's always full of fun," chimed in Jack, "and she almost never preaches! I thought she was going to begin it this morning, though, and I studied my Virgil on the sly so as to prove to her that I did know it after all."

Of course a shout of laughter went up at this kind of reasoning, but Mrs. Livermore said gently, with almost a suspicion of tears in her voice at the thought of the children growing up. "Helen will be through school and college before we know it and then she will be ready for doing some of the world's work she likes to dream about."

"Let her do what she may," said Aunt Hannah, decidedly, "she can never do anything much better than she is doing now, just by that lovely unconscious influence, that would be spoiled if she began to take life too seriously."

Her mother went to her girlie's room and found her stretched on the bed with her face buried in the pillows. "Let me wail my wail to you, motherkin," she said as her mother entered, half alarmed at the unusual emotion, and she told over the story of the day.

"Dear heart," whispered her mother, gently, "the good we do in life, the very best good, cannot be accomplished by line and measure. It isn't a matter of mint, anise and cummin. Be true and sunny and loving and never, never, never worry about results. That way priggishness lies. We cannot help influencing others, but for that we must be something in ourselves. There is no other way but to take the little duties day after day and week after week and make the most of them. These are our opportunities and the kind acts for others will seem to do themselves naturally."

"That's so. I can just see how it is. I'll really help Jack and not call it being good, and I'll go see Miss Parsons for friendship, and I'll ask you about my plans next time."

—Golf players who play north of the Tweed may not know that they are liable to sentence of death for their indulgence. Technically, this is literally the case. In ancient times, when Scotland always had work for her soldiers to do, all the young men were compelled to perfect themselves in archery. They preferred to play golf, and so serious a rival did the game become that it was for a time suppressed and made a capital offence. That curious law has never yet been repealed, and may still be found in the statute book.

Johnson's Hold Up.

Mr. Johnson didn't like foot-pads. One night it was particularly dark and gloomy when he became aware of the figures of two men leaning against an old shed some 500 feet ahead of him. There was no mistake about it. The men were there on business. Mr. Johnson hesitated to cross the street as it might show suspicion and fear on his part. So he jammed his hat down tight on his head, buttoned his coat severely, took a long breath and started in to run the gauntlet, ready to take to his heels at the first sign of danger. The men stood motionless however, until he was within a few feet; then they suddenly separated. Tom Johnson's heart gave a great jump, but he kept valiantly on, determined to outrun them, but just as he came well abreast of them they precipitated themselves upon him, one on either side. Tom gathered all his strength together for a spring, raised his arms, flung off the assailants and with a mighty leap started down the street.

When loss of breath finally compelled him to stop, his hat was gone and his coat unbuttoned and flying open with the wind. He felt for his watch. It was gone. Now, Tom Johnson was not a coward, and his wrath at the dexterity of the thieves immediately rose to the boiling point. There was no one going home then. He would go back and get that watch if they killed him. As he rapidly retraced his steps he saw his men in the distance and they apparently saw him, for they quickly disappeared in a convenient doorway. Tom Johnson in his present mood, however, was not to be dismayed or foiled. He marched straight into the dark passage way where the two men were crouching. "See here," he said, "you blankety blank thieves, hand over that watch quick, or there will be trouble. Do you hear?"

Instead of the cold muzzle of a revolver against his face he felt rather than saw a watch pressed against his hand. Surprise could have knocked him over with a feather, but he kept that emotion locked within his own breast and marched triumphantly home to his wife, who, alarmed at the lateness of the hour, was waiting in an agony of apprehension. He let him self in with his latchkey, his heart filled with unholy pride. Amanda was waiting at the top of the hall stairs the candle in her hand lighting up a face all puckered with anxiety and eyes red from weeping.

"Tom," she cried, "is it you? Oh, what is the matter?"

"Matter?" cried Tom, who could afford now to be a little overbearing, "Nothing's the matter. Why didn't you go to bed long ago?"

As he came into the glare of the candle her face expressed a fear.

"Tom Johnson, where have you been? Your face is dripping with perspiration and just look at your tie!"

Then he hurriedly told of his nights adventures and was indulging in natural self felicitations on the discomfiture of the robbers when Amanda exclaimed:

"Oh, but, Tom, you didn't have the watch with you today. You left it under the pillow this morning."

No lightning change artist ever equalled Mr. Johnson in the rapidity with which his countenance fell from ninety in the shade to twenty below zero. He looked at the watch in his pocket. Sure enough it was none of his. There was no use denying the fact. He had played a daring hold-up game and come out a winner.

"Oh, Tom," cried his wife, "will they send you to jail?"

"Don't be a ninny," said Tom. "I don't see why I didn't think of not taking my watch this morning."

"Why, couldn't you see when they gave this to you that it wasn't a bit like yours? It's a great deal nicer, that's what it is, and they'll lock you up for robbery. I know they will," wailed Mrs. Johnson.

"Oh, confound it all! Quit your crying. I'm going back to those fellows this minute."

"Oh, no no! Not at this time of night. They'll kill you sure."

"Amanda, you go to bed and go to sleep. I guess if I can hold up two big dusky fellows once, I can take care of them again.

The men were gone when Mr. Johnson reached the spot, but the dark doorway where the robbery was committed turned out to be the rear entrance to a saloon, so he interviewed the saloon keeper.

"Yes," said that individual, "there were two men in here a while ago, a little the worse for wear, who said some villain had held them up."

"Who were they? Do you know who they were?" cried the anxious Tom.

"No. They don't live around these parts. They were fine looking gents. Been visiting near here and got loaded with too much wine."

The next day there appeared in the papers an adv. something to this effect:

Will the two gentlemen who were held up Tuesday on — street, near K Avenue, communicate with the undersigned. They will hear of something to their advantage.

A BAR-ROOM SCENE

(New York Journal.)

Five men came in together. Each asks of all the others; "What are you going to have?" The bartender places his hands attentively on the edge of the bar, prepared to work quickly. Every man insists on "buying" something to drink in his turn. Each takes what the other insists on giving him. Each thinks that he is hospitable. But the bartender knows that these men belong to the Great American Association for the Manufacture of Drunkards through "treating." Each of these men might perhaps take his glass of beer, or even something worse, with relative safety. But as stupidly as stampeded animals pushing each other over a precipice, each insists on buying poison in his turn. And every one spends his money to make every other one, if possible, a hard-drinking and a wasted man.

RHEUMATIC PAINS CURED BY NERVILINE

That is the testimony of Mr. Benj. Dillon of Leeds, Ont., who says: I feel it my duty to proclaim the marvellous value of Polson's Nerviline as an infallible cure for rheumatic pains; it cures them every time. Nothing I know of equals it as a household liniment, and mothers should feel it as necessary as bread itself. Nerviline has cured rheumatism of 30 years standing and can cure you. Instant relief, absolute cure, large bottles 25c.

—Here is one of Rev. Louis Albert Banks' New Year resolutions:

"I will not talk about my personal ailments. If my shoulder is rheumatic or I have the gout in my big toe, or my knee is stiff, it will be one of the subjects on which I am silent, and not open to interview."

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

SOME SCIENTIFIC PROPHECIES.

Jules Verne.

In what degree has human imagination been instrumental in solving scientific problems? The question is a big one. In my mind the principal scientific problems of the century have owed their solution greatly to the play which imagination has brought to bear upon them.

I think that imagination has much the same relationship to the solving of scientific difficulties as has the petroleum motor to the airship.

Imagination is the motive power which starts the motion and leads men of science to think out the possibilities of practical solution. Let us look for a moment at the submarine. When, years ago, I wrote my story of Nemo's submarine voyage, and described his ship, there was no practical question of the feasibility of travelling beneath the water. Now in France as in America, there are whole fleets of submarines.

It is my belief that the solving of these problems will be worked out further still, and that in years to come submarine vessels will be able to obtain their electricity from the sea itself, as Nemo did, and deep sea marines too, will have found means of coping with the difficulties of supplying a sufficient current of fresh air and will have learned how to remain underneath the sea for a practically unlimited period just as Nemo did.

And now let us talk of airships. I have been greatly interested in the experiments of Santos-Dumont and his scientific rivals, but in my heart of hearts I feel exceedingly doubtful as to any practical solution of the locomotion problem. I do not think that air carriages, air tram cars and air omgibuses are things that shall ever be real possibilities, but if they do become so it will only be when scientists have learned to adapt the methods of the birds to transport really heavy weights. And even when they have learned this, there seems to be one void which they will have the utmost difficulty—I think an insuperable difficulty—in filling.

Have you ever noticed a little bird, when it attempts, for the first time, to leave the nest? It has to learn to fly. There is the crux of the question. If I were to throw a mechanical bird into the air it not only would not fly but would not float upon the air at all. Why? Because it has not yet learned to adapt itself to circumstances. Old birds fly better than young ones. When scientists have learned how to cope with currents, and how to adapt themselves to them, airships will perhaps be possible, but not till then. Do not, however, run away with the notion that I am no admirer of Santos-Dumont and his rivals, the men who believe in the heavier than air principle. I admire their courage, and I think that their experiments are of great value, but I do not think we shall ever use the air as we now use the land and sea. There will be no aerial high road between New York and St. Petersburg, in my opinion.

Have you ever read H. G. Wells? He is a young man, and I venture to believe that before many years ideas in these strangely half-scientific wholly interesting books of his may lead to new inventions, inventions which if mooted over which have no other effect than to make people laugh.

We may have—or rather you may have, for I am seventy-four years of age and cannot in the natural course of things hope to see many more scientific marvels—we may have an invisible police some day, for the invisibility if the human body must become chemically possible.

We may, and I believe shall, have news transmissions by air waves into phonographic instruments which will repeat the news of the day and record it at the same time, so that people may listen or may read it as they prefer. We shall be able to see our friends and converse with them from continent to continent, and we shall, of course—we nearly have already—theatrical performances by our own fireside. The theatre of the future will be a social function, although actors and actresses, the Coquelins, Sarah Bernhardts, Mansfields and Irvings of days to come will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are playing to audiences of several millions and that they are being seen and heard simultaneously in Africa, America, Europe, Asia and Australia.

Difference in time of various world centres will be scientifically done away with. I do not mean that we shall stop or change the revolution of the earth around the sun, or its revolution upon its own axis, but before another century is over we shall, I think, have begun to do away with night by means of electricity. I have not thought about the action of this upon the human vitality, but I feel sure that the human race will before long have invented methods to make work possible for the whole twenty-four hours, unceasingly.

We may, by such means, eventually develop into creatures of the nature of the Martians whom H. G. Wells describes, but at all events one of the future tasks of science will be to find a means of unceasing work and ceaseless activity, both bodily and mental.

The great force of the future is electricity, and it is in its infancy as yet. It will be used to obviate all unnecessary waste matter of nervous tissue, and the phono-air-wave newspapers of which I spoke just now will certainly be transmitted some day direct from the brains of their producers without any such manual labor as writing, and without even the need for speaking them aloud.

But I am dwelling upon things to come and my imagination is running away with me a little. It often does when I begin to think about such questions.

—The babe is not born a savage. If he grows up a savage, nine times out of ten it is because of unfortunate conditions. If he grows up selfish and greedy we ourselves are to blame. The farmer who gives his boy a colt, and, when the child grows up under the care of the boy, sells the colt and puts the money in his own purse, has taught the boy a lesson which he will not forget. If the boy grows up selfish the father is to blame.

Children learn by observation and by listening to their seniors and are quick to catch on to improved methods. The small boy delights to climb up into a chair and telephone to a playmate who lives a mile away to meet him on the mill pond and skate. The bright boy is a bundle of nerves and needs occupation of both body and mind—useful work and healthy sports. The boy who has in mind some useful occupation, and the ambition to do things, is not very likely to be led astray. Nothing to do and unfortunate environments lead a boy to the bad.

Canada's pork, butter and cheese product of last year was worth $40,000,000.

30,000 acres of timber land in Cumberland county has been sold to New Brunswick parties for $100,000.

—Minard's Liniment for rheumatism.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S BOYHOOD.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, tells in the Indianapolis News of his boyhood. He says:

"I recollect distinctly when I was a small boy, and from choice spent much of my time in the kitchen rolling dough and making pies. After a while, through the obliging assistance of the hired girl, I advanced so that I could build a pie of legitimate size. My joy was complete when I actually fashioned a custard pie, and then came the feat, worthy of a sleight-of-hand performer, of getting it into the oven without spilling. You may gather from this that my first ambition was to be a baker, and at times I have felt a twinge of disappointment that my juvenile ambition was not realized. I really think I would have been a success as a baker.

"Where did I go to school? I was not a success in attending school. I had somewhat of a record for running away from school, and I succeeded in but one study. That was reading McGuffy's readers, which gave me my first delights of literature. I was a sensitive child, but no one ever thought so, and I received no consideration on that account, and managed to be in hot water most of the time. At school if I read anything pathetic, like Dickens' death of Little Nell, while I had the best lesson I would spoil it by too much weeping. If I was whipped by the teacher—we called it 'licked' in those days—on coming home with red eyes I would receive a parental flogging because the teacher had flogged me. Consequently I have a superabundance of sympathy for children.

Children in the country and in small towns have a self-reliance and power of invention, an adaptation of the resources of their surroundings that often make them stronger intellectually than city bred children. They have few paid-for amusements, and all the fewer because of lack of money to pay for them. So they are thrown upon their own resources to furnish amusement for themselves. I have walked four miles in the country to where I knew there was a whirling jenny. A whirling jenny is made by sawing off a sapling about four feet from the ground. The core of the tree is left sticking up to form a peg, and a hole to fit the peg is bored in the middle of a long and heavy plank. This plank is placed across the stump a boy running at each end of the plank, and away they go! It takes repeated doses of soap grease to make the jenny get around with the desired speed.

When I was a boy there were few feuds between town boys and country boys, and when they exchanged visits each could introduce the other to a different series of delights. I do not suppose there are many boys today who have, as in my time, scrambled eggs and cooked them on brown paper atop of the stove in the old schoolhouse. I really think that no bill of fare at the finest banquet that ever may be will ever have a dish that can come anywhere near that."

MAGAZINE NOTES.

The Cosmopolitan is fortunate in its fiction for February. Stories of love, adventure and humor from the pens of famous authors make the "Mid winter Fiction Number" vitally interesting. "S. Cohn & Son" by Zangwill deals with the anglicization of a Jew and the inevitable tragedy of his love for an English girl whose race prejudices triumph over her nobler feelings. In the "Valley of the Dead" Thomas A. Janvier pictures the struggle of a dashing young engineer between love and duty. "Mr. MacGlowrie's Widow" is the title of a western story in Bret Harte's best humoreus skits.

Frank A. Vanderbilt's first article on "The Commercial Invasion of Europe," in the February Scribner, has been greeted with praise from every quarter. The second paper in this number describes the conditions which American competition must meet in Italy, Austria and Germany.

There are four short stories in this number. Henry James returns to the field in which he has won his best success—the contrast of a certain type of American girl with a phase of the old civilization of England. "Flickerbridge" is delightful in its satire and play of humor—with unusual characters.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, who as archdeacon of Kansas witnessed one of the rushes of settlers into Oklahoma, tells a most dramatic tale with the "rush" as a main incident. It is illustrated by Christy.

The February issue of the Ladies' Home Journal opens with the first part of Miss Porter's new romance of the South, "Those days in old Virginia" illustrated by W. L. Taylor. A most interesting and timely contribution is "My Impressions of American Women" by His Excellency, Wu Ting-fang, Chinese minister to the United States. The Journal's Puzzle school, a new game, and a description of how to make "smoke pictures" also appear in this issue. The editorial page is given up to the first of the "Mothers' Meetings" a new department which will appear at intervals, hereafter.

By the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

Messrs C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of Minard's Liniment in a severe attack of La-Grippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours,
W. A. Hutchinson.

VALUE OF PRINTER'S INK.

A Grand Rapids furniture man began advertising his office furniture six years ago, spending $10 a month for newspaper ads. Gradually his advertising brought such results that he now spends more than $5,000 a month for space in the leading newspapers. He has succeeded in winning a trade which other manufacturers could have had by advertising in their home home papers. In this day men have to advertise not only to secure business but to save what trade they may have.—Philadelphia Record.

NO DANGER.

There is no danger of heart burn or heart troubles from the use of Chewing Tobacco. If it has been properly manufactured. Great care is taken by the manufacture of "Old Fox" and "Bobs" Chewing Tobacco, to use only pure and wholesome ingredients, which will leave no bad after effects. If you are not already using these brands, try them. Even the tags are valuable. Save them; and you can have your choice of 150 handsome presents. Tags are good up to January 1st, 1903. Write for our new illustrated premium catalogue. The Empire Tobacco Co., Ltd., 47 Cote St., Montreal.