Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1901. NO. 7

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
ffice 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. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

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.

DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

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. 25 tf

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

N. E. CHUTE,
Licensed Auctioneer
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 800,000
Rest, - - - - 445,000

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President. WM. ROCHE, Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR, Esq.
J. H. SYMONS, Esq.
GEO. MITCHELL, Esq., M.P.P.
E. G. SMITH, Esq.
A. E. JONES, Esq.

Head Office, Halifax, N. S.
E. L. THORNE, General Manager.
C. N. S. STRICKLAND, Manager.

Collections solicited.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold.
Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.

AGENCIES.—
Annapolis, N.S.—E. D. Arnaud, manager.
Barrington Passage.—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—I. W. Allen, acting manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, acting manager.
Liverpool, N.S.—E. R. Mulhall, manager.
New Glasgow, N. S.—R. C. Wright, manager.
North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazee, manager.
Sherbrooke, N. S.—F. O. Robertson, manager.
St. Peter's, C. B.—C. A. Gray, acting manager.
Sydney, C. B.—H. W. Jubien, manager.
Sydney Mines, C.B.—C.W. Frazee, acting manager.
Wolfville, N. S.—J. D. Leavitt, manager.

CORRESPONDENTS.—
London and Westminster Bank, London, England; Bank of Toronto and Branches Upper Canada; Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of Centreville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

O. S. MILLER, Executor.

Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.—14 tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of JOHN R. KINNEY, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

HETTIE J. KINNEY, *Executrix.*
JOHN L. MARSHALL, *Executor.*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of FRANCIS R. FRAT, late of Bridgetown, in the county of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

EDWARD M. EATON, *Executor.*

T. D. RUGGLES & SONS, *Proctors for said estate.*
Bridgetown, Feb. 11th, 1901. 47 tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of WALLACE G. FOWLER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Gentleman, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

LOUIS G. DeBLOIS, M. D., *Sole Executor*
or to F. L. MILNER, *Proctor of the estate.* 6m

In the Night

Sudden disease, like a thief in the night, is apt to strike confusion into a household. Croup chooses the hours of darkness for its deadly visitations. Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, cramps and colic come frequently in the night. Are you prepared for midnight emergencies? A bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT gives security, eases pain and saves life. The real danger from a large number of ailments is inflammation. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is the remedy for inflammation and, whether used *internally* or *externally*, it subdues it, gives relief from pain and cures the disease.

Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT
A FOE TO INFLAMMATION

Is just the same as it was ninety years ago. At all seasons of the year it is in daily demand for curing colic, cramps, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafings. In fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, la grippe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Get it from your dealer. Two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. The larger size is more economical.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.
Write for free copy "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room."

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.

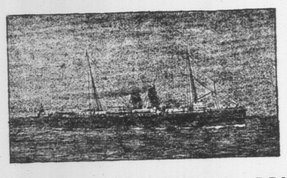
WE PRINT

Billheads, Letterheads, Statements, Memoranda, Envelopes, Post Cards, Dodgers, Posters, 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.



THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.

On and after October 6th, this Company will make

Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:

Steamer "Boston" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival trains from Halifax.

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.
For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to

D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

FLOUR and FEED DEPOT

In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose and Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moulie, Bran, Chop Feed and Oats.

Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockeryware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

☞Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHAFNER & PIGGOTT.

Poetry.

Sunset.

Do you ever think, when the skies are blue,
And the clouds in the west are an amber hue
And a shaded red, and a shimmering white,
That the great All-Father takes delight
In seeing his children rest awhile.

Has the day been weary, the task been long?
Lay care aside, and let a song
Rise to your lips as you gaze at the sky,
For the glories of heaven seem floating by,
And the great All-Father shifts the scenes.

For some, life seems but idle play;
While others are burdened with care alway.
But idle seeming oft hides a pain,
As the sun oft shines in a summer rain;
Yet the great All Father sees it all.

And the beauty of sun and cloud and sky,
That gilds the west as night draws nigh,
But shows the love that will safely hold
Each trusting heart of this earthly fold,
Till the great All Father leads us home.

A Masquerade.

A roguish Cupid, bow in hand, knocked boldly at my door.
I, glancing thro' the lattace, said, "I've met you, lad, before.
'Twas just a year ago, methinks, you got me in a plight.
I'm older now, and wiser; I wish you, sir, good-night."

With smile and bow he disappeared, mischief-brewing elf.
"There's nothing left but tea and cats," I murmured to myself.
"I'll give myself to others, for I am not afraid
To live and die in solitude, a typical old maid."

Calm Friendship crossed my path ere long to make my life more bright.
"Come in, I need a friend," I cried. Boy Cupid laughed outright.
"You would not let me come as Love, I could not die, and so
I stole poor Friendship's cloak," he said, and came incognito."

"E'en Cupid has to work his way and sometimes masquerade.
Can you forgive my silly prank? 'Twas done for you, sweet maid.
I see now by your tell tale face; you didn't play quite square:
In love and war," he whispered low, "all things are counted fair."

Select Literature.

John Doyle—Matchmaker.

When Louise Doyle entered the offices of Delaney & Griffin, architects, in the humble capacity of copyist, the soul of her father rose in angry rebellion.

Two years previous John Doyle had retired from the grocery business with a tidy income, a substantial brick residence and chronic rheumatism. Whenever the malady loosened its grip, Doyle wandered back to his achievements. His successor always gave him cordial welcome, and a comfortable chair back of the cashier's booth was at his disposal. When too lame to walk as far as the store, he consoled himself by playing innumerable games of pinochle in the rear of Simpson's cigar store, just across the street.

It was from a disastrous defeat at pinochle that he came home to hear that Louise was "going to business." The moment was inauspicuous.

"I never heard tell of such tomfoolishness. My girl going to chase down town six days in the week, like the daughters of that no-account Tom Saunders? People'll be questioning my credit next. And she won't make enough to pay for the new feathers and fixings she'll want, to say nothing of the shoe leather see'll wear out trapsing back and forth in all kinds of weather!"

Mrs. Doyle, who in spite of the fact that she never joined a Mothers' club nor studied household economics, had succeeded in making John Doyle comfortable and content, calmly set a gusset in her husband's new shirt as she replied:

"I don't know about that, John. I think that if more girls knew how hard it is to earn money, and to make a success in business, we'd have fewer shiftless and grumbling wives."

Mr. Doyle groaned at his wife's desertion to the enemy.

"And as for wasting her money, I don't believe Louise'll do anything of the sort. She's got too much of her father's blood in her. Besides, she's going to pay her board—says it's only right, seeing that she won't be home to help me with the work."

Mr. Doyle fairly gasped in his fury.

"Pay her board! Minerva Doyle, have you gone daft? Or are you turning miser, like your Uncle Sam? My daughter shan't pay her board, so long's I'm here to prevent it."

But Louise had her way. Every Saturday night she paid her board, and every Monday morning Mr. Doyle carried the money straight to the savings bank and deposited it to the credit of Louise Doyle.

Three years rolled round and Louise failed to fulfil any of the dire predictions set forth by her parent. She did not take pneumonia from facing keen northwesters. She did not catch smallpox from riding in ill-ventilated cars. And she refused to elope with the junior partner. But she had risen steadily in the estimation of her employes, until when George Shaw came to the city, she was confidential secretary to the senior partner of Delaney & Griffin.

In his secret heart, John Doyle was wonderfully proud of this self-possessed capable young woman, and when young Shaw from up-State, vigorous, well set-up and well-poised, appeared on the scene, Mr. Doyle groaned afresh.

"If Louise hadn't that business bee in her bonnet, there's the man I'd pick out for her husband. Why on earth any sensible girl would rather take dictation from a snarling, bald-headed old crank downtown, than to make a nice home for a fellow like George Shaw, I don't see."

But as a matter of fact, Mr. Delaney was neither bald nor ill tempered, and George Shaw had come to the city with but one well-defined ambition—to gain a business foothold. John Doyle's successor in the grocery trade being a cousin to George Shaw's mother, he had taken the first thing at hand, a position as clerk in the store where Doyle had once ruled with an iron hand.

Perhaps the happiness of Louise was not the only thing at stake, in Doyle's mind. He might have cherished a secret longing to maintain even a distant family connection with the scene of his commercial success. At any rate, Mr. Shaw was in due time invited to call, and Mr. Doyle fairly hugged himself when he saw the admiration in the young man's eyes on meeting Louise.

But for six months matters progressed no further. Mr. Shaw called at irregular intervals, and was courteously received by Louise—in the presence of her parents.

From his point of vantage behind the cashier's booth Mr. Doyle studied the young man whom he coveted as a son-in-law, and decided that an occasional cigar could be offered his idol with impunity. In the meantime George Shaw was studying the uncertainties of customers and markets, to the profound satisfaction of his mother's second cousin.

When Mr. Shaw invited Louise to accompany him to the theatre, John Doyle went into the seventh heaven of delight. The calmness of Louise irritated her exuberant father.

The theatre-going became an established weekly event, and Mr. Doyle beamed, even when defeated at pinochle. Each day he spent less time in the rear room of Simpson's cigar store. He bought a better brand of cigars, too, and proffered them at more frequent intervals.

But when Louise imperturbably announced that Mr. Shaw had invited her to see Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon," and followed up the information with the prosaic observation that her rainy-day skirt needed a new binding, the vials of Mr. Doyle's wrath were all uncorked. As the door closed on her retreating form, he turned to his wife:

"Well, that beats me!" I'll bet George paid every cent of $25 for those two seats, and she takes it as cool as if she was used to such treats every night in the week. I do believe she's more interested in Delaney's contract for the Newport palace than in getting a husband."

"Like as not," responded Mrs. Doyle, gathering the butter scraps for the cooking jar. "An architect's contract is easily filled, but marriage is uncertain and it's got to stand for most of us. I don't see that there's such a rush about her settling down. She's doing well. Besides how do you know that Mr. Shaw wants her?"

"Wants her!" roared Mr. Doyle. "Who wouldn't want her? Ain't she pretty? Ain't she bright and up to the mark every time? Ain't I got money to leave? And ain't she as cool as a cucumber, too, the independent minx?"

A week after the Bernhardt episode John Doyle came home fairly brimming over with excitement.

"What do you think? George has bought an interest in the store. Had a tidy bit of money laid by when he came down here, and seeing this was a good opening, bought it. Everybody around the store is tickled to death. Say, I invited him round to dinner Sunday, to celebrate the occasion."

Mrs. Doyle smiled.

"That's nice.":

Louise likewise smiled placidly—and passed her plate for another chop. John Boyle boiled inwardly.

"Don't care a rap. This comes of letting her work among a lot of counter-jumpers and upstart young brokers. She don't know a real man when she sees one."

The next night Louise dined with two young women who lived in true Bohemian fashion, in two rooms with a bath. She came home animated and gossipy.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, as she folded her new veil with thrifty care. "It's the dearest little den. The parlor couches are their beds at night, and inside there's a place for their gowns. And such a cute dinner—with a fern in the middle of the table, and everything so easy to get—canned soup, fried chicken and salad and things from the delicatessen store, and rolls heated in the gas oven, and charlotte russe, with the queerest black coffee and preserved sweets from India to finish off. No two dishes alike and each one with a history!"

Mrs. Doyle patted the two slender hands that stole around her neck.

"We had a good dinner, too, dearie, roly-poly pudding with strawberry jam."

"Not strawberry jam," sighed Louise. "Naughty mother, not to wait till a night when I was home. I've been thinking that when Mr. Shaw came Sunday we might have something out of the ordinary, just to celebrate the occasion."

This with a sly look at her father.

To be sure," responded Mrs. Doyle, heartily. "The poor fellow has boarded ever since he came to town. No doubt he will enjoy some good home cooking. We'll have a good roast of beef with both kinds of potatoes, celery and vegetables, and I'll make some extra thick mince pies."

Louise tapped the table, thoughtfully. "I know, mother dear, you're the best cook in the world, but—don't you think it would be nice to have some little extras like—well—the girls had to night?"

"Bless my soul," remarked Mrs. Doyle, wiping her glasses anxiously, when Louise left the room. "Whatever does she want. "I'm sure——"

"Never mind what she wants, she's going to have," growled Mr. Doyle, in unconcealed triumph. "That's the first ray of sense she's shown since George has been coming here. Let her buy what she likes for Sunday."

In fulfilment of this injunction, he pressed a ten-dollar bill into his daughter's hand, bidding her spend it for anything she liked for the momentous occasion. And when the two young people had retired to the parlor, after dinner on Sunday, and he was exuberantly wiping the dishes for his wife, he remarked:

"Well, Minerva, that dinner'll do one of two thing for George Shaw. It'll either kill him or make him propose."

"I declare, John Doyle, I believe you've gone daft on the subject of marrying off Louise. But I must say that I do feel a bit squeamish myself after those iced oysters."

The next morning after breakfast Louise lingered over the task of tying her veil and rebuttoned her gloves nervously. Finally she crossed abruptly to her mother's side and rested one hand caressingly on the gray hairs.

"Mother, I guess you'll have to teach me how to roast beef your way. George——" Mr. Doyle started and his paper fell to his knee. "George never—never—mentioned the salad, nor the charlotte russe, nor anything I bought, but he said your beef and pies made him think of his mother—and—and when we go housekeepin we're to have roast beef every Sunday."

Mrs. Doyle wheeled round to clutch at an empty chair. Louise had vanished and the front door swung to with a crash.

"Well, John Doyle, I hope you're satisfied!" a suggestion of tears in her voice.

"Satisfied ain't no name for it, Minerva. If I'd had him made to order I couldn't have got a son-in-law to suit me better.

Humors

Come to the surface in the spring as in no other season. It's a pity they don't run themselves all off that way; but in spite of pimples and other eruptions, they mostly remain in the system. That's bad.

Hood's Sarsaparilla removes them and cures all the painful and disfiguring troubles they cause. Nothing else cleanses the system and clears the complexion like Hood's.

A Steer in the Kitchen.

"Who was that big boy with your crowd, Zack?" asked Mr. Clarkson, as his girls and boys gathered around his table for that coziest of meals, the family tea.

"Which one, father?" Zack asked, with a vague expression of uneasiness on his boyish face.

"The one with the loud voice," answered his father, "and the loud cravat, and the general air of swagger; you will have no trouble about answering the question, seeing that I know the rest of your companions."

"Oh-h!" said Zack, rather sheepishly, "oh, yes; that was Stiffy Morton."

"Stiffy?" cried the mother behind the tea-urn. "What sort of a name is Stiffy?"

"His real name is Ned, I believe, but the fellows call him stiffy."

"I would be sorry to think you are intimate enough with a boy who smells of cigarettes, and uses bad language, to call him by any such name, my son," said Mr. Clarkson, glancing across the table at Zack, and looking displeased.

Zack was silent.

"I know enough of Ned Morton," continued Zack's father, "to insist upon your choosing some other direction than his, when you go off for a walk; in fact, I do not want you to have anything to do with him."

"I'm not having much to do with him, father," said Zack, in a grumbling tone, "but the fellows say you had better have Stiffy for a friend than an enemy."

"That's just where they are mistaken," said Mr. Clarkson, and it was easy to see that the tea table was in for a lecture, when the gentleman began to laugh.

"Mother," he said to the lady of the tea cups, "tell the children the story of your father's wild steer."

"Why, yes; it fits right in," said the children's mother, and her tea got cold in the cup while she told the story, belonging to her girl life on a big farm:—

"Father had a very wild steer in his field one year, quite a fierce creature, so that he finally was roped up and sold to the butcher, because the men were afraid of it.

"But Pat McLean's wife, a big, kind-hearted Irish woman, proud of her courage, fed the creature at her cottage door with cabbage leaves, and such truck, until he hung round the house like a dog.

"'You'd better let that steer alone, Bridget,' said my father, 'he's no safe plaything.'

"'Shure, I'd raythur the craypher wad be me frind this me inemy,' Bridget used to say proudly.

"But one day when the men were working at a distance, Bridget came flying to the farmhouse in terror. 'Sure an' it's meself that's wrong the day, Misther Bell!' she orled; 'it's me inemy I'll take the craypher for now, once ye'll git him gone.'

"Pat's wife had stepped out of her tidy cottage for a bucket of water, leaving the door open, and the steer, not finding anything to eat on the door step had entered the kitchen and taken possession. Bridget found him stretched out on her floor, peacefully chewing his cud. That is he looked very peaceful lying there, but the woman knew better than to stir him up.

"Well, we called the men, and went down to the cottage. Sure enough, there was the creature lying cozily by the cooking stove. But the room was not at all cozy by the time the men succeeded in getting the animal out. The chair was broken to bits, the braided rug pawed and soiled, and the tea kettle and irons tipped off by the overturning of the stove.

"Poor Bridget! she wrung her hands and cried over the wreck he left behind him. The steer was killed next week by the butcher, but if he had lived a dozen years longer, Bridget would never have given him a cabbage leaf again, you may be sure. Her experience of his friendship was enough."

The children round the tea table laughed over the story, but Zack saw a sermon in his father's eye.

"There you are, Zack," said Mr. Clarkson—when the boys and girls had had their laugh out. "There you are exactly; there are some evil natures that you had much better have as enemies than friends, especially if they are bigger and stronger than you. They will come into your life much more easily than you can turn them out, and before long they will turn you out, that is the best part of you, truth maybe, and honesty, and soberness and purity. I have no desire for you to pick a quarrel with Ned Morton, but if it is between his being your friend or your enemy—big, coarse, evil fellow that he is, I'll take him for an enemy every time."

As Mr. Clarkson turned in his gate the next evening he saw Zack's "crowd" coming up from the ball lot. "Stiffy" Morton was not among them, but he heard Zack quoting at the top of his voice, "It's me inemy I'll have th' craypher th' day," and a peal of laughter followed.

"The mother's story came in well," said Zack's father to himself, smiling.—*Sel.*

Don't "Pose."

(Picton Standard "Bystander.")

And it is interesting to note that noblest influence is that which is unconscious; that when a man begins to think that he has influence and begins to devise ways and means of behavior, then does he prove a failure, his light is become turned into darkness, the words of his message become frozen and will not flow forth. But let him go his own gait, being true first and always to the Divinity which is in him, thinking not if this be right or if that look well; let him live, move and have his being in frankness and unconventionality, then is he immediately a Messiah among men, one who saves the people from their sins.

—A nervous disposition is a complexion wrecker of tremendous magnitude. Those unfortunate enough to possess it should get out of doors more, go to bed early, eat simple, nourishing food and avoid pastries. They should drink plenty of water between meals.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Village Improvement Society.

Eben Rexford contributes to the April number of *Lippincott's* an article on "Our Village Improvement Society." It differs from the Belfast Improvement Society in that it was composed of men, but the same influences called it into being that have operated here, and it differed but slightly in its methods of work from our local organization. For example: "Membership was conditional on an agreement on our part to devote at least one day's work, spring and fall, to the improvement of the house grounds, and to give one day's work, spring and fall, to the improvement of public grounds and vacant places belonging to non residents, if called on to do so." Each member pledged himself to the payment of one dollar half-yearly, the money thus received to constitute a general fund to be drawn on in meeting the expenses attendant on the improvement of public places. At first it was not proposed to admit women to membership, but finally it was unanimously voted to admit them. Mr. Rexford says:

Let me say right here, for the benefit of those who may decide on having an Improvement Society, that in my opinion it will not be what it ought to be unless it admits women to membership. Let this be honorary membership, if thought best — by that I mean exemption from the payment of dues and the performance of manual labor—but by all means let women come into the society. Their opinions will be found valuable and helpful, and they will do much by their enthusiasm to encourage good work.

Here the women took the initiative and assumed the laboring oar. The membership fee is one dollar per year, and no distinction is made on account of sex. Though only organized last summer, the Belfast Improvement Society has accomplished much, and there is much more for it to do. Its work has met with general approval, and no doubt will continue to do so. It ought not, however, to be called upon to do work which properly falls upon others. The streets, for example, should be cared for by the city. We pay a highway tax for this purpose and we have a salaried surveyor, whose duty it is to survey—to see that rubbish is not left in the gutters, loose stones in the streets, that culverts do not get clogged and overflow, etc. Let the city do its full duty in this and other directions, and there will still be left ample field and scope for the Improvement Society.

The society of which Mr. Rexford writes, began public improvements at the church; it set out trees; it transformed a neglected plot of ground into an attractive park. The home improvements were, in part, as follows: "Old lawns were renovated and new ones were made; trees, shrubs and vines were planted, and beds planted for flowers; old fences were mended and painted, some were removed; we cleared away the rubbish which had accumulated everywhere because of the careless slovenly habits we had fallen into—in short, we did a hundred and one things which I need not make special mention of here, but which every member of a society for general improvement will find waiting to be done when an aggressive campaign is begun." Of course the practical man or woman will want to know. Did it pay? Of course it did. Mr. Rexford says:

Each summer affords us fresh proof of the wisdom of our undertaking. Visitors from the city compliment us on the spirit of progress visible on every hand. "It doesn't look like the same place," they tell us. "You have made a model village of it, so far as outside appearances go. Your sidewalks put our city pavements to shame, because of their trustworthiness. Your homes show thrift. Your public places are kept in as tidy a condition as your homes are, and that's something that can't be said of many villages. We like it here, and we're coming again." And they keep their word, and our village is becoming quite a summer resort. So we have found that what we have done with a very little inconvenience to ourselves has proved a good advertisement for the place and its people, and the present prospect is that we shall get back many times the value of the labor and money spent in improvement, for several sales of property have been made at much better figures than prevailed before we began our work. The increase in the value of real estate is directly attributed to the improvements which have been made by our society.

The last sentence in this paragraph merits attention. Its truthfulness cannot be questioned. Corroborative testimony is abundant. Where streets and walks are neglected, real estate will surely be depressed, and as surely will its value be enhanced by the judicious work of an improvement society. A citizen remarked the other day, "I have a house that ought to be worth $4,000, but doubt if I could sell it for more than $2,000. I should be quite willing to have my tax increased $10 or $15, and the money expended where it is most needed. Then I might expect to sell my house for $4,000."

Cranberry Culture.

We wonder if many Canadians realize what a profitable crop they might raise on bits of boggy land not yet under cultivation by planting cranberries. In the eastern counties in England in the old days before drainage and improved agricultural methods had turned poor land to account, the unusual peat beds of those districts were utilized as "cranberry reserves." Possibly in by-gone days canned fruit was less common, and dried apples and cranberries proved a great boon to the head of the household, who had to cater for the needs of the family table. Today Russia, Norway and Sweden send great quantities to the London market, and the favorite Russian dish of cranberries smothered in "smeetana," or clotted cream, is to be found on many fashionable tables in London. The fruit has certain medicinal qualities which make it of the utmost value at this particular season, and a liberal diet of stewed cranberries will do away with the necessity of that old fashioned dose so dreaded by many children, of "sulphur and treacle." It is a pity that this winter berry, the only fruit that retains its freshness throughout our long northern winter, should not be cultivated in greater quantities and placed within the reach of the poorer classes, who would find it a food calculated to stave off many a doctor's and chemist's bill. Large areas in this province are well adapted to the raising of cranberries of a superior quality which with small exertion directed by intelligence, could be rendered extremely productive and profitable.

Gas on the Stomach.

result of imperfect digestion pressing up against the heart, it excites alarming symptoms. Instant relief is afforded by taking half an hour after meal, ten drops of Polson's Nerviline in a little sweetened water. Nerviline aids digestion, expels the gas and imparts a sense of comfort. Nerviline is good for lots of other things and wise people keep a 25c. bottle in the house for rheumatism, cramps, neuralgia, toothache &c. Try it.

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

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

Twelve Rules on How to Keep Well in Mind and Body.

Rule No 1—Let parents make it their chief care to build up for their children a sound body, a body capable alike of work and of enjoyment. As soon as a child is old enough to help build up his or her body, let him or her take a hand in it. Teach the young that soundness of body and mind is the main thing in life, that, without this boon, nothing really counts. Give the sound body plenty of exercise, but don't overwork it either in point of enjoyment or in point of business.

Rule No. 2—If at one time or another you have overworked your body, don't worry about it, but guard against repetition. Repetition leads to bad habits.

Rule No. 3—Be independent, don't do things because you see other people do them.

Rule No. 4—Admire courage and practise it; timidity is hateful.

Rule No. 5—Don't worry about the enemy from without, bacilli, changes in the weather, etc., but try to steel your body against their influence. They mustn't be allowed to get in or hurt it.

Rule No. 6—Remember that it's your own faults that count most.

Rule No. 7—Don't think that good health comes as a present to you, or that you will recover from illness owing to some occult influences. To have and to hold good health, you must work for it, strive for it.

Rule No. 8—If you want the physician to help you, you must help the physician. You must work hand in hand with him.

Rule No. 9—Don't forget that it's yourself who decides upon soundness and ill health of your body. If you are unwilling to assist your physician, you rob him of the most important factor in medicine.

Rule No. 10—Don't become a slave to habit.

Rule No. 11—Let your body and soul live in harmony together.

Rule No. 12—Know thyself, criticise thyself, punish thyself, if necessary.

If you follow the advice in these twelve rules, you won't live forever, neither will you live beyond your natural limit.

But if you do follow them, you may hope to fool death until such a time when the economies of life, wisely, carefully, but not stingily administered, are at their very lowest ebb and when you are positively at the end of your resources for living.—*Doctor Schoenninger, in New York paper.*

Handle Not, Taste Not.

The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the big number of bar-tenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years. The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery concert hall. Three of the fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away, when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said that his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly. The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at any conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beerman's breath away when they did.

"Your fingers have been rotted off," they said, "by the beer which you have handled."

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to day, the physicians estimate, there is an army of employees of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in beer are said to be responsible.

The head bar-tender of a well known down town saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer drawers have, in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members.

"Beer will rot iron, I believe," he added. "I know, and every bar-tender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather as rapidly almost as acid will eat into iron. If I were a temperance orator, I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs, if it eats away men's fingers and their shoe leather? I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it—not much."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

Training Blind Children to See.

New York, April 27.—According to a Vienna dispatch an epoch marking discovery in training children to see has been made by Director Keller, of the Institute for the Blind, Vienna. He has just exhibited before the Physicians' Society a seven-year-old boy who was born blind, but with perfectly formed eyes-brain blind, as the doctors call it, whom he has taught in four months to discern colors, forms and objects, and to read with his eyes.

The method consists in first teaching a child in a perfectly dark room by means of a movable disc of light to distinguish light from darkness, the child being just able to see. Perhaps as this is developing, a faculty of which the pupil is not conscious, it takes months of patient treatment.

Next objects which a blind person knows by feeling are placed against a light disc and the child is told what they are called. Colored glass placed before a lamp teaches him colors. Geometrical figures on a disc are shown, and the teacher passed slowly on to forming letters and then reading is taught. Then the disc is removed and objects are shown in a dark room with rays of light falling on them. From this point the sight is gradually accustomed to the daylight.

Director Keller has received congratulations from all the university and medical men who have heard of his method.

—The Gothenburg system is one under which all liquor licenses in a city or town are handed over to a single company, which is composed of temperance men whose object is not to make money, but to promote temperance. The company, no matter what its sales may be, gets only the current rate of interest on its actual investment. The Municipality receives a percentage of the remainder, barely sufficient to make good to it what it loses through the non-granting of licenses. The remainder goes to the State Government for charitable and educational purposes. This system has reduced the consumption of liquor in Norway to the lowest percentage of any country in Europe. Russia, which has also adopted an administrative system, comes next. The subject is then worth the serious consideration of the people of Nova Scotia, where interest in the conduct of the traffic has for many years been so intense.

Hats in Church.

The following is the reason given by a minister in an Ontario town for women taking off their hats in church: "No human being can get much good out of the sermon unless he can see the speaker's face and studies his expression. No sermon can inspire a man who is looking into a lop-sided aggregation of dead birds, stuffed weasels, chameleon skins, ribbons, jets, beads, sticks straws, paper flowers, corn tassels, and thistle down. It makes the sinner feel lost in his wilderness,