Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 26. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1898. NO. 12.

Professional Cards.

H. E. GILLIS. FRED W. HARRIS

GILLIS & HARRIS,
Barristers, - - Solicitors, Notaries Public.

Commissioners for the Province of New Brunswick.
Commissioners for the State of Massachusetts.
Agents of R. G. Dunn & Co., St. John and Halifax.
Agents of Bradstreet's Commercial Agency.
General Agents for Fire, Marine, and Life Insurance.
Members of the United States Law Association.
Real Estate Agents.

OFFICE:
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA BUILDING, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Store
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Consular Agent of Spain.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan on Real Estate security.

MONEY TO LOAN.
NOVA SCOTIA PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY AND SAVINGS FUND OF HALIFAX.
Advances made on REAL ESTATE SECURITY repayable by monthly instalments, covering a term of 11 years and 7 months, with interest on the monthly balances at 6 per cent per annum.
Balance of loan repayable at any time at option of borrower, so long as the monthly instalments are paid, the balance of loan cannot be called for.
Mode of effecting loans explained, and forms of application therefore and all necessary information furnished on application to
J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
20 6m *Agent at Annapolis.*

F. L. MILNER,
Barrister, Solicitor, &c.
ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE.
MONEY TO LOAN.
Office opposite Central Telephone Exchange, Queen Street, Bridgetown. 31 tf
TELEPHONE NO. 11.

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

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

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.

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

A. R. ANDREWS, M.D., C.M.
Specialties { EYE, EAR, THROAT.
MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 15. 38tf

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

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

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

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
For 1898.
A GREAT PROGRAMME.

The Story of the Revolution by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, to run throughout the year. (For the first time all the modern art forces and resources will be brought to bear upon the Revolution. Howard Pyle and a corpse of artists are making over 100 paintings and drawings expressly for this great work.)

Capt A T Mahan's "The American Navy in the Revolution," to be illustrated by Carlton T. Chapman, the marine artist; Henry Fenn, and others.

Thomas Nelson Page's First Long Novel, "Red Rock—A Chronicle of Reconstruction." Mr. Page has devoted four years to the story, and he considers it his best work. (Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.)

Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, Geo. W. Cable, and others, are under engagement to contribute stories during 1898.

Robert Grant's "Search-Light Letters"—replies to various letters that come in consequence of his "Reflections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher."

"The Workers" in a new field—Walter A. Wyckoff, the college man who became a laborer, will tell his experience with sweat-shop laborers and anarchists in Chicago. (Illustrated from life by W. R. Leigh.)

The Theatre, The Mine, etc., will be treated in "The Conduct of Great Business" series (as were "The Wheat Farm," "The Newspaper," etc., in '97), with numerous illustrations.

Life at Girls' College—like the articles on "Undergraduate Life at Harvard, Princeton and Yale," and as richly illustrated.

Political Reminiscences by Senator Hoar, who has been in public life for forty-five years.

C. D. Gibson will contribute two serial sets of drawings during '98, "A New York Day," and "The Seven Ages of American Woman."

☞*The full prospectus for '98 in small book form (24 pages), printed in two colors, with numerous illustrations (cover and decorations by Maxfield Parrish), will be sent upon application, postage paid.*

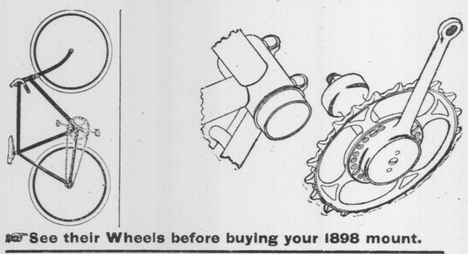
Price, $3.00 a year, 25 cents a number.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,
NEW YORK.

EARN $30 A WEEK
We Want Reliable Men in every locality, local or traveling to introduce a new discovery and look after our advertising. No experience needed. Steady employment. Salary or commission. $65 a month and $2.50 a day expenses. Money deposited in any bank at start if desired. Write at once. **World Medical Co., London, Ontario.**

HAVE YOU SEEN The FINE BICYCLE
Offered to the users of WELCOME SOAP?
For the Wrappers from two (2) boxes of "WELCOME" SOAP and $35.50.
No wonder so many people use the old reliable "Welcome" Soap and ride a Bicycle.
The most Stylish Model and best Wheel of the season. Guaranteed and up-to-date in every particular.
The Greatest Premium offer of the year.
The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

CURRY BROS. & BENT
ARE AGENTS FOR
"CLEVELAND" and "ALERT" BICYCLES.
Prices range from $40 to $80.



☞See their Wheels before buying your 1898 mount.

Grand ✦ Spring ✦ Opening
—OF—
GENT'S WEAR!
The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at
Extremely Low Prices.
WE HAVE JUST OPENED
An endless variety of Spring Cloths
per S.S. "St. John City" from London, which will be made up in our Tailoring Department to your entire satisfaction or no sale.
A. J. MORRISON & CO., MIDDLETON, N. S.

THE SLATER SHOE
"In black and white."

No salesman's say so, but a guarantee of quality, workmanship and material straight from the makers, is the "Slater Shoe" way. Their name and price stamped on the Goodyear welted sole with their self describing tag, telling about the leather, is your protection. $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00.
CATALOGUE FREE. "THE SLATER SHOE."
MAKERS — MONTREAL.
KINNEY & SHAFNER, Sole Local Agents.

CURRY BROS. & BENT,
Manufacturers and Builders,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
Evangeline Sash, Door & Planing Works,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Are ready for **1898** building operations, and are prepared to enter into contract for building of every description, including excavation, heating and plumbing.
We manufacture Church, School and Office Furniture, Wood Mantels, Bank and Store Fitting and building materials generally, and have a large and well assorted stock of **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.**
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT!

Notice is hereby given that John E. Sancton and James Herbert Sancton of Bridgetown formerly doing business under the name of J. E. Sancton & Son, have by deed of assignment bearing date February 17th 1898, conveyed all their book debts and personal property to me IN TRUST to pay the expenses in connection with the preparation and execution of said deed; certain preferential claims; and lastly all the other claims against the said firm and individuals. Said deed of assignment is now fyled in the Registry Office, Bridgetown.

I have engaged said John E. Sancton to act as my agent in disposing of the said property and collecting the book debts which must be paid at once of which let all parties concerned take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

F. L. MILNER,
Trustee.
February 18th. 1898. 50 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, 1898.

Bank of Nova Scotia
Capital, - - $1,500,000.00
Reserve Fund, - $1,600,000.00
JOHN DOULL, *President.*
H. C. McLEOD, *Cashier.*
Head Office, Halifax, N. S.
Agencies in all the principal towns of the Maritime Provinces, and in the cities of Montreal, Toronto, Chicago, and St. John's, Nfld.
Correspondents in all parts of the world.
Do all kinds of banking business.

A Savings Bank Department
has lately been established in connection with the Bridgetown agency where deposits will be received from one dollar upwards and interest at the rate of 3¼ per cent. allowed.
C. H. EASSON, *Agent.*

NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert FitzRandolph, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within eighteen months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
ALDA R. FITZRANDOLPH, *Administratrix.*
Lawrencetown,
Or BURPEE S. FITZRANDOLPH, *Administrator.*
Williamston,
Dec. 13th. 1897.

Poetry.

THE EAGLE AND THE LION.

[Lines on the growing cordial relations between England and the United States.]

Alone on his rock nigh a hundred years
He has drowsed with the sun in his eyes.
Dumb watch o'er the yellow sand was his care,
Far west to the sunrise.
But now he stretches his tawny length—
There is stir in the dusk of the hundred years—
Distant the sounds and great his strength,
So he doses again with listening ears.

Alone the young eagle above the rock
Swings hither and thither, to and fro,
Watching the smoke and the dust of the earth,
Watching the free wind blow,
Drowsed too—but now he ruffles his crown,
And the eveuing light in his eyes gloweth red
As he mounts to mark the sun go down,
A century's sun, 'neath the thunderhead.

"Be we brothers, or brothers be we not?"
To him on the rock comes down the cry.
And he answers, "Yea, we are kin and kin,
Twain kings of the earth and sky.
Thou of the lightnings of heaven hast ward,
I of the powers of God's great deep.
Gather the thunders? Bare men's children the sword?
'Tis time that we rouse us from our sleep."

Woe when the eagle sends cry to heaven
And stoops to the cloud where the tempest lies!
And woe when the lion shall rise on his rock
Storm-wind in his mane and wrath in his eyes!
Then brother with brother and blood with blood
We shall stand. "Alien peoples, beware!
Hold we the dread powers of fire and flood,
Of earth, and of sea, and of air."

GEORGE FREDERICK, in *Leslie's Weekly.*

Select Literature.

'The Bravest Boy I Ever Knew.'

(By William Thompson, in *The Independent.*)

At seventeen years of age John Meredith was not a particularly handsome youth to look upon, though his strongly-marked and somewhat angular features gave promise of some time rounding out into a high type of manly beauty, and, with his clear, deep, honest eyes, forming a true index to the heroic soul enshrined in his well knit, muscular body—even at this early age trained to be the servant, not the master, of his resolute will.

Yet "Jack," as we called him, was only a teamster, the youngest of eight in our employ while crossing the Great Plains in 1850.

Because of his modest demeanor, correct habits and avoidance of the too common vice of swearing, Jack was at first looked upon by his seven companions as a mere milksop; and once, during the early part of our journey, one of these thoughtless fellows scoffingly alluded to him as "Mammy's boy"—only once, however.

On hearing the would-be disparaging epithet, Jack dropped the blouse he was mending neatly as a woman could have done, straightened himself up, and quietly said:

"Yes, Jim, I'm Mammy's boy, and am mighty thankful for it. The last words my dear mother said to me at parting—and I have written them down here—were: 'My son, wherever you are, and to whatever temptations you are exposed, never forget that God sees you and that I am always praying for you. Be bold as a lion in the way of duty, but a very coward as to committing sin. Do nothing that you would blush to tell your mother and sister; so that when we are once more together we shall know that our precious boy is as pure and stainless as when he left us.' And fellows," continued Jack, his voice ringing out clear clear as a silver trampet, "those loving commands I intend, God helping me, to keep to the letter."

For a moment or two the little crowd of young men remained silent; then Jim Maynard stepped forward, extending his hand, and manfully said:

"I beg your pardon, Jack. That was a silly speech of mine and I thank you for giving me a lesson. I'll try to profit by it."

"So will we all," said one and another of the remaining six teamsters, as each came up in his turn and heartily shook hands with the boy who was brave enough thus to proclaim his principles in the face of possible ridicule—that hardest of all things for youth to bear.

"Mark my words," said our guide, Dave Ingram, while telling the rest of us of this episode, which, himself unobserved, he had witnessed, "if, on our long journey the time ever comes, as it likely will, that an act of uncommon daring is required to save life or property, that act will be performed by Jack Meredith—and not for show, either, but from a sense of duty. The boy never loses his temper, nor ever swears at nor strikes his team; yet, of all the eight, it is in the best condition and is the most serviceable, while his harness, firearms and other traps are always in perfect order. If that's the result of his mother's teaching it's an awful pity that every boy couldn't have one like her."

And, truly, it is astonishing how great an influence for good or evil the example of one person may exert. From that day there was a steady improvement in our transport service—less friction on the road, less bickering in camp, less profanity, and consequently, a far greater degree of enjoyment among all hands. By tacit consent, though some of his mates were ten years older than he, Jack was made leading teamster; and it was wonderful to see how, when a wagon was stuck in the sand or mired in the bed of some muddy 'arroya,' his skill, patience and address overcame the difficulty and extricated team and vehicle uninjured. Every horse and mule of the thirty two we employed as draught animals seemed to know that it had a friend in the young boss, and under his kindly system of persuasion each one did more and better work than could have been exacted by any amount of old-time whipping and cursing.

All this was the result of Jack's moral courage and self-command; but, as predicted by the guide, there came a time when the boy was to prove that his physical courage, also, was of the highest order. I do not refer to his gallantry in the numerous Indian fights we were forced into from time to time, for such was, as a matter of course, expected by every man of the party, but to an act of self forgetting heroism, which not one person in a million would have dared to attempt.

One morning, in New Mexico, we were toiling up Tuxedo Canon—a deep, sloping defile eight or ten miles long, bounded on either side by vertical walls of rock and not more than fifty feet wide at the bottom, along which trickled a little thread of water. The sky was hot and sultry; not a breath of wind was stirring, and, when we had got halfway through the ravine there suddenly appeared in the far western sky an omious looking bank of yellow green clouds.

On noticing these portentous signs, our weather-wise guide, who, with twelve of us who owned saddle horses, was riding in advance of the train, exclaimed: "Boys, there's a big rain storm brewing in the mountains, and this canon's liable to be flooded at a moment's notice. We must get out of this as quick as the Lord will let us. You fellows take the crowd with you and ride on to a side gulch that leads up to the plain, about two miles from here, and I'll go back and hurry up the wagons. Likely as not we'll have a regular cloud burst—they're common in these parts—and if the rush of water catches the teams and drivers in the canons, nothing in creation can save 'em."

Though seeing no immediate danger, each one of us took a comrade up behind him (the party numbered thirty-three men in all) and pressed forward at a canter, while Ingram galloped down to the extended line of wagons, urging each teamster in turn to make the greatest possible haste in following us; and at once, from a plodding walk, horses and mules struck into as lively a trot as their loads and the nature of the ground would permit.

Twenty-five minutes at this pace would have placed even the hindmost wagon in safety; but the storm-god did not wait. Scarcely had the guide rejoined us on the higher ground, when, all in a moment, the green-tinged clouds turned to an inky blackness, and though not a drop of rain fell at our stand, we could plainly hear the dull, soft roar of onward rushing waters, as tearing their way down the mountain side and always converging to their natural outlet, they swept toward the head of the canon.

"The whole train will be caught!" cried Ingram. "The nearest wagon is a mile away, and there will be twenty feet of water in that gulch in no time."

But now was shown the happy result of Jack Meredith's training. As we, safe on the table land above, ran to the edge of the declivity, those of us who had glasses saw him stand up in his driving seat and shake the reins, while, as we later learned, he again and again shouted cheerily to his team—whereat, the four animals, already, as we thought, doing their best, broke into a lumbering gallop, whirling the heavy wagon along in grand style—an example instantly followed by the other seven teams, all of which seemed instinctively to realize that 'twas to be a race for life.

"They'll make it yet!" one of us excitedly yelled, as Jack, closely followed by six of his comrades, turned into the side gulch, urging his panting horses up its sloping floor, and was next minute beyond all danger. But where was the eighth wagon, with its four mules and driver?

We had turned away from the bluff to congratulate the boys as they arrived, and did not on the instant notice that one of their number had been left behind; but the moment the young boss wheeled around and glanced over his convoy, he shouted: "Where's Jim Maynard?" and, not waiting for an answer, he and a half-dozen more of us rushed back to the cliff's brink.

Then, to our horror, we saw the missing wagon fully one-third of a mile down the canon, stationary and apparently disabled. Evidently one of its front wheels had given way, and Maynard, unable to make himself heard amid the din, had stuck to his post and tried to pull the vehicle along; but, finding that the mules could do so only for a few yards at a time, he had given up the desperate task, and was now, as we could see, trying to strip the harness off the animals in order to facilitate their flight and his own. All his efforts were in vain, however; for the frightened, unreasoning creatures reared and plunged so violently that he could not free a single buckle.

Forgetting that, overcome by the noise of the fast-coming flood, his voice could not be heard, the guide shouted lustily:

"Drop it, Jim! Drop it, and run for your life!"

For now, tossing, tumbling and leaping in mad rage over every obstacle, we could all see a breast-high wall of white foam which, when it once entered the narrow canon, must inevitably be quadrupled in depth, and, increasing a hundredfold in power, would rush down with a speed and force sufficient to sweep away, like so many straws, even great, earth-embedded boulders.

Seeing that Maynard still continued his frantic efforts to loose the team, Ingram sadly said: "The poor fellow's lost. Nothing can save him now."

"Is there one chance in a thousand, Dave, that a fast horse could run from here to him and back again before the water reaches this side gully?" asked Meredith.

"One in ten thousand, perhaps; but only a madman would try it," gloomily replied the guide.

Question and answer passed in less than ten seconds, and the final word of the latter was hardly uttered when Jack sprang to the back of Tom Lester's racing mare, waved his hand to us, quietly said: "If I fail, friends, tell my mother how I died," and was thundering down the lateral canon before anyone could interfere.

"There goes the bravest boy I ever knew," said Ingram, as pitying tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks; while we, horror-stricken at what looked like deliberate suicide, gazed after the flying pair in absolute silence—though, doubtless, from each tortured soul ascended to Heaven a fervent prayer that the seemingly impossible might happen—seemingly impossible because, during these few minutes of awful suspense, the gathering waters had gained the head of the great gorge, and now, with a combing front of many feet in depth, ever speeding down it with frightful velocity, while the far-off lightning-rent cloud still poured out its reenforcing floods.

The giant waves had, perhaps, two miles to travel before striking the mouth of the canon, while Jack, in going and coming, had less than one mile; but the former was racing down an incline of at least one foot in twenty, which would tell terribly against the latter while returning. 'Twas a race between the rampant forces of Nature and a mere creature of flesh and blood. Which—oh! which would win?

If content to save himself and Maynard, the daring youth might coine off conqueror; but we, who knew him so well, feared he would try to rescue also the four mules—and that is precisely what he did.

Leaning well back and holding a taut rein, he let the gallant mare go down the slope at a flight of speed which carried her to the wrecked wagon in, at most, thirty seconds; and then we saw a wondrous sight, indeed. Throwing himself from the saddle, Jack passed rapidly from mule to mule, gently, as we were afterwards told, caressing each in turn and speaking to each in tones as soft and soothing as those of a mother to her fretful babe. The effect was magical. At once the maddened animals quieted down, as if knowing that all was right now that their friend had come; and in less time than it takes to tell it, the deft hands of the two teamsters had stripped them of all but collars and bridles. Then, vaulting to the back of the staunch old leader, Jim Maynard led the way, while Jack, springing into his saddle again, brought up the rear, merrily laughing and cheering, yet all the time so artfully pressing on and then retiring from the flank of the aligned mules as to cajole each one of the laboring creatures into the pleasant belief that it was outstripping the thoroughbred mare! No fear of panic now, this new excitement had, as its originator intended, driven all thought of the threatening downpour from each long-eared philosopher's head.

Steadily, without a break, the quartet pounded along, but the course was all up hill, while that of the hungry flood, each instant increasing in volume, was sharply down, thus giving it a fearful advantage over its puny competitors.

To insure perfect immunity, the refugees must not enter the side canon in advance of the coming waters, but ascend its sloping floor for at least fifty yards. "Could they, could they do it?" we asked each other, as we watched in trembling anxiety the fateful race.

"Yes, they have it!" "No, the flood gains!" one and another of us cried; for now the curling crest of the descending cataract was within eight yards of the little gulch, while the foremost mule was twenty-five yards away. Should this beast stumble, or even momentarily shrink from the impending danger, all would be lost. The horrible suspense was almost unendurable. Involuntarily each one of us reached out and drew back his air-clutching hands, as if, somehow, that act would help, must help, our imperilled friends.

But what's this? While some of us helpless spectators, screamed aloud in impotent anguish, glorious Jack Meredith suddenly drew his revolver and discharged its six shots skyward as fast as he could pull the trigger; then with a blood curdling yell, so exactly counterfeiting the Apache warwhoop that the mules, who had learned to regard this sound with deadly terror, forgot the simulated race, made a supreme effort, bounded convulsively forward, wheeled into the sheltering canon, and had, in a few moments, scrambled up to a place of safety.

Jack's ruse, begotten of sublime courage and presence of mind, had proved successful: but it was a hair's breadth only. So close was the call, that he himself, being last in the line, had not quite reached a secure position when an offshoot from the main torrent dashed in after him, greedily chased him up the inclined plane and actually rose to the mare's saddle ere she made her final spring to dry rock.

"Jack! Jack! Jack! Hurrah! Hurrah! God bless the boy! Yell, fellows, every man o' you, and for all you're worth!" roared Dave Ingram, as rushing up to the young hero, he caught him in his arms, lifted him lovingly from the saddle and—yes, actually kissed him; a strange thing for the grizzled guide to do, but one that seemed to us so eminently proper that we redoubled our cheers at the touching sight.

Then each one of us—teamsters and all—pressed forward to grasp the hand of the boy, whose blushing face glowed with ineffable joy, while Tom Lester huskily said:

"Jack, you know how highly I valued that mare before; but now all the gold of California could no more buy her than can my clumsy tongue frame fitting words of thanks to you."

"Oh, how glad my mother will be!" Jack said simply.

Now we had leisure to gaze down at the wondrous flood, upon whose bosom floated broken trees, uprooted shrubs, great masses of mountain earth, and even stones of considerable size; for so densely compacted was the turbulent current that, during its first wild rush, no object, however heavy, seemed able to sink below its surface.

By and by the black clouds dispersed, and in three hours there fretted along the old channel only a trifling, mud-stained rivulet; but so tremendous had been the scouring force of the short-lived torrent that on the canon's bed-rock there was nowhere left enough soil to fill a quart measure.

With much trouble, and by going far out on the lower plain, we recovered every part, except its canvas cover—of the hapless waggon; and, having a portable forge and proper wood working implements with us, we soon made it good as ever. We finally succeeded, too, in picking up most of the cargo, consisting of bacon and mining tools, none of which commodities, though all were coated with sand, had been materially damaged by the brief immersion.

Piece by piece, and scattered over a wide expanse of the plain, we also found the four sets of harness, and these, of course, were easily repaired; so, after all, our loss was not a very serious one. And had it been a hundred times greater we should have felt amply repaid by the knowledge that in modest Jack Meredith—"Mammy's boy"—we had a hero more truly great than many a proud conqueror of world-wide fame.

British Warships Laid by.

"Our fleet arrived at Cardigena short of five battleships," writes an officer with the Channel squadron, and any casual reader might suppose that those unfortunate ships had been torpedoed, captured by an enemy, or, at the very least, had sustained serious injury to their machinery. The very simple explanation is that there is an epidemic of mumps on H. M. S., "Prince George," "Mars," "Repulse," "Resolution," and "Caesar." Ever since the squadron left England this disease of our schooldays has been present among the ships' companies, and as it is contagious, all ships with cases have been put in quarantine at Gibraltar, with the result that Vice-Admiral Sir. H. F. Stephenson has been cruising with a much reduced squadron. And all because of mumps.

Was Wasting Away.

"I could not eat, sleep, walk or sit down for any length of time. I was always in pain and was wasting away. I grew very weak and had a bad cough. I tried many different remedies, but did not relief. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, however, I am able to attend to my business." MINNIE JAQUES, Oshono, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & C., Lowell, Mass.

—Every man has his atmosphere; if light is in man he shines; if darkness he shades; if his heart glows with love he warms; if frozen with selfishness he chills; if corrupt he poisons; if pure hearted he cleanses.

—Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

Hospitals in the Field.

TREATMENT OF THE WOUNDED ACCORDING TO THE PLANS OF ARMY SURGEONS.

In the United States Army the hospital corps is divided into two detachments, one for service in the field hospital, the other to man the ambulance and litter for the removal of the wounded from the field. The plan of a field hospital, as outlined by Col. Forwood, Assistant Surgeon-General, provides for four lines, separated by distance which will be determined by the character of the battlefield. The first line of hospital service is coincident with the line of battle and includes the regimental surgeons, orderlies, and company bearers. On the second line are the first dressing stations, at the nearest point beyond the range of the enemy's fire.

Here ambulance surgeons attend to the wounds, and the ambulance and litter bearers of the hospital corps convey the wounded to the third line. This is called the ambulance station. Reception, operation, and dressing tents are erected, where the wounded can be attended until they can be removed to the division hospitals at the base of supplies.

None of the hospital corps can serve in the line of battle. The wounded are conveyed to the first dressing station by privates from the ranks. The army regulations provide that four privates from each company shall be designated as company bearers. They are taught how to handle wounded men and in first aid, in addition to their regular duties as armed combatants. They fight in line until their services are required to attend the wounded, whom they convey to the first dressing places. There the injured are turned over to the hospital corps, and the company bearers return to their place. They are under the direction of their own officers, and have nothing to do with the dressing of the wounds. Their only care is to convey the wounded beyond the reach of the enemy's fire.

At the first dressing station, where the wounded receive their first attention, aside from such hasty bandaging as the regimental surgeons may be able to provide, there is a completely equipped field hospital in miniature. In the United States Army the main medical stores are carried in army wagons, but as these cannot keep up with the line of battle, it is proposed that pack mules be employed to carry supplies to these dressing stations. A medical case or pannier, so built as to fit the back of the mule, contains all the material required, a variety of antiseptics, medicines for the relief of pain, bandages, splints, plasters, and operating instruments. A cook accompanies each of the divisions, carrying a case of portable cooking utensils. As soon as this detachment reaches its station, tents are put up, the medical chests are opened, and their contents placed in readiness for use; an operating table is improvised by placing two of the folding panniers together, so that they will afford a place on which to lay the wounded while the surgeon is working over them, while the cook sets up his tent and makes ready to prepare light nourishment.

The dressing places are intended to be only temporary stopping places for the wounded. As soon as their immediate wants are attended to they are conveyed back to the ambulance stations in light bamboo stretchers carried by the litter bearers of the hospital corps. Thence the ambulances carries them back to the division hospitals. The hospitals proper are near enough the base of action so that they may be transported in army wagons and are equipped with a full outfit of medical and surgical supplies, comfortable cot beds, and other conveniences which are necessarily lacking in the field. Here the wounded are supposed to rest until they can be transferred to permanent hospitals or to hospital ships, as will probably be the case in the Cuban campaign. In case the army moves so rapidly that the army waggons cannot keep up, or the country is so rough that they cannot easily make their way, a flying detachment of the field hospital will be organized, consisting of light ambulance and medical wagons, which can go wherever troops can march. They will carry everything that the heavier supply trains contain, only in smaller quantities.

Harmsworth's Maxims.

Alfred Harmsworth, the successful London publisher who has made a fortune out of periodicals and newspapers, has delivered himself of the following sentiments:

"I believe in hard work; but hard work is not enough.

"I believe in travel.

"I believe that half the journalistic notions of what the public wants to read are wrong.

"I believe the public is a far better critic than is usually imagined.

"I believe that the public does not care one iota about size; if anything, a small journal is preferred to a big one.

"I believe that price has very little to do with the success of a publication:

"I believe that the attractions of illustrated journalism are enormously overrated.

"I believe the value of colored illustrations is grossly exaggerated.

"I believe party journalism to be practically dead.

"I believe in independence."

Published for 1,400 Years.

The oldest newspaper in the world is not, as is generally stated, the thousand-year-old *Kin Pan*, of Pekin, but the *Tsing Pao*, or *Pekin News*, which was first published more than 500 years before the Norman Conquest, and which has been published without intermission for more than 1,400 years.

The *Tsing-Pao* has the appearance of a yellow-backed magazine of 24 octave pages, each page containing seven columns, and each column consisting of seven "characters." Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes in China, at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition, inferior in paper and printing, which costs 16 cents a month.

Tsing-Pao is *The Times* of China, and chronicles the wealth and movements of the Emperor, the life at court, and the reports of Ministers. It is painfully significant that every error in printing the latter is punished by death.

—Thirty years ago, a prominent Chicagoan, then a boy, planted a cottonwood sapling, which at first he had intended to use for a fish pole. He planted it near the house where he was born and ten years later he climbed eighteen feet up its trunk. Now it is a hundred feet high and a landmark for the whole country side. The old house has disappeared and most of those who inhabited it are dead, but the Chicagoan visits the place every summer and in the shade of that cottonwood he feels at home. If every boy who reads this paper would plant a tree this spring—a maple, an oak, an elm, or an apple tree, and take care of it, years hence it might become one of the strongest reminders left him of his youthful home and friends.

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. 11 1y

The Strange Will of an Eccentric Nova Scotian.

(Boston Globe.)

Providence, R. I., May 2.—People disposed to make queer wills and eccentric bequests might study with profit to themselves and their heirs the baneful effects of a will made 20 years ago at Truro, N. S., by James J. Goldman, grandfather of James Jasper Goldman of this city.

The testator was known as a man with "queer freaks." He had personal property, including real estate, valued at $35,000, and having no living descendant but the above-mentioned grandchild, then an infant in arms, he resolved to make the child his sole heir.

Goldman, Sr., was a man of surprises. He was always planning and executing them, and quite frequently his surprises were of a most disagreeable nature. The victims said so.

When on his deathbed he could not resist the temptation to spring a big surprise on his intended heir, and so his will was drawn up in such a way that the grandchild would not know that a cent was coming to him until he reached the age of manhood.

The fortune was given in trust to Ronald Graham, of Pictou, N. S., who was instructed to send the child to the States, and there let him grow up in ignorance of his grandfather's wealth and make his own fight in the world until he should attain the age of 21.

Then if he was found to be an honest, conscientious young man and a Christian, the $35,000 was to be handed over to him, but in the event of James Goldman being dead or unworthy of his grandfather's bequest, on March 27, 1898, the money was to be distributed among certain charities. The income of the $35,000, between the death of the testator and Goldman's coming of age, was to be compensation for the trustee and executor. Mr. Graham sent the babe to poor people in Boston named Hayward, living on Harrison avenue, and from their care the boy was transferred at the age of 7 to the care of Mrs. Eliza MacKay, of this city.

Young Goldman developed into a tough quite early, but to spare him from reproach Mrs. MacKay always made a good report of him to Mr. Graham, for she thought that Graham might be his father, although not in a position to acknowledge the relationship.

Goldman was expelled from the public schools and went to work for a living. His first job was as cash boy. He held it four weeks, and was fired for taking out of the store at the close of the day more than he brought in the morning.

He went to selling newspapers, but did not succeed. Then he took to blacking shoes with equally poor results.

About this time some Christian people took an interest in him, and the lad turned over a new leaf and bade fair to become a good citizen, when an event happened that turned the current of his life and sent him to the devil headlong.

One of the Christian people who befriended him lost a valuable gold watch, and knowing that Goldman had lost his place as cash boy for theft, presumed that the boy had relapsed, and accused him to stealing her watch.

Goldman stoutly denied the accusation, but he was locked up and sent to the reform school. He had been there three months when the watch was found and his innocence proved. Of course he was released, and heartfelt regrets and apologies were tendered with offers to take him back, but the youth, into whose soul the iron had entered, would have none of them.

He kept the company of vicious lads, such as he had met in the reformatory, and before he was 17 he looked upon stealing as a calling rather than a crime. And all this time Mrs. MacKay, fearing to injure his future prospects, wrote annually to Mr. Graham that Goldman was doing well.

For participation in a robbery at Plainfield, Conn., Goldman was sentenced to three years in the state prison, and when the trustee arrived here last Sunday to help him celebrate attaining his majority, and to acquaint him with his good fortune, he found the grandson of his old friend in a cell, charged with a fresh crime.

It was a bigger surprise for the two men than the maker of the queer will anticipated. For both it was a bitter surprise.

The criminal grandson, whose unfortunate experience of a Christian people had caused him to renounce Christianity years before, cursed his grandfather for an insensate old fool, and he reviled Mr. Graham as his ancestor's accomplice in compassing a young man's ruin and damnation.

"I ought to have been told of my inheritance, and not been permitted to be brought up in poverty, and subjected to temptation!" he exclaimed, "and you deserve the deepest hell for your share in it."

The prisoner sobbed like a child, and the old Scotchman shed tears also, but he could not change the terms of the trust, and so the $35,000 will go to Nova Scotian charities.

—The officials of the Yarmouth line deny emphatically the reports that their ships are to be sold to the United States government, and that the company might retire from business. Such an idea as giving up the Boston service has never been thought of, and they do not propose to retire from a business which they have taken years to build up and establish. The fact that these stories of sale and withdrawal have been so industriously circulated is very annoying to the company. It is anticipated that the war scare will likely induce a large travel to Nova Scotia this year, and as the steamers are under a neutral flag, the company will likely reap a benefit of an increased business. Some important contracts for the coming year have been recently closed by this company and every possible preparation for a satisfactory handling of its '98 traffic has been made. The new steamer Express, belonging to the company, originally intended for another route, is now about sailing from England, and if necessary, she may be pressed into the Boston service. This steamer is about the size of the Yarmouth, and in every detail of build and finish is said to be thoroughly up to date.—*Boston Herald.*

—From the economic standpoint there is no question that the Prohibitionists have the better of the argument. It is an error to contend that a city or town is affected for the better by the free sale of liquor. It may be that business men in certain communities benefit by the saloon, but nobody who would have the right to claim membership in even the third rank of economists asserts that by any possible means or under any circumstance can the saloon be a source of wealth in a community.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Herald.

A bill has been introduced in the Japanese Imperial Diet lowering the standard of franchise and increasing the number of voters five-fold. The effect of the measure also would be to increase the members of the House from three hundred to four hundred and seventy-two.

—Minard's Liniment is the best.