The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1904. NO. 16

Professional Cards

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis opposite Garrison gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.
Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown
Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, &c.
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

James Primrose, D. D. S.,
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 3 tf

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

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, - N. S.
April 1st, 1903.—1y

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

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

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

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

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

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

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

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

STATEMENT

	1887	1902	1904
Capital,	$ 500,000	$1,295,500	$ 1,326,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits,	472,401	3,115,018	3,385,421
Circulation,	448,443	1,043,866	1,134,902
Loans,	739,980	6,514,320	7,097,669
P. D. Bills	52,139	10,754	1,346
Liabilities,	594,426	7,137,176	8,115,850
Assets,	1,358,209	9,170,243	10,373,620

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

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Is Most Economical
Because it makes better
and more healthful food.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Poetry

A Sign of Age.

(From the Brooklyn Eagle.)

In your childhood days you worried
Over nothing, even rain,
And for nothing ever scurried
That some shelter you might gain.
All the weather prophet's errors
Were forgotten in a trice;
In the snow there were no terrors,
And you rather liked the ice.

Heat or cold did not distress you,
Or the changes e'er dismay;
Nothing would at all impress you,
Just so long as you could play.
There were games for cold December;
There was sport for pleasant June,
And all seasons, you remember,
Brought to you some pleasant boon.

But, with passing years you worry
Over every trifling change,
And from home to office hurry,
Grumbling o'er the climate's range;
Fearing heat that's due to-morrow,
And dissatisfied to-day;
Finding time to trouble borrow
O'er the things to come your way.

Just remember, sir, that whether
You complain of heat or cold,
When you growl about the weather
You are surely getting old.

Select Literature.

The Betrothal of Elypholate Yingst

A STORY OF THE NEW MENNONITES.

I.

Like Napoleon Bonaparte, Elypholate Yingst, also had doubted in his ambitious youth whether it was possible for one with such a name ever to rise to eminence. "Yingst" was sufficiently difficult and unmusical, but "Elypholate" was manifestly impossible.

Yet, although he always signed himself "E. Yingst," he never, when directly questioned, concealed the fact. "Not to deceive you, it's Elypholate," he would stoically reply. It was the extraordinary conscience inherited from a race of Mennonite ancestors who had suffered persecution and exile for their faith that made it out of the question for him to deviate from the path of strict truthfulness even to so small a degree as to change the name imposed upon him by his parents.

It was the same extreme conscientiousness which led him, when at the height of his professional success in the City of New York, to ask the radiant woman whom he loved and who loved him, to defer her consent to marry him until she had visited his parents on their ancestral farm in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and had seen the home of his childhood, the manner of his rearing, and all the rest. She must not give herself to him until she should know all that it is possible for any woman to know of any man before her marriage with him.

It was with truly Spartan courage that he had made arrangements for her visit to "the farm." He was far from sanguine as to the outcome of it. He knew her pride of family, her almost superstitious belief in blood, her ignorance of other conditions of life than those privileged ones in which she had been reared. Would she prove large enough to recognize beneath the crude conditions which would necessarily seem to her uncouth and repulsive, the real excellence of his inheritance.

He would never forget her naive astonishment upon hearing from his lips that his parents were plain, uneducated New Mennonites, of Lancaster County. She had met it without flinching, but he was sensitively suspicious that the knowledge had been a stab to her pride and all her inherited prejudices.

And when she should discover how entirely acquired were all his social graces and manners, how (according to her standards) vulgar was the background of his life in its boyhood's impressions, would it not repel her from any thought of marriage with him? And could he blame her if it were so—he who knew so well the atmosphere of refinement in which she had been always shielded?

Well, the die was cast now, and he could only wait for the outcome. This afternoon she would arrive at New Canaan and be introduced into his mother's household.

The incongruity of her in such surroundings smote him. Again he questioned his wisdom in having planned to subject her love to this test.

"But no. Better discover it now than later, if she is going to despise my origin," was his final conclusion.

He had left New York City a day ahead of the date fixed for her departure for New Canaan. There was an important matter which he must discuss with his mother before Laura came to them. All minor details as to the appointments of the household, and so forth, he would leave untouched, for Laura must see things at his parents' home as they always were—there must be no unaccustomed frills. There was only that one matter that he must emphatically settle with his mother before he introduced her to the girl whom he hoped to marry.

It was early on the afternoon of her expected arrival when Doctor Yingst sought his mother to "have it out" with her.

He found her in the kitchen, rolling out pastry.

Mrs. Yingst was a well-preserved woman of about sixty years of age. The countenance looking out from her Mennonite white cap was mild and placid. The nervous force manifested in the keen, fine face of the eminent New York physician was evidentally not inherited from his New Mennonite mother.

It was early spring, and the door and windows of the large, clean kitchen were open wide. It was not, however, the sweet country odors of the springtime that were wafted indoors to mingle with those of the stewing fruit on the stove, but it was the nearness of the stables that was (most unpleasantly) manifest.

"I've been to the village, Mother," the doctor began, seating himself opposite to where she stood working at the table.

"Are you home long a'ready?"

"I just came in."

"What for did you go, seein' you're got to go in again this after, to fetch out her?"

"I went on business."

"What for business was that?"

The mother of such a son might well have looked on him with pride, but Mrs. Yingst's religion forbade such human weakness, and the monotonous placidity of her countenance was quite unmoved as her eyes were from time to time lifted from her paste to the handsome face of her only child.

"Mother," he earnestly but gently spoke in answer to her inquiry, "you must make up your mind to give up taking your vegetables to the Lancaster city market. I have urged you so often. Now, I must insist upon your stopping it. You are too old to stand for hours twice a week behind those market-stalls. Father is as much opposed to it as I am. If there were the least necessity for it—but you know there isn't. Why do you persist in it, Mother?"

Doctor Yingst was convinced that his mother's selling vegetables behind a market-stall, in the City of Lancaster would be to Laura the final, intolerable straw.

"I couldn't leave the wegetables go to waste," Mrs. Yingst replied, as she deftly lifted a circular layer of paste on her palms and laid it on a tin pie-pan. "We raise more'n what we use still."

"Give away what you don't need. No," he added, seeing from the slight change in her quiet face, how he had shocked her frugal soul, "I know that isn't practical advice in this neighborhood, where there are no starving poor. Let father sell to the hucksters what you don't use."

"This long time a'ready he wants to do that. But the wegetables fetches more on the market still."

"But, Mother," he expostulated, leaning forward across the table and, in his eagerness, not minding the sprinkling of flour he was receiving, "can't you realize that when you have a son who earns an income of not less than twenty thousand a year it is a reflection on his filial care for you when you try to earn this poor little pittance twice a week at the market? It is a disgrace to me, Mother. I beg you to give it up. Won't you do this for me? You know there is nothing on earth I would not do for you."

"The hucksters would give Pop only twelve cents a dozen for eggs, and I can make 'em fetch twenty-five or thirty on market, 'Lypholate."

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her despairingly.

"I wish I could make you feel, Mother, how much depends on this for me. The best happiness of my life!"

Mrs. Yingst's rolling-pin paused for an instant as she looked at him, evidently with an unexpected flash of insight.

"Do you mean mebby she," with an indicative twirl of her thumb, "is proud with herself that way, and wouldn't like it so well havin' her man's mom sellin' on market? I heerd of such a'ready." ...

"She would not be able to understand my permitting you to expose yourself like that, when I am able to give you every comfort and luxury."

"Is she so wonderfully tony, 'Lypholate? To be sure, I knowed you'll want to marry a way-up young lady. You're so educated and so fash'nable. But, 'Lypholate," she cautioned him, "if she's so proud with herself that way, mebby she won't make you a good housekeeper. Jake Guttfleisch, he married that Herr girl that lived up the road apiece from New Canaan—she'd been to Millersville Normal, and it got her that proud—and Jake's mom, she wants to say Jake didn't do just do so well. The Herr girl's such a dopple (awkward person.) She won't bake fur him. She gives him baker's bread and canned meat and even canned soups, yet! Now, think! I hope you took notice a'ready, 'Lypholate, when you was keepin' company, if you're girl's handy or not, before you ast her. Did you ast her yet?"

"We are not definitely engaged, Mother." ...

"But you're in with her wonderful thick, ain't you are?"

"Mother, I want to marry Miss Coxe more than I ever wanted anything in this world. Will you—or won't you help me to get what I so much want? Won't you stop going to market with your vegetables?"

"If that would stop her sayin' yes, 'Lypholate, she wouldn't be the woman fur you, my son," his mother said, with unwonted emphasis.

Nevertheless he persisted.

"Is my happiness less to you than the few dollars you make every market—money that you can't spend, but just lay away in a bag?"

"It wouldn't be right to waste them wegetables we can't use ourselves," Mrs. Yingst quietly repeated.

"Well, then, Mother," her son suddenly announced, again leaning forward on the table, "you can't go to market to-morrow morning or ever again, for I've sold your market wagon! I took it in to New Canaan after dinner and sold it for ten dollars to Abram Zech. Here's four times the money," he added, laying two twenty-dollar bills on the table before her. "And I'll pay you every week five times the sum you would make at market."

It was by such high-minded measures as this that Doctor Yingst had, all through his boyhood and young manhood, gained his own way in opposition to his mother. Every dollar that had been spent upon his education had been wrung from her by almost brute force. He had always, in his determined struggles for an education, been aided and abetted by his father, but this road had not been smooth. Perhaps, however, he was none the worste for that. His mother had never resented his rebellion against her rigid economy. Had he been content to stay at home and help on the farm he would have been a son more after her own heart; but, deep down in her simple soul, she was proud of her marvelous though incomprehensible boy.

A dumb look of bewilderment was her reception of the amazing, the revolutionary news that the market-wagon had been sold. She slowly turned her back upon him and carried her pies to the oven. He waited uneasily for her return to the table.

She came back, after a moment, and stood with her fat palms spread out on the dough-board. "If the market-wagon's solt, I'll have to take the buggy, then. It ain't so handy to get the things in as what the market-wagon was still. But I guess I can make it suit."

He stared at her for an instant; a flash came into his eyes; his lips twitched, and, suddenly, he bent back his head and roared with laughter.

"What d'you see so funny yet?" his mother wonderingly asked, beginning to gather up the dishes, spoons and knives she had used in the baking.

"If I sell your buggy, too, Mother, how will you manage?"

"Then I'd have to walk them four miles and carry a big basket. Or borry the loan of a wagon off of Jake Guttfleisch's. And how would I get to meetin' still without no buggy?"

"There," he reassured her, "I won't sell the buggy. I see," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "that you must do as you please—and live your own life in your own way, Mother."

He drew a long breath as he rose from the table. Taking out his watch he compared it with the clock on the mantel over the stove. "Two hours before I must start for the train," he restlessly said.

He shook the flour from his sleeves and picked up his hat from a chair.

"I guess I'll go out to the field and visit with father until train-time."

II.

By an unexpected chance, Miss Laura Coxe was able, on her way from New York City to Lancaster, to make such close connections at Philadelphia that she reached the village of New Canaan two hours earlier than Doctor Yingst expected her, and, consequently, she was obliged to find her own way from the little station to the Yingst farm, a mile distant.

Eager as the young girl was to see her lover, she, nevertheless, looked upon this contingency as a rather diverting adventure, and, as it was a clear, beautiful spring day, she started out on her walk with keenest pleasure.

The ticket-agent at the little station had told her in which direction to go. But when she had walked the half-mile from the village, on the country highroad, she found herself obliged, at the joining of three roads, to inquire again the way to the Yingst farm.

The farmhouse at which she stopped to ask for information was a respectable red-brick edifice, built with strict avoidance of any hint of grace or art. It was set back a few yards from the road, and had it not been for the neat weedless flower-beds in front of it, Miss Coxe would have supposed it to be unoccupied; for every shutter was tightly closed, and there was not a sign of life about the place.

Her knock upon one of the two front doors (a great many Lancaster County farm-houses are built with two identically similar front doors, side by side) brought a big dog, bounding and barking, to the porch where she waited. She felt rather alarmed at the vehemence of this canine greeting, but relief quickly appeared in the form of a stout, middle-aged woman and a small boy, coming quickly from around the side of the house, the latter calling the dog from the stranger, and the former scolding the child for having "tied the dog loose." (Untied the dog.)

"Your pop told you you're not to tie her loose these dog-days!" the boy was admonished. "Now, you'll see what you'll mebby get oncet when Pop comes in then! Take her around back now make her tight!"

She turned to the young lady on the porch as she wiped her wet, soapy hands on her gingham apron.

A wide-eyed curiosity looked out from the woman's quaint, white Mennonite cap, as her gaze rested upon the unaccustomed vision on her door-step of the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl in her white-lined raglan and pretty spring hat of dark-blue straw.

"Good morning." Miss Coxe bowed. "Will you please tell me how to get to Mr. Yingst's farm?"

"Yingst's farm?" the woman repeated. "Which fur Yingst is it you're after? New Canaan's got so many Yingsts. It's a name where's familiar here. Do you mean mebby Hiram? Or is it Ephraim's? Or Ecra's?"

"Mr Hiram Yingst."

"Oh, him. Well, his place is up this here road a piece; about a half a mile yet."

"Straight up this road? I make no turns?"

"No. You go up this way, and if you see a red barn, there's Yingst's. Are you goin' to Yingst's?"

"Yes. I thank you very much."

"Ach, that's all right! So you're goin' to Yingst's?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to hire, or what?"

"Hire?"

"Yes. Hire. Because if you do, I could easy get you a good place."

"No," said Miss Coxe, her smile illuming her bright face, "I am going visiting."

"Oh, visitin'. Are you from town, or wherever," the woman curiously inquired.

"Yes—from New York."

"Oh, from there," she nodded. "That's a long ways to come, ain't?"

"It's several hours' ride."

"Hiram Yingst's son, he lives in New York this long time a'ready. Mebby you know him?"

"Yes."

"I took notice he's home these last couple days. Is it to see him you're visitin' down here?"

"Oh, no," smiled Miss Coxe, stepping off the porch, and recovering from her surprise in what seemed to her the phenomenal frankness of the woman's investigation of her.

"It's some dusty walkin', ain't?"

"A little, yes; but I am enjoying the walk."

"I think we'll mebbe have fallin' weather—it feels so fur rain, fur all it's clear yet."

"Yes? I thank you very much. Good-by."

"That's all right. Good-by."

As Miss Coxe walked buoyantly on down the pike, she laughed gleefully to herself as she thought how she should enjoy telling her sweetheart of her amusing talk with the odd, fat little woman.

"That she should offer to get me 'a good place!' How he will laugh! How interested he would be—if he ever happened to meet her—in her queer language! I wonder if he ever ran across her on his trips down here. Her dialect is not like any I have ever heard. 'Yingst's son, he a'ready lives yet in New York, ain't?'—something like that! Oh, he will be so entertained!"

(Continued in our next.)

Ayer's
Bald? Scalp shiny and thin? Then it's probably too late. You neglected dandruff. If you had only taken our advice, you would have cured
Hair Vigor
the dandruff, saved your hair, and added much to it. If not entirely bald, now is your opportunity. Improve it.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 40 years. I am now 91 years old and have a heavy growth of rich brown hair, due, I think, entirely to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. M. A. LEITZ, Belleville, Ill.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Good Hair

His Last Hope Realized.

(From the Sentinel, Gebo, Mont.)

In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper was among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his traveling about and afterwards his camping upon his claim, he encountered much bad water, which, together with the severe heat, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die. One day one of his neighbors brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A big dose was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first sound sleep for a fortnight. That one little bottle worked a complete cure and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorders being at hand suggests this item. For sale by S. N. Weare.

The Summer Peril.

Many drowning accidents occurred on the Fourth throughout the United States. Two Lawrence girls were swept over Falls in a canoe and drowned. Seymour J. Leighton in attempting to rescue the bodies was also drowned.

Four pleasure seekers in Muskegon Lake, Mich., were drowned by the capsizing of a sail-boat.

Two Princeton, N. J., young men, and a man from Philadelphia were drowned at Princeton by the capsizing of a boat.

Harold Currier, aged 20, and Frank Winter, 18, were drowned by a canoe overturning in Lake Massabisie, Manchester, N. H.

Sniffling and Sneezing Colds.

Can be stopped in a few minutes and permanently cured in one hour by inhaling fragrant healing Catarrhozone. No remedy compares with Catarrhozone for cold in the head and nasal catarrh. It soothes and heals the inflamed mucous membranes, prevents sneezing and coughing, clears away the "stuffed up" feeling in the forehead. If you haven't used Catarrhozone get it to-day and try it on your next cold. You'll be surprised at the efficiency of this delightful inhaler treatment which pleases everyone because it cures so quickly. Complete outfit $1.00; trial size 25c.

Loss of Life on Land and Sea has been Very Great.

The year 1904 has thus far been marked by numerous disasters on land and water, and the loss of life has been very great. On Dec. 30, 1903, occurred the Iroquois Theatre horror in Chicago, in which more than 600 lives were lost. Some of the more important events of 1904 are named below:

Jan. 23, 1904—Schooner Augustus Hunt lost near West Hampton, L. If, 15 men drowned.

Jan. 25—Mine horror at Cheswick, Penn., due to gas or fire damp explosion; 184 men killed.

Feb. 7—Baltimore fire, loss $100,000,000; no lives lost.

Feb. 2—Fire loss in Rochester, N. Y., of $5,100,000; no lives lost.

April 13—Explosion aboard the U. S. battleship Missouri; 33 men killed.

April 18—Fire in Toronto caused loss of $10,000,000; no lives lost.

April 30—Schooner Orono wrecked Breton; 13 men drowned.

May 20—Steamer Turret Bay wrecked on St. Paul's Island, north of Cape Breton; 13 men drowned.

June 2—Dynamite explosion in Independence, Colo.; 14 men killed.

June 12—Steamer Canada wrecked in the St. Lawrence; 5 men drowned.

June 15—Steamer Gen. Slocum burned in New York harbor; more than 1,000 lives lost.

June 28—Steamer Norge lost in North Sea, when 700 persons were drowned.

Some of the more important marine disasters of the past are named below:

1758, April 13—Prince George, British, loss of lives 400.

1758, Aug. 29—Royal George, British, 600.

1786, Jan. 6—Halsewell, E. I., 586.

1797, Nov. 16—La Tribune, French, 300.

1811, Dec. 24—St. George, British, 2,000.

1816, Jan. 30—Seahorse, British, 365.

1831, Aug. 19—Lady Sherbrooke, British, 273.

1850, March 30—Royal Adelaide, British, 400.

1852, Feb. 26—Birkenhead, British, 454.

1853, Sept. 29—Ann Jane, British, 348.

1854, Jan. 20—Taylour, French, 330.

1854, May—Lady Nugent, British, 400

1854—Arctic, British, 562.

1857—Central America, American, 427

1858, Sept. 13—Austria, British, 475.

1859—Royal Charter, British, 446.

1859—Pomona, American, 400.

1860—Hungarian, British, 206.

1863, April 27—Anglo Saxon, British, 227

When You're Sorry Don't Be Afraid To Say So.

When you've been cross or unkind or rude, don't let false pride stand in the way of asking forgiveness.

It isn't always easy to say "I'm sorry," in fact, sometimes it's desperately hard, but once you've said it you'll feel so much happier that it's really worth the sacrifice to your foolish pride. The longer you wait the harder it will be to say it; the angry feelings will grow like a snowball, until what has been merely a slight grievance assumes the proportion of a real estrangement.

There is no fault so hard to overcome as the hasty temper. We may make any number of good resolutions, and then the first time we have any provocation away we go without an instant's warning and before we realize what we are doing the unkind words have been spoken, and no matter how much we regret we feel they cannot be unsaid.

The strange thing about it is that we so often hurt the people we love the best. Even when we beg forgiveness, though we heal the hurt, we cannot do away with the scar.

As a rule the people who are quick to give offense are equally quick in taking it. Their feelings are easily hurt, and they go about with the proverbial chip so lightly balanced on their shoulders that some one is sure to knock it off, either intentionally or accidentally.

Never let a grievance stand over night; better sacrifice your pride than your peace of mind.

No matter how much of a struggle it is when you're sorry, say so.

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. R. F. HEWSON.
Oxford, N. S.

I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. FRED COULSON.
Yarmouth, N. S. Y. A. A. C.

I was cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. W. RUGGLES.
Inglisville.

Great Men's Advice to Boys.

A youthful and ingenious autograph collector of New York, wrote last year to all the great men he could think of, saying he was a boy of fifteen and asking how he might best win success in life. All the great men did not answer him, but a dozen did, and among this dozen was the late Sir Henry Stanley.

Stanley wrote

"Whatever work you undertake to do, put your will and heart into it, and try to excel others in it. If you make this as a law to yourself every employer becomes your friend, you become esteemed by all, and according to your excellence fortune will endow you."

Rider Haggard wrote:

"Be honest of heart as well as in outward seeming. Never take advantage by the doing of a mean or an unkind thing and read the parable of the talents once a week."

Briton Riviere, the noted painter, wrote: "There is no success so valuable as the failure which leads to greater effort. There is no failure so complete as the success which paralyzes earnest work."

CONTINUE
Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with
Scott's Emulsion
should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Lawn Tennis Supplies
A nice line of Rackets from $1.50 up.
Tennis Balls, etc.

Old Rackets Re-Strung.
Good quality Gut, $1.50 per Racket.
Best quality Gut, $1.75 per Racket.
Work Guaranteed.
Leave your Rackets here for repairs.

Royal Pharmacy
W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Bridgetown, N. S.

GENERAL NEWS.

There was a head-on collision of two freight trains on the Worcester, Nashua and Portland division of the Boston & Maine railway early Sunday morning near West Rochester, N. Y., in which one man was terribly scalded and six freight cars were destroyed.

The nominations of Roosevelt for President and C. W. Fairbanks for Vice-President, were received with great enthusiasm at the Republican Convention. The platform adopted is that of Protection, the tariff to be governed according to the exigencies of trade.

In Boston, July 5, the immense grain elevator of the Boston & Maine Railroad Co., one of the largest in the world, together with freight houses 1 2 and 3 on piers 1 and 2, Mystic wharf, Charlestown, were burned totally, entailing a loss that will exceed $1,000,000.

At Toronto, Saturday, Principal H. M. Graham, of the Simcoe street Normal Training School, was being taken to the sanitarium at Guelph for treatment, when suddenly he stepped behind his wife and leaped in front of the locomotive, being ground to pieces under the wheels.

The train known as the Chicago Limited on the Wabash road was derailed near Litchfield, Ill., on Sunday afternoon, killing about 20 persons and injuring from 30 to 40 more. Some of the cars took fire and many bodies were cremated. The engineer, fireman, baggage-master and a train despatcher are among the missing. It is supposed they are buried under the mass of wreckage.

Big Labor Demonstration at Sydney.

There took place Friday night one of the biggest labor demonstrations ever seen in this province, when some 1,500 members of the P. W. A. lodges throughout the mining districts marched through the streets and held a mass meeting in the Rosslyn rink. That large building seldom contained a closer packed audience and the best of order prevailed. The lodges represented were Unity, Reserve, Golden Rule, Dominion No. 1, Island, Bridgeport, New Aberdeen and Inverside, Dominion No. 2, Equity, Caledonia, Olive, Dominion No. 4 and Drummond, Sydney Mines. The procession was headed by the pipers' band and marshalled by John L. McNeil and Hector McLean.

At the rink, on the platform, were Grand Secretary Moffatt, Grand Guardian Fraser, Grand Treasurer Nicholson and the officers of the grand council and lodge officers.

Mr. Moffatt was the principal speaker. He outlined the causes leading up to the strike. Other speakers followed. The principal purpose of the meeting was to impress upon the minds of the people of Sydney the fact that the P. W. A., through the mines, were in sympathy with those on strike at Sydney and were willing to back them to their utmost ability.

Mr. Moffatt announced that at a meeting of the grand sub-council on Saturday it was decided to ask the government to appoint a royal commission, or make arrangements for an unconditional arbitration, and pending the decision of either, as the case might be, the men would be willing to go back to work, and if the commission or arbitrators decided against them they would abide by it.

Racking Pain in the Joints.

Also every form of rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica are best cured by Nerviline, the quickest relief for muscular pain yet discovered. It's because Nerviline strikes in and penetrates right to the core of the pain that it gives such unbounded satisfaction. "I caught cold in my shoulders while driving and suffered great pain," writes G. E. Dempsay of Berlin. "I used Nerviline freely, and was soon quite well. I have found Nerviline an excellent remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia as well as for cold on the chest. I recommend Nerviline highly and wouldn't be without it." Price 25c.

Two Nova Scotians Killed by Bears.

St. Faustin, Quebec, June 30.—Olympias Belanger and son, Etienne, were killed by bears near here Monday. They were hunting in company with Theodore Gauthrier when they came on three large bears. Gauthier fired and wounded one and the three animals rushed on the Belangers and struck them down.

Gauthier put up as good a fight as he could, but the two other men were killed and their bodies terribly mangled. The Belangers formerly lived at Weymouth Bridge.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

War News.

Chefoo, July 2.—It has been learned here that a big battle was fought on land near Port Arthur on June 26th and June 27th. The Japanese were successful and on the morning of the 28th they occupied certain heights within ten miles of Port Arthur. The First Japanese Division, which suffered so heavily at the battle of Nanshan Hill, and the Eleventh Division, fresh from Japan, were engaged. The Japanese losses have not been learned, but the Russians are said to have suffered very heavily.

Tokio, July 3.—The Vladivostock Squadron eluded Vice-Admiral Kamimura's squadron eastward of the Island of Tsu, on Friday, in the darkness. The two squadrons met early in the evening, the Russians being north of Iki Islands and the Japanese south of Tsu Island. They were ten miles apart.

The Russians bolted to the northeast, when they were discovered by Vice-Admiral Kamimura. The latter chased them at full speed. The Japanese torpedo boats steamed ahead and entered within the range of the Russian guns.

The Russians vigorously shelled the Japanese torpedo boats. This firing explains the cannonading heard on Tsu Island and gives rise to the belief that a general engagement was in progress.

Vice-Admiral Kamimura gained on the Russian ships and was only five miles in the rear, when suddenly, at nine p. m., all the Russian vessels extinguished their lights and disappeared in the darkness.

At that time the Japanese torpedo boats were pressing the Russians who had been using their searchlights. The torpedo boats failed to get close enough to the Russian squadron to discharge torpedoes.

St. Petersburg, July 4—3.41 a. m.—Official news received up to July indicates that the Japanese advance from the south has been suspended along with all other important movements at the seat of war. The authorities do not expect much more than desultory skirmishing until the weather improves. The situation is considered satisfactory from the Russian standpoint. There is evidence of considerable sickness in the Japanese camps. It is believed here that the Japanese will suffer more from the rainy weather than will General Kuropatkin's forces.

Forest Fires Surrounding Sydney.

Halifax, N. S., July 5.—Fire started in the woods back of the town of Sydney Mines yesterday. The high wind to-day fanned the flames into a conflagration that got beyond the control of the firemen and threatened the destruction of that section of the town, as well as the Nova Scotia Steel Company's house and coke bank, which lay directly in its path.

Sydney and North Sydney were wired for assistance, but Sydney had all it could do to cope with a destructive fire that threatened it, and could give no aid. North Sydney sent its entire fire force, which, co-operating with the Steel Company's force, fought the flames at the company's new house. The Sydney Mines hotel, valued at $5,000, was destroyed, and seven other houses were burned. Only a small portion of the furniture was saved. The town proper is not in danger as the wind is blowing away from it. The Nova Scotia Steel Company's coke bank caught, but the fire was extinguished before it had made headway.

Sydney to-night is beset on every side by forest fires that, fanned by a perfect hurricane, have been raging all day, devastating acres and acres of territory and have destroyed several dwellings and barns and rendered a number of people homeless. This is in addition to the blaze at Sydney mines.

This fire started last Tuesday in Sydney common, several miles back of the city. It has been smouldering more or less until to-day, when it began to make headway and in the space of a few hours had travelled nine or ten miles, bringing it within the city limits, and where the fire department have been fighting with it all day. The fight on their part was a hard one and attended along entire frontiers of the city and also within its limits. In its career the fire swept the beautiful Harwood Hill cemetery, destroying ornamental and other trees and shrubs.

The fire attacked the city at four different points. Cinders and sparks were carried a mile or two and fell thick upon the streets of the city. One arm of the fire has passed along the outskirts and is devouring forests in the direction of Glace Bay. To-night the glow from the burning woods extends for miles beyond the city limits. It was at one time feared that houses in the city would catch fire and that Sydney would be fated to another conflagration such as visited it two years ago. About twelve buildings have been destroyed.

The fire is now thought to be in check, and unless fanned by another strong breeze, has done all the damage it will do.

A Food With Silver Service.

In reducing the very best elements of Canada's best wheat to the most nutritious and palatable form, Orange Meat has scored a distinct triumph among Canadian housekeepers. "We do not like it," says Mrs T. Reid, Southampton, Ont. Aside from the merit of the cereal, your grocer will show you a coupon which is enclosed in every 15c. package. These coupons, for the balance of the year, can be redeemed in heavy silver plated tea and dessert spoons, handsome sugar shells and butter knives. The coupons give full information as directions concerning the premiums.

—Courage enables the man in any one of the great stresses which comes in life to every human being, to put aside temptation. It is courage that prompts a man to seek the welfare of his fellow-men rather than his own.