The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1904. NO. 15

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.
SHAVNER 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. 25 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. DeWolfe' 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.
E. 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.
BRIDGETOWN BRANCH.

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	1903	1904
Capital, -	$ 500,000	$1,200,000	$ 1,326,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	472,401	5,115,618	5,253,421
Circulation,	448,444	1,043,895	1,134,592
Loans, -	780,889	6,514,239	7,027,609
P. O. Bills, -	52,120	10,754	1,346
Liabilities, -	804,423	7,137,173	8,115,550
Assets, -	1,358,209	9,170,243	10,373,550

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed at highest current rate, which is now 3½ per cent. Compounded twice a year—viz., July 31st and January 31st. Interest allowed on Deposit Receipts.

No Yellow Specks,

No lumps of alkali, are left in the biscuit or cake when raised with Royal Baking Powder. The food is made light, sweet and wholesome. Royal should take the place of cream of tartar and soda and saleratus and sour milk in making all quickly risen food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Poetry.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear and see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

An Open Secret.

Laugh, my young daughters, and keep your hearts gay.
The secret of happiness lies
In holding the sunshine and driving away
The shadows that sometimes arise.
Remember this truth in your childhood years—
That laughter is better than tears.

This to you, maidens—'tis sunshine that wins.
The light of a true loving heart—
Shining out through eyes that doubt never dims—
Is the secret of beauty's art.
'Tis also the secret of love, my dears,
For smiles are more potent than tears.
—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

The Road to Defeat.

The road to defeat is a curious road—
Nobody thinks he walks there,
Yet all day long a motley throng
Pushes and crowds and stalks there.
Some are people of brain and worth
Who have wearied of truth's long highway—
In the breathless race after riches and place
They sought for a short-cut byway.

And others have stumbled and missed the road
And wandered off into sinning,
When they counted the cost the way seemed lost
Back into the right beginning.
Some loiter through meadows of "time enough,"
Some rush through the gates of "hurry";
Some seek the defile of "wait awhile"
And others the fields of "flurry."

There are many old women and many old men
Who think they are wise as sages;
And in paths of defeat tread, too, the feet
Of children of tender ages.
They follow the motto of "do as you please,"
They scorn to be lead or guided,
And all kinds of work they hate and shirk
And they cannot endure to be chided.

Down from the valley of "pretty soon"
They struggle along at leisure;
They tumble and drop from the mountain top ...
Of selfish and idle pleasure.
Oh, a very queer road is the road to defeat,
Where the people are all so knowing—
Yet never a soul knows the name of his goal
Nor understands where he is going.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Select Literature.

Sparkin's Little Deception.

It was quite by accident that Cyrus Sparkin happened to see the notice in the "Lost and Found" column. He was, in fact, just turning the paper when the address caught his eye. The address was 8296 Wistaria avenue, third flat. The reason that Sparkin's pulse beat a little faster was that he had recently called at 8296 Wistaria avenue and had there spent a half hour of mingled torment and ecstacy. Torment because he imagined that Miss Chelby regarded his visit in the light of an infliction, and ecstasy because it was a privilege to be near Miss Chelby on any terms.

The advertisement said that a lady's purse, containing $15 in currency, had been dropped between Kelso and Ogle streets, on Drelincourt avenue, and appealed to the finder to return it and receive a suitable reward. The purse was described as seal leather.

"Well," exclaimed Sparkin, as he read the advertisement over for the fifth time to be sure he was not mistaken, "it's her purse, sure enough. Poor little girl! Now, that's what I call tough."

He turned it over in his mind again. He knew that Miss Chelby passed along Drelincourt avenue on her way home, because—well, because he had noticed that she did. He knew that she carried a seal-leather purse—rather worn and not bulky—because one morning he had happened to get on the same car with her, and when she dipped into the purse for her car fare before he had a chance to stop her he also noticed that her gloves had been very neatly mended at the finger tips. First and last, Sparkin had noticed a good many things about Miss Chelby. He had had opportunities, for she was a stenographer in the office of which he was assistant manager.

For another thing, he knew that Miss Chelby's salary was $15 a week.

"Poor little girl!" he repeated. "I'll bet that's a mighty serious matter for her, with that invalid sister to support."

It worried Sparkin a great deal—so much so that he read at least four columns of the paper without having the slightest idea what he was reading. When he arrived at the office he intended to go to Miss Chelby and offer his sympathy for her loss, but as usual he lost his courage at the sight of her, and it was not until the noon hour approached that he regained it sufficiently to stop at her desk.

"I see by the paper that you've been unlucky enough to lose some money, Miss Chelby," he said, awkwardly.

She looked up at him with rather a cold expression, he thought, and then replied. "Yes, I dropped my purse."

"Oh, well," he said consolingly, "perhaps some honest person has found it and will answer your advertisement."

"I'm afraid not," said Miss Chelby, and she sighed a little.

Sparkin was silent for a moment and then he said in tones of profound conviction, "I feel certain that he will."

He was rather absent-minded about his work that afternoon, and put in a good deal of time scribbling on a block of paper in a slow and painful manner, afterward tearing up what he had written into infinitesimally small pieces and scattering them into the waste-paper basket. The last page, however, he folded carefully and put in his breast pocket.

That evening a messenger boy rang at the door of the third flat of 8296 Wistaria avenue and delivered a package addressed simply "Advertiser." Miss Chelby signed the book and then opened the package, disclosing a neat seal leather purse, almost identically like the one she had lost, and a note in a cramped handwriting.

Dere Marm—I seen yer ad and I felt my conshunts hirt me, because I found yor mummy and I throwed awno the pirs, sose no wun wud find it out, and I spent the mummy. So wen I seen yor ad mi conshunts maid me hi you a pirs like it and pay back the mummy. I hop this wil mak it all right.

Miss Chelby opened the "pirs." It contained three new $5 bills. She went in to the invalid sister with the news, and the two wept tears of joy. Their tears were not yet dried when there was another ring at the bell, and it was opened to an elderly woman of respectable appearance.

"Did you lose a purse with $15 in it on Drelincourt avenue?" asked the visitor.

Miss Chelby gasped. "Why, yes," she said. "But I—"

"My little boy found it and brought it home to me," said the woman, with a smile, holding out the old seal-leather purse. "I'd have brought it before, but I work out, and I didn't see the advertisement till noon, anyway. The money's in it all right, my dear, and I don't want any reward. I know what it is to lose money myself. You can pay my car fare, though, if you like."

When this worthy soul had departed the sisters looked at each other in blank amazement.

"What can it mean?" exclaimed the invalid.

"Let me look at that letter again," said Miss Chelby.

The next morning the assistant manager rather avoided the stenographer. But she called to him.

"Mr. Sparkin," she said sweetly, "I thought you would be glad to know it."

Sparkin colored and looked uneasily easy. "I am glad," he muttered. "You know I told you it probably would be. I—er—congratulate you, I'm sure."

"You don't ask if the money was all right," said Miss Chelby.

"To be sure," said the assistant manager, confusedly, "I didn't, did I? I—er—forgot, you know. Was the money all right?"

"Yes, thank you," said Miss Chelby.

As soon as Sparkin had retired to his room Miss Chelby took a package from a drawer in her desk and addressed it. In due course this package was delivered at Sparkin's bachelor apartments, and when Sparkin opened it he found it contained a new seal-skin purse and a note. The note read as follows:

"Yor conshunts ort to tell you it is rong to deseive, or two tri too deseive. Yo ar not a suess as a frord, thow; sose yaugh mite az wel giv up trvin too be one. I think yew ment well, so I will forgiv yeo this wunce, but don't tri ennything lik this agen."

Sparkin gazed at the note in stupefaction.

"If that doesn't beat—well it beats anything!" he exclaimed at last. "Now, how do you suppose she found that out?"

* * * * *

He learned not long after. And it may be remarked that the element of torment does not now enter into his visits to 8296 Wisteria avenue.—Chicago News.

Ayer's

You can depend on Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore color to your gray hair, every time. Follow directions and it never fails to do this work. It stops

Hair Vigor

falling of the hair, also. There's great satisfaction in knowing you are not going to be disappointed. Isn't that so?

"My hair faded until it was about white. It took just one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to restore it to its former dark, rich color. Your Hair Vigor certainly does what you claim for it." —A. M. BOGGAN, Rockingham, N. C.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Fading Hair**

SUNDAY.

(Canon Scott-Holland, in "The Commonwealth," London.

The world imperatively needs its Sunday. That is the undoubted fact. Just as we are losing our hold on it, we have rediscovered its supreme necessity. Its very disappearance has made us miss it. And every new experience of what our modern Social System means intensifies the urgency of its rescue and retention. For faster and firmer grows the pace; harder and more relentless the competition; narrower and sharper the specialization. Industry makes ever harder demands on our efficiency; and yet this efficiency is under ever more limited conditions. There is less and less of our whole manhood utilized and evoked. We are pinned down under cramping routine. We are fettered in a beggarly monotony of habit. So little of us can be put out; so much is repressed. And that which is required of us calls only upon our poorer self. Business turns round and round, within a squirrel cage. Labor repeats, to dreariness, the same act of physical skill. Where is the heart, the mind, the imagination, in all this? Where has the soul fed? Under what weight of oppressive burdens it lies buried? And the spirit, with its wings, and its cravings, and its wide horizons, and its heights and depths—how will it survive? And what be the growth of character? And of what founts can it drink deep?

We may, possibly, be gaining the whole world: though that is rather doubtful; but, at least, one thing is quite certain; we are losing our own souls. At all costs, this grind must be broken off. The whizzing wheels must pause. The thudding screw must stop its throbbing, or we shall all go mad together. There must be a moment, perpetually reiterated, when the storm and stress cease their strain; and the man in us breathes free, and the unused vitalities emerge and stretch themselves and we can become aware of other worlds than this, in which we toil and sweat. Like stokers who appear on deck out of some red hole below, to taste the breeze and feel the large breadth of heaven, so man must come up out of his weekly stoke-hole for his Sabbath peace.

Now, this has become a matter of life and death. By sheer violence of experience, this special significance of a day of rest has been taught us; and it has come home, roughly, with special force, to those for whom the religious use of Sunday counts for little or nothing. The working classes have found it out. And, for this reason there is no fear of their letting Sunday go. They will resist a working Sunday with unfaltering energy. And this resistance of theirs will make it impossible. No fear of that!

So far so good. For, indeed, this pressing social demand for the relief of Sunday carries us back to the deep moral ground which underlies the fourth commandment. As a positive precept, that commandment belongs to the law, and vanishes with the law. The Jewish Sabbath was the sacred symbol and pledge of the covenanted privileges secured to a select and holy holy nation. Those privileges had gone; that older covenant had given place to another, wide as the human race. Therefore, to the mind of the early church, to Sabbatize was to Judaize; and to Judaize was to betray Christ. Nothing could be clearer than this.

But, nevertheless, there must be some moral principle behind which would account for the intrusion of this one positive precept among the ten universal laws of the spirit. And that moral principle is to be found in this principle of the alternative of work and rest, production and joy in production which lay at the back of the commandment. Here, again, it is true, that as a precept of conduct, it has been discarded by the church. For it definitely enacts that the rest shall follow the work, and fall on the Seventh Day. And the christian body never once dreamed of so falling under its obligation. But it is possible still to plead that the law of alteration holds good as vital to the life of humanity. Nature may, according to the words of Canon Mozley, be able, "in the very act of laboring at her work, to sleep as a picture"; but that is just what man cannot do. He acts in spells. He breaks up eternity into times and seasons. He divides into two separate moments the antithesis which constitutes existence. He wakes and sleeps. He labors, and then rests from his labor. He strains and then slackens. He lives in a succession of recoils and reactions, and by sequences of activity attains his completion. And God submits himself to the same law; he makes himself manifest to man under man's limitations. This, the very principle of the incarnation, exhibited itself in the primary creation, when God labored, and then rested from his labor.

Here, then, is the supreme sanction to that law which our social experience has re-discovered under the discipline of its own necessities. Man cannot be on the strain without also having regulated relief from the strain. If Sunday did not exist, we should have had to invent it.

And what is the relief to be? Well! First, it is relative to our work. There is one essential note of all true relief. It must be a break with what we are employed normally in doing. We have got to release that man in us, which our normal employment fails to use. The one deadly thing is to do anything which calls upon the very same faculties as are already in full use. Sunday is needed in order to drive a breach into the pressure of routine. It must, above all things, stand in contrast with the other days. This is vital.

What is my repressed self? That is the question that everyone should ask himself. And, under the strain of modern industrialism we can know but too bitterly and keenly what it is in us which is being fatally repressed. Imagination, home affection, reserve, depth, peace, joy. These are what go under. These are our dreadful losses. It is these we need to recoup and recover. This would, at once, bar out all boisterous and rollicking amusements, great football matches with their swarming spectators, horse races, etc. We have enough and to spare in us of sensational excitement, and the stir of superficial passion. Our big towns already kindle us into the feverish nervousness that comes with bustle, and crowds, and noise, and play. And we have our Saturdays. What we want is something to balance this; some breath of calm joy, some appeal to the elemental emotions of admiration, hope and love. Music, pictures, parks, rivers, meadows, woods, heather, hills:

"The cornfield's edge alive with poppies,
The blackbird's tune,
The lean-flower's boon,
And May,
And June."

—these are the means and instruments for our recreation. ...

And here is something of a hitch. For, to get at these, we have to move masses of people over distances that for ever grow as towns enlarge. Every tram, bus, or train has to be lugged into the service. And this involves our "Tram-car-man's" difficulty—the immense extent of Sunday work, without which our stifled populations cannot win their chance of ease, and peace, and kindly leisure, and natural scenery, and breathing space. It is hard; but it cannot be helped. To denounce this labor is to put ourselves in the position of the historic curate in the country who implored his parishioners to abstain from milking the cows on Sunday. He had forgotten to consider the matter from the point of view of the cow. And our poor "cows" are choked; and must be relieved. Our people must be enabled to escape from the reeking and hideous streets. And the places to escape to cannot be close at their doors. Nor can they go out to them by twos and threes. No! Some must sacrifice their Sunday in order that the whole body may keep it. Only, we ought to insist, by rule of law, that every Sunday worker has a parson's Sunday, and has the right to one free day in the week, in which to find himself and unearth his soul.

To unearth our buried self! That is what we have to set apart this day for. That is to be our one test of what we do on Sunday. Does it release what the week buries? Does it tend to recover and set free that inner man which the fret and fever of the world's activities tend to ruin? This test will give us breadth enough; and there is not a man or woman living who does not know how sorely their souls are crying out for this balance to their lives.

From every side the same plaint wails in our ears. Characters are breaking up; they have no background. The inner man perishes; there is no power of Sabbath peace in which men can find themselves. And, above all, it is the soul which is dwindling out of existence, out of efficiency. Human life is ceasing to have a soul; spiritual force is leaking away. Therefore, if there is one need that cries aloud for remedy above all others, it is the need of the soul to find itself in God. We have given a test that is broad enough to cover all that a man can honestly to his own conscience affirm to be of service in disclosing and releasing the self which his normal activity chokes. But that test sharpens its edge for those who, in their own consciences, are perfectly aware that it is, above all things, their religious self which is disappearing from them; and who, yet have the opportunity open to them to feed and cherish their starved souls. For them, there can be no necessity so urgent as that which makes the demand at all costs, their Sunday for spiritual activity in the worship of God.

The social development of our civilization, by its stress, by its enormous scale, by its terrible preoccupation, can be countered by nothing short of a strenuous assertion, vehement and pronounced, of the imperious claims of spirit to arrest this tyranny of grind, and to force a pause upon this overpowering mechanism. And the counter effort, if it is to hold its own against this tremendous obsession, must be no moody meandering through literary dreams, nor any easy saunter through gardens to the sound of a band. Not even the rapid morning "Mass" will suffice, if the rest of the day is to be just like the rest of the week. Rather, there must be a deliberate and exacting act of the soul, exercising itself in the lost art of worship; at cost to itself, in the keenness of sacrifice, straining to learn again that high language that passes between the soul and God; training its dormant faculties of prayer and praise, until the spiritual muscles are made taut once more; and the strength of health returns, and the joy of being indeed spiritually alive, caught up into the assembly of the first-born, gathered into the companionship of the faith, when, with angels and archangels and all the hosts of heaven, the Spirit and the Bride say, "Come"; and "Let him that is athirst, come."

S. N. Weare will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

The arrival of the new steamer Turbinia marks a new area in Trans-Atlantic navigation. The steamer crossed the ocean from land to land in six days and could under favourable weather conditions, her commander says, have made the trip in five days. The turbine engine is likely to be a large factor in the development of the ocean passenger service.

Orange Meat
The Premium Food

Thirty Horses Died in Flames.

Moncton, N. B., June 28.—Humphrey & Kinnear's livery stable on East Market street was razed to the ground by fire this morning and about thirty horses were cremated. The fire was discovered about eight o'clock, and before the alarm could be given the smoke and flames were bursting from all sides of the building and it was at once apparent that the stable and nearly all its contents were doomed. The only person near the stable at the time was Andrew Anderson, who was cleaning a carriage just outside the door, and Anderson says the scene in the stable was indescribable. Smoke was pouring into the second story from the side where the fire was raging, and the horses were making a great commotion. Mingled with the noise of horses kicking and jumping about the stable in an effort to break loose were the piteous shrieks of the animals. Not one of the poor brutes was saved. One horse given a chance for his life pulled back into his stall after being started down stairs and thus perished with the rest. In all some thirty horses were lost. ...

In addition to the horses belonging to Messrs. Humphrey & Kinnear there were about ten boarders. Among those who lost horses in the conflagration were Dr. Read, E. C. Cole, C. G. Pollys (matched team), C. W. Robinson, Dr. Smith, Dr. White, Dr. Botsford and A. C. Wilbur, of the W. U. Tel. Co.

There was no insurance on the horses but the building was insured for $1500, not more than half the cost of the structure. ...

Some of the cavalry men in the city on their way to the camp at Sussex kept their horses in the stable and some were lost. Nearly all the wagons and all the harnesses were saved. The total loss will probably be $6,000 or $7,000. It is supposed that the fire started by some one carelessly dropping a match where the cavalry horses were kept in the country barn.

Helen Keller's Success.

Boston, June 28.—There was graduated from Radcliffe, to-day, in the largest class in the history of the college, and with "cum laude" honors and a degree of A. B., a young woman who has never seen a text book or heard a class lecture. She is Miss Helen Keller, the wonderful deaf, dumb and blind girl. ...

Of all the thousands who have received sheepskins this year there is none who commands such a general interest as Miss Keller, and none who has so well earned the honors and degrees for this remarkable young woman has pursued the same course of studies as the others at Radcliffe and at Harvard.

With the constant aid of her faithful companion and teacher, Miss Sullivan, who has been ears and eyes for her, Miss Keller has pursued her studies and achieved honors that, under such circumstances are far greater than most students have ever been able to attain. By means of the Braille system and by interpreting the words of Miss Sullivan by touching her lips with the tips of the fingers Helen Keller has achieved that which others with sight and hearing and speech have struggled to do.

Thirty-Three Killed.

By Someone's Carelessness in Turning on Full Water Power.

Kingston, Ja., June 27.—Thirty-three persons were killed by an accident which took place near Spanishtown (10 miles west of Kingston) this morning in the main conduit of the West India Electric Co., which operates the street cars from Kingston and the shareholders of which are principally Canadians.

Nearly 100 laborers had been detailed to remove the sand from the enormous pipe which is a mile long and which conveys water from the intake on the Rio Cobre to the turbines of the power house. The work had practically been completed when orders were given to allow a small quantity of water to enter the conduit. Through misapprehension, accident or carelessness, the full force of water was turned on and a mad struggle to escape by means of the manhole ensued with the result that thirty-three persons were killed.

The tragedy has cast a gloom over the colony and a rigid investigation into the cause is now in progress.

Hurried and Worried All Day.

And the worst of it is you are a little run down and have mighty little chance to catch up. Everything seems like a grindstone wearing down your nerves. You are irritable and get less sleep than is absolutely necessary. Better stop before things get worse. Your best plan is to use Ferrozone for a while and give your nerves and brain a chance to pick up. Ferrozone is the finest tonic a busy man can take. It makes new blood, nourishes the body, strengthens the nerves, improves the appetite and rehabilitates the whole system. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c.

Gave Life to Save Girls.

William McAllister, flagman at the Cumberland Street crossing of the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, gave his life to save three girls from death beneath a fast train.

McAlister noticed two mill girls stop to talk to a third between the rails. At the same time he heard the roar of an approaching train. He shouted to the girls, but they did not hear.

The flagman sprang forward in front of a train which was coming around a curve. He reached the girls and threw himself at them, hurling them out of harm's way. He was too late to escape the train himself.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

The uniform success of this remedy has made it the most popular preparation in use for bowel complaints. It is everywhere recognized as the one remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant to take. It is especially valuable for summer diarrhoea in children and is undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of a great many children each year. For sale by S. N. Weare.

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.

The General Slocum Hulk is Raised.

New York, June 22.—Important disclosures were made to-day during the coroner's inquest regarding the conduct of the crew of the Gen. Slocum at the time of the fire and the measures taken by those in control of the vessel to save the lives of the passengers.

Wreckers raised the hulk of the Slocum, towed it to the flats, where it was beached, and it will be pumped out to-morrow.

Nothing has been reported to change the estimate of the total loss of life at 1006.

Much of the testimony given at the inquest to-day went to show that the life preservers on that steamer were practically useless. Paul Liebenow, a passenger on the Slocum, who lost six members of his family in the disaster, declared that when the wires by which the preservers were secured in the racks would not give, he took hold of the preservers and they crumbled. Another witness, Reuben H. Tudor, testified that several bodies floated in with life preservers on.

A verdict will be rendered by the coroner's jury Monday morning.

Capt. Van Schaick was carried into the coroner's court room on a stretcher and was in great pain, so Asst.-Dist.-Atty. Garvan did not question him but had him carried back to the hospital.

Regarding the examination of the raised hulk of the steamer, Coroner Gorham said: "From what I saw I am satisfied that the fire did not occur in the neighborhood of the engine room."

The wreckers believe that there are no more bodies in the Slocum, but this cannot be definitely ascertained until morning. When the wreck was raised the body of a man came to the surface. Twenty-four bodies were recovered to-day, making the total of found bodies 907.

In the first suit recorded against the owners of the General Slocum, damages of $50,000 for the death of her two children are demanded by Mrs. Katherine Mattler, of No. 338 Fifth street. Another suit for a like amount will be begun by Mrs. Mattler in case the bodies of two others of her children who perished are recovered.

It's What It Leads to

That makes Catarrh such a dreaded disease. If you have Catarrh taint, dropping in the throat, if you hawk and spit and have a stuffed up feeling in your nostrils you should use fragrant healing Catarrhozone at once and get cured. Thousands have been saved from Consumption and completely cured by Catarrhozone, so there is no reason why you shouldn't stamp out your Catarrh also. Catarrhozone will really cure you and prevent the disease from returning. It's very pleasant, just balsamic medicated vapor,—no nauseous drugs. Absolute cure guaranteed to users of Catarrhozone; it can't fail, try it. Complete outfit $1.00; sample size 25c.

Apple Shipping.

G. H. Vroom, Apple Inspector for this province, gives the following statement of the shipment of apples from this province to Great Britain the past season. The total quantity was 531,908 barrels. Of these 423,556 were sent to London, 67,100 to Liverpool, 25,239 to Glasgow, and 14,658 to Hull, the latter being shipped from Annapolis. These, with 255 barrels sent by way of Montreal, make up the total given above. About 90,000 barrels were sold in Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and Eastern Nova Scotia.

The Halifax Chronicle thinks "it is a generous thing for a British country to honour a French explorer" in the erection of a statute to DeMonts in the garrison grounds, Annapolis. It is not complimentary to a British country to intimate that it might have refused to honour a noted explorer and discoverer because he was a Frenchman. What he accomplished and the great service he rendered is the important fact, not his nationality. There is no special merit in being just.—Weymouth Free Press.

SUPPORT

SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

GENERAL NEWS.

S. A. Fowler, the well known St. John horseman, was thrown from his sulky this week, sustaining a broken arm.

An Italian laborer fell from the platform of the loading towers at Sydney on Tuesday and broke his neck, dying instantly.

The American naval officer who ran down and killed a little girl in Boston on May 20th, in his automobile, was tried on the charge of manslaughter and dismissed this week.

Dr. Charles F. Myers, of New York, a former graduate of Acadia, will assume forthwith the support of a chair of biology at Acadia, and will probably within five years fully endow the chair.

According to the Novoe Vremya, the Russian oil combinations have capitulated to the Standard Oil Company, and even the Rothschild and Nobel interests have come to terms with the American concern.

Severe forest fires, raging in Homeville, Round Island, Cape Breton, and vicinity have been doing considerable havoc. The Baptist church, the schoolhouse, a barn or two at Homeville and belts of woodland several miles in length and a half mile in breadth have been destroyed. It is supposed that the fires originated from sparks from passing locomotives. High winds and continued drought rendered any successful combat with the flames an impossibility.

A serious affair occurred at the works of the New Burrell-Johnson Iron Co., Yarmouth, last week. Charles McClintock, foreman, needing help on a piece of work, requested the assistance of Angus Smith. He refused, when after a few words being passed between them, Smith struck him a blow on the head with a large steel spanner, which made a severe wound. Smith was arrested and lodged in jail to await examination. He hails from Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Dixon, of La Grange, Chicago, were instantly killed on Sunday, when their automobile was wrecked by collision with an Interurban electric street car. An explosion of the gasoline tank followed, and the victims' bodies were drenched with falling oil and badly burned. The brakes of the electric car were destroyed and a dozen panic stricken passengers were whirled along for more than a mile in momentary danger of death.

It is now pretty well assured that Senator Fairbanks will be the republican nominee for vice-president.

THE WAR NEWS.

READY FOR A FIGHT.

Tien Tsin, June 26.—It is reported that 40,000 Russian troops are at Ta Tshe Kiao, 15 miles north of Kaihing, where entrenchments are being erected, and where it is expected a stand will be made against the Japanese. Thirty officers of the Red Cross Society went into Newchwang yesterday and purchased medicines and comforts for the sick.

MOVING STEADILY FORWARD.

Liaoyang, June 26.—Reports of fighting between the advance guards regiment are continually coming in. The battles are indecisive, but they show that Japanese are moving forward regularly on each front. This is corroborated by official despatches. Members of the Red Cross, together with non-combatants who are desirous of witnessing the fighting, are leaving Southward daily.

JAPS WIN ANOTHER VICTORY.

London, June 28.—A despatch received at the Japan legation from Tokio says that the Taku-Shan army has occupied Fen-Chou-Ling thirteen miles northwest of Siuyen, June 27th, after six hours of hard fighting. The Japs' losses are estimated at 100. The Russian force, which consisted of five battalions of infantry and two regiments of cavalry, with sixteen guns, fled in disorder toward Tumo-Shing.

New Rolling Stock on D. A. R.

(Yarmouth Times.)

The passenger traffic on the D. A. R. is very heavy at present, two engines being frequently needed on the through trains. To meet this demand, which was of course anticipated, the D. A. R. have added some handsome new first-class cars for this season's service. They were built by the Rhodes, Curry Co. of Amherst and are models of comfort and elegance. The high-backed easy seats are upholstered in a soft shade of yellow plush, while the finish of the overhead arches of the car is a restful shade of green that harmonizes with all the interior fittings. The cars are very well ventilated and are of the vestibule pattern, quite resembling the parlor cars. The usual lavatories are provided, and in addition there is a handsome smoking-room finished in oak and green leather, for the accommodation of first class passengers. The cars cannot fail to be popular with the travelling public which patronizes the D. A. R. liberally in the summer.

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.

Fourth Opens Quietly.

Boston, July 4.—For the first time since Independence day has been celebrated in this city, the Fourth of July was ushered in at midnight in silence. When the clocks in the City proclaimed that the holiday had begun not a sound was heard other than these that would be heard at midnight on any other night in the year. Since the noisy evening preceding the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, on June 17, Judge Wm. H. Emmons, chairman of the Boston Police Commissioners, has labored assiduously for a quiet night before the holiday, and he succeeded.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.