The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1903. NO. 36

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.
Commissioner 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.)
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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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Barrister, &c.
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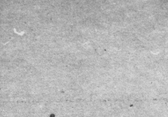
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S

Prompt and satisfactory attention given 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, 1901. 25 tf

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

Lesle R. Farn,
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, - N. S.
April 1st, 1903.—1y

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX

Capital Authorized, -	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, -	1,337,250
Capital Paid-up, -	1,308,345
Reserve Fund, - -	891.589

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
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SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest computed half-yearly at the rate of 3½ per cent. on deposits of $1.00 and upwards in the Savings Bank Department.

Collections receive immediate attention and prompt returns made.

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IN NOVA SCOTIA—Annapolis, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Granville Ferry, Halifax, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Middleton, New Glasgow, Parrsboro, Sherbrook, Springhill, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.
IN CAPE BRETON—Arichat, Baddeck, Glace Bay, Inverness, Mabon, North Sydney, St. Peter's, Sydney, Sydney Mines.
IN NEW BRUNSWICK—St. John.
IN BRITISH WEST INDIES—Port of Spain, Trinidad.

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HAVE YOU AN IDEA?
If so, write for a copy of our book The Inventor's Help (12 pages) which will tell you all about patents, how to procure them, our charges and terms, etc.
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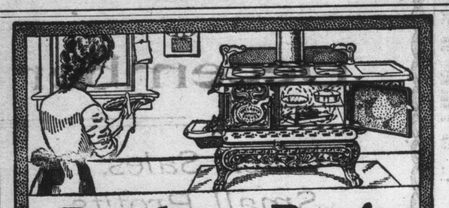

Pandora Range
A VENTILATING OVEN THAT VENTILATES.
There is only *one practical way* of ventilating the oven in a range and that way has been adopted in the "Pandora"—is an *actual working feature* and not a mere talking point.
Fresh air is drawn from the outside through small vents into the oven and is quickly heated and disseminated, while the odors and cooking fumes escape through small vents into the smoke flues and up the chimney.
Result is that expensive, juicy roasts retain their rich, natural flavors and are entirely free from cooking odors and taints to which the palate is so sensitive. Puddings, bread, etc., when baked, are always light, fresh and free from taint.
In the production of the "Pandora" range you have all that scientific study, practical experience, skilled workmanship, and an immense and finely equipped plant combined, can produce.
For sale by all enterprising dealers. Booklets free.
McClary's
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.
BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY Co., Sole Agent

The Lion's Share!

We do not expect or ask you for it.
We want you to have your share of the good things which we have to offer.

A Satisfied Customer is our Best Advertisement.

We have the best brands in Canned Fruits, Vegetables, Fish, etc.

The finest line of Fruit Syrups, Essence, Teas, Coffee, etc., to be had. Also a full line of Flour, Feed and Crockeryware.

C. L. PIGGOTT.

Are you going to have some Photos for CHRISTMAS ?

Call at the BRIDGETOWN PHOTO STUDIO. I have a fine line of the newest Photo Mountings. A good variety of styles from which you may choose to suit the taste. The call for Christmas Photos has already started, and, as the trade promises to be lively, it is advisable for those wishing Christmas Photos to call early for their sittings, and thus give plenty of time for the finishing of the pictures.

N. M. SMITH, Photographer,
BRIDGETOWN ANNAPOLIS ROYAL BEAR RIVER
Will be at Bear River the first week in November, and Annapolis every Thursday, excepting the first Thursday in November.

MARK DOWN SALE
.... OF ....
Boots, Shoes, and Dress Goods.
ALL SOLD BELOW COST!

30 Pairs of Men's Tan Boots, mixed sizes. sold for 35c. per yard.
40 Pairs Men' Oxford Shoes.
Large Stock of Children's and Misses Boots and Shoes.
Ladies' Tan and Black Dongolas, to be sold at half their value.
Ladies' Dress Goods marked 50c., will be
Stock of Men's Summer Underwear, sold at cost to clear.
40 Suits of Men's Ready-to-wear Clothing going at a sacrifice. Price $3 50.

Sale begins to-day and continues until goods are sold.

MRS. J. E. BURNS.

Poetry.

"If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter.
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing."

Let Something Good be Said.

When o'er the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall;
instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow being yet
May fell so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge thee by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your soul's hope of a fair renown,
Let something good be said.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Evangelist.

Select Literature.

For Father and the Town.

"Sarilla, isn't that Mrs. Bascom coming in at the gate?"

Mrs. Slater peered out of the front window over her glasses with a pleased expression; visitors came seldom to the Slaters. But Sarilla, opposite her, frowned at the approaching figure. Why should Mrs. Bascom, a six-months' addition to Speedwell society, visit a house whose occupants had never called on her? Sarilla bristled; this city woman whom she had thought charming and progressive was an interloper.

"Good evening," said Mrs. Bascom sweetly. "Is your father in, Miss Slater? I want to see him on a little business connected with the library we're starting."

"I think he's round somewhere," answered Sarilla, with some stiffness. "Won't you walk in?" She swung open the parlor door. The shutter stuck when she attempted to let in more light, and her guest hastened to say tactfully:

"Oh, I like the twilight. Pray don't trouble."

"The room needs air as much as anything else." Sarilla had suddenly become alive to every uncouth detail in her surroundings. "I'll call father," she added, and disappeared.

"To see me, did you say," asked Jordan Slater, coming in from the back porch. "What does she want of me instead of you mother?" Sarilla pretended not to hear.

Mrs. Slater seemed a trifle disappointed as her daughter returned to the sitting-room.

"I don't see why she couldn't come right in here and make a family call," was her mother's comment. "Mrs. Burrell was telling me to-day how nice she is and how she's worked for that library. They say she has the greatest knack with people, men especially. Why, it seems 'Lonzo Bert's put up all the shelves for nothing, and you know he's dreadfully close in his bargains. Do you s'pose, Sarilla, she'll get pa to do anything? He don't set much by books and libraries."

"She might." But Sarilla's ears were strained to catch echoes of the interview across the hall. She could see her father's lank figure in silhoutte against the sunlighted window, rocking gently in his armchair, one hand stroking his long gray beard. Mrs. Bascom's graceful figure bent toward him persuasively.

"I came to you, Mr. Slater," she was saying, "because everyone assured me you would help us. Your contribution can be in books or money, you know, just as you like. They say you are so public-spirited."

Sarilla felt the moisture stand out on her forehead.

"That's what they call Mrs. Bascom's tact, I s'pose," she reflected. "If 'tis, I don't care for it. She's nothing much, after all. She was just a farmer's daughter anyway, before she married and went to the city." She thinks she can come around pa—"

"You get your love for books from your Aunt Maria, not from me," observed Mrs. Slater, musingly. "Does she seem to be convincing pa?"

"He's speaking now." Sarilla could not hear the low-toned words, but she saw a smile break over Mrs. Bascom's face.

"Really?" the birdlike treble exclaimed. "Twenty or thirty volumes, you say? Why, Mr. Slater, that is a magnificent gift, certainly magnificent! I am sure the ladies will be delighted. No one has done so much for us.' The two came out of the parlor together, Mr. Slater's face wearing a curious flattered expression which contradicted his dry good evening to the visitor when she took her leave.

Sarilla sank into a chair with a sickening sensation that had attacked her several times of late. She had always accepted careful calculating as a matter of course in the household, enjoyed what she could, and tried not "And 'Idylls of the King'—Aunt Maria was so good to send me that!—and Ruskin's 'Crown of Wild Olive'—to think of my buying that blessed little book in the first place because it was cheap. It'll give folks something to think about, anyway. Oh, and my set of Shakespeare,—no,—I can't! I guess there are thirty without it." But the collection was not large, after all. Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty—yes, there would be just one book over.

"I guess I'll keep Longfellow's poems. I must have something left!" Then began an arduous task, for there were inscriptions and marks to be rubbed out, and many stocking-footed expeditions up and down stairs; but, finally, after midnight, the box was filled again, and in Sarilla's own bookshelves stood rows of gloomy volumes, the one little, white-bound copy of Longfellow shining among them like a small gravestone. Once a door opened downstairs, and she stopped with bated breath as her father went into the hall and listened.

"No, there's nobody up," she heard him say as he went back to bed, and she felt like a hypocrite. "It's for his sake, though," she whispered, "and the town's. I wouldn't have done it for anything else."

Mr. Slater found the basket of books with a white cloth tied neatly over them the next day. Mrs. Slater looked a little apprehensive as he drove away.

"Sarilla," she said timidly, "should you think they could make any use of those?"

"Oh, I don't know." Sarilla bent with a smile over the skirt she was pressing. "I guess they'd rather have them than nothing." And this was the only conversation on the subject between mother and daughter.

Saturday evening brought the county paper. Mr. Slater, stretching himself back in his easy chair to enjoy it, first perused a long article on the feeding of poultry, over which he grunted.

"They make fools of animals now-a-days," was his comment. "No self-respecting hen would ever lay on such diet as that." Then he passed on to the local items, and those from Speedwell caught his eye.

"The ladies interested in the new library," he read, "have met with unexpected success. Our public-spirited and large-minded townsman, Mr. Jordan Slater, made a donation this week, including works of fiction and poetry, ancient and modern, and a fine set of Shakespeare. This splendid gift is highly appreciated by all, and will be a lasting monument to his generosity."

Mr. Slater held the paper nearer his eyes and studied it, then laid it down again, with an uneasy cough. What did they mean? A book was a book—but the box in the attic had never held those things. He fidgeted in his chair and read the article a third time. His name had never been in the paper before. Finally he got up and walked out to the barn.

"I'd like to see that Gazette, if your father's through with it," remarked Mrs. Slater to Sarilla. "Why," she exclaimed, "here's something about pa's gift to the library. Sarilla! Sarilla! Did you know what he was giving them? He didn't take any of yours by mistake, did he?"

"What does it say?" asked Sarilla, leaning over her mother's shoulder. "Oh—why—no; my bookcase is full."

"Well, that is kind of queer, Jordan," said Mrs. Slater, as her husband entered, "do you see this piece in the paper about you? Isn't it nice?"

"Nice?" echoed her husband scornfully. "It is a joke; a low, mean joke. Some fool, I suppose, thought he'd have fun out of me. That's what you get by trying to please folks!" There was an angry quaver in his voice, and his hands twitched.

"You've got a tongue, Sarilla," he observed presently, turning around and facing her. "I hope you'll use it to let people know what you think of a low-down thing like that.... If I'd known—" he broke off again.

..."Why, what possessed them?" Mrs. Slater asked excitedly. "Making fun of you, Jordan? No, it's a mistake; they've mixed some one else's donation up with yours. Don't you believe they have, Sarilla?"

But Sarilla's hands covered her face and she was trembling.

The enormity of her deed came over her. She dared not look upon her father's outraged countenance.

"Pa," she ventured at last, "it isn't a mistake at all. I don't know what you will say, but I sent my books instead of those old ones. I couldn't bear to have them laugh about it, and I knew they would. I knew what kind of books they wanted. I've had lots of pleasure out of my library,"—her voice broke—"and I wanted other folks to have some, too, and I thought I'd like to have you get the credit of doing something nice for the town. O pa, please forgive me this time!"

It was the tone of the little girl who had not long since her childish misdoings sobbed out this plea. Mr. Slater softened, but his dignity was still to be respected.

"I wish you'd married out my orders and done as you were told, Sarilla," he said shortly, turning away, and taking up his hat from the hall table to wish for anything further; but recently a depressing suspicion had flashed upon her more than once, a suspicion that would recur however fiercely she tried to lay it low, that her father was not exactly what is called generous. It possessed her now as he entered the room.

"Well," began Mrs. Slater, laying down her work expectantly, and taking off her glasses. "Did she want you to give something to the new library?"

"That was what she came for." Mr. Slater seated himself by the other window and folded his hands on his knees. Sarilla spoke up uneasily:

"You promised her something, didn't you, father?"

"Yes. I want you to go up to-morrow morning, Sarilla, and take the books out of that box in the attic; I'm going to give them to the library; the ones you put up there when we got the new parlor bookcase. There's a round basket with two handles in the corn-house that'll hold them, and you can tie a cloth over the top. I'll take them down to the hall to-morrow afternoon in the wagon."

"Those books?" Sarilla's face blanched with dismay. "Why, father, there isn't a single one that would do. I put them there because they weren't of any use. Oh, don't send them!"

It was the first vehement protest that had ever been made to the head of the Slater family. His face hardened.

"This isn't any of your affair, Sarilla. A book's a book. I told the woman what I intended to do, and she can use them or not, just as she likes."

Sarilla almost wrung her hands in the gathering darkness. The room seemed stifling. She hardly heard her mother murmur, "Maybe they could sell them for something, or exchange them." The dreadful misgiving had received confirmation. Jordan Slater was neither open-handed nor public-spirited. He was—and the neighbors must have known it long—a close-fisted man. He was simple unloading rubbish on the library.

That evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Slater went to their room on the ground floor, Sarilla lighted her candle and stole softly upstairs. The attic stairs creaked as she ascended them. A wave of hot air met her at the top, and the candle flickered in the big raftered place, where trunks, old beds and spinning wheels and flowered bandboxes stood neatly arranged. Down the aisle in the middle of the room Sarilla walked with solemn purpose. There at the end stood the box of banished books.

She set her light on the floor, and pulled them out with trembling fingers. Dingy, sombre bindings—wasn't there even an ornamental cover that could be made available to the public?

"Census Report, 1840." She put the dark green volume hopelessly aside and took up another. "Combe on the Constitution of Man." Who would ever peruse that—or "Bloodgood's Vision of Judgment," or the three bound volumes of "The Ploughman's Journal, 1867-1870?" She ran over all the titles.

"No, nobody will read these!" she wailed in despair.

There was not one redeeming feature in the collection. Sarilla laid her hot face down abjectly on an old school dictionary which had lost most of its leaves. She could see the ladies at the hall opening up the basket of books with expectancy, and she could hear the peals of laughter mixed with vexation at her father's expense.

"There's no use," she muttered at last. "I can't let them make a laughing stock of him, and I won't. He doesn't understand, anyway. I must do something."

She crept softly down stairs again into her own bedroom. It was a sanctum with which no one interfered; the home of her treasures and the delight of her heart. Mr. Slater's thrifty application of fresh paint about the place every spring kept the gray blue floor shining under its braided rugs, and with her own hands Sarilla "did up" the muslin curtains. The furniture was plain, but in one corner stood some old bookshelves which she had varnished and curtained with breadths of an outgrown blue gown hung upon brass rings. Here were her precious books, some of them bought with Christmas money, some of them sent by Aunt Maria from her city home. She drew the curtains back and looked at the books lovingly, but she repressed her weakness sternly.

"It will be nice for the village to have a library! Some folks will enjoy it so. 'Melia Martin, sitting in that room all the time; and old Mrs. Blake; she does love reading. We ought to do our part, of course." But oh, those old friends to whom she had always been able to go back with fresh enjoyment!

"There's 'The Lamplighter,' she mused, taking down a worn red volume. "I've read that since I was a child. It's old-fashioned, but I guess there never was a girl yet that didn't like it. I ought to put it in." Then she took "Lorna Doone."

"That would set 'Melia crazy. I wonder why I never lent it to her. And 'Ivanhoe!' It makes you forget everything when you get into it. There! Somebody'll enjoy it as I have done. Oh dear, and 'David Copperfield,' and 'Dombey and Son' and 'Whittier's and Longfellow's poems'—no, I don't believe anybody cares for poetry—and yet they might." She patted the blue and gilt covers. he left the house.

Sarilla went miserably to bed, leaving her mother also tearful. Breakfast the next morning was a rather constrained occasion, but after it her father called her into the little one-story wing where he kept his desk and papers.

"Daughter," he began, with unwonted gentleness. "I've been thinking it over about those books. It kind of came home to me last night how bad you felt about giving 'em up. The fact is—ahem—I've never given anything to the town, and I'm not sorry to let the thing stand as it is; but I want you to fill up your shelves again. I calc'late this'll about get the number you sent in. If you don't explain, I presume it isn't folks business anyway."

"Why, father!" Sarilla looked down bewildered at the roll of bills in her hand. "Mrs. Bascom shall never know," she said, with her arms around his neck.—Youth's Companion.

WEEDS

Consumption is a human weed flourishing best in weak lungs. Like other weeds it's easily destroyed while young; when old, sometimes impossible.

Strengthen the lungs as you would weak land and the weeds will disappear.

The best lung fertilizer is Scott's Emulsion. Salt pork is good too, but it is very hard to digest.

The time to treat consumption is when you begin trying to hide it from yourself. Others see it, you won't.

Don't wait until you can't deceive yourself any longer. Begin with the first thought to take Scott's Emulsion. If it isn't really consumption so much the better; you will soon forget it and be better for the treatment. If it is consumption you can't expect to be cured at once, but if you will begin in time and will be rigidly regular in your treatment you will win.

Scott's Emulsion, fresh air, rest all you can, eat all you can, that's the treatment and that's the best treatment.

We will send you a little of the Emulsion free.
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE, *Chemists*, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1; all druggists.

Ayer's
One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A
Cherry Pectoral
doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.
"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There is nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—MRS. W. E. BAYNES, Shelby, Ala.
25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Night Coughs
Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

Italian Royalty Dines at Windsor.

MUCH CEREMONIAL ATTENDS THEIR VISIT AND DEPARTURE.

London, Nov. 25.—St. George's Hall a magnificent Norman gallery of Windsor Hall, in which many foreign sovereigns have been entertained, was the scene to-night of a state banquet the first elaborate function marking the royal welcome to King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena of Italy. The function was in every way as brilliant as any witnessed in the famous hall on past great occasions. There were 160 guests, including the royal hosts and their visitors, prominent statesmen from Great Britain and Italy, ambassadors from three continents, and representatives of the army and navy.

The guests were first received in the grand reception room by King Edward and Queen Alexandra and King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena. At 8.45 the guests entered the banquet hall, King Edward with Queen Helena leading, and King Victor Emmanuel with Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales with the Princess Victoria, the Duke of Connaught with the Duchess of Argyll, Ambassador Choate with the Duchess of Connaught, following in the order named.

At the conclusion of the banquet, the royal personages and their guests adjourned to the state drawing room, where a Viennese orchestra played selections.

This morning King Victor Emmanuel and King Edward shot pheasants in the great park at Windsor, while Queen Helena and Queen Alexandra visited Queen Victoria's tomb at Frogmore, on which Queen Helena deposited a wreath.

London, Nov. 21. Much ceremonia attended the departure to-day from Windsor of King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena, of Italy. The first farewells of the royal family occurred in King Edward's waiting room.

The two kings, arm in arm, then inspected the guard of honor and the two queens followed. Subsequently King Edward and King Victor Emmanuel escorted Queen Helena and Queen Alexandra, respectively, to the saloon train, where the queens made each other an affectionate goodbye.

As the train moved away King Edward stepped forward, stretched out both hands and clasped the hands of King Victor Emmanuel, who leaned out of the window.

Royal salutes from the warships greeted the Italian King and Queen at Portsmouth.... Their majesties embarked on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert for Cherbourg, France, attended by the torpedo boat destroyer flotilla.

The Sydney of To-Day.

When the boom struck Sydney, the high wages offered by the Dominion Iron & Steel Company caused quite an exodus from other provincial towns. But a change has set in, not sudden or unexpected, for those most competent to judge were of the opinion months ago that the expenditure for salaries and wages was greater than the industry would warrant, and that the business would not be on a paying or satisfactory footing until stricter economy was practiced. The new order of things has been inaugarated, the cut being heavier than was anticipated, and in consequence di sat sfaction exists, although a strike is not probable, as such a move might result in closing the works.... A despatch to the Chronicle says some of the reductions, especially those of the high-salaried officials, are very heavy. Men who formerly drew $300 a month will now draw only $240. Those who made $200 will be cut down to $160, and all over $100 will be reduced 15 per cent. to $75 and $85. The laborers and mechanical helpers are also hard hit, their ruling wage hereafter being only about $1.26 a day instead of from $1.50 to $1.75 as formerly.

With high rents and the cost of living somewhat higher than in many other provincial towns, those in receipt of the lower wages named will find it hard to get along and keep clear of debt. There will be less money to spend for the necessaries of life, and this in turn will be felt by the merchants, who will be unable to pay the high rents now in vogue, affecting in turn the owners of real estate, who when the boom was on, bought business sites at fancy figures. This sharp application of the pruning knife may be necessary in the interest of the enterprise, but it is none the less a hardship, which falls with particular severity upon the laboring classes, whose pay, even at the very best, is never more than sufficient to make all ends meet by the practice of the strictest economy.—Exchange.

What is Catarrh?

It is an inflammation of the mucous lining of the throat, bronchial tubes and nasal passages, excited by germs that can only be destroyed by fragrant healing Catarrhozone which is breathed direct to the seat of the disease, and has never yet failed to cure. Pleasant to use, absolutely certain to cure, Catarrhozone always gives satisfaction. "I suffered from nasal catarrh so badly that I couldn't breathe through my nostrils, writes, G. K. Wilmot of Meriden. I used Catarrhozone for a few minutes and was relieved. It cured in a short time." No other remedy just like Catarrhozone—it's the best. Two months' treatment $1.00; trial size 25c.

Increasing the Output.

It will not be so long before Manitoba and the Northwest Territories produce sufficient grain to supply the wants of Great Britain and Ireland, and if the customs duties were sufficiently lowered, they would probably capture the markets of the United States. Canada has a great future as a flour-producing country, and incidentally it may be mentioned that Ogilvie's Flour is the leading bread-maker in the flour world to-day.

Gained Forty Pounds in Thirty Days.

For several months our younger brother had been troubled with indigestion. He tried several remedies, but got no benefit from them. We purchased some of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and he commenced taking them. Inside of thirty days he had gained forty pounds in flesh. He is now fully recovered. We have now a good trade on the Tablets.—Holley Bros., Merchants, Long Branch, Mo., For sale by S. N. Weare.

Rheumatism Cured.

Jas. McKee, Linnwood, Ont.
Lachlin McNiel, Mabou, C. B.
John A. McDonald, Arnprior, Ont.
C. B. Billing, Markham, Ont.
John Mader, Mahone Bay, N. S.
Lewis S. Butler, Burin, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Extensive Forest Fires.

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 23.—The forests in the southeastern Texas pine lands are burning with no prospects of stopping or being controlled. In churches, prayers were offered yesterday for rain. No one can get to the fireswept districts and estimate of the extent of damage is mere guess work. It is known that the flames have crossed the Sabine river at several points and are burning large areas in Vernon and Calcasui parishes at Louisiana. The smoke is becoming almost stifling at and beyond Natchedoches. Many persons have been made sick. Reports reached here last night that extensive forest and prairie fires are raging in the Indian territory in the country east and west of Antlers.

It is Highly Injurious

To use a cheap drastic physic. Safest remedy for constipation and torpid liver is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which loosen the bowels without griping pains. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

By a head-on collision on the Big Four R. R., near Peoria, Ill., 31 men were killed and at least 15 injured. The accident was caused by the failure of one of the conductors to obey instructions as to crossing.

—Minard's Liniment cures distemper.

Pilgrims to Jerusalem.

A THOUSAND AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS TO JOURNEY TO PALESTINE.

Jerusalem, the Holy City, chief city of that land which furnishes every Sunday-school in the world continual subject for study, will witness a scene next April like to none that has ever occurred in the historic little city, and one which will make ever memorable the early years of the 20th century.

A thousand Sunday-school superintendents, teachers, scholars and workers have their eyes turned toward Jerusalem, and a pilgrimage is planned that is unusual even in these days of personally conducted parties to a corners of the earth.

This 20th century pilgrimage, so far as America is concerned, will begin March 8, 1904, when the North German Lloyd steamship Grooser Kurfust (14,000 tons) will sail from New York with about 850 pilgrims from Canada and the United States. Already about 600 berths have been engaged, and applications for the remainder are being received daily.

At Jerusalem the American party will be joined by several hundred from England, who will have a special steamer of their own, and individuals and small parties will also assemble from practically every country where there are Sunday-schools. This host of workers will gather on April 18, at Jerusalem, close by Calvary, and, amid impressive surroundings will be held the Fourth World's Sunday-school Convention.

Besides the sessions at Jerusalem, there will be constant conferences, informal discussions and brilliant lectures throughout the voyage, making, in fact, a convention 71 days in duration and 14,000 miles long.

Originally this cruise was intended only for active Sunday-school workers representing organized Sunday-school associations; but so great has been the demand for accommodation by others who long for a trip to the Holy Land that the committee has offered to the public some 200 berths, including some of the best on the ship.

In addition to the convention features of the cruise, the travel itself is most entertainingly arranged. On the outward voyage there will be stops at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Beyrout and Calfa. After 17 days in Palestine, Alexandria, Cairo, Naples, Rome and the Riveira will be visited and those who wish to stay longer in Europe will land at Naples or Villefranche. The regular party will reach New York May 18. Side trips are planned to Ephesus, Baalbec, Damascus, Galilee, Samaria, Luxor, Thebes, First Cataract of the Nile. Two Sundays will be spent on the Atlantic, three on the Mediterranean, one at Athens, two at Jerusalem, one in Egypt, one at Rome. Four continents will be visited.

With so much of sentiment involved in this journey, with so earnest a band of travellers looking eagerly forward to the next Easter session in Palestine, this great undertaking possesses a significance and universal interest among Christian people never before associated with any journey to the Holy Land.

The excursionists from Nova Scotia are:—Yarmouth, Mrs. A. E. Cann, Miss E. Mabel Cann; Middleton, A. B. Higgins; Mill Village, Josiah Hopkins, Mrs. Josiah Hopkins. New Berne: Mrs. N. L. Seymour; Sydney Mines, Cape Breton, A. Waller Smith; Truro: Rev. Jacob Layton.

Big Fire on King St., St. John, N. B.

St. John, Nov. 25.—Fire which brok out at eight o'clock to-night in the cellar of E. P. Charlton & Co's department store, King street, was not under control until the firemen had a hard fight of two hours, and at midnight they were still fighting the blaze.... The damage done is roughly estimated at from $40,000 to $50,000, and is fully covered by insurance.

The origin of the fire is not known, but it is thought to have started from the furnace of E. P. Charlton & Co's premises. It was fed by inflammable stock and had great headway when the firemen got to work. The building is owned by the J. W. Lawrence estate, is four stories high, and runs back to Market street. The upper story is used as a wing to th Victoria Hotel, which adjoins.

Part of the second and third stories are occupied by the Lawrence family, Dowling Bros., dry goods stock room, and Chas Conlon, photographer. On the ground floor are the Thorne Bros., furs; Dowling Bros., dry goods; Y. P. Charlton & Co., department store; and A. M. Gray & Co., stationery. Fronting on Charlotte but running back to meet the Charlton premises, are the stores of E. R. Nelson & Co., books; Scammell's confectionery; M. Coady & Co., boots and shoes; and F. A. Dykeman & Co.

E. P. Charlton & Co's loss is total, have $14,000 insurance, but the loss is estimated at double this amount Dowling Bros loss is very heavy. They have $14,000 insurance, but say their stock was worth twice that. Thorne Bros. suffered by smoke and water. Considerable of Thorne Bros and the Dowling stock was removed. The Victoria Hotel suffered only by the entrance of smoke.

The fire was the worst in St. John for many months. It was in one of the most important business sections of the city, about $150,000 insurance risks being involved in the burned building and the two adjoining.

An Attack of Pneumonia Warded Off

"Some time ago my daughter caught a severe cold. She complained of pains in her chest and had a bad cough. I gave her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy according to directions and in two days she was well and able to go to school. I have used this remedy in my family for the past seven years, and have never known it to fail," says James Pendergast, merchant, Annato Bay, Jamaica. West India Islands. The pains in the chest indicated an approaching attack of pneumonia, which in this instance was undoubtedly warded off by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It counteracts any tendency of a cold toward pneumonia. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Attempt to Poison Russian Royalty.

New York, Nov. 21. The World this morning publishes the following cable:

Berlin, Nov. 21.—Sinister rumors come from Skiernewice, Poland, accounting for the sudden death of the little Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, niece of the Czarina of Russia at the moment of a family re-union. The unfortunate little Princess and her father were the guest of Skiernewice of the Czar and Czarina, and it is now said that an attempt was made to poison the whole royal family. The Princess was the only victim, although the Czarina was made very ill, and the Czar was more or less affected by the poison.

—Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows.

To Cure a Cold in One Day,

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.