The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1904. NO. 13

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
Office 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. 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. DeWitt's 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, Mahon, 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	$1,326,295	$ 1,326,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	925,000	925,000
Deposits,	472,401	5,115,618	5,835,421
Circulation,	148,411	1,043,866	1,124,002
Loans,	739,830	6,514,320	7,607,009
P. D. Bills,	52,129	10,154	1 346
Liabilities,	691,626	7,157,174	8,115,820
Assets,	1,353,209	9,170,213	10,373,050

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.

Finer Cake
and biscuit are made with Royal Baking Powder than in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, or saleratus and sour milk. The ingredients of Royal Baking Powder, purest and most highly refined and absolutely pure, is always uniform in strength, making the food evenly good and wholesome. No spoiled or wasted materials where it is used.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Poetry.

Forgiveness.

(By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England. From the Independent of June 2nd, 1904.)

Now bury with the dead years conflicts dead,
And with fresh days let all begin anew,
Why longer amid shrivelled leaf-drifts tread,
When buds are swelling, flower-sheaths peeping through?
Seen through the vista of the vanished years,
How trivial seem the struggle and the crown,
Course down the channel worn by vanished frown,
How few mean hall the bitterness they speak!
Words more than feelings keep us still apart,
And, in the heat of passion and of pique,
The tongue is far more cruel than the heart;
Since love alone makes it worth while to live,
Let all be now forgiven and forgive.

ASHFORD, KENT, ENGLAND.

The Annapolis Valley in June.

Softly, tenderly fair,
The blossom-laden trees
Wave in the young June air
And sway to the drone of the bees;
Blossoms in childhood's hand,
Blossoms in maiden's hair,
A-bloom is all the land
And fragrance is everywhere,

A feast for the heart and eye,
Balm for the weary brain,
To rest 'neath the sunny sky
And list' to the glad refrain
Of birds that twittering soar
To their loves in the orchard trees,
To their old home come once more
O'er distant land and seas.

What a wealth of beauty is here,
What a promise of wealth to be,
With the summer gone and the harvest near,
When the fruit weighs down each tree,
For fragrance and bloom have an end,
But now, in the month of the bride,
Let us join in the joys it brings
Whatever the future betide.

Ah! beauteous wealth of bloom
O'er this fair valley spread,
With your stores of rich perfume,
On whispering night winds shed,
Can we grasp all the pleasure that lies,
In this wealth of God-given flowers?
Can our earthly natures rise
To the joys of this land of ours?

—L. E. O. in The Suburban.

Dulcis Memoria.

(Henry VanDyke.)

Long, long ago, I heard a little song—
(Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?)
So lowly, slowly flowed the tune along
That far in my heart it found the way,
A melody consoling and endearing;
And still, in silent hours, I'm often hearing
The small sweet song that does not die away.

Long, long ago I saw a little flower—
(Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?)
So fair of face and fragrant for an hour
That something dear to me it seemed to say:
A thought of joy that blossomed into being
Without a word; but now I'm often seeing
The friendly flower that does not fade away.

Long, long ago, we had a little child—
(Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?)
Into his mother's eyes and mine he smiled
Unconscious love; warm in our arms he lay.
An angel called! Dear heart, we could not hold him;
Yet secretly your arms and mine enfold him—
Our little child who does not go away.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory keeps it clear!
(It was not long ago, but yesterday.)
So little and so helpless and so dear—
Let not the song be lost, the flower decay!
His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping;
The smallest things are safe in Thy still keeping,
Sweet memory, keep our child with us alway.

The Best Liniment

"I have derived great benefit from the use of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and lumbago," says Mrs. Anna Hagelgans, of Tuskahoe, N. J. "My husband used it for a sprained back and was also quickly relieved. In fact, it is the best family liniment I have ever used. I would not think of being without it. I have recommended it to many and they always speak very highly of it and declare its merits are wonderful." For sale by S. N. Weare.

Select Literature.

THE BRIDE ROSES.

(L. M. Montgomery, in 'The Christian Endeavor World.')

Miss Corona awoke that June morning with a sigh, the cause of which she was at first too sleepy to understand. Then it all came over her with a little aching rush; she had fallen asleep with tear-wet lashes the night before on account of it.

This was Juliet Gordon's wedding day; and she, Miss Corona, could not go to the wedding and was not even invited, all because of the quarrel, a generation old, and so chronic and bitter and terrible that it always presented itself to Miss Corona's mental vision as spelled with a capital. Well might [illegible] it had drawn up into a lonely life for long years. Juliet Gordon, were the only relations Miss Corona had in the world, and the old family feud divided them by a gulf which now seemed impassable.

Miss Corona turned over on her pillows, lifted one corner of the white window-blind and peeped out. Below her a river of early sunshine was flowing through the garden, and the far-away slopes were translucent green in their splendor of young day, with gauzy, uncertain mists lingering, spirit-like, in their intervals. A bird, his sleek plumage iridescent in the sunlight, was perched on the big chestnut bough that ran squarely across the window, singing as if his heart would burst with melody and the joy of his tiny life. No bride could have wished anything fairer for her day of days, and Miss Corona dropped back on her pillows with another gentle sigh.

"I'm so glad that the dear child has a fine day to be married," she said.

Juliet Gordon was always 'dear child' to Miss Corona, although the two had never spoken to each other in their lives.

Miss Corona was a brisk and early riser as a rule, with a genuine horror of lazy people who lay late abed or took over long to get their eyes well opened; but this morning she made no hurry about rising, even though scurrying footsteps, banging doors, and over-load tinkling of dishes in the room below betokened that Charlotta was already up and about. And Charlotta, as poor Miss Corona knew only too well, was fatally sure to do something unfortunate if she were not under some careful, over-seeing eye. To be sure, Charlotta's intentions were always good.

But Miss Corona was not thinking about Charlotta this morning, and she felt so strong a distaste for her lonely purposeless life that she was in no haste to go forth to meet another day of it.

Miss Corona felt just the least little bit tired of living, although she feared it was very wicked of her to feel so. She lay there listlessly for half an hour longer, looking through a mist of tears at the portrait of her stern old father hanging on the wall at the foot of the bed, and thinking over the quarrel.

It had happened thirty years ago, when Miss Corona had been a girl of twenty, living alone with her father at the old Gordon homestead on the hill, with the big black spruce grove behind it on the north and far-reaching slopes of green fields before it on the south. Down in the little northern valley below the spruce grove lived her uncle, Alexis Gordon. His son Meredith had seemed to Corona as her own brother. The mothers of both were dead; neither had any other brother or sister. The two children had grown up together, playmates and devoted friends. There had never been any sentiment or lovemaking between them, as far as a perfect comradeship. They were only the best of friends, whatever plans the fathers might have cherished for the union of their estates and children, first, as the Gordons were always prone to do.

But, if Roderick and Alexis Gordon had any such plans, all went by the board when they quarrelled. Corona shivered yet over the bitterness of that time. The Gordons never did anything half-heartedly. The strife between the two brothers was determined and irreconcilable.

Corona's father forbade her to speak to her uncle and cousin or to hold any communication with them. Corona wept and obeyed him. She had always obeyed her father; it had never entered into her mind to do anything else. Meredith had resented her attitude hotly, and from that day they had never spoken or met, while the years came and went, each making a little wider and more hopeless the gulf of coldness and anger and distrust.

Ten years later Roderick Gordon died, and in five months Alexis Gordon followed him to the grave. The two brothers who had hated each other so unyieldingly in life slept very peacably side by side in the old Gordon plot of the country graveyard, but their rancor still served to embitter the lives of their descendants.

Corona, with the half-guilty sense of disloyalty to her father, hoped that she and Meredith might now be friends again. He was married, and had one little daughter. In her new and intolerable loneliness Corona's heart yearned after her own people. But she was too timid to make any advance, and Meredith never made any. Corona believed that he hated her, and let slip her last flittering hope that the old breach would ever be healed.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she sobbed softly into her pillows. It seemed a terrible thing to her that one of her race and kin was to be married and she could not be present at the ceremony, she who had never seen a Gordon bride.

[illegible] in the kitchen porch. The small handmaiden was doubled up on the floor, with her face muffled in her gingham apron, and her long braids of red hair hanging with limp straightness down her back. When Charlotta was in good spirits they always hung perkly over each shoulder, tied up with enormous bows of sky-blue ribbon.

"What have you done this time?" asked Miss Corona, without the slightest intention of being humorous or sarcastic.

"Pye—I've broke your green and yaller bowl," sniffed Charlotta. "Didn't mean to, Miss Corona. It jest slipped out so fashion 'fore I could grab holt on it. And it's broke into forty million pieces. Ain't I the onluckiest girl!"

"You certainly are," sighed Miss Corona. At any other time she would have been filled with dismay over the untoward fate of her green and yellow bowl, which had belonged to her great-grandmother and had stood on the hall table to hold flowers as long as she could remember. But just now her heart was so sore over the quarrel that there was no room for other regrets. "Well, well, crying won't mend it. I suppose it is a judgment on me for staying abed so late. Go and sweep up the pieces, and do try and be a little more careful, Charlotte."

"Yes'm," said Charlotta meekly. She dared not resent being called Charlotte just then. "And I'll tell you what I'll do, ma'am, to make up; I'll go and weed the garden. Yes'm, I'll do it beautiful."

And pull up more flowers than weeds," Miss Corona reflected mournfully. But it did not matter; nothing mattered. She saw Charlotta sally forth into the garden with a determined do-or-die expression surmounting her freckles, without feeling interest enough to go and make sure that she did not root out all the late asters in her tardy and wilfully postponed warfare on weeds.

This mood lasted until the afternoon. Then Miss Corona, whose heart and thoughts were still down in the festive house in the valley, roused herself enough to go out and see what Charlotta was doing. After finding out, she wandered idly about the rambling, old-fashioned place, which was full of nooks and surprises. At every turn you might stumble on some clump or tangle of sweetness, showering elusive fragrance on the air, that you never would have suspected. Nothing in the garden was planted quite where it should be; yet withal it was the most delightful spot imaginable.

Miss Corona pushed her way into the cherry-tree copse, and followed a tiny, overgrown path to a sunshiny corner beyond. She had not been there since last summer; the little path was getting almost impassable. When she emerged from the cherry-trees, some what rumpled and pulled about in hair and attire, but attended, as if by a benediction, by the aromatic breath of the mint she had trodden on, she gave a little cry and stood quite still, gazing at the rosebush that grew in the corner. It was so large and woody that it seemed more like a tree than a bush, and it was snowed over with a splendor of large, pure-white roses.

"Dear life," whispered Miss Corona, tremulously, as she tiptoed towards it. "The bride roses have bloomed again! How very strange! Why, there has not been a rose on that tree for twenty years."

The rose-bush had been planted there by Corona's great-grandmother, the lady of the green and yellow bowl. It was a new variety, brought out from Scotland by Mary Gordon; and it bore large white roses which three generations of Gordon brides had worn on their wedding day. It had come to be a family tradition among the Gordons that no luck would attend the bride who did not carry a white rose from Mary Gordon's rose-tree.

Long years ago the tree had given up blooming, nor could all the pruning and care given it coax a single blossom from it. Miss Corona, tinctured with the superstition apt to wait on a lonely womanhood, believed in her heart that the rose-bush had a secret sympathy with the fortunes of the Gordon women. She, the last of them on the old homestead, would never need the bride roses. Wherefore, then, should the old tree bloom? And now, after all these years, it had flung all its long-hoarded sweetness into blossom again. The rose had bloomed again for a Gordon bride, but Miss Corona was sure there was another meaning in it, too; she believed it foretokened some change in her own life, some rejuvenescence of love and beauty like to that of the ancient rose-tree. She bent over its foam of loveliness almost reverently.

"They have bloomed for Juliet's wedding," she murmured. "A Gordon bride must wear the bride roses; indeed she must. And this—why, it is almost a miracle."

She ran, light-footedly as a girl, to the house for scissors and a basket. She would send Juliet Gordon the bride roses. Her cheeks were pink from excitement as she snipped them off. How lovely they were! How very large and fragrant! It was as if all the grace and perfume and beauty and glory of those twenty lost summers were found here at once in them. When Miss Corona had them ready, she went to the door and called:—

"Charlotte! Charlotte!"

Now, Charlotta, having atoned to her conscience for the destruction of the green and yellow bowl by faithfully weeding the garden, a task which she hated above all else, was singing a hymn among the sweet peas, and her red braids were over her shoulders. This ought to have warned Miss Corona; but Miss Corona was thinking of other things, and kept on calling patiently, while Charlotta weeded away for dear life, and seemed smitten with treble deafness.

After a time Miss Corona remembered and sighed. She did hate to call the child that foolish name with its foreign sound. Just as if plain "Charlotte" were not good enough for her, and much more suitable to "Smith," too! Ordinarily, Miss Corona would not have given in. But the case was urgent; she could not stand upon her dignity just now.

"Charlotta!" she called entreatingly.

Instantly Charlotta flew to the garden gate, and raced up to the door.

"Yes'm," she said meekly. "You want me, Miss Corona?"

"Take this box down to Miss Juliet Gordon, and ask that it be given to her at once," said Miss Corona. "Don't loiter, Charlotta. Don't stop to pick gum in the grove, or eat sours in the dike, or poke sticks through the bridge, or——"

But Charlotta had gone.

Down in the valley the other Gordon house was in a hum of excitement. Upstairs Juliet had gone to her invalid mother's room to show herself in her wedding-dress to the pale little lady lying on the sofa. She was a tall, stately young girl with the dark-gray Gordon eyes and the pure creaminess of coloring, flawless as a lily petal. Her face was a very sweet one, and the simple white dress she wore became her dainty, flower-like beauty as nothing elaborate could have done.

"I'm not going to put on my veil until the last moment," she said laughingly. "I would feel married right away if I did. And, oh, mother dear, isn't it too bad? My roses haven't come. Father is back from the station, and they were not there. I am so disappointed. Romney ordered pure white roses because I said a Gordon bride must carry nothing else. Come in"—as a knock sounded at the door.

Laura Burton, Juliet's cousin and bridesmaid, entered with a box.

"Juliet, dear, the funniest little red-headed girl with the most enormous freckles has just brought this for you. I haven't an idea where she came from; she looked like a messenger from pixyland."

Juliet opened the box and gave a cry.

"Oh, mother, look—look! What perfect roses! Who could have sent them? O, here's a note from — from — why mother, it's from Cousin Corona."

"My dear child," ran the letter in Miss Corona's fine, old-fashioned script. "I'm sending you the Gordon bride roses. The rose tree has bloomed for the first time in twenty years, my dear, and it must surely be in honor of your wedding-day. I hope you will wear them, for, although I have never known you, I love you very much. I was once a dear friend of your father's. Tell him to let you wear the roses I send, for old times' sake. I wish you every happiness, my dear.

Your affectionate cousin,
CORONA GORDON.

"O, how sweet and lovely of her!" said Juliet gently, as she laid the letter down. "And to think she was not even invited! I wanted to send her an invitation, but father said it would be bitter against us that she would probably regard it as an insult."

"He must have been mistaken about her attitude," said Mrs. Gordon. "It certainly is a great pity she was not invited, but it is too late now. An invitation sent two hours before the ceremony would be an insult indeed."

"Not if the bride herself took it!" exclaimed Juliet impulsively. "I'll go myself to Cousin Corona, and ask her to come to my wedding."

"Go yourself. Child, you can't do such a thing! In that dress——?"

"Go I must, momsie. Why, it's only a three minutes' walk. I'll go up the hill by the old field path, and no one will see me. Oh, don't say a word—there, I'm gone."

"That child," sighed the mother protestingly, as she heard Juliet's feet on the stairs. "What a thing for a bride to do!"

Juliet, with her white silken skirts caught up above grasses and dust, ran light-footed through the green lowland fields and up the hill, treading for the first time the faint old path between the two homes, so long disused that it was now barely visible in its fringing grasses and star-dust of buttercups. Where it ran into the spruce grove was a tiny gate which Miss Corona had always kept in good repair, albeit it was never used. Juliet pushed up the rusty hasp and ran through.

Miss Corona was sitting alone in her shadowy parlor, hanging over a few of the bride roses with falling tears when something tall and beautiful and white came in like a blessing and knelt by her chair.

"Cousin Corona," said a somewhat breathless bride, "I have come to thank you for your roses and ask you you to forgive us all for the old quarrel."

"Dear child," said Miss Corona, out of her amazement, "there is nothing to forgive. I've loved you all and longed for you. Dear child, you have brought me great happiness."

"And you must come to my wedding," cried Juliet. "O, you must—or I shall think you have not really forgiven us. You would never refuse the request of a bride, Cousin Corona. We are queens on our wedding-day, you know."

"Oh, it's not that, dear child—but I'm not dressed—I—;

"I'll help you dress. And I won't go back without you. The guests and the minister must wait if necessary—yes, even Romney must wait. Oh, I want you to meet Romney. Come, dear."

And Miss Corona went. Charlotta and the bride got her into her grey silk and did her hair, and in a very short time she and Juliet were hurrying down the old field-path. In the hollow Meredith Gordon met them.

"Cousin Meredith," said Miss Corona tremulously.

"Dear Corona."

He took both her hands in his, and kissed her heartily. "Forgive me for misunderstanding you so long. I thought you hated us all."

Turning to Juliet, he said with a fatherly smile:

"What a terrible girl it is for having its own way! Who ever heard of a Gordon bride doing such an unconventional thing. There, scamper off to the house before your guests come. Laura has made your roses up into what she calls 'a dream of a bouquet.' I'll take Cousin Corona up more leisurely."

"Oh, I knew that something beautiful was going to happen when the old rose-tree bloomed," murmured Miss Corona happily.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

BRIDGETOWN'S PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

This school building, a model of its kind, was erected in 1903, at a cost of $10,000. It occupies a fine site on rising ground near the centre of the town, with ample grounds surrounding it for sports and recreation purposes. It is built of brick with granite trimmings and contains three stories. The lower story or basement contains two well lighted rooms for manual training, two furnace rooms, closets, lavatories, etc., and has concrete floors. The second floor contains three large class rooms, each with a cloak room adjoining. The third floor also contains three large class rooms, cloak rooms, and a small room intended for museum and library. Adjoining the principal's room, which is on this floor, and connected with it by sliding doors back of the platform, is a chemical laboratory fitted up with shelves and drawers. All the floors on these flats are of hard wood. The woodwork is in oak finish. There are two entrances on the second or main floor, and each story is reached by two separate stair cases. The building is heated by hot air furnaces and is fitted with approved ventilating apparatus and the most sanitary plumbing.

Ayer's
Do you like your this, rough, short hair? Of course you don't. Do you like thick, heavy, smooth hair? Of course you do. Then why
Hair Vigor
not be pleased? Ayer's Hair Vigor makes beautiful heads of hair, that's the whole story. Sold for 60 years.
"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a long time. It is, indeed, a wonderful hair tonic, restoring health to the hair and scalp, and, at the same time, producing a splendid growth." DR. W. W. TATUM, Medina, Tenn.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Weak Hair

Shields the Complexion
Royal English Toilet Lotion preserves the skin and maintains its natural smoothness. Chapping, roughing, and all minor skin affections cured by it as by magic. Prepared after the formula of a noted English skin specialist.
Royal Pharmacy
W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Bridgetown, N. S.

Japanese Lost Two Whole Battalions in an Ambuscade.

St. Petersburg, June 12.—Rumors are in circulation here to the effect that a great naval battle has taken place off Port Arthur, in which two Russian and four Japanese battleships were sunk. No confirmation of the rumor can be obtained.

Hai Cheng, Manchuria, June 11.—(Delayed in transmission).—A flanking movement of the Japanese around the Russian left from Feng Wang Cheng, June 9, was repulsed with a loss of two whole battalions.

A large Japanese force moved out in the morning along the Feng Wang Cheng and Hai Cheng road. The Russians had a force strongly posted in a ravine thirty miles southeast of Hai Cheng. The Japanese were preceded by two battalions who walked into the Russian ambuscade. They received a murderous rifle and artillery fire at close range and were wiped out, only one or two escaping.

The main Japanese force, which was greatly superior to the Russian force, tried to outflank the Russians, who drew off without losing a man.

The Japanese closing in found the ravine vacant, save for their own dead.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
MRS. REUBEN BAKER.
Riverdale.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Oil City, Ont.

British Lumber Market Depressed.

Lumber men in the province are discouraged with the outlook in the British market. About the first of the spring it was thought the prices had surely reached rock bottom, but cable advices received by a big shipper here says they are still declining. In spite of this considerable stuff is being sent forward, although it is said that some of the larger operators are holding back in hopes that something better will turn up before the season closes. The past winter was a good one for lumbering; there was an extra large cut. Had the prices remained the same as last year, this season would have been one of the most prosperous for some time, but under the present conditions no one is going to make much money and it is expected that in some cases the balance will be on the wrong side of the ledger.—Ex.

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 Merid n. "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.

—The "Cosmopolitan" announces a series of articles on the great industries of the United States. This is a subject that must naturally arouse the widest interest. The June issue contains the first—"Glass-Making," by William R. Stewart. The illustrations, which are numerous, give an excellent idea of the various stages of glass manufacture. If the rest of the series is as good as the first article, it will have a decided educational value.

—"Farmer Sawyer, what is your daughter Mary going to be when she finishes at college?" "Wall, I kinder reckon she'll teach school. She thinks she'd like the vacations."

Hump Back
SCOTT'S EMULSION won't make a hump back straight, neither will it make a short leg long, but it feeds soft bone and heals diseased bone and is among the few genuine means of recovery in rickets and bone consumption.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

GENERAL NEWS.

The rate war on Atlantic steamships has begun and some big cuts have been made by the Canadian Pacific, Allan and White Star lines.

George A. Snow, a shoe manufacturer of Brockton, Mass., who died last week, left $10,000 to a faithful forewoman and $1,000 to his office-boy.

Five lives were lost by the collision of the steamer Canada and the Dominion Coal Company's barge on the river St. Lawrence last Sunday morning.

Two little boys discovered a washout on the railway near Great Barrington, Mass., and flagged the express train with a red sweater, thus preventing a terrible catastrophe.

An heiress of the Cecil Rhodes estate has been discovered in North Carolina, a missionary in the mountain districts. Search has been going on ever since the death of the millionaire.

Levi Z. Leiter, the Chicago multi-millionaire and father of Lady Curzon, died suddenly at Bar Harbor, Me., on Thursday last of heart disease. His fortune is estimated at $25,000,000.

Edwin L. Skillings, the well known advertising man of St. John, died there quite suddenly last week of heart disease induced by stomach trouble. He is survived by a wife, a brother and sister.

Wm. B. Ross, a young lawyer, was drowned at Vancouver on Monday. The deceased was a native of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and was to be married to Miss James of that place on August 1st.

A pitched battle between the militia and union miners was fought at Dunnville, Colorado, the new mining camp, thirteen miles out of Victor, on the 8th. John Carley, a union miner, was killed. The troops returned to Victor at 5 o'clock p.m., bringing with them fourteen captives.

Two murders occurred last Sunday—one at Halifax when Herbert Parr was shot and killed by Albert Brady while on a fishing expedition, and the other at Glace Bay, when John McRae struck his father and killed him. This tragedy took place in a bar-room. The murdered man belonged in P. E. I.

A terrible tragedy occurred in New York harbor on Wednesday in the burning of an excursion steamer carrying a Sunday School excursion. The steamer had upwards of 2000 passengers aboard, and of this number about 600, the majority of whom were women and children, lost their lives by burning or drowning. The fire broke out in the lunch-room through the overturning of a pot of grease.

While boating on Sydney River, Tuesday afternoon, Annie Townshend, aged 18, daughter of J. C. Townshend, stipendiary magistrate, was drowned by the upsetting of a boat. The other occupants of the boat, the Misses Woodill, aged 15 and 17, and F. J. Hardison, druggist, barely escaped a similar fate. All were saved except Miss Townshend, who sank for the last time before assistance arrived from the shore, which was near.

A Study of Old Age.

Reveals the fact that the blood is usually thin and lacking in the strengthening properties of young folks' blood. If you want to fill your blood with the fire of youth, build up your strength, restore your nerves, just use Ferrozone. It's the most potent tonic known and will renew the flickering flame of an aged life by imparting nourishment to enfeebled organs. Ferrozone fortifies weak systems, feeds the blood, brain and nerves with new life. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box.

St John Fire Bags at Work.

St. John, June 12.—St. John again was fire stricken on Saturday night, when a disastrous conflagration causing something like $30,000 loss gave the firemen one of the toughest fights they have had in many a day. Nine houses on Mill street were either destroyed or badly burned, a dozen or more families were burned out or vacated their homes for safety, and eight or ten small merchants had their premises and stocks ruined by fire or water or in the hurried removal.

The burned district is the centre of the east side of the Mill street block, which stretches from the Intercolonial Depot to Paradise Row. In the back was a fire-trap of barns and outhouses, while the buildings on the street were nearly all old, some having stood there thirty years.

The fire broke out in a barn and is supposed to be of incendiary origin, as a number of small fires have mysteriously started lately, and the police are at work, while there is much uneasiness felt in the city.

Free Silver With Cereal.

"It's a good foundation for a day's operations," says N. E. Perry, of 28 Manco St., Montreal. He was writing of Orange Meat, a cereal which combines the best elements of wheat with a most palatable Canadian product. The makers also offer, free of charge, a good foundation for a handsome silver table service. A coupon is enclosed in each 15c. package. Your grocer will show you one which describes the premiums. By taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded you may secure various valuable table articles, such as handsome tea or dessert spoons of heavy silver plate, a sugar shell, or a new-design butter knife.

Nothing Like Experience.

"One truth learned by actual experience does more good than ten experiences one hears about." Tell a man that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure cholera morbus, and he will most likely forget it before the end of the day. Let him have a severe attack of that disease, feel that he is about to die, use this remedy, and learn from his own experience how quickly it gives relief, and he will remember it all his life. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Will Wash Next Time.

Montreal, June 10.—A Montreal baker who neglected washing his hands before beginning work to-day, was fined $15 and costs by Recorder Weir. In delivering judgment, the recorder said that the offence almost amounted to a crime.