Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1900. NO. 34.

Professional Cards.

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Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
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EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

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5,000 Hides,
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For which the highest prices will be paid, Spot Cash. Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.
MacKenzie, Crowe & Company.

Sudden disease, like a thief in the night, is apt to strike confusion into a household. Croup chooses the hours of darkness for its deadly visitations. Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, cramps and colic come frequently in the night. Are you prepared for midnight emergencies? A bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT gives security, eases pain and saves life. The real danger from a large number of ailments is inflammation. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is the remedy for inflammation and, whether used internally or externally, it subdues it, gives relief from pain and cures the disease.

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is just the same as it was ninety years ago. At all seasons of the year it is in daily demand for curing colic, cramps, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafings. In fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, la grippe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Get it from your dealer. Two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. The larger size is more economical.
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Write for free copy "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room."

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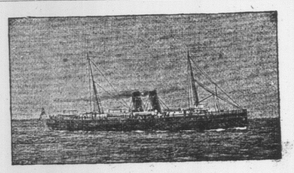
Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.



THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.

On and after October 6th, this Company will make
Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:
Steamer "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival trains from Halifax.
LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.
Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.
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D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!
To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

Poetry.

Requirement.

We live by Faith: but Faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways?
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life
Whose very breathing is unworded praise!
A life that stands, as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is good.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Little Things.

If any little word of ours,
Can make one life the brighter,
If any little song of ours
Can make one heart the lighter,
God help us to speak the little word,
And take our bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely valé,
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of ours
Can make one life the sweeter,
If any little care of ours
Can make one step the fleeter,
If any little help may ease
The burden of another,
God give us love and care and strength
To help along each other.

If any watchful thoughts of ours.
Can make some work the stronger,
If any cheery smile of ours
Can make its brightness longer,
Then let us speak that thought to-day
With tender eyes aglowing,
So God may grant some weary one
Shall reap from our glad sowing.

Wait.

The clouds may be low over valley and hill,
The voice of the ice fettered brooks may grow still;
The snow may be deep in the pathway before,
And winter may close on our hearts more and more.
But winter must pass, and the darkness must fly,
We can wait for the springtime; our hope cannot die.

The briers may climb round the gate we would pass.
With close twining tendrils, and rank growing grass.
But what are the briers? They die while we watch,
And break from the hinges, and fall from the latch.
Then, glad for our trial, we enter the portal,
We can wait to be happy; our life is immortal.

If earth's joys were delayed till we whispered, "Too late!"
If death touched our hands as they opened the gate,
If from springtime and gladness our souls should be riven,
Something brighter and better would wait us in heaven.

—Mabel Earle.

Select Literature.

An Awkward Blunder.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

(From The Youth's Companion.)

"Miss Mildred Brewster requests the pleasure of your presence at a small musicale at her house, Wednesday evening, June 5th."

The girl to whom the note was addressed read it with flushing cheeks and a cry of delight.

She started to her feet, dropping Miss Floy Parmenter's wedding dress in a billowy heap on the floor, and ran to the door of the fitting-room of the dressmaking establishment.

But her mother was busy trying a dress on Mrs. Commodore Skreene and could not be hurried, and the girl turned back, impatient to announce the news.

She whirled about in a little dance before the cheval-glass in the privacy of the inner room. Catching up Miss Parmenter's wedding dress, she held the shimmering fold before her.

"How shall I look in an evening gown?" she wondered, ecstatically.

"Oh, I suppose I am too silly, but I have been so hungry for good times and girls of my own kind! They are my own kind, those girls of Mildred Brewster's set, though I didn't suppose they'd ever acknowledge it. They never took the least notice of me when I went—so frightfully shabby!—to school with them. And Mildred Brewster seemed especially proud—although she was kind to get us the naval people for patrons. A musicale, too! I wonder how she knew I should like that. It may be that her brother Stanley has heard me singing in the garden when he has been canoeing on the river.

"O mother, dearest!" and she turned to her mother, who had finally got through with Mrs. Commodore Skreene and now stood in the doorway. "An invitation for me from Mildred Brewster to a musicale! When I opened the envelope I thought, of course, she had only written about the chiffon for her pink waist."

"I don't know why she shouldn't invite you," said the little, worn woman, her seamy cheeks growing red with pleasure.

"They are very aristocratic—very proud of their old family. They live in a colonial house a hundred years old, with family portraits and old silver and things; and you and I, mother dear, are nobodies. I trim Mildred's pretty gowns, and she sends up her father's checks. Those are the only relations that are to be expected between her and me."

"She hasn't seemed to think so," said her mother, quietly, but with a thrill in her voice. Mentally she vowed that whether money was plenty or scarce, Betty should go to the musicale in a lovely gown. For she knew all about the hunger for good times and girls, although never a word had been said. Mother eyes are sharp.

Meanwhile the postman had left a missive in Miss Mildred Brewster's hand writing at one of the old colonial houses, "with family portraits and old silver and things." It was addressed to Miss Frances Penhallow, and that young lady, who was Mildred's dearest friend, said she knew without opening it that it was an invitation to Mildred's musicale. She opened it nevertheless, and drew her brow into a frown as she read:

DEAR MISS MARTIN: Will you be so kind as to take the very greatest pains in matching the pink chiffon to my waist? I am sure I can trust your exquisite taste, but I should feel it to be such a calamity if that delicate shade of pink silk were to be spoiled by a deeper shade of trimming.

Hastily,
MILDRED BREWSTER.

"Just like Mildred! She has 'mixed those children up!'" exclaimed Miss Penhallow. "This note was meant for Betty Martin, the dressmaker's daughter. And she has probably got my invitation! I'll drive round there and carry this note, so that Mildred's waist may be sure to be all right. She has more faith in those people than she has in Madam Fontenelle. I think I'll get mamma to try them. I remember that the girl looked poor and forlorn when she went to school, but she is really effective now, she wears such good gowns. And there is something quaint about her, with her high forehead and her little peaked chin and her cornflower-blue eyes. If she could make me look as she does—"

Frances critically surveyed the image of the decendant of the Penhallows in the long mirror, and deliberately "made up a face" at it. It is true that the figure was stocky and the nose thick, and those discouraging points struck the owner of the figure more forcibly than did the honest clearness of the gray eyes, or the sympathetic sweetness of the mouth.

It was Betty herself who opened the door of the reception room, and her "quaint" face lighted up at the sight of the visitor. A friend of Mildred Brewster's bore with her a "charmed atmosphere."

Frances, smiling a little in response to the shy radiance of the girl's face, said: "I remember you at the high school, and I think you have such lovely taste!" She felt that Betty's attitude demanded something more kindly than an immediate plunge into business. "I have seen all the pretty things that you have made for Miss Brewster."

"Miss Brewster has been so very kind to me!" said Betty, with a thrill in her voice. "She has sent me an invitation to a musicale at her house." She displayed the card with childish simplicity. "I think someone must have told her that I love music," she added, with a doubtful, questioning glance at her visitor's face.

For a shadow had fallen upon the honest-eyed face, as Frances understood, in a flash, that it would be difficult to explain the mistake.

Difficult! It was impossible, she said to herself, as she caught a quiver of the chin that was cleft at its peaked tip by the childish dimple. There was a suspicion of mistiness about the cornflower-blue eyes. She did not suspect the blunder. How should she?

"I—I want to ask you about your disengaged time," faltered Frances. "I have been trying to bring my mother here for a long time."

Betty became business like at once and brought her mother, who, on consulting her thick engagement book, found that she should have a few days to spare in the course of a month.

"Of course I might have given the message about the pink waist," reflected Frances, as she flacked a fly off the fat pony's back, "but I was afraid she would suspect how things were. She was so pleased! To keep her from knowing that it was a mistake seemed the one important thing."

The pony was forced to go a pace which shook his fat sides and caused him to turn a questioning and reproachful eye upon his young mistress, whose views of life generally coincided with his own.

Out on Paradise Road, just where the air begins to be sweet with the locust trees, Frances met Mildred setting out with her brother Stanley and his friend, Lester Wyman. Mildred sent the young men on ahead, in obedience to an imperative private gesture from Frances, and then heard the story of the dreadful blunder.

"It was stupid of me," said Mildred, with a pucker of her serene brow. "But I don't see how she could have thought that I meant to invite her. How awkward for you to have to explain!"

"Awkward! I simply didn't explain. She was so pleased about the invitation! She thought you must have heard how fond she was of music. And I don't think that good times have ever come much in her way. I didn't say a word about your pink chiffon. I thought you would rather leave it to Providence than run the risk of hurting her."

"Why, of course, anything would be better than hurting her," said Mildred. "So far as the pink waist goes, I could write to her about it now. She is perfectly presentable, but I wish it could have happened some other time, if I had got to make such a blunder. I did want Lester Wyman, who is a diplomat's son and accustomed to the nicest people everywhere, to meet the very cream of Old Harbor society."

"She's the very creamiest thing in the town, so far as looks go, and he need never know that a dressmaking sign hangs out over her door. Give the girl a good time, and don't take it so hard," said Frances, sagely, as she tauched the fat pony with the whip.

"Hey, Betty Martin, tiptoe fine!" The little, hard-worked mother gave her daughter a playful push toward the long mirror, and the mirror reflected the prettiest gown that its experience had ever known. I was of pale blue silk muslin over pale blue silk, and to its girlish simplicity was added the indefinable quality known as "style." The slip of a girl, her blue eyes wide with half-incredulous delight, looked like a princess—or rather as a princess ought to look and is no more likely to look than any one else.

But as Betty turned away from the mirror—away, also, from her mother's eyes—the delight faded suddenly, as a candle is blown out by the wind, and the little peaked chin quivered with a haunting recollection of the expression on Frances Penhallow's face, and the forced tone of her congratulations. There has been a mistake made, somehow! It was not likely that Miss Brewster had meant to invite her.

She said that to herself at one moment, and tried to think the next that she had grown morbid and fanciful by much brooding over Frances Penhallow's look of surprise—a look of surprise, that was all. She had not known of the invitation. Betty had not breathed a hint of her suspicions to her mother, whose delight had been even greater than her own.

"I would go for her sake, over red-hot plow-shares!" Betty said to herself, giving a little kick to her beautiful, shimmering, light-blue train.

That train was gracefully carried on the night of the musicale, and so was the small, ash-colored head—only a trfle too high. And a "red and a restless spark" burned on Betty's cheek. But when she found, among all the throng of young people, no stare of surprise, or anything but the friendliest courtesy, she gradually put away even the suspicion that their minds had been prepared, and was gay with the rest.

Her heart grew warm toward Mildred Brewster and Frances Penhallow, who, without singling her out in any embarrassing way, constantly took pains that she should not feel herself a stranger. It grew so warm that when Mildred showed her chagrin that Madame D'Almati, the charming singer of English ballads, had failed to appear, she threw her shyness to the winds and said, with evidently a simple eagerness to be of service: "Oh, I can sing ballads—if you think any one would care to hear me! I have not a large voice, but it has been trained. I have an uncle who is a musician."

"If—if you will be so good," faltered Mildred, polite, but as she afterward confessed to Frances Penhallow, feeling "an awful dread."

But the "awful dread" was quite unnecessary. Betty had not, as she said, a large voice, but it had the thrilling, pathetic quality, the "wild, weird sweetness" found seldom except in an Irish voice, and most effective of all in simple ballads.

Betty made a success. Before she went home, in a carriage from the livery-stable that was only a few doors from the dressmaking establishment, she had promised to sing at another musicale in another of the old colonial houses.

"Now we shall know what to do for her!" said Mildred, joyfully, to Frances, whom she had kept for a private conclave. "Every one will take her up! She can give parlor concerts, and she can get pupils by the score! We can get her to give up the dressmaking."

But when the plans were matured and laid before Betty Martin, she was grateful, but obdurate.

"I couldn't teach, it isn't in me!" she explained. "Mother tried it before she married, and had a dreadful struggle. And father was a lawyer, when he ought to have stayed on the farm. We think, mother and I, that when we are born our work is born with us. We're like the old milkwoman—you've seen her!—who took her husband's route when he died. She says its the work she was born for, whether it's proper work for a woman or not. She says she is like the kings and queens—a milkwoman by the grace of God. That's the way mother and I are dressmakers. I want her to put 'Dressmaker, *Dei Gratia*,' on the sign. If I had the voice for a great career, I don't know, it might be different. But as it is, I like to earn my living by the commonplace work that I know I can always do thoroughly well.

"There is another little reason"—Betty hesitated and drew a quick breath—"which I'm afraid you will think fantastic and foolish. My little singing gift seems sacred because it was my father's only solace from pain in his long illness; it was our one cheer in the dark days. I can't bear to take it to market!"

"It's a little disappointing," said Mildred to Frances, when they were alone, "but I am not sure that she isn't right. There are so many struggling artists of every kind, and never enough good dressmakers! My pink waist is a dream! Betty, dressmaker, by the grace of God! I really believe she is."

Skidsy's Vacation.

HELLO, fellers! Hello, Mickey! Hello, Geinzenheimer! How's yer foot? How's papers sellin'? Say, I've gained five pounds! Say, when I give youse kids a tip after this, take it, see? I told youse to start in with me at the mission Sunday school, didn't I? Didn't I, Geeze?

"Well, all you'd have had to done wuz to go, and you'd been took away for a week, like I wuz. I jus' got back last night. I gained five pounds! Say, is's great, kids! I went in swimmin' twice a day, and I made a hot dive off the dock and struck me head, and I wuz nearly drowned and they had to roll me on a barrel! Honest they did! And we had dinner twice a day, and pudding and ice cream on Sunday! Honest! I wish I may die! Youse kids don't know what you missed!

"We started on a Saturday and we all met at the mission, and had hats and shoes and shirts giv'us so we'd look like gentlemen, the teacher said. Say that teacher's all right. She helped to roll me on the barrel.

"First, we took the trolley and then we got the train—a train with an enjine. And they wuz an ax on the wall to get out if you wus wrecked, and the conductor come round and asked us fur our tickets, and we thought we'd get put off because we didn't have any. But she had them—the teacher—and the conductor was only foolin." The conductor can't put anyone off when the train is goin' if you have no tickets. He just stops the train and lets you get off. But Google says he just pushed you off, and every time when he passed and said "Tickets!"— just like that—Hennessy wuz so scared he began to cry. Say, he's a baby. He's afraid to swim and he's afraid of the dark and everything, and he has fits and wakes us all up cryin' at night. He don't act like no gentleman—and Google don't, because he sweared twice and the teacher heard him, and he wasn't let in swimmin' fur two days.

"Finnelly we stopt at a station and we all got in the stage and wuz drove up to a big white house with grass round it and no fire escapes. Some of the fellers said it was dangerous to live in a house without fire escapes. And say, kids, they wuz a cow lookin' over the wall and Google said he could milk it, but he wuz lying' 'cause we dared him to next day and he couldn't.

"Then we went in the wash-house and washed our face and hands combed our hairs, and then we went to supper. It wuz just like a resstrunt. They was berries and milk and apples and a bowl of soup and bread and butter, all you wanted—only Google took eight slices and the teacher said that was quite enough for any gentleman.

"We all had to go to bed then, 'cause she said we wuz tired, but we wuzn't, and each feller had a bed like a hotel, with a piller and a sheet and a blanket all to himself. Then we all said our prayurs and they put the candles out, and something flew in the window and buzzed, and Google said it was a bat and would suck our blood and pick our eyes out, and we all covered onr heads, and Hennessy began to cry and the teacher came in, and it wuz only a big beetle—perfectly harmless the teacher said. She killed it. She's afraid of nothin', the teacher is.

"We wuzn't allowed to get up till the bell rung at six, and we had to wash again and comb our hairs. That wuz the worst of it. You have to wash before every meal and when you got up and when you went to bed. Nig Marco is almost white.

"We had oatmeal and apple sauce and bread and butter and eggs—say, real hens' eggs!—they have the hens right there and they lay the eggs fresh and you don't have to pay for them. Then we was took to the shore and the teacher went in bathin' with us, and we all laughed when she came out in her bathin' suit with a big straw hat on. Then we swum under water and doused Hennessy and cried, He's a baby! Then Dutchy said he saw a devil-fish and we scooted, and the teacher said it was no such thing, and then a crab caught her toe and she yelled and run, and we all laughed.

"We wuz allowed to stay in fur near an hour and then Google swum out and made faces at the teacher, and the life savin' man went in his boat and chased Google out in ocean and brought him and he wuz punished and made stay in fur the rest of the day; and he tried to escape by the windows and they took his clothes away. The teacher says Google is thoroughly depraved.

"Then we dug fur clams and made forts, and Hennessy fell asleep on the sand and we buried him, and the teacher said we must leave an air hole so's he could breathe. Then he woke up and cried, and the life-savin' man giv' him an apple and took him out rowin.' The life savin' man is all burned black from the sun. He's awful strong. He can lift two of us boys at once, and when he wuz a boy he lived in a light house and had to climb two hundred feet to swing a lantern so's the ships wouldn't be wrecked. He's bigger than the conductor.

"The furst thing 'twuz dinner time and we had tablecloths and Spafinisky spilled his coffee. That's like a rowdy to spill things or eat with your knife or take two mouthfuls at once or chew out loud. Google does them all. He'll never be took again.

They wuz soup and vegetable and potatoes, and stew and peas, and bread and butter and milk and coffee—whichever you prefurred, the teacher said—and Google said he prefurred both, and we all laughed, and the teacher laughed, and Google laughed and choked his food. He's perfuctly incorrigan, the teacher says.

"Then after dinner we had to rest, and then we went to the playground where there wuz a swing and a merry-go-round that we worked with a crank.

"Then we went down to the medder where the cow wuz and we dared Google to milk him and he dassent, and we found a tree with apples on it and we made Hennessy climb up and throw the apples down to us, and a man came up and caught him and tied him to a tree until the teacher came and explained how it wuz. Then she said it would be honorable of us to return the apples only we'd eat 'em. And then we went to the pigpen, and Google said he would steal one of the little pigs and have a barbercue. You have a barbercue with a bonfire and you roast the pig alive.

Then a man came by with a hay wagon and asked us if we'd like a ride, and we all climbed in and Hennessy fell asleep on the hay and we prodded him with a pitchfork until he woke up. Then he cried and the man let him drive. He's a hot driver, he is.

"When we got back the teacher said we might go in bathin' again or rest quietly if we prefurred. We prefurred to go in, and the life-saver took us out in his boat. It's air tight and it can't sink or tip over; and the waves come into it when they's a storm.

"Then George dared me to dive off the dock and I said I wouldn't 'cause it wa against the rules, and he dared and double dared me and said I dassant. So I sneaked upon the dock and dived, and I hit me head and thought I was drowned, and then they rolled me on a barrul, the teacher and the life saver and the boys. And there wuz Hennessy cryin"as usuool.

"We had waffles for supper and Google got in a fight with Dutchy. Dutchy said Google stole his waffles when he was reaching for some butter, and the teacher said it was disgraceful, and sent them up into the dormiturry. And Google stole a bunch of matches and dared Dutchy to get up in the middle of the night and fight, and he did, and Nig Marco lit the matches so they's have some light, and we all sat up in bed, and Dutchy made Google's nose bleed, and the teacher came in and stopped the fight and said we ought to be chained up like animals.

"Next day Hennessy had a fit and the doctor come, and he wuz put out in the pavilion all by himself and he had jelly and beef tea, and we took turns watchin' him all but Google.

"We had fun like that every day and then Google stole a horse and brought it to the mission and the doctor licked him for it. Then a Chinaman came up with some clothes fur the wash and Google called him a Boxer and they had a fight, and the teacher came out and gave the Chink a quarter to go away.

"Then we all come home but Hennessy 'cause he was delicut. It's a hot place that cottage! I gained five pounds! Say, next time youse fellers get a tip from me you'll take it, won't you?"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

—The captain of the "Falcon" told this curious yarn, according to a newspaper reporter, showing one way in which anti-tobacco rules are enforced at sea. A distinguished passenger on an ocean steamer took the liberty to eject not only the tobacco juice but the "quid" itself on the immaculately clean quarter deck. "All hands on deck with marlin spikes, shovels and brooms," shouted the chief officer. The order was immediately obeyed by all the men of the watch, and the ungentlemanly gentleman given a rebuke for his lack of good manners.

The conductor of an electric car on an Essex county line taught the same lesson in a similar way not long ago. A tobacco-chewing passenger declined to take any hint as to the use he was making of the floor of the car near him; the conductor brought in a pail of sand when a siding was reached and gravely spread the contents around his feet. The passenger took that hint and left the car. Of course no true gentleman will tres pass on the rights of others by using the filthy weed in public places—least of all in the presence of ladies.

"An Empty Sack Can not Stand Upright."
Neither can poor, weak, thin blood nourish and sustain the physical system. For strength of nerves and muscles there must be pure, rich, vigorous blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard preparation for the blood and its many remarkable cures and the fact that it does everybody good who takes it prove it is just what you need if you are weak and languid.

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For information as to farming or mineral lands, water powers, manufacturing sites or winter resorts, rates of board, rent of cottages, employment for invalid mechanics who need to go South, address JOHN PATRICK, Chief Industrial Agent, S. A. L., Pinebluff, North Carolina. tApl15

Weather Prophecy.

Weather prophecies have long been the butt of popular jests and in most cases with justice, for such guesses have usually been wide of the mark. When, however, a weather prophet, and a self constituted one at that, predicts within one day the date of so terrific a cyclone as that which devasted Galveston, his future opinions should be regarded with considerable respect. Ten months before the Galveston visitation Andrew Jackson Devoe, weather prophet, of Hackensack, N. J., predicted it.

His forecast was printed on the September page of an almanac and read as follows: "On the 9th a great cyclone will form over the gulf of Mexico and move up the Atlantic coast, causing very heavy rains from Flordia to Maine from the 10th to 12th." It is positively proved that this prediction was sent out toward the end of last year. Scoffers may say that it was only a lucky guess, but they cannot impugn its authenticity or accuracy. Besides this, Professor Devoe predicted within two days the floods that wrought such destruction at Austin, Tex., in April. Readers may have an opportunity to judge for themselve the truth of his predictions. For the end of October he foretells great storms on the English coast.

Andrew Jackson Devoe, meteorologist, as he styles himself, has been for years before the public as a weather prophet. He has been scoffed at and derided, and the government has consistently refused to recognize him, but withal he has gone on prophesying. The light seems to be breaking for him and the remarkable accuracy of many of his predictions seems about to be universally acknowledged, although many persons have believed in him for years. He is a resident of Hackensack, N. J., and a member of the school board of his town. He is also engaged in business there, for in weather prophesying the financial returns are very slim.

Professor Devoe is about 40 years of age, married and has several children. He is not without honor in his own country, for he is well thought of by his townsmen. He explains his theory of the weather thus: "After many years of careful investigation I have discovered the law which causes storms to form and draws them in their course as they travel over our earth's surface. It is a difficult law to explain, but I would call it electrical magnetism, and the force and power of its energy are decreased or increased just in proportion as certain astronomical conditions approach or recede from our earth. When the great Creator created our earth and the heavens above it, he established a law, and by that law everything on and above our earth is perpetually balanced. Therefore, when one great storm belt forms over the United States it must have its counterpart in Asia. I have learned by observation that the surface of our earth is divided into wet and dry belts, and that these wet and dry belts are controlled by astronomical law; that they can be located years in advance; that although they may change their positions on our earth's surface every two or three months, yet they move by law, and their future positions can be determined by applying that law."

No Time for Friendship.

Friendship is said to beout of date. We certainly have not much time to spare nowadays even to reflect on what the rush and hurry and bustle of modern life are costing us. Now and again, however, there is borne in upon us the sad realization of the losses we sustain as we tear and scramble through what we now call life. And is not one of these the power of establishing close friendships?

It is a sad reflection, but the more we think of it the truer we shall find it to be, that we no longer have time to knit together those bonds of true friendship and affection which bound our predecessors together and made life sweet to them.

We are always in a hurry, rushing here and there. We meet and know many people in crowds and yet never have time to understand them, to give them or gain from them sympathy. We can scarcely spare an hour that is unconnected with some form of entertainment or some business matter to those we call our closest friends.

Letter writing has been reduced to its least common denominator as time presses on us heavily, and we have no pursuits that we can share with our so-called friends that enable us to study each other's characters. Friendship, in fact, has become a mere term with the general run of people.

An Opportunity not to be Lost.

There are some disadvantages which attach themselves to persons who have become famous. These, however, often have their ludicrous side. It is said that one time Henry Clay, the American statesman, was travelling in the west, and stopped overnight in a little log cabin inhabited by an old man and his wife. After breakfast the next morning his old host, who had been in a flutter of excitement ever since he learned who his distinguished guest was, said he would like to make a slight request before the visitor departed.

"Couldn't ye," he said, with evident anxiety, "could ye jest make my wife an' me a little speech before leavin' us?"

The Inspector was no Pilgrim.

'A pilgrim,' said a boy at an examination, 'is a man who travels from place to place.'

'I do that,' said the inspector, 'am I a pilgrim?'

The answer came: 'No, sir; a pilgrim is a good man.'

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.