The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1904. NO. 43

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.)
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Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

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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.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, N S
April 1st, 1903.—1y

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies. Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

Capital Authorized,	-	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed,	-	1,336,150
Capital Paid Up,	-	1,336,150
Reserve Fund,	-	931,405

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
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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	$1,205,900	$ 1,336,295
Reserve Fund, -	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	472,401	5,115,848	8,835,421
Circulation, -	148,412	1,063,866	1,134,902
Loans, -	793,880	6,534,320	7,607,609
P. D. Bills -	52,139	10,754	1,346
Liabilities, -	804,426	7,137,176	8,115,850
Assets, -	1,358,209	9,170,343	10,373,650

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

Poetry.

No Room for a Boy.

What can a boy do and where can a boy stay,
If he always is told to get out of the way?
He cannot sit here and he must not stand there;
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;
A boy has no business ever to be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys walk somewhere; and what if their feet,
Sent out of our homes, sent into the street,
Should step 'round the corner and pause at the door,
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys."

Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line?
'Twix virtue and vice, 'twix pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?
Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make 'round our hearthstone a place for the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;
And if our homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street,
'Mid the gilding of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heartaches and longings, we pay a dear price
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray.
As cares settle down 'round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds,
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;
Though our soul may be vexed with the problems of life,
And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

Select Literature.

A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

(By Grace Duffield Goodwin, in The Independent.)

"Not again?"

"Yes, again. Just what I always said. Men's hearts are mostly like cabbages, anyway; pull off one of the leaves and the next is just as green and perky as ever."

"Well," responded the older woman, shifting her very obvious bundle of groceries to the unwearied arm, and folding her shawl more closely about her ample person, "Deacon Hawkins has what you might call a real gift for matrimony—always gets a good wife, lives contented with her, buries her decent and respects her memory. I've neighbored with all three of them Hawkins women, living next the Deacon like we've done for forty years. You bein' so much younger and sort of new to the town, likely don't remember Harriet, nor Sarah, though you knew Jane pretty well." The other woman gave a derisive sniff as she quickened her pace somewhat, evidently under the spur of recollection.

"Sh'd think I did know Jane Hawkins; her and me had one awjul tiff when we were getting up Brother Ketcham's donation. She gave me such a meachin' little pie that I up and spoke my mind. I told her that seein' all the money she and the Deacon wasted on dead folks' graves, I thought they'd a sight better buy bigger pie plates to feed the livin', and and she never passed the time of day with me from then till she was took off, and not then, as you may say, because I was to Maine, and she died here in New Jersey."

"Well, I must say, Elviry Smith, you always have had a pretty lively flow of speech. I don't doubt you've tied many a knot with your tongue you couldn't untie with your teeth. But Jane Hawkins was a good woman and a dutiful for all that, and so was Sarah; Harriet come first and so, of course, she hadn't no call to complain. I've seen the bride, because I was to the store when they drove past, and she looks more skittish than Jane. I should say she favored Harriet more in looks, sort of chirky and bright."

"I'm sure I wish her no harm; if she makes as good potato risin' as Jane she'll do pretty well. The Deacon must have had to learn to like all kinds in his day. Good-bye. This is my corner; come over when you can"—and Elvira Smith disappeared with long, angular strides up the lane. Mrs. Bascom looked after her with a smile on her round, good-natured face. "Guess it's about true," she murmured; "folks do say Elviry was fixin' to be the Deacon's fourth herself. She always had an idea she'd like to show him a thing or two about his cranky notions."

Up at Deacon Hawkins' comfortable house the woman who had caused all this discussion was going from room to room, examining with interest the stiff but handsome old furniture in the parlor, the warm upstairs rooms flooded with sunshine, the spotless kitchen with its yellow painted floor and multiplicity of cupboards and conveniences. Mrs. Hawkins was a plump, solid little person of little age, with shrewd gray eyes, a merry smile and an undefined air of capability in every line of her brisk figure.

"It's evident that I'm not the first housekeeper in this kitchen," she remarked to herself a little grimly, but with a gleam of humor in her face, "tho' I'm real thankful for it all, and the Deacon's a good man. It's considerable better than school-teachin' and boardin' round, and I always did want to have my way in a big sunny kitchen. I'll put Dickey in this south window and Tabby can have this old rocker to sleep in."

Just as the tour of inspection ended the outside door opened, and Deacon Hawkins came in from the barn. He walked over to his new wife with the vigor of a boy and gave her a sounding kiss. "Are you makin' yourself at home?" he asked, his pleasant square face beaming through its fringe of gray whiskers. "That's right. You'll find sights of conveniences here in the kitchen—seems like I'd spent more more money here than on all the rest of the house; each one of the others was always a-thinkin' of some different arrangement to make things easy, and I never denied any of them nothin'. No wife of mine could ever say she couldn't have pretty near what she wanted for the askin'. Folks say I was a pretty fool to let them do the way they done, Sarah especially, she was so sort of high-flown ('twas her fixed all them flower-racks); but I always said it was a matter of sentiment, and I believe in sentiment myself, even if I be a plain sort of man—with a tarnal set of teeth that come out every washin'"—this last in sputtering incoherence, as he plunged his dripping face into the tin basin and heard the ominous clatter in the sink. The intricacies of his toilet forbade a divided mind, so he failed to note the varying expressions that chased each other over the face of his fourth wife. "Mary Black as was," as she had gayly told the butcher that morning. But the close of the Deacon's speech restored the smiles, and she answered cheerfully, "Seems as if there wasn't much left to do to make this room the handiest I ever saw." "That's so," assented the Deacon, who had recovered his vehicles of articulation and had scrubbed his face to a rubicund warmth on the roller-towel, "and you'll find it just so everywhere in the house. I declare, it's a real pleasure to me to go round and see all the things and think this was the way Harriet wanted it, or Sarah—lots of the notions was Sarah's—or Jane, only Jane wasn't much given to spendin' money; she was some of a comfort that way, but Sarah kept the purse-strings untied, I tell you! And I want you to have every single thing you want, Harriet—I mean Mary—you see you favor my first wife some—so don't you be backward about askin'."

Mary Black smiled dryly. "Don't you fret, Deacon Hawkins; I guess I stand as good a chance as the others. Now let's look at the house together and then I'll get tea."

The good man was overflowing with happiness and smiles; it seemed "so natural to have a woman pokin' round again," he said to himself almost gleefully, as he struggled into his coat to escort his wife in state over her new home. Upstairs and down they went, he explaining, she admiring, as well as she might, for the great house, while plainly furnished, in matters of comfort left little to be desired.

"Is this a moth-closet?" she inquired, turning the handle of a small room which she had just noticed; "it hasn't any light in it, and it smells of camphor."

"Not much," and the Deacon gave his rafter-raising laugh; "that's the thunder-and-lightnin' closet. Sarah made me fix that, she was so terribly scared of storms. She had a feather bed in it, too, so's she could get under; but Jane jerked it out for the spare room—Jane was thrifty, I tell you, and she had lots of sense."

Mary Black snapped the key in the lock somewhat viciously; "I shan't need it," she said.

"Why, what's the matt?r?" asked her husband in mild surprise; "you're as short as pie-crust; don't you like the things?"—this with evident anxiety.

Mary's face recovered its serenity and she put her hands on his shoulders. "Deacon Hawkins," she said seriously, "you're a good man, and I'll do my level best by you."

They left the parlor until last; Mary had seen that in part before. She had no dread of country "best rooms"; with her, as with the people among whom she had come to live, they were a matter for respectful pride, fit only for marriages and funerals, or for the minister's half-yearly visit, when he opened the brass-bound Bible and "had prayers" with the family. Mary was quite prepared for it all; the huge-flowered carpet, the horse-hair sofa and chairs ranged at regular intervals around the white walls; anything else would have savored of disappointment. "Is that your mother?" she asked, stepping across the room in the dim light to examine an oil painting in a heavy gilt frame.

"No," said the Deacon, gravely, as he threw open a shutter; "that's Harriet, but twan't never a speakin' likeness; the artist painted it from a tintype, and the colors don't resemble Harriet, somehow.

"The next one is Sarah; that's one of them colored crayons; she had it done herself for my Christmas by one of these traveling artists. He done the picture free, and we paid five dollars for the frame if we liked the picture; I don't like it so well's I might, and I told the artist-fellow so; but law, he made such a terrible time about it, come here one day when I was gone, and talked so fierce he'd like to scared Sarah into fits, that she paid for it, and, after all, it's about as good as any, I guess. Seems like Sarah didn't use to look so glum, somehow," and the Deacon peered with a troubled expression up at the hair that resembled cardboard pasted around the face, at the purple lips and the wonderful elaboration of collar and breastpin.

"I decided he must have took her one day when she had neuralgia, or her bread didn't raise. This one's Jane. It only come home last week; it's real good of her; she was a well-looking woman, if I do say it as shouldn't. Her hair was sort of curly, and she never wore specs up till she died. Those flowers I put there on her birthday, last week. I always do—it's just a matter of sentiment. I treat all alike. Next week will be Harriet's birthday, Wednesday. I've got to go to the State Fair, and I thought mebbe you'd remember to fix 'em for me; Jane used to, and so did Sarah."

Mary Black was looking out of the window, which she closed slowly as she turned to her husband. She had succeeded in banishing every particle of expression from her face. "I will do whatever you like," she said calmly.

Back to the kitchen they went, the garrulous and happy Deacon still chattering away like a woman, and Mary rather more silent than usual. Suddenly he looked at her anxiously. "I mean to hang you on the end wall, if you like," he said.

On Sunday Deacon Hawkins escorted his wife to the village church and proudly ushered her into the pew. "Same slip I've sat in, man and boy, nigh sixty years," he whispered. The church was such an one as Mary had expected to find in Medford, unpretentious, comfortable, and to-day filled to the doors with farmers and their families from the surrounding country, and with the villagers, many of whom had come on purpose to see Deacon Hawkins' "last."

Soon Mary's eye was attracted by the unusual beauty of three fine windows, so out of keeping with the simplicity of the building as to be noticeable at once. She did not need the Deacon's enthusiastic whisper at her ear to explain to her what they were; she understood perfectly. Harriet, Sarah and Jane were risen again before her, Harriet as Rebecca, Jane as Ruth, and Sarah, the "high-flown one," as Miriam, dancing. "Seemed fittenest so," commented the Deacon; "she didn't resemble no other Bible woman as either the minister or I could pitch on."

Harriet's window bore a handsome wreath of fresh roses, and Mary recalled the birthday next week, only to receive her husband's further illumination of a subject beginning to be somewhat dark.

"Taint for her birthday; to-day was our wedding anniversary. I keep flowers in the house on birthdays, and in the church on wedding days, and on the graves on the days they died. I always have their favorite flowers; it's some confusing if you don't just give your mind to it. Jane always used to tend to it, and so did Sarah. I hope you'll learn pretty soon; I'll mark them down on the calendar in the kitchen, and you can take your time about learnin' them."

Mary Black's eyes held a rebellious flash as she put her hand gently on her husband's knee, to warn him that service had begun. Afterward, with some inward struggle, she followed him to the churchyard, there to see the white headstones in the Hawkins plot, each "Sacred to the memory of" Harriet or Sarah or Jane, "beloved wife of Deacon Israel Hawkins."

Her husband was pointing out to her eagerly the beauties of the granite shaft in the middle, three sides of which were inscribed. With his sleeve he polished off the uncut side, remarking in a tone of sincere affection, "Here's just one place left for you, Mary. I'm goin' on that plain place up above, and then it will all be full. I don't calculate there'll be any one to follow you. I've been blessed beyond most men," he added, simply.

It is well for the profession of school-teaching that it demands self-control, for only that saved Mary from giving away to a wild impulse of laughter, which she realized that the good man, here among the visible reminders of his joys and sorrows, would never understand nor forgive. She walked away, and her husband followed slowly.

True to his purpose, on reaching home, he took from his pocket a stubby pencil and marked on the kitchen calendar the cabalistic signs that were to be Mary's future guide:

Jan. 3rd, H. b. h. l.
Aug. 19th, S. m. c. r.
Aug. 2nd, H. d. g. l.
Oct. 10th, J. b. h. p.
Sept. 12th, J. m. c. p.
Apr. 12th, J. d. g. p.
Oct. 22nd, S. b. h. r.
Sept. 15th, S. d. g. r.
Sept. 18th, H. m. c. l.

"There," he said, with a great sigh of relief, "that's as plain as a pike-staff; the first letter is for the name, the next means whether they were born or died or got married, and the next where the flowers go—g grave, h house, c church; the last is for their favorite posies if you can get 'em; l lilies, r roses, p pineys. It may seem dreadful foolish, but I'll do as much for you, Mary; it's just a matter of sentiment."

Everything ran along smoothly in the big house. Mary was in reality perfectly content; she had not been young and romantic, and so she got even more out of her marriage than she had expected. The Deacon was unfailingly cheerful, kind, considerate. "I don't doubt he's been a good husband to us all," she said one day to herself, with a little choking laugh, as she flicked the dust from Harriet's severe countenance, Sarah's superior collar and Jane's curly hair, "and I declare I hope I'm doin' as well by him as you did."

The first ripple that occurred to mar their absolute serenity was in August. The minister had announced that on the first Sunday in September he would take the regular annual collection for foreign missions. Mary came home full of interest. She had always been an earnest church-worker, and had given out of her scanty salary many times more than she could afford to her beloved missionaries. Her heart danced for joy to think that this year, in her altered circumstances, she could give more than ever, and she laid the matter at once before her husband. His kind face grew grave. "I'm dreadful sorry, Mary," he said, "to seem to deny you anythin', but the truth is I'm always a little short about now. You see there's so many anniversaries come along in September and October, Sarah's and Jane's birthdays, Harriet's and Jane's wedding days, and Sarah's death day, and I calculate to spend about a hundred dollars then to show proper respect. I'm awful sorry. Perhaps I can spare you a dollar when I sell the calf."

Mary's lips tightened in a thin line. "You needn't put yourself out," she replied, stiffly; "I've saved a little; I'll give that. That plate never went by me yet, and it's never going to."

But the Deacon was troubled; his bright face wore a cloud. "I've got to be gone about six weeks this fall," he told his wife that night, "just through part of September and October, and I'll have to leave that money with you, and let you see to those flowers. Your a master-hand to remember things. I never see a woman to beat you in that unless perhaps it was Sarah; she had a powerful memory, had Sarah."

September came, and Deacon Hawkins departed, leaving renewed instructions about the flowers, to all of which Mary gave cheerful assent. He had been gone but a day or two when she decided, somewhat reluctantly, to look at the calendar and arrange her plans. But no calendar was hanging on its accustomed nail, nor did a thorough search of the entire house reveal its hiding place. The calendar was gone, and with it all hope of disentangling those alphabetic mortuary puzzles over which she had shed already more than a few angry tears. But now she was panic-stricken. For two hours she sat over the fire that evening, growing hot and cold by turns as she realized her predicament. The shadowy kitchen grew darker. Harriet's table, Sarah's flower-racks, Jane's shelves became accusing ghosts in the gloom. But Mary Black was once more to give thanks for her training as a school teacher; she had learned the value of common-sense; so at last she sat up straight in her chair like one who has taken a great resolution, defiantly arose and lit her candle and marched to bed.

The next week she called on the minister, and then she went calmly about the necessary preparations for her lord's return.

Meanwhile, Elvira Smith and Mrs. Bascom had much to say to each other and to other people. "She looked like a flighty thing when first I see her," said Mrs. Bascom. "I always mistrusted a woman who wears nateral crimps after she's forty."

"She ain't near as neighborly as Jane," said Elvira, with bitterness. "She's dretful close-mouthed. I hope the Deacon will give her her come-uppance, that's all."

When Deacon Hawkins came home Elvira Smith made it a point to meet him. "Queer doin's since you've been gone, Deacon," she said significantly. "Jane never done so; not a flower to be seen in church or on the graves since you left. What there may be in the house nobody knows. Mary Black never had no reputation for bein' neighborly."

The Deacon heard in bewildered silence, and when Mary met him in the hall she knew that the declaration of independence awaited her trembling signature. He brushed by her hastily and opened the parlor door. The affronted and undecorated likenesses of Harriet, Sarah and Jane gazed at him reproachfully through the gloom. He turned to his wife and his face was full of the question his lips refused to frame.

"Israel," said Mary, with gentle decision, "You come here and set down and hear what I've got to say. There ain't goin' to be any more such sums of money spent on dead folks in this house, while live folks are achin' and sufferin' and dyin' for something more fillin' than flowers. I gave that money to the minister, every single mite of it, to be spent on poor folks this winter, and I told him it was in lovin' memory of Harriet and Sarah and Jane Hawkins."

The Deacon sat in absolute silence for many minutes; then he leaned over and took his handkerchief to wipe away the tears that were streaming down his wife's face. "It's all right, Mary," he said, tenderly. "You all have your own way, but you're all real good women, if I do say it. It was just a little matter of sentiment."

Mary's tear-wet eyes overflowed with laughter. "So it was with me, Israel; just nothin' in the world but a matter of sentiment"—but she added as she went out of the room, "I don't know as I ever would have had the spunk if so be Providence hadn't willed I should lose that calendar."

SEED TIME

The experienced farmer has learned that some grains require far different soil than others; some crops need different handling than others. He knows that a great deal depends upon right planting at the right time, and that the soil must be kept enriched. No use of complaining in summer about a mistake made in the spring. Decide before the seed is planted.

The best time to remedy wasting conditions in the human body is before the evil is too deep rooted. At the first evidence of loss of flesh

Scott's Emulsion

should be taken immediately. There is nothing that will repair wasted tissue more quickly or replace lost flesh more abundantly than Scott's Emulsion. It nourishes and builds up the body when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

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CHEMISTS
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and $1; all druggists

Ayer's

Take cold easily? Throat tender? Lungs weak? Any relatives have consumption? Then a cough means a great

Cherry Pectoral

deal to you. Follow your doctor's advice and take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It heals, strengthens, prevents.

"For 40 years I have depended on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. I know it greatly strengthens weak lungs."
MRS. P. A. ROBINSON, Salina, Mich.

50c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Weak Lungs

Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

Earl Grey Favors Cold Water Club.

His Excellency Congratulates the Ottawa Athletic Club on Absence of Intoxicating Beverages.

Ottawa, Dec. 18.—Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Grey, with their daughters and suite, were guests of honor at the O. A. A. C. bazaar last night. His Excellency, in acknowledging the kindly welcome of the chairman of the bazaar committee, congratulated the young men of Ottawa on the many sporting championships they had won. It was an evidence of the keen interest taken in legitimate sport in Canada that a hockey team was coming all the way from Dawson to Ottawa to struggle for the Stanley Cup. He wished some of his friends at home could know that they were living nearer to Ottawa than were those young men who were coming from Dawson. He trusted that the O. A. A. C. would go on and prosper. He had heard that it devoted itself solely to the encouragement of sports, and had no stronger intoxicating beverages within its walls than cold water. It therefore really represented one of the ideals he had been working at in England. He had been interested in a crusade in England, which had for its object to provide a counter attraction to the drinking saloon. The Ottawa Athletic club was a proof that it was possible to furnish legitimate forms of amusement without endangering the health of its members, and he heartily congratulated the club on its splendid work. His Excellency was frequently applauded.

Fasting Preacher Starves to Death.

The Rev. J. C. Buckles Goes Without Food to Show His Faith, and His Sister Also Fasts.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 1.—The Rev. J. C. Buckles, formerly a Methodist local preacher in Addiston, a suburb of this city, died to-day of starvation, having fasted forty-one days. His sister, who has been fasting with him, is in a serious condition.

Mr. Buckles became convinced that he was called upon by the Lord to show his faith by fasting, and since that time not a particle of food has passed his lips. He convinced his sister that she ought to fast with him, and the woman began her fast a few days later.

Mr. Buckles came here two years ago from Clemont county, and became an assistant to the Rev. J. S. Young, of Addiston. He became interested in the school of so-called "Holiness" believers about a year ago, and in a few months was converted to their faith.

Miss Buckles was found sitting at the bedside of her brother when he was found dead this morning, and she could not be brought to believe he was really dead.

"I know my brother is not dead," Miss Buckles said. "He is only sleeping. The Lord would not call upon him to fast, and then take his life away for obedience. He will bring him back to life, stronger than ever, as a reward for his faith."

A Certain Cure for Croup

When a child shows symptoms of croup, there is no time to experiment with new remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended. There is one preparation that can always be depended upon. It has been in use for many years and has never been known to fail, viz: Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. M. F. Compton, of Market, Texas, says of it, "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in severe cases of croup with my children, and can truthfully say it always gives prompt relief." For sale by S. N. Weare.

WAR NEWS.

Tokio, Dec. 20.—All Japan is to-day ringing with praises of General Samejima as the hero of the assault on Kekewan Mountain fort. It is conceded that his heroism inspired his men and turned a threatened disaster into a splendid victory. General Samejima is an old Samurai veteran of the war of the restoration and Stuma rebellion. He is gray haired and bent, but is wiry and active. He is an engineer and was formerly a garrison commander. He is Japan's specialist in fortifications and was called to Port Arthur to superintend the siege works. He was not assigned to an active command and it is supposed here that General Samejima replaced General Tsuchiya as division commander.

HOW KEKEWAN WAS TAKEN.

Headquarters of the Third Japanese Army, vis Fusan, Dec. 20.—The capture of the North Kekewan Mountain fort was a brilliant spectacle. For weeks the Japanese have been tunneling two shafts forty feet in length with four branches. They laid seven mines which were exploded on the 18th. The two attacking parties were composed of volunteers, and those participating in the first attempt failed to capture the fort. The soldiers of the first force were distinguished by a red badge. They remained in the moat during the explosion of the mines, having charged prematurely, and many were killed by the debris. The second body of assaulters, distinguished by white badges, was in the saps during the explosion and was prevented from charging immediately, the mouths of the saps having been filled with debris. The explosion made two huge rents in the north walls, through which the assaulters charged, winning the trenches in front of the wall and killing the remainder of the garrison in the rear of the fort.

THE BALTIC FLEET.

New York, Dec. 20.—A Brussels despatch to the Times says: Passengers of the steamer Leopoldville, which arrived at Antwerp yesterday (Sunday), report that the Baltic fleet stopped to coal at Librelle, French Congo. Admiral Rojestvensky exchanged visits with the French officials, to whom he expressed the hope that he would arrive in the Far East about the middle of March.

CHINA TO BE JAPAN'S ALLY.

Boston, Dec. 20.—The American board of Foreign Missions made public to-day a report from its oldest missionary in Japan, Rev. D. C. Greene, D. D., of Tokio, in which Dr. Greene states that there are now 1,000 Chinese students, including 500 military cadets, in Tokio, under the auspices of the Chinese government, and 1,000 more in the city independent of the government.

Dr. Greene further stated that if one should add to this the fact that several provinces of China have military schools with Japanese instructors, it is not difficult to see that when peace is restored Japan is not to stand alone in her purpose to prevent a new invasion of Manchuria on the part of Russia. There is no evidence, according to Dr. Greene, that Japan is becoming exhausted. The rice harvest of the year is estimated to be worth 130,000,000 yen more than the average and is the best for twenty years. Prices range high, but otherwise there is no sign of serious strain.

Private enterprises, like electrical railways, are being pushed forward without serious loss of vigor. Railway extension is still to go forward, though more slowly.

MUKDEN IS TRANQUIL.

(Correspondence of the Assd. Press.)

Mukden, Nov. 20.—A month back the natives of Mukden were on the verge of panic. The Russians were retreating from Liao Yang and, so the story went, were not going to stop short of Tie Pass. Everyone who had the means to leave prepared to do so. Private vehicles disappeared from the streets and all modes of conveyance rose to famine prices. Two wheeled carts that serve as droskys vanished. Shutters went up on many of the stores, and the whole place looked like a city about to be abandoned to the enemy. To-day Mukden is as thriving as it was, if not more so. The Russians are fortified ten miles to the south in a manner that the Japanese can neither break nor turn. The city has opened up again and life is running as smoothly as if there were not two great armies close enough to hear every big gun that is fired.

Altogether the fear of war and hostile occupancy has apparently vanished and the town is living its old easy oriental life with just a leaven of modern energy introduced by a population of about a quarter of a million of foreigners scattered round about.

Canada to Have Her Own Navy.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 19.—The force at Esquimalt, averaging eighty expert mechanics, who received three months notice of dismissal on Friday, are now joining energetically in a local agitation for a Canadian Navy. The subject was debated in detail at a meeting of the executive of Esquimalt Liberals, Ralph Smith, M. P., coming from Nanaimo to attend. He made public the announcement that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had given positive assurance that Canada would shortly embark on a naval construction programme, starting with three first-class cruisers to be built in Canada, these being added to training ships on the Atlantic, the Great Lakes and the Pacific.

The dock-yard at Halifax is also to be closed as a British naval station. A large number of mechanics and laborers will be thrown out of positions.

An Asthmatic Story Told

Sleepless nights, suffocating sensations, difficult to even breathe. "I can scarcely describe all I suffered from asthma," writes Mrs. E. P. Cavanaugh, of Colborne. "Spasms of coughing would come on that made me weak. Nothing did me any good until I used the fragrant healing Catarrhozone. I am delighted to recommend this remedy which cured me of chronic asthma after scores of good physicians had given me up. Catarrhozone is better for asthma, gives quicker relief than any remedy I know of. My cure is a perfect one." Try Catarrhozone, it never fails to cure asthma. Complete outfit $1.00; trial size 25c.

Merry Christmas!

But the addition to the good man's gifts, if a

WATERMAN'S IDEAL
FOUNTAIN PEN

would make it even merrier.

Our choice PERFUMES are going rapidly, but we still have your favorite odor

Lots of GOOD gifts in Toilet and Fancy lines.

Royal Pharmacy

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS D. HENDERSON.

Thomas Desbrisay Henderson died Friday at 29 Queen Square. He was a son of the late Andrew Henderson, who conducted a boarding school in Nova Scotia. Mr. Henderson was seventy-six years old, and was born in Bridgetown, N. S. He came to St. John in early life and entered the employ of Wm. Hammond, King street, and later worked with Lawton & Vassie. He was then in Bridgetown for some years with his father and two brothers. Mr. Hendecson returned to St. John about 1866, and entered the employment of the late Joshua S. Turner. Later on he became a member of the mantel and stove firm of Henderson & Burns, but afterwards entered the employ of Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd., with whom he remained up to his death.

He went out to the fire Monday night and, catching cold, pneumonia set in. He leaves two sons, Martin G. B. and Chas. W., both in the Yukon, and three daughters, Mrs. W. G. Smith, of Princess street, and Mrs. Herbert Holland and Miss Fannie Henderson, of Boston. Two sisters also survive, Mrs. Hannah, of Blythe, Ont., and Mrs. Smith, wife of Dr. A. D. Smith, of Mt. Allison College. George A. Henderson, police court clerk, of St. John, and the postmaster at Annapolis are nephews. Mr. Henderson was once postmaster at Annapolis. In Nova Scotia he was a strong Liberal, but coming to St. John when confederation was a mooted question, he was a strong advocate thereof, and later joined the Conservative party. He was a member of Centenary Methodist church.

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 C. Butler, Burin, Nfld.

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

Will Not Build Cruisers in Canada.

Canada May Buy Gunboats From the Imperial Government.—Minister of Marine is Going to England.

Ottawa, Dec. 20.—The statement that cruisers for Canada's naval militia are to be built in the Dominion is incorrect. Mr. Prefontaine has not changed his plans in this respect. It is his intention to go to England after the session, in order to consult the Imperial authorities and obtain, if possible, three gunboats from them. It is the intention of the government to take over all the work of the hydraulic survey. At present the British admiralty does a part of it. As soon as the necessary boats are obtained, the entire work will be done by Canada.

Last Year's Shipping Record.

Last year New Brunswick registered 1,708 tons of new shipping. These include 24 vessels, of which 14, with a total tonnage of only 222, were registered at Chatham.

Nova Scotia built and registered last year 135 vessels of 12,709 tons. Parrsboro, with 13 vessels of 3,494 tons, had the lead in tonnage. The fishing port of Lunenburg, with 38 vessels of 2,986 tons, built the largest number of vessels. Liverpool and Shelburne built 11 schooners each, Halifax turned out 16 craft of 668 tons, Yarmouth 10 of 372 tons, Windsor registered three vessels of 508 tons, and Annapolis three of 653 tons.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Even the woman who is looking for bargains doesn't want a cheap man.

Most of the shadows that cross our path are caused by our standing in our own light.

Consider the man who is always punctual—how much time he wastes in waiting for other people.

—Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.