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MONITOR OFFICE

FLEMING AND THE CABLE.

Sir Sandford Once Engineered a Real Raid.

One of Canada's grand old men, Sir Sandford Fleming, K.C.M.G., LL.D., etc., Chancellor of Queen's University, celebrated the eighty-third anniversary of his birth at his comfortable home in Ottawa recently, and the venerable knight was the recipient of numerous telegrams of congratulation from practically all parts of the world, for, thanks to his conspicuous connection with the movements for the adoption of standard time, the extension of British cables, etc., Sir Sandford has more friends outside the confines of this broad Dominion than most prominent Canadians can boast of. In connection with Sir Sandford's energetic efforts to carry out the great Pacific cable project a characteristic story about him comes all the way from Australia, where one who claims to have been a co-worker with Sir Sandford has been relating before a semi-official audience, what he described as some of the inside secrets of the cable campaign. It appears, according to this gentleman's narrative, that in January, 1894, delegates from Canada and the several Australian colonies met in London to discuss the cable matter with Lord Ripon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies. An insurmountable difficulty seemed to be the choice of a suitable spot for the landing of the Pacific ends. Necker Island in the Hawaiian group was considered the ideal spot, but it was not British territory, and it was felt that the United States would before long secure possession or control of it. Sir Sandford urged that Britain at once purchase or otherwise obtain possession of the little islet, and it was agreed that negotiations should be opened with the Hawaiian Government. This was done, but the negotiations proceeded in the usual leisurely diplomatic way, and, with friends of the United States, Germany, and other foreign powers, active in Hawaii, it looked as though the negotiations would never be concluded through the customary channel.

Sir Sandford at this critical moment, so the Australian narrative stated, determined on a "coup" quite as dramatic and as startling as that taken by Dr. Jameson and his Rhodesian raiders. He sent a retired naval officer to Honolulu to make preparations for formally taken possession of Necker Island in the name of Queen Victoria as soon as he received instructions from Sir Sandford. Arrangements were made for chartering a vessel for the enterprise, but the necessity for the expedition ceased to exist when the long-delayed official negotiations were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Then the ex-naval officer was instructed to pay off the men engaged for the expedition and to return home. To those who know the very practical bent of Sir Sandford's mind, and who have had occasion to admire his undaunted spirit of determination, this story appears likely enough; but unfortunately Sir Sandford himself gives it a very emphatic denial, saying that it is made out of whole cloth.

Sir Sandford is spending the autumn of his active career living the life of a retired Scottish laird in his spacious Ottawa residence, "Winterholm," which is situated on one of the most charming and retired parts of Sandy Hill. There is a pretty bit of natural park in front of the house where the stalwart old engineer who superintended the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, who made the exploration survey for the first Canadian transcontinental railway and who evolved the truly Imperial idea of a Pan-Britannic telegraph and cable service, loves to relate to his children and grand-children tales of the days when the Dominion was in the making. And he never lacks an appreciative audience, for three stalwart sons and their families live in pretty cottages fronting on the little park of "Winterholm."

The Sun Dance.

The South Peigan Indians still hold their annual Sun Dance every autumn near Battleford. Time was when all sorts of cruel tortures were the main features at these gatherings, the would-be braves submitting to having their fingers cut off, ugly gashes cut in their chests, to which rawhide lariats were attached and the ropes being attached to the Sun lodge pole, the bucks danced and tugged away until the strips of flesh to which the thongs were fastened gave way under the continued strain and the subjects dropped to the ground from exhaustion. If the aspirant passed through the ordeal without exhibiting signs of pain or fear, he was declared a full-fledged brave and eligible to sit in the councils of his nation.

Of late years the Government have discouraged these acts of paganism and as a consequence the annual gatherings of the Indian people result in nothing more than dancing the old-time dances, chanting the brave acts of bygone deeds and propitiating the Sun by the bestowal of gifts which are fastened to the top of the central pole. The chief amusements during the week the dance is in progress are gambling and horse racing, and as the Indian now possesses some remarkably swift horses exciting sport is witnessed.

Many of the older Indians are well fixed financially, they have adopted the white man's mode of dress and living, and own large numbers of both horses and cattle.

Niagara Falls.

So far as our present knowledge goes, the earliest printed reference to Niagara Falls is in the record of a voyage by the celebrated Jacques Cartier in 1535. Its position was first mentioned by Champlain in a map attached to his voyages, published in 1613. The earliest description of the falls is that of Father Hennepin, who visited them in 1678. His account was published with a sketch giving a full view of the cataract. The name "Niagara" means "thunder of waters" and was given it by the Indians. Opinions differ as to the age of the falls, some placing it at 500,000 years, others as low as 20,000 years.—New York American.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

A Happy Meeting

Somewhere about twenty-five years ago there were in the town of Morrisburg, in the county of Dundas, three people who have since become known clear across the continent. One was a young lawyer with a bristling manner and a heavy jaw, and the name on his shingle was James Pliny Whitney. One was the young rector of the Anglican church, the Rev. Clarendon Lamb Worrell, now the Bishop of Nova Scotia, of whose church Mr. Whitney was a member; and in those days they met very often when neither was very busy and talked about politics and religion. The other of the prominent citizens was the newspaperman who in his callow youth was running The Morrisburg Hera ld with a handpress and a job plant on the side, glad to get the contracts for printing township by-laws and auction sale bills. His name was George P. Graham, and the trinity of town talk was never quite complete without him. Certainly the most angular and gaunt of the three, this young man was on the other side of the political fence from the lawyer, with the clergyman between. How they talked! Now and then George P. Graham found the text ffor an editorial in the arguments of the lawyer, and not seldom the rector got the suggestion for a sermon from the things casually said by the editor.

Well, they grew up and went their several ways, these three; and last summer they all met by accident on a train in eastern Ontario—the Bishop, the Premier and the Minister of Railways and Canals. How they talked! each remembering rather better than the other the good old corncake times in the little town on the St. Lawrence. Probably the Bishop called the Premier "Sir James," and the Premier may have reciprocated the courtesy in addressing the Bishop, but its very likely the other two said "Jim" and "George" a good deal. If Sir James had been like a certain other statesman, he would have said when they parted, "When shall we three meet again?" But its quite likely Geo P., the quondam editor, grabbed his valise, jammed his hard hat down over his eyes, and, with a big, good-humored laugh, said: "Well, Jim, next time you come to Ottawa look me up; Kenniston Apartments, if I'm not at the House."

And it would have taken a pretty solemn Bishop not to have had a jolly good time with these two political people.

They say of George P. Graham that when he was a lad at the country school of Evanville, in the county of Renfew, he had a huge talent for talking so much that his schoolmates had a diversion of elevating him upon boxes and blocks of wood at the noon hour, just to hear him orate upon whatever might come into his mind.

As Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Government, Mr. Graham has long ago found out that the art of politics in his case consists in the minimum of talk with the maximum of hard labor.

CURE IT IN ONE DAY.

Coughs and Colds Disappear Like Magic When Hyomei is Used.

If the thousands of people who suffer from hacking coughs and agonizing colds would arouse themselves sufficiently to follow this advice, they would cease to complain within twenty-four hours.

Here is the advice. If you take it and you are afterwards sorry that you did, it won't cost you a penny.

Go to S. N. Weare, druggist, and purchase from him a Hyomei (pronounced Hich-o-me) outfit. It will only cost you $1.00. Take it home, use it according to directions and if it does not cure your cough or cold take it back and S. N. Weare will refund the purchase price.

Mrs. I. Coon, of John Street, Acton, Ont., says: "I had a swelling come near my eyes which was caused by the catarrhal condition. I had to cough up the bad impurities that dropped into my throat, and it felt as if a hard cold had attacked me right in my head, nose and glands near. A week's treatment of Hyomei overcame my trouble. I am glad to endorse Hyomei."

When you use Hyomei you don't swallow nauseating drugs, you simply breathe in the soothing, pleasant and antiseptic Hyomei air through the little pocket inhaler that comes with each outfit. As this medicated air passes over the inflamed parts, relief comes almost at ance and cure follows.

S. N. Weare sells it and guarantees it to do exactly as advertised.

PLEASANT FOOLING

Dr. P. S. Henson once delivered a lecture on "Fools." In introducing him, Bishop Vincent said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now to listen to a lecture on 'Fools' by one"—the audience broke into a roar of laughter and after it had died away Bishop Vincent added—"of the most brilliant men in this country." Doctor Henson rose, and with a genial smile, said "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so great a fool as Bishop Vincent"—another roar of laughter, after which the speaker added—"would you believe."

Original Story

A BEAR HUNT

(Original story founded on facts.)

The excitement existing among the farmers on the Back Road was intense. But one topic occupied the mind of every man, woman and child. The regular work both on the farms and in the houses was for a time neglected, and preparations made for an old fashioned bear hunt.

Once in that part of the Annapolis Valley bears had been numerous. The old people could tell many experiences they had with them when boys and girls. One old man could even point out on a sweet apple tree in his orchard the stubs of branches broken off by a bear sixty or seventy years before when trying to get the fruit of which it was very fond. But half a century had passed since any had been known in that district.

Joe Beechwood lived in a small cabin on the side of the North Mountain. He was not very careful as to the truth of the stories he told, and so none believed him when one day in October he told everybody he had seen a bear in the neighborhood. Often before the same report had been circulated, only to be revealed as the idle words of an untruthful person. Or someone, when passing the woods at dusk, had mistaken the root of a tree blown over by the wind for a bear these people being timid or imaginative. But then Joe showed the tracks of a bear in several places where the ground was soft and soon everyone commenced to believe him. They were encouraged in this by the fact that several sheep and a yearling calf had been found killed and partly devoured by some large animal. This could scarcely have been by dogs. The climax came when an important man in the neighborhood reported he had been knocked down by a large animal, as he was walking along a lonely road at night, and that the animal had then jumped over the fence and disappeared in the woods. There was no doubt now that for once Joe Beechwood had told the truth. From far and near the men and largest boys agreed on a certain day to make a thorough search for the bear, and so free the neighborhood from so dangerous a pest.

At sunrise on the day appointed all had gathered at Joe's cabin, armed with weapons of all descriptions. Some had good modern breech loading rifles, others had shot guns and revolvers. A few had even cleaned and loaded some old flint lock musket of their grandfather's. The remainder bore clubs, hunting knives, axes and lunch baskets. They divided into several parties, each under a leader with some experience in hunting. Each party was assigned a certain territory to thoroughly search. Agreeing to meet at the same place towards night, they departed in different directions, the men with best guns in advance, the others bringing up the rear.

All day they hunted. The country was thoroughly scoured, but no sign was seen of the bear except the tracks shown by Joe. Tired and disappointed the men towards night, wandered back to Joe's cabin. By dusk all had returned except several men who had gone to search a swamp near the shore of the Bay of Fundy. Just as these were deciding to return at dusk they suddenly came upon a large black animal that at once with snorts of fear ran crashing away through the undergrowth. Here was the bear at last, and instantly every gun was fired at its disappearing form. By the jumps it gave and the roar of pain they knew some of the shots had taken effect. Quickly they followed the fleeing animal, loading their guns as they went. Soon they came upon the dead body, but here a surprise awaited them. Instead of a bear, they had shot a very wild black steer belonging to one of the hunters. There was nothing to do but quickly dress the animal while they could see, and hang the beef and hide up in a tree where a team could come after them next day. Then, thoroughly disgusted, they went to join the remainder of the hunting party at Joe's cabin.

When they arrived there much anxiety was being felt by the others at their long absence, and a search party was getting ready to start with lanterns to look for them. Great was their amusement when they heard about the shooting of the steer.

Soon they all went home, resolved that they would wait for a light fall of snow before they again started in search of the bear, hoping then to track it to its den.

Before the snow came the discovery was made that there had been no bear at all. The tracks pointed out by Joe were only another trick of his to fool the people for he had made them himself, by holding his hand in a certain position and pressing it into the mud. A man had a couple of large boar hounds, which he kept chained all the time. These had escaped on two evenings. On the first evening they killed the sheep and the calf; on the second they were following the tracks of their master, who had gone to spend the evening with a neighbor, and had accidentally ran against the man who was knocked down on the lonely road, their master had taken a short cut through the woods. This was the reason the animals had at that moment jumped into the woods.

Some years have passed since then. Still the timid and imaginative and superstitious occasionally think they see a bear or ghost or other wild animals, but no more hunting parties have searched for them.

EVERETT EVERGREEN

A Few Doses of Fig Pills

remove all backache and distress from out-of-order kidneys, bladder or liver. Your trouble will vanish and you will feel fine. If you don't your money back.

Price 25c. a box at WARREN'S DRUG STORE.

UNDYING LIGHT.

O Thou the Lord and Maker of life and light!
Full heavy are the burdens that do weigh
Our spirits earthward, as through twilight grey
We journey to the end and rest of night;
Though well we know to the deep inward sight
Darkness is but Thy shadow, and the day
Where Thou art never dies, but sends its ray
Through the wide universe with restless might.
O Lord of Light, steep Thou our souls in Thee!
That when the daylight trembles into shade,
And falls the silence of mortality,
And all is done, we shall not be afraid,
But pass from light to light, from earth's dull gleam
Into the very heart and heaven of our dream.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

DYEING is Such a SAVING

And it's as simple as A. B. C. with "Dy-o-la"

Just Think of It!

With the SAME Dye you can color ANY kind of cloth PERFECTLY—No chance of mistakes. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free from The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited. Dept. E. Montreal, Que.

KILLING THE COWS.

The State of Winconsin was sowed knee-deep with literature on tubercular herds of cattle. That went on for several years, and the results of this campaign by pamphlet and bulletin were 1,000 tests on infected cattle a year, says Colliers.

Three years ago the State University went out and made tests on the herd itself, studying the antemortem appearance and showing up the postmortem condition. The professors would step in and slay a cow and reveal the condition of the lung. Nine thousand tuberculin tests quickly resulted, and in 1909 there were 43,000 tests as a result of a three-year economics; that that was the wisest thing to do in order to get a high breed of cattle which would pay back money to its possessor. The public health side was not emphasized as this would not appeal quite so strongly. These tuberculin tests, showing up the possibility of knowing the condition of cattle while they are still living had some interesting, swift results. In Winnebago County six head were slaughtered out of twenty-five infected cattle out of a herd of forty-nine. As a result of this startling demonstration 4,000 head of cattle were tested within the following four months by means of the thermometers and syringes, and thus one hundred and fifty centers of infection were destroyed.

Gowganda has made good. The first car of ore which went to the smelter gave a return of $125,000 net. The biggest return that the Cobalt district has ever given.

UNION BLEND TEA
the Tea that satisfies

I PUT my business reputation as a judge of good tea back of every packet of Union Blend Tea that I sell. I do that in this way: if you don't like it, you will never buy again. And I cannot afford to spend money in advertising to gain your confidence and then destroy that confidence by offering you inferior tea. Therefore, I don't do it. You can take my word and prove for yourself that Union Blend Tea at 40c. per lb. will go half as far again as any 30c. lb. tea on the market. And it will make better tea, too. Make your tea-cup prove it.

40¢

Union Blend one pound packets—the pound packets only—contain coupons that are worth money to you. But this is only an advertisement—the tea itself is worth the price, fully.

Harry W. Forsyth

Mid = Winter Sale

Great Bargains in Boots, Shoes, Slippers & Rubbers

ALL GOODS MARKED DOWN

Bridgetown Boot and Shoe Store
E. A. COCHRANE

HOLIDAY GOODS
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NEW DRIED FRUITS

Raisins by the box, half-box, quarter-box, 1 pound package, seeded and seedless; Currants, Figs, Dates, and Candied Peels.

NEW NUTS, shelled or in the shell; Oranges, Grapes, Confectionery, etc.

A large assortment of CANNED GOODS, MINCE MEAT and BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.

FANCY and STAPLE CHINA and CROCKERY.

WANTED:- Any quantity of good Yellow-eye Beans.

C. L. PIGGOTT, QUEEN STREET