Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1900. NO. 32.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
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Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
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Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900.
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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

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Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

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Licensed Auctioneer
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
Incorporated 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
Capital Paid-up, - 725,000
Rest, - - - - 387,500
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Wm. Robertson, President. Wm. Roche, Vice-President.
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Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.
Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.
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Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, manager.
Clarke's Harbor, sub. to Barrington Passage.
Dartmouth, N. S.—I. W. Allen, acting manager.
Glace Bay, N. S.—J. W. Ryan, manager.
Granville Ferry, N. S.—E. D. Arnaud, acting manager.
Kentville, N. S.—A. D. McRae, manager.
Lawrencetown, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, acting manager.
Liverpool, N.S.—E. R. Mulhall, manager.
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North Sydney, C. B.—C. W. Frazee, manager.
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Put up their Bread as it leaves the oven in
EDDY'S BREAD WRAPPERS!
Manufactured solely by
The E. B. EDDY Co.
LIMITED
HULL, Canada.

WANTED! WANTED!
5,000 Hides,
15,000 Pelts,
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.

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You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the
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is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

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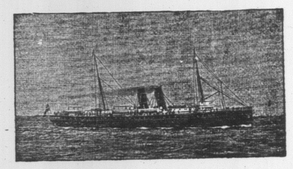
or any Special Order that may be required.
We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.
Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.



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.
For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to
D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

Prices Right
—AT—
A. D. BROWN'S
—FOR—
Spring Caps, Spring Suits, Spring Overcoats.
Ruffee Block, Queen Street. Bridgetown, May 2nd, 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-o-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.

A Name in the Sand.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day;
As onward from the spot I passed
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my line away.

And so, methought, 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea,
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

Once counted I my little store.
Why was to others given more?
Why were their lips with honey fed.
While mine had labor's hard earned bread?
A weary, hopeless task seemed living,
I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

There came a poor man to my door;
I shared with him my scanty store.
When, lo! my sense of want had flown,
And rarest riches were my own!
So sweet is love's divided bread.
I seemed with Heaven's own manna fed.
What blessed joy there is in living!
I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

—*Martin Douglas.*

Select Literature.

The Evolution of Blanche Titus.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in 'C. E. World.')

It had been a long day and Mrs. Elkins's kitchen had glowed like a furnace, what with the baking and ironing for six, two of whom were young ladies from town, boarding for the summer, and paying a high price to have their laundry work done in the house. Fluted ruffles and puffs, and shirt waists smoothed under the flat-iron until they were miracles of daintiness, meant skill and strength paid out lavishly by Mrs. Elkins. Evening was coming fast, and she was pale and tired—tuckered out, she called it, as she hung the last piece on the clothes horse.

"Some of these things are aired enough to fold," she said, turning to her daughter, and fingering the fragrant linen with a practiced touch.

"Oh, mother, no. Do leave them and sit down and take your breath while I mix the bread," cried Florence, getting out the kneading-board and bowl, and sifting into it the powdery flour. "I wish we didn't have to take boarders. The Duncans are very nice, but I'm tired of the everlasting work and worry and fret of looking after their wants. Just see them now, cool and comfortable, going off for a spin on their wheels, while we stay here to finish the work made on their account."

"They pay well, Florence," said the mother.

"Why, yes, that is true, but if you have a doctor's bill for pleurisy when winter comes, all because you've gone and tired yourself completely out this summer, the money in the bank will melt away as fast as it did last year. I'm sure it's a mistake, our working so hard. If we could have any help,—even a girl from the asylum would save steps.

"No asylum girl for me, Florence," said her mother with emphasis, "I would take a neighbor's daughter, if I could get her, but there are no living-out girls in the neighborhood. And anyway, your father might raise objections."

"Yes, he would, probably," sighed Florence then added resentfully, "Father manages to secure what help he needs in the fields, and any labor-saving machine he fancies. Father doesn't stop to wonder what you would say. Well, I'd like to change places with Miss Caroline and her sister once in a while. Say for a single evening. They are just like the lilies in the Bible, "they neither toil nor spin." And we just drudge, drudge our lives away."

Mrs. Elkins looked troubled, sighed faintly, sorry for Florence's mood. Then she began to fold her clothes. That at least would not have to be done to-morrow. Presently she began again on the subject of hired help.

"Your father, Florence, would not like to let a summer pass without having somebody here besides ourselves in this big house. He works very hard, often beyond his strength, and he thinks we ought not to be idle."

"Idle!" the girl's cheeks flushed hotly; "Without a cent ever paid for the washing; without a word to lift the burden, and all the men who come for the harvesting to cook for, as well as our own family. Four of us, two city borders, and a second table full of hungry men—father does not know what idle means."

"Please, Mrs. Elkins," piped up a clear little voice, "let me come and live with you. I'll help you and Florence. Let me fold up the towels and napkins. Aunty has taught me how to work. I'll be worth my keep, you'll see, and if you'll only let me stay here and go to school, that's all I'll ask; no wages, only a place to sleep, and my food, and a chance to go to school. I've clothes enough to last a long, long time. I'd not be a mite of trouble, and I'll save a lot of steps. Please try me."

The child in the door way, her gingham sun-bonnet hanging by its knotted strings at the back of her neck, was a tall slender girl of thirteen; her dark eyes lighted a plain, sallow face, in which there was no beauty, although it was very intelligent. She was so much in earnest that without waiting for Mrs. Elkin's answer, she stepped forward and began to fold and pile the clothes with a deftness that pleased that notable housekeeper.

"Why, Blanche! how can your aunt spare you?"

"Aunt is going to spare me; she can't afford to let me stay with her any longer. She and Uncle Rufus have decided that I must go to town and work in a factory. I can earn three or four dollars a week there, and Uncle Rufus's sister will board me for two dollars and a half. But, dear Mrs. Elkins, my mother was a scholar and she wanted me to have an education, and I can't go back on her, she'd not like it in heaven. I mean to go through school and college and be a teacher by-and-by. I've come to you first because you knew mama; but I'm going to every house in the village and over to the Centre, and out on the West Road, if I have to, till I find somebody who will let me work my way through school. I'll be a great help if you'll let me come, Mrs. Elkins."

"Blanche, dear," said Florence, "what will your auntie say. Will she give her consent?"

"She'll not oppose me; she knows how I feel. She'd let me stay there and do my best, if Uncle Rufus would be willing. But uncle says it's folly, my going any longer to school, and auntie can't stand out against him."

"Come here early tomorrow morning, Blanche," Mrs. Elkins said, glancing toward the veranda, where her husband sat smoking his pipe. "I'll tell you positively whether or not I'll take you on your terms, which are really very generous ones, my child. You ought to be paid something for your services."

"Oh no! It will be enough if I can have a good home and attend school."

Mr. Elkins was a little disposed to grumble when the plan was submitted to him, but Florence frankly told him that unless her mother and herself could have a little assistance, they would send their boarders away, and he yielded to their wish. Blanche Titus was presently installed as child of the house, for though she gave a ready hand everywhere, in kitchen, chambers and parlor, she was not treated as a servant, and she finally made good her word that she would be "worth her keep."

"It's surprising how much that willing little maid accomplishes," observed Miss Caroline to her sister one morning, late in the autumn, when before going to school, Blanche had made the beds, filled the pitchers, and swept the halls and stairs. Miss Caroline and her sister had found the country so delightful that they had lingered there to enjoy the crisp October mornings, and the drives and rides in the mountains, never so exhilarating as in the sweet days on the edge of Indian summer. The house suited these young women, fastidious as their tastes were, it was so spotlessly neat; the beds were so soft and springy, and the table was perfection. Now that the pressure of the farm work was somewhat relaxed. Mrs. Elkins and her daughter were not so weary after the daily toil, and Blanche certainly made their lives easier. Her winsome presence was everywhere felt.

The two young ladies watched her walking swiftly down the road to school, her books in her hand. Miss Caroline had helped her with her examples once or twice, and Miss Susan had looked over her composition and given her some hints about map-drawing.

"She's a singularly bright and clever girl," said the latter, "and I wish we could give her a lift."

"Why can we not?" said Caroline going to her desk and taking up her pen. "There's that scholarship of Cousin Leonora's in Edenborough Institute, I don't think it is filled this year. If Blanche could have that, she could stay at the institute for three years, and be prepared for college. I'll write to Cousin Leonora at once. Isn't there a special delivery stamp in my purse, Susie?"

"Why such haste, dear? Would you not best consider ways and means?"

"In this case I think not. I'll act first and consider afterward. If Blanche is to have that particular scholarship, I want to secure it for her, provided, that is, that she can pass the needful preliminaries."

"I'll see to that part, I've been watching her progress. She's well-grounded in what she has studied, and is very faithful and thorough, and, what I like best, is to observe how nicely she does her housework; she slights nothing; she has a sense of honor, and fulfils her part of the contract. Even Mr. Elkins, grumpy old fellow as he is, treats Blanche with respect. He admits that she isn't a shirk." And I do think it has penetrated his conscience that his wife is better for being assisted.'

"Sister," said Miss Caroline "if we send Blanche Titus to the Edlenborough Institute, we shall have to be responsible for her board and clothing during three years. Are we safe in assuming so much? Ought we not to consult our people at home?"

"Mamma has always insisted on our having a maid."

"True, but if Blanche is at the institute, she ought not to be in the position of an upper servant. The city is different from the country. I don't think it would be the best thing for her, nor could she do more than nominally fill the position."

"Well, perhaps not; but she might be our youthful companion. Then she could have the little room opening out of mine; she could come to our home table at breakfast and dinner, and in return for what we do for her, she could render many small services which would take from her a feeling of pauperism. She could keep our accounts, dust the bric-a-brac, read the paper to father on Saturdays; oh! there would be no difficulty about arranging work for her."

So, though Blanche did not yet know her good fortune, cordial hands were extended to her at the very moment when they were needed. God does help those who help themselves.

The Duncan sisters had money in their own right, and were, to some extent, independent. A conference with Mrs. Elkins resulted in their sending to town for such a wardrobe as would be suitable for a school-girl under their care, and a simple, well-chosen outfit was soon in their hands. When Blanche learned that she was to go to town with them, she had no word to express her joy.

"It seems too good to be true," she said, "but I'll study hard and try to pay you back when I'm a teacher."

"You will pay us now, without waiting for that time, Blanche, if you do your best," said Miss Caroline; "and when you are a graduate you may be able to help some other earnest girl. But you will find almost as much to do in our house as you have had to do here, so I don't wish you to think we are giving you something for nothing."

"We shall be lost without you, Blanche," was Mrs. Elkin's declaration. "You have been a second daughter to me, and you must always think of this place as home, wherever you are." She gave Blanche a little purse in which there were two five-dollar gold pieces.

"You are not going into the great world without a penny," said the kind woman kissing her little hand maid good bye.

Life in the Edenborough Institute and in the Duncan household was somewhat in contrast with that which Blanche had hitherto led. But the essentials of good breeding are everywhere the same, and our country girl learned how to enter and leave a room with grace; how to receive visitors; how to take her modest share in the conversation. She was quiet, composed, unobtrusive, Mr. Duncan said one day to his wife:

"That child has good blood. She takes to society, as if to the manner born."

"I almost feel as if I would like to adopt her."

"Not at all, not at all. That would spoil everything. I am watching with interest the problem she is working out. We are helping her to help herself, and that is far better than it would be for us to lift and carry her. But she is gaining more than mere education here. She is acquiring an air of distinction and of charm."

There were many besides Mr. Duncan who observed the same thing when, at the end of her preparatory course, Blanche, in the centre of the white-robed graduates, modestly slipped forward and gave the valedictory. She had chosen her college, one of New England's most famous and honored, and had successfully passed every examination. The beneficence of the alumnae had provided several scholarships there, and one of them Blanche Titus entered, assisted in certain ways by her friends, the Duncans, but supplementing her narrow means by efforts open to college women when they need or choose to make them.

She had been in college only a month when one of the teachers said to her:

"You're more fortunate than many of our students, Miss Titus. You have had an all round preparation for your work. Girls are not always aware that much besides book-knowledge is needful for a college course."

Blanche understood that whatever lay before her in the future she could meet without dread, and with an assurance of victory. To Florence Elkins, with whom she kept up a steady correspondence, she wrote at this time:

"I don't know what your dear mother will say when she hears that I am one of these days to be a doctor. I have quite resigned the idea of teaching. Since I came to college I have been taking work in the laboratory and studying biology. I feel a call within me to medicine and I have a strong hope that the way will be opened. God has been very good to me thus far, and friends have been raised at every step. I'm coaching a girl who does not find Greek as easy as I do, and I have undertaken to do the mending of another who never handled a needle in her life. These girls pay me liberally for my help. The president and faculty are very kind. Of course, it looks quite far ahead to think of the medical college after four years here, but I dare to reach forward; I dare to believe that nothing is too hard for a girl who can work steadily on to a plain objective point, one day at a time."

* * *

I had a letter the other day from Dr. Blanche Titus. She is the representative of her college in a mission field on the other side of the globe.

"I have been helped all my life," she writes, "and now I am enjoying the privilege of helping others. It is no easy lot I have chosen, but it is fascinating in its splendid opportunities for doing good. These poor women are shut into their zenanas and their lives are very dark and bare. I used to think life was hard and narrow on a New England farm, but I tell you it is rich and luxurious, no matter how hard a woman may toil, in comparison with the lot of a Hindu lady, hemmed in by restrictions, with nothing to think about, no chance to grow, no outlook for this life or the next.

"As a Christian woman I can guide these gentle, dark faced sisters to the better life."

"As a doctor, I have many chances to relieve their body from pain and suffering. I am busy, and I think useful, and I am very thankful and happy. The mails bring me dear letters from home, from the Elkins, and the Duncans and my college friends, and I know I am loved in the home land. Don't you think I may becalled a fortunate girl?"

Take the Plugs out of Your Ears.

The translation of the Hebrew text at the head of this column is contained in the twentieth verse of the first chapter of Proverbs: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets.". Listen to her. It will pay you. I stood at the corner of Yonge and King streets a few days ago with a friend just after lunch. As we stood a man passed who was once one of the most honored and respected wholesale merchants in the city, but now, with unshaven face, threadbare clothes and bleared eyes, he picks up a job here and there for whatever he can get. Last week he was handling trunks for a former traveller of his, at fifty cents a day and his board. All his position and prospects thrown to the winds for whiskey. A few minutes later another passed who was once well connected in the shoe trade, now earning a precarious living in various ways, brought to it through "wine and women." Hardly had he passed out of sight when another followed who once drove his carriage and pair down to his counting house and back to his luxurious home, but at this particular time was making a short cut for a ten-cent lunch counter—all through gambling. People do not need churches and ministers to point out the results of folly and wrong-doing. There are some men reading this article who are on the path leading to all this and who will doubtless reap the same wages. Young man, old man take the plugs out of your ears and hearken to wisdom lest it happen with you as with them at the last! She says: "Because I have called and you have refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regardeth; but ye have set at naught all my counsels, and would none of my reproof; I will also laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."—*Solomon in Shoe and Leather.*

—History and experience exhibit now and then a man as unyielding as a rock in friendships. Years ago a gifted youth began his literary career. Wealth, travel, friends all good gifts were his. One day a friend handed him a telegram containing news of his father's death. Then the mother faded away. The youth was alone in the world. In that hour evil companions gathered around him they spoiled him of his fresh innocency. They taught the delicate boy to listen to salacity without blushing. Soon coarse quips and rude jests ceased to shock him. He thought to "see life" by seeing the wrecks of manhood and womanhood. But does one study architecture by visiting hovels and squalid cabins? Is not studying architecture seeing the finest mansions and galleries and cathedrals? So to see life is to see manhood at its best and womanhood when carried up to culture and beauty.

Wasting his fortune this youth wasted also his friendships. One man loved him for his father's sake. For several years every Saturday night witnessed this man of oak and rock going from den to den looking for his old friend's boy. One day he wrote the youth a letter telling him, whether or not he found him, so long as he lived he would be looking for him every Saturday night in hope of redeeming him again to integrity. What nothing else could do love did. Kindness wrought its miracle. Clasping hands the man and boy climbed back again to the heights. At first the integrity was at best a poor, sickly plant. But his friend was a refuge in time of storm. A good man became the shadow of a great rock in life's weary land.—*Newell Dwight Hillis.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Canada in Buffalo.

Toronto has just been holding its annual Industrial Exposition. This calls attention once more of the value to the people on each side of the border of an adequate exhibit at the Pan American representing the extensive activities of the people of the Dominion of Canada. The special importance of such an exhibit is again emphasized and one cannot help thinking that, if so creditable a display can be made from only a portion of the Dominion at a fair of limited extent and drawing a comparatively small attendance, the display should indeed be a magnificent one when the exhibit is to represent the whole Dominion, when the exposition is to be on so grand a scale as the Pan American and the throngs attending are to be counted by the millions instead of by the thousands. The people of the United States have not any too close an acquaintance with the industries of Canada and the character of its people, and the same may be said regarding Canadians and their knowledge respecting the United States. In fact there is almost a lamentable degree of ignorance existing on this subject. It might seem that it would be different in the case of two people living side by side and having so much in common. A better excuse exists for ignorance respecting each other between the peoples of the United States and of the South and Central American countries.

It certainly is high time for something to occur to bring the people of the United States and of the Dominion of Canada into close communion. During the progress of the Toronto Fair there was a large attendance from Buffalo, Rochester and other cities of Western New York. Next year the Canadians will have an opportunity to reciprocate by attending the Pan American at Buffalo.

Doubtless few people of the United States realize what at extensive country lies to the north of the imaginary line separating the United States from Canada. Few have ever thought that this country has a larger area than the United States, even including its latest acquisitions, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Some idea, too, can be gained of the vast wealth in timber lands which Canada possesses when it is stated that about 38 per cent. of this great area is covered with forests, while not more than 28 per cent of the area of the United States is thus covered.

Possibly many in the United States who imagine themselves fairly well posted regarding all the nations of this continent will be surprised to learn that Canada has such great advantages in the matter of transportation facilities. They will hardly credit the statement that Canada has $180 per head of her population invested in railways, while, according to the latest reports of the Interstate Commerce commission, the United States have $150 per head so invested. The efficiency of the 17,400 miles of railway in Canada is illustrated by the fact that when the British government recently made inquiry about the carrying power of the Canadian Pacific Railway in order to ascertain at what rate per diem troops could be transported from the Atlantic to the Pacific on the way to China the reply was 5,000 troops a day and the time 100 hours for each shipment of troops.

In mineral wealth and in agricultural resources Canada is marvelously favored; but this wealth is at present largely undeveloped notwithstanding the progress that has been made in utilizing it. The Pan American will give a splendid opportunity for presenting to the people of the whole western continent, and indeed of the whole globe, these remarkable advantages.—*Sioux City (Ia) Daily Tribune.*

Brings on Heart Disease.

It has been known for many years that the most fertile cause of heart disease is rheumatism. Only recently has it been realized, however, that many cases of rheumatism which give rise to heart complications really run so mild a course that they are not suspected of being serious, and are neglected. This is especially true in cases which attack the very young. In children rheumatism often masquerades under the name of "growing pains." In infants it often falls completely of recognition.

It becomes the custom to a lamentable degree to give for it the coal-tar derivatives, the various anti-pyretic drugs—anti pyrine, phenacetine and the like—besides various derivatives of salicylic acid. These drugs alleviate the rheumatic pain by benumbing the nerves; they also lessen fever. The result of their use is that patients are enabled to move about much sooner than they otherwise would, and this throws extra work on the heart and leads to post rheumatic heart complications which may cripple the organ for life. The recent increase in the number of refusals of risks by life insurance companies is thought to be due to this cause. Doctors here from many parts of the world deprecate the present excessive use of these drugs. Pain is nature's demand for rest. To allay it without reaching its cause is to drag the sentinel who watches over the citadel of health because his footsteps disturb our sleep.—*New York Post.*

German Physicians must cut their Beards.

The German Emperor has issued his command, and the doctors must now cut off their beards. The Emperor's own physician as well as the Empress's and their assistants will be obliged to shave, and the army surgeons may next expect to receive their orders. The cause of all this stir of course, is the dangerous microbe. The creatures, it is found, attach themselves easily to a physicians beard or mustache, when he examines his patients throats, etc., and it is possible then for him to carry off the disease in his beard to some other person. Two German professors and a French professor have studied the matter thoroughly, and the former goes so far as to say that a skull cap should be worn by the physician in the sick room.—*Ret Druggists.*

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If you want to go South beyond Norfolk to Southern Pines and Pinebluff, the Winter Health Resorts, or to Vaughan, N. C., the Pennsylvania Colony headquarters, Peachland, N. C., the New England Colony, Statham, Ga., the Ohio Colony and headquarters of the Union Veterans Southern Settlement, or to points in FLORIDA, you can connect with the Seaboard Air Line. For any formation as to rates of travel address W. P. TURNER, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.
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. 4Apl15

The Greatest Crime He Ever Committed.

In the "Life of Colonel John Sobieski" occurs the following suggestive incident:

"It is the saying among the French that an Englishman will rise on a beautiful morning and say: 'This is a glorious morning. Let us go and kill something.' But I (Sobieski) never had a fondness for the murder of animals, birds, or even fish.

"But some years ago I was stopping with a friend, a doctor in a little town in Illinois, and he proposed that we go out and kill something. So, giving me a gun and taking one for himself, we started for a small grove about two miles from his house, but failed to find anything to kill. The squirrels, which were our object game, had evidently got an idea of our coming, and kept out of sight. After an hour or so spent in the forest, we started to return to the house.

"Sauntering leisurely along under some tall elms I heard a bird singing, and looking up I saw a wee bit of a bird perched upon a lofty limb, singing very sweetly. Without a moment's thought and without the slightest idea that I could hit so small a mark (for I had none of the spirit of murder in my heart), I up with my gun and banged away. I saw some feathers fly, and the little songster came dropping down from branch to branch, and fell at my feet. I stooped down and picked it up. It was a tiny little thing, not much larger than my thumb, of a yellowish green color, as beautiful as it could be. Then, like a flash the thought came upon me: What a contemptible deed I had done. Here was one of God's beautiful creatures that had just as much right to existence as I, and its life, doubtless, was as sweet to it as mine was to me, and at that very moment that it was singing its beautiful songs to make the world more pleasant and glorious, I had brutally shot it to death.

"I carefully buried it among the leaves, and then promised myself that I would never again wantonly destroy life.

"I regard this the greatest crime I ever committed."

Miss Willard's Favorite Motto.

One of Frances E. Willard's favorite mottoes, inscribed on a small white banner suspended from the head of the bed in her sleeping room, was this:—

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, who'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy quiet heart.
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy maker is thy changeless Friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world;
Put out each glaring light;
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly, then. Good-night.

On the wall in the same room was this quotation from Whittier:

Search thine own heart: What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be.
All dust is frail; all flesh is weak,
Be thou the true (woman) thou dost seek.

Independence of Canada.

Windsor, Ont., Oct. 19.—Sixteen members of the Independence of Canada party of North Essex assembled here yesterday afternoon to consider the advisability of putting a candidate in the field at this election. After some little discussion Alex. Laforge was unanimously chosen as standard-bearer. Mr. Laforge made a speech on Canadian independence. He said it was time Canada should quit playing the little boy of the Mother Country. It was not to the advantage of the Canadian people. They were taxed for a vice regal representative and a foreign war in which Canada was not interested.

Put "Bobs" in the Cabinet.

It would be well if the commander-in-chief could be combined with a seat in the cabinet. There would be nothing new in such a combination of offices. In 1841 the Duke of Wellington entered the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel as commander-in-chief. The precedent is a peculiarly good one. The duke was included in that cabinet in order to give it greater authority before the country. Ministers will be much engaged in the near future with questions of military efficiency and management, and would gain very greatly by numbering among themselves the first and most experienced of our generals. —*London Standard.*

Canadian Fruit Astonishes Paris.

Ottawa, Oct. 16.—A cable was received at the agriculture department from the secretary to the Canadian commissioner at Paris announcing that our fresh fruit of this year's picking, sent forward this fall, has arrived in splendid condition and has been awarded four additional gold medals. Prof. Drummond, he adds, of London, has warned the Washington authorities to wake up, as Canada is leading in both the quality and quantity of her dairy products, the superiority being due to her progressive government and to the use of modern scientific apparatus.

Big Game in Maine.

The receipts of the big game at Bangor for the third week of the season ending last Friday night, were 193 deer and five moose, compared with 322 deer and 7 moose in the corresponding week of 1899. The total receipts for the season to date have been 442 deer and 5 moose against 714 deer and 7 moose in the corresponding period of 1899. It is noticed that although fewer deer have been killed this season than in 1899, the animals are larger and a greater proportion are bucks.

Duly Feed Man and Steed.
Feed your nerves, also, if you would have them strong. The blood is the feeder and sustainer of the whole nervous system. Men and women who are nervous are so because their nerves are starved. When they make their blood rich and pure wish Hood's Sarsaparilla, their nervousness disappears because the nerves are properly fed. Hood's Sarsaparilla never disappoints.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 25c.

There are indications that American capitalists propose taking every advantage of the St. Lawrence route next season and the improved facilities for the handling of grain which is expected to be ready before the season is far advanced. A fleet of large steamships is at present under construction which will trade between the lakes and the seas. This shipbuilding is now going on at various points on American soil.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.