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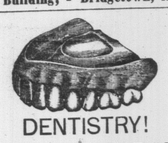

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Weekly Monitor.

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VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1901. NO. 28

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NOTICE
There will be no grinding at Worthylake's Mill this season.
JOS. WORTHYLAKE,
Aug. 14th—3m Paradise.

The Wireless Telegraph.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Wireless telegraphy is not a dream. It is as effective as telegraphy with wires. The incoming "Lucania" bespoke the Nantucket lightship on Friday when it was thirty-two miles away and the message was then jumped across forty miles of sea to the Island of Nantucket, a little tract of sand more than 200 miles from the city. New York heard from the "Lucania," therefore, while she was 287 miles from port, and sent messages as well as received them. The passengers were supplied with all the important news of the world, whereof they had been estrangedly ignorant during the days at sea, and friends awaiting ashore knew, thirteen hours in her advance of her arrival, that all was well on board. As a similar system of telegraphy has been established at the eastern end of the route, new messages chase the west bound ship for three hours after her screws begin to turn. Add these three hours to the thirteen gained at the America end, and the impossibility of escaping from the world, even by an ocean voyage, is obvious. That the reach of the wireless system is bound to increase is evident from the successful despatch of messages across the Irish sea from Crookhaven to Poldhu, the former in Ireland, the latter in Cornwall, England, a distance of 223 miles. Messages have likewise been sent across considerable land distances and from France to England, and Corsica to France.

October Ladies' Home Journal.

The Ladies Home Journal for October is, perhaps the best number of that magazine ever issued. The literary features include "How the Leopard Got His Spots," by Rudyard Kipling; "A Fifth Avenue Troubadour," by Ernest Seton-Thompson; the first installment of "A Gentleman of the Blue Grass," by Laura Spencer Porter: the last of "Miss Alcott's Letters to Her 'Laurie,'" and the closing chapters of "Aleen." "Some things the President Does Not Do," a collection of anecdotes about Whistler, the artist, and Mr. Bok's advice to a young man about getting married are important features. The regular editorial departments are supplemented by nine new ones of great interest, among which Professor Edward Howard Grigg's talks on "The Education of a Child from Eleven to Eighteen," Prof. Schmucker's "Seeing Things Outdoors," and Miss Withey's "Writing and Speaking Correctly," are noteworthy The illustrations and art features are superb. Published by the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.00 a year, 10 cents a number.

The King of Corn Cures

Is Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, crowned by years of success, regal because unapproached and unapproachable, holding sway in this continent owing to its superiority, Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., on receipt of 25 cents.

Poetry.

The Matron.

Why should you grieve that you're growing old?
Do you find the genial heart grows cold?
Do you find in your reflected face
The marks that time's soft fingers trace?
Or to your heart does it bring dismay
To see in your hair a thread of gray?
Banish the thought; if 'twere always spring
Nature could never a harvest bring;
Can the scarcely opened blossoming shoot
Compare with the bloom of ripened fruit?
The passing of years needs no defence,
For they leave in full their recompense—
For, as by age is mellowed the wine,
In loving service are spirits made fine;
And charms matured, you'll find in truth,
More strong to bind than the charms of youth.
In her girlish sphere a maiden sweet
May indeed in all ways seem complete;
But, even when taken at her best,
This simple truth must be confessed—
That in time of trouble, pain or woe,
The joy of our hearts, to whom we go,
She who reigns as the sovereign there,
Is the gracious dame with silver hair,
—*New York Sun.*

Select Literature.

The Stepmother.

KATE M. CLEARY, in *McClure's Magazine.*

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say,
For beauty is easy enough to win—
But one isn't loved every day!
—*Owen Meredith.*

You are going in town to the Memorial services, Dan?" questioned the woman. Her voice was appealing.

The young fellow standing in the doorway shifted his position impatiently. He was twenty-three, tall and brawny. Years of labor on the farm had developed his limbs and toughened his muscles. Later in life he would be stooped and shambling, as are those who follow the plow and guide the harrow after the days of youthful manhood have passed. Now he was straight and stately, and the colossal symmetry of his frame was good to look upon. His cotton shirt, falling loose at the neck, revealed a triangle of sunburnt skin. His low-browed, strong featured face was copper-red also. The jaw was heavy—the chin square. The blue eyes he turned on the woman had the sullenness of one who expects opposition.

"Yes. I'm a goin'."

"In the new buggy?"

He nodded. There was a silence which she waited wistfully for him to break. As he said nothing, she picked up the sewing which lay in her lap.

"I was hoping I could get to go," she said, speaking in the plaintive monotone produced by colorless years of self-repression and self-denial. "I've been every time when I could take or leave the children. It's a year since I've been to town." Her needle was suspended. She looked afar over the boundless expanse of prairie with weary eyes. "My father and brother are buried on the hill there. Little Ruby—she's there, too. She died when she wasn't but eight years old. She was the greatest child for flowers! The weeds even were flowers to her. I guess she'd know if there was some put on her grave.

Again there was silence, she sending him eager, furtive glances; he staring out where an ocean of oats tossed turbulently in the glaring sunshine.

"Even if the celebration brings sad thoughts," she went on, "it's kind of cheerful, too. There's so many folks in town. There's the flags—and the music. The girls have new hats and new dresses. It's sociable like. There hasn't been a soul in this house since Christmas. Then it was only some campers whose wagon broke down. But it seemed good to see them, even."

"Look here, mother," he broke out. "I know you ain't got much pleasure. I'd like you could fix to go. But as for me drivin' you in—well, I promised to take Chastina Marks."

She said nothing, but the look that quivered out on her face made him set his teeth hard for an instant. Then, with a scarlet blotch burning on either thin cheek, she took up her sewing again, and went on stitching—stitching.

The home of the Carneys was a forlorn place. There was no timber in that region. The small, shabby house perched upon the bluff was exposed to the bitter winds of winter and to the almost more malignant furnace blasts of summer. It was nineteen years since Oliver Carney had married for the second time. Then, he and his two sturdy boys had sadly needed the ministrations of a woman. The girl he married was young and romantic. She pitied him. She mistook her exquisite sympathy for the divine passion itself. When he traded his busin the East for a rocky Nebraska farm, and went to live where his lack of experience and the capricious climatic conditions together conspired against him, the outcome was despondency and futile regret. He not only failed to do one thing well; he succeeded in doing many things ill. He credited Fate with peculiar preversity toward himself—with an almost personal antagonism. Dyspepsia, that grim demon evoked by farmhouse viands, became a constant torment. Insomnia duly followed. Pessimism, the prompt hand-maid of these, waited upon them. So he became gloomy and unreasonable, except when his depression was temporarily merged in the maudlin amiability of liquor.

It was upon the woman, however, that the burdens of failure pressed most heavily. She had been a brave and gallant young creature, but the cowardice and shirking selfishness of the man she married ate into the core of her being like an acid.

None knew better than she that work from long before light on winter morns, and from the first streak of pearl in summer skies, was hard. She knew that poverty was a rabid, a relentless thing. She knew that it made petty those who would be great and generous; that it fettered hands which would fain be extended in royal generosity; that none might scale its ramparts which barred out possible ambitions—pleasures—joys! But these she accepted—the poverty and the toil. At the melancholy of inertia surrounding her she rebelled. She dreaded its contagion. She refused to have her heritage of hope wrested from her. She would not live in an atmosphere of rayless foreboding. She denied the right of one man to condemn her to profound and enduring discontent. She was not one of those who succumb to adversity willingly. So she made a hard fight. Occasionally she conquered—less frequently as the years went by. The struggle told on her. She lost expectancy of expression and elasticity of step. Child-bearing and child-rearing were part of her handicapped existence.

Now a fresh fear had arisen. What if Dan were to marry—Dan, upon whom they all depended, rather than upon the moping, misanthropic father.

"Dan!" Her voice sounded strange to herself, and she waited until she could speak as usual. "Dan, what would we all do without you?"

She had been a school teacher in her youth, and she spoke with a correctness and a precision which, although marred by occasional idioms, still distinguished her speech from the lingual slovenliness of the Western farm woman.

"Oh, I guess you'd git along!" A dull, slow color had crept into his face. "It's goin' to be a good year. Dick could take my place."

Dick—take—his place! He was thinking, then—he was going to—

"We—we can't depend on Dick!" she murmured. A vision of Dick rose before her—gay, pleasure-loving, inconsiderate Dick! She smiled—a sad smile, "I didn't think Chastina was the kind of girl you'd take a fancy to, Dan."

He swung around.

"What," he demanded, "have you got agin' her?"

Her work fell on her lap. She clasped her thin, knobby-jointed hands upon it, and looked up at her stepson. She was a frail, little body, gowned in the everlasting print wrapper of the prairie housekeeper. Her large hazel eyes were bright—too bright. She breathed quickly. She had lost two of her front teeth. To have them replaced would be an extravagance not to be considered. Frequently when speaking she lifted her hand with a nervous gesture and covered her mouth.

"She's frivolous, Dan. She likes admiration—and pretty clothes—"

"Is that all? What girl don't mother?" "It seems to me," she went on hurriedly, "that you—your marriage to her would be a—a mistake! Think it over a bit——"

"Think it over!" he burst out. "Mother you didn't use to want to stand in my way! Don't you s'pose I have thought it over? Do you think I'm goin' to be dray horse for all? here—two of 'em as well able to work as me—all the born days of my hull life?"

The hot May sun streamed down on him. She could see his great chest rising and falling, and the muscles of his arms working under the worn sleeves of his shirt.

"You have more than your share of the work!" she admitted. Her voice failed her again. A stray sunbeam glinted on her needle—an idle need just then. "And—I don't want to stand in your way, Dan. Only—you've always seemed like my boy—the only boy I ever had! Maybe I'm saying this to you about Tina because—because I want to keep you." Her hungry eyes never left his face. "Perhaps I'm—I'm just making excuses. Perhaps——"

The scarlet blotches faded in her cheeks. She picked up her sewing again, but the hands trembled over the coarse cotton cloth. She could not ply the glittering little implement she held. Suddenly she went deathly pale. She lay back, drawing her breath in short, soft gasps.

"Mother!" cried the young fellow. "Mother!"

"It's nothing," she panted. "Nothing." But her lips took on a bluish tinge, and after a faint shiver she lay quite still. He dashed out to the well for water, brought it to her, forced her to swallow it. He watched her anxiously, all his sullenness gone, as she shuddered back to consciousness.

"I didn't mean to rile you, mother," he said. "But seems like I couldn't bear to have you comin' between Chastina an' me."

He had dropped on one knee beside her chair in a bewilderment of dumb and clumsy penitence.

"I know it's hard for you," she murmured. "You are young—and it's hard for you."

The tired tears were slipping down her cheeks.

"It ain't dead easy for you, mother."

"Oh, don't think of me!"

"We don't. We've got out of the way of thinking of you."

Her little skinny arm lay near him. It never occurred to him to give it a gentle touch. They are chary of caresses—the prairie people. Perfunctory kisses are given at the marriage feast or before the burial—but even these are few and far between. He stumbled to his feet, ashamed of the compassionate impulse which had temporarily mastered him. The woman rose, too.

"It's time to get supper," she said. "They'll be in soon."

But as she crossed the kitchen to set her work aside she suddenly put her hand to her breast—stood still.

One stride and Dan was beside her.

"Oh," she cried breathlessly, "oh, I was forgetting! Do you think—" But as suddenly as it had come the brilliance waned. She shook her head. "No—I shall not die—not soon," she said.

She went on filling the little rust red stove with cobs. Dan did not offer to assist her. The attitude of a young Western farmer to his mother is that of an Indian to his squaw. All domestic drudgery properly pertains to her.

"I'll go out an' take a look at the young peach trees," he said. "They're comin' on fine. This'll be the second year of bearin'. There ought to be enough made out'n 'em to pay dad for the hogs the cholery got."

"What you talkin' about?" rasped a dolorous voice. "Them peaches? They'll be some, maybe. But the nursery man fooled me on the settin's. He didn't give me the Baltimore beauties I bought off'n him—only this common kind. An' the common kind is dreadful plenty. It's the best that fetches the price. Every one's agin me. Every one cheats me. I allus had the worst luck of any one I every knowed."

He sank into the only comfortable chair the room afforded, a limp heap of inactive humanity. He watched the woman preparing supper.

"There's them," he announced placidly, arousing himself from a trance of indolent content.

"Them" came tumbling in a riotous roystering, healthy brood. They laughed, and mocked, and fought, and burst into peals of laughter. The head of the house regarded them with bland interest.

"Seems like," he remarked, "I ain't never so happy as when I'm a-sittin', so to speak. In the bosom of my family."

His conciliatory manner was one to incite distrust. His wife sent him a swift glance.

"Have you been to town?" she asked.

He declared that he had not been to town. That even if he had she knew better than to suppose that he would go into the Owl-King—or near the Owl-King—or

Dick, perfumed, pomaded, and in his Sunday best, came clattering down the ladder-like stairway.

"Hurry up, mother. I'm goin' in town to a strawberry festival at the Methodist Church. Here, Dolly, you got your supper. You let me set there."

Dolly protested with a howl. Dick picked her up and deposited her on the floor, where she appeared to shrink together like a collapsible drinking cup.

When Dan came in from his aimless tramp through the orchard the owner of the farm was sunk in stertorous oblivion. The last child had been tucked in bed. The last utensil had been washed and set aside. And the woman, sitting by the kitchen table, in the dull light of the kerosene lamp, was sewing, stitching into Dan's denim shirt rebellion, regret, resentment, love. That one unselfish love of all loves!

Chastina Marks was waiting for Dan when he drove up. She was a slender, brown-haired girl, clad in the inevitable white lawn and fluttering ribbons of the prairie belle. She was not pretty, but she was charming. There was a fresh wholesomeness about her as pleasant as the scent of wild-plum blossoms. Her quiet eyes held a look of reserve. They were eyes which might, indeed,

Keep back a daring lover,
Or comfort a grieving child.

"I'm late." He had jumped down and was helping her into the buggy. "It's a fine morning, but I'm afraid it's going to blow up a bit."

She looked away to the horizon with the keen and prescient vision of those who are prairie-born.

"It will be a dust storm, I think."

The little town presented its usual Memorial Day appearance, which was that of festivity—festivity, however, the most seemly and decorous. But—as Dan's stepmother had remarked—the flags, flowers, music, the groups promenading in their finest attire, the uniforms of the band of bent veterans, the gold lettered badges of the Women's Relief Corps, the importance and celerity of the few officials on horseback, the forming of the parade, the deliberate progress to the church, the singing, the speeches, even the bulging baskets in the back of the wagons, were "sociable like."

Dan enjoyed neither the day nor the propinquity of the girl he loved. His brow was contracted. He spoke seldom. His companion wondered—silently. She was wise enough to know that to question a secretive man is to invoke a lie.

The dust storm she had prophesied did come. At first there was only the most infantile, the most ineffectual little breeze. Then tiny spirals of dust rose in the country roads. Suddenly the tiny spirals were as tall as waterspouts. The increasing wind, bellowing up from Kansas, blew the dust into a curtain—a wall—an encompassing, enveloping fog. Dan, urging his horses homeward, tried to protect Chastina. He pulled up the buggy top. He drew the linen robe over her lap. He gave her his silk handkerchief to tie over her eyes. But the man does not live who can combat a Nebraska dust storm. The yellowish powder sifted in through the joints of the canopy. It stung the flesh like the bites of myriad infinitesimal insects. It grimmed the lap-robe and the girl's white gown. It maddened the old farm horses until they were mettlesome as pastured colts. It pierced, and penetrated, and choked, and blinded. And all the time the wind sent the buggy careening, screeched in the ears of its occupants, and howled in its fury after each rare pause to take breath. All the time, too, the sun blazed down—a great blotch of deep orange seen through saffron clouds.

"I shan't let you out at your house," Dan shouted. "I'll take the short cut to our place. There is something I want to tell you."

The violence of the storm was spent when they turned into the narrow road that zigzagged towards the desolate house on the bluff. Dan slackened rein. At last he could make himself heard.

"Tina," he blurted out, "I asked you to marry me. I didn't know then—anyways I didn't think. But I s'posed we could git married this fall. Now—well, now we can't. I've thought it over good an' hard—an' we can't. I got to stick by mother awhile longer. Maybe this year—maybe all nex', too. I don't s'pose now you'll want to keep company with me no longer. But," doggedly, "I got to stick by mother."

She turned her grave eyes on him. The illimitable love in them dazzled him. His heart plunged.

"I wouldn't think much of you," she said, "if you didn't stick by your mother after all she's done for you. My mother often told me before she died how strong and pretty Miss Carney was when she first came out to Nebraska. She said how nice she kept you and Dick—always good clothes and the best of everything for you, when she didn't have a stuff dress to her back. I'll wait for you, Dan."

"Tina!" he cried. "Tina!" he ventured again. But the pain in his throat precluded speech. He yelled to the horses. They forged ahead.

Suddenly Tina leaned forward—clutched his arm.

"Look, Dan, look! What's wrong? The children are running down the bluff. They're comin' this way. And your father—he's beckonin'! There's Miss Harrowsby. I know her cape—and Miss Peterson. Hurry—hurry!"

"Oh, my God!" muttered Dan.

The world seemed to reel away from him. Tina's hand steadied him. Tina's voice recalled him. All at once he was standing up—was lashing the horses.

"I wish I'd taken her!" the girl heard him cry. "I wish to God I'd taken her! She wanted so to go in this Memorial Day!"

"Hush, Dan! Hush, dear! It will be all right!"

Some one was at the horses' heads. He hurled himself out of the buggy—was in the house.

"We don't know just how it happened," one of the whispering group in the kitchen was saying. "She was alone when the storm came up."

"She went out to drive the young calves under shelter," interposed another.

"A loose scantlin' struck her in the side," volunteered a third. "She ain't been real strong of late anyhow. That heart trouble's awful onreliable. The doctor? Can't git him. He's over in Kansas. Miss Peterson knows well as him, though. She 'lows there ain't anything to be done."

Dan pushed by them into the little poor best bedroom. His stepmother lay in the pine bedstead. The patchwork quilt was drawn to her chin. He fell on his knees beside her. His head dropped on his clenched hands. His shoulders were heaving. She lifted one weak arm and laid it around his neck.

"Look at—me—Dan."

He lifted his haggard eyes to hers, which were sweet and luminous.

"Dan," went on the voice, which seemed to come from a distance, "I'm—I'm sorry for what I said—about Tina. She is dear—she is good—like her mother before her."

"Mother—she is here."

"Yes—I can see her now. I am glad—very glad, But Dan."

A woman came in, insisting the sufferer should not speak. The work-worn hand was imperious then as any which ever swayed a scepter. At its light motion the intruder left the room.

"Dan, where are you? Listen!"

"I am listening, mother."

"Don't make Tina's life too hard! Women are not fitted—to bear—as much as—men. They—must—bear—more. Men love women, only—they—don't understand. This is Memorial Day." Her hand found his rough head and rested there. "I hope you'll remember—every Memorial Day—about Tina. And that a woman isn't always—well—or happy—just because she keeps on her—feet—and doesn't—complain. And let her know—you——"

Grayness swept over her face like an obliterating billow.

"Mother!" he sobbed hoarsely. "Mother!"

The bed shook to the beat of his breast.

"Little Dan," she was saying softly. "No—I can't think he's my stepson. He's my boy." The hand on his head moved caressingly. "Such pretty—pretty curls! My boy—the only boy I ever had."

Then she was whispering about Ruby, the little sister who had died when she wasn't but eight. The little child who had loved all flowers—to whom the weeds were flowers.

ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Confesses His Crime.

CZOLGOSZ MAKES A FULL STATEMENT OF WHAT LED TO ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION AND HOW HE CARRIED IT OUT.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—A special to the *Daily News* from Buffalo says:

The statement of Leon Czolgosz, made to the police, transcribed and signed by the prisoner is as follows:

"I was born in Detroit nearly twenty-nine years ago. My parents were Russian Poles. They came here forty-two years ago. I got my education in the public schools of Detroit and then went to Cleveland, where I got work. In Cleveland I received books on Socialism and met a great many Socialists. I was pretty well known as a Socialist in the West. After being in Cleveland for several years, I went to Chicago, where I remained several months, after which I went to Newburg, on the outskirts of Cleveland, and went to work in the Newburg wire mills.

"During the last five years I have had as friends Anarchists in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and other Western cities, and I suppose I became more or less bitter. Yes, I know I was bitter. I never had much luck at anything and this preyed upon me. It made me morose and envious, but what started the craze to kill was a lecture I heard some little time ago by Emma Goldman. She was in Cleveland and I and other Anarchists went to hear her. She set me on fire.

"Her doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated, was what set me thinking, so that my head nearly split with pain. Miss Goldman's words went right through me, and when I left the lecture I had made up my mind that I would have to do something heroic for the cause I loved.

"Eight days ago, while I was in Chicago, I read in a Chicago paper of President McKinley's visit to the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. That day I bought a ticket for Buffalo and got here with the determination to do something, but I did not know just what. I thought of shooting the President, but I had not formed a plan.

"I went to live at 1078 Broadway, which is a saloon and hotel. John Nowak, a Pole, a sort of politician who had led his people for years, owns it. I told Nowak that I had come to see the Fair. He knew nothing about what was setting me crazy. I went to the Exposition grounds a couple of times a day.

"Not until Tuesday morning did the resolution to shoot the President take hold of me. It was in my heart; there was no escape for me. I could not have conquered it, had my life been at stake. There were thousands of people in town on Thursday. I heard it was President's day. All those people seemed to be bowing to the great ruler. I made up my mind to kill that ruler. I bought a 32-calibre revolver and loaded it.

"On Tuesday night I went to the Fair grounds and was near the railroad gate when the President's party arrived. I tried to get near him, but the police forced me back. They forced everybody back so that the great ruler could pass. I was close to the President when he got into the ground, but was afraid to attempt the assassination because there were so many in the body-guard that watched him. I was not afraid of them or that I should get hurt, but afraid I might be seized and that my chance would be gone forever.

"Well, he went away that time, and I went home. On Wednesday I went to the grounds and stood right near the President, right under him, near the stand from which he spoke.

"I thought half a dozen times of shooting while he was speaking, but I could not get close enough. I was afraid I might miss and then the great crowd was always jostling and I was afraid lest my aim fail. I waited until Wednesday, but a lot of men were about him and formed a cordon. I was tossed about in the crowd and my spirits were getting pretty low. I was almost hopeless that night as I went home.

"Friday morning I went again to the Exposition grounds. Emma Goldman's speech was still burning me up. I waited near the central entrance for the President, who was to board his special train from that gate, but the police allowed nobody but the President's party to pass out while the train waited. So I stayed on the grounds all day waiting.

"During the day I first thought of hiding my pistol under my handkerchief. I was afraid if I had to draw it from my pocket I would be seized by the police. I got to Temple of Music the first one and waited at the spot where the reception was to be held.

"Then he came—the President—the ruler—and I got in line and trembled and trembled until I got to him, and then I shot him twice through my handkerchief. I would have fired more, but I was stunned by a blow in the face—a frightful blow that knocked me down—and then everybody jumped on me. I thought I would be killed and was surprised at the way they treated me."

Czolgosz ended his story in utter exhaustion. When he had about concluded he was asked: "Did you really mean to kill the President?"

"I did," was the cold-blooded reply.

"What was your motive; what good could it do?" he was asked.

"I am an Anarchist. I am a disciple of Emma Goldman. Her words set me on fire," he replied, with not the slightest tremor.

"I deny that I have had an accomplice at any time," he told District Attorney Penny.

"I don't regret my act, because I was doing what I could for the right cause. I am not connected with the Patterson group, or with those Anarchists who sent Bresci to Italy to kill Humbert. I had no confidantes; no one to help me. I was alone absolutely."

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Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

Dairying as a Means of Improving our Country.

(The Maritime Farmer.)

The observing tourist while passing through the province has on more than one occasion been heard to exclaim at the large areas of unimproved land to be seen everywhere. They strike the visitor most unfavorably. They are a blot on our otherwise beautiful and thrifty country, and they are a tax on the owners who have been paying rates and making fences on them for years while they produce almost nothing.

If we inquire into the affairs of the owners of some of these old pastures, we will probably find that a large percentage of the grain fed on the farm has been purchased. He usually has some hay to sell; cut off the meadow or dyke which, with the proceeds of his crop of fruit, give him a comfortable living, while his sons, he will tell us have gone to the States because there is nothing to do here, and the boys did not care much for farming anyway.

Nothing to do here? When we grow the finest apples in the world, and they are always in demand. Nothing to do here, when our creameries are suffering for support, and we have one of the finest grazing countries in America? Nothing to do here, when hundreds of thousands of dollars go out of the province every year for pork and dairy products, and a large amount more for grain to our stock; while all these years that twenty or fifty acre lot at the back of so many farms has been allowed to grow up to bushes and coarse grass and weeds.

It is evident at once to the thoughtful man that something is wrong. A little more energy and possibly a better agricultural education is necessary to bring about a more prosperous condition. We will look to the young men who must soon take charge of the homesteads as one by one, the old gentlemen pass away, to work out, each one for himself, this improvement in the agricultural condition of of our country. No rule can be laid down equally applicable to all cases. The individual tastes of the owners and the peculiar circumstances surrounding each, must govern them in the improvements which they will undertake. My own experience teaches me to believe, that dairying, combined with fruit growing, is the ideal method of building up and increasing the value.

In order to be successful at dairying, the average dairyman's standard of the ideal dairy cow must be raised one hundred per cent. Never keep a mature cow that will not give fourteen pounds of butter per week when fresh, and having secured a herd of these cows, do not allow them to go even one day in the year without a full ration of succulent food. To prepare for the hot summer months, plough up a few acres of that old pasture and harrow it early in the season before it becomes to dry. Each week spread a good top dressing of compost of manure and dried muck or sods which have been used under the stables to absorb the urine; on a portion of this field and sow peas and oats; at the same time seed about twenty pounds mixed grass seed per acre. Stable the cows during the hot days and protect them from flies, feeding them well of the green peas and oats. Next season the crop of clover on this lot will be ready early to supplement the pastures, while another piece of waste land is going through the same process of improvement.

While you are thus engaged in taking care of your stock and breaking up these old fields, never lose sight of the fact that the degree of success you meet with will depend very largely upon the size and quality of your heap of compost. Several changes must result from adopting something along the lines pointed out. In the first place these unsightly old fields will quickly become things of the past. The dairy stock in our country which is largely inferior will rapidly improve. The creameries will at once be placed on a paying basis. The productiveness of our farms will be greatly increased, and if a proper system of dairying is adopted it will provide work on the farm the year round for the boys, who, if they are interested in their work and have reason to be proud of their stock and the condition in which it is kept, will have no inclination to leave the farm for some other calling.

The Strike Evil.

(Montreal Witness.)

An estimate made in Pittsburg places the loss of wages suffered by the workingmen in the two and a half months' idleness caused by the late steel strike at ten million dollars. As this immense sum of money would have been paid to the men in cash and expended by them and their families largely in procuring the necessaries of life, the conclusion is obvious that they were irrecoverably the losers to that amount, with all the suffering that the loss entailed, to say nothing of the loss of business by those among whom it would have been spent. To those of the strikers who have not been re employed the loss and the misfortune is still greater, and may lead to saddest consequences. It is to be hoped that in future those who think themselves wronged will seek redress by influencing legislation rather than by making war upon their own bread and butter, that is, upon the enterprises through the existence of which they have their living. A strike can seldom be successful without terrorizing and tyrannizing over non-strikers. Enforcement of regulations is right when those regulations are the voice of the whole community, through law, but no community can rightly allow any portion of the people to make laws in their own interest and enforce them on all. The great glory of democracy is that it takes the law-making power out of the hands of a class and vests it in the whole people. This is, of course, not an ideal form of rule. The majority is not necessarily the wisest part of the people. In any community it is notorious that the wisest are the few. It is, however, the fairest method of government that has been discovered. If government is still often wielded by minorities, it can only be because the majority has abdicated its constitutional privileges.

Diminished Vitality.

Some people talk very flippantly about diminished vitality.

They don't stop to think that vitality is the principle of life—that it is that little understood something on which every function of their bodies depends.

Diminished vitality is early indicated by loss of appetite, strength and endurance, and Heod's Sarsaparilla is the greatest vitalizer.

Better Than Brains.

Have you noticed that eulogists of McKinley have dwelt mostly on McKinley the good, not McKinley the strenuous, or McKinley the clever politician? Deep down in the world's heart personal goodness is still respected.—*Hamilton Times.*