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MONITOR OFFICE

A POPULAR SOLDIER.

Col. Steele, Who Succeeds Gen. Buchan, With the R.N.W.M.P.

Lieut.-Col. and Hon. Col. S. B. Steele, C.B., M.V.O., has been selected by His Excellency, the Governor-General for the position of Honorary Aide-de-Camp, made vacant by the death of Brigadier-General Buchan. As the title itself implies, the appointment of Honorary Aide-de-Camp is entirely an honorary one, the only duties attaching to it being to attend His Excellency at state functions, such as the opening of Parliament, state dinners, etc. But it is one of the very few honors which the Governor-General has the privilege of personally conferring without consulting anybody, and as such it is very highly regarded in the force, although there have been some absurdly injudicious awards of honorary aide-de-campships in years gone by. There will certainly be no grumbling over the last appointment, for there is no more popular soldier in Canada today than Col. Steele. Most Canadians consider Col. Steele as a contribution of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police to the Canadian Militia. He was so long in the red-coated police, and was so closely identified with some of its most stirring episodes of service, that it has been generally forgotten that he had seen considerable service in the Active Militia before joining the Mounted Police. It will be remembered that the organization of the Mounted Police in 1873 and 1874 was entrusted to Lieut.-Col., now Major-General, Sir George French. This officer at the time, was inspector of artillery and commanded A. Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, then quartered at Kingston. The recruits for the chief detachment of the Mounted Police force were mobilized at Toronto, and French naturally drew up on the non-commissioned officers of his battery for instructors to knock the recruits into something like shape before entraining them, unarmed and ununiformed for the long trip to Manitoba frontier via Chicago and St. Paul.

Col. Steele was then a sergeant in A. Battery, and it did not take much persuasion to induce him to enlist for the new force. He was posted as Troop Sergeant-Major to A. Division of Troop, and so was part of the force detached under Inspector Jarvis to proceed via old Fort Carlton to Edmonton, while French with the main body struck out for the whisky trader's district in what is now Southern Alberta, Jarvis, on reaching Fort Edmonton, Oct. 27, 1874, wrote a lengthy report to headquarters in which he specially brought Troop Sergeant-Major Steele's services to official notice. He wrote: "S. M. Steele has been undeviating in his efforts to assist me, and he has done the manual labor of at least two men." It might be explained that for two or three hundred miles of the last part of the march the detachment had to make its own roads, including considerable bridges and long stretches of corduroy, and the horses could not be used to any great extent, as they were half-starved, there being no oats for the last five hundred miles. After his record during this march, his promotion appeared inevitable, and it came in due course, with the first increase in the establishment. Being considered a man for tough jobs he was given charge of the little force of police entrusted in enforcing British justice at and in advance of the railhead during the construction of the C.P.R. through the old Northwest Territories.

Blasted Away Falls.
Quite unexpectedly Father Paradis has afforded an early solution to the drainage problem in the Porcupine country by blasting a channel at High Falls on the Frederickhouse River and drawing the water away from a considerable area of country. As his action was an unauthorized interference with the waterways, the Federal Government has sent a man to report on the results and more may be heard of the matter in a few days. The result has been apparently an injury to the canoe routes, while it has to some extent removed apprehension as to practical difficulties that were believed to threaten the gold mining industry in this locality. By blasting out the falls Frederickhouse Lake has been reduced to an unimportant little stream, and Night Hawk Lake has dropped until miles of its beach has been left dry and exposed. The High Falls are 42 feet above the lake level, and banded back the water, preventing it from running freely away from the height of land. The blasting away of ten feet at the falls has released the waters of Frederickhouse Lake until it went dry, and the waters of Night Hawk receded a mile and a quarter from the shore. It is said to be possible to walk along the bottom of Wilson Creek from the railway to Frederickhouse Lake. Whether the act of Father Paradis has had a serious or beneficial effect will be decided by the Government inspector.

A Free Trader.
The new member for North Essex, Oliver J. Wilcox, in his maiden speech in the House the other day, gave some interesting reminiscences of other days in that constituency. Among them was the story of Mr. McGregor, the Liberal candidate in 1896, who made his campaign on an absolute free trade policy. He called upon the people to rise in their might and drive thence the customs officers stationed along the Detroit River. The day after the Liberal victory of 1896 many of the electors who had listened to Mr. McGregor's free trade speeches and had probably voted for him, journeyed to Detroit and returned heavily laden with purchases. They flatly refused to pay a cent of duty. Their free trade cause had won, was their answer. To crown all this, the same Mr. McGregor was later himself appointed a customs official.

Welsh Man Arrested as Lunatic.
A Welsh immigrant who visited the immigration hall was arrested on a charge of insanity the other day. He was gesticulating wildly, and no one seemed to be able to understand him, or to make him understand them. It developed that he had been only trying to make himself understood in his native tongue.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

GRANDMA'S NEW YEAR'S CALLER

(By Helen H. Thomas, in the 'Christian Herald'.)

In her youth great preparations were always made for the first day of the year, especially as to one's attire. For New Year's greetings commenced in the morning and lasted until midnight, if one had an extensive acquaintance, as had Grandma.

So the woman who had long since left her youth behind her and who like most elderly people lived much in the past, did not take kindly to the change which the shifting years had brought, and usually said to her friends, as each year drew to a close:

"Remember, my latch-string is always clear on the first day of the year, if on no other; for I am an old-fashioned woman and always keep open house."

Because of that, and because of the warm place this sweet-faced Grandma held in the hearts of old and young alike, she was always given the opportunity to greet a portion of her friends at least, with "I wish you a happy New Year!" which she did with old-time grace, in spite of advancing years.

The story-teller rarely let slip the privilege accorded Grandma's friends. Being absent from the city, however one New Year's Day, she called at the earliest opportunity to extend greetings, and was met by:

"It isn't too late to wish you a happy New Year, dear, but I missed you!" "Oh, well," was the laughing rejoinder of the one who received the warm hand-clasp. "I fear you don't want to look a little wan, and now you must tell me who they were."

"She had one too many, and that is what ails her," remarked Grandma's care-taker, in a low tone, "but she'll tell you about him, for she talks of little else."

"Well, I had called same's usual," remarked Grandma in an absent-minded way, "that is for these days, but I'll have to think 'em up, I guess, for my first caller but every one else out of my mind."

Why, he must have been one of your admirers in the beautiful long ago about which you talk so much," was the laughing retort.

"That it was no laughing matter to Grandma, however, was evident, for she met the foregoer with a shake of the head, and, in a very serious tone said:

"No, no, dear, he was unlike any caller I ever had before, and I never can forget him, never!"

It was plain to be seen that Grandma, for once, was not in a mood to live over the days of Auld Lang Syne and, too, that she was eager to talk of what was uppermost in her mind: so her questioner settled back for the recital.

"Well, it was like this, dear," said the old lady, as she leaned forward in her customary story-telling attitude. "I couldn't sleep the last hours of the closing year, for I got to thinking over how the Lord had led me, and of all his goodness, until my heart was that full of eratitude that if it hadn't been for waking folks up I'd broke right out singing."

"You know I keep my old room down stairs, while the rest sleep on the second floor. They've tried to make me think it isn't safe, but I like to be alone so I can talk out loud without disturbing anybody."

"Well, when my clock told me that the New Year had come, I began to think how good my Lord was to spare my unprofitable life to see a New Year, and I sung right out, 'Praise the Lord!' And then I heard a noise like something had dropped, and I opened my eyes and saw someone at my bureau, but the light was so dim I thought at first some of the family was looking for something."

"Then I made out that it was a man and that he had his cap so drawn down over his face that I couldn't have made out who it was even if I'd known him."

"Why, Grandma!" was the startling exclamation; "you must have been nearly paralyzed with fear."

"Ah, but you forgot, dear, that I had just been so full of praise that there was no room left for fears of burglars, even. But I had my wits about me, though I tell you. Sometimes I think it was a miracle, too how much sharper they were than common."

"Anyhow, it all come over me like a flash, how, when I cried out, that man had been startled and dropped something and how he wasn't there for any good. Now, I was not a mite afraid of his hurting me, or of losing anything I had in my room; but I thought of the precious ones up stairs and I determined, God helping me, to get the burglar out of the house before he'd gone to the second floor."

"I always lie bolstered up in bed on account of my cough, so I didn't change my position any, but reached out my hand and said, 'Come here son, Grandma wants to talk to you.' And, would you believe it, he edged his way up to the bed and let me take the hand hanging by his side, just as

if he was a little boy and good at minding. He wasn't much but a boy either, it seemed to me. He came anyhow, and I wouldn't let go his hand but held it tightly as I said:

"When I was a girl I sometimes began to have New Year's callers pretty early, but you've beat the record, so you must excuse my not being ready to receive callers. But all the same, I wish you a happy New Year."

"Why, Grandma; to think of anyone as love shielded as you are, alone talking to a burglar like that! How could you?" cried the guest in a shocked tone.

"I don't know, dear: I am weak now whenever I think of the risk they all tell me I was running; but I had only one thing in mind then, and that was the safety of my loved ones, so I forgot my own, and I firmly believe I was given courage and wisdom to act wisely by the One who never sleeps."

"Then next I said, just as if I had been talking to my grandson, when he had gone wrong."

"But it hurts me, son, to have to tell you that my wishes can't make it a happy one if you go on like you've started out."

"He hung his head when I said that and acted so ashamed like that I said:

"But, somehow, I don't feel as if you were an old hand at slying into people's rooms, stranger. I think you are some mother's boy who got stranded in this big city, and I'm sorry for you. Sav, now son, I know you don't want to look Grandma in the face, or let her hear the sound of your voice, but when she asks you questions just shake your head, or nod, and she will believe you. And now, is she not right in thinking that midnight calls like this are something new to you?"

"Then my caller nodded his head, and at the same time I felt his hand tremble, which encouraged me to preach to him a little bit. I can't repeat all I said to him. I talked fast, I tell you, and the words just came to me then as they never will again. I'm thinking; but I know I pointed to the clock and told him how God had just given him a clean white page to write on, and I begged him to resolve that the first stain on it would be the last, and while I pleaded with him tears fell from the eyes I could not see."

"Then I thought how perhaps hunger led to his wrong doings, and so I put my hand under the mattress, after releasing it for the first time, and took out five dollars and offered it to him, saying:

"I feel that you are in a tight place and this may help you to start right." But he shook his head and continued to do until I told him that he might look upon it as a loan. At the same time I took my address from my pocket-book and gave it to him with the money, which was taken with evident reluctance. Then I sprang from the bed and grasping him by the hand again I said, with a nervous laugh: "I always like to see my callers to the door, and I must see you off."

"He required no urging, but started to go to the rear of the house where he entered, as we learned later, but I was so distressed for fear he wouldn't get out before he was heard, that I drew him to the side door near my room, and slipping the bolt let him out, saying: "God bless you, son: my prayers will follow you."

"Well, there isn't much more to tell except—

"Except that Grandma's nerve forsook her then," added her care-taker: "for after calling for help she collapsed entirely. At first we all thought she was suffering from the effects of a bad dream, but there was sufficient proof of the contrary, however, and I tell you she has been looked upon as a heroine ever since."

"You deserve to be, Grandma!" cried the one who had listened to the story for the first time. "Not one in a thousand would have acted as wisely as you did under such trying circumstances."

"But I give all the credit to One who has never failed me in any emergency," said Grandma, as she wiped away the fast falling tears. "And now you must know the sequel to my strange experience."

Saying that, the speaker drew from her pocket a letter and handed it to her caller—a well written letter which was both undated and unsigned, and read as follows:—

"Dear, Kind Grandma,—If I had the courage to face you I would try to tell you how much I owe you for making me see my wicked course that night; but as it is I will only return the money loaned and thank you from a full heart. Yes, I was hungry, and

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desperate, too! and you know the rest. But I had a grandma once whose idol I was, and when you cried "Praise the Lord!"—which was so like her—I dropped the silver vase I was about to pocket and when I faced you I was as weak as a rag, your resemblance to my grandmother was so striking.

"Well, as the result of your kind advice, after breaking a long fast, I took the first train for home and mother. And here on the farm I am going to try and live the clean life you pictured. I told mother all about it, and she says "Tell her I will try to thank her when we get over yonder!" I will, too, if I am ever worthy to be found in such company.

"At any rate I got a glimpse of a heaven that night, and I can now better understand how God can forgive such sinners as I, when you so warmly clasped the hand of the one who had meant to rob you, and instead of calling me a thief, wished me a 'Happy New Year,' and called me 'Son.' May your God reward you, for I never can."

The foregoing letter was read through blinding tears, and when the reader finished she looked lovingly into the sweet face which had so appealed to the writer of it, but could only trust herself to say:

"That will surely be another star in your crown, Grandma."

A happy sigh alone broke the stillness for a little, and then the aged

heroine evasively rejoined: "Now you can understand, dear, why I can talk only of my first New Year's caller."

BACK ACROSS THE OCEAN RATHER THAN MARRY DRUNKARD.

New York, Feb. 25.—A young English woman who was a second cabin passenger on the Umbria and traveling alone, told the immigration boarding inspector she expected to meet her betrothed at the pier and that they would be married immediately after landing if it was necessary under the immigration law.

The young man was on the pier in a befuddled condition. The young woman would not permit him to kiss her and told him flatly that she would never marry him. Then she went back aboard the ship, saying that she would return to England single rather than marry a drunkard.

Fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism is simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, neither of which require any internal treatment. All that is needed to afford relief is the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. Give it a trial. You are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. Sold by all dealers.

Madam, Stop Buying Your Flour on a Guess

Which do YOU buy, Mistress Housewife? Flour on a GUESS?
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When you hand over the Hard-Earned—suppose you guessed wrong?

If you can purchase flour that is guaranteed positively, surely you will not buy a "guess" brand which leaves you no recourse in the event of dissatisfaction or loss of good material.

As a thrifty kitchen manager, Madam, YOU will buy FIVE ROSES flour every time—the only "money-back" flour where you take no chance since every sack is warranted. We know, Madam, FIVE ROSES will save you time, trouble, disappointment—ay, and MONEY, too.

We know what it is doing for thousands of happy housewives, in Canada, in England, in Scotland, even in South-Asia.

A household help for 21 years.

The label on every sack or barrel is your absolute guarantee, as redeemable as a signed statement, that the flour is RIGHT, the packing right, the baking right, the results right.

When we say FIVE ROSES is right, we mean it is all right. Not one pound, or two pounds at the top of the sack, but the whole sack, the entire barrel from the first cupful to the very last grain at the bottom.

Even if it takes you six months to reach the bottom, the guaranty still holds—the strongest guaranty ever given by any miller anywhere.

FIVE ROSES, Madam, will "make good" every time. Try it for bread, cakes, biscuits, puddings, pies, puffs—anything you like.

Use it down to half the sack. Then if you don't want the flour after that, your grocer will take it back and refund the full price charging you nothing for the flour used.

Surely, that's fair enough, isn't it?

Do you know, Madam, why the LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, a responsible and honorable concern backed by 21 years of "square" dealing, can give this binding pledge, which no other miller in Canada cares to give? Because FIVE ROSES doesn't need a guaranty.

Decide NOW, Madam, whether to continue buying on a GUESS—Or—Get FIVE ROSES which guarantees YOUR success every time.

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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.

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