The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1904. NO. 39

Professional Cards

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis opposite Garrison gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

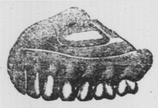
Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
☞Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, &c.
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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



DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

James Primrose, D. D. S.,

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville Streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, N S
April 1st, 1903.—1y

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

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

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

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR, GEO. MITCHELL, M. P. P.
E. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
GEORGE STAIRS.

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N. S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr,
W. C. Harvey, - - Inspector.

BRANCHES:
Annapolis, Arichat, Baddeck, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Glace Bay, Granville Ferry, Halifax, Inverness, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Lockeport, Mabou, Middleton, New Glasgow, North Sydney, Parrsboro, Sherbrooke, Springhill, Sydney, Sydney Mines, St. Peter's, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.
Port of Spain, Trinidad; St. John, N. B.

CORRESPONDENTS:
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
London and Westminster Bank, London, England.

Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year.

STATEMENT

	1887	1903	1904
Capital, -	$ 500,000	$1,205,900	$ 1,336,295
Reserve Fund, -	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	472,401	5,115,648	5,835,421
Circulation,	148,442	1,043,866	1,134,902
Loans, -	789,889	6,534,320	7,597,602
P. D. Bills -	52,139	10,754	1,246
Liabilities, -	804,426	7,157,178	8,115,550
Assets, -	1,358,269	9,170,243	10,373,650

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

Select Literature.

HER FATHER-IN-LAW.

(By Lilla A. Whitney.)

The afternoon was a dreary one in early November. The rain fell monotonously on the ungathered sodden leaves with a kind of dogged persistence that forbade any hope of a clearing up before nightfall. Gray and cheerless would have been the outlook, even upon a city street, but to Katherine Morris, as she stood looking from an upper story window of a dingy, rickety old farmhouse down into its neglected dooryard, the prospect seemed absolutely desolate.

Only three weeks ago she was known as Katherine Ward—the brightest, prettiest and most popular girl in Hasbrook. Then suddenly, for such events seem always sudden at the last, she had turned into Katherine Morris, while threescore people, more or less, relatives and friends, stood looking on. There had been the breakfast, the flowers, the favors, the old shoes and the rice—those time-honored godspeeds to throw after the departing carriage—and the usual number of wedding gifts to leave behind. Then came that most delightful journey in the beautiful autumn weather, with Philip always at her side to enjoy with her places and objects of interest she had long wished to see. Could there have been a happier beginning to her married life, she asked herself, standing there in the gathering dusk, looking out through tear-dimmed eyes.

This was her father-in-law's home, where she and Philip were to remain until their own little house in Weston, three miles away, should be completed. Philip was now a flourishing young lawyer there, and had already been spoken of in the country as a rising star in his profession.

Katherine had been quick to discern that the ruling and all-pervading spirit of the household was her father-in-law. "Aunt Melinda," the housekeeper since the death of Philip's mother, consulted him on all the house matters, and Katherine was sure that he regulated all the expenditures. Of late it had occurred to her that even Philip, from force of long habit, deferred to his father's judgment when his own would have been better. A feeling of rebellion rose within her at the thought, and she resolved that, for herself, she would never yield to his influence or dominion.

The sound of wheels splashing through the mud of the country road interrupted the train of gloomy reflections, and Katherine knew that the happiest event in her day, Philip's homecoming, was at hand. Another moment, and she heard his gay whistle below and bounding step upon the stairs.

"Here all alone, Kitty? and what is it? What has happened?" for at the sound of his voice and step, all the misery of the lonely day rushed back upon her in an overwhelming flood, and she answered from against his shoulder, "I don't know, Philip, I don't really. Perhaps I am homesick—only a little, though, and for our own new home," she quickly added.

"Well, we are sure to spend Thanksgiving there, and that is not far off now," her husband replied; then, as if a new thought had occurred to him, "Wouldn't you like to have your mother with us at Thanksgiving, dear? Perhaps that would cure all the different kinds of homesickness."

A quick, appreciative glance from Katherine told her husband that he had struck at the root of the matter while prescribing for its cure. These were the things that had won her, the ready sympathy, the quick comprehension of all her moods, the effort, always, to help her out of any trouble. "Let's go down and stir up father and have supper," he suggested, and Katherine followed him, thinking what a difficult matter it would be for her to "stir up father," and yet how easily the reverse had been many times accomplished since her arrival at the farm.

The days that followed passed swiftly and not unpleasantly. The skies had cleared and Katherine, was now absorbed in her plans for furnishing the new house, spending much of her time in Weston. One day upon turning a street corner, she came suddenly upon her father-in-law, whom she had left that morning at the breakfast table, with no expectation of seeing him again before night.

"Why, it's you, Katherine, sure enough!" he volunteered, awkwardly. Katherine stopped, not knowing quite what to say. She never knew quite what to say to her father-in-law. "I've been buyin' some things, some house-keepin' things fer you an' Phil," he began in an embarrassed way. "Ye see, Phil don't know nothin' 'bout buyin' such things an' I don't s'pose you do, so," with an attempt an jocularity, "I thought I'd help ye out a little."

"I'm sur it is very kind of you, and thank you ever so much," Katherine made haste to say, at the same time inwardly chiding herself for not feeling sufficiently grateful. But ignoring her thanks, her father-in-law went on:

"There's never be'n nothin' come into my house that I didn't buy myself. Phil's mother didn't buy her own shoes n'r bunnits. I never see a woman as nohow as could make a good bargain. I was allus good at savin', else Phil couldn't 'a' gone to college. He was smart in school when only a little feller, an' fond of learnin', but I never had much schoolin', so I didn't give in that he could go till his ma lay a dyin'. That was all she asked o' me—to promise to send the boy to college. I hed to promise her and then o' course I hed to keep my word. Phil's paid me back, though, every dollar I ever spent on him, and more, too," he added with an air of proud satisfaction.

Katherine, who upon meeting her father-in-law had felt only the strong repulsion always experienced at sight of him, coupled with the immediate desire to get away from him as soon as possible, yet found herself listening attentively, as a page in the history of her husband's family was unfolded for her benefit. Anything connected with Philip, whether past or present, was of deepest interest to her. But Philip's father! Unknown to herself, he had been standing at the bar of her judgment, and all her preconceived opinions of him had been confirmed: "Grasping, penurious, miserly; yes, and more," thought Katherine, "ignorant and coarse-fibered." How strange that he should be her Philip's father! Of his lovely mother who had died when he was ten years old, he had often spoken. Many times he had reviewed his childish recollections of her, but of his father, she remembered now, he had said little. Katherine's soft heart overflowed in a new tenderness for the poor boy, who through nearly all his life had missed that gentle influence, and the maternal instinct strong within her, rose to meet and supply as far as possible the great need of mother love so lacking in her husband's past.

They had walked along until now they stood in front of her new house, and as Katherine led the way up the steps, she saw that the veranda was covered with packages of all shapes and sizes. "Let's open 'em right up an' see if they're all here," suggested her companion, who forthwith fell to work tearing off the wrappings.

It was truly an unusual array of "housekeepin' things" that met the eye when all were disclosed to view. Much of it consisted of table ware—odd pieces of varying size, picked up here and there, without reference to the fact that all must appear upon the same table. Many of the pieces were shop-worn and no two were alike. A lamp with a much beflowered porcelain shade, some half-worn kitchen furniture, and an entire bolt of coarse unbleached sheeting were among the articles awaiting Katherine's thanks and appreciation when all were in evidence.

"I ain't nowhurs near done buyin' fer ye," her father-in-law said, patronizingly; "I've only jest begun. I'm goin' to an auction they've advertised fer to-morrow, to see what I can find fer ye."

A look of real terror flamed up in Katherine's eyes. "Oh, I beg of you, do not," she answered earnestly. "You have done enough. You have been very kind."

"It'll take a good deal o' time to git ye all fixed up, but I ain't no ways pushed for time jest now, an' I'm bound to see ye through," he insisted vehemently.

Katherine's heart sank within her. She felt herself confronted by a problem that must be solved without help from her husband. How could she allow her dear new home to be filled up with this ill-assorted trash! What would her mother think, who was coming to spend Thanksgiving! On the other hand, she must not deprecate the unexpected generosity of her husband's father. Perhaps Philip would see the situation from her point of view and manage in some way to forestall his future gifts. At all events, the problem would have to work itself out; "but what a waste," she said to herself as she locked the door and proceeded down the street to meet her husband.

For several days thereafter, Katherine saw almost nothing of her father-in-law. He had taken an early breakfast and disappeared each morning before she came to the table. On the streets of Weston she caught occasional glimpses of him. Once she saw him in a department store earnestly bargaining with a tradesman. She was, however, left in no doubt as to the business that brought him to town, for each afternoon the delivery wagons unloaded upon the veranda of the new house, the result of his morning's occupation.

In the meantime she thought it strange that Philip should offer no comments or suggestions. The time was shortening up and something must be said or done soon. Even now, should the auction traps and second-hand goods collected by her father-in-law be utilized, there would be small space left in the new house for anything else. Katherine had resolved to use very few of them, nevertheless she was a long time in nerving herself to meet the crisis. It came suddenly and without premedition about a week before Thanksgiving.

Philip had run up from the office to the new house one cold afternoon, to find his wife wrapped in her furs, grasping with benumbed fingers a yardstick, with which she was trying to get the dimensions of their small parlor.

"It's too cold for you here, Kitty, and I've come up to start the fire in the furnace," he explained as he greeted her.

"I've found a beauty of a carpet for this room, Phil, at Dunlap's," Katherine, intent upon her work, replied irrelevantly, "and it's getting so late, that if we are to be here by Thanksgiving, we must begin to settle at once."

"That is true, dear, but it will take only a short time. Father seems to have remembered nearly everything," and Philip glanced around with what seemed to his wife, an air of actual satisfaction.

Was it possible that, after all, he could be satisfied! That he would expect her to find places for the incongruous mass of rubbish spread out before them! The large roll of coarse carpeting that had stood in the corner for a week, and that she had intended never to use unless at some distant time, in some out-of-the-way place, could it be possible that Philip really expected it to cover their parlor floor! She rose from her crouching posture, found a place for the yardstick, straightened the brim of her hat and began to draw on her gloves before making any reply.

"Philip, you father has been most generous. He has done too much." She spoke deliberately, as if reciting a lesson well learned. "But when you saw that he was wasting his means in buying much that we cannot use, why did you not ask him to give you the money to apply as you saw fit?" She had purposely held herself out of the question.

"I should probably have done no better than he. I am not used to this sort of buying, and father is. Besides, I supposed the things were all right," her husband rejoined uneasily.

"It is barely possible, then, that I might have been of some assistance. I should, at least, have known what sort of carpets and furniture I cared to see in my own home," Katherine replied coldly. She had never before addressed him in this tone, and her husband looked up in quick surprise to meet the changed expression of her face. He grew pale, but began hurriedly: "I must set you right on one point, Kitty; the matter is even worse than you think, but somehow, I supposed you knew. Father has given us nothing. All these things," indicating with a wave of the hand the miscellaneous collection, that in different stages of wear and tear occupied the entire front of the house, "were bought with my money. Father asked me to let him spend it for us. I have never refused father anything. I see now that it has all been a miserable blunder, but there is nothing to do but to make the best of it."

Katherine had grown cold as she listened; suddenly she flushed with anger, felt weak, and sat down. Her own voice sounded far-off and strange as she spoke. "Then I suppose you have no more money to use in furnishing the house at present?"

"No, Kitty, no more at present." The tone was full of regret, but decisive.

Three days later, Philip Morris sat idly in his office. All disposition to work seemed far removed. His face looked worn and old, and different from that of the good-natured Phil of a week ago. He sat in the revolving chair, feet tilted upon the table, smoking hard and thinking. Nothing but the most profunctory commonplaces in the way of conversation had passed between himself and Katherine since the denouement at the house three days before. He had no clue, even, to her thoughts. She was as far removed from him as if they had been mere casual acquaintances. Studiously courteous—that would be Katherine—yet coldly aloof. How would it end? Heavy steps sounded on the stairs. A moment later the door was pushed open, and his father, smiling and important, entered the room.

"I've got a surprise for ye, Phil, look here!" and he held two fifty-dollar bank notes before the astonished eyes of his son. "See what I saved ye in the buyin' of yer housekeepin' stuff! Could ye have done as well fer yerself, now?"

"Probably no better," Philip answered without enthuiasm, "but Katherine could have suited herself much better, father; she is not pleased with your purchases."

"Not pleased with 'em! How can she help bein' pleased with 'em?" But his son did not enlighten him further, and silence fell between the two. Presently Philip's eye lighted up, as with resolve newly born. "Father," he asked, with swift directness, "do I owe you anything—any money, I mean?"

"Not one cent, Phil, fust n'r last," replied the elder man. "I kep' count of all ye cost me from the time ye was born till ye come out o' college an' law school, an' ye've more'n paid me back the hull on't, 'Tain't one boy out o' a thousan' would 'a' done it, if I do say it, and I've bragged on ye a lot, Phil, I have." The son stiffened perceptibly.

"Then I may consider myself in your debt at present only for the mere accident of birth?" he asked coldly.

"That's all, boy," the old man moved uneasily in his chair. "But why did ye do it? I never asked it o' ye."

"You did not ask it of me in so many words, father, but you accepted the money. I will tell you why I did it," said the younger man wheeling about, faced the elder, as if nerved to a long expected ordeal. "I knew you loved money better than anything else in the world, and I thought if there were no question of dollars and cents between us, there might be found," his voice faltered, "a little room in your heart for me—your only child."

The old man sat, as if turned to stone, and the son went on: "Father, I suppose you must be, if not a rich man, one who has the means at his disposal to do about as he wishes?"

"Call it rich, boy, call it rich, an' ye won't be fer out o' the way."

"Have you ever planned what you will do with your wealth?"

"What should I do with it?" and the father looked up in amazement. "Ain't it all fer you in the end, you an' yer children? Ye'll be a rich man, Phil, some day. All I ever took from ye was only to save fer ye."

"We cannot forecast the future, and I may not care, then, for your money. I have sorely needed it in my life as I went along—have needed it at home, at college, everywhere; in books, pictures, music, opportunities—all those things that make for culture, the things that Katherine, whose father was not rich, has enjoyed all her life, and which are as the breath of life to her now."

He lifted the two notes from the table and extended them to his companion. "I want you to hand her these as a Thanksgiving gift from yourself, father. Remember, my name must not appear. It is your gift, and give it to her to-morrow—she may like to use it," he added.

"Phil, I never seen a woman have a hundred dollars to spend in my life," rejoined his father, solemnly; "but it's yer own an' I'll do it ef ye say so."

During all that evening, the old man sat in a brown study, as if struggling to settle his mind into new channels of thought. Late in the afternoon of the following day, as Philip was preparing to close his office, Katherine burst in upon him—the Katherine that he knew—radiant, happy, tearful. "Oh, Phil, dear, you can never guess what has happened! Your father has given me these," unfolding upon the desk before him, as she spoke, a check for a thousand dollars, upon which she laid the bank notes, already familiar to him; "and he says," she went on, the words tumbling over one another in her haste, "that if we do not like the 'truck' he has bought, we can heave it out and please ourselves in furnishing the house. Philip, I feel so guilty; I have so misjudged him"—her eyes looked repentantly into his—"and I am afraid you, too, dear."

"No, Kitty, you have not misjudged us," her husband said, as he drew her into his arms, "but we have both changed—father and I."

Ayer's

One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A

Cherry Pectoral

doctor's medicine for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs. Sold for over 60 years.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for eight years. There's nothing equal to it for coughs and colds, especially for children."—MRS. W. H. BRYSON, Shelby, Ala.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Night Coughs**

Keep the bowels open with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

Nova Scotians Now Own Smelting Plant.

New Company Will Develop the Pictou Industry and Increase Output.

The Free Lance, of Westville, says:—The people of Nova Scotia, especially those who are interested in the mining industry, will receive with satisfaction the news that the Pictou smelting works, which became widely known at the time of their erection a few years ago, have been purchased by Halifax capitalists and will be put into condition at an early date for the treatment of copper, gold and other ores. An indication of the importance of a country's mining industry is the existence of one or more smelting plants in the field. Wherever mining has become a source of wealth and an established industry, there will be found the great furnaces of the smelters turning the product of the mines into bullion to enrich those who have gone into the earth to claim their share of its treasures. Ore smelting is regarded as one of the most profitable industries in which men of enterprise may engage. Given ample supplies of ore, a condition which is assured in this country, smelting operations can be carried on most successfully.

The present capacity of the plant is one hundred tons daily, which it is proposed to increase at an early date to three hundred tons. The works were originally erected at a cost of $175,000 and two years ago improvements were effected at a further cost of nearly $45,000.

There are copper and gold ores now on the smelting premises at Pictou said to be worth nearly $20,000. The works are to be overhauled at once, and at a later date it is proposed to enlarge the plant from its present daily capacity of about 100 tons to a capacity of 300 tons. A new roof over the main and ore buildings are now in course of construction, and the office building, a separate structure, is being put in good repair. The new comers have no connection with the former owners of the property, who after erecting what was pronounced a complete smelter and securing a large quantity of ore, on which to commence operations, unfortunately became involved in litigation, which eventually led to the property being sold. The plant was not operated for more than a few weeks altogether, and is therefore practically new. The branch railway was constructed at a cost of some $20,000.

—The world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you. It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the message to Garcia; those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; such get no honors and small pay. Next there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard luck story. Then still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it; he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?—Elbert Hubbard.

Cures Colds in One Hour

Many old colds are dangerous because composed of deadening opiates. But fragrant healing Catarrhozone cures colds in one hour, and is both harmless and delightful to use. Even the worst colds, sneezing, snuffling colds with running eyes are stopped very quickly when the balsamic vapor of Catarrhozone is inhaled. Catarrhozone acts like a charm on colds, kills them outright, prevents their return a few hours later. For colds, catarrh and throat trouble use only Catarrhozone. Complete outfit $1.00, trial size 25c., at all druggists.

Rulers of Canada.

Premiers of Canada Since Confederation.

1867 to 1873—Sir John A. Macdonald.
1873 to 1878—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.
1878 to 1891—Sir John A. Macdonald.
1891 to 1892—Sir John Abbott.
1892 to 1894—Sir John Thompson.
1894 to 1896—Sir Mackenzie Bowell.
April 27 to July 13, 1896—Sir Charles Tupper.
1896 to 1904—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Leaders of Opposition Since Confederation.

1867 to 1872—Sir Antoine A. Dorion.
1872 to 1874—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.
1874 to 1878—Sir John A. Macdonald.
1878 to 1879—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.
1879 to 1887—Hon. Edward Blake.
1887 to 1896—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
1896 to 1900—Sir Charles Tupper.
1900 to 1904—R. L. Borden.

Governor-Generals in Office At Time of General Elections Since Confederation.

1867—Lord Monk.
1872—Lord Dufferin.
1874—Lieut.-General O'Grady-Haly (administrator).
1878—Marquis of Lorne.
1887—Lord Lansdowne.
1891—Lord Stanley of Preston.
1896—Sir Elzear Taschereau (administrator.)
1904—Lord Minto.

A Halifax Doctor Awarded Damages of $7,372.40.

His Suit Against the Halifax Tram Company Ended Yesterday and Resulted in a Verdict of Almost Three-Quarters of the Sum Asked For.

The case of Dr. Mader against the Halifax Tram company was finished yesterday afternoon, the verdict being in favor of the plaintiff, who was awarded the sum of $7,372.40. Nothing was said about costs, but the verdict will probably carry them. This case arose out of the accident which happened to the doctor last February when he was thrown out of his sleigh, which was upset through coming in contact with the ridge formed by the street railway sweeper in throwing the snow from the track. As a result of this accident, Dr. Mader suffered a compound fracture of the leg and was laid up for some time. He entered suit for $10,000 and the case came up for trial on Monday before Judge Graham and a jury, with John A. Doyle as foreman. It took up till yesterday noon to complete the evidence, and in the afternoon the counsel for both sides addressed the jury, and the judge delivered his charge. The jury retired at 4.15 o'clock and remained in deliberation about an hour, when they returned the verdict as given. W. B. A. Ritchie was counsel for Dr. Mader, and Mellish and Ross for the Tramway company.

The South Western Railway.

While no regular trains are yet running over any portion of the Halifax and South Western Railway, yet all freight offering is being carried between Halifax and Lunenburg. Construction trains are running as far as Liverpool, and the work of ballasting, etc., to that point is well on towards completion. An effort is now being made to have accommodation trains run on a regular time schedule between Halifax and Liverpool for the convenience of the public, but no announcement regarding this can yet be made. Beyond Liverpool the line has been located and work is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. The fine weather which has so far prevailed this autumn has been very favorable to contractors and has enabled them to push along their work with very little loss of time.

Consumption

¶ There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung.

¶ From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They *can* take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.

¶ We will send you a sample free.

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

Scott & Bowne
Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and $1; all druggists

STOP THAT COUGH!

Don't run risks—don't rack yourself to pieces, when a 25c bottle of

SYRUP WHITE PINE and TAR

will relieve and cure it. We know of no cough remedy so thoroughly efficient—it not only soothes, it *CURES*.

Royal Pharmacy

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B., Chemist.

Nova Scotia Crop Report.

Government Returns Show on the Whole Less Than the Average.

Secretary Chipman has issued his annual report of Nova Scotia crops. He says the whole season proved unfavorable to growth in many parts of the province, and if one section realized good crops nearly up to the average it will be observed by a careful examination of the various counties, and many parts of each county, that variation was great. Rain fall was principally local rather than general, some districts having rather plentiful showers, while other sections not many miles distant were entirely without rain, thus reducing the general average. There are a few sections of country that reached nearly or quite an average crop of hay, but no county has averaged a full crop. Shelburne county stands highest, with Annapolis, Yarmouth, Digby, Queens and Lunenburg next in the order named. These counties are not what we call our great hay producing counties, some of which fall very near below the average.

The oat crop, a most important crop for this province, is also much below the average, while potatoes and roots are close up to the average crop. Our apple crop has been fairly large, but suffered some very heavy gales, and prices are not up to last year.

Live stock, notwithstanding that pastures were poor, on account of the drought in the spring and summer, will go into winter quarters in fairly good condition, because in the latter part of the season pastures were good.

Nearly Six Millions of Dollars to Spend for Patents.

The past year has been a busy one for inventors, and, unless all signs fail, manufacturers in the United States intend placing upon the market many new products not heretofore known. During the last year 31,699 patents were issued by the U. S. patent office.

The number of patents which expired in the United States in 1903 was 21,797. The number of allowed applications awaiting the payment of final fees was 10,545, and there are $5,682,540.61 to the credit of the patent office in the Treasury of the United States. Messrs. Marion &. Marion, of Montreal, secured twenty-five per cent. of all U. S. patents issued to Canadians in 1903. Altogether the volume of business done by the U. S. Patent Office last year was the largest in its history.

Germany has purchased land, and plans have been prepared for a new Patent Office building in Berlin to provide accommodation for two thousand employees. Commencing January 1st, 1905, the British authorities will follow the method of examination now practised in Canada, the United States and Germany.

Our readers may obtain any nformation about patents and trade marks by applying to Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, who have sent us the above article.

The Peace Conference.

Netherlands Has Accepted the Suggestion That the Conference Be Reconvened at the Hague.

Washington, Nov. 13.—The government of the Netherlands has formally advised Secretary Hay that it gladly accepts the suggestion that the peace conference be reconvened at The Hague. So far no formal acceptance of the American invitation in its full breadth has been received, but it is stated that nearly all of the European powers have already indicated through their representatives here, or through the American ambassadors or ministers abroad that they accept the president's invitation on principle, leaving to future negotiations the arrangement of the programme for the conference and the limitations to be placed upon its work.

No Poison in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

From Napier, New Zealand, Herald: Two years ago the Pharmacy Board of New South Wales, Australia, had an analysis made of all the cough medicines that were sold in that market. Out of the entire list they found only one that they declared was entirely free from all poisons. This exception was Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, made by the Chamberlain Medicine Company, Des Moines, Iowa, U. S. A. The absence of all narcotics makes this remedy the safest and best that can be had; and it is with a feeling of security that any mother can give it to her little ones. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is especially recommended by its makers for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. This remedy is for sale by S. N. Weare.

Stmr. Donald Founders With All On Board.

Believed That the Steamer Has Gone Down With Her Crew of Fifteen—She Left Marble Mountain Ten Days Ago For Chatham, N. B.

Sydney, Nov. 22.—The steamer Donald, Captain Rossland, from Marble Mountain, Cape Breton, with a cargo of dolomite for Chatham, N. B., is believed to have foundered with all hands on board. The steamer left Marble Mountain on Saturday, November 12, and was due to arrive at Chatham on the following Monday, or a week ago yesterday. It is feared that the vessel, with her crew of fifteen men, succumbed to the fierce gale that prevailed on Monday night. The last seen of the Donald was off Cranberry Head, after landing her pilot on Saturday about midnight. But since then nothing has been heard or seen of her. The Donald, which was of 508 tons net register, was owned in New York and built in Liverpool 30 years ago. She was chartered for her last trip by C. W. Hackett, North Sydney.

Banquet to Earl Grey.

London, November 21.—Lord Strathcona presided at a farewell banquet to-night to Earl Grey, on the eve of the latter's departure for Halifax to assume the governor-generalship of Canada. There were 200 guests, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Broderick, secretary for India, and a number of other prominent gentlemen. Lord Strathcona proposed the toast, "The Dominion of Canada and the Governor-General Elect." Earl Grey, in responding, paid a tribute to the great loyalty of the Canadians, and said he looked forward with the greatest zest to five years residence in Canada, whose population, he said, there was every reason to expect, "in the lifetime of our sons, and perhaps even of some of us here to-night," would equal that of the United Kingdom.

New Military Council.

An Ottawa despatch says:—Sir Frederick Borden has given his assent to the regulations and approved the personnel of the new military council. The Cabinet, it is understood, will sanction his report in this respect at its next meeting. The military council will be constituted as follows:

Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia; General Lake, Chief of Staff; Col. Pinault, Deputy Minister; Mr. Borden, account; Col. MacDonald, Quarter-Master General; Col. Vidal, Adjutant General; Col. Cotton, Master of Ordinance. Lord Aylmer, the present Adjutant-General, becomes Inspector-General and will report to the council. The regulations governing the council are similar to those in force in Britain.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble.
J. V. VANBUSKIRK.
Fredericton.

Pulp Mills and Timber Limits Sold.

G. D. Campbell and Company, of Weymouth, Purchase the Sissiboo Properties for Good Sum.

G. D. Campbell and Company, lumbermen of Weymouth, last week purchased the two mills and extensive timber limits of the Sissiboo Pulp Company, at Sissiboo, near Weymouth, N. S. The mills have been idle for the last two years, under foreclosure of mortgage. The property is a valuable one, capable of great development. It is understood the new-comers will immediately put the works in operation.

If You Don't Sleep Well

It's because your nerves are in a weak, irritable condition. Ferrozone will make them strong and correct the trouble causing your insomnia. "I fell into a state of nervous exhaustion last fall," writes Mrs. J. Stroud, of Dexter. "I was run down, couldn't sleep and felt perfectly miserable—tried Ferrozone and was quickly benefitted. I can recommend Ferrozone to anyone suffering from over-wrought nerves and sleeplessness." No tonic is better, try Ferrozone. Price 50c. at druggists.

Arbitration treaties will shortly be concluded between Switzerland and Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Germany and Sweden and Norway.

A student of the population of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania reports that there are 630,000 people inhabiting that section, of which 430,000 are foreign-born. Of this latter number, over 50,000 cannot read or write.

When You Have a Bad Cold

You want a remedy that will not only give quick relief, but effect a permanent cure.

You want a remedy that will relieve the lungs and keep expectoration easy.

You want a remedy that will counteract any tendency toward pneumonia.

You want a remedy that is pleasant and safe to take.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets all of these requirements, and for the speedy and permanent cure of bad colds stands without a peer. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Orange Meat
An ideal Breakfast