# The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1904. NO. 6.

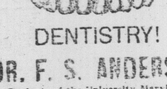


## Professional Cards

**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. tf

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

**Leslie R. Fairn,**
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, - N. S.
April 1st, 1903.—1y

**Fine Watch Repairing.**

**THOS. BIRD,**
Practical Watchmaker,
Begs to inform the people of Bridgetown and surrounding country that he has permanently located next to Dr. DeWolfe' office on Granville Street, where he is prepared to clean and repair all kinds of watches and clocks, and trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

**UNION BANK OF HALIFAX**
INCORPORATED 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - 1,336,150
Capital Paid Up, - 1,326,295
Reserve Fund, - 925,000

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, Mahon, 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.
BRIDGETOWN BRANCH.

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 | $1,205,000 | $ 1,326,295 |
| Reserve Fund, | 40,000 | 825,000 | 925,000 |
| Deposits, - | 472,601 | 5,115,948 | 5,834,421 |
| Circulation, - | 148,443 | 1,043,826 | 1,134,069 |
| Loans, - | 780,920 | 6,534,320 | 7,097,409 |
| P. D. Bills, - | 56,759 | 10,754 | 1,316 |
| Liabilities, - | 104,425 | 7,137,176 | 8,115,850 |
| Assets, - | 1,358,209 | 9,170,243 | 10,373,550 |

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Interest allowed at highest current rate, which is now 3½ per cent. Compounded twice a year—viz., July 31st and January 31st. Interest allowed on Deposit Receipts.


## Poetry.

### "Keep-a-Trying" Signboards.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "you'll soon be starting out,
To drive o'er Life's long roadway, and oft a bit of doubt
Will puzzle you completely, as to which you'd best pursue
Of branching ways, when roads fork out, as they're inclined to do.
Each bears the equal marks of well-worn travel, like as not,
And so, one's undecided which he'd better choose to trot;
But I have learned the route, my boy, and thus much I'll confess,
The "Keep-a-tryin'" signboards mark the highway to Success.

"Success is such a pretty town,—to reach it, all men strive;
You'll find the crowd, though, growing less, the farther on you drive;
For many, seeking shorter cuts through Dilly-dally Lane,
Get so far off the highway that they find it ne'er again!
You'll be allured, as on you go, by finger-posts that say,—
'Take Chance's Road, past Waiting-ville, it's far the better way;'
But I this safer route would fain upon your mind impress,—
The 'Keep-a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to Success.

"The road that runs through Waiting-ville has prospects bright and fair,
When first you start, but, farther on, it leads through swamps of care,
And, after that, you'll have to climb the weary hill of Debt;
Then, still beyond, there looms in view the tollgate of Regret.
And so, my boy, when starting on the road of Life, alone,
The route your Uncle Hiram chose I trust you'll make your own,
And heed his plain directions, if you'd quite avoid distress;
The 'Keep-a-tryin'' signboards mark the highway to Success."

—Roy Farrell Greene.

## Select Literature.

### DIE AUSWANDERER.

**A STORY OF OLD LOVES AND NEW FORTUNES.**

(Jas. B. Connolly in Saturday Evening Post.)

To the waiting people in Poland there came one day the most momentous package of all, that which contained the money for their tickets—this from far-away America, from Henry, good husband to Esther, and more than a son to Esther's mother, even from the day he had asked her for Esther in marriage.

Then were there the most formidable details to be attended to, for in the realm of the Czar the matter of emigrating is of moment to the government. There had to be faced the most terrifying officials, who asked the most searching questions and gave over the papers only after the most rigid formalities, and also only after payments had been made that seemed like mountains of expense to people who for so long had been dwelling in the valley of poverty.

And there was even more than that. When for so many hundreds of years one's ancestors have lived and died in a country—in so many cases for that country—one does not, generally, make ready to leave that country, forever most likely, and for a far-away and unknown land most surely, without making some little stir, without betraying to the neighbors something of the inward agitation; hardly even though that country be one long ruled by people of a later creation and cruder civilization, by aliens who for some centuries now had been denying all ancestral rights.

But the day of departure came at last, and with the unnecessary household effects disposed of, the little patch of land given over, the passports obtained—all that attended to—and the last-made grave visited once again, Esther and Esther's mother with the four children emerged from beneath the shower of tears, kisses, embraces and blessings, and boarded the rough car in which they were to be jolted to the frontier.

The frontier! They were near to it at length, and nearing it were met by uniformed officials of the country they were leaving, who peered into their faces, shouted at them, examined their papers, went away, came back, had another look, another examination, shouted once more, and finally allowed the train to pass beyond the line of pacing soldiers and thence to the servants of the great steamship company, more especially the one in green livery with red trimmings, who also shouted at them—everybody seemed to shout at them, but this one could be heard a league—"D'Auswanderer—Auswanderer!" And when he had made it clear that they were to rally to him, and they had humbly assembled, turned them over to a little old man, also in uniform, who reassembled them after his own fashion, and led them like a band of conscripts to the company's lodging-house and there assigned them quarters for the night. The company, the little man made them understand, was now responsible for them—from now until they were aboard the steamer in Hamburg—and though the company would be like a kind father to them, it would also see that none strayed beyond the confines of its premises.

They were happy then, and Esther's mother, who had not from the first moment of departure ceased to worry for the children, above all for little Michael, now in deep gratitude put them away for the night, the eldest two in one birth, the next with Esther. Michael, the youngest—the baby—she took to herself. Never would she part from little Michael—never—never—and told him so between the lines of the song with which she lulled him to sleep.

To the women, when the children were hushed, there came from the next apartment the sound of men's voices. One there was who seemed to have come back from America for a holiday—a young man, by the tone—recounting tales of the wonderful land to which all were bound. No longer than two days was he in New York when some one said "Come," and set him to work at two dollars—two dollars—four rubles a day—yes.

In a berth opposite to Esther's mother a young woman breathed aloud at that. "You heard, old mother?—four rubles a day. You have no man, but it is fine to think of, is it not?"

"Truly," answered Esther's mother; "it will be fine for the young."

Esther's mother could then hear old Joseph asking questions. Poor old Joseph! For him there had been no need to come. He had indeed saved enough to keep him with prudence all his years at home. But he had come, and there was no gainsaying him. To the frontier only—to the control-station, no further—he had said to the neighbors and even themselves, before taking the train; but to America it was to be, in truth, as he had told them that afternoon in the cars, and told them also how he had sold his little possessions privately and drawn all his savings and changed all into large bills which, even at the moment were in a pouch under his vest. He even showed them where, around his neck, under his long white beard, lay the string of the pouch.

They slept well that night. The cooing and gurgling of little Michael awoke Esther's mother, as it had awakened her for many mornings now. What a feeling that—the little fingers creeping up over the face and trying to open one's eyes in the morning! Oh, the little man—she cuddled him and kept him by her until long after Esther had the other children ready—until the company's man came to say that those who cared might cook breakfast in the kitchen below where were samovars and charcoal, and where cold water was to be had of the pump in the yard outside. After that they must be ready to go to the office, there to get tickets, for which one must have the money ready.

"Children under four years are free at the steamship from Hamburg to New York, but only those under ten months are free at the railway from here to Hamburg. Be prepared!"

"Oh, my little Michael. We shall have to pay for him on the railway, think you, Esther—and he but hardly weaned?"

"And for Henry on the steamer, mother. He is five."

"Five—yes—but small for his age. Michael is such a great fellow."

Just before Esther's mother in the line was the young woman who had slept in the berth opposite Esther's mother during the night. She held a lusty baby boy in her arms. The weight of him was sagging one hip and shoulder down and around, but she would not set him down.

To her came the superintendent; a portly, good-looking man in a thin silk coat, fine frilled linen, loose tie and the softest of tanned kid slippers, and a clerk at his elbow with pad and pen.

"And this one—how old is he?"

The young woman trembled. Esther's mother, next in line, also trembled.

"How old, I say—how old?"

"Ten months, your Excellence."

"Ten months? Ten months? Set him down."

"But he cannot walk yet—he is too young, your Excellence."

"Pish—pish—for a moment and let us see. There—and he cannot walk, you say?"

"Oh, but so little, your Excellence." Fat, curly, bow-legged and black-eyed, the child stumped about the room.

"But so little, you say, and only ten months? So. At ten years he will be a man already. Ten months!—and walks like a sailor. Ten months!"

"He was born so, your Excellence—large and strong for his age."

"So." The superintendent halted to wipe his perspiring cheeks. "Ah, but it is warm. And this other fat, curly one?"—he pinched little Michael's cheek—"what age? Ten months also, old mother?"

"Ten months, your Excellence."

"And born large and strong also? And his name—Samson? No? Michael, you say? Oh, Michael. Ach! let them pass. Let them all pass. What can one do with women—such lies. To the doctor now."

To the first room in the control-station went Esther's party, and these, with many others, patiently awaited examination.

Laws! There were laws, it seems. And had they not left all troublesome laws behind them? And here, regulations also—such queer things were in the world!—which said that they must be examined all, especially as to hair and eyes, before they would be allowed on the railway which was to take them, by and by, to the steamship and so on to that great country beyond the great sea.

It was terrifying, this waiting in line, and then, when the doctor said, "Now, you—" to have to march up the whole length of the long room and stand before him, with his eyes and mouth that did not smile, and have him look one over so—such a look! and the looking-glass that was strapped to his forehead! It could not be that he knew how he frightened one when he studied one out in that way—so—and shook his head slowly—so—and then stiff and stern—so! No, surely he could not know.

Behind Esther was the old mother, holding little Michael, dancing him up and down, sticking her face into his face, saying Boo! and Boo! and Boo! again, and kissing him every time he crowed aloud. This was her own darling—youngest of all—little Michael. She held him high over her shoulder that he might stroke old Joseph's beard; and old Joseph, sad and patient, for a moment tried to smile.

Esther faced the doctor, and, being passed, came back to her place on the long bench. Esther's mother should have been next, but she turned to Joseph, and he, obedient as in the years of his youth, stood before the doctor. The doctor took up his papers.

"You are alone?"

"Yes, Herr Doctor."

"No wife, no child behind you?"

"No wife, nor child—nor kin, Herr Doctor."

"And in America—no kin?"

"Nobody—in all the world nobody."

"But at your age—why do you go? You like to travel?"

"I? Not I—old trees, fast roots."

"So? But tell me—it is not for myself, not the law, that I ask—why do you go?"

"I go because my friends go. Esther goes—and so the children. The children go and Sarah goes, and where Sarah goes I must go."

"So? And which is Sarah?"

"She who is next."

"With the child? H-m—she is old, too."

"She has been younger, Herr Doctor."

"I meant no harm, old man. That you may know her when she is yet older is my wish."

"May the Lord spare her, Herr Doctor. And if I may say it—you will see for yourself—the child is her life."

"'Tis not hard to see that. But if you will step down now and tell her to come."

Sarah approached haltingly. She still carried Michael.

"That child—is he not heavy, old mother?"

"Oh, no, Herr Doctor—not little Michael."

"But you must set him down now."

"And I must, Herr Doctor?"

"Only for a little while. That is it. And now the hair."

Down tumbled the hair. Old Joseph remembered what that hair was once—and, remembering, sighed.

"And now for the eyes—the head this way—so!"

The faded old eyes were turned toward the light. They looked like eyes that had wept so much they could weep no more.

"So—h-m-m— And now this way. And this way once more. H-m-m—You have seen much trouble, old mother?"

"Trouble? Every one has trouble."

"It is true. And your daughter—she is the only child now?"

"The only child."

"And there were others?"

"Five are buried, Herr Doctor—five and their father."

"Ah! and your daughter's husband, is it not, who sends the money for your passage?"

"Henry it is—yes. A fine boy, and who has worked so hard that we might all come to him together."

"So." Longer and yet longer the doctor looked into the old eyes. And then he asked her further questions. Afterward she could not remember what the questions were—he asked so many—and there was that fearful looking-glass on his head—but she told him of the sickness with her eyes. She had had that sickness with her eyes for a long time now. But it mattered little. She could see to help the men in the field in the summer and see to sew in the long nights of winter. She made all the clothes for the babies. And no one had ever before said that her eyes were not as good for that as any other eyes. The very clothes that little Michael then had on—where was he, the little imp? Oh—under the table—such a boy!—those clothes were the envy of every mother in the village. And her eyes had overlooked every stitch, every single stitch. Look, the Herr Doctor could see for himself that it was well done. Not another child in the village had such clothes. Children of the rich there were with clothes that would not show finer stitching.

The surgeon, shaking his head, turned to the superintendent. She could not understand what it was they said, the one to the other—they talked in Polish no longer—but there was that in their faces which troubled her. She put her hand on the surgeon's arm even before he had done speaking to the superintendent, and all in that room trembled for her boldness. Her other hand clasped little Michael's fingers.

Then the superintendent—who seemed to talk all languages, and her own language as one born to it—called Esther over and whispered to her. And Esther mournfully told her mother that she would have to wait for a time.

"Wait? And why?" It was plain she did not understand.

"There is not money enough for all, his Excellence says. It is full fare for children over four years of age and half fare for children over ten months. And Henry is above four years and little Michael above ten months—they have decided. And if the children are to go some one must stay behind—is it not so, your Excellence?"

"It is so, old mother," confirmed the superintendent.

Esther's mother looked to her little Michael, and from him around the room. Her eyes fastened on the slim young woman with the fat baby in arms—she who had been in the opposite berth the night before and just ahead of them in line at the office. All had remarked that since leaving the office that morning not once had she set that baby down. She feared to have to buy a ticket for him—'twas not hard to see that. To her Esther's mother rushed. "See, Herr Excellence, see you, which is the larger? Or the Herr Doctor, who understands such things better—see which is the older—this one or my little Michael? Set him down—will you not set him down? Ah! she will not. Look again, Herr Doctor. This one has been passed—has he not?"

"It is true," said the superintendent.

Then did Esther's mother force the young woman to set the fat baby on the floor. In an instant he was rolling toward the men.

"Ten months, and see him run! Ten months, and free! But not little Michael?" With her dry eyes she faced the superintendent. "But not little Michael, your Excellence?"

Then to Esther the surgeon whispered the truth. 'Twas not the ticket to be bought. It was the eyes. The old mother's eyes were diseased. She must stay behind.

Poor Esther! She looked at the surgeon, then back to her mother. Her eyes also rested on little Michael. "But what will she do without little Michael, Herr Doctor?"

The surgeon shook his head. The soul was not open to his knife. Then suddenly he wondered why he was spending so much time over this case. Again and again had such cases come before him—not exactly alike always, but much alike. How many he had passed by before. But here he was this morning! It could not be merely that it was a fair, warm, summer's morning—hardly that. In his memory were a thousand other fair, warm mornings with the trees nodding outside the door and blue sky beyond, and a voice as pleading and eyes as sad as these—almost. Whatever it was, this doctor, who examined a thousand immigrants a month, took a great deal of trouble to make it clear to Esther why it was that her mother could not go.

"How can I tell her?" said Esther. "She cannot come, and yet we must go to Henry, who is waiting for us."

It was on the superintendent's hint that she told her mother that, though there was not money enough for all at that moment, she need not despair, for when they reached America they would have Henry send her ticket-money.

"Oh, my heart!" said Esther's mother, "and I must wait until the money comes again. You go now with the children—and not I. And yet it is right—it is right. Henry is impatient, and why not? The long time he has toiled for the tickets, and now he wishes to see his own. Esther, you are his own—and the children—little Michael and all. But not his wife's old mother? He will await every steamer now—I go to the office and ask for Esther and the babies. Ah, ah—it is not right. No, I do not mean that. Esther, when you see him you will tell him, and surely he will manage to send the money soon. And yet it is so much to save—eighty rubles. One could live a long time at home on that—but he is good—Henry—he will not complain, and he shall see how I will make it up in care of the children. You and he, Esther, will need me. I shall be taking care of the little ones while you help him at his work. But little Michael—":

Here old Joseph stepped over. Timidly he plucked the superintendent by the arm. "I have enough—I will pay for Sarah's ticket." The pouch was in his hand, the string from about his neck.

"Sh-h—M" said the superintendent, and told him how it was.

"Oh!" said old Joseph.

But Esther's mother had caught sight of Joseph and divined what he had said.

"Ah, Joseph, you will pay, and I shall not have to wait."

And then they had to tell her—or partly tell her—it was the sickness of the eyes.

"Even if we allowed you to leave here, old mother, they would send you back from New York—the American surgeons are very strict."

It took her sometime to understand it. Her courage almost left her, and she had to sit down for a while, but, gaining a little strength, she inquired how long it would take the sickness to leave her. If she took good care, stayed in the dark room, say, by the time Esther and her children arrived in New York and could send a letter back—would she be well? Three weeks or more—four weeks it might be—five, possibly. Well, in five weeks—what a long time—but in five weeks would the sickness be cured?

Then it was that they told Esther the whole truth. Her mother's eyes would never be better. And Esther told Joseph and Joseph led her away, with her fingers still clinging to little Michael's hand, and she still of the opinion that in a few weeks her eyes might be well and she on her way to join the children.

After that it was time for the bathing. Every one must get under the stream of water and get such a wash as he never got before. They told Esther's mother that she could not go with the others, that she would have to give up little Michael because of the sickness of her eyes. In a little while, after they had been through the bath, little Michael would be brought back.

She protested at that. "So soon to lose him for long weeks, and now not to see him while he is washed." So vehement was she that the superintendent and surgeon threw up their hands and allowed her to have her way. So and allowed her to have her way. So she took little Michael into the women's apartments and gave him so fine a warm bath, with such a plenty of soapsuds that he crowed like a young rooster.

"Such a boy!" said Esther's mother, and held him up rosy for all to see, and later, with his glowing face, confronted the superintendent triumphant.

It was against all the rules that Esther's mother should go in the train for Hamburg. But she hung on to little Michael, to whom she was soon to say "Good-by"—hung on so tightly that when the train started the superintendent said something to the guard and handed him a paper in reply said, "Very good—Berlin," that and something else, and Esther's mother, happy and smiling, stayed aboard.

Everybody in the car felt sorry for Esther's mother and smiled at her and the baby when they saw that she had had her way.

All that night and all next morning they were confined in the rickety car, on the side of which, in large, black letters, were the words "Russische Auswanderer." At times along the way there were stations where, the guard's vigilance relaxing, the more active of them might have had time to run out and procure needful things, but if their own guard was careless, others were not so, and they were soon rushed back. Everybody seemed to think that, whoever else were accorded privileges, these lowly strangers, at least, should be given no liberty.

The young fellow Ivan, who had been to America before, explained how it was. "Some years ago some people—not our people, but others of Russia—carried the cholera into Hamburg and so on to America, and since then none of our day are allowed to leave the cars until we are in Hamburg, and there we leave them only for the Auswandererhallen, and there it is lock and key also until we are on the steamer. I know, for it was so when I went before also, although, by St. Nicholas, it seems harder now. Next time, should I ever come back again, I return third-class—no less."

At Promberg, which is well on toward Berlin, a boy having grapes for sale, halted under the window of the car. "Ah," sighed Esther, "if the babies had but a handful!" Old Joseph, leaning out, motioned for the full of his hat, and handed down a ruble. The boy shook his head.

"He will have none of your Russian money," said Ivan. "He wants German money. I remember now that it was so before."

"But I have no German money," said poor Joseph, and was drawing in his head disconsolate when they were perceived by a young fellow whom they had themselves already noticed as one who seemed to have no other business than to walk the platform and observe the people about him. He was neither German nor Russian they saw at once. To him, when he came over, Ivan handed Joseph's ruble and spoke some words in the strange tongue with which he used to converse with the superintendent at the control-station, when he wished to show that he had been to America.

The young stranger nodded, and for Joseph's ruble handed back German money. "Two marks and fifteen pfennigs"—they knew that much of German money—and then, stopping the fruit boy, he purchased the platter of grapes and handed it up to Esther's mother. Further, he ran off and came back with a prescious orange for each of the children. Little Michael's hand was not large enough to hold his. "There," said Ivan proudly, "that is the American kind. Money—they have it like dirt to spend—these rich Americans. You will find them everywhere."

"Not many of them come to Poland," said old Joseph; "or, if so, I never saw them in our village."

Esther's mother fed the orange to little Michael. Between mouthfuls she hugged him tight, and in his ear whispered: "Ah, my little Michael, some day—who can say—you also will be rich, with money to spend like that, and with the money there will also be horses and carriages and grand houses and servants. And maybe I shall live to see it, and if so it may be that I shall be allowed there—in the grand house—in a little back room up under the roof with nobody to see me, but from where I can look and see all, knitting your socks for the bad weather and putting the letters on the fine linen you will have then. Is it not so, my little Michael!" and little Michael held his mouth up for more orange.

Not long after that it came to an end—at Berlin, where the train made a long halt. Esther's mother had almost forgotten that she was not to go, and was beginning to believe that she would yet be allowed to stay. But here was a new guard, one with less kindness than the other. He pulled out a paper and came through the car calling loudly her name:

"Sarah—I cannot read it—but Sarah something, an old woman." She had no cause to answer—the pitiful look that came to her worn old face would have made her known out of a multitude.

She pleaded with this one, even as she had with the doctor and superintendent, and up to the last moment hoped that she might win him over. But this was one who dared not or could not go beyond orders—out of the car he lifted her as the train moved—out and on to the platform.

And after her came old Joseph. He had stopped not for bundles or boxes, but jumped off like a youth of twenty.

"You must tell her all," called Esther after him.

"I will tell her."

It was a most unheard of thing, this leaving the car by one against whom no objection was made, and the astounded guard, with no precedent to help him out, was at a loss what to do. He gesticulated in bewilderment, but the train moved out.

Esther's mother did not see Joseph. She had eyes only for little Michael with his arms reaching out of the window toward her, out over his mother's shoulder as though for something he missed.

Long after the train was out of sight she stood there, despairing. Only when fatigue compelled her did she move to a bench, and then only to cast her weary body down and hold a tight hand to her aching eyes and head.

Joseph, saying nothing, sat on another bench.

By and by, the train that was to take her back to Russia came, and, arising, she saw him sitting there.

"You, Joseph? And why? Why, oh, Joseph, did you turn back, too?"

"Why? Why! As if you did not know. You in Poland, and I stay in America? I am old, Sarah."

"And I am old, too, Joseph—so old, and never knew till now."

It was in the control-station on the frontier that she was told the worst. It had to be told her. She had to be made to understand why it was that she was not to be allowed to stay there until the ticket should come from America—if all the tickets in the world were to come, why, she could not go.

It was old Joseph who told her.

"So," she said, "so. Oh, Henry, you were a good boy. And Peter, Paul, Joseph—good children, all. And Esther, my daughter, you were good, too—Esther—yes. But Michael—oh, my heart! Oh, my little Michael——"

And then the tears came.

"That is better," said the surgeon. "But she will need care, old uncle, when she is back in Poland again—for all her days, it may be."

"She shall have care," said Joseph, "and for all her days, if need be."

Between the control-station and their old home in Poland she spoke only once. Without lifting her head she reached out her hand.

"Joseph!"

"I am here."

"When the letters come from America it may be that my eyes—you heard what the doctor said—my eyes—and in the letter may be things that are not for others to see—but I do not mind you, Joseph, and also there will be such things as little Michael will write when he grows up—you know, Joseph."

"I know, Sarah."

"And I may need eyes, Joseph. It is hard to say only that, to be only a burden to thee at the last, but I may need eyes, Joseph."

"Thou shalt have eyes, Sarah."


**Ayer's**

Your doctor will tell you that thin, pale, weak, nervous children become strong and well by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Small doses, for a few days.

**Sarsaparilla**

The change is very prompt and very marked. Ask your doctor why it is. He has our formula and will explain.

"When 12 years old, for many months no one thought I could live because of thin blood. But, in a few weeks, Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely restored me to health."
MRS. E. BUCKMINSTER, Vineland, N. J.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **The Children**

Biliousness, constipation prevent recovery. Cure these with Ayer's Pills.

**Travelling Opticians**

May be all very well, but they are here and away. We are here ALL THE TIME. You can count on satisfactory attention, and we can keep track of your case until your eyes are in proper form for comfort and service.

**Royal Pharmacy**

**W. A. WARREN, Phm. B., Chemist and Optician.**


### Greatly Alarmed

By a Persistent Cough, but Permanently Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Mr. H. P. Burbage, a student at law in Greenville, S. C., had been troubled for four or five years with a continuous cough which he says, "greatly alarmed me, causing me to fear that I was in the first stage of consumption." Mr. Burbage having seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised, concluded to try it. Now read what he says of it: "I soon felt a remarkable change and after using two bottles of the twenty-five cents size, was permanently cured." Sold by S. N. Weare.

### American Radium.

The chief source of radium is pitchblende, a European mineral, but lately it has been found that an American mineral from Utah, carnolite, yields sufficient radium to make it a practicable source from which to obtain that substance. The activity of radium from carbonate is said, however, to be inferior to that obtained from pitchblende. Professor Curie, the discoverer of radium, has said that some excellent radio-active pitch-blende had come to him from Colorado.


Minard's Liniment used by physicians.

**8 Cents**

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.


### Canada's New Railroad.

For more than five hundred years British statesmen have dreamed of possessing the shortest possible route to the Orient, and the dream is now certain of realization through the efforts of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson and C. M. Hays. The stockholders and directors of the Grand Trunk railway have approved of the plans for constructing the Grand Trunk Pacific railway to extend from North Bay or Gravenhurst, Ont., to either Butte inlet or Port Simpson, a distance of 3,025 miles, and the Canadian government has agreed to construct a portion of the road and guarantee the bonds to be issued for the remaining portion. The total cost will be not less than $125,000,000, and the undertaking outranks in importance any single railway project in history, with the possible exception of the Trans-Siberian railway.

Besides having the shortest route from Liverpool, from the large centres of Canada, from New York and the manufacturing centres of the east and practically an equal route from Chicago and the middle west to the Orient, the company will have the lowest grade mountain line on the continent and over 7,200 miles of continuous railway, with steamship connections. The New England States are reached by the Central Vermont of the Grand Trunk system and the gateways of Chicago, Detroit and Port Huron by the Grand Trunk Western, both roads making short connections with the proposed transcontinental railway. Some of the distances are significant. For example, from New York to Yokohama by the way of Montreal and the new line will be 418 miles shorter than by the Canadian Pacific, 550 miles shorter than by Chicago and San Francisco, and 1,860 miles shorter than by Galveston and San Francisco. From Liverpool to Yokohama by the way of Quebec and the new route will be 528 miles shorter than by the Canadian Pacific, 1,313 miles shorter than by New York and San Francisco and 130 miles shorter than by Moscow and the Trans-Siberian railway. From Chicago and Milwaukee to Yokohama by the Grand Trunk will be 535 miles longer than by the short route by St. Paul and the Canadian Pacific, but shorter in time, and will 265 miles shorter than by St. Paul and Winnipeg.

An idea of the part this line will play Oriental trade is gathered from the statement that the Canadian exports increased from $93,827,077 in 1880 to $211,640,286 in 1902, while from the United States the increase was from $151,100,000 to $433,850,000. Along the lines of the Grand Trunk system are located forty-five cities and towns of more than 4,000 population each and aggregating 1,960,940, which is 18.7 per cent of Canada's population. From these towns the bulk of manufactured articles are now shipped to the northwest and exported.

One of the most important facts in connection with the project is the existence of approximately 500,000,000 acres of fertile and unoccupied land in northwest Canada, or five-eighths of the total farm acreage of the United States. Of the 15,400,000 acres of occupied land there are only 6,000,000 acres under cultivation, and they produced 60,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1902. It is estimated that the unoccupied lands are capable of a wheat production amounting to between 2,500,000,000 to 3,000,000,000 bushels, or five times greater than the total United States crop of 1900. There are other factors which make the Grand Trunk Pacific project one of stupendous possibilities.—Chicago Record-Herald.


I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.
JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
French Village.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.
J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
Cape Island.

I Know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
JOSEPH A. SNOW.
Norway, Me.


### Englishmen Coming.

Three Hundred Farmers Who Will Settle in the Province of Quebec.

Mr. E. Marquette, provincial immigration agent, leaves for Quebec this week to meet the Dominion liner which is due to arrive at the ancient capital on Sunday next. The Dominion is bringing across thre hundred English farmers and farm laborers from the different agricultural sections of England. These settlers are coming to Canada under the auspices of the Eastern Self-help Bristol and United Emigration Societies. They are all from the country districts, and Mr. Marquette has succeeded in placing the major part of them in the Eastern Townships and other parts of the province. Mr. Marquette states that this is the largest number of agriculturists that ever came over in one ship to settle in the province.


**Tonsilitis** is Going Around

And everybody is wondering what to do. Here is a simple cure. Use a gargle of Nerviline and water as recommended in the directions, and rub your throat and chest vigorously with Nerviline. This has been tested and proved successful a thousand times. Nerviline is a specific for tonsilitis and in fact we know of nothing half so good for breaking up colds, curing tight chest and all muscular pains. Try a bottle of Nerviline; price 25c.


—At a recent meeting of the ratepayers of Hantsport on the water question, it was almost unanimously voted that the town should be furnished with a water system. Electric lights are to be placed on Windsor bridge.


**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.