

The Weekly Monitor

VOL. 34

BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, OCTOBER 31, 1906

NO. 30

Middleton May Not Be Gazetted a Town

The Attorney-General Has Reported Against the Step and Intimates That in Naming the Boundaries an Evasion of the Act Was Attempted.

A copy of the report of the attorney-general to the government, as a commissioner sent by the government to Middleton to make enquiry as to the objections raised against the incorporation of that town, has been received here. He has gone into the subject very fully and, as was expected by many, has reported against it. He finds according to the report, that the proceedings were regular but that there was not 700 people on an area of 500 acres, within the meaning of the town's incorporation act.

King Edward Saves a Little Lass.

London, Oct. 27.—Edward VII is a hero to at least one person not his subject. This person is Rosetta Neumann, aged 14 years, to whom the emperor—king of the British—is a hero and an idol.

For Edward VII saved the life of Rosetta Neumann recently, and by exchanging his own life and limb rescued her from fearful peril. The adventure in which the King of England was the hero happened in Austria, near Marienbad, whither he went by order of his physicians to seek health and strength. The coming of the English king to the famous Austrian spa excited the people of the entire valley. Not only were the Americans, French, German and English health seekers who were taking the famous cold chalybeate and saline baths and stopping at the luxurious hotels excited, but the natives, the people from Eger, Olomou, Tausen, were filled with curiosity to see the ruler of the proud nation.

And among those who hoped to look upon the king from afar and marvel at his greatness was little Rosetta Neumann, the daughter of fairly wealthy parents, who had heard of the king's coming and hoped that some day she might meet him as she rode her bicycle through the lovely valley.

She was heart broken when, during the first few days of the king's stay, the paths where she was wont to ride her bicycle were roped off and held for the king, and she rejoiced when by his request, the ropes were torn away and the public admitted to the walks.

Many days she rode out on the bicycle that her father had bought for her on Christmas, hoping that she might get a glimpse of him, but although she rode many miles she never saw him.

If she had but known it Dr. Ott had ordered him to take long walks over the hills that edge the beautiful valley, and any day she might have found him, striding up the hill roads and wandering across the beautiful mountain meadows.

The time for the king to return to his court was drawing near. Improved in health and strengthened in body, he was preparing to quit Marienbad and his health-giving waters, and still Rosetta Neumann had not caught a glimpse of him.

One morning she went for a ride on her bicycle up into the hills above the famous Kreuzbrunn spring. At times she walked and pushed her wheel along until she reached the crest of the hill and rested there, looking down upon the roofs of the famous hostels and sanitariums in the valley that are built near the famous Caroline and Ambrosian cold springs.

It was nearly noon when she suddenly recalled the fact that she had promised her mother to return in time to help with the preparation for luncheon. She sprang to her wheel and started downward. The hill was steep and her wheel gathered speed as she plunged downward toward the valley. Before long she was flying vainly trying to back pedal and hold the wheel.

As she rushed downward her feet slipped from the pedals and the bicycle, running free, whirled downward. The child half in terror, realized the danger. Below her the perfect road slanted for nearly half a mile, and then there was a sharp curve, almost at right angles, and a high stone wall. The wheel was beyond control, and yet, in her blind terror, she held the handlebars and guided it straight. It was gathering speed at every rod. If she could make the spokes of the front wheel, and not she would be dashed to death against the stone wall.

The wheel, with the terrified child clinging to the handle bars, was rushing downward to destruction when suddenly there appeared in the road a short, heavy set man, wearing a jaunty walking cap, a pair of tweed knickerbockers, and a short gray walking coat. In his hand he carried a heavy walking stick and he was walking briskly uphill.

Subsiding he glanced upward and saw the runaway tearing down upon him. Like a flash he stopped and settling his sturdy legs far apart, he waited. The wheel tore downward, and as it rushed upon him the man acted like a fencer going his sword he thrust his heavy walking stick into the spokes of the front wheel, and then, as the wheel stopped and swerved wildly, he caught the little girl in his arms and staggering under the shock, held her and set her in safety upon the roadway.

Rosetta Neumann, unscathed and safe, started to have hysterics, but suddenly was surprised out of being frightened, and then became even more panic-stricken than before. She had recognized her rescuer. The hero whose prompt action and nerve had saved her life was Edward VII, King of Great Britain and Ireland. She had met the King at last.

He smiled and asked if she was hurt. She courted and thanked him. Trussing the broken wheel between them they reached the valley.

That afternoon, accompanied by her parents, Rosetta was received by the King and shyly thanked him. And, evidently pleased at having enjoyed a new sensation, King Edward recited then heartily, and before they parted presented Rosetta with a gift which she will keep as long as she lives and then pass down to succeeding generations as a remembrance of the time her life was saved by a King.

Only Few Bones of Loved Sister

Slight Satisfaction Comes to Professor Hewitt After Two Years' Search.

Vancouver, Oct. 28.—With part of a skull, a rib, a piece of the femur and bits of clothing, by which identification was made possible, Professor Hewitt, of Wisconsin, has returned to Dawson with all that remains of his sister, Dr. Emily Chambers, for whose body he searched the frozen north for two years. The discovery of these few bones and the positive knowledge of the fate that overtook Mrs. Chambers sets at rest the mystery concerning her disappearance and brings down the final curtain on a tragedy that for gruesome details has seldom been surpassed in the grim land of ice and gold. A recent arrival from Dawson says there is no doubt Mrs. Chambers' body was devoured by wolves. The gladly relics which alone remain are to be brought to Seattle to be buried. Professor Hewitt undertook a long, arduous trip alone, tramping through the wilds with a pack on his back, over hills and through swamps, that he might be sure of the fate that had overtaken his beloved sister.

THE WAIL OF A "FLAY-FOOT."

When alone I sit in my room at night, far out on the trackless sea, My thoughts turn back to those at home, whose hearts are out to me.

And I think as I sit, of the sailor's life, The life so "bold and free," But a landman's life, a fireside life, Oh, that is the life for me.

The Sailor's life is "bold and free," So we're told to believe in song, With a "Gale on our lee," and a "Flowing sea," and his "Laugh both loud and long."

But the man who knows of a Sailor's life, Can tell a different tale, When he's battling hard for his life, On a yard in the teeth of a howling gale.

I would that I could get some Sailor's poet and take him to sea with me, And give him a taste of a Sailor's life, when the winds blow "bold and free."

I'm inclined to think the Sailor Poet would sing a different song, And find he'd viewed a Sailor's life from a point that's somewhat wrong.

With his "Harriet Lane" and his "Cracker Hash," and his chunk of strong fat pork, Ha "Dunay Jank," and the good old Jank that can almost walk and talk.

His water wherked out two quarts a day, to wash and to make his tea, That's some of the things you don't read about in a Sailor's life at sea.

With a "Yo Heave Ho," and "Away we go," "Sing hey for" the flowing tide, The "Boastful" pipes, the watch below, we are out on the Ocean wide.

With a Hilley Hilley Hee and a Hilley Ho, and the life so bold and free, Ha "Dunay Jank" — a D—n for a Sailor's life, A landman's life for me.

—The Standard, Buenos Ayres, Aug. 14.

(The above humorous lines were composed by Captain Lee, of the bark "Skoda.")

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 6c.

How to Trim the Lamp.

Good oil can be made to burn badly and poor oil can be made to burn well. The following are some rules for getting good service out of the lamp:

The wick, to begin with, should hang straight down in the oil. Then the oil will pass up more freely to the flame, and a better light will be obtained.

The wick should be cut with a sharp edge as possible. If it has a broad burning surface at the top the flame will be yellow instead of white.

The chimney should fit tight to the brass burner, so as not to let air in where air is wanted.

The holes at the bottom of the burner should be kept open, so as to let plenty of air in where air is wanted.

The wick should not be turned so high that it will char or smoke.

An old chimney lets a better light through than a new one, and a shallow bowl lamp is better for poor grades of oil than a deep bowl lamp.—Detroit News.

Youthful Clerks Rob Rich Bank.

Took Over \$250,000 Before Being Found Out—System was Simplicity Itself.

"We played for millions, just like millionaires, but we lost." This was the declaration of C. H. Wray and C. S. Hixton, 800-a-month clerks in the Union Trust company, who stole \$250,000 from the Union Trust company, of Pittsburgh. The two clerks pleaded guilty, and were each sentenced to ten years in prison. When the sentence was passed Hixton broke down and pleaded for mercy, but Wray met his fate with a smile, and before his trial led away, told a story that made the court room gasp with astonishment.

When asked the reason for the embezzlement, Wray replied with a smile: "We were playing for a high game, and the same as the millionaires. We were never able to win as they do, however, and I suppose we will have to suffer the consequences. Like everyone else in the financial world in Pittsburgh, we were simply money mad. We handled millions every day; we dealt in millions in everything. We were constantly talking money, and hearing of many opportunities where we could make \$50 a month, might become millionaires also. We saw many opportunities vanish because we did not have the money to take advantage of them, and consequently we began stealing from the bank."

THEIR SYSTEM WAS SIMPLE.

In his explanation, Wray said it was the easiest thing in the world to steal from the bank, and go on and on, and the court administrator, a tall, thin, and of a quiet, Wray, said: "I had to do to do was to make a false deposit slip in the name of a depositor whose account had lapsed, or who had died, although there still remained a few cents in it. I would then pass this deposit slip to Hixton, who, as an individual bookkeeper, would enter it. Then Wray would draw a large deposit, and take the amount of the deposit, and take the money. Hixton, when the check reached him, would destroy it. When asked if neither his nor Hixton's books were ever examined, Wray replied in the negative, and the court administrator, a stung, weary, and a little nervous, who happened to be in attendance at the trial.

"We saw so many opportunities slipping away from us," said Wray, "we started to work our system, expecting that we would be able to put the money back again with \$500 and lost it. It was so easy to get the money that we continued to play. The money was simply burned up. We don't know just how much we took, but it was about \$250,000 and probably more. Of that sum the book-keeper shops got nine-tenths.

"We got half an hour off every day at noon for our lunch, and instead of devoting it to that purpose we visited the book-keeper shops. There we received the 'tips' from the proprietors, and gave our orders. It was like putting money in a rat hole. Finally we were so deep in that we had to get larger sums of money from the bank to pay our losses, and we took as high as \$10,000 in a single day. On one transaction alone, and with one broker, we lost \$40,000."

"We bought and sold short, just as they advised us. I remember only one time that we won, that was \$25, and we were sure that the tide had turned, but then it was soon the same old thing again."

Resuming his story, Wray declared that while he lived a high life for a time, still he had never been extravagant. He supported his aged mother in good style, he said, and she supposed that he was one of the rising young millionaires because he was connected with a bank whose directors are all millionaires.

He said that in addition to the money that he spent with the book-keeper shops, a part of his share was lost in playing poker at the Randall club, a prominent political organization of the city.

Hixton, who was made of weaker stuff than Wray, admitted that the story was true, but begged for the court's mercy. He said he had received half of the plunder, and that the book-keeper shops had taken every cent of it. He lives with his wife and child at Carnegie, a suburb of the city, in humble style, but the salary that he made. From the

Disastrous Fire At Torbrook Mines

The Fire Property of Prof. Peleg Spinney was Totally Destroyed on Monday.

On Monday morning about six o'clock a fire started in the barn of Prof. Peleg Spinney, at Torbrook Mines. At the time Mr. Spinney was the only person in the house, his wife being on a visit to her daughter in Torbrook.

The first knowledge the professor had of the fire was the smell of smoke from his bedroom window. On going to the door he found the building in flames and could not get the stable door open as a horse had fallen against it. A pair of cattle and a pig were burned in the fire.

The fire soon spread to the house, which is only a short distance south. It is thought that had there been more help the fire might have been checked at this point. The most of the contents of the house were rescued, but sixty-five barrels of hard apples perished in the wreck.

The house was a very fine residence and had a great many fine shade-trees around it. These were totally destroyed and the place now presents a very low appearance.

The origin of the fire is unknown. The buildings carried no insurance whatever, but Mr. Spinney is in the best of spirits and talks of rebuilding as soon as possible. He is now at the home of his brother, William Spinney, Mrs. Spinney did not get to the fire until the house was mostly consumed. The professor is well known all over Nova Scotia and has with his wife the sincere sympathy of their many friends.

Women Not Liable

English Laws Give Them All Privileges and Relieves Them of Responsibility for Debt.

London, Oct. 28.—The history of the favored position which married women occupy in the English legal system is not without interest. Until comparatively recent times a married woman was considered in the eye of the law as no more capable of owning or dealing with property than an infant or a lunatic. All she possessed when she married became her husband's.

All she acquired during her marriage passed into his control and he had the sole right of dealing with it. She could not sue or be sued alone. She was, in fact, a legal nonentity, a mere shadow of her husband's personality.

As the result of a series of acts of Parliament passed during the last 75 years, married women have gradually emerged from this position of legal disability. Now a married woman may possess separate property of her own and deal with it quite independently of her husband. She may make contracts. She may sue and be sued in her own name. In fact, she now enjoys all the rights of an unmarried woman.

But for some unaccountable reason the Legislature in conferring upon her increased powers and privileges has not enlarged her responsibility in proportion. Related from the standpoint of legal liability, her position still remains in many respects quite exceptional and anomalous. For example, the wife is entirely exempt from liability to pay for articles which fall within the category of "necessaries," and in the case of ladies in society "necessaries" is a very elastic term and may include expensive articles of dress or jewelry.

Women of London, Ont., were recently swindled to the amount of about \$1,000 by a smooth-tongued rascal, who canvassed for an alleged woman's magazine, securing \$1 subscriptions in advance. Inquiry revealed that there was no such magazine published.

A Colalt nugget two and one-half feet wide, and 14 inches thick was taken out of Cobalt, Ont., by the Lallore owners on the 300-foot level. The nugget is of the highest class one and is valued at native silver. It weighs about 3,000 pounds.

George Smith, of Montreal, while on a hunting trip in the Northern lakes was accidentally shot through the heart. The trigger of a gun caught on a boat and the bullet struck Mr. Smith.

Joe Calfchild, an Indian, sentenced to imprisonment for six months, charged with being drunk, defied the law and hid himself somewhere in the timber land near Gleichen, Ont. Joe was allowed to leave the court room to say good-bye to his family and instead he mounted a horse and made his escape.

Mrs. Emerson Peck, aged 41, died.

Something to Think About

To The Editor of The Monitor

Sir—Can Bridgetown obtain a share of the summer tourist business? What has Bridgetown to offer, at the present time, in order to induce the summer tourist to come here, and stay with us a few weeks, or months? What can we do, to supplement the advantages, or inducements we now have, to tempt the summer tourist to stay with us?

What advantage or benefit would it be to the town to have with us, during the summer months, say from fifty to a hundred summer tourists?

Will you, Sir, insert in big type, in your next issue the above questions, and ask your readers, one and all; to give the Monitor their views upon the subjects embraced in the questions, which are asked solely in the

FROM ALL OVER CANADA.

For a whole week, Nellie Rice, aged 28 years, lay dead in a house in Montreal, before her death was made public. Edward Sixsmith, aged 67 years, for whom she kept house, went in and out of the place, knowing that the woman lay dead, and did not take the trouble to disturb the body or to tell about it. On the arrival of the old man's son the fact became known.

William Bowler and George Bion, employed at the works of the Pillsbury (Ont.) Portland Cement company, met death by the accidental discharge of several sticks of dynamite. They were engaged in loading the sticks. It is thought that the men were engaged in dynamiting the cap when the explosion cap was struck. Both men resided at Point Au Lac, Ont.

Ed Gray and Lord Howick, his wife, have each purchased a small farm of about 20 acres, near Nelson, B. C.

Bond and shackled to keep him from doing himself injury a Hungarian man was placed in the Maple Creek barracks the other day, after arriving in Medicine Hat, a raving lunatic, as the result of doses administered to him by a gang of confidence men. The gang has been operating along the Crow's Nest railway and the Hungarian was starting out for a holiday, when he was spotted on the train by the criminals. He was dragged at Lethbridge and then sent on to Medicine Hat. He had to be roped and tied by a cow puncher, before he could be placed under arrest.

George Robinson, of Regina, Ont., and Gabriel Bakewell, a Cree Indian, have been sentenced to the Edmonton penitentiary for terms of four and three years respectively. Robinson was found guilty of forgery and Bakewell of horse theft.

Alex. McFadyen, of Oil Springs, Ont., was suffocated by gas in a hotel at Sarnia, while sleeping. It is supposed that in turning on the electric light he turned on the gas, which was on the same fixture.

A quarrel over a woman led to the shooting at Villa Marie, Pontiac county, Ont., of Jules Glasspiers by Jules Hildin. Hildin was placed in jail to await the outcome of the former's injuries. On the strength of the report that the latter died, an officer started for the Temiskaming wilds to investigate.

After two hours in the chilly waters of Lake St. Louis, O. J. Norman and W. Perry, both of Montreal, were rescued by the steamer H. M. Peblitt. They were on a hunting trip, and while crossing the channel, a large wave scamped their boat, inundated by their hunting outfits they were almost helpless and could only cling to the boat until help reached them. When picked up they were almost exhausted and Perry was about to lapse into unconsciousness.

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CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mrs. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a busy healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magallowan, Ont.

"I caught my cold working as a freeman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and suffering. Psychine cures all lung troubles by killing the germs—the roots of the disease.

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced SIK-ine)
50c. Per Bottle
Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists.
DR. T. A. SLOOUM, Limited, Toronto.

WHEN YOU WANT A GOOD CUP OF TEA—a tea that satisfies, you must be sure to BUY MORSE'S A blending of the best Indian and Ceylon Teas. Sold in pound and half-pound lead packets.