The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1903. NO. 11.

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.
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. 26 tf

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

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
Capital Authorized, - $3,000,000
Capital Paid-up, - 1,205,900
Rest, - - - - 825,000

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

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.
E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N. S. STRICKLAND,
Supt. of Branches.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Interest computed half-yearly at the rate of 3½ per cent. on deposits of $1.00 and upwards in the Savings Bank Department.

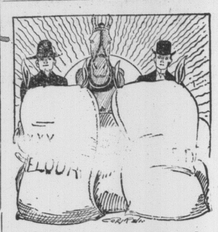
Collections receive immediate attention and prompt returns made.

BRANCHES:
IN NOVA SCOTIA—Annapolis, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Granville Ferry, Halifax, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Middleton, New Glasgow, Parrsboro, Sherbrook, Springhill, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth;
IN CAPE BRETON—Arichat, Baddeck, Glace Bay, Inverness, Mabou, North Sydney, St. Peter's, Sydney, Sydney Mines.
IN NEW BRUNSWICK—St. John.
IN BRITISH WEST INDIES—Port of Spain, Trinidad.

CORRESPONDENTS:
London and Westminster Bank, London, England
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Upper Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
Royal Bank of Canada, St. John's, Nfld.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Wash. D. C.

LAWN COTTAGE
Permanent and transient boarders may be accommodated at this pleasant and conveniently located house on Church street. Heated by furnace. Terms moderate. Apply to proprietress.
MRS. JULIA RUFFEE.
Bridgetown, Dec. 2nd, 1902.



We have a large stock of
FLOUR, MEAL, FEED.
FLOUR in Five Roses, Ogilvie's Hungarian, Hornet, Rainbow, Harvest Queen, Tilson's Pride, Delight, White Coat, and other brands.
CORNMEAL in barrels and bags.
Feed Flour, Middlings, Shorts.
WANTED—Salt Pork, improved Yellow Eye and Pink Eye Beans.
JOSEPH I. FOSTER.
Bridgetown, Feb. 18th, 1903.

CHAPPED HANDS AND ROUGH SKIN
Our Elderweis Cream
is the finest preparation known for chapped hands, rough skin, smarting from shaving, chafing from saw-edge collars, and other skin ailments. It is not sticky, nor does it clog the pores of the skin. It is delightfully, soothing, clearing, softening and healing, and is just the toilet cream for fall and winter. You cannot help liking it.
Price, 25 cents
S. N. WEARE
Medical Hall, Bridgetown

Reasons why You should buy "The Standard" Sewing Machine!
Because the STANDARD does three yards of stitching in the same time required to do two on other machines.
Because the STANDARD does most beautiful hemstitching!
Because the STANDARD has a ruffler that pleats as well as gathers.
Because the STANDARD does more kinds of work than any other make.
Because the STANDARD runs 75 per cent. lighter than old style machines.
Because the STANDARD does not break thread when run backwards. First stitch perfect without holding ends of threads.
Because the STANDARD makes less noise than other machines owing to the rotary motion and being ball-bearing.
I can sell THE STANDARD at low figures.
W. A. CHESLEY.
Granville St. Bridgetown

CHURCH SERVICES.

Parish of Bridgetown.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Rev. E. Underwood, Rector.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, BRIDGETOWN.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.
Sunday Services: 1st Sunday in the month 7.30 p. m. All other Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.
Holy Communion: 3rd and 5th Sundays at 11 a. m., 2nd and 4th Sundays at 8 a. m.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BELLEISLE.
1st Sunday in month, 10.30 a. m. (The Holy Communion is administered at this service.) All other Sundays at 3 p. m.
Sunday School: 1st Sunday in month at 9.45 a. m. All other Sundays at 1.45 p. m.

YOUNG'S COVE.
1st Sunday in the month at 2.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. E. Daley, pastor. Bible Class and Sabbath-school at 10 a. m.; preaching service at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday and Friday evenings of every week.

GORDON MEMORIAL CHURCH (Presbyterian).—Rev. H. S. Davison, Pastor. Public worship every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p.m. Sabbath-School and Pastor's Bible class at 10 a. m. Congregational Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer Meeting on Friday at 7.30 p. m. All seats free. Ushers to welcome strangers.

PROVIDENCE METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Benj. Hills, pastor. Sunday services at 11 a.m and 7.30 p.m.. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30; Epworth League every Friday evening at 7.30. Strangers always welcome.
Granville: Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m and 3 p.m., alternately. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.
Bentville: Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 3 p. m., alternately Prayer-meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

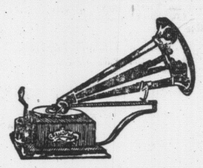
SALVATION ARMY.—S. M. Munroe, Captain. Public meeting every Sabbath at 7.00 a. m. and 11 00 a. m.; at 2.30 p. m. and 7.30 p. m. Week services Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings at 7 30 p. m. Soldiers meetings on Wednesday evenings at 8.00 p. m.

George Francis Train has been quarantined in Connecticut suffering from small-pox.

The Musician's Choice

Lovers of music who have hitherto scorned talking-machines because of their wheezy, Punch-and-Judy sound, have given Berliner Gram-o-phone a place of honor in their homes. This is because of its absolute perfection in sound reproduction—clear, true and distinct

The Berliner Gram-o-phone



is made in Canada, so are the records, you don't have to pay duty on them. It is guaranteed for five years and we are here to look after that guarantee. Prices $15 to $45. Can be bought on the instalment plan, $1.00 cash and $2.00 per month for 8 months. Write for catalogue and particulars of easy payment plan.

E. BERLINER, 2315 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL.

EMANUEL BLOUT, Gen. Mgr. for Canada. | MILLER BROS. & McDONALD, Distributing Agents - HALIFAX, N.S.

Poetry.

Song Time Now.

(Thomas Bailey Aldrich.)

From one of the blossomed cherry tops
Sing, blithesome robin, chant and sing;
With chirp, and thrill, and magic stops
Win thou the listening ear of spring!

For while thou lingerest in delight,
An idle poet, with thy rhyme,
The summer hours will take their flight
And leave thee in a barren clime.

Not all the autumn's rustling gold
Nor sun, nor moon, nor star shall bring
The jocund spirit which of old
Made it an easy joy to sing.

So said a poet—having lost
The precious time when he was young—
Now wandering by the wintry coast
With empty heart and silent tongue.

Answer Him Softly.

Speak to him softly. You cannot know
In the depths below,
How sharp was the struggle, the fight he made,
Ere the price he paid,
And yielded his soul to the tempter's power
In a hasty hour.

Plead with him softly, for it may be—
Like the sturdy tree
Which tested in many a storm its strength,
To be rent at length—
He struggled full oft, and resisted well,
Though at last he fell.

Answer him softly, lest you be tried
On your weaker side,
And fall, as before you so many have done,
Who in thought had won;
Fail, too, ere temptation has spent its force,
In its subtle course.

Talk with him softly, for none can tell
When the storm clouds swell,
Whose fargue shall weather the tempest or whose
Its venture shall lose,
Speak gently; the weakest may stand the gale—
The stoutest may fail.

—The Westminster.

Select Literature.

PETE'S BABETTE.

There had always been Pete. At least so the people down at St. Michel said when a stranger would ask where he had come from. Even before the government had built the lighthouse on Presque Isle Pete's fishing hut had been there, and every night he had hung out his lantern on the end of a pole so that the boats rounding the point a mile or two below would see its flicker and steer clear of the long sand bar that ran out like an antler's nose from the Northern point of Presque Isle.

Everybody along the strait knew the quaint old figure, but no one knew of Babette until they saw her one morning fluttering along behind Pete, her red calico dress the one bright spot of color among the grays and browns of Presque Isle. The day before Pete had been seen rowing over to the Mackinaw shore, but no one knew of his return except Mere Marie, and she was so old and deaf that all she could do was cook Pete's fish and sit out in the sunshine all day smoking in the kitchen doorway.

When Landry Dubois from Algonac Island asked the question direct, Pete smiled and shook his head, his dark eyes, deep set in the brown face, watching Babette build houses with the red bark chips around the lighthouse steps.

"She has no one but me," he said, with a dubious shrug of his thin, stooped shoulders. "Babette, who art thou, petite?"

Babette stopped playing long enough to flash amorty glance at him under the shelter of her thick brown hair.

"Pete's Babette," she laughed.

And so, all through the isles of the strait, as far as St. Ignace and even down to Mackinaw, she was known as Pete's Babette. Pete taught her all manner of wonderful things in fish lore and shipcraft, and before long she knew all the boats that passed by Presque Isle from the great iron kings and grain boats bound for Buffalo to the gay little yachts that fluttered like white butterflies here and there. But, best of all, she loved the schooners, the old monarchs of the lake, when they came sailing up the strait on a still summer's eve like wondrous phantom ships, with the glory of the sunset behind, and she called them Babette's birds.

And the years passed by, ten of them, slow and sure and steady, one by one, as the wild geese fly to the southland, and each one left Pete browner and more wrinkled and smaller, while Babette grew up tall and slender and strong as a young pine tree, with hair and eyes brown as dry oak leaves. Then came the terrible winter of '94, when boat after boat went out on the lakes and no more was heard from them until spring waves brought in the wreckage. It was cold at the little, low house back of the lighthouse on Presque Isle, colder even than Pete could remember, and every week it was harder for him to row down to St. Michel for provisions.

One night he came home half frozen and with a dreadful cough. Babette sent him to bed and said he should go no more. They must make what food they had last until warmer weather. But instead of sunshine and fair seas, the clouds swept low and gray like gulls before a storm, and the waves came rolling in, with a deep, heavy swell that sent a dull, threatening roar as they broke, up to the lighthouse. And here and there in the dark green waters could be seen something else, a clumsy, swaying mass that glinted blue white.

"The ice has come," Babette thought when she saw it from the lighthouse window one morning after she had trimmed the lamp, and there was a queer ache in her heart as she looked off down the strait and thought of how her birds would have to battle with it, but she did not tell Pete.

It was three days later when Mere Marie showed her the empty meal bag. She smiled. There were still bacon and rice and dried fish. They were rich. At the end of the week there was no bacon, and they had saved the last of the rice for Pete, who lay on the old lounge near the stove coughing, coughing all the time.

The following day Pete was delirious. Babette stood in the old kitchen, looking from the flushed, wrinkled face on the pillow to where Mere Marie knelt over by the stove praying. The provisions were gone. There was no medicine.

Babette took the fur jacket from its nail. Before she went out of the kitchen she leaned over the old halfbreed woman's bent form. "To St. Michel," she said slowly, pointing eastward and then at the empty meal sack and flour bag thrown in a corner. Mere Marie understood and stopped her praying long enough to watch the strong, erect young figure pass down to the shore, the wind blowing the ends of her scarf backward over her shoulders like red wings.

Her hands worked quickly over the lines of the boat, and, taking advantage of a momentary lull, she pushed away from the small, tumbled down pier and struck out bravely for St. Michel's. She had often been out with Pete when the waves were as high as now, and she loved the excitement of it all. The low, flat shore of Presque Isle vanished entirely behind the wall of waters, but she could catch a glimpse of the dear old lighthouse and its round top above the tallest wave, and the sight strengthened and nerved her for the five mile journey to St. Michel.

Suddenly when scarcely half a mile out, the boat seemed to strike a new current. Babette caught her breath sharply as she felt the strong, resistless power sweep her from her course, and she bent over the oars with set, close lips and tense muscles, but it was useless. The deep, swelling rush of waters carried her northward, straight on to the middle channel of the straight. The wind had come up again and raged over the lake like a wild beast. Then, without warning, there rose before her the jagged, cruel line of the ice floe, and the next moment the waves had thrown the boat as if it had been a leaf full upon it. Instinctively Babette had risen at that last awful instant. As the boat crashed into the ice with a shock that made it leap and tremble she sprang forward and gained a footing on the ice floe, a slight, perilous one, to be sure, but one that meant safety for the moment at least.

Already the little boat had disappeared in the whirlpool of dashing waters, and Babette's heart beat fast as she looked about her on her new craft. It was large; it seemed as large as Presque Isle itself, and at first it appeared stationary. But when she had reached its centre she could feel the slow, steady motion as it swept on toward Lake Huron.

And now came the division of the channel, and Babette's heart almost stopped its frightened beating as she thought of what would happen if the floe drifted north of Algonac Island and out on the great pitiless waters of the lake.

With hushed breath she waited. The floe was heaving so that she could hardly retain her place, but at last the pine crests of Algonac showed on her left, and she knew she would pass St Michel. With fingers stiffened by the cold, she untied the red scarf from about her head and let the wind blow it like a danger signal above her as she caught a glimpse of the lighthouse on the west pier. So near, it seemed, she placed her hand to her mouth and shouted, but her voice sounded like a reedbird's pipe in the noise of rushing waters.

She was opposite the town now. She could see the waves break on the pier, and yet there was no sign of help. With a fearlessness born of desperation she struggled to her feet and waved the scarf wildly, and suddenly a figure appeared on the lighthouse ladder. Again she waved and tried to call. The figure signalled back and ran along the pier toward town.

It was Landry Dubois. He burst into the warm back room at old Mme. Porteau's, breathless and hatless.

"It is Pete's Babette," he cried to the crowd of fishermen and sailors huddled about the big wood stove. "She is on the ice, drifting out to the lake."

In five minutes the news had spread, and the shore was crowded, while the strongest boat in the place was manned, with Landry at the rudder, and stout arms pulled away to the rescue of Pete's Babette. And when they brought her back half frozen and half dead and gave her into Mme. Porteau's care she told her errand in the warm back room—told how Pete lay dying without food or medicine and how unless help was sent there would be no light shining from Presque Isle that night.

"The light shall shine," promised Landry, and the waves that had laughed at Babette's little boat bowed before the masterful stroke of ten pairs of St. Michel's strongest arms as they manned the boat that bore Babette and provisions and medicine back to Presque Isle.

"Thou hast saved his life, little one," said Landry, when they stood in the kitchen where Mere Marie still prayed. But Babette only smiled and nodded her head, and she went on to the lighthouse.

The winter twilight was falling swiftly, and the wind had gone down like one tired with its mad play. Far to the west she could see a boat struggling slowly up the strait. She lit the lamp with fingers that trembled, and the broad path of light streamed out over the point. Babette's birds could fly in safety to-night, and below Landry held aloft a red scarf and told its story, even as it is told to-day around the islands of the strait—the story of Pete's Babette.

Able to Take It or Leave It Alone.

How many men would buy a ticket in a death lottery?

Suppose that some very rich man should start a lottery in which one ticket in every hundred meant death. He could not sell the tickets. He could not give them away. He could not get rid of them even if he paid people to take them, offering them money, pleasure and excitement.

Every man would say: "I will not have a ticket in such a lottery at any price. I might not be the man in a hundred destined to die, but, anyhow, I will not take a ticket."

Does not every man who starts out to drink whisky in a small way really take a ticket in a death lottery?

Of a hundred young men who begin drinking whisky at least one is ruined—as a matter of fact, the percentage is unfortunately much greater.

The punishment of the unfortunate ones in the lottery of drink is really greater than if that lottery really meant immediate death.

Drink, when it masters a man, is worse than death. Every man worthy of the name would rather be dead than a slave, and whisky means slavery for those whom it conquers.

There are a thousand temptations in the world, and most of these you will surely reject.

The temptation to steal, although indulgence in that temptation might mean wealth, you will reject and despise automatically.

The temptation to lie will be counterbalanced by pride and self-respect.

But, for the curse of civilization, the worst of all modern temptations is made respectable by custom, is made attractive by so-called good fellowship, is made plausible and seemingly harmless by thousands of examples.

This most insidious, this ever-present, temptation will be offered to you every day of your life. Make up your mind that it shall find your resistance stronger every day.

Let your motto be:

"Some can take it or leave it alone.

"I know that I can leave it alone—that knowledge suffices me.

Japan is Pleased.

Robt. Hamilton, of Greville, Quebec, who was in charge of the Canadian fruit exhibit at Osaka, Japan, has returned from that country. He states that the Japanese were better pleased with the exhibit made by Canada than with that of any other nation, more especially as this country was the only one of the outside nations that had a separate building. They were greatly taken up with our display of fruits, said Mr. Hamilton. The judges were mostly professors of agricultural colleges, in whose company a number of their students on two succeeding occasions made a careful examination of the different varieties of fruit, taking note of their size, shape, color, and so forth. When they concluded the inspection they were given permission to take away any varieties they liked. He does not think we would be able to send the Japanese any fruit, for they are fruit growers themselves.

In the south they raise bananas and pineapples, in Central Japan oranges and lemons, and in Northern Japan apples and small fruits, such as we produce. In the company of a professor of agriculture he made a tour through the rural parts of Japan, and never saw better orchards in his life. They are all hand cultivated, and this system seems to make the orchards very thrifty; in fact, they looked as if they were polished daily. He found they had two or three diseases among their fruits and their pruning was very bad. However, the Japanese are very willing to learn, and to apply any useful hints which they receive. He thought we were, perhaps, likely to do a considerable trade in wheat and other grains, flour and bread with the Japanese. The masses live on rice and fish and vegetables, bread and butter being almost unknown. These two articles are now coming into use, however, and we may look for a large demand for them. One of the largest millers in Northern Japan told him that this merchant would begin to import wheat for grinding. At the present time he was bringing in flour.

Does Your Baby cry at Night?

If so, it is well to know the great value of Polson's Nerviline, a household remedy for stomach pains, cramps toothache, sick headache and the manifold ills peculiar to children. A few drops in sweetened water makes a pleasant drink and never fails to relieve quickly. Nerviline is as good as the doctor in emergencies and costs only 25c. a bottle. Get Nerviline from your druggist to-day.

Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake Pills for headache.

The drought situation in Australia has become appalling. The weather report of New South Wales shows that since January an inch has fallen. The public funds raised to relieve starving communities aggregate about £250,000. The Lord Mayor's fund in Sydney has reached £25,000, and is rapidly growing far out of proportion to the amounts subscribed.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

To Benefit Domesties and Employers.

The servant girl problem will be very much ameliorated if success attends an industrial experiment to be instituted in Boston this fall by the Woman's Education Association. A house in the Back Bay will be opened on Aug. 1, where young girls will be trained for a month or six weeks in various household duties, after which they will be hired out by the hour to householders.

Although philanthropic in its nature and a great benefit to the employers of servants, the plan is entirely a business proposition. The house will be conducted by the Household Aid Company, composed of many influential women of the city. The company will hire the girls and then send them out by the hour. For the employer there will be the benefit of having the company guarantee the efficiency of the servant, as the girls will be graded according to their efficiency; the wages will be settled equitably between the employer and the company, and it will be possible for a housekeeper to hire labor for an hour or two or longer periods.

For the girls it will better arrange the hours of work and leisure, so that when the day is done they can go home like business women; it will broaden their social lives and will provide for promotions and stimulate ambitions.

The superintendent, Miss Ellen Huntington, has been selected because of her thorough competency. She is now at the University of Illinois, because of the reputation of that college for having the best school of domestic science in the country.

The house selected is on a street adjacent to the Back Bay. About 20 "girls" can be accommodated in the buildings. They will be lodged in pleasant quarters. The price of meals will probably not exceed 10 or 12 cents each. They will receive a six or eight weeks' course of instruction in ironing, putting in order, cleaning, cooking and sewing. It can easily be seen that these advantages will tend to attract ambitious girls to household service.

Moncton the Starting Point.

Ottawa, May 28.—When the railway committee met to-day at 10.30 to take up the Grand Trunk Pacific bill, Mr. Copp, of Digby, asked the Minister of Railways if he had any conference with or information from the Grand Trunk people about extending to the Maritime Provinces. The Grand Trunk people were willing to extend to Moncton and they had not the slightest objection to having the Bill amended in that direction. Mr McCarthy stated that Mr. Wainwright had written Mr. Logan as he was secretary of the delegation of Maritime members, to this effect.

The Bill was then taken up and three clauses passed without opposition. When clause thirteen in reference to the route was reached Mr. McCarthy proposed an amendment so that the road would start from Moncton instead of Quebec and run through the centre of New Brunswick to Quebec in a northwesterly and westerly direction to a point on the boundary line between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, within fifty miles of Lake Abittibi, thence on a northwesterly and westerly direction to a point on the north of Lake Nepigon and to a point near Winnipeg. There will also be a branch line near North Bay or Nipissing Junction and branch lines to Port Arthur, Fort William, Brandon, Prince Albert and Calgary. It was decided to have this amendment printed and the clause was allowed to stand until this was done.

In reference to clause thirteen for extending the line to Moncton Mr. Blair said that he had not the slightest objection to the extension to Moncton, but it would not serve the purposes of shipping products of the west by this road. Halifax was adapted for passenger service, but it was 200 or 300 miles distant. It would hold the passenger service, but provision should be made to take the product of the West to the nearest seaport in the Maritime Provinces.

Drinking by Railway Men.

The prompt dismissal of those responsible for the recent railway accident near Windsor Junction, is commendable; but it is to be hoped this is not considered sufficient punishment for the men who so criminally neglected their duties as to cause the loss of so many precious lives and the destruction of so much valuable property. To use an old saying, "Hanging is too good for them." Penitentiary for life with hard labor is the least punishment which should be inflicted on these miscreants. An example should certainly be made of them, so as to prevent as far as possible the recurrence of the railway disasters which have so frequently happened during the past year. "Three men drunk and incapable," is the report of the commissioners appointed to investigate the conduct of the fast freight officials who hurled their fellowmen into eternity and endangered the lives of so many passengers near Windsor Junction. In the face of this appalling announcement men who class themselves among leaders of society and respectable citizens endeavor to shield such officials in every conceivable way, thus placing a premium on inefficiency and indifference. It is a most serious matter to find so many railway officials taking liberties which so often end in fatalities. Notwithstanding these facts staring them in the face influential friends will come to their aid, urging that those dismissed or suspended be re-instated and they frequently succeed.—Port Hood Greetings.

Nerve Wrecked and Insomnious.

Everything goes wrong, head feels heavy and dull, mind is filled with strange forebodings, stomach is out of kilter. You need a good tonic like Ferrozone to bring back your lost appetite and digestion, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. Ferrozone is a wonderful invigorant and strengthener that will banish gloomy depression and quickly restore you to a healthy, vigorous condition of mind and body. Nothing is so good for the sick, weary and debilitated as Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box, at druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hamilton's Mandrake Pills cure constipation. 6

Sir Thomas to His Crew.

Gourock, Scotland, May 28.—Before leaving the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton addressed Captain Wringe and his crew as follows:

"You are starting on an errand, the result of which will be watched by Britishers the world over. I know you will all do your best to bring back that long-lost mug, and I think we are justified in our hopes of success. You are starting under favorable auspices. You have got a very good boat, and it remains for you to do the rest. Good bye, good luck."

It is expected that the first race between the two Shamrocks in America will be held on June 26.

Minard's Liniment lumberman's friend.

Peanuts and How They Grow.

The peanut has a national reputation, in fact it is known the world over. Coney Island, Revere Beach or the hundreds of summer excursion grounds would not be complete if there was not the peanut and the peanut venders. The circus would lose a part of its attraction if the hot, parched peanuts were not on sale. They are mostly grown in the states of Virginia and North Carolina on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, the great through line between New York and Jacksonville, Fla. The peanuts are being grown to some extent by the Northern immigrants who have settled at Pinebluff, N. C., the new winter health resort located just six miles south of Southern Pines, the famous winter resort where thousands of Northerners go each winters. The peanut grows on a little plant that looks as if it might be a cross between the sweet potato and tomato vine. The peanut, like the tomato, has a blossom on the vine, from the blossom shoots downward a needlelike branch that enters the ground and from the tip end, soon after it enters the soil, begins to form a little, soft, oblong pod that finally develops into the full grown peanut. The vine spreads out on the ground somewhat similar to a cucumber, covering, however, a space much smaller than the cucumber, only about two feet in diameter. The settlers at Pinebluff have sent up North specimens of the peanuts to their friends, and they have been shown round with much interest; and recently there has been a demand for the vine from the schools up North so as to show an object lesson to the children, and many of the vines have been furnished the schools by Mr. John T. Patrick, Agent of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, located at Pinebluff. A demand has been made on aim by the schools for cotton plants as they grow and rice as well as peanuts, and he has promptly responded to their demands, in fact, Mr. Patrick has added many and private collections North. He has a private collection at Pinebluff worth going South to see.

The Jewish Faith.

Dr. Hirsch, the able and distinguished Hebrew Rabbi, who recently lectured before the Epworth League of St. James Methodist Church, Chicago, gave an interesting and instructive presentment of the Jewish religion, and the attitude of its followers towards Christianity. He said: "If Jesus Christ should return to the earth to-morrow He would be welcomed in every Jewish synagogue in the land, and every Jew would say with David, 'Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors and the King of Glory shall come in.'"

The learned Doctor said that the Jews do not believe at all in original sin and inherited depravity. They hold that every man is a responsible free agent, and is not involved in the guilt of his fathers or his children. And as they reject the doctrine of original sin they also reject the doctrine of redemption from sin, hence they only believe in the Messiah as a temporal prince who will reign over the Jews after they shall have been reunited and become a nation again in Palestine.

Dr. Hirsch also claimed that all the fundamental truths of Christianity, as taught to-day, were taken from Jewish writings composed hundreds of years before Jesus was born; and that when it comes to practising the loving precepts of Jesus the Christians have made an utter failure of it.

"The truth is," said Dr. Hirsch, "Jesus was crucified by a Roman governor and Roman soldiers; and, though the crucifixion was instigated by Jews, it was by a few jealous priests and not by the mass of Jewish people, who admired and loved him." The modern Jews regard Jesus as one of the noblest spiritual teachers that ever appeared in the world, yet so-called disciples of Jesus have persecuted the Jews with savage ferocity for ages.

The lecturer concluded by setting forth the belief of the Jews in the immortality of the soul.

Old-age Pensions.

Edward Everett Hale contributes an article to the June Cosmopolitan on "Old-Age Pension?"—a discussion of the advisability of the American states instituting the system of pensioning the aged, which has already been successfully adopted in New Zealand, and which is one of the plans that has long found an advocate in Joseph Chamberlain, England's strongest statesman. In this essay Dr. Hale shows that the wage-earner and tax-payer earns, by his industry through the years, interest on his life's investment in the commonwealth just as surely as he would if he held a policy in some life insurance corporation, and that the drain which a pension system would involve on the State treasury would not much, if any, exceed the cost of maintaining the county poorhouses. The respectability of the individual would be conserved as the result of the pension system, and the State would be the stronger thereby.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.
All the people use it.
HARLIN FULTON.
Pleasant Bay, C. B.

—Commissioner Ring has been very busy of late arranging for the appointment of forest fire wardens to patrol the woods of the wild land countries of Maine to prevent and to extinguish forest fires. In speaking about the matter, Mr. Ring says:

"The present conditions in the woods are unusually dry. Experienced lumbermen say they never saw so dry a May as this year. There has been no heavy rainfalls for more than a month. The condition of the lakes and ponds is generally the same as they would be six or eight weeks later."

—The officers of the Canadian Government steamer Lady Laurier, which arrived at Halifax, N. S., the other day from a trip to Sable Island, report that many of the trees planted on the island have died. The news that many of the trees have died is disappointing to those who had devised an elaborate plan to prevent the washing away of this desolate stretch of sand, upon whose treacherous shoals many vessels have been lost. The Canadian Government planted thousands of trees on the island last year, under the supervision of experts.

If Tormented With Corns

go to the nearest druggist and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. It is guaranteed to cure, and acts quickly. Refuse a substitute.

WORLD'S NEWS.

A tornado in Southern Nebraska on the 23rd destroyed many thousand dollars worth of property and fifteen lives.

A big municipal bonfire of seized gambling apparatus took place in Philadelphia on the 21st. 1,300 slot machines and various other gambling devices, valued at $25,000, were burned by order of the department of public safety. The machines were seized in recent raids by the police and by the law and order society.

In Great Britain several attempts are being made to introduce the motor propelled vehicle upon certain branches of the railroads. Although the North-Eastern Railway Company was the first to decide upon the innovation, the first actual coach built upon these principles for use has been constructed conjointly by the London and South-Western Railroad and the London, Brighton and South Coast Railroad, two trunk lines operating in the south of England.

For some time past severe experiments have been conducted by the German naval authorities to ascertain the suitability of the carrier pigeon for intelligent service in the navy; and so successful have these trials proved, that permanent pigeon stations are to be erected. The chief of these will be at Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland for the North Sea, and at Friedrichsort for the Baltic. To assist the Admiralty in its scheme, sixty-one carrier pigeon clubs have placed their services at the disposal of the authorities.

The Boston Evening Record, of recent date, says:—

"No bill; was the return made by the grand jury in the case of Christine Kidstone of Baddeck, N. B., charged with poisoning Mrs. Cynthia Perkins, of Roxbury. It was alleged that she placed arsenic in the coffee she was serving to Mrs. Perkins. Christine Kidstone is a nurse girl. While the grand jury was reporting, Miss Kidstone sat among the spectators with her counsel. She was attired in a dark suit and wore a straw hat. As soon as Clerk Manning had completed the calling of the indictments he read the list of no bills. As he announced that the persons against whom no bills had been returned were discharged, she looked at her counsel, and smiled. As soon as her name was called she rose, and with her counsel left the room, a free woman once more. In the corridor the couple were met by friends who extended their congratulations to Miss Kidstone, who then left the building with an expression on her face that disclosed her feelings better than words.

A Progressive Farmer of Western Kings.

(Berwick Register.)

W. W. Pineo, of Waterville, may reasonably be considered one of the most progressive and successful farmers of western Kings. As an example of what one energetic man can attain from a farm intelligently we give the following, had personally from Mr. Pineo. Last autumn he harvested 1600 bushels of grain which in the seven months following was fed to his stock which consists of 25 head of thoroughbred prize winning Galloways; 10 head of grade cattle and 10 horses. This spring he has sown 60 acres of oats and 20 acres of other grains, and planted 20 acres of potatoes, beside turnips, mangels, etc. Mr. Pineo has also 80 acres of orchard growing, 60 of which is in one block. This extent of orchard is not likely exceeded and probably not equalled in the province. He is still planting fruit trees and intends to continue until he has 100 acres in orchard. Mr. Pineo has in connection with his farming one or two side lines which considerably add to the credit tide of the ledger. During the past winter he has cut 700 cords of fire wood, 200 cords of stave wood and 50 M of lumber. This is all secured from his own property and hauled by his own teams. He also manufactures annually about 25,000 barrels and buys about 15,000 barrels potatoes yearly for shipment. He is also an extensive breeder of Berkshire Swine. His help in a year averages twenty men employed. Mr. Pineo's success is all the more creditable as he has accomplished all without the aid of a private income.

Britain's Defiance of Russia.

(Montreal Witness.)

Lord Lansdowne's defiance of Russia and all other powers on the shores of the Persian Gulf is a very serious undertaking on the part of Great Britain. It is the practical annexation of those shores of the British Empire, including Southern Persia on the one side and Arabia Felix on the other. It is Britain's reply to Russia's practical annexation of Manchuria and Mongolia. It is held to be rendered necessary by Russia's advances in Persia and in the no man's land between Persia and Afghanistan. In the view of Lord Landsdowne, who is an Indian statesman, it would be a peril to our Indian Empire to allow any foreign power to entrench itself on those shores. Though Russia is the aggressor to whose address this notice to trespassers is directed, it unfortunately includes Germany as well. Germany is busy with the Euphrates Valley Railway, which must have a port in the Persian Gulf, and, indeed, very recently, but for a British warship, would have taken possession of Koweit for that purpose. France, too, perhaps may feel a little hurt, as it is not many months since she was flirting with the Sultan of Muscat for a 'coaling station,' but it is true also that she immediately retired under British representations.

The Value of Good Roads.

(Yarmouth Herald.)

The increase in the value of real estate where good roads abound is quickly recognized, and in the sections where good roads prevail, there the best demand for real property always exists. The making of good roads and their proper care should not be left to surveyors and road masters only; but should command the attention of every citizen who wishes well to the community in which he lives.

Canada must bear the disgrace of another public scandal. This time British Columbia is the theatre of the episode. The first disclosure was made by ex-premier Dunsmuir while on the witness stand. His statement which has been corrobrated by Hon. Mr. Wells, is that while acting as premier certain crown lands were to be given to the C. P. Ry. Co., but learning that two members of parliament were each to receive 30,000 acres of these lands corruptly he cancelled the grant. The matter is now being investigated.

—By the way there has been considerable stir in English social circles anent the rumor that Queen Alexandra is eschewing the decolette costume for theatre, opera or concert. It is time, for things have reached extremes, and we do not have to travel as far as London to see it.—Acadian Recorder.