

SERIOUS DEPLETION IN FUNDS

HARD TIMES HARD ON THE POOR CONSUMPTIVE

Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives Makes an Urgent Appeal for Money.

\$25,000 Required to Cover Bank Overdraft and Provide for Maintenance of Poor Patients.

These headlines tell the story of our needs.

They are heavy and urgent. Many times during the past twelve months the question has pressed itself upon the Trustees, "Can we continue the work further?"

Every month brought its quota of accounts for salaries and wages of staff, bills of butcher, milkman, eggs, groceries, heavy coal bills—a serious item—and other uncontrollable expenses so long as the doors were kept open.



These had to be paid somehow.

Contributions—especially after the turn of the year when the financial depression was felt at its keenest—fell off to such an extent, that each month the burden became heavier.

During all this period there was only one thing to do, and that was to lean on our banker—swelling the bank overdraft.

The trial was the severest in the history of these Muskoka Homes, in which nearly 3,000 persons, stricken by the dread white plague, have been cared for.



Back Life at Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

But never for a single hour did the doors of the Free Hospital fail to swing open, and give a welcome to suffering ones without money and without price.

The good news has gone forth of a rich harvest the wide Dominion over.

"Friends, we come to you at this time, when the clouds of depression are being lifted, asking that you now—in the direness of our extremity—help to lift the burden being carried—not for any personal gain, but solely, alone, only on behalf of suffering sisters and brothers.

Our plea is on behalf of the sick ones.

What will you give? Do not say nay. Help generously. Help all you can. Help some. Help now.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. GAGE, Esq., Chairman Executive Committee, 84 Spadina Avenue, Toronto; or J. S. ROBERTSON, Sec.-Treasurer National Sanitarium Association, 347 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

LORD STRATHCONA IN HARNESS AT NINETY.

London, Aug. 6.—Lord Strathcona was today the recipient of innumerable congratulations on the attainment of his ninetieth birthday. In connection with the event a book was issued today entitled, "Canada's Coeur-de-Lion," containing appreciations from many eminent persons, including Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Lansdowne and others. Many press appreciations appear, bearing tribute to Lord Strathcona's commercial greatness and his wonderful vitality.

Interviewed today, he stated that he would not celebrate the occasion, but would be at his office as usual.

"It is seventy years since I went to Canada," he said, "so that at any rate I am an old Canadian, if I am not an old man. That's what I like to remember."

Be sure and take a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with you when starting on your trip this summer. It cannot be obtained on board the trains or ships. Changes of water and climate often cause sudden attacks of diarrhoea, and it is best to be prepared. Sold by all dealers.

The Lesson on the Strike

To the Editor of the 'Witness':

Sir.—Now that the Grand Trunk strike is settled will the press not exercise its great influence by inducing the Dominion Government to so far amend the laws that such strikes may be made impossible. Railways are no longer regarded as purely private corporations to be operated without reference to the public and merely in the interests of shareholders and bondholders. Like the post office, the telegraph and telephone, they have become, not merely a convenience, but a daily necessity to the people in their varied occupations and interests. About a hundred and five thousand passengers travel each week day on the steam roads of Canada, and over a million on its electric street and interurban roads, while more than five hundred thousand dollars is paid in daily to these railways as freight charges and passenger fares. Parliament has recognized this close interest of the public by the appointment of railway commissioners with wide powers to regulate public grievances. Will it not take a step further and require every dispute between railways and their employees to be referred to disinterested arbitrators and compel each party to abide by the decision of these arbitrators. The Railway Commissioners themselves would be disinterested and are suggested as such arbitrators. The weak point, apparent to everyone, in the present system, is that neither party is bound by the arbitrator's decision, and that whilst as a rule, the railways have been ready to accept the decision, the men have not always been so willing. It is not necessary here to discuss the reason. The important fact remains that the public interests are jeopardized by railway strikes, trade is disorganized, travel is prolonged and, if the strike is prolonged, a shortage is created in food supplies. There is strong ground for asking the governor to intercede in protecting the public by creating machinery for making the arbitrators' decision effective.

A. T. DRUMMOND, Toronto, Aug. 3, 1910.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE

MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

New York, Aug. 9.—William J. Gaynor, Mayor of New York City, was shot in the head and seriously wounded today as he stood on the promenade deck of the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, by James J. Gallagher, a discharged and disgraced city employee. Gallagher was almost instantly overpowered and arrested.

The shot was fired at 9:45 o'clock this morning, fifteen minutes after the Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse, was due to leave her pier at Hoboken, New Jersey, and the Mayor was receiving God-speed from a group of friends preparatory to a vacation trip to Europe.

BEHIND RIGHT EAR

The bullet struck him behind the right ear and ranged downward, inflicting a dangerous though not necessarily fatal wound. Unless blood poisoning develops, surgeons are confident of the Mayor's recovery, although at his age, fifty-nine years, such a wound is essentially grave.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by all dealers.

MCKENZIE ON THE CROP

Mr. William McKenzie, of the Canadian Northern Railway, in the Toronto World quotes as follows:—

The World asked Mr. McKenzie yesterday about the reported failure of the crops in the West. His reply was:—

"Never take the pessimistic view until the last shower is in. He went on to say, from the reports received a week ago from most of the points along the lines of the C. N. R. in the West, that the average condition of the crops was good and he expected to receive reports again tomorrow confirming the state affairs of a week ago, and showing considerable improvement."

His own opinion was that the crops have been reported down far too much, and that when the grain came to be cut, there will be almost an average, and at many points, good crops.

This was especially true along the line of the C. N. R. Any bad reports that have come along have come mainly from the south.

Alcohol or molasses will remove grass stains. Cold soap suds with a little kerosene added will remove fruit stains. Try boiling water on tea, coffee or chocolate stains, and diluted ammonia on lemon or orange stains.

Pungent Criticisms

One of the most pungent bits of criticism ever offered with reference to a fellow-artist's work was that uttered by the irrepressible Whistler with reference to a 'bit' done by Rossetti. Rossetti, who was an incorrigible procrastinator, had been for a long time telling Whistler of an idea he had for a picture, but each time 'Jimmy' inquired as to the progress of the idea, Rossetti would evade the issue, not having done a stroke of work in the direction indicated, and would, instead, begin to talk of his literary ventures. Finally, one day when Whistler, mischievously, no doubt but the usual query: 'And how is the picture coming on?' Rossetti, ignoring the question, said: 'Jimmy, I've a great little sonnet here I'd like to read you.' Jimmy sighed and submitted, says the Youth's Companion.

At the next meeting between the friends, Rossetti told Whistler that he had not yet finished the picture, but that he had a frame for it. Whistler inspected the frame, a fine piece of Florentine work, but said nothing. Eventually, the procrastinating Rossetti actually did complete the picture of which he had talked so much, and it was, in due course, triumphantly exhibited for Whistler's criticism. Jimmy veered curiously at the painting, then, turning to his friend, he said:

"Rossetti, if I were you, I would frame the sonnet."

It is not only the artist, or the professional art critic, whose views can be the reverse of complimentary, even to a great artist, as is evidenced by the story told of a fair amateur critic who had been viewing Lord Leighton's 'Helen of Troy' at the London Academy.

"I think it is a horrid picture," said she to the artist.

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the painter, "for it cost me three years were spent in Bengal with the rank of major-general and the last time I was in the Bombay district."

"No, I painted it," was the reply. "Oh," continued the abashed critic, "please don't mind what I said. I only repeated what everybody else is saying."

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Gentlemen— I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my wife and in my family for years, and for the every-day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN, Schr. 'Storkes', St. Andre, Kam.

ADVERTISING VEGETABLES.

Judicious advertising in newspapers is a good investment for market gardeners. It is a business advantage over other fellows who take chances in selling their products. A gardener may have a good trade without advertising but he can double and treble it by the use of printer's ink.

Never sell anything that is not first-class. If you have any inferior products on your wagon, explain the situation to your customers and charge much less than the usual price. Have your vegetables graded; if in packages, have them just as good at the bottom as at the top. If a customer finds a spoiled specimen, give him his money back. Always give good measure and have all vegetables clean. Grow good stuff, market it in an attractive way, advertise these facts in the local press and you will secure new customers every day. It pays to advertise.—Canadian Horticulturist.

No Disordered Kidneys or a Weak Bladder if You Take a Few Doses of FIG PILLS

All Backache and Distress from Out-of-Order Kidneys or Bladder Trouble will vanish, and you will feel fine. Lame Back, Painful Stitches, Rheumatism, Nervous Headache, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Worn-out, Sick Feeling and other symptoms of Sluggish, Inactive Kidneys and Liver disappear. Smarting, Frequent Urination and all Bladder Trouble ends. FIG PILLS go at once to the disordered Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System, and complete a cure before you know it. There is no other remedy, at any price, which will effect so thorough and prompt a cure as a 25-cent box of FIG PILLS. Only curative results can come from taking FIG PILLS, and a few doses mean clean, active, healthy Kidneys. Bladder and Liver—and no Backache.

For sale at all first class drug stores, 25c a box, or five for one dollar. W. A. Warren, Special Agent.

Ask for MINARD'S and take no other

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT

AN APPRECIATION OF THE NEXT GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

London Daily Mail Gives Some Personal Facts Concerning the Record of King George's Uncle—He Has Been a Serious, Practical Soldier for Forty-Two Years—His Coming Marks New Epoch for Dominion.

The following personal appreciation of the Duke of Connaught appears in the London Daily Mail:

During the minority of the Prince of Wales, heir apparent to the throne, the Duke of Connaught is said to have taken a conspicuous place in public duties and ceremonials. Already he has been named successor to Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada and as representative of the King at the opening of the first federal Parliament in South Africa.

For both these tasks the Duke of Connaught is admirably equipped by nature and by training. Like his brother the Duke of Devonshire, he has tact and capacity and industry that would fit him for any position. A correspondent in Ottawa recently hinted that the duties of the Viceroy would be more onerous than the ornamental. Had he known the Duke of Connaught he would not have felt it necessary to utter this warning. For his royal highness has shown in a long and busy career that he is no idler. He has no ambition to occupy a sinecure.

From the day—forty-two years ago—when he entered the Royal Engineers he has worked at his profession not as a dilettante but as a serious and practical soldier. The record of his services in itself is proof. He passed through every branch of the army—from sapper to gunner, from infantry to cavalry, and from the Guards at Tel-el-Kebir in the Sudan campaign of 1882, and shared with the Duke of Cambridge the distinction of a royal prince who had been under fire. Twice he has held command in India, twice in England, and once in Ireland. Perhaps the severest test of his military capacity was made in India, where he remained for six years. The first three years were spent in Bengal with the rank of major-general and the last two in the Bombay district.

The Duke of Connaught in those years established his military reputation on a firm basis and created the impression which the people had already formed of his earnestness and capacity.

Those who imagine that no disabilities attach to royalty know nothing of the Duke of Connaught's bitter disappointments when he was forbidden to share with his comrades the risks of war in South Africa. But Queen Victoria was adamant, and her widowed daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg, was at hand to remind her that with such a check at the door of the palace as well as at the door of the cottage.

A strict disciplinarian and a diligent officer, the Duke of Connaught commands the respect of soldiers, while his good nature and his sense of duty win their affection. Only a commander with these human qualities could be told this anecdote which illustrates his highness's authority. A young subaltern putting a company of infantry through their drill managed to get them into a terrible muddle. The duke, who was watching the effort, called the subaltern to him and asked: "Have you any idea what your men are supposed to be doing?"

The boy saluted and replied, with a confident smile, "Not the slightest, sir. Have you?" There is also the story that illustrates both his humor and one of the difficulties of his position. It is related that at a reception at the Horse Guards the duke met an officer who had been presented what he wanted. "Nothing, thank you, sir," was the modest reply. "I am a private soldier, and I am sure your highness is not a stranger in my presence or can withhold his innermost confidence. And he has, too, that broad and imperial outlook which is the gift of temperament of travel. Many people have perhaps forgotten the sacrifice he made in order to retain the nationality which is his pride. Without hesitation he gave up his claim to the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and left to his nephew the Duke of Albany, the honors and emoluments of this great position.

Another qualification of the Duke of Connaught has to commend him to Canadians and South Africans as well as to Britons in every part of the world. He is a famous sportsman, and everybody knows, he has lately returned from East Africa, where for the second time he appeared as a hunter of big game.

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THE FATAL CONTINENT

AFRICA HAS BEEN THE GRAVE OF DARING EXPLORERS.

Many Intrepid Britons Have Perished Trying to Unravel the Secrets of the Dark Continent—Lieut. Boyd Alexander, Who Was Killed in the Rubber Country, is the Latest Victim in the Quest.

We still call Africa the "Dark Continent." We might equally well term it the "Fatal Continent," for it has claimed the lives of a greater number of explorers than all the rest of the wild regions of the earth put together.

The latest victim of the African savage is an Englishman—Lieut. Boyd Alexander, murdered by natives in the rubber country of the Wadai. Wadi fell he reached the continent, he was the last stronghold of the slave trade, and is controlled by the dangerous Mohammedan secret society known as the Senussi. Alexander knew the risk he ran. His death adds one more to the long list of British martyrs to the cause of civilization.

"I mean," wrote Mungo Park, more than a hundred years ago, "to sail east with the fixed determination to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt." He did perish in the attempt. Near Broussa the natives made a fierce attack upon his expedition and Park was obliged to fly down stream, taking the risk of shooting the dangerous rapids. His canoe struck a rock, split in pieces, and flung him and his companions into the raging waste of foam. Park made a desperate effort to swim ashore, but was swept away and drowned.

Twenty years later, in 1826, Major Alexander Leing, another hardy Scot, made a successful attempt to visit the mysterious city of Timbuktu. He was captured and held for some time by the Tuaregs—those masked bandits of the desert—who left him for dead. But though covered with wounds, he pulled through, and reaching Timbuktu stayed there for some months until the fanatic inhabitants drove him forth into the desert. He reached El Araan, a small oasis in the Sahara, and there was liberated.

Capt. Clapperton was another victim, but his death was due, not to savage spears, but to the fever-laden mists of the Niger. His servant, Richard Lander, tended him to the end, and carried his papers safely to the coast. On his journey, Lander had many thrilling adventures. In one place he was caught by natives, and subjected to the ordeal by poison—that is, he had to eat a portion of the deadly Calabar bean. By a miracle he came through it unharmed, and afterwards, in company with his brother, conducted a fresh expedition, which solved the puzzling problem of the mouths of the great River Niger.

The greatest of all African explorers was David Livingstone, whose experiences of the "Dark Continent" are recorded in his journal, and extended over thirty-three years, during which time he walked tens of thousands of miles over the bush paths of Central Africa.

His last journey was through the interior of the Congo Basin. He describes the country as "one vast sponge," interested by countless streams. The day was hot and muggy, and being the rainy season everything was saturated day and night. Under these awful conditions even Livingstone's iron physique broke down, and his devoted servants made a "little stage" on through the deep, sticky clay. On April 27th he made his last entries in his notebook on the 29th he was hardly conscious. On that day they carried him into Chitambo's village, built a bed for him, and aired the hut with a good fire. He revived a little, and lay peacefully all the 30th. In the morning he awoke to his body servant—Susi—to bring his medicine chest, and from it took a dose, and then dressed the boy. His pupil—Jacob Wainwright, a colored man—slept in the hut with him, and woke early in the morning to attend his master. He found him kneeling by his bedside. Wainwright waited a while, then, when his absolute motionless attitude, touched him on the shoulder. The great missionary was still alive. He had struggled on from life in an attitude of prayer.

Wainwright and the others buried their master's heart under a great tree, then, after carefully mummifying the body, carried it to the coast. It was conveyed to England, and buried in the presence of crowded crowds in Westminster Abbey.

What is perhaps the most dreadful disaster in all the records of African exploration befell the French expedition of 1881 under Col. Flatters. After passing safely through the worst parts of the Sahara Desert, the treacherous Tuaregs swept down upon them, and killed nearly all his men, including his thirty camel-drivers, and drove off all the camels. The survivors, numbering fifty in all, started back across the sandy desert known as the "Thirsty Country," pursued and harassed day and night by their Tuareg enemies. They met a tribe who professed to be friendly, and who sold them dates. The fruit was poisoned, and many died in agony.

At last they reached the wells, but these were held by the enemy, and in the fight that ensued all the Europeans but one—Lieut. Polguin by name—were killed. He struggled on with a few native porters. But now there was no food. The starving men went mad, fell on one another, and the fate of poor Polguin is too ghastly to be here described. Eventually, four sharpshooters reached the town of Wargla, the sole survivors of 81 persons who had set out full of hope a little more than five months previously.

A Veteran Swimmer.

Mr. J. Barchy, who is seventy-eight years of age, won a veterans' swimming race in the Serpentine recently. The aged swimmer's first five competitors totalled 343 years.

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NOTICE

On and after Oct. 25th, all kinds of repairs for Frost and Wood's Machinery will be at Edward Craig's Blacksmith Shop, persons wishing to purchase any tools or any kind of Machinery made by Frost and Wood can buy of Mr. Craig or the undersigned.

ISAAC C. WHITMAN, Agent Round Hill Oct. 25th 1909.

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