The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1903. NO. 23.

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.)
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Clerk and 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.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S

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

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

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

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
Capital Authorized, - $3,000,000
Capital Paid-up, - 1,205,900
Rest, - - - - $25,000

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
THOS. E. KENNY, M.P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR, GEO. MITCHELL, M.P.P.
E. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
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Head Office: Halifax, N. S.
E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N. S. STRICKLAND,
Supt. of Branches.

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Collections receive immediate attention and prompt returns made.

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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.

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Bank of Toronto and Branches, Upper Canada.
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Potatoes, Squash Cucumbers, Vines

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Send for our free booklet, which gives full information; also our pamphlet on "Potato Culture," free.

BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO., Ltd.
St. Stephen, N. B.

Poetry.

Our Mottoes.

"Look up and not down!" Do you mind how the tree-top
Rejoices in sunshine denied to its root?
And look how the lark, gazing skyward, is flooding
All earth with its song, while the ground bird is mute?

"Look out and not in!" See the sap rushing outward
In leaf, bud and blossom. All winter it lay
Imprisoned, while earth wore a white desolation;
Now nature is glad with the beauty of May.

"Look forward, not back!" 'Tis the chant of creation,
The chimes of the seasons as onward they roll;
'Tis the pulse of the world, 'tis the hope of the ages,
'Tis the voice of the Lord in the depths of the soul.

"Lend a hand!" Like the sun that turns night into morning,
The moon that guides storm-driven sailors to land.
Ah! Life were worth living with this for its watchword,
"Look up, out, and forward, and each lend a hand."

—Wellesley College.

Love's Recompense.

Amid the turmoil and the strife
Of all we deem this mortal life,
Take time to send a loving thought
To one whose hours with pain are fraught.
Whose days are full of weariness
And nights of lonely restlessness.
It will soothe the weary breast
And to the restless heart bring rest.
It will grow and travel on
To bless some other weary one.
And in thine hour of deep distress
It will return to cheer and bless,
So beautiful and tender grown
Thou'lt scarce recall it as thine own;
But think an angel visitant,
From out the gracious heaven sent
To bear a healing balm to thee,
Such is love's helpful ministry.

Amid a life of happiness,
When every hour's a dream of bliss
Take time to speak a loving word,
Where loving words are seldom heard.
It will linger in the mind
And gather others of its kind
Till loving words will echo where
Erstwhile the heart was poor and bare
And somewhere on thy heavenward track
Their music will come echoing back
And flood thy soul with melody,
Such is love's immortality.

Midst daily cares so manifold
They seem more than one heart can hold.
Take time to lend a helping hand.
Where loving deeds are lowly planned
For those to whom such deeds are rare
It will ease thy load of care
For love doth every burden bear,
And when it rules the daily life,
It lightens labor, stills all strife,
And sheds a radiance divine
A very healing oil of wine,
Upon the fallen and the weak
The bowed in spirit and the meek.
And then returns a hundred fold
To bless the giver with the gold
Of peace and joy and happiness
Such is love's wondrous bounteousness.

Select Literature.

BASCOM'S CATS.

It is a melancholy fact, but true, that the more tender-hearted the man, the more sure he is to be saddled with the task of "disposing" of the pet cat when the family goes away for the summer.

Bascom's particular destiny evidently believed in providing a good sized job while she was about it, for the felines were three in number, and to add grievousness to the situation they all loved Bascom like a brother.

"Do it with chloroform," whispered Mrs. Bascom, just as she was about to step into the carriage where the young Bascoms were already stowed.

"I've bought a bottle of it and put it on the shelf in the bathroom." She whispered for two reasons; one was that by her faintness of tone she established for herself a corresponding faintness of complicity; the other reason was that she wished to keep from the children's ears any words which might suggest that their father was of a "disposing" nature where pet cats were concerned. "Chloroform is so humane."

"Yes, all right," said Bascom, wincing.

"And the washboiler is in the cellar, near the furnace."

"The wash boiler?" inquired Bascom, and his tone conveyed the information that he had no intention of rinsing off the victims either before or after the immolation.

"Yes. The wash boiler. To put them under, you know."

"Oh, yes—yes," said Bascom with deepening gloom.

Then, dropping her whisper several degrees lower, she added, "And be sure to put some stones on top."

"Oh, dear—I mean, all right!" This Zola-esque touch of the stones on top gave a ghastly realism and definiteness to the impending tragedy.

"Leave them there (the poor things!) for an hour or so, and then dig a hole and bury them."

"After I dig a big hole, and after I bury them, am I not to put the dirt back over them?" he cut in fiercely. He had had about all he could stand.

Mrs. Bascom flashed him a tender look of sympathy and said no more, but with final farewells stepped into the carriage and was gone.

Bascom looked at the house where his task awaited him, and his courage temporarily oozed.

"Great George! I can't do it now," he muttered. "I'll go to the office first and finish out the day." Which he did, thus gaining a respite, but no repentance for he was eventually conscious of the horror that hung over him. It kept him down town until nearly midnight, when he could go home with the comforting assurance that the hour was too late for the deed. Moreover the cats would be reveling at a distance and deaf to calls. His sleep that night was fitful and he woke, very, very early in the morning; but with desperation he looked late in the face. Arising and going downstairs he opened the back door to find his three charges awaiting him affectionately and hungrily upon the back stoop. Never had they looked more amiable, more confiding sleeker or more worthy of life.

"They might as well die full as empty," he muttered, dumping half a pint of cream into their dish. They licked it up with a rapture of gratification and, not unnaturally construing the treat into an expression of Bascom's secret good-will, they repaid him with much purring and arching of furry backs and rubbing against Bascom's traitorous legs. He hurried into the cellar for the boiler. They followed him devotedly, and sat down with ease and pleasure to watch him. With neat tails, coiled around neat paws, they eyed his every movement with noticeable satisfaction. Feeling like a Judas, he jerked up the tin abomination and strode off to the barn. The cats trotted along also. He was too good a fellow that morning to lose sight of. While he was arranging their tomb upon the barn floor, they sat down again and contemplated him some more with blinking adoration.

Next, he had to search the garden for large stones, and they ambled alongside of him, stirred to mild but happy curiosity. While he was struggling at any stone which was rather deeply imbedded, they offered assistance by giving it little soft ping-pong pats. Bascom wished very heartily that they had never been named—cats in the abstract are more or less vermin and unworthy of any man's regard—but Hamlet, Cordelia and Coco-Kola were personages with attributes and temperaments which seemed to bespeak respectful recognition. Hamlet, so called for his "inky coat," was the personification of dignity blended with aroofness—a fascinating combination. It was really a she. In fact, she was the mother of Cordelia. Cordelia, of course, had a voice that was ever "gentle, sweet and low." She generally had a strained glance as if looking for plights. One had to be very careful of Cordelia's feelings, she was that touchy. Let a person step upon Cordelia's tail even by most palpable accident, and Cordelia would spit at the person for weeks after such an occurrence. Coco-Kola, the sauciest looking and the healthiest looking of the bunch, was nevertheless addicted to fits, which she would have without a moment's notice, and on a large scale; but when lucid she was lovable in the extreme.

One readily sees that these cats were far more than mere wads of fur, and one can attempt to realize Bascom's sense of guilt as he gathered together his materials of destruction.

At last his preparations were completed and he looked around for his victims. Every mother's son had disappeared. It had finally been borne in upon them that the neighborhood was unhealthy.

Bascom cut off their escape. He caught Cordelia as she was about to drop into the next yard. She went into the boiler, silent but wild-eyed.

Coco-Kola was endeavoring to sneak unostentatiously up a tree, and she would have made it had not affliction came upon her and caused her to claw aimlessly without forging ahead, like the side wheel of a steamer back paddling. She went into the boiler swooning.

Hamlet was long lost, but was found behind a barrel, betrayed by the opalescent glitter of his frantic eyes. He went into the boiler protesting.

Every time Bascom tilted the thing to put in a fresh victim, he had about forty-seven thousand toes and nails to poke back. He was getting thoroughly unnerved. After anchoring down the tomb with stones, he sped to the house for the bottle of chloroform, half hoping he would not be able to find it; but it was there all right, on the bath-room shelf, as Mrs. B. had said, and suggestively beside it was a big, new sponge.

Grabbing both, Bascom betook himself back to the boiler, whence was issuing a variety of strange vocalizings and thumpings. Whether it was a general insurrection, or Coco-Kola doing a stunt unaided, he did not know, nor did he stop to find out. Saturating the sponge with the entire contents of the bottle, he poked it under the boiler, adding the bottle itself for good measure, and then fled.

That day at the office, Saturday though it was and a half-holiday, was yet harder and longer than the preceding day, for Bascom dreaded the burial worse than he dreaded the "deep damnation" of the "taking off."

To handle the stark bodies of his once flexible, warm pets was more than he could dream of undertaking in his present shattered condition, so he did not go home at all Saturday night. He went to the Golf Club. He played all day Sunday and remained at the Club Sunday night. From there next morning he went straight to the office. Monday night he purposely remained down town late and went home to go immediately to bed.

* * *

Tuesday morning brought the inevitable. Once more he went to the barn—unattended this time; got a spade and dug a recent grave, passing and repassing the silent, gruesome boiler with mouth grimly set. The grave dug, he used the spade on the top of the boiler to prod off the top cargo of stones. When the last one clattered to the barn floor, the cover arose of itself unaided. It more than arose. It LEAPED into the air. And with three separate, blood-curdling shrieks, three lean, razor back cats shot whizzing through space. One whizzing streak was so black that Bascom took it to be Hamlet. This streak flew off to the north.

Something rather dimmer and whizzing in a slightly higher key owing to even greater velocity, Bascom took to be Cordelia. This streak went to the east.

A streak which caromed very erratically, yet maintained a velocity not a whit less than the other two, Bascom took to be Coco-Kola in a fit of monumental proportions. This streak disappeared to the west.

None of them ever came back.

Bascom thoughtfully took up the empty bottle. It was labeled "Witch-Hazel."

Why Sniffle and Sneeze.

Don't suffer any more with a cold in the head, just carry a Catarrhozone Inhaler in your pocket, use it now and again, and you won't have colds. Catarrhozone knocks out a cold in ten minutes, kills a headache in five minutes, and hard racking coughs in half an hour. Inhale the pleasant Catarrhozone vapor five minutes four times daily, and it will cure Bronchitis, Lung Trouble, Deafness, Asthma and Catarrh in any part of the system. Catarrhozone is the most direct, modern and scientific method, and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Complete two months' treatment costs $1.00, trial size 25c. Druggists or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hamilton's Pills cure constipation.

A Yankee in Argentina.

The General Manager of the Central North Railway, Argentine Republic, while walking down Calle Florida, the business street of Buenos Ayres, one morning, was accosted by a rather slight, dark-featured stranger.

"I am seeking a position, sir," said the latter respectfully. "I understand you need men."

"Hm-m, where are you from? How long have you been in this country?"

"I've been here three weeks. I'm an American."

The General Manager was English, but had resided in South America many years. He did not like "Yankees," as he termed them, but this one rather appealed to him. After a few further inquiries he sent him up country to report to the head accountant, who, it chanced, shared his chief's prejudice against Americans.

"What can you do?" the accountant asked the new man "Are you a bookkeeper?"

"Yes, sir. Ten years' experience as an expert accountant," was the quiet reply.

"That counts very little—with us," sneered the head accountant. "I'll try you at plain copying. Your salary will be $27 a month."

The American had a wife and child at Buenos Ayres. Twenty-seven dollars a month was starvation wages, but the feeling that he was not wanted by this Argentine railway official, and because of his nationality, aroused the new man's fighting blood. He sent for his wife and child and started housekeeping in a cheap adobe house.

He began his work as a copying clerk and did his copying so well that at the end of the first month the head accountant reluctantly gave him a few words of praise. The new man was never late, never slow at his tasks, and always respectful. At the beginning of the third month one of the assistant bookkeepers resigned. The accountant's staff was short-handed, and the majority of its subordinate members were half-grown native youths, not overcompetent.

"Just see what you can do with the ledger accounts," he said to the new man.

The American not only attended to his new task, but he continued his copying, and was ready at any time to take up odd jobs. He asked permission to make a few changes in the method employed, and within three weeks had almost revolutionized the system in use. The accountant, who was fair-minded despite his prejudices, acknowledged to himself that he had found a jewel, and he voluntarily increased the American's salary to $51 a month. One day, when the General Manager commented on the apparent improvement in the accounting reports sent him, the accountant frankly praised the new clerk.

"I had no use for him at first, sir," he said, "but I don't believe I could do without him now. He's the best man I ever had."

The American's pay envelope at the end of that month, the fifth of his service with the company, contained $63. Five weeks later it was rumored that the treasurer of the road was about to leave. The General Manager sent for his new clerk.

"I am about to do something that may not be dictated by common sense," he said to him, "but I believe I'll make the experiment. Mr. B— leaves us to-day. I want you to do his work for awhile. It is a responsible position because, as you know, the current funds of the company are kept in the treasurer's safe. You can report to-morrow morning."

The American took up his new duties the following day. He entered the treasurer's office as the former incumbent left for Buenos Ayres. The office was in a demoralized condition. The few clerks were incompetent, the records were two months in arrears, and the office rooms were ill adapted for the routine work. The new treasurer pro tem spent half a day looking into things; then he went to the General Manager and said:

"I am afraid I must decline to take up the work you have just given me unless I have carte blanche to conduct the office on new lines. From what I have seen this morning certain changes are absolutely necessary."

"You have my full authority," replied his superior. "By the way, I am going to Tucuman to-night, and I do not expect to return before day after to-morrow. In the meantime you can map out your ideas."

Next day, when the American was seated at the flat-topped desk in the centre of his office, he saw one of the railroad's employees, the secretary to the Chief of Traffic open the little swing door in the railing at the main entrance and saunter toward him.

"Good morning, sir," called out the intruder. "Mr. X— has sent me for some money. He wants $200. You can charge it to him."

"Do you see that railing?" replied the American coldly, pointing toward the entrance. "Just get outside of it as soon as you can. None but employees of this office and the General Manager can pass that gate. You can tell your chief also, that he cannot have a cent without a written order from the General Manager."

The secretary abruptly left the room. Five minutes later the door opened again. It was the Chief of Traffic. Pushing back the gate with a bang, he strode into the office. His face was red and his eyes blazed with anger.

"What is this message you send me?" he demanded. "You refuse to let me have any money. Why, confound your impudence, don't you know that I represent the General Manager while he is away? Now, give me the money and be quick about it!"

The large safe of the office was standing a few feet away. Its doors were open and upon the shelves in plain view were many little piles of notes and gold. The Chief of Traffic reached over and picked four $50 bills.

"Now, enter these—" he began, then stopped short. The American had arisen from his seat. His face had paled slightly, but there was a glitter in his eye which permitted of no error. In one hand he held a revolver. The muzzle was aimed directly at the Chief of Traffic.

"Put back that money," came the command, slowly and quietly. "Put it back on the same pile. Now, get out of this office. One—two—"

The gate at the entrance slammed behind the retreating steps of the Chief of Traffic. He did not look around in his haste, but he threw back a threat. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. The rest of the day passed without further disturbance. At five the American sent home his assistants and waited. The safe in the office was not a combination safe, but required locking with two keys. One key was in his possession, the other was held by the General Manager, or in his absence by the Chief of Traffic.

Six o'clock came, then seven and eight. No one approached the office where the American waited with his revolver within easy reach. Nine, ten, midnight, and still no caller. At daybreak the American was still seated in front of the open safe. An hour later a locomotive whistle sounded down the line. It was the early passenger train. The General Manager's private car should be attached to it.

It was just seven by the office clock when a hand tried the knob of the outer door. The American unlocked it and gave admission to the General Manager. His face showed wrath. As he stepped inside the American spoke:

"I will consider it a favor if you will appoint the treasurer at once," he said crisply. "Under present conditions I cannot be responsible for the funds of this office. Every Tom, Dick and Harry connected with the road seems to have a right to take all the money he wants."

"This affair was reported to me this morning," replied the General Manager. "I have investigated it to my satisfaction. You ask me to appoint the treasurer at once. I will. You are the treasurer."

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficient warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the sole reliance of thousands of mothers, and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. For sale by S. N. Weare

Terrible Tragedy near Truro.

Truro, N. S.—Aug.25.—The wife of Benjamin Lynds, a farmer living at Cross Roads, leading to McCallum's Settlement, North River, lies dead at her home as the result of the discharge of a gun loaded with three bullets, in the hands of her husband. The shooting occurred late this afternoon. Mrs. Lynds was in one room and her husband in another. He is said to have been oiling the gun lock. The arm was loaded as described and capped. Lynds says he was getting ready to shoot a bear he had seen some time ago near his premises. The gun went off and all three bullets penetrated the wall, passing into Mrs. Lynds' neck and ear. She lived a short time unconscious. Dr. D. H. Muir was sent for and arrived after the woman's death. An inquest will be held to-morrow at ten o'clock. Mrs. Lynds is a daughter of David Haley, of Truro, and had several children; two young daughters are living in town. David Haley is a truckman and lives in a dwelling on the estate of the late Dr. A. C. Page.

Cup Races Won and Lost.

In a glorious wholesale breeze over a triangular course ten miles to the leg, the fleet footed cup defender Reliance again on Tuesday showed her heels to Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, taking the second race of the Cup series of 1903 by the narrow time of 1 minute and 19 seconds.

It was as pretty and hard fought a race as has ever been fought off Sandy Hook and the record for the course would have been broken had the wind not fallen. This was made by the Columbia, in her race with Shamrock II.

Reliance's margin, narrow as it was, would have been still smaller had not Captain Wringe handled the start by sending his craft over the line 19 seconds after the last gun and handicapping her to that extent.

At every point of sailing the defender's superiority was demonstrated. She gained 1.31 in the windward work, 40 seconds on the run to the second mark and 45 seconds on the close reach for home. Based upon the magnificent showing she had made in the two races already sailed, it is the belief of many experts that the cup is safe and that it will take something better than Fife's latest creation to even budge it.

The Proper Treatment for a Sprained Ankle.

As a rule a man will feel well satisfied if he can hobble around on two crutches two or three weeks after spraining his ankle, and it is usually two or three months before he has fully recovered. This is an unnecessary loss of time, for in many cases in which Chamberlain's Pain Balm has been applied, a complete cure has been effected in less than a week's time, and in some cases within three days....For sale by S. N. Weare.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

Young Plants

Every farmer knows that some plants grow better than others. Soil may be the same and seed may seem the same but some plants are weak and others strong.

And that's the way with children. They are like young plants. Same food, same home, same care but some grow big and strong while others stay small and weak.

Scott's Emulsion offers an easy way out of the difficulty. Child weakness often means starvation, not because of lack of food, but because the food does not feed.

Scott's Emulsion really feeds and gives the child growing strength.

Whatever the cause of weakness and failure to grow—Scott's Emulsion seems to find it and set the matter right.

Send for free sample.
Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

[redacted]

A. T. Lipton (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw an angel with a fountain pen
Scribbling upon a sheet of foolscap.
Then,
Regaining his composure, Tom sat up
And asked the angelic one to have a cup
Of his best tea. The angel shook his head,
"I'm on the water wagon now," he said.
Abou. T. Lipton waved his hand: "I see,
But, by the way, what writest thou?" said he.
The heavenly vision answered, "Well, I write,
Here on this little sheet, in black and white,
The man whose boat will get the needed place—
The winner in the coming yachting race."
The gallant Lipton brightened up. "Pray tell,"
He queried, "does this name begin with L?"
"I'm sorry," said his guest. "It is a shame,
But as things stand, I cannot write your name."
T. Lipton made reply, "Would I were It,
But put me down as one who never quit!"
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He called on Tom again, but not to write.
Said he: "I have on this large hand-some chart,
(A fine example of the engraver's art.)
The names of some true sportsmen—just the best,"
And lo, T. Lipton's name led all the rest!"

Got Lame Back or Lumbago?

No need of that now. That sort of pain can be knocked out in short order, for Polson's Nerviline, which is five times stronger that any other, penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of suffering, drives it out, and thus gives relief almost instantly. No! magic, but strength that gives Polson's Nerviline this power. You will think it magic however, if you try it, pain goes so quickly. Sold by dealers everywhere in large 25c. bottles.

Serious Driving Accident.

Amherst, Aug. 2.—As Mrs. Willis, wife of C. J. Willis, was driving with her daughter, Mrs. J. P. Atherton and two young girls at 7.30 this evening the horse became frightened at an automobile and jumped to one side. Mrs. Willis was thrown from the carriage, receiving a severe shaking up, the wheels of the carriage passing over her leg, breaking it just below the knee. She was carried to a near by drug store and a phys cian was summoned. Mrs. Atherton showed great presence of mind in controlling the horse and preventing other serious damage.

Electric Storm strikes the Racing Yachts.

New York, Aug. 25.—A terrible north-west wind and electrical storm struck Sandy Hook shortly after five o'clock to-day, and Shamrocks III. and I., Reliance, and a fleet of half a dozen fine yachts, including the Erin, C. Oliver Iselin's Sunbeam and the Herreshoff's Roamer, were in great danger for a time. The yacht Eureka, breaking from her anchorage, was blown violently against a coal scow, and carried the scow before it. It seemed for a time that the two boats would crash into Shamrock III., which lay almost in the path of the gale, not a hundred miles away. The Roamer, which was dangerously near the Shamrocks, began to drag her anchors and despite efforts to hold her, drifted down rapidly. Finally she swung around and managed to get away from the danger line.

—When you do not relish your food and feel dull and stupid after eating, all you need is a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will make you feel like a new man and give you an appetite like a bear. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Must be Brother's Keeper.

SENTENCED TO LIFELONG SUPPORT INSTEAD OF PENITENTIARY.

Obligation to be the lifelong support of and protector a brother whom he had blinded while intoxicated, was imposed on William Kindt in lieu of a penitentiary sentence by Judge E. O. Brown in a Chicago court last week. The defendant himself proposed the condition, and the blinded brother Charles Kindt, supported the plea. The aged mother of the young men was present in court, and with Charles, signed the bond on which William was released. Even in the event the defendant marries his first care must still be his brother.

"I am guilty of this attack which has ruined my brother's life," said William to the court. "It has blasted my life and ended the happiness of our mother. Were Charles injured by accident it would be my duty and wish to care for him. Now that I am responsible for his injury, the obligation on me to protect him is doubled. If you will give me liberty I will take care of them both for life." "I hope you will do so," William asks," said Charles Kindt, from his eyes. "I may not always be blind. One eye may yet be saved. I do not want my brother punished, for he did not know what he was doing when he cut me." Similar pleas had been made by the brothers when the case was first made by the court several days and Judge Brown then took the matter into consideration. When the brothers again pleaded he capitulated, and arranged for the release of the defender on the terms stated. "You understand," said the court to the defendant, "this case is still against you, and you are given your liberty on the express understanding that you will take care of this young man. It will be a life obligation, and if you ever fail you can be brought back to this court and sentenced under your plea of guilty."

Dog and Cat Comfort.

A 3 per cent. solution of creolin will kill the fleas on a dog. Two per cent. is strong enough on cats. Four teaspoonfuls of creolin to a quart of water or four tablespoonfuls to a gallon make a 3 per cent. mixture. Shake well. It will not only kill the fleas, but heal up bitten places and small skin irritations, cleanse and soften the hair and remove all unpleasant odors the animals may contract from running in unclean localities. So says the New Hampshire experiment station.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Injustice to the Housewife.

There is no other piece of sarcasm equal to that which makes us speak of the average man 'supporting his wife. If the woman who makes a man a comfortable home on a limited income, and that is what domestic women are trying to do, isn't earning her living, in heaven's name, who is? She is giving services so great and so unpurchasable for money that it becomes an absolute financial necessity for a widower to remarry.

The man who has built a house, or written a book, or painted a picture, has some visible token of his labor; but because the woman can point to nothing and say, "I did this," she is thought to have been wasting her time. The woman with the broom gets no sympathy, either, with her eternal cleaning up. Man regards woman's eternal picking up of books and papers and clothes as a hobby, and their mania for washing dishes as a harmless lunacy for which they are not responsible. In his heart, every man's ideal of comfort is to leave everything where it is dropped, and his faith in his theory is never shaken until his wife goes away and he gets all the glasses in the kitchen sink, and his clothes so scattered it would take an Old Sleuth detective to find a clean collar.

Every injustice is the prolific mother of wrongs and the fact that the woman with the broom is neither sufficiently appreciated nor decently paid brings its own train of evils. It is at the bottom of the distaste girls have for domestic pursuits, and the frantic mania women have for seeking some career. Political economists argue themselves into a comatose state trying to find out why the girls in poor families would rather go into stores and factories, where the hours are long and the pay scant, than go to work in their fathers' kitchens. It is because there are few of us so overwhelmingly industrious that we yearn to work for the mere sake of working. When we labor, we want to see cold, hard cash in our hands as a result of our labors. A girl knows that she may do all the cooking, and save not only the price of the cook, but the waste and stealage as well, but her father won't think she is earning anything. He will give her her board and clothes but he will think that he is supporting her, and she will have none of the freedom of the wage-earner to spend her money as she pleases. It is simply because the women with the broom never get paid that every girl is determined to get another tool if she can.

Nothing can be more inconsistent than the attitude of men toward the woman with the broom. They are always harping on woman's sphere being at home, and inveighing against her leaving her own fireside to seek employment but for the work which they declare to be woman's work, and which they admire so much in theory, they are not willing to pay cash.

Dysentery causes the death of more people than small pox and yellow fever combined. In an army it is dreaded more than a battle. It requires prompt and effective treatment. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been used in nine epidemics of dysentery in the United States with perfect success, and has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-day. It may save a life. Sold by S. N. Weare.

Extraordinary Girl Hero.

All Britain is discussing the extraordinary heroism of a young Welsh woman who, armed only with a broom confronted a maniac murderer after he had killed his wife, and prevented him from slaughtering his children. She drove him to flight. The heroine is Annie Owens. W. D. Evans, a veterinarian of Llanipan, Wales, was living in an isolated cottage with his wife and children. He became suddenly insane Wednesday last. Seizing a knife, the maniac chased his wife into the yard and stabbed her to death. Shouting, "I'll kill the children too," Evans started for the house. Annie Owens confronted him at the kitchen door. The maniac attacked her. Unfrightened by the gibbering madman, who flourished the blood-dripping knife at her, the brave girl attacked him with a stout broom and drove him out of the yard. Surprised by the fierce onslaught the madman fled. The police caught him after a battle. The heroine told the story modestly to the coroner's jury. The coroner commended her for her extraordinary bravery, saying: "The whole community feels indebted to this brave girl. Few men would have had the courage to confront an armed madman. Undoubtedly her bravery prevented the slaughter of the entire family."

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs.—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sample bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

R. W. HARRISON.
Glamis, Ont.

A Life Experience Verified.

In connection with the death last summer of the Rev. Chas. A. Fox, the 'Poet of the Keswick Movement,' the following little poem will be read with interest, particularly by those who are passing through trial or suffering.

For more than three months previous to his death in December, Mr. Fox suffered intensely from cancer in the face:

I.

(Written some years ago.)

Ah, He knoweth; ah, He loveth!
Master, never let me go!
Every wound Thy skill fresh proveth
Every cloud conceals Thy bow.

II

(Verified To-day.)

Yes. To-day needs nothing newer,
This brief record burns like fire:
Old truths but flame forth the truer,
As he draws still nigher, nigher.
Sweet his whisper. Come and rest,
wrecked outright, on Jesus' breast.

Chas. A. Fox.

The Surest Cure for Warts

Is a few applications of Putnam's Painless Wart and Corn Extractor. It has been used successfully for 30 years and never fails. Try "Putnam's."

—In the case of weakly, delicate children, they very often benefit from being generally and regularly rubbed all over after the morning bath with the flat of the hand, special care being given to the spine.