Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1903. NO. 8.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison gate
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
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Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
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Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

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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, - - - -	825,000

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
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E. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
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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.

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IN NOVA SCOTIA—Annapolis, Barrington Passage, Tusket 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.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
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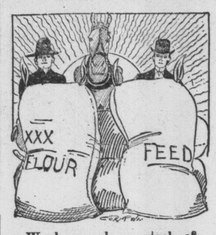
Clothes Repaired and Cleaned
The subscriber has rented the shop in the Payson building (one door east of the Post Office), where he is prepared to do repairing, pressing and cleaning on ladies' and gents' clothes. All work will receive prompt attention.
Feb. 3rd, 3m CHAS. HEARN.



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. 18 h, 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
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PLUMBING! PLUMBING!
In all the latest Sanitary Improvements.
Heating and Ventilating.
Stoves and Ranges
of the latest patterns.
Job work a specialty.
R. ALLEN GROWE.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
Tender for Building for Baggage and Express Rooms at Levis, P. Q.
Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Building at Levis," will be received until
MONDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF MAY, 1903,
for the above mentioned work.
Plans and specification may be seen at the Office of the Assistant Engineer at Levis, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.
All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.
D. POTTINGER,
Railway Office, General Manager.
Moncton, N. B.,
4th, May, 1903.

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.

True to life.

No one will believe how perfectly—how true to the original—the Berliner Gram-o-phone reproduces sound until they have heard it. That is why we let all good Canadians try it before they buy it.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone
reproduces bands, orchestras, instruments, singers and talkers with the same quality of tone as the original.
Don't confuse it with the ordinary talking-machine—others have made that mistake before they heard it.
Its repertoire is practically unlimited.
It is the only talking machine made in Canada.
Guaranteed for five years.
The hard flat maroon discs are practically indestructible.
Prices from $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 our easy payment plan.
E. BERLINER, 2315 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL, QUE.
EMANUEL BLOUT, Gen. Mgr. for Canada. | MILLER BROS. & McDONALD, Distributing Agents - HALIFAX, N.S.

Poetry.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

God, bless and keep my little boy,
Guard body and guide mind;
Mix not his gold with base alloy,
Dross of the wordly kind.

Oh, lay on me the care and pain!
Spare him a little while:
The heartsense ne'er will spring again
Which blooms now in his smile.

Roll not the years too fast, O God!
I fain would longer keep
This tousled head which now doth nod
Finding the way to Sleep.

And let not time with foot rough-shod
My few poor charms destroy;
For there be years to come, O God,
When I must woo my boy.

Lend sweetness to his mother's voice
To charm his critic ear;
For siren songs will court his choice
As manhood draweth near.

Only these tenderer years are mine—
Ah, stretch their shortening span;
Yet, if I must my charge resign,
Make him, O God, a man!
—Truman Roberts Andrews, in the Delineator.

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme—
Remember it in time:
It's always dreary weather in country-side or town
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.
—Youth's Companion.

"It isn't the world-praised wonders
that are best in our Father's sight.
Nor the wreaths of fading laurel, that
garnish fame's dizzy height;
But the pitying love and kindness, the
work of the warm caress,
The beautiful hope and patience, and
self-forgetfulness;
The trifle in secret given, the prayer
in the quiet night,
And the little unnoticed nothings are
good in our Father's sight."

Select Literature.

A Little Pioneer.

(By Minna C. Smith.)

When her father went up into the high mountains of the Medicine Bow to the timber claim in September Annie went along in the spring wagon that carried the tents and provisions. Valor, the big shepherd dog, trotted behind the wagon. Sue and Dora rode on horseback. The girls came to cook for their father and for the fun of camping out. Mr. Anderson went to chop down pines and mark others to be felled by the men when they came up later with the teams to haul the wood down to the ranch at the Little Laramie. Annie was a papa's girl and knew when his ax said "Run" as well as if it had spoken.

It was nearly dark when they camped at last in a clearing at the timber claim and the air was chill in 10,000 feet of altitude. The campfire that her father built was a comfort. Annie stood about feeding the flame with crackling twigs until her sisters, who were cooking supper at the fire, begged her to go away.

Annie ran to her father. Followed by Valor, the big shepherd dog, she hurried down to the brook, where her father was watering the horses.

"There's my girl," he said. But he was busy and did not observe her as she pursued her way down the brook toward a thicket of aspens a quarter of a mile below camp.

Annie heard Valor's footsteps behind her, and looking round saw the big shepherd dog hurrying after her. "I can't go anywhere alone," she muttered. Her pioneer instinct was affronted. She hurried on toward the forest, then paused suddenly, for out of the thicket came the sound of a wild voice. It was not a coyote. Annie had often run from coyotes when the dogs got after them at Little Laramie.

"Come along, Val. Let's go see what it is!" she said.

But Valor knew better. He stood still and barked. Annie picked up a stick of wood and hurled it toward the thicket. Then she jumped madly toward the nearest tree and began climbing up its trunk, hand over hand.

For out of the thicket had come a wolf! Annie saw it in the moonlight and heard its dreadful voice. Terror knotted her throat, tears stood in her eyes as she climbed. By the time she was safe astride of a high pine bough the wolf and the shepherd dog were in the thick of a dreadful fight.

It was a mother wolf, and she had cubs in the thicket and had come out to defend her home. Annie knew she was a wolf by a picture in her school reader, and she screamed with fear while that strong, sharp nosed, brown wolf fought and bit and tore at dear old Val, who fought well, too, but with signs of a losing battle.

"Pa-pa! pa-pa-a-a!" wailed little Annie at the top of her lungs. "Pa-pa-a!"

But no one heard. The fight under the pine grew fierce. Annie could see bloody wounds on poor old Valor, sure the dear dog would be killed, and she would have to stay up there in the pine tree all night. Perhaps the wolf could climb trees like a bear! Once a bear had come up a tree after her father. But he was a big man and had a bowie knife and killed the bear. Ah, she had a knife herself! Annie stopped screaming and took out her little pocket knife and opened it.

"Anyhow, I can jab at the wolf's eyes with the big blade when he comes up to the tree!" she sobbed. Then once more she called:

"Papa! Pa-pa-a-a!"

This time it was not in vain. She had been missed at camp, and her father was coming, his rifle on his shoulder, hoping to get a shot at game after finding his little daughter. At sounds of her cry he ran forward, shouting her name, then he stopped, astonished as he came through the thicket upon the fight, and heard his child's voice from the pine tree above:

"Make him stop, papa! Make him stop hurting Val! The wolf began it."

Mr. Anderson had already picked up several stones and was hurling them at the wolf to separate him from the dog, so that he could fire. In all his hunting he had never heard of a wolf coming out of cover to attack a shepherd dog.

"Val wasn't doing a thing!" wailed the voice above him. "Yah-ah-ah!"

"Hush up, Annie—you, up there!" Mr. Anderson called sternly. In that moment he was all hunter. The child was safe; that was enough. It was his business now to free his dog and finish that wolf. The animal was tearing wildly at the dog, and the stones Mr. Anderson threw only maddened her more.

Then Annie, controlling herself, drew her strong little body out on the bough, leaned over, and, taking aim, hurled her pocket knife by the big blade over and downward at the head of the wolf. Not all her training in mumblety-peg could have made sure of what happened. It was this:

The knife stuck, point downward, in the wolf's head. With a yelp of pain the wolf bounded away from the big dog, the knife erect on its big blade, handle upward.

Then Mr. Anderson fired. The wolf fell dead.

Annie slid down when she saw her father lean his gun against a tree and go and bend over the animal's body. She came beside him, and said in a trembling little voice:

"I guess mamma'll like that wolf's skin for a mat when you tan his hide."

"I'll tan your hide, young lady, next time you run away," replied her father, handing her what was left of the knife. The big blade was broken off close to the handle. Annie did not know that that blade pulled from the wolf's head, was in her father's pocket, nor that her father's heart was full of pride and tenderness, but so mighty was her need of her father's love and comfort that she slid her little hand into his warm palm. He smiled, stooped, took her up in his arms, kissed her, rubbed her cheeks for a second, then put her down and turned to the wolf. He dragged the body over to a group of cottonwoods by the brook, broke off a bough and put it across between the trunks and slung the wolf up on it. Then he went into the thicket. Annie's hand in his, and they found the wolf's cubs.

He carried Annie back to the tents, Valor following, and left her telling her story to her sisters, who were petting and anointing the dog, while he went back to get the wolf's skin and the cubs. He took them over to High Landing next day to send them to Laramie, but the big, beautiful skin was taken home with them in the spring wagon when they went ten days later. It made a handsome rug. Mrs. Anderson put it in the parlor in front of Dora's piano, and whenever company came and admired it, Mr. Anderson would always say:

"That came off Annie's wolf. She fixed that wolf with her penknife."

Inflamed Nose and Throat

And such diseases of the respiratory organs, as Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Cold in the Head and Nasal Catarrh, are treated with marvelous success on strictly scientific principles by Catarrhozone. The medicated vapor of Catarrhozone quickly traverses every air passage possible to be reached by any treatment. All soreness, pain, congestion and inflammation are at once dispelled, and by means of the healing powers of Catarrhozone the vitiated tissues are quickly restored. Where Catarrhozone is used colds last only ten minutes, coughs half an hour, and Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis flee as from fire. A trial will convince one of the startling merit of Catarrhozone. Costs $1.00, small size 25c. At druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Hamilton's Pills cure constipation.

THE DISASTROUS USE OF NARCOTICS.

Toronto, May 8.—The extent to which narcotics are consumed by the average citizen, was the subject of discussion and protest by the druggists' section of the Royal Medical Association yesterday afternoon. The opinion was freely expressed that the habit of using narcotics and other obnoxious drugs and stimulants was spreading, and a resolution was passed to the effect that an honest effort be made by the druggists of Canada to curtail the sale and use of narcotics and other obnoxious drugs, except on the written prescription of a physician. Drug sections throughout Canada will be invited to co-operate in a general crusade to destroy this disastrous nerve wrecking habit.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO BREATHE?

(By Kate Upson Clark, in Leslie's Weekly.)

To one who has really made an effort to learn how to use her breath, and who sees how little this wonderful healer and restorer is understood, it is incomprehensible that many people should regard information on the subject as almost impertinent. Everybody knows and will acknowledge that breathing is a somewhat important part of the human economy; but the implication that he does not do it rightly, is frequently resented. Not long ago, in a little gathering of women, who knew each other well and exchanged confidences whenever they met, an interesting tale was told concerning this matter of breathing. It was so illuminating to all of those present that we pass it on for the benefit of others.

"A good many years ago," began one of the most vivacious of our number, "a member of my family was ill. The young doctor who treated him said much to him on the subject of breathing. 'I was once in a bad way,' said the doctor, 'from incipient tuberculosis, but I was cured by outdoor air in abundance, and plenty of deep breathing. I was obliged to remain in the city; but I kept myself outdoors at least eight hours each day, and every time I crossed a street I took in a deep breath through my nostrils, keeping my mouth closed. I held my breath until I reached the opposite curbstone, when I expired it slowly. I have been sound and well now for many years—but I still keep up my deep breathing, and it is of the greatest benefit to me.'

"We were all so impressed by what the doctor said that we resolved to breathe more deeply, but it is a great bother to try to breathe right, and the matter soon slipped from our minds, though no doubt we might have saved ourselves many colds and other lung troubles if we had been willing to regard the doctor's homilies.

"At least ten years later I attended a lecture by a well known literary man, who, in the course of his talk, informed us that he had not had a cold for twenty years—though he had once been a great sufferer from colds. He had freed himself from this scourge by breathing properly—a thing which he ventured that not a dozen among the hundreds before him knew how to do, or would be willing to do if they knew how. He went on to say that, if they would would each take fifty deep breaths, exactly as the doctor had described the process, they might be as free as he himself had been from bronchitis, grippe, pneumonia and consumption.

"He dwelt on the subject with so much earnestness I re-resolved to attend to my breathing, for I had had several annoying colds during the preceding winter; but I was greatly excited over family affairs during the next few months, and again I forgot all about my breathing.

"Several months later I was present at a brilliant dinner party. Among my fellow guests was a distinguished general and a young and handsome prima donna who was afflicted with a dreadful cold. I was amused to have the general lean over toward us before long, and utter the following sermon: 'I can't cure your cold,' he said, 'but I can keep you from having another one—if you will believe what I say, and practise it. I feel pretty sure that you will not believe me, and equally sure that you will not, unless you make a very special effort, remember to act on my suggestion; but I admire your voice so much and am so anxious to preserve it, that I am going to be impudent enough to give you some advice. If you will only breathe properly you need never have another cold.'

"The prima donna laughed incredulously, but politely asked him how she should breathe.

"'Just draw in a good full breath pretty often,' he said, 'and hold it until every tiny branchlet of your lungs is expanded, and then breathe it slowly out again. You see, half the little air vessels in your lungs are never used. Many of them become weakened, or charged with bad air, and it is no wonder that we have all sorts of diseases in consequence. Every single one of them was made to be used, and if they do not get their share of air they are bound to stir up trouble. Now I used to have terrible colds, but I have not had one for fourteen years, and I confidently expect never to have another.'

"'How often shall I draw in these wonderful deep breaths?' inquired the laughing prima donna.

"'Oh, I haven't any rule,' responded the general gravely. 'I ought to have, I suppose, but I am a soldier, and not a doctor. I take one whenever I think of it—pretty often, I assure you—for I hate to be sick.'

"I went home determined to look after my breathing henceforward. But I was again beginning to grow careless, when one of my best friends came in to see me one day with the tidings that she was about to resign her position, an especially good one, in a famous school.

"'Oh, I wouldn't,' I cried, 'you are not sick enough for that, surely.'

"'Yes, I am,' she declared; 'my voice has given out. I have to have my windows open, and the cars outside make such a noise that I simply cannot make myself heard. For two weeks my voice has been failing. Now it is all gone. It is as much as I can do to speak to you now.'

"'Stay right where you are,' I reminded her. 'He can help you. There are many ways nowadays of bolstering up the voice, and by and by you will become used to the noise, and your throat will be stronger.'

"'I don't think anything will help me,' she wailed. 'I understand something about the throat myself. I have gargled inside and made applications on the outside, and nothing does any good.'

"'Well, try some good voice culturist before you really resign,' I begged her, 'let us inquire and find out who is the best one.'

'She finally consented to do this, and we selected the one most highly recommended. She began going to him at once. When she came to see me again, she was perfectly well. This is what she told me about it: 'I went to him, and he looked me over carefully and then said: "I am not going to give you any medicime what ever. I believe that deep breathing, conscientiously followed up, will be all you need. Now," he continued, "if I should give you a bottle or two of black and bitter medicine, and command you to take so many drops out of each bottle once in every half hour, you would take the greatest pains to do it. I want you to exert yourself just as hard to remember and do your deep breathing."

"'He went on describing the way of doing it' (which was just the old way I had already learned) 'and bade me take the breaths three at a time, slowly and easily; then wait half an hour and take three more, and so on until the cure was complete. He warned me against taking more than this, for fear of dizziness, and I was to take these with care. In two days I felt better. In two weeks I was not conscious of any difficulty whatever—and I had done nothing on earth but exercise proper and careful deep breathing.'

"By this time I was thoroughly convinced of the value of deep breathing, but you will not be. You will keep on breathing in the old, shiftless way, and you will say that you 'don't take any stock in this nonsense about deep breathing. Lots of doctors say there isn't anything in it, and you are not going to do it. It is too much bother.'"

SECRET OF HAPPINESS IN MARRIED LIFE

Happiness in married life is to be gained, just as enduring happiness, in any other phase of existence on earth is to be found—by the use of the old-fashioned virtues of unselfishness, consideration for others, politeness and kindness, all based on love and capped by common sense.

Like the old recipe for cooking the hare, which begins with "First catch your hare," a happy marriage for a woman begins with "First select your man." Not an ideal made seraph—not an ossified brain, not a mere animal, but a man capable of loving and appreciating a woman's love.

Of course he will be more or less selfish. That is the way parents rear their sons to be. It is your task to bear with the selfishness at first until you can tactfully teach him how beautiful is thoughtfulness for others, and in a very sweet, but very dignified way show that you expect the same treatment you give, says Ella Wilcox.

If you have no independent income of your own, have an understanding in your honeymoon with regard to money matters. Ask for an allowance to be set apart for your use in order that no humiliating and indelicate discussions need ever occur between you on this subject. Then study to be economical and thrifty—and wise in your use of your allowance.

Love, sense and patience. These are three important elements necessary to happiness in marriage.

WHEN YOU MEET DISASTER.

To be cheerful when the world is going well with you is no great virtue. The thing is to be cheerful under disadvantageous circumstances. If one has lost money, if business prospects fail, if enemies appear triumphant, if there is sickness of self or those dear to one, then it is indeed a virtue to be cheerful. When poverty pinches day after day, month after month or through the years as they pass and one has ever to deny self of every little longed for luxury and the puzzle of how to make a dollar do the work for two has to be solved, then the man who can still be cheerful is a hero. He is a greater hero than the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth. Such cheerfulness is the kind that we need to cultivate.

To acquire this self-command we need to think of many things. We need to guard against giving way to irritation about little things. If we can maintain self control in small matters, we shall have less difficulty in maintaining it when greater matters are to be met. If we meet with irreparable losses, we must adjust our lives to fit the new conditions. There is no great evil so bad but it might have been worse. Let us congratulate ourselves that the worst is not yet. There is truth in the saying that "every cloud has a silver lining." Though it may for a time look so dark that we can see no glint of the silver, yet we know it is there.—Milwaukee Journal.

MECHANICAL INSTRUCTION.

Canada is without an institution where young men can receive mechanical instruction. Last week one hundred and twenty-eight graduates from the New York Trade School. This school was established with a view to affording mechanical instruction in the various handicrafts. That it filled a want is proved by the fact that the graduates of last week hailed from twenty-seven states and several provinces of the Dominion. If it is a sound axiom, and nobody disputes it, that every child should have the chance of getting a common school education, it is equally beyond dispute that any youth who desires to learn a trade should be given the opportunity of doing so. Complaint is common that the colleges and universities have over-stimulated the tendency among young men to crowd into the learned professions. It is true that there are too many of our young men seeking those professions. Lawyers and doctors are annually turned out in numbers altogether disproportionate to the requirements of society, while men who combine education with the practical knowledge of a trade are comparatively few and in pressing demand everywhere.

Completely Fagged Out.

The world is full of sickly, despondent, tired, enervated people, all hoping to be well some day. The surest road to health is along the way of taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone is a great appetizer and enables one to eat plenty of wholesome food without fear of indigestion or dyspepsia. This results in the rapid formation of an abundance of red, vitalizing blood, which will restore the nerves, increase flesh and vigor, and nourish and feed every organ of the body. Ferrozone is an ideal restorative and invigorant. It is a tonic of unequalled merit that anyone can use with benefit. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50, at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

UNEXPLORED COUNTRIES.

The explorers of to-day do not fill the public eye as Livingstone did, partly because their work does not appeal to the popular imagination, but chiefly because there are a hundred times as many of them.

The great explorers, it is true—the picturesque ones who could name continents after their patrons and seas after their intimate friends—are necessarily of the past. A native Harvard Freshman at a reception to Stanley, when the great explorer was last in America, said: "I should like to be as famous as you are, and in the same way; how can I do it;" Stanley replied, bluntly, "Try the moon." This was Stanley's way of saying he is the last of his kind. In the Valhalla of explorers there is room for just two more—the discoverers of the north and south poles; when they have entered, the doors will be closed until some future Columbus shall approach a modern Isabella—it will probably be a Morgan or a Rockefeller—with a ludicrous scheme for reaching the moon. Then there will be a new Valhalla and another picturesque crew of Raleighs, Drakes and Captain Cooks. Until then the modern aspiring Mungo Parks and Livingstones must lie in village churchyards with a verse from Gray's Elegy on their tombstones.

But granted a young man who, realizing there are no more vast worlds to conquer, is willing to do the best he can and take the largest piece of land yet remaining unexplored—where shall he go? Let him go first of all to the Royal Geographical Society's rooms in London. He will find there series of maps on which the known world is marked white and the unexplored black. The largest solid black spot now left is a miniature one placed in the southern part of Arabia. It is curious that the largest uncrossed area should remain in Asia, first known to the human race, while those continents recently discovered are thoroughly explored.

But while Arabia furnishes the place where you can walk farthest in a straight line without crossing the track of any other white man, it is hardly fair to speak of it as the greatest unknown area. Its edges have been touched at every side and its character is thoroughly well known as a barren, sandy desert, the crossing of which would be of no importance or interest except as a bravado test of endurance.

Generally speaking, Central South America is the least known section of any continent. On the Royal Geographical Society's maps, the Amazon river basin appears as a solid black stretch, with narrow white lines, like the fingers of a spread hand, following the tributary rivers. This means that explorers have gone up the rivers and come down again, but have not penetrated any distance overland across the jungle-covered watersheds.

"The Great Sahara Deserts," as the old school geographers used to put it is to the popular mind a land of awe-inspiring mystery. But there are now four broad white trails of exploring caravans across it from north to south, and while there is still plenty of unexplored area between the lines of travel, it is in small tracts. (And a French explorer declares that the Sahara isn't much of a desert anyhow, but is reasonably fertile!) The centre of Africa, too, is pepper-dotted with black spots, but there is a railroad to Victoria Falls and telegraph wires cross the source of the Nile!

Australia still promises mystery, as well as hardship without limit, to those who attempt to cross the western portion of it; and in North America there are yet two small black areas; one is between Labrador and Baffin's Bay, not far south of the Arctic circle. Indians go in there every winter and come out in the spring with furs for the Hudson Bay Company's factors on the coast. The other North American terra incognita is in the winterland of Alaska, just west of the Mckenzie river's mouth.

While it is said there are no more worlds for explorers to conquer, the Arctic and Antarctic are not considered, as they involve a special difficulty apart from the ordinary problem of land exploration. There is, about the North pole, an area of unknown land and water as large as the continent of Europe, and twice that area lies about the South pole. Abruzzi has dragged his sledges 86 degrees, 33 minutes north, and Borchgevrink has been 78 degrees, 50 minutes south; but, generally speaking, all north of 73 degrees and all south of 68 degrees is terra—and aqua—incognita.

While the interior of Asia contains no more secrets for the geographer, it is still a land of human mystery. Although it contains only a few very small black spots on the Geographical Society's maps, it is yet the most prized goal of adventurous travellers. It is still possible for explorers to come back from Central Asia and name their books "Across Forbidden Lands," and "Through Closed Gates." Not a dozen Europeans have been into Thibet; not one has been in Chasa, the sacred city of the alleged reincarnation of Buddha. Last year a Buriat Buddhist, who had been a student at the University of St. Petersburg, by virtue of offering to be a pious follower of the faith bent on a holy mission, succeeded in reaching Lhasa and in bringing away 319 volumes, written by renowned lamas during the past nine centuries, containing an exposition of philosophy, astronomy, history and geography, as these sciences are understood by the lamas of Thibet. Sven Hedin also had just returned from an informing journey across Central Asia, including Thibet. These, however, are but scratching the surface of mystery with a pen. In their customs, their mental attitude and their habits of thought, the people of Thibet are today creatures of that sort of mystery which the ancient geographers intended to imply when they scattered centaurs and unicorns about the unknown edges of their maps. Kipling was happily placed. In the mysterious North, back of the Himalyas, he could lay the scene of any tale he chose, even that of the "Man who would be King," and none could say it was impossible.

BONE FOOD
Soft and crooked bones mean bad feeding. Call the disease rickets if you want to. The growing child must eat the right food for growth. Bone must have bone food, blood must have blood food and so on through the list.
Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment for soft bones in children. Little doses every day give the stiffness and shape that healthy bones should have.
Bow legs become straighter, loose joints grow stronger and firmness comes to the soft heads.
Wrong food caused the trouble. Right food will cure it.
In thousands of cases Scott's Emulsion has proven to be the right food for soft bones in childhood.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

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

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

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

—The directors of the Union Bank of Halifax have decided to increase the capital stock to $1,700,000 by the issue of $500,000 new stock allotted to the shareholders at the price of $82.50 per share.

Minard's Liniment is used by physicians.

LOCAL MERCHANTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

There is no more effective way for minimizing the influence of the department store than by the local merchants giving all publicity that is within their power to the goods which they carry in stock. The department stores frequently advertise bargains, but the great majority of the prices they quote would not be sufficiently attractive to get the business if they were compared with the figures at which the local merchants can sell the goods.

It is this fact that needs to be impressed upon the consumer, and the only way that this can be done is by means of publicity. One of the best mediums for this purpose is the local newspaper. An advertisement in the local newspaper, as a rule, is the cheapest thing which the country merchant gets.

Besides advertising in the local papers merchants should elicit the sympathy and co-operation of the local publishers in educating the consumers to the fact that their requirements can be supplied just as cheaply, if not more so, than by the large department stores in the chief trade centres of the country.—Hardware and Metal.

THE GREATEST POWER ON EARTH.

Be sure that love rules the world, and behind love, sustaining and upholding it, is the greatest power on earth, self-control. It is self-control that has made the great nations of today. Let a nation lose its self-control and it is as a little child groping feebly in the dark. Every individual is a small nation to himself. He has his ups and downs, his warfare and his peace, his seasons of prosperity and his seasons of depression, and if we are to believe the followers of Froebel and Prestolozzi, the development of a human being and of a nation are identically the same.

These wise people maintain that the child from infancy to manhood goes through all the phases of development is exactly the same way as does a nation in the making. The child has his period of aimless existence, his period of war with all mankind and his perfect period of civilization. If through all these periods he has self-control he is master of the situation. Some fortunate persons inherit this best of all qualities; others must drink of the bitter waters of remorse before the lesson is learned.

EMPLOYERS INSURE WORKMEN.

Holland has been introducing some new legislation as the following extract will show and the movement will no doubt be closely scrutinized during the coming years as to its general efficacy: "The new act compelling employers to insure their workmen against accident came into force Saturday throughout Holland. In the event of a workman being temporarily disabled he will now, under the new act, be entitled for six weeks to 70 per cent of his wages. If after this he is found to be unfit for work he will receive further indemnification in the form of an assurance policy at the same rate of percentage until he recovers. When a man dies as the result of an accident, his widow and children receive 60 per cent. of his wages until the children reach the age of eighteen. The workmen have nothing to pay, and the law does not differentiate between accidents which come by mischance or carelessness. In the event, however, of the accident happening when a man is drunk, he can only claim 35 per cent. of his wages.

MAXIMS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

The late Gustavus Swift, the multi-millionaire, of Chicago, who died recently declared there were certain maxims which everyone who wished to be successful in business should observe. Among these were the following:

The richer a man gets the more careful he should be to keep his head level.

The man that doesn't know his business from the top clear down to the bottom isn't any kind of a business man.

Business, religion and pleasure of the right kind should be the only things in life for any man.

Every time a man loses his temper he loses his head, and when he loses his head he loses several chances.

Next to knowing your own business it's a mighty good thing to know as much about your neighbor's as possible, especially if he's in the same line.

The best a man ever did shouldn't be his standard for the rest of his life.

CHETICAMP MINING DISTRICT

The Richfield Mining Company, Limited, has just been incorporated for the purpose of acquiring from the Inverness Mining Company, Limited, a valuable section of property at Cheticamp, Cape Breton, and developing several important deposits of gold, silver and copper-bearing arseno-pyrites.

The properties of the Richfield Company adjoin that of the Eastern National Copper Company, Limited, and the newer enterprise is partly the result of the successful operation of the Eastern National since its organization last September. Great attention is now being given to the magnificent mineral possibilities of the Cheticamp district, where the disclosure of extensive deposits of valuable ores cannot fail to make it one of the principal mining districts of Canada. Dr. Gilpin, Deputy Commissioner of Mines, and Prof. Woodman, of the Dalhousie School of Mines, both entertain strongly favorable opinions of the future of the Cheticamp district, the former declaring that its mineral possibilities have been greatly undervalued.

Cramps are Like Burglars.

They come unexpected and when least welcome. Be armed with a one-minute cure in a bottle of Nerviline, which relieves cramp and stomach pains in five minutes. In Colic, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Nausea, Nerviline is a remedy of remarkable potency, and acts promptly and satisfactorily at all times. The composition of Polson's Nerviline expresses the highest medical progress of the age, which accounts for its superior merit. Price 25c.

Hamilton's Pills are good pills.

—We only live in the measure that we make life worth living. Otherwise we drag out an existence that is of no use to ourselves or others. The art of pleasing springs from a nobler purpose than the gratification of mere personal vanity. It means the cultivation of self in order to attain good, sweet, womanly qualities—the broadening of one's sphere by taking an interest in those things which tend to elevate; thereby making of ourselves intelligent and enjoyable companions. A woman may have a wonderful store of energy and progressiveness, and at the same time lose none of that affability which characterizes her as sweet and womanly.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

DOWN IN DIXIE.

Amid the Singing Pines Away from Frost and Cold.

Just now a number of our readers are planing where they will go for the winter and no doubt the majority of them will do as they have done in the past, buy round-trip excursion tickets, good for six months, to Southern Pines, N. C., and those who want to make side trips of a few weeks to Florida, Louisana or Texas can get round trip tickets from Southern Pines to the points they desire to visit at the most favorable rates and thus save unnecessary expenses. Southern Pines is the headquarters for Northern Tourist. It is located in the high sand hills among the Long Leaf Pines on the Seaboard Air Line Railway, which is the most direct route between New York, Washington and Jacksonville, Florida.

We advise our readers who are expecting to make a Southern trip to write to Mr. John T. Patrick, Pinebluff, N. C., and he will send them, free of charge, printed matter that will be of much interest.