Red Rose Tea costs no more than other teas

EVERYONE agrees that the best in anything is always the most economical even if it costs more.

But when you can get the best in tea at the same price you pay for inferior teas,

—when you can get that "rich fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea,

—when you can get all the good qualities of both Indian and Ceylon teas with none of their weaknesses,

—when, in short, you can get Red Rose Tea at the same price as other teas; why not have it?

Red Rose Tea is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks
St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg

Hunting Seal s

Their Haunts Are Off the Labrador Coast.---Sometimes as Many as 100,000 May Be Seen.

The Atlantic seal is covered with hair, and is valued chiefly for his skin and fat, the former being converted into leather and the latter into oil. The females bring forth their young on the ice floes which every winter skirt the dreary Labrador seaboard, and the seal ships seek for them there and kill them by thousands until the floes break up, when they hunt them in boats with rifles, as in the Pacific. The Scotch, Canadians and New Englanders ventured into this fishery at various times, but each abandoned it in turn, none but Newfoundlanders appearing to possess the hardiness and daring essential to successfully traverse the unstable floes whereon this unique industry is prosecuted, so that now it is a monopoly of the Terranovans, as it has virtually been forgenerations.

The earliest settlers of Newfoundland captured the seals in nets fixed along the coast and converted the skins to varied uses. Later, men went off from the shore across the floes and hunted them there, and subsequently large fishing boats were used to chase the creatures among the open ice. In time stouter craft were employed for this purpose, until about one hundred years ago a fleet of some scores of vessels was fitted out every spring for the seal hunt, this armada reaching its zenith in 1869, when it numbered 600 sail.

Then, however, steam was introduced into the business, powerful wooden ships were built and engined, and their superior strength and propulsive force sounded the knell of the old time "wind-jammers," so that today there is not a vestige remaining of that once splendid aggregation of sailing craft. The modern sealing industry is carried on by about 25 of these specially built steamers, constructed of oak and sheathed with ironwood, to withstand the rasping of the jagged ice masses through which they cruise, their bows several feet thick with solid timber and shod with steel bands that they may be hurled at the crystal barriers and batter their way through like a warship's ram. Their holds are traversed by beams and planks which enable their sides better to resist a crushing Arctic nip.

While many details of the natural history of the hair seal are at best merely conjectural, the story of his birth, habits and migrations is among the most fascinating in zoological records. The seal-like the whale and the walrus, formerly abounded in the shoal waters near the Grand banks; but now he has been forced farther north, though he has defied the attempts to exterminate him which have been well nigh successful in the case of his larger kindred.

It is supposed that during the summer he frequents the Greenland ocean, feeding on the fish life there, and that as that area becomes ice-clad he moves south. Early in February he leaves the open water and mounts the ice floes of Labrador, where the female deposit their young, which at the time of birth are covered with creamy fur, pallid as the snow-clad waste on which they lie. They are known to the seal men as white coats, and are the chief prize of the hunt, their fat yielding the finest oil and their skins the softest leather.

The instinct of the seals is something marvellous. They select the same area every year to whelp in, and the whelping ice can be easily detected by experienced seal men. The herds are of two species, "harps" and "hoods," and the latter, which are larger, fierce and solitary, and obtain their name from a cowl-like appendage behind their necks, are invariably found out further from land than the more peaceful and gregarious "harps," [illegible] due to a lure [illegible] ters below the icefields will inevitably find her own offspring when she returns at sundown, and when seal men have changed about some whitecoats to puzzle the creatures the maternal instinct has sufficed to expose the fraud and send each mother to her own offspring.

The young seals grow with amazing rapidity; at birth they weigh about five pounds, but within a month increase to about 50, at which weight they are fit to kill, their coat of fat being three to four inches thick, through their only subsistence during all that period is their mother's milk. They are in their prime about the middle of March, and when that month opens the sea men gather at St. John's to join their ships, about 5,000 men making up the crews. They sail on March 10, and so eager are the fisher folk to engage in the venture that they will walk 50 or 60 miles through snowdrifts and biting frosts with kits on their backs to secure "a berth to the ice," as the local parlance puts it.

The main herd of seals is usually found off Belle Isle strait, two or three days after leaving port, and the spectacle is a most extraordinary one. The hunters scatter in every direction, killing the young seals as they go. A hair sealer will often travel eight or ten miles from his ship, and as the men are divided into squads, or watches, each under a master they will in such cases not attempt to drag their prizes back to her, but will heap them on a convenient "pan," or flat section of ice, surmounting the pile with one of the ship's flags, so that she may pick them up as she steams slowly along in the wake of the men.

Sometimes a herd will show a total of 100,000 seals within a range of a field glass from the crow's nest at a sealer's masthead, and several steamers will load from it in eight or ten days. When young seals are scarce the old ones are hunted, and when neither is to be had honestly, the luckless ships are apt to loot the "pans" of their more fortunate consorts after nightfall, this theft of panned seals being a most prolific source of vexatious litigation every season. Perjury in sealing cases is a besetting sin with otherwise God-fearing people and the prevailing view of the matter is epitomized in the declaration of a winning skipper to his crew: "Men, I'm proud of ye. Ye swore nobly!"

This seal hunt is, however, no easy task. Added to the perils which every seal man must face—the loss of his ship, if not his life, by wreck or stranding on a rugged shore, her destruction by tempest or collision or her disasolement by mishap to her machinery, the sealman has to guard against perishing himself as he traverses the floe far from her sheltering hold or works his boat through lanes of water when a blinding blizzard assails him and no human agency can accomplish aught for his relief.

The sealmen are always abroad on the floes when the weather admits from sunrise till eventide, and being usually miles distant from their ship, cannot get back if a storm arises. The hunting, killing, hauling and panning of seals is most exhausting, for in the very nature of things the crews must remain the whole day without warm food of any kind, staying their hunger with sea biscuit, of which they carry a small quantity, while some will dine off a seal's heart, eaten raw and esteemed a great delicacy.—Technical World Magazine.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,
ALFRED ROCHAV.

TRAGIC FATES OF FAMOUS AUTHORS

A misspent, wasted life, followed by a wretched and discreditable exit into eternity—such was the fate of Robert Greene, one of the most distinguished of the minor Elizabethan dramatists. He was born at Norwich about the year 1560, and secured his degree of M. A. at Cambridge in 1583. His companions at the University were an idle, dissolute lot, and as Greene himself confesses he "became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby he did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities."

After taking his degree he went to London, where he earned a precarious living as "an author of plays and a pennet of love-pamphlets." For nine years he existed thus, spending most of his time, however, amidst scenes of the wildest dissipation and revelry. There could, of course, only be one end to such a life as this, though it is indeed pleasant to know that before his death the poet sincerely repented, and in token thereof addressed to his fellow-authors a pamphlet entitled, "A Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance," in which he advised them to reform, and take a lesson from his own sad fate.

At the early age of thirty-two he was consigned to a premature grave, the actual cause of his death being over-indulgence in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine at a supper where, with congenial companions, he was a guest, this bringing on an illness from which he never recovered.

KILLED IN A BRAWL.

The greatest of all dramatists before Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe, who, had he lived, might even have rivalled him, was one of those to whom he particularly addressed his warning, and certain of his words to him might almost be regarded in the light of a prophecy. "Little knowest thou," said he, "how in the end thou shalt be visited."

In 1593, when he was twenty-nine or thirty years of age—the year of his birth is somewhat uncertain—Marlowe became involved in a quarrel in a tavern at Deptford, and the affair developing into a fight, he was stabbed by one Francis Archer, a serving-man. Marlowe had raised his dagger to strike his opponent; but the latter, seizing him by the wrist, twisted it round so that the weapon entered into Marlowe's own head.

Marlowe's principal plays are "Doctor Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II.," but by far the greatest of these is the former, which deals with the life and death of a scholar, who, in return for twenty-four years of unlimited power and enjoyment, sells his soul to Satan, and is finally called upon to forfeit it. The play is in parts one of indescribable grandeur, and in the final scene, where Faustus is left alone to meet his fate, Marlowe's genius is shown at its highest and culminating point.

BACON'S FATAL EXPERIMENT.

The greatest philosophical writer whom England has produced is Francis Bacon, who was born in London in 1561. In 1574 he was sent to Cambridge University; but, after spending three years there, he went abroad, where he still, however, pursued his studies. The death of his father, in 1678, recalled him to England; and failing to secure any encouragement from his uncle, Lord Burleigh, he decided to take up the law as a profession.

His advancement was rapid, and embracing politics, in the year 1593 he was returned as M. P. for Middlesex. Much of his success he owed to the Earl of Essex; but when that nobleman was accused of a conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth, Bacon shamefully deserted him, and, repaying his kindness by gross ingratitude, employed all his ingenuity as a lawyer in getting him convicted.

After the accession of James, the First, Bacon's worldly progress was more rapid still, and, in 1617, he became Lord Chancellor of England, the titles of Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans being conferred upon him. In 1605 he published the first part of his magnum opus the "Instauratio Scientiarum," and in 1620 there followed the second. Originally he had intended that the work should consist of six parts, but only the first two were wholly completed; the third and fourth being merely fragmentary; whilst the last two were never commenced.

In 1621 charges were made against Bacon of using his high office as a personal enrichment, and these being fully proved he was stipped of all his emoluments and banished into private life. His death was the result of an experiment he was making as to whether snow would not form as good a preservative for flesh as salt—the chill brought on whilst conducting the same, aggravated by the dampness of a bed into which he was put, resulting fatally.

RALEIGH'S GALLANT END.

Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, soldier, explorer, colonist, poet, and historian, was one of the most brilliant of that galaxy of famous men who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. His poems deservedly hold a high place in literature, but what is more likely to give his name endurance is his prose work, "A History of the World," which, although incomplete, is a masterpiece, being valued which it is written. Raleigh wrote the whole of it while imprisoned in the Tower. From this captivity he was released in 1615; but, his second expedition to Guiana failing, King James, who had hoped to derive considerable profit therefrom, yielding to the demands of the Spanish Government, caused to be revived and carried into effect an old sentence of death which had been passed on him, and which had been held suspended over his head like a sword of Damocles, for many years.

He was executed on October 29, 1618 his last words, addressed to the heads man, being "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!"

DEATHS—STRANGE AND SAD.

The manner of the death of Sir John Suckling, one of the most delightful of the cavalier-poets, who, during the reign of Charles the First, enriched our literature with songs of gallantry and love, is unfortunately shrouded somewhat in mystery and uncertainty.

One story is that, having been robbed by one of his servants, the latter, in order to escape detection, inserted a razor in his master's boot, which, being drawn on hastily, the blade penetrated the knight's foot, causing his death. The other and more probable is that Sir John committed suicide whilst in Paris, taking poison.

He will ever be remembered as the author of those beautiful lines:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light!
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

Abraham Cowley, like Suckling, was a Royalist. He was born in London in 1618. He was precocious as a boy, and at the age of fifteen issued a volume of poems under the title of "Poetical Blossoms." During the Commonwealth he was employed by the Royal family in responsible positions both at home and abroad. When the Restoration came, however, his hopes of a suitable office were dashed to the ground, and in his disappointment he retired into the country, to Chertsey, on the Thames. Here he resided for a period of seven years, during which time he wrote most of the letters which have rendered his name as famous as a prose writer as it is as a poet.

His death, a sordid one for so great a man, came about in this wise. He had been to visit a neighbor with his friend, Dean Sprat, and, having drunk too long and heavily, it was late when they set out to walk home. The effort proved too great for them; for feeling sleepy they sat down in a field to rest, and there fell fast asleep. The result was that Cowley was seized with a cold, which, developing into a fever, caused his death.

A BRILLIANT BOY'S SUICIDE.

Thomas Chatterton, undoubtedly most romantic figure in the whole ange of English literature, was born at Bristol in 1752. When fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a lawyer; but the work was distasteful to him, and he occupied all the time he could appropriate to an earnest study of poetry, antiquities and heraldry. A new bridge at Bristol was opened in 1768, and Chatterton sent to a local newspaper an account of the ceremonies attending the opening of the old bridge, several centuries before—this purporting to have been written by one Thomas Rowley, a priest, who had lived in the reign of Henry the Sixth. This was the beginning of the famous Rowley forgeries, everything comprised in which had, however, been written and composed by Chatterton himself. His duplicity was discovered by Walpole, to whom the boy had sent specimens of the Rowley poems. Walpole showed them to his friends, Gray and Mason, who at once pronounced them forgeries.

After three years' drudgery in the lawyer's office, Chatterton went to London, where he earned an uncertain existence by writing for various periodicals. Insanity, however, had always been hovering over him, and on August 25, 1770, in a fit of despondency, he committed suicide by taking arsenic.

COWPER'S INSANITY.

Another poetical genius, part of whose days were clouded with madness and William Cowper, Like Chatterton also, he was articled to a solicitor, and spent his time in studies far apart from the vocation in which he was being trained. Eventually he was called to the Bar; but the profession was entirely uncongenial to him. Consequently when his father died he was compelled to apply for assistance to a relative, Major Cowper, who obtained for him the position of Clerk of the Journals to the House of Lords. Cowper, however, by nature was never intended for any public office, and although he accepted it, the matter preyed so much on his mind that he attempted to commit suicide. He was sent to a private asylum, and when he eventually recovered he resolved to retire from the world, and live the life of a recluse. He first resided at Huntingdon, living as one of the family of the Rev. M. Unwin. When Mr. Unwin died, the family removed to Olney, and Cowper went with them, remain- [illegible] again. On his second recovery he applied himself assiduously to composition, publishing besides the ballad of "John Gilpin," the descriptive poem of "The Task," a translation of Homer, and a volume of collected pieces. He then removed to Norfolk, at which time insanity was again threatening him. For five years he clung tenaciously to life, writing during his lucid intervals, but at length death intervened, and the poet passed away on April 25, 1800.

OTHER POET'S TRAGIC ENDS.

Robert Tickell, who became famous on account of his contributions to the "Rolliad," a series of political satires which appeared in a London periodical in 1784, was subject to fits of melancholy, and in one of these he committed suicide, flinging himself from a window in Hampton Court Palace.

Robert Tannahill, a famous Scottish song-writer, who, in spite of a restricted education, made his name almost a household word throughout his native land, also fell a victim to his own despondent nature. Disappointed at not having been able to get a new edition of his poems published, he burnt all his manuscripts, and it was soon evident that his mind had become affected. On the 17th of May, 1810, his absence from bed having excited suspicion, search was made and his body eventually found in a brook near by, into which he had flung himself.

Keats and Shelley are judged in literature on the same plane together, and strangely enough, the end of both was tragic. Keats was hereditarily consumptive, but the dread disease did not make its appearance until after his great poem, "Endymion," had been published. This was ridiculed as trash in both the "Quarterly Review" and "Blackwood's Magazine," and the unjust criticisms preying on his mind induced partial insanity. A blood-vessel burst in his lungs, and thence onward Keats was a dying man. The end came three years later, the poet passing away at Rome, on February 23, 1821.

Shelley's end, though quite as calamitous, came about in a totally different manner. He was sailing in the bay of Spezia with a friend, Mr. Williams, and a seaman, when the boat suddenly capsized, and all were drowned. Shelley's body was eventually washed ashore, and in the pocket of his coat was found a volume of Keat's poems.

Reginald Heber is the author of several poems; but he is chiefly remembered now as one of our most famous hymn-writers. When forty years of age he became Bishop of Calcutta, and it was in India that he met with his death.

He had gone on a visit to Trichinopoly, where he was staying at the house of a friend. Being over long in his bath one morning, his servant knocked at the door, and, failing to get any reply, entered the room. He found the Bishop dead at the bottom of the bath, apoplexy having stricken him down.

Pale, Weak Women

Gain New Health and Strength Through Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

Anaemia is just the doctor's name for bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People actually make new blood. Can any cure be more direct or certain? Blood is bound to cure bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure anaemia just as food cures hunger. They cured Mrs. Clare Cook, a young English woman who recently came to this country from Portsmouth, England, and is at present residing at Prince's Lodge, Halifax Co., N. S. She says: "I am an enthusiastic believer in the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for anaemia. I had suffered from the trouble almost from childhood, but a few years ago it developed into a severe type of the trouble. My skin was pale and waxy; my lips seemed bloodless, and my entire system was run down. I suffered from headaches, dizziness and weak spells, and my friends feared that I was going into a decline. I tried tonics and emulsions but without benefit. Then a friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the same trouble advised me to try them. In a short time they began to help me and in a couple of months I was quite well, the color having returned to my face, my appetite improved and I had gained in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams Pink Pills to all anaemic girls and women."

The pale anaemic person needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do only one thing—they make new blood. They won't cure any disease that isn't originally caused by bad blood. But when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood with good blood they strike straight at the root and cause of all common diseases like anaemia, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, kidney trouble and the secret troubles that every woman knows but none of them like to talk about, even to their doctors. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—first, "*Is it true?*"
Then "*Is it needful?*" In your mind
Give truthful answer, and the next
Is last and narrowest, "*Is it kind?*"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

WEEKLY MONITOR

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

A BUSINESS GETTER FOR ADVERTISERS

HANDSOMELY PRINTED WEEKLY.
REACHES HOMES OF ANNAPOLIS COUNTY

Local and Telegraphic News

POPULAR
PROGRESSIVE
URGENT
PRODUCTIVE

INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS, TRUTHFUL

Advertising Rates low for service rendered being but $5.00 per inch per year

OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, BRIDGETOWN

The Weekly Monitor

GIVES ALL THE NEWS WORTH READING

LATEST DESIGNS IN MONUMENTS

WE ARE CONSTANTLY securing new patterns and can give you a choice of dozens of designs at moderate prices. Write for particulars.

T. RICE, - - Bear River

J. E. SANCTON'S
space will be
filled later on with
Spring Announcements

THE START

In life is the first dollar saved.
Have YOU made YOUR start?

If not, deposit One Dollar in the Saving Department of the UNION BANK OF HALIFAX, at once.

DEPOSITS

Bear interest at three per cent., which interest is added to your account twice a year.

Therefore your account is growing continually

IT PAYS TO BUY Good Implements

We have for sale all kinds of MASSEY-HARRIS MACHINES, including

PLOUGHS, HARRORS, CULTIVATORS,
FERTILIZER SOWERS, MOWERS,
RAKES, TEDDERS,

and all other machines made by the Massey-Harris Company. Our profits are small and we sell either for cash or installments. We have a few Iron Age Seed Sowers on hand; they will sow in either hill or drill. We also handle the Canada Cycle and Motor Wheels—the best on the market.

N. E. CHUTE, Bridgetown

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

E. W. Grove on Box. 25c.