The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1904. NO. 51

Professional Cards

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis opposite Garrison gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, &c.
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

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

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

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

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

Fine Watch Repairing.

THOS. BIRD,
Practical Watchmaker,
Begs to inform the people of Bridgetown and surrounding country that he has permanently located next to Dr. DeBlois' office on Granville Street, where he is prepared to clean and repair all kinds of watches and clocks, and trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

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

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL on retail trade and agents for manufacturing house having well established business; local territory; straight salary $20 paid weekly and expense money advanced; previous experience unnecessary; position permanent; business successful. Enclose self addressed envelopes Superintendent Travelers, 053 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Parish of Bridgetown.

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

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, BRIDGETOWN.

Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.
Sunday Services: 1st Sunday in the month 7.00 p. m. All other Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.
Holy Communion: 3rd and 5th Sundays at 8 a. m., 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m.
Week day service in Schoolroom, consisting Litany and Bible Class, Friday, 7.30 p. m.; other times according to notice.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BELLEISLE.

1st Sunday in month, 10.30 a. m. (The Holy Communion is administered at this service.) All other Sundays at 3 p. m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 1st Sunday in month at 2.45 a. m. All other Sundays at 1.45 p. m.
Week day service, Thursday 7.30 p. m., other times according to notice.

YOUNG'S COVE.

1st Sunday in the month at 2.30 p. m.
All seats free and unappropriated.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. E Daley, pastor. Bible Class and Sabbath-school at 10 a. m.; preaching service at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday and Friday evenings of every week.

PROVIDENCE METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Benj. Hills, pastor. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7.00 p.m.. Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30; Epworth League every Friday evening at 7.30. Strangers always welcome.
Granville: Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m and 3 p.m., alternately. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.
Bentville: Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 3 p. m., alternately Prayer-meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

Poetry.

Words of Love.

Do you know a heart that hungers
For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us;
It may be that one is near.
Look around you. If you find it,
Speak the word that's needed so,
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow.

It may be that someone falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him,
Help to make the tempted strong.
Look about you, O my brother!
What a sin is yours and mine,
If we see that help is needed
And we give no friendly sign.

Never think kind words are wasted,
Bread on waters cast are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day.
Coming back to us when sadly needed,
In a time of sore distress;
So my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless.

—Waif.

Select Literature.

THE COMMON SENSE OF JOHN THOMAS.

(By H. S. Canfield.)

The boy, tall as a well-grown man, stood with one foot on the lower front step and with his hat off. The sun, just setting, shone on his reddish hair and lighted up his freckles. His red-brown eyes had a tired look in them, but they were open and frank.

"My name," he said, in answer to the inquiry of the farmer who stood before him in the open doorway of the house, "is John Thomas."

"What is your last name?"

"That's all of it, first and last."

It was a July day in South Dakota, and the wheat, a golden sea, rolled from sky-line to sky-line. James Svendson, a big man of Norwegian blood, was glad to see the boy. He had one hundred acres of wheat ready for cutting and labor was scarce.

"Come in! Come in!" he said. "Supper's near ready. I've caught three tramps and I locked 'em up at night. That's the only way I can hold 'em until to-morrow's work. It's queer you have to jail men to get a chance to pay 'em two dollars a day and good board."

John Thomas had no baggage except a bundle carried on a stick. He had walked most of the miles from Indiana, and was, as he said, "flying light." There was no work at home, and he had decided to come West and "grow up with the country." He found a good deal of country to grow up with. He had made for a wheat-belt because he knew work was to be had there.

The farmer's wife, with sleeves rolled above her elbows and her arms white with flour, came to the door.

"Got another hand?" she asked. Svendson nodded.

"Come back here," she said to John Thomas. She led him through the house to the kitchen.

"Supper won't be done for half an hour," she went on. "If you can wait you can have one o' those pies." He said he could wait.

"You don't tell!" she exclaimed in wonder. "Well, you're the first one that's ever waited a minute after getting here. Lots of times they eat, and when I go out after an armful of wood and come back they're gone. I can see 'em fifty yards down the road. Most men that come by here ain't afraid of anything in the world except work. You say 'Work!' to 'em right loud and sharp, and they jump as if you'd thrown a plate at 'em."

Pleased by her own humor, Mrs. Svendson went on with the supper. John Thomas found a little bench and a tin basin, a bar of yellow soap and a clean roller-towel, and took off the dust of travel. The three tramps, strangely clean, sat with their backs against an outhouse and talked of things that had happened to them from Maine to California.

The supper was good, and the farmer and his wife did not seem to notice the strangeness of their company. For all appearances they might have been a party of old friends.

"Reaping begins to-morrow," said Svendson, rising at last and stretching his long arms. "Breakfast at daylight. I don't want to have to come out and wake anybody up; I might pick up a hoe handle on the way."

The beds in a loft over the stable were hard but smooth, and John Thomas slept without a dream. He was awake when the eastern sky was turning gray, and was prompt at breakfast. A kerosene lamp burned in the centre of the table. One of the tramps was gone.

"There's two of you left," said Svendson, looking hard at the remaining wanderers. "That's a good average, but I ought to have locked that door last night."

The sun had just cleared the horizon when they reached the golden field where the grain-stalks stood as solid as a wall. The wheatheads made a level, beautiful floor, which swayed slightly under the pressure of a breeze.

"It's so pretty it seems a pity to cut it, doesn't it?" said Svendson, looking at it lovingly. "There's a heap of dollars in there, though. Wade in, boys!"

They "waded in," the broad blades of the reaper whirring in destruction. There was something inspiriting in the labor. Even the tramps, with unusual perspiration pouring down, were gay.

At nine o'clock a considerable space had been cleared, only the close-cropped stubble showing above the dark ground. The wind had freshened, and was now blowing a strong breeze from the south-west. Svendson stopped and ran his shirt sleeve across his forehead, leaving a streak of white; the rest of his face was nearly black with dust. He looked at the sky steadily for a moment. Then a pallor showed under the grime.

"Look yonder!" he said, shortly.

John Thomas glanced south-westward in the direction of the pointing hand. He saw a dark line moving upward slowly. It stretched from one end of the horizon to the other. He had never seen a storm-cloud just like it, but he was not uneasy. He thought that the farmer was alarmed because the cut grain would be wet by rain.

"Going to have a shower, maybe," he said.

Svendson scowled at him. "Shower! Don't you know what that is? But of course you don't; you're a tenderfoot! That's grasshoppers!"

The boy was impressed somewhat, because he had read of the devastation sometimes caused by the pests, but he was still far from realizing the import of the farmer's words.

"What'll they do?" he asked.

"Do?" Svendson shouted, furiously throwing both arms up. "Do? They'll eat up every living green thing in a swath as wide as they are. They won't leave a grain of wheat in this field by night. To-morrow there won't be a leaf in the country. It's a whole year's work gone, and I in debt!"

He took to crying—his breast heaving hard—and the tears made white channels down his grimy cheeks. The tramps stood by in dull indifference.

The line of cloud had now assumed a light dun hue, and hid the sky far up from the earth-line. Borne on the breeze, the insects were coming fast. It was a strange scene, the ill-assorted men, the wide, beautiful, fruitful field, the sun of summer shining on it, and that threatening, silent force of destruction bearing down on them swift and terrible, relentless as fate.

Once before the farmer had been through a thing like this, and the memory of it paralyzed him. He did not even turn toward the house, in which he knew his wife, too, was crying. He simply stood and waited for disaster to fall and crush him.

This was horrible to John Thomas. He wanted to do something, to be moving, to fight. Supine inertness did not belong to him. His red hair and red-brown eyes were against it. He had a quick brain, and it was working fast. Words fell from him slowly:

"My mother—we had a big peach orchard back in Indiana—father was away—there was a big frost coming that night to kill the blooms—my mother built fires and stayed up all night—built fires north of the trees and the breeze blew the heat through them—everybody lost their peaches but us. Mosquitoes and gnats hate smoke; maybe grasshoppers—say," turning excitedly to Svendson, "build fires along the edge of the field."

"What for? Twon't do any good!"

"Fight 'em with smoke! Try it! Try it!"

He grasped the farmer by the arm and shook him. The horde of insects was plainly in sight now, a vast fog of them.

"All right!" said Svendson. "All right! But there ain't anything to it. You can't fight the plague of Egypt—the plague of Egypt!"

Fifty yards away was a big haystack fresh made. The boy assumed command instinctively, and led the way to it. He knew just what he wanted to do.

The men grasped great armfuls of the hay, and returned to the southern edge of the field, piled it up. Then they made another pile on the edge, fifty yards distant, and another and another, and so on until there was a pile of hay as high as a man's head, and ten feet through for each fifty yards of that side of the hundred-acre field—fifteen piles in all. They picked up water-buckets and ran to the creek, and coming back, drenched the piles one after another.

It was hard, desperate, panting work to build those piles along a line of seven hundred yards and then dampen them, but it was done in an hour, and at no minute of it did the pace of the men decrease to a walk. The tramps without protest did their best.

The grasshoppers were almost above them now. Some had fallen upon the field, coming down singly, just like the first drops of a shower.

The men and the boy, taking matches, hurried from heap to heap and touched the flame to them. The piles caught fire, but the water made them burn slowly. At once columns of thick smoke rose, and widening as they soared, blended into a great arch. The men could not see the sky for it, but they could see the advance guard of the insects darting through it. Then they could see no more insects.

Svendson had his wagon and horses by this time. He put a full barrel of water on the wagon, and taking one of the tramps, went to the stack and got a load of hay. Then he drove from pile to pile, throwing off wet hay; so the great columns of smoke were kept up.

Left to himself, John Thomas saw a sight he will never forget. A half-mile to the southward the wall of grasshoppers, glinting white in the sunshine, rose at a sharp angle. They went up until they reached an altitude where the smoke was thin, and passed on. A mile to the northward the insects sought and found their proper level. Some of them came down down through the smoke, but these were few; not enough in fact, to do damage that could be seen.

The flight lasted for two hours, and during that time the farmer and the tramps burned hay, but the wheat was saved. Mrs. Svendson had come to them and worked hard, moaning now and then about the fate of her orchard and garden; and when it was over she kissed John Thomas with a red face, and told him he must never leave them.

"We've done enough for to-day," said Svendson, laughing heartily. "We've beat the plague of Egypt. We're the only folks that ever did it. We'll eat now."

They went home and ate a cold dinner. It was past two o'clock in the afternoon.

John Thomas borrowed a horse and rode through the countryside. Into his boyish mind came a knowledge of what the plague of locusts meant to the agricultural people of the Nile Valley thousands of years ago. He had passed on foot only yesterday down a road which ran between smiling farms that spoke of peace and plenty. Now he saw only desolation. Sad, weeping women looked at him from the doors of houses that had been white, but were now dull brown from roof to lintel with grasshoppers. The children were crying; the men stood about with arms hanging dejectedly. They were trying to understand this incredible destruction of a year's labor.

Poultry and swine and cattle, all of which had sought refuge from the storm, were still much disturbed, and fluttered and grunted and moaned according to their natures. Horses had been driven almost mad with fear; staunch house-dogs had crept under the floors like beaten curs.

The fields were black with the swarms, and the ground, covered in many places to a depth of a foot, seemed to shift and writhe. Against fences and trees and buildings the grasshoppers had drifted and piled like a dark snow. As they crawled, the millions of them buzzed, and the sound of their wings clicking against each other was like the tinkling of little bits of brass. All the waving wheat had been eaten flat with the ground; even the shocks were being gnawed to powder.

Some men were driving about, looking at the ruin, and the wheels stirred up such clouds of insects that the spectators were forced to keep their faces covered. The insects were crunched sickeningly in the ruts. Their bodies clung to the tires, and it seemed as if the horses were pulling through heavy mud.

The big horses plowed along doggedly, almost frightened. Their hoofs sank into grasshoppers in the middle of the road clear to the fetlocks. Every tree of every orchard, every lawn, every garden had been eaten to the last sprig. The insects, thirsty from long flight and heat, sought water. They ate clothes hanging on lines; they ate the curbings from old wells. They perched in layers five and six thick on the steel rails of the transcontinental roads, making them more slippery than ice. No locomotive could carry sand enough to overcome them.

John Thomas went back to the Svendson home saddened, and as he came in sight of it the standing wheat struck him with a sense of oddness. Surrounded on every side for miles with desolation, it seemed a miracle. Tears came to his eyes.

"I am glad I thought of the smoke," he said. "I am glad."

He stayed on the Svendson farm all that winter and the next spring and summer because there was a daughter of the house, with the flaxen hair and blue eyes of the Norse people. Since then he has invented two machines for burning grasshoppers, one for cutting up the pests and one for burying them, and has made much money.

All of these machines are full of common sense, but his father-in-law tells him that wet hay was the greatest invention of all, and that was due to the loving and proud woman back in Indiana who once saved the peach-blooms from frost.

To Break Up a Cold.

Right quickly nothing works so nicely as Nerviline taken real hot. It sends a glowing warmth all through the body, and when rubbed on the throat and chest loosens up the cough and relieves tightness and soreness in the chest. Nerviline is used as a preventive and cure for colds, coughs and winter ills in thousands of homes because it goes right to work and brings relief quickly. There is no remedy in the world with half the power and merit of Nerviline; it's invaluable in every house. In large bottles, price 25c.

—Two of the busiest young men in New York are John Jacob Astor and Peter Cooper Hewitt, both millionaires. Astor rarely misses a day at his office in Twenty-sixth street, where he works as hard as any clerk in the place. When not there he is generally trying to perfect some mechanical device. Young Hewitt is equally industrious, putting in a great many hours in his workshop in the Madison Square Garden tower. And a real shop it is, too. There is nothing about it to suggest anything but the workingman, and when the owner himself is there he is in keeping with his surroundings.

—Forty-six crates of live lobsters were shipped per steamer Boston on Wednesday, says the Yarmouth Telegram. There would have been more, had not the Inspector discovered three containing several undersized fish. It seems strange that there are yet to be found fishermen who will not only violate the law in this regard, but will stand in their own light by doing so. The contents of the three crates were dumped into the harbor.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Ayer's

If your blood is thin and impure, you are miserable all the time. It is pure, rich blood that invigorates, strengthens, refreshes. You certainly know

Sarsaparilla

the medicine that brings good health to the home, the only medicine tested and tried for 60 years. A doctor's medicine.

"I owe my life, without doubt, to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world for nervousness. My cure is permanent, and I cannot thank you enough."
MRS. DELIA MCWELL, Newark, N. J.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Poor Health**

Laxative doses of Ayer's Pills each night greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

Collapse of a Sky-Scraper in New York.

New York, March 2.—Five persons are known to have been killed, about a score injured, and eight or ten, all of whom are believed to be dead, are missing, through the collapse this afternoon, of the steel skeleton of the Hotel Darlington, a thirteen story apartment house in course of erection at No. 57 West 46th street. The steel frame work had been erected as far as the eleventh floor, and the structure was swarming with iron workers, masons and laborers, when, without an instant's warning, the upper floor sagged and collapsed, and the whole structure fell with a crash that was heard for blocks and shook all the buildings in the vicinity. A portion of the steel frame fell upon the rear of the Hotel Patterson, on West 47th street, crushing in the wall of the dining room and killing Mrs. Ella Lacey Storrs, a wealthy resident of Rye, West Chester County, as she was sitting at luncheon with the wife of the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, who escaped unhurt.

The other dead are: Frederick Morrills, foreman of the Roebling Construction Co., and three laborers. The more seriously injured were laborers on the building, except Ernest Meier, a waiter employed in Hotel Patterson.

Among those missing is Frank J. Allison of the Allison Realty Co., the builders of the hotel, who is known to have been in the building when it fell. Efforts to recover the bodies of the dead and rescue those imprisoned in the wreck were begun by the firemen immediately after the crash, and the work of searching the ruins will be continued all night. Owing to the enormous mass of steel wreckage, days may elapse before all the bodies are recovered.

The cause of the disaster generally accepted is the overloading of the floors. Foreman James Hafpin, in charge of the iron workers, stated there was a large quantity of cement and other building material on the fifth floor, and that on the ninth floor were eighty-three iron beams which were to have been used in constructing the remaining floors of the building.

Three warrants were issued as a result of the investigation. The men wanted are Eugene E. Allison, of the Allison Realty Company, which was erecting the building. The others are the members of the firm of Pole & Schwardtner, the iron contractors. None could be found by the detectives. A lawyer representing Mr. Allison, called up the Coroner and said his client was ill in bed, but at the house it was denied that he was there.

Of the numerous complaints fyled against the building while in course of construction, the last was made on Wednesday, the day of the collapse. The records show that the inspector's official complaint read: "The floor beams were improperly bolted and tied."

Mrs. Guenther, with whom Eugene E. Allison boarded, said last night that he had told her within two weeks that the building had sagged.

With the exploded boiler theory eliminated, the tragedy was ascribed by both the District Attorney and the Coroner to construction work too weak to stand the weight imposed. With all plans and specifications in his possession, the District Attorney began the examination of witnesses.

Fifteen known dead was the fatality record up to midnight last night. Six additional bodies were taken from the ruins during the day and four more were visible.

Car Building at Amherst.

(The Maritime Merchant.)

The success which has attended the larger industries of the province in recent years shows that Nova Scotia is peculiarly adapted for the location of important manufacturing enterprises. It is not very many years ago since Nova Scotian capitalists took hold of the dormant car works at St. John and amalgamated that interest with those of the Rhodes & Curry Company at Amherst. This has been followed by the creation of a very large and profitable business. The annual meeting of the shareholders was held recently, when the directors submitted the result of the year's operations. The business of the year amounted to $2,500,000, which was an increase of $300,000 over the previous year. The wages paid amounted to $485,000, being $100,000 more than in the previous year. Two thousand railway cars of various kinds were built, being the same number as in 1902, but they represented an increased value of twelve per cent. About one thousand men are constantly employed. The company has a good number of orders for cars and building contracts on hand, and enters upon another year with bright prospects.

If You are Losing Weight

Your system is out of order and Ferrozone is needed to start a re-building process. Ferrozone makes new tissues, forms wholesome blood, strengthens the nerves, and keeps your physical condition up to the proper standard. "I lost 15 pounds through La Grippe" writes Cyril Lash of Hartford, "but soon regained my former weight and improved my health by using Ferrozone. It's the best re-builder and finest tonic I ever used." Use Ferrozone—it assures health. Price 50c at druggists.

—The man who doesn't believe in advertising can hardly have the deep-rooted belief in his business that makes for success. The man who does believe in advertising, on the contrary, and uses it persistently, usually has the business faith that would carry him a good ways without publicity.—Printer's Ink.

To Cure a Cold in One Day,

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Thrilling Rescue from Shipwreck of Capt. and Mrs. Fred Pearson.

(Bear River Telephone.)

The following account of shipwreck and rescue is copied from the "Virginian Pilot," of the 12th inst. The lady who figures so prominently in the story was, before her marriage, Miss Belle Copeland of Bear River. She met Capt. Pearson, her husband, when on a trip to this port some years ago, and since their marriage has often visited her old home. She is a sailor's daughter as well as a sailor's wife, her father being the late Henry Copeland.

Thrilling in every detail was the story told last night to a Virginian Pilot reporter by Capt. Fred L. Pearson, master of the big sailing ship Henry B. Hyde, which lies stranded one and one-half miles south of Dam Neck Mills life-saving station below Virginia Beach having been driven ashore at 12.30 o'clock yesterday morning in the fierce northeast blizzard which swept the city and coast. The star performer in the marine melodrama was Mrs. Pearson, wife of the captain, who by her performance, showed that hers were nerves of steel, and the rough and burly sailors who came to town last night never tired of telling of the little woman who was hauled ashore from a stranded ship by means of the breeches buoy.

"Bless me if I want any too much notoriety about this thing," said Captain Pearson at the Granby hotel, where and his wife are stopping.

Captain Pearson is a small man with a large amount of grit, a Yankee sailor who has sailed the world over, who has been shipwrecked time and again, who has had to swim for his life on more than one occasion, and whose first wreck, as commander, is the good ship Hyde.

"I'm sorry that you can't see the little woman," said he, "but she's just recovering from the severe strain she underwent all through those hours when we didn't know whether we would reach shore. You say that the sailors praised her. Well, she deserves all of the praise that can be bestowed.

"I've been to sea thirty-one years, and Wednesday night was one of the worst in my experience. The tug Britania had us in tow and the barometer began to fall in the afternoon. Then followed snow and sleet and a nasty northeast wind.

"My wife, who has been going to sea for some years, read the barometer and remarked that we were in for a bad blow. She took precaution not to retire and was in the cabin seated on the sofa when the Hyde struck.

"It seemed that the wind whistled with the strength of a thousand demons. The ship at once began to pound and it looked as though she would be beaten to pieces. The snow was a foot thick on the deck and every piece of rigging was solid ice. Our boots froze to our pants and our fingers were numb with the cold.

PERIL OF FALLING SPARS.

"I went into the cabin and told my wife to come out. She obeyed as coolly as the coolest soldier on the field of battle. The wind was now blowing a gale, and as we crossed the deck for the forecastle, some of the upper spars came down with a crash that sent us spinning against the forecastle house. None of us, however, were injured. You see the reason we went forward is that the masts when falling always crash to the deck in the after part of a ship.

"My wife was placed in the forecastle and suffered from the cold. We sent up a couple of rockets, which were answered by the life savers on shore. We had been discovered by the coast patrol. We could see the tug sticking bravely by us, and we burned torches, which were answered by the Britania. Later the tug cut loose to protect herself.

"From midnight until daylight seemed an age, and when day broke we could see the lifesavers on the beach with their apparatus. They were a brave set, and before daylight shot a line over the ship, but it fell short. If it had landed we couldn't have done anything.

"Great waves were now dashing over the decks and all hands were summoned. The life savers shot another line, which landed square. It was made fast to the upper mizzen rigging, and then a consultation was held as to who should be the first to get into the breeches buoy.

"The biggest sailor on the ship, Tim Sullivan, weighing fully 250 pounds, volunteered to try it, and if the line couldn't hold him, then it was no go. It was a case of getting ashore in another manner or going down.

"Sullivan clambered into the buoy and went sailing through the surf. The line was not taut and he got his feet wet. He was the only one who did get wet.

"I told the wife to get ready and she responded at once.

"You see, breeches buoys were not made for women, and I had to supply Mrs. Pearson with a pair of my trousers. Then I slipped her into a sou'wester, placed her feet in a pair of boots and fastened a cap on her head. Without a tremor she said she was ready to start. Sailormen could climb the rigging, but with a woman it was different. I called for volunteers, and every man responded. I selected four of the strongest men and they bearing the woman, had to climb the icy rigging for a distance of 58 feet before they reached the buoy. Once up in the rigging she was slipped into the buoy and we signalled the life savers to haul away. Mrs. Pearson went shoreward with great speed and landed high up on the beach. She was not even wet. Then we followed one by one, and all were safely landed. I cannot praise the work of the life savers too highly." Mrs. Pearson, the heroine of the disaster, came from California to New York to join her husband. She was to have made the voyage to Frisco on the Hyde, which was bound from New York to Baltimore to complete a cargo of coal.

Captain Pearson recently took command of the Hyde, and this is his first wreck since becoming a regular master. He was born at sea, but raised in Maine.

The Hyde, which is owned in California, was built at Bath, Me., in 1883. She cost to build, $160,000. The vessel has been engaged for a long time carrying coal from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Hyde had on board, when she went ashore, 600 tons of coal and 500 tons of ballast.

Captain Pearson remarked that there was some little nervousness among those members of the crew who were recently married, and who thought they would never reach shore, but when they saw the performance of Mrs. Pearson, who is very small in stature and who weighs but 110 lbs., they took courage and were among the first to offer to assist the woman into the rigging.

The ship carried 28 men, and the crew was to have been completed at Baltimore.

At last accounts the Hyde was leaking and was pounding hard. The tug Rescue is standing by. Capt. Pearson said that he had not given up hope of saving the ship. A heavy sea was running last night.

Our Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil
IS THE BEST.

It contains 50 % of PURE NORWAY OIL, and is probably the only Emulsion made with this fine Oil at present. It is fully guaranteed.

50c a bottle. - 3 for $1.25.

Royal Pharmacy

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Manufacturing Chemist,
Bridgetown, N. S.

The Mining of Antimony.

(The Maritime Merchant.)

Twenty years ago antimony was discovered in this province. The location of the ore is at Rawdon in Hants county. A few years ago this property was acquired by Mr. A. McNeil, of Halifax, and others, who under the name of the Dominion Antimony Co., have spent a great deal of money in development work with very encouraging prospects. This company has now a very complete mining plant. The shaft is about five hundred feet down, and one thousand feet of levels have been made. The ore carries considerable quantities of gold as well as antimony. A thirty-ton lot of the ore recently shipped to London gave a return of 850 per ton in gold, and this is a fair representation of the ore found on the property. The old owners of the property years ago took about 3,000 tons of ore from the mine, which was treated for antimony only. If that ore contained the same proportion of gold as the recent shipments those people threw away about $150,000.

The most important question that has now to be solved is the treatment of the ore at the mine. Not very long ago it would have been said that the gold could not be extracted from such an ore as this, but at the present time there are two companies in England buying gold in antimony ores, and it will not be long before a plant for ore reduction will be established at the West Gore Antimony Mines, which will be the most interesting yet introduced into the province. The company now employs 40 men at the mines. The opening of the Midland Railway is of great assistance in the development of this district.

Colds are Dangerous.

How often you hear it remarked: "It's only a cold," and a few days later learn that the man is on his back with pneumonia. This is of such common occurrence that a cold, however slight, should not be disregarded. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. It always cures and is pleasant to take. For sale by S. N. Weare.

—Guysboro voted on the question of incorporation on Tuesday, resulting in a victory for the measure, the vote standing 68 for and 6 against. The town has a population of 1111, according to the census of 1901.

RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are: Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

Scott's Emulsion can be taken as long as sickness lasts and do good all the time.

There's new strength and flesh in every dose.

We will ... to send ... dose ...

Damaged by Lightning.

During the lightning storm of Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., the barn of Mr. Asa Wyman, of Ohio, Yarmouth Co., was struck and somewhat injured a sow falling a victim to its force. Mr. Wyman had left the building a few minutes before the crash came, and stood on the very spot where the greatest damage was done.

The barn of Mr. Charles Hanx, at Forest Glen, was also struck during the storm, but beyond splitting the boarding from the ridge to the sill, no damage was done. There were a large number of cattle in the building at the time.

East Jordan, Shelburne county, was visited severely, and during the storm a barn owned by Capt. Sophorus Thorburn was struck and destroyed with all its contents. Nobody knew anything of it until the wreck of the barn was found by the owners in the morning. A cow, as well as the hay and other feed, sleigh, waggon, hargon, harness, were burned. The building was not a very great distance from the house, but the wind fortunately blew in an opposite direction so that it did not catch. The owners were surprised upon waking in the morning to find the barn gone.

Provincial Copper Merger.

(The Maritime Merchant.)

A merger has just been effected between three separate interests, each engaged in copper mining in Nova Scotia, by which a company called the Pugwash Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company is created. The new company will be incorporated under the laws of Nova Scotia, and the capital stock will be two million dollars. The different concerns included in the merger are the old Pugwash Co. composed chiefly of local parties, the Five Islands property, in which Louis de Rochment, City Solicitor of Chelsea, Mass., is interested, and the Smelter located at Pictou, and which has been in liquidation for some time. The offices of the company will be in the Old South Building, Boston, and the officers to conduct the destinies of the company will be Hon. David J. Robinson, Gloucester, President; Arthur McCabe, M.D.C.M., Gloucester, Vice-President; Harvey M. Mansfield, Mining Engineer, Treasurer, and Louis de Rochement, of Chelsea, Mass., Secretary. Mr. Mansfield will be consulting engineer, while A. R. Payne, graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will be superintendent of mines. Work on the active taking out of ore in the Pugwash district will proceed as soon as the necessary preliminary arrangements can be made.

Perished in the Woods.

Miss Margaret Hopkins, a maiden lady of 78 years, who lived alone about three miles from Port Medway, went into the latter village last Thursday, and returned homeward in the afternoon. When about half way from her house she left the main road intending to lessen the distance by taking a wood road, being thoroughly familiar with the entire district. She was not missed until Friday, and not until Saturday were inquiries made. She was last seen by three young men going along a path in the opposite direction from her home. Late in the afternoon the body was found about a mile and a half in the forest. The impression prevails that she became exhausted with the tramp and sitting down to rest became chilled to death.

—The S. P. C. A. people will be glad to know that the House of Representatives of the United States has passed a bill to prevent, within the District of Columbia, the docking of horses' tails. A provision is made for the registration of all horses whose tails are already docked, and there is a plan by which taking horses out of the district in order to have them docked and then brought back again, is prevented. What fate the measure may meet in the Senate is by no means certain yet, but the public feeling is pretty well evident from the heartiness with which the House concurred in the measure. The United States Congress has immediate jurisdiction over the district, and is, therefore, legally entitled to pass such a law, though it cannot do so for any of the States.

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

Apple Shipments.

Up to February 29th the apple shipments to England from points in the Annapolis Valley reached 510,000 barrels, leaving about 60,000 barrels to go forward during the present month. The total number of apples grown in the Annapolis and Kings counties is estimated at 625,000 barrels. The State of Maine produces about 1,500,000 every season, a large proportion of which are shipped to England.

Well Again.

The many ... will be ... entirely ...