The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1904. NO. 31

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.

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BARRISTER,
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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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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.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, 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.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

Capital Authorized, -	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, -	1,336,150
Capital Paid Up, -	1,336,150
Reserve Fund, -	931,405

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR, GEO. MITCHELL, M. P. P.
E. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
GEORGE STAIRS.

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N. S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr.
W. C. Harvey, - - Inspector.

BRANCHES:
Annapolis, Arichat, Baddeck, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Glace Bay, Granville Ferry, Halifax, Inverness, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Lockeport, Mahone, Middleton, New Glasgow, North Sydney, Parrsboro, Sherbrooke, Springhill, Sydney, Sydney Mines, St. Peter's, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.
Port of Spain, Trinidad; St. John, N. B.

CORRESPONDENTS:
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
London and Westminster Bank, London, England.

Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year.

STATEMENT

	1887	1903	1904
Capital, -	$ 500,000	$1,295,000	$ 1,336,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	472,401	5,115,648	5,835,421
Circulation, -	148,442	1,043,866	1,134,902
Loans, -	789,880	6,534,320	7,697,609
P. D. Bills -	52,139	10,734	1,346
Liabilities, -	804,426	7,137,176	8,115,850
Assets, -	1,358,209	9,170,243	10,373,850

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed at highest current rate on Savings Bank Deposits and on Deposit Receipts, compounded half-yearly.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER IX.

ALL morning horsemen had been galloping through Six Crossroads, sometimes singly, oftener in company. At 1 o'clock the last posse passed through on its return to the county seat, and after that there was a long, complete silence, while the miry corners were undisturbed by a single hoof beat. No unkempt colt nickered from his musty stall. The sparse young corn that used to nod and chuckle greenly stood rigid in the fields. Up the Plattville pike despairingly cackled one old hen, with her wabbling, sailor run, smit with a superstitious horror of nothing. She hid herself in the shadow underneath a rickety barn and was still.

Only on the Wimby farm were there signs of life. The old lady who had sent Harkless roses sat by the window all morning and wiped her eyes, watching the horsemen ride by. Sometimes they would hail her and tell her there was nothing yet. About 2 o'clock her husband rattled up in a buckboard and got out the shotgun of the late and more authentic Mr. Wimby. This he carefully cleaned and oiled in spite of its hammerless and quite useless condition, sitting meanwhile by the window opposite his wife and often looking up from his work to shake his weak fist at his neighbors' domiciles and creak decrepit curses and denunciations.

But the Crossroads was ready. It knew what was coming now. Frightened, desperate, sullen, it was ready.

The afternoon wore on, and lengthening shadows fell upon a peaceful—one would have said a sleeping—country. The sun dried pike, already dusty, stretched its serene length between green borders flecked with purple and yellow and white weed flowers, and the tree shadows were not shade, but warm blue and lavender glows in the general pervasion of still, bright light; the sky curving its deep, unburnished, penetrable blue over all, with no single drift of fleece upon it to be reflected in the creek that wound along past willow and sycamore, dimpled but unmurmuring. A woodpecker's telegraphy broke the quiet like a volley of pistol shots.

But far eastward on the pike there slowly developed a soft, white haze. It grew denser and larger and gradually rolled nearer. Dimly behind it could be discerned a darker, moving nucleus that extended far back upon the road.

A heavy tremor began to stir the air; faint, manifold sounds, a waxing, increasing, multitudinous rumor.

The pike ascended a long, slight slope leading west up to the Crossroads. From a thicket of ironweed at the foot of this slope was thrust the visage of an undersized girl of fourteen. Her fierce eyes examined the approaching cloud of dust intently. A redness rose under the burnt yellow skin and colored the wizened cheeks.

They were coming.

She stepped quickly out of the tangle and darted up the road. She ran with the speed of a fleet little terrier, not opening her lips, not calling out, but holding her two thin hands high above her head; that was all. But Birnam wood was come to Dunsinnane at last, and the messenger sped. Out of the weeds in the corner of the snake fence, in the upper part of the rise, silently lifted the heads of men whose sallowness became a sickish white as the child flew by.

The mob was carefully organized. They had taken their time and had prepared everything deliberately, knowing that nothing could stop them. No one had any thought of concealment; it was all as open as the light of day, all done in the broad sunshine. Nothing had been determined as to what was to be done at the Crossroads more definite than that the place was to be wiped out. That was comprehensive enough; the details were quite certain to occur. They were all on foot, marching in fairly regular ranks. In front walked Mr. Watts, the man Harkless had abhorred in a public spirit and befriended in private. Today he was a hero and a leader, marching to avenge his professional oppressor and personal brother. Cool, unruffled and to outward vision unarmed, marching the miles in his brown frock coat and generous linen, he led the way. On one side of him were the two Bowlders, on the other was Lige Willetts, Mr. Watts preserving peace between the young men with perfect tact and sang froid.

They kept good order and a similitude of quiet for so many except far to the rear, where old Wilkerson was bringing up the tail of the procession, dragging a wretched yellow dog by a rope fastened around the poor cur's protesting neck, the knot carefully arranged under his right ear. In spite of every command and protest Wilkerson had marched the whole way uproariously singing "John Brown's Body."

The sun was in the west when they came in sight of the Crossroads, and the cabins on the low slope stood out angularly against the radiance beyond. As they beheld the hated settlement the heretofore orderly ranks showed a disposition to depart from the steady advance and rush the shanties. Willetts, the Bowlders, Parker, Ross Schofield and a dozen others did, in fact, break away and set a sharp pace up the slope.

Watts tried to call them back. "What's the use your gettin' killed?" he shouted.

"Why not?" answered Lige, and, like the others, was increasing his speed when old "Wimby" rose up suddenly from the roadside ahead of them and motioned them frantically to go back. "They're laid out along the fence waitin' fer ye," he warned them. "Git out the road. Come by the fields. For the Lord's sake, spread!" Then as suddenly as he had appeared he dropped down into the weeds again. Lige and those with him paused, and the whole body came to a halt while the leaders consulted. There was a sound of metallic clicking and a thin rattle of steel. From far to the rear came the voice of old Wilkerson:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground."

A few near him as they stood waiting began to take up the burden of the song, singing it in slow time like a dirge. Then those farther away took it up. It spread, reached the leaders. They, too, began to sing, taking off their hats as they joined in, and soon the whole concourse, solemn, earnest, uncovered, was singing—a thunderous requiem for John Harkless.

The sun was swinging lower, and the edges of the world were embroidered with gold, while that deep volume of sound shook the air, the song of a stern, savage, just cause—sung perhaps as some of the ancestors of these men sang with Hampden before the bristling walls of a hostile city. It had iron and steel in it. The men lying on their guns in the ambuscade along the fence heard the dirge rise and grow to its mighty fullness, and they shivered. One of them, posted nearest the advance, had his rifle carefully leveled at Lige Willetts, a fair target in the road. When he heard the singing he turned to the man next behind him and laughed harshly, "I reckon we'll see a big jamboree other side Jordan tonight, huh?"

The huge murmur of the chorus expanded and gathered in rhythmic strength and swelled to power and rolled and thundered across the plain.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
His soul goes marching on!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on!"

A gun spat fire from the higher ground, and Willetts dropped where he stood, but was up again in a second, with a red line across his forehead where the ball had grazed his temple. The mob spread out like a fan, the men climbing the fence and beginning the advance through the fields, thus closing on the ambuscade from both sides. Mr. Watts, wading through the high grass in the field north of the road, perceived the barrel of a gun shining from the fence some distance in front of him and the same second, although no weapon was seen in his hand, discharged a revolver at the clump of grass and weeds behind the gun. Instantly ten or twelve men leaped from their hiding places along the fences of both fields and, firing hurriedly and harmlessly into the scattered ranks of the oncoming mob, broke for the shelter of the houses, where their fellows were posted. Taken on the flanks and from the rear, there was but one thing for them to do to keep from being hemmed in and shot or captured. (They excessively preferred being shot.) With a wild, high, joyous yell, sounding like the bay of young hounds breaking into view of their quarry, the Plattville men followed.

The most eastward of the debilitated edifices of Six Crossroads was the saloon. It bore the painted legends, on the west wall, "Last Chance;" on the east wall, "First Chance." Next to this and separated by two or three acres of weedy vacancy from the corners, where the population centered thickest, stood—if one may so predicate of a building which leaned in seven directions—the house of Mr. Robert Skillett, the proprietor of the saloon. Both buildings were shut up as tight as their state of repair permitted. As they were farthest to the east, they formed the nearest shelter, and to them the Crossroaders bent their flight, though they stopped not here, but disappeared behind Skillett's shanty, putting it between them and their pursuers, whose guns were beginning to speak. The fugitives had a good start, and, being the picked runners of the Crossroads, they crossed the open, weedy acres in safety and made for their homes. Every house had become a fort, and the defenders would have to be fought and torn out one by one. As the guns sounded, a woman in a shanty near the forge began to scream and kept on screaming.

On came the farmers and the men of Plattville. They took the saloon at a run, battered down the crazy doors with a fence rail and swarmed inside like busy insects, making the place hum like a hive, but with the hotter industries of destruction. It was empty of life as a tomb, but they beat and tore and battered and broke and hammered and shattered like madmen; they reduced the tawdry interior to a mere chaos and came pouring forth laden with trophies of ruin, and then there was a charry smell in the air, and a slender feather of smoke floated up from a second story window.

At the same time Watts led an assault on the adjoining house, an assault which came to a sudden pause, for from cracks in the front wall a squirrel rifle and a shotgun snapped and banged, and the crowd fell back in disorder. Homer Tibbs had a hat blown away, full of buckshot holes, while Mr. Watts solicitously examined a small

They were coming.

aperture in the skirts of his brown coat. The house commanded the road, and the rush of the mob into the village was checked, but only for the instant.

A rickety woodshed which formed a portion of the Skillett mansion closely joined the "Last Chance" side of the family place of business. Scarcely had the guns of the defenders sounded when, with a loud shout, Lige Willetts leaped from an upper window on that side of the burning saloon and landed on the woodshed and, immediately climbing the roof of the mansion itself, applied a brand to the dry, time worn clapboards. Ross Schofield dropped on the woodshed close behind him, his arm lovingly infolding a gallon jug of whisky, which he emptied (not without evident regret) upon the clapboards as Lige fired them. Flames burst forth almost instantly, and the smoke, uniting with that now rolling out of every window of the saloon, went up to heaven in a cumbrous, gray column.

As the flames began to spread there was a rapid fusillade from the rear of the house, and a hundred men and more, who had kept on through the fields to the north, assailed it from behind. Their shots passed clear through the flimsy partitions, and there was a screaming like beasts' howls from within. The front door was thrown open, and a lean, fierce young girl, with a case knife in her hand, ran out in the face of the mob. At sound of the shots in the rear they had begun to advance on the house a second time, and Hartley Bowlder was the nearest man to the girl. With awful words and shrieking inconceivably she made straight at Hartley and attacked him with the knife. She struck at him again and again, and in her anguish of hate and fear she was so extraordinary a spectacle that she gained for her companions the seconds they needed to escape from the house. As she hurled herself alone at the oncoming torrent they sped from the door unnoticed, sprang over the fence and reached the open lots to the west before they were seen by Willetts from the roof.

"Don't let 'em fool you!" he shouted. "Look to your left! There they go! Don't let 'em get away!"

The Crossroaders were running across the field. They were Bob Skillett and his younger brother, and Mr. Skillett was badly damaged. He seemed to be holding his jaw on his face with both hands. The girl turned and sped after them. She was over the fence almost as soon as they were, and the three ran in single file, the girl last. She was either magnificently sacrificial and fearless or she cunningly calculated that the regulators would take no chances of killing a woman-child, for she kept between their guns and her two companions, trying to cover and shield the latter with her frail body.

"Shoot, Lige," called Watts. "If we fire from here we'll hit the girl. Shoot!"

Willetts and Ross Schofield were still standing on the roof at the edge out of the smoke, and both fired at the same time. The fugitives did not turn. They kept on running, and they had nearly reached the other side of the field when suddenly, without any premonitory gesture, the elder Skillett dropped flat on his face. The Crossroaders stood by each other that day, for four or five men ran out of the nearest shanty into the open, lifted the prostrate figure from the ground and began to carry it back with them. But Skillett was alive. His curses were heard above all other sounds. Lige and Schofield fired again, and one of the rescuers staggered. Nevertheless as the two men slid down from the roof the burdened Crossroaders were seen to break into a run, and at that, with another yell, fiercer, wilder, more joyous than the first, the Plattville men followed.

The yell rang loudly in the ears of old Wilkerson, who had remained back in the road, and at the same instant he heard another shout behind him. He had not shared in the attack; but, greatly preoccupied with his own histrionic affairs, was proceeding along up the pike, except for the unhappy yellow mongrel still dragged along by the rope, and alternating, as was his natural wont, from one fence to the other, crouching behind every bush to fire an imaginary rifle at the dog and then springing out with triumphant bellowings to fall prone upon the terrified animal. It was after one of these victories that a shout of warning was raised behind him, and Mr. Wilkerson, by grace of the god Bacchus, rolling out of the way in time to save his life, saw a horse dash by him, a big, black horse whose polished flanks were dripping with lather. Warren Smith was the rider. He was waving a slip of yellow paper high in the air.

He rode up the slope and drew rein beyond the burning buildings just ahead of those foremost in the pursuit. He threw his horse across the road to oppose their progress, rose in his stirrups and waved the paper over his head. "Stop!" he roared. "Give me one minute! Stop!" He had a grand voice, and he was known in many parts of the state for the great bass roar with which he startled his juries. To be heard at a distance most men lift the pitch of their voice. Smith lowered his an octave or two, and the result was like an earthquake playing an organ in a catacomb.

"Stop!" he thundered. "Stop!"

In answer one of the flying Crossroaders turned and sent a bullet whistling close to him. The lawyer paused long enough to bow deeply in satirical response; then, flourishing the paper, he roared again: "Stop! A mistake! I have news! Stop, I say! Horner has got them!"

To make himself heard over that tempestuous advance was a feat; for him, moreover, whose counsels had so lately been derided, to interest the pursuers at such a moment enough to make them listen—to find the word—was a greater, and by the word and by gestures at once vehemently imperious and imploring to stop them was a still greater. But he did it. He had come at just the moment before the moment that would have been too late. They all heard him. They all know, too, that he was not trying to save the Crossroads as a matter of duty, because he had given that up before the mob left Plattville. Indeed, it was a question if at the last he had not tacitly approved, and no one feared indictments for the day's work. It would do no harm to listen to what he had to say. The work could wait. It would "keep" for five minutes. They began to gather around him, excited, flushed, perspiring and smelling of smoke. Hartley Bowlder, won by Lige's desperation and intrepidity, was helping the latter tie up his head. No one else was hurt.

"What is it?" they clamored impatiently. "Speak quick!" There was another harmless shot from a fugitive, and then the Crossroaders, divining that the diversion was in their favor, secured themselves in their decrepit fastnesses and held their fire. Meanwhile the flames crackled cheerfully in Plattville ears. No matter what the prosecutor had to say, at least the Skillett saloon and homestead were gone, and Bob Skillett and one other would be sick enough to be good for awhile.

"Listen!" cried Warren Smith, and, rising in his stirrups again, read the

She made straight at Hartley.

missive in his hand, a Western Union telegraph form. "Warren Smith, Plattville," was the direction.

Found both shell men. Police familiar with both, and both wanted here. One arrested at noon in second-hand clothes store wearing Harkless' hat; also trying to dispose torn full dress coat known to have been worn by Harkless last night. Stains on lining believed blood. Second man found later at freight yards in empty lumber car. Left Plattville 1 p. m. badly hurt, shot and bruised. Supposed Harkless made hard fight. Hurt man taken to hospital unconscious. Will die. Other man refuses to talk so far. Check any movement Crossroads. This clears Skillett, etc. Come over on 9:15 accommodation.

The telegram was signed by Horner, the sheriff, and by Barrett, the superintendent of police at Rouen.

"It's all a mistake, boys," the lawyer said as he handed the paper to Watts and Parker for inspection. "The ladies at the judge's were mistaken, that's all, and this proves it. It's easy enough to understand. They were frightened by the storm, and watching a fence a quarter of a mile away by flashes of lightning any one would have been confused and imagined all the horrors on earth. I don't deny but what I believed it for awhile, and I don't deny but the Crossroads is pretty tough, but you're done a good deal here already today, and we're saved in time from a mistake that would have turned out mighty bad. This settles it. Horner got a wire to go soon as they got track of the first man. That was when we saw him on the Rouen accommodation."

A slightly cracked voice, yet a huskily tuneful one, was lifted quaveringly on the air from the roadside, where an old man and a yellow dog sat in the dust together, the latter reprieved at the last moment, his surprised head rakishly garnished with a hasty wreath of dog fennel daisies.

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
While we go marching on."

Three-quarters of an hour later the inhabitants of the Crossroads, saved, they knew not how; guilty, knowing nothing of the fantastic pendulum of opinion which, swung by the events of the day, had marked the fatal moment of guilt now on others, now on them who deserved it—these natives and refugees, conscious of atrocity, dumfounded by a miracle, thinking the world gone mad, hovered together in a dark, ragged mass at the crossing corners, while the skeleton of the rotting buggy in the slough rose behind them against the face of the west. They peered with stupefied eyes through the smoky twilight.

From afar, faintly through the gloaming, came mournfully to their ears the many voiced refrain, fainter, fainter:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the ground,
John Brown's body lies—mold— * * *
* * * * we go march * * * on."

(To be continued.)

Militia Changes in the 69th Annapolis Regiment.

Lieut. A. B. Gurney is transferred to the reserve of officers, 1904; Lieut. V. L. Miller resigns; Lieut. and Adjutant J. E. Morse is granted the rank of captain; to be captains—Lieuts. J. E. Harris, M. S. Parker, A. E. Purdy, A. P. Dodge, J. L. Warren, A. McPhee, G. H. Vroom; to be lieutenants—Sergt. J. H. Tupper, J. C. Young; to be provisional lieutenants—Sergt. J. C. W. Ditmars, Sergt. B. C. Goodwin, V. B. Leonard, R. S. Leonard, F. L. Milner, Sergt. J. H. Ray, K. Brooks, Sergt. S. Vidito, P. St. C. Elliott, 1904, S. W. Armstrong, Sergt. G. W. Harris, Sergt. H. Gates.

Consecration of Bishop-Elect.

The Archbishop of Montreal has definitely fixed upon St. Luke's day, Oct. 18th, for the consecration of the Bishop elect of Nova Scotia. The Bishop of Ontario and Bishop Courtney will be the presenting bishops; the latter will, it is expected, preach the ordination sermon. on making the communication the Archbishop says: "I heartily congratulate the diocese on the wisdom of its action, and pray that the fulness of the divine blessing may rest upon the church in Nova Scotia, and upon its bishop elect."

—When you want a physic that is mild and gentle, easy to take and certain to act, always use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by S. N. Weare.

8 Cents

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Twentieth Annual Provincial Sunday School Convention, Halifax, October 25-27.

The 20th annual convention of the Nova Scotia Sunday School Association will be held in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, October 25th to 27th. The programme, in course of preparation, promises to be the best ever presented at a convention in this province. Mr. Marion Lawrence, the foremost Sunday School speaker and teacher on the continent, and Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, one of the leading Primary teachers and perhaps the finest lady platform speaker engaged in the work, will both be present and take part in every session.

The singing will be a bright feature, Prof. E. O. Excell, of Chicago, the well known composer of anthems and hymns used in many of our churches, having been engaged to conduct this portion of the programme. On Tuesday, October 25th, a Pastor's Conference will be held. This event was one of the main features of the Truro Convention last year, and should be even more popular this year. On the same day there will be a Primary and Junior Institute, which was also a prominent feature last year. This presents a splendid opportunity for teachers of these departments to meet Mrs. Bryner and other experts. The whole convention is designed to help those engaged in Sunday School work, and all who can should attend. The following may come as delegates and receive free entertainment when in Halifax:

Officers and Executive Committee of the Provincial Association, all County Association, all Evangelical Clergymen, Superintendents of Sunday Schools, and one delegate from every Sunday School for every 100 scholars enrolled or fraction thereof, and two accredited delegates from each County Organization.

Names should be sent to Mr. A. C. Baillie, Secretary, 164 Hollis St., Halifax, before October 10th, so that homes may be provided. The railroad and steam ship companies will grant the usual reduced rates, the former giving one fare privileges, in order to secure which a Standard Certificate should be asked for when buying tickets. For further particulars address Sunday School Headquarters, 9 Prince St., Halifax.

Was Founder of "Bread Line.

Louis Fleischmann, Wealthy Baker, Who Gave Away Nightly Hundreds of Loaves of Bread to the Poor, Dies in New York.

New York, September 27.—Louis Fleischmann, the millionaire baker and philanthropist, died at his home here yesterday of paralysis. Mr. Fleischmann was born in 1836 near Olmuth, Moravia.

He fought in the war of 1856 against the Prussians and won distinction in the battle of Sadowa. He resigned from the army in 1874, to emigrate to America.

Mr. Fleischmann opened the Vienna model bakery at the Centennial exposition, and later transferred it to New York city. At Christmas in 1876, he established the unique charity known as the "bread line," and ever since had distributed unsold bread nightly to all who applied. The "bread line" of applicants grew, until as many as 500 loaves a night were handed out. In winter warm coffee was served with the bread. Mr. Fleischmann also established an employment bureau, went personally among the unfortunates in his "bread line" night after night, and found work for many men.

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 preventative 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.

Criminal Neglect.

There is too little attention paid to this phase of human conduct. It is negative criminality, but just as culpable and dangerous as the more positive acts of crime. The wires recently told of another railroad accident in which neglect is the cause. Just think of it—neglect—the same word that you hear when a child or a clerk, or even a grown person, says:—"Oh, I forgot." It is a fatal word, and in the present case was the means of the death of five persons, the injury of five others, and the lives of many others, including the Governor-General and his party, endangered.—Acadian Recorder.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Ayer's

To be sure, you are growing old. But why let everybody see it, in your gray hair? Keep your hair dark and rich and postpone age. If you will

Hair Vigor

only use Ayer's Hair Vigor, your gray hair will soon have all the deep, rich color of youth. Sold for 60 years.

"I am now over 60 years old, and I have a thick, glossy head of long hair which is a wonder to every one who sees it. And not a gray hair in it, all due to Ayer's Hair Vigor."
MRS. H. R. BUSTIS, Stockin, Minn.

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

for **White Hair**

Improved Bronchial Troches
10c.

Give immediate and effective relief in all cases of hoarseness, loss of voice, cough, sore throat, etc.

Pleasant to take.
Easy to carry in the pocket.

Royal Pharmacy

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Chemist and Optician.

Death of an Honored Nova Scotian.

The province of Nova Scotia and the country at large has suffered a heavy loss by the death of John F. Stairs, of Halifax. Mr. Stairs was an active man in many directions. He represented Halifax city and county in the legislature and in the house of commons. He was a member of a provincial cabinet. At one time he was president of the Provincial Conservative association. His position in the industrial life of the province was not less conspicuous. He was at one time the leading cordage manufacturer in eastern Canada. For many years he was identified with the steel works at New Glasgow and later took the lead in organizing the existing Nova Scotia Steel company, which under his direction bought the Old Mine Sydney and the Newfoundland iron mines. At the time of his death, Mr. Stairs was president of the Nova Scotia Steel company, of the Trinidad Electric Railway company, and the Eastern Trust company, and was a director in many other strong corporations. In banking and other financial institutions Mr. Stairs had large interests. Yet he found time for service in other directions. He gave a great deal of attention to the affairs of Dalhousie College, and was active in church and Sunday school work. In politics, Mr. Stairs had strong convictions, though he expressed them in temperate and courteous language. He was absolutely without personal or party bitterness. There were few better informed men than he in the house of commons, and none who brought to parliamentary discussion more valuable contributions of fact and argument. In business he enjoyed to a remarkable degree the confidence of other business men and of the public generally.—Exchange.

Japanese Peer at Digby.

A St. John despatch says:—Baron Kaneko, member of the Japanese house of peers, accompanied by his secretary, reached St. John to-day, and leaves in the morning for Digby, where he will visit friends. Speaking to the Halifax Herald correspondent, the baron, who is a splendid English scholar, pointed out that the success of Japan in the present war would mean the opening up of Manchuria to Anglo-American civilization, while, should Russia prove the victor, the country would be closed, not only to progress, but to Christianizing influences. Baron Kaneko was in Port Arthur during the first bombardment, and describes it as a strenuous affair.

Jubilee of Mt. Allison Ladies' College,—1854-1904.

Mount Allison Ladies' College, Sackville, formerly known as Mount Allison Female Academy, will celebrate the golden jubilee of the institution on the 4th and 5th of October next. The celebration will take the form of a grand reunion of all graduates, students and teachers of the school. An interesting programme is being prepared, consisting of platform addresses, music and social entertainment. The people of Sackville will act as hosts to all comers, and it is earnestly hoped that every former student who can possibly do so, will take this opportunity to renew old friendships and associations.

An Efficient Treatment for Catarrh

Will first destroy the germs that excite the disease. Then there are numberless sore spots in the mucous membrane to be healed. Every requirement of a perfect cure for catarrh is found in fragrant healing Catarrhozone, which not only instantly kills the germs, but restores the diseased membranes to a normal condition and prevents the relapse which is sure to follow the use of ordinary remedies. Catarrhozone is a scientific cure for catarrh that relieves quicker, is more pleasant, more certain to cure than any other remedy known. Failure is impossible; lasting cure is guaranteed. Use only Catarrhozone. Two months' treatment $1.00; trial 25c. Get it today.

Dundonald Buys an Ottawa Residence

Lord Dundonald will make Ottawa a place of occasional residence. He has purchased Crichton Lodge, where he lived during his two years' tenure of office. Probably he will visit Canada during the hunting season. His sister, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, has been living at the lodge since Dundonald left for England. The lodge will be known in future as Cochrane Lodge.

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.

World's News in Brief.

Professor Niels Finsen, discoverer of the so-called Finsen rays of light for the care of lupus, and head of the Finsen Ray Institute here, died at Copenhagen on the 27th.

Twenty thousand skilled union employees of the Republic Iron & Steel Company, at Ashtabula, Ohio, have accepted a reduction in wages from two to fourteen per cent.

Lightning struck an oil tank of the Texas Oil refinery, on the 21st, where six men were at work. The oil ignited and an explosion followed. Five of the men were killed and the other was fatally injured.

A special train carrying J. Pierpont Morgan and the Archbishop of Canterbury from Bar Harbor to Washington, was wrecked near East Brookfield, Mass., by a collision. No one was seriously injured.

A trotting horse valued at $900 was accidentally killed at Plant wharf, Halifax, last week. The horse had been sold by Mr. Gardner, of Amherst, to Barrington people and was being shipped on the steamer Senlac, when it slipped and fell over the gangway breaking its back.

A horrible calamity occurred to a number of school children at Pleasant Ridge, Ohio, last week, by the collapse of the floor of the outhouse. Twenty-five children fell through into the cesspool beneath, and in the struggle nine of them were drowned or trampled to death. Much censure is deservedly visited upon the school officials.

An express car, a mail car, two day coaches and a Pullman sleeper were derailed at a trestle just south of the Catawaba River, and 22 miles southwest of Monro, N. C. A light engine and caboose following fell from the trestle on the derailed cars resulting in the death of four persons and the injuring of thirty five others.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's famous "Glorious Flying Cloud" dropped dead last Sunday from some unknown cause. He had been driven daily by Mr. Lawson, and the cause of his death cannot be ascertained. He was sick only half an hour. He was the most valuable high stepping show horse alive, was 9 years old, and never was beaten. He was the winner of 70 blues, and was the only horse that ever beat Lord Brilliant in his prime. He cost Mr. Lawson $12,000.

A wife-beater of Belmont, Manitoba, was treated to a summary punishment. A number of male citizens broke into the house and hustled the man down to the railway tracks, where he was tied to a fence and soundly whipped, despite his cries for mercy. To drive the lesson home a rope was placed around his neck and pretence of a determination to lynch him was made. He became so terror stricken that he could not stand, and on giving his word that he would cease abusing his wife, the rope was taken off and he was dragged back to his home.

A Baltimore and Ohio fast freight, at Northbranch, West Virginia, struck a waggon crossing the track loaded with dynamite. The explosion wrecked the engine and nine cars and the track was torn up for a distance of one hundred feet. Brakeman C. W. Whitehair was killed; Engineer N. T. Pike, fatally injured; Fireman A. R. Sanders seriously injured, and Tower Operator, C. H. Hamilton cut and bruised. Several people in the vicinity were slightly hurt. The tower and interlocking plant were practically destroyed. The driver of the wagon containing the dynamite and his horses were uninjured.

Japs Must Get Mukden.

It is fully appreciated that the Japanese must try for the possession of Mukden, as otherwise it will be difficult for them to provide the army with winter quarters. The average winter temperature at Liao Yang is forty degress below zero fahrenheit, and the cold is intensified by continual winds and an almost entire absence of snow. In spite of this, however, the campaign will probably be continued during the winter, if the Japanese succeed in getting into Mukden. In this contingency General Kuropatkin, for various reasons, will not be likely to allow the Japanese to remain in undisturbed possession of this point, which is important, not only from a strategic, but a political point of view.

Strangely Rescued from the Grave.

The funeral of the five-year-old daughter of C. M. Fearing, of Custer, S. D., was stopped after the ceremony had begun because a physician thought he saw signs of life in the child. She had died, apparently, of scarlet fever.

The funeral was stopped and the child taken from the casket and brought back to consciousness.

It is believed she will live, as the fever appears to have been entirely broken in the thirty-six hours between the time she was pronounced dead and the discovery that she was still living.

Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine.

ROBERT ROSS,
Two Rivers.

Japan's Terms of Peace.

The Daily Telegraph's Tien Tsin correspondent telegraphs that he hears from trustworthy sources that the Japanese Foreign Minister has issued a circular announcing that it is Japan's intention to turn Port Arthur, when it is captured, and the whole of the Liao Tung Peninsula over to the Chinese, who the correspondent says, it is understood, will declare Port Arthur an open Port. On the same authority the Daily Telegraph's representative says:

"I am told that Japan will be prepared to entertain peace proposals after she has taken Mukden and Sakhalen on the following basis.

First—That an international syndicate take over the Manchurian Railway and run it as a strictly commercial enterprise. Second, that Russia pay $100,000,000 indemnity; and third, that Russia is to hand over all of her ships in Chinese waters to Japan. Japan will be prepared to lease Sakhalen to an American Company for $5,000,000."