The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1904. NO. 47

Professional Cards

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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

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

Fine Watch Repairing.

THOS. BIRD,
Practical Watchmaker,
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Designed after the latest models. Special attention given to quality and style.
A beautiful assortment of Ostrich Plumes at special value.
MISS ANNIE CHUTE.
Bridgetown, November 1st, 1903.

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Poetry.

Be Strong.

Be strong.
Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

The cost of life is labor; men are born
To work, not live; to act, not to exist.
Our errand here is writ on ev'ry hand;
Each sun proclaims not day, but work begun;
The costly light is wove for labor's dress.
A blush did ne'er betray a baser deed,
Nor penalty pursue more daring fraud,
Than abject shirking of the common foe
Which Nature lays on those who sit around
The green-spread table of our Father—God.

A straw for destiny! It is a stream
Whose course lies through the present and may be
Directed as we will. Our acts forecast
A surer future than the horoscope,
Toil gives a fortune augurs durst not tell,
And fate is written as our deeds dictate.
What realm where Labor's credit is not good?
What current things doth lack his signature?
What peaks his airy footsteps have not pressed?

Select Literature.

His Father's Early Friend.

A shadow passed across Edward Plympton's desk. He looked up. A man was standing between him and the window. He was a short man, short and rather stout, with a straggly beard and a wide-brimmed soft hat.

"Nearly time to knock off, I reckon," the man said as Edward looked up. He said it with a smile that mellowed its abruptness.

"Do you wish to see me?" Edward asked?

"I do," the stranger replied. "But I can see you first rate from over here. Don't you hurry on my account. My time's cheap just now."

He waved his hand as he said this, and took the chair by the window.

"I'll finish in a moment or two," said Edward, and turned back to his work. Once he looked up and found the stranger's eyes fixed intently on him. And the gaze was accompanied by a peculiar smile.

"There, I'm through and at your service," said Edward, as he straightened up. "Will you kindly state your business?" And he motioned to the chair beside the desk. The stranger arose and came forward.

"You look a great deal like your father," he said as he slowly seated himself. "Not quite so good looking but a very fair copy."

"Then you knew my father?"

There was a little pause. The stranger leaned forward.

"Did you ever hear your father speak of Ezra Doan?"

Edward started and stared at the stranger.

"Yes, many times."

"I'm Ezra Doan."

Edward put out his hand quickly.

"My father's early friend," he cried, and gripped the stranger's fingers.

"He must of spoken of me in a favorable way," said the stranger.

He always did. He spoke of you very often during his last year. He was not strong and seemed to delight in recalling his early days. Just before he passed away he murmured something that I could not catch. I put my ear close to his mouth and he smiled and whispered, "What's become of Ezra Doan?" These were among the very last intelligible words that he uttered."

There was another pause.

"Your father was the best friend I ever knew," the stranger said, "I'd hate to try to reckon up what his friendship was worth to me. We drifted apart when he married. I went West; he stayed back in the old home. I turned vagabond and he moved here and then I lost track of him. The next time I heard his name mentioned he had gone—and the meeting we had promised each other never came."

He sighed and ran his hand through his grey streaked hair.

"Well, I'm very glad to see you," said Edward. "And of course, I'm going to take you home with me."

He turned to the 'phone.

"Hold on," cried the stranger. "I'd be well pleased to see your home, but I don't want to bother anybody. Besides, I'm a pretty tough-looking customer for a city man to introduce anywhere."

"You're all right, and you're my father's old friend," said Edward, as he picked up the receiver and called for his home number.

"You've got your father's pleasant way of speaking," said the stranger with his bright smile.

"Is that you, Anna?" said Edward at the phone. "Yes. I'm going to start for home in about ten minutes. Wait, I'm going to bring somebody with me. Yes, a man. He's father early friend, Ezra Doan. You heard the name. Yes, Ezra Doan. I know, I know. But he won't mind that. He just wants to take pot luck with us. Yes, yes, I'll explain. Don't you worry. Anything will do. All right, we won't hurry. Good-by."

He laughed as he hung up the receiver.

"Of course you know I've heard every word," said the stranger. "I couldn't help it. And I see that I'm going to be a bother. I'm very sure I'd better go to a hotel. You know some good one, of course."

"You're going home with me," said Edward. "My wife expects you. The only trouble is that she is without a hired girl just now, and is afraid you will fare poorly. That's all."

"I reckon that's enough," laughed the stranger. "But if she's expecting me, of course I'll go along. She'll be disappointed all right when she sees me, but I'll promise to be just as little trouble as possible. And I'll apologize to the lady as soon as I see her."

Edward laughed.

"It will be quite a fusilade of apologizes on both sides," he said, "but I'm pretty sure nobody will get hurt."

He arose and the stranger arose at the same time and stared about the room.

"Good business?" he asked.

"Only fair. Plenty of lively competition,"

"What are you?"

"Local reptesentative of a Pittsburg steel concern."

"Tied up to them?"

"No." He closed his desk and took his hat. "I'm not complaining. I was in a bank for a while and it was too confining. This gives me a chance to get out of doors whenever I feel that I need a change. And I get enough out of it to pay the landlord and the butcher and the baker—and the tailor and dressmaker. Yes, and the life insurance, too."

"That's about all that any of us get out of it," said the stranger.

"And may I ask your business?" Edward inquired.

"I'm just loafing—and visiting," the stranger replied.

Edward took in his personal appearance with a swift glance. He was unmistakably shabby. His clothes were old and thread-bare, his shoes lacked polish, his hat was weather beaten and his hair and beard were both untrimmed. Then it suddenly struck Edward that perhaps this was a case of real charity. Probably the poor old fellow didn't have the price of a hotel bed.

"Come on," Edward cried. "We must hurry if we want to catch the 5.35. It will turn the corner in just three minutes."

But they caught it and were lucky enough to get seats, and quite enjoyed the half-hour ride to Edward's street. Several of Edward's friends were on the car and some of them looked a little curiously at this companion. But he was too sensible to be annoyed by this. Just as they were alighting he suddenly cried out: "But where's your baggage? Wasn't there anything you wanted to bring up?"

He noticed that the stranger seemed a little confused.

"Well, no," he said, "I don't know that there is. You see I'm traveling light this trip." And he gave a chuckle.

A moment later Edward's latch key admitted them, and Edward took his guest into the pleasant little library.

"Anna," he called, and there was a light step in the dining room and a pretty young woman appeared in the doorway. "Anna, this is my father's early friend, Mr. Ezra Doan."

"Glad to welcome you, sir," the young wife said as she offered her hand.

"I'm a rather troublesome guest," said the stranger, "but you musn't put yourself to any bother over me. I'm used to all sorts of fare and all sorts of accommodations. Perhaps I can help?" And he smiled so pleasantly that Anna couldn't keep back a sudden laugh,

"I may have to call on you later," she said. "You see I've never been without a girl before, and it comes a little hard at first."

"Anna is so fussy," put in Edward.

"I'm simply trying to keep the house in a habitable condition. Edward would let everything go until it was past endurance. Oh, men know so little about these things!"

"Of course they do, my dear," put in the guest soothingly. "At the same time I've seen Chinamen in the West who were pretty clever at housework. But don't let us detain you."

"If I had more time I would give Edward a much needed lecture," laughed the young wife. "He treats this servant girl problem as though it were a rare joke. He doesn't appreciate in the least what it really means."

"I'm surprised at him," said the guest.

"It's the same way with all my humorous attempts," said Edward. "They are treated with equal contempt."

The young wife playfully scowled at him and then smiled at the guest.

"Our little dinner is ready," she announced.

It was a pleasant dinner, and the guest seemed to enjoy it most of all. Edward wondered when he had last eaten a good meal. He was an entertaining guest, too, having wandered far and possessing a clever faculty for relating his varied experiences.

And when the meal was over he suddenly removed his coat and declared he meant to help clear away. In vain the young wife protested.

"Why, I'm an expert at this sort of thing," he said. "I've had to cook for a camp over and over again. It was a little primitive, perhaps, but nobody starved.. And he gathered the dishes together in great style.

He was quick and sure-fingered, and delightfully merry over it, And it really was no time at all before the table was cleared and the dishes stacked in the kitchen.

"Do I wash or wipe?" he inquired with a serious intentness.

"If you break anything I'll stop it out of your pay," said the smiling housewife.

"You're very hard on a well-meaning helper, ma'am," said the guest. "Especially toward me that's accustomed to tin plates an' pewter mugs. Where's the wiping cloth?"

So Edward stood around and watched the merry workers, and the guest made the talk still more merry by his reminiscences.

"When we cleared away on the Yuba," he told them, "we used to dump all the dishes in a soap box with a rope tied to it and sink it in the running stream. When we wanted the outfit again we pulled the box to the bank and dumped out the dishes and used them. That was my own idea. Clever wasn't it? Pity you havn't a running stream through your yard. But of course, you've got things pretty neat and tidy here and I like the place, ma'am."

The little frown that had rested on the young wife's brow had quite disappeared when the three returned to the library.

"Look here," said the guest suddenly as he turned from one to the other. "You are awfully nice to me. What do you know about me, anyway? I'm a rusty and shabby old fellow. You're taking grave chances in inviting me into your house. Here I drop in upon you from nobody knows where. 'Hullo,' I say, 'I'm your father's early friend,' and what do you do? You say, 'Come right with me and meet my wife and put her to a lot of trouble and share with us the best we have.' That's what you did. What did you do it for?"

"I believe you to be my father's friend," Edward answered. "He felt grateful to you. He would have thrown his doors wide to you. For his sake I have made you welcome." He paused and looked hard at his guest. "If there is anything further I can do for you," he said, "let me know. In the meantime you will make this your home."

"Edward is a very stupid fellow about many things," said the young wife softly, as she put her hand on her husband's shoulder, "but he is quite right about this."

There was a little pause.

"If you don't mind," said the guest presently, "I'll take a walk outside and smoke my pipe. We'll talk about clothes and razors and money to-morrow. No; don't go with me. I'd rather be alone for a little while."

"Don't get lost," laughed Edward.

"Guess I won't need a compass here," the guest retorted. He looked up the well lighted cross street. "Who lives in the big house on the corner?"

"That's the home of Bruce Rodman, the banker and capitalist.

"Bruce Rodman! Well, well, that's strange."

"What is strange?"

"Just a pasing thought of mine. Will you be home all the evening?"

"Why, yes," Edward replied wonderingly.

It was fully an hour later when Ezra Doan returned. He was not alone. The eminent banker and capitalist was with him, as Edward discovered when he opened the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Plmpton," said the great man as he put out his hand. "Feel as though I ought to be acquainted with you—seen you so often. We haven't been as neighborly as we might have been, but we'll make amends in the future. Nice little home you have here."

Then they passed into the parlor, the dazed Edward bringing up in the rear.

"I found Rodman at home, as you see," remarked Ezra Doan. "And we have put the finishing touches to a development company that we have had in view some little time. We are going to open up several Montana mining tracts of mine that promise unusually well."

"In other words, they bear the indorsement of Ezra Doan, the best mining engineer in the state," said Banker Rodman.

"This is to be a close corporation, as it were," Ezra continued, "and we mean to let very little get outside. Rodman and I have agreed that you are the man we want for secretary and treasurer of the new corporation—at a good salary."

"At a very good salary," said Banker Rodman.

"And a neat little block of stock," added Ezra.

"Our friend from the West has every confidence in you," said the banker, "and what he says goes every time."

* * * * *

There was an appetizing odor ascending from the region of the dining room and kitchen as Edward and his wife descended the stairs the next morning. They had been awakened by unwonted sounds from those lower regions, and had both arisen to investigate, and had found they had overslept themselves—perhaps because of certain exciting developments of the evening before.

A figure met them at the door, a smiling figure adorned by a long apron. It was the figure and the smile of the eminent mining engineer.

"Got the start of you a little," he said, "but I'm an early riser. And I like to get busy as soon as I'm up. Found a little meat market over on the next street and got a steak that suited me and broiled it in the Yuba style. Made a pan of biscuits, too. You've things in wonderfully convenient shape out here, ma'am. And everything is ready to serve. Be seated, please."

As they stood irresolutely looking after his retreating figure, Anna whispered, "What manner of guest is this, Edward?"

"I'm inclined to think, my dear," he softly answered, "that we are entering an up-to-date angel unawares."—(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ayer's
Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only
Hair Vigor
hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.
"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."
MRS. J. H. FIFER, Colorado Springs, Colo.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO. Lowell, Mass.
for
Short Hair

Carmen Sylva on Married Life.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, better known as Carmen Sylva, has just published a book which is in the nature of of reflections on social questions, especially those closely concerning women.

"The so-called woman's question," the Queen says, "has nothing to do with the soul. In nature woman's vocation is motherhood. Whoever affirms the contrary, let them prove it. But now the women want to show the strength of their brains by other work and by the improvement of their minds. This is a transient period, in which the men are to learn that they treated the women too much as their chattels, and not with proper regard to their worth and counsels. This will later on be put right when women have gained their so-called rights, have earned their livings, and made their mistakes, and when circumstances have again become so simplified that the man suffices to provide for the family and lets the woman have the necessary time for the spiritual education of her children.

A woman's real knowledge need not be as great as her desires for knowledge in order to be the spiritual support for her children which she ought to be. If people lived on bread, vegetables and fruits, the men would be able to provide for them. If the women did not need magnificent hats they would not be obliged to earn their bread too. The husbands are to blame that their wives have become like this, and the women are to blame that their husbands no longer suffice, and that they fall into such great temptations. Ideal life would be in the country—in one's own garden, which would yield what one needs for food, with simple healthy clothes, and books, in which one could learn what no stereotyped school lesson teaches."

"But what," she continues, "is the world like to-day? Human beings are cramped up in large towns and gigantic houses. They never see a tree, never breathe fresh air, and are full of envy because their neighbor drinks Hock, and his wife travels first-class. * * * If only women would learn that they are not there to be understood, but to understand! That is their holy vocation. People, especially men, seldom understand women, for the man is much simpler in his sentiments, and has seldom time to hearken to them. It suffices for him if he finds his hearth comfortable when he has worked himself tired. He doesn't want them to study the fine wheelwork of a woman's soul, but thinks that the simple fact of his loving her is enough, and that she wants nothing further. If women only knew what holy strength was bestowed on them by locking up in themselves their solitary thoughts, and being always amiable, unnecessary storms would not so often arise. Instead of weeping with jealousy, one ought to be much more amiable than all other women, so that the husband could continually see that his hearth was the best spot in all the world.

"If one from the beginning regarded marriage as a holy sacrifice, as a perfect self-oblivion, one would perhaps get on better. I do not say they would be happier; that is another question. . . . In every nation marriage bears the character which that nation needs. For this reason no laws and regulations can be made; it is for the single individual to ennoble and perfect themselves in this as in all things. There would be no woman's question if married life had been differently handled The men wanted to have servants, the women heroes; and the men did not become heroes and the women could no longer bear the pressure under which the men tried to hold them. In wedded life people imagine they can let themselves go, and do not think that as soon as they let themselves go all their faults become gigantic and their good qualities insignificantly small. It is just in married life that one ought never to let one's self go. An untimely yawn may result in a complete tragedy."

Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlin's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from a cold or an attack of influenza (grip), and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied on with implicit confidence. Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended, until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficulty in breathing and pains in the chest, then it is announced that the patient has pneumonia. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Terrible Train Accident on the I. C. R.

As the result of a head-on collision between two passenger trains which took place two miles west of Sand Point on the Canadian Pacific Railway early Tuesday morning, thirteen are dead, five train hands and eight passengers, and over twenty others injured.

The collision in many respects is similiar to that which occurred in this province last winter, the principal difference being in the greater number of fatalities. The following story of one of those most concerned tells the cause of the wreck.

The two "Soo" trains, one going east and one going west, ran into each other. The cause of this was Engineer Dudley on the west bound train running past Sand Point, where he was timed to cross the east bound passenger train.

Conductor J. D. Nidd, of No. 7 train, that is the west bound train, said:

"It was the fault of myself and my engineer, John Dudley, that the wreck took place. I did not forget our orders, but the train slipped by Sand Point without my noticing it. My orders were in my pocket. We got our orders at Ottawa, which we left at 2.56 a. m."

Here Mr. Nidd produced a pink sheet commenting "This is what we call a 19 order. It reads 'Train No. 7 and engine No. 836 will meet train No. 8 and engine 837 at Sand Point.'

"As I stated, we slipped by Sand Point without my noticing the station, and at 4.35 a. m., about one and a half miles past Sand Point we crashed into No. 8. Our train was made up of an engine, baggage car, mail car, two second class cars, one first class car, and a sleeper. The head colonist car on No. 7 was telescoped by the baggage car ahead of it, and that is where the loss of life took place.

"I did not forget my orders," repeated Mr. Nidd, "but that does not excuse me. It was my first wreck," and the Conductor broke down completely.

He produced the watch found on Fireman Dubois. It had stopped at 4.53 a. m., the instant of the collision. Conductor Nidd stated that the trains were running about thirty miles an hour at the time of the collision.

Engineer John Dudley, No. 7, who was said by Conductor Nidd to have forgotten his orders, was asked by the Chronicle's correspondent for a statement. Mr. Dudley said: "I have nothing to say." He was painfully injured about the head, which was covered with blood, and his left arm was broken. He was the picture of dejection, and sympathetic railway men were unable to comfort him despite their best efforts. Mail Clerk Beach was five hours in the wreck before being extricated.

His Own Free Will.

Dear Sirs'—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

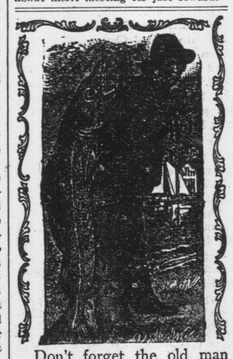
It is truly a wonderful medicine.

—Tom: "I confess I haven't much sympathy with the missionary cause. I had an uncle who went as a missionary, and instead of converting the heathen, they converted him."

Ruth: "How strange! And what faith did they convert him to?"

Tom: "None. They converted him into a stew."

—There is always a difference of opinion between the boss and the employee about merit meeting its just reward.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

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

We Never Guess.

People everywhere will eventually insist on receiving the ideal service they get here without insisting. The public at large are not one half as particular as we are in this matter of pure drugs, or in regard to the accurate filling of their prescriptions.

In the buying, handling, selling or compounding of drugs we never guess. We make sure that everything is right in every particular.

WE WANT TO BE YOUR DRUGGIST.

Royal Pharmacy

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,

Agent for Lingard's Cough and Dyspepsia Remedies.

WAR IN THE EAST.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS TO DATE

The forts at Port Arthur were attacked on the 8th. The bombardment lasted till a quarter to twelve, the Japanese shooting with good aim. Two shells burst on the summit of one fort, and number on the face of the cliffs and along the beach. All of them were heavy shells. Owing to the length of the range all the shells burst on contact with the water or land. Some threw out yellow smoke, but generally it was dense black smoke, temporarily concealing the ships.

Cabling from Shanghai, a correspondent of the Daily Mail says an important bridge on the Manchurian railroad has been blown up and thirty men have been killed.

Japan seized Masampho on Sunday and dispatched a heavy force there. Japan will fortify the port and establish a naval and military base, that Masampho is an exceedingly important point as it controls the Korean channel and is an excellent base for future operations.

The Japanese have captured at least five Russian commercial steamers including the Ekaterinosla, Moukden, Russia, Argun and Alexander. They were captured by the Japanese in Korean and adjacent waters at various times since Saturday, by small cruisers. Some of the steamers are rich prizes. The small steamer Kocik is detained at Yokohama, its status not being clear.

The steamer Smolensk, of the Russian volunteer fleet and two torpedo boat destroyers arrived at Port Said on Feb. 10th. By order of the Egyptian government, they were not allowed to take coal at this port.

The Japanese have reason to believe that Russia is hurrying an army south from Yalu rives towards Seoul. Japan expects to occupy Seoul with a large force within two days and to be fully prepared to meet the Russians before they reach that neighborhood.

More than that she has command of the sea, and Japan may be expected to land troops near the mouth of the Yalu River and to land upon the rear of the Russian invaders of Korea. Important engagements are expected in Korea within a week.

WHAT CAUSED IT ALL.

It has for some time been clear that the respective demands of Russia and Japan were too antagonistic in character to be capable of adjustment without a complete surrender on the part of one or other of the governments on some vital point. In pursuance of her usual policy, Russia latterly has been manoeuvring to place Japan in a position that would compel her to choose between an acquiescence in Russian claims or the alienation of the sympathies of her friends by apparently precipitating a conflict before diplomacy had said its last word. The attempt was noted and deeply resented at Tokio, and this, coupled with the continuous Russian delays in replying to Japan's urgent notes, finally resulted in the rupture of diplomatic relations, an act short only of a formal declaration of war.

Japan throughout has demanded the complete recognition of China's sovereignity over Manchuria; the independence of Korea, and the evacuation of both by Russian troops. Russia has absolutely refused to recognize Japan's right to intervene as regards Manchuria; has declined to acknowledge any higher right of Japan in Korea than her own, and has declined to meet Japan's wishes with regard to a neutral zone in the Yalu river, As these are all, in the opinion of Japan, vitally essential, and as further negotiations and delay could only result in the strengthening of Russia's hold on Manchuria, she cut the Gordian knot by recalling her minister from St. Petersburg.

It must be remembered in reading the cable accounts of the negotiations, that what comes from Petersburg bears the mark of the Bear, whose aim is to put the blame for the outbreak of hostilities on Japan.

CANADIAN CITIZENS CHARGED TO OBSERVE STRICT NEUTRALITY.

Ottawa, Feb. 11.—An extra Canadian Gazette issued late this afternoon contains the following notice signed by the secretary of state: "His Excellency Governor-General, received a telegram from the secretary of state for the colonies, drawing attention to His Majesty's proclamation of neutrality, on the occasion of war between Japan and Russia. The text of the proclamation has not yet come to hand. In the meantime, His Excellency the Governor-General, hereby charges and commands all the subjects of His Majesty within the Dominion, to observe strict neutrality in and during the aforesaid war, and to abstain from violating or contravening either the laws or statutes of the realm in that behalf, or the law of nations in relation thereto. Attention is also directed to the requirements of the foreign enlistment act and rules based thereon. All British subjects are warned against any transgression of the same. The following rules are hereby declared to be enforced forthwith:—

Rule A.—No ships of war of either belligerents may use British waters as places of resort for warlike purposes or equipment, or may leave British waters until twenty-four hours after a ship of either belligerents, whether a ship of war or a merchant ship.

Rule B.—Every such ship of war shall be required to put to sea within twenty-four hours after entrance, unless in the event of stress of weather or the necessity for repairs or provisions, in which case it must leave as soon as possible, and certainly within twenty-four hours of the completion of repairs.

Rule B is subject to Rule A, and time may be extended accordingly. No supplies to be allowed beyond provisions and substance for the crews, necessary for immediate use, nor coal beyond what can take the ship to the nearest port of its own country. No ship can coal in any British port twice within three months. No prizes can be brought into British waters.

JAPS MAY HAVE LANDED.

On the 10th inst. the Japanese tried to land at Pigeon's Bay near Port Arthur. Thirty-six Japanese vessels were then there. It is not known if the attempt succeeded. Thousands of persons are leaving Port Arthur daily by train. There is not even standing room in the cars.

At four o'clock this afternoon the Russian transport Smolensk and torpedo boat No. 211 entered the canal. Torpedo boat No. 222 has broken down and is repairing here.

The Russian rouble has gone down 24 per cent. at Che Foo among the Chinese merchants.

SEVEN RUSSIAN SHIPS CAPTURED.

London, Feb. 12.—In a despatch from Nagasaki dated February 10, a correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says: "There has been renewed attack on Port Arthur. The Japanese captured seven Russian vessels and chased others."

In a despatch from Shanghai dated Feb. 12, 2 a.m., a correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says: "The bombardment of Port Arthur continues. Three Russian cruisers have been sunk. The Russian bank building has been destroyed."

Berlin, Feb. 11.—A despatch to the Vossische Zeitung from Yokohama says the greater number of the Russian warships at Port Arthur have already been disabled, and that several Japanese warships have been sent home for repairs."

A Serenely Happy Man.

Is Mr. Thos. McGlashan, of North Pelham, who was cured of muscular rheumatism by Nerviline, the most powerful rheumatic remedy in the world. I suffered all manner of pain for years, he writes, and Nerviline was the only thing that did me any good. I can heartily recommend Nerviline for all for all forms of rheumatism, it goes to the very core of the pain and brings lasting relief. Let every sufferer from lame back, aching joints and swelled limbs use Nerviline. It's sure to cure and costs 25c. for a large bottle.

Canadian Forestry Association Meet at Halifax.

A Forestry meeting under the auspices of the Canadian Forestry Association, was held at Halifax on the 10th Feb'y, 1904. An informal conference was also held in the afternoon and a public meeting in the evening at which an address illustrated by lantern views was given by Mr. E. Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry. Mr. R. H. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of the Forestry Association, also gave an address.

The objects of the Forestry Association are: the preservation of the forests for their influence on climate, fertility and water supply; the exploration of the public domain and the reservation for timber production of lands unsuited for agriculture; the promotion of judicious methods in dealing with forests and woodlands; reforestation where advisable; tree planting on the plains and on street and highways; the collection and dissemination of information bearing on the forestry problem in general.

The Association is engaged in a work of national importance in which every citizen of the Dominion has a direct interest, and the large attendance at this meeting was very gratifying. The Association appeals with confidence to the public and especially to its own members and to the press for support,

What is Dyspepsia?

Qualms, nausea, longing for food yet dreading to eat. You may have the real thing, but Ferrozone will cure you like it did S. D. Huntingdon, of Hamilton, who says: "I frequently was attacked with such acute dyspepsia that I thought it must be heart disease. I used Ferrozone and got relief. I kept on using Ferrozone and was cured. My digestion is in perfect order and I can eat anything to-day." Nothing is as good as Ferrozone for dyspepsia and those bothered with weak stomachs. Price 50c. at druggists.

The power of going out of one's self and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another, is one of God's best gifts.—Thomas Hughes.

—Minard's Liniment cures colds, etc.