The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, JULY ~~1~~ 8, 1903. NO. 14.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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

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Poetry.

Live in the Sunshine.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom,
Carry some gladness the world to illume.

Live in the brightness and take this to heart,
The world will be gayer, if you'll do your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open-air Christians live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are, and, scorning defeat,
Have a good-morrow for all whom you meet.

Live as the victor, and, triumphing go
Through this queer world, beating down every foe.

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Do Thou Thy Will.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Do thou thy will with me!
I am convinced that thy mysterious ways
Lead ever up to goals of peace. I see
In looking back o'er discontented days,
When I rebelled at paths thou led'st me in—
I see how for my good it all has been.
Do thou thy will.

Do thou thy will. I find
That when I wept because some barrier stood
Between me and my longings, I was blind;
For thou had'st placed it there for my own good
And when in chosen paths I could not go,
It was to guard me from some needless woe.
Do thou thy will.

Do thou thy will. I feel
The calm of realms toward which my feet are led
Across my fevered, restless spirit steal.
The blind rebellion of my heart is dead.
Or in the valley, or on the heights above,
The hand that leads me is the hand of love.
Do thou thy will.

Select Literature.

THE HIDDEN LETTER.

The crisis in Mrs. Wayne's life reached her without warning in the midst of a stupid, commonplace day. It usually happens so. The supreme moments of life come to us heralded by no signs or wonders.

There really seemed no reason why Mrs. Wayne should have been chosen as the victim for such a strange stroke of the lance of Fate. She differed in no way from thousands of other commonplace matrons except in that she was more gentle and indapsive than are most American women. She was, too, very rich. Her money had come to her at the death of her brother, Peter Boyce, a well-known speculator in Wall street. It ran so far up into the millions as to become a weight, shouldered first by her husband, and at his death by her man of affairs, John Banks, who supported his family handsomely on the salary she paid him. She never asked about his investments, but managed to spend the income pleasantly and rationally enough.

That very morning she had been wondering how David, her son, would spend his share of it, when she put it into his hands. The lad, as a child, had been full of ambition, and had elected to go into West Point. There was more chance for adventure and distinction, he said, in a soldier's career than in any other. He had been a cadet for two years, and was at home now on a furlough.

The family were at the Cliff on the Long Island coast, which was Mrs. Wayne's favorite of all her houses. The estate was a small principality. The house had been a mere fishing lodge when Peter Boyce was the owner, but she had built a large gray stone mansion, full of solid comfort, and not witnout a certain air of sober splendor. Mrs. Wayne's tastes leaned to the side of magnificence.

That morning, David, as he swung lazily in the hammock, had said:

"I am glad, mother, that you never have farmed any of this property, but have left it all in timber. I think if you will give it to me, I shall stock the lakes with trout and preserve the game. In two or three years the place should afford excellent sport."

"But not for you, David, if you are going out on the frontier."

David blew a leisurely ring of smoke into the air and watched it vanish.

"Oh, you mean when I am in the army. I shall resign next year. It is folly for a man of my wealth to make a drudge of himself—even in uniform."

"Oh, I did not know," said Mrs. Wayne feebly.

David fell asleep presently, and she scanned his face anxiously over her book. There was a change in it. Perhaps only a mother's eye could see it, but, unidoubtedly, the change was there. The features had grown gross and heavy, there was a sensual droop in the thick eyelids; the eyes, when he woke suddenly, were red and bloated; all the youthful fire had gone out of them. Only a little while ago her boy's look had met hers, gay, saucy, innocent as a girl's. Now—

Why had she been so slow to take the alarm? Could it have been this that old General Coles meant when he called on her last week and talked of the temptations to lead an aimless, sensual life which beset every American lad born to inherit great fortune? She saw it now. He had meant David; he was trying to warn her!

The boy rose and lounged across the lawn. What could she do? She stood looking after him.

Mrs. Wayne was a shy, reticent woman on all matters of religious feeling. She had cared anxiously for David's clothes, his manners and his health, and was keenly jealous of his love for herself; but as for his soul, she never had dared to speak to him of that! How could she begin now?

The poor lady went into the house with these incoherent thoughts rushing through her brain, which usually knew no greater anxiety than that of a new menu or gown. Her daughter generally decided these things for her. She went to find her now. Maggy was cool and clear-headed and loved her brother dearly.

Margaret was seated at her desk, on which was a pile of Spanish dictionaries. She had no talent for foreign languages, but has mastered three. She had David's ambition, but had besides a dogged energy for gaining her ends. She pushed aside her books and listened while Mrs. Wayne told her story.

"I wondered, mother," she said, you did not see the change in him before. It has been long in coming."

"What can I do, Maggy. If I talk to him—"

"Talking has no effect. I have argued and pleaded until I am tired." The girl rose and paced up and down the room, as she always did when she was greatly excited. "There is no way to take hold of David. If he had any incentive, any ambition, or hope! But he has all he wants. He is simply a rich man who can buy as much of the world as he chooses. He will be satisfied to lie down and become more of an animal every day. I love him; but I see no help for him."

She sat down. Mrs. Wayne waited silently for a few minutes, hoping that Maggy would give her comfort, but she had leaned her head back and closed her eyes, as if she would shut out the matter forever.

"She does not understand poor David!" her mother thought, looking at her.

There was no danger that Margaret ever would subside into a contented animal. She had little beauty beyond that of youth and superb health and an eager and bright courage, which gave to the girl a look of exaltation strangely alluring.

She caught her mother's arms as she rose.

"Stop, mamma. Put David out of your mind for a minute. Think of me. I have something to tell you."

"You have accepted him?".

"Him? You mean the prince? Nobody else wishes me to marry him. Of course you mean the prince."

Mrs. Wayne put her arm about her, and looked into her pale, agitated face.

"You know there is someone else. Have you accepted this Italian, Maggy?"

"No; but you will soon receive formal proposals from his father. We must decide. You do not like him because he is a foreigner. You are unjust, mamma. You think it is my money he wants."

"You have a great deal of money, dear, and Italian princes are usually very needy."

"No; you are prejudiced, mammy dear. The man is not a fraud nor a schemer. He has some of the best blood of Europe in his veins, and surely I am not so hideous that I may not be loved for myself. Of course, people will say that I sold myself for a title; but I did not think my mother would say it."

"I did not say it. But—" Mrs. Wayne's eyes filled with tears—"I married a poor man for love, Maggy, and I thought you would do the same."

Miss Wayne drew coldly away from the soft hold.

"You can speak plainly. You mean John Boughton. He has never said that he wished me to be his wife."

"He is afraid of your money," said Mrs. Wayne, with energy. "You know that he loves you; but he will never be dependent upon his wife! He cannot ask you to go to that ranch in Texas. Would you go to it—to herd sheep and cook? Would you?" Margaret laughed.

"You would, you dear, romantic woman! I belong to another generation. I have ambition. I think I could hold a salon in Rome such as we read of in the old times. Besides" with a sudden sob—"he never asked me to go herd sheep."

She kissed her mother passionately, and hurried out of the room.

Mrs. Wayne mechanically took up her embroidery. She always worked at her embroidery at this time in the afternoon. But, was she to go on fussing with flosses and patterns when Maggy was selling herself for a title, and David was going to ruin? She dropped her silks and began to cry and shiver. If she could do anything! The evils were so great, so terrible, and she was helpless. She started up pale and trembling, and went to her own room and locked the door.

When Mrs. Wayne joined her children in the afternoon in the library, there was a bright expectation in her mild blue eyes. She was sure her prayers would be granted. It was at this moment that the great event of her life happened to her. It was a cold rainy afternoon. A log fire burned in the hearth. David and Margaret sat before it busy with their books and newspapers. Mrs. Wayne moved restlessly about taking down a volume from the shelves, glancing into it and replacing it. One of these was a dusty old copy of Montaigne. She opened it, walked to the window, her back to the room, and stood there so long that Margaret said:

"What are you puzzling over, mamma? Can I help you?"

Mrs. Wayne did not speak for a minute or two. Then she went to the shelves and put the Montaigne back in its place.

"It is very—dusty," she said in a faint voice, looking at her hands. "But you cannot help me. Nobody can help me," walking to the door.

"Mother, are you ill?" said David starting up as he saw her face.

"Ill? No, child. I—I must wash my hands."

An hour later David saw her coupe drive to the door. A cold rain was falling and he stopped her in the hall.

"Why do you go out in such weather, mother?"

He was always fond and careful of her. She caught his hand smiling.

"I must see Mr. Banks. I am going to town."

"I will wire him to come up. Or cannot I attend to the business?"

"No, no; I must do it. I can do something now! Send for him to come at once, David."

She went back to her room and did not return to the library until the lawyer came. David and Margaret were there when he arrived.

When their mother entered they rose.

"Stay, children," she said. "This is a matter that concerns you. I want to know that you think I am taking the right course."

Mr. Banks looked at her. There was a decision in her voice that startled him. He often boasted that she was the ideal woman client. She never fussed and asked questions nor asked for herself. She even drew her regular income apologetically, as if she were borrowing the money from him.

She seated herself and handed him a yellow paper.

"I found that to-day," she said. "I did not lose an hour in sending for you. You must go to work at once."

"An old bill, eh," putting on his spectacles.

She did not answer and he read the paper in silence. When he read it he glanced at her sharply and then at the curious faces of her children and turned to it again. He was a keen witted man. He understood it perfectly. If it was genuine, it meant poverty for her and her children, and in consequence, ruin for himself.

"Where did you find this, madam?" he said at last in a careless tone.

"In an old book of which my brother was very fond. It has probably never been opened since his death until to-day."

"Do you know what it is?" turning to David. "Have you seen it?"

"No."

"It purports to be a letter from your uncle, Mr. Peter Boyce, to a woman, Emma Vitry, whom he had secretly married. He speaks of their child. The woman was living under an assumed name in Flushing, New Jersey."

"My uncle was never married!" exclaimed Margaret.

"That is the ground which we shall stand on certainly," said Mr. Banks. "This letter may be a forgery—part of a scheme of some woman who means to blackmail the family."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Wayne's gentle voice; "it is not a forgery. That is Peter's writing. And the letter must have been there for many years. You have no idea of the dust! I remember Emma Vitry. She was my mother's maid, a Cuban, and a very pretty child."

"She and her child are probably dead long ago," said the lawyer, "for they would have made a claim at the time of Mr. Boyce's death—even if there had been no legal marriage."

David, who had kept silence until now, stepped hastily forward.

"But if they are not dead, and if the marriage was legal—what then?"

Mr. Banks laughed uneasily.

"You young people do leap over such great gulfs of impossibilities," he said.

"You do not answer my question, sir?"

"I will answer it, of course, Mr. Boyce left no will. Your mother inherited as the only living relative. If he had a legitimate child, and it is still living, it is the heir."

"To all this property?"

"To all this property. But what a trouble you are basing upon nothing! An old scrap of writing about a hypothetical wife and child."

There was an uneasy silence.

"You might have thrown the paper into that fire, mamma," said Margaret, with a nervous laugh, and nobody would have been a bit the wiser."

"Maggy!" exclaimed David.

"Your sister is only joking, my son," said Mrs. Wayne. "We must find that poor child, Mr. Banks."

"Yes, certainly, madam. The child, (if there ever was such a child), is an adult now. If it has any claim upon your estate it will press it, of course. The onus of proof rests upon the claimant. We contest. He (or she) may not be able to keep up such a costly war, and at worst we compromise, cheaply enough."

"I don't quite follow you," said Mrs. Wayne gently. "If Peter has a living child, of course I shall give up the property to it."

Mr. Banks laughed.

"If there was such a child it would have showed itself years ago. Leave the matter to me, madam. You have done all that is necessary."

Mrs. Wayne was not listening to him.

"David," she exclaimed. "I know who can help us! Your Aunt Wayne lived in Flushing for years. She knew that Vitry girl. Go to town to-morrow and find out what she knows."

"I will go to-night," said David, glancing at his watch.

His hand shook, his features were pinched.

"I wish you ill luck," said Mr. Banks, as he went out.

"We can do nothing more to-night," said Mrs. Wayne.

"No. You have done quite enough," said Maggy. "You are in haste to make us paupers, mother."

"I had to do it. I could not do anything else," said the poor lady, feebly.

Maggie waited until her mother had gone out.

"Of course this is all a foolish scare," she said. "But—what have we Mr. Banks, which we did not inherit from Uncle Peter?"

"Nothing. Well, your mother has a farm in Virginia which brings her in two hundred a year. It is good ground but never has been properly cultivated."

"Two hundred dollars a year for three people!" said Maggie. "How ridiculous!"

She laughed merrily enough. This thing was but an ugly dream to her. Was she not going to Rome—a princess—a bel espirit?

It was late on the following afternoon when David returned. Mr. Banks told his wife afterward that "the boy had touched no liquor that day, though he had been drinking heavily of late. All the grit there is in him came out and there is good stuff in those Boyces. It never occurred to him or his mother to dodge the issue. They can be nothing else but honest. Yet, think what it must be to a young fellow to give up a vast inheritance like that!"

David went straight to the point.

"My news," he said, "is worse than you expect. My Aunt Belle remembers Emma Vitry. She lived in Flushing under the name of Allan and there was a rumor that some gentleman, while drunk, had been tricked into marrying her, but his name is not known. She died years before my Uncle Peter. She had a child, a daughter, who was sent to a boarding school. Suddenly the payments for her tuition ceased."

"That was when my uncle died," said Mrs. Wayne. "No doubt the poor fellow meant to acknowledge his daughter when the war was over."

"She left the school and went to work in a shop in New York. I found her there and asked her if she had any family papers. She had one, and that the certificate of her marriage between Emma Vitry and John Peterson Boyce. The girl had never been called Boyce, and did not suppose that this man was her father. But her face proves it. She is very like you mother. The case is clear to my mind."

Mr. Banks returned to New York that evening to consult higher legal authority.

The family sat down to dinner, but the courses came and went, untasted.

Presently Mrs. Wayne said: "Is this shop girl in any sense a gentlewoman David? I might ask her up and train her a little."

"She is simply impossible," he said curtly.

"Let her alone, mamma," said Maggy.

"I ought at least to send her to school, my dear."

"You do not understand, mother," said David. "You will be able to do nothing for her. If she takes anything from us she takes all—all. I hope this matter will come out right for us. But if it does not we will go down to your land in Virginia, and I will farm it."

"Leave West Point!" cried Maggy.

"Can't you understand, Margaret? Mother will have nothing—but her boy." He jumped up in his old headlong way and threw himself on his knees before his mother looking up into her face. Mrs. Wayne put her hands on his pale cheeks and looked into his eyes.

"My boy has come back to me!" she said, too low for him to hear.

The law moves slowly, even with honesty like that of the Waynes to urge it. But when spring came Miss Boyce was in full possession of her rights, had installed Mr. Banks as her lawyer, and New York had lost sight of Mrs. Wayne and her children.

Five years had passed, when Mr. Banks, who was called by business into Virginia, resolved to "look up those poor Waynes and eat dinner with them."

"And a better dinner," he told his wife on his return "I never tasted. They have very little money, I imagine, but they have a beautiful home and plenty to eat, to do and to read. David has married a daughter of one of the neighboring planters, a lovely, energetic girl. Mrs. Wayne is related to half the county, and you know that with Virginians money is of no account; blood is everything. They have hosts of friends, good, thoroughbred people. Margaret was at home on a visit. That rascally Italian gave her up as soon as she lost her money. But John Boughton—you remember John?—heard of their misfortune in Texas and posted off to Virginia to carry her back with him. She was willing enough, I suspect. It was an old love affair. Boughton is doing well in Texas; Margaret was a little aggressive in her happiness and pride in the West and her husband and her baby."

"But Mrs. Wayne?" asked Mrs. Banks, anxiously; "she must be miserable as a poor woman."

"On the contrary, she is busy and eager and contented. She used to be a poor, dead-and-alive creature, you know. Now, what with her friends, her poultry, her church and her grandchildren her life is full of happiness. David has become a leading man in the neighborhood. I heard everywhere of his sense of honor and his energy. Poverty has brought out the man from the animal. At dinner I sat beside Mrs. Wayne, and saw how she watched him with pride and delight. I went there full of pity and sympathy for her, but I tell you, Louisa, I envied her."—Rebecca Harding Davis, in Waverly Magazine.

Skeletons Unearthed inFlorida.

It is reported that the Bartow gentlemen who are digging for pirates' treasures near the south of Coral creek, just down the bay from Punta Gorda, uncovered last week two hundred skeletons of men, women and children. These gruesome remains were all in one place, some of them heaped upon one another, and they evidently belonged to white people, as a Masonic emblem made of silver was found amongst them.

Now, who were these people, and when and how did they meet their death? is an interesting question. Were they the victims of a shipwreck, of a butchery by pirates, or a massacre by Indians? Evidently a great tragedy was enacted when they met their end, as all died at the same time and were buried in the same grave.

Another find, this time on Alligator creek, made last week by the railroad builders, is not so mysterious. This consisted of the discovery of an Indian mound of several human skulls, one of which is now in the commissary at the depot here and is in a remarkable state of preservation. Not one of the teeth is gone, but all are in a perfect condition. This skull doubtless belonged to some Indian chieftain. A strange thing, however, is the fact that nothing but skulls was found; there were no other bones found in the mound.

There is undoubtedly in this country much buried history of an interesting and possibly thrilling character.—Punta Gorda Herald.

Heavy Floods in New York.

New York, June 28.—New York and vicinity was flooded by a downpour of rain during which in the course of a few hours about half as much water fell as in the prolonged spell of dry weather for a month. It was accompanied by thunder and lightning, and several places were struck by bolts. The streets in various sections of greater New York were inundated and it is said the damage by water would be very great. The flood was most serious along the shore front on south and west street in the borough of Manhattan and in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, where much damage was done by floods twelve years ago. For a good portion of the day the water in some of the streets was four and five feet deep and many families were held prisoners in their homes. A novel sight was that of children going to school in boats.

In Jersey City the rain washed away pavements, flooded cellars, clogged the sewers and flooded streets. In Newark several streets east of the Pennsylvania R. R. became impassable. At Frankford street, the water was two feet deep.

Lazy Livers and Sluggish Kidneys.

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Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure biliousness.

A fatal accident occurred at Woodside refinery, Dartmouth, during the storm Thursday night, the victim being Joseph Hines, who was employed on the night shift, and was attending a large vat of hot syrup. While the lightning was flashing he attempted to walk on a plank across the vat, and it is thought that his sight was affected by a bright flash of lightning as he fell off the plank into the vat and disappeared quickly. His body was got out as soon as possible, but life was extinct.

—Arthur Laurence Haliburton, G. C. B., son of the late Justice Haliburton of Nova Scotia, better known as "Sam Slick," and a keen Canadian, has written a letter to the Times on the political results of Chamberlain's policy. If it should prove successful he claims that a community of interest would spring up in the Empire, ensuring increase in wealth and power beyond the dreams of the United Empire Loyalists.

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
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Dougal, the Modern Bluebeard.

(Special cable to the N. Y. Herald.)

London, June 27.—Within three weeks from to-morrow, the English custom requiring three Sundays to elapse between capital sentence and its execution, Samuel Herbert Dougal will mount the scaffold in Chelmsford jail yard to pay the penalty of a crime which is surrounded by as many circumstances of mystery and sensation as the brain of a novelist ever invented.

A cross between a Don Juan and a Pramzini, Dougal has been lodged in the condemned cell on the strength of evidence as purely circumstantial as that which prompted Daniel Webster's famous peroration. "Murder will out. There's no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession."

Dougal has not yet confessed.

Four years have elapsed between crime and conviction. A lonely house in the quiet Essex woods, a moat which seemed a relic of feudal days, with gaunt fir trees accentuating the note of desolation; a woman, well past fifty, whose earlier life had been embittered by disappointment in love through the death of a young naval officer to whom she was engaged; a woman, too, of romantic disposition, with a taste for poetry, music and art, and a man whose amorous adventures bespoke personal charm amounting to fascination with the fair sex, but possessed of dominant animalism that appears to have overpowered every vestige of moral sentiment—these and the scene and the dramatis personae of a tragedy with which all England has been ringing for months past.

MET THROUGH AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Full of the details of sordid intrigue and of the workings of coarse greed as it is, the story is yet a curious and interesting one. In the autumn of 1898 Miss Camille Cecile Holland, the daughter of a Liverpool merchant and a Frenchwoman belonging to a wealthy family of Henriques, and Dougal met, it is believed, through a matrimonial advertisement.

Dougal was a man with a very varied record. Miss Holland was fifty-five years old, while Dougal was about a year older. Miss Holland was living in Bayswater, and was possessed of a fortune of about $40,000. Her life was a lonely one, her intercourse with her relatives being very slight, and her acquaintance with Dougal speedily ripened into something more. Within a few months of their first meeting they lived together as husband and wife at a place near Brighton, removing thence to Saffron Walden, and eventually to that farm in Essex which was to give its name to the tragedy, "The Mystery of a Moat Farm."

A SECLUDED SPOT.

Moat Farm stands in an exceedingly lonely spot at Chavering. It is far from the railway station. It is approached only by one narrow road, and is surrounded by a wide, deep road. Once the gate of the bridge over the moat is locked, the farmhouse is absolutely cut off from the outside world. On one side of the farmhouse lies a ditch of slimy water, now partially filled in.

At the beginning of May, 1899, Dougal and Miss Holland took up quarters in the farmhouse. Soon after commencing their tenancy Dougal began to fill up the ditch leading from the farm yard to the moat. This work was not completed on the day when he determined to take the epic coast the undertaking will be aided and the Government will obtain from the company ample security for every dollar that will be given to the road.

All that has got to be done now is to arrange the details, and when this is done, the construction of the second trans-Continental line will be assured. A day or two will likely be sufficient to arrange the details.

Canadian Trade.

Dun's Weekly Review of June 26th, says: Prolonged drought in the Halifax districts has reduced the hay crop one half and low water retards operations at saw mills. Fruit prospects are encouraging however and a large output of steel and coal is anticipated. Wholesale and jobbing trade is less active than last month. Although the season has been rather backward at St. John, business is fair and there is little change in the situation. Wholesale trade is only fair at Toronto. Unfavorable weather has interfered with the demand for summer dry goods. More reasonable weather somewhat improves trade and collections are well up to the mark at Quebec. Wholesale trade in Montreal is more than usually good at this season and the demand for hardware is sustained. Boot and shoe manufacturers are buying leather a little more freely and there is a fair export demand for sole. Rain has improved the situations. Trade conditions at Winnipeg are satisfactory, crops in good shape and prospects assuring. Failures number 19 as compared with 20 a year ago.

St. Martin's, Que., May 16, 1895.
C. C. Richards & Co.
Gentlemen.—Last November my child stuck a nail in its knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.
A neighbor advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.
LOUIS GAGNIER.

Steel Trust Reconnoitering.

A London despatch of the 29th ult. says: The Financial Times, commenting on Dominion Iron and Steel company affairs, indicates that the capital required for the completion of the plant will be found locally. It represents the great difficulty of fighting American competition, unless the Canadian government grants increased protection. It also notes that the Carnegie steel trust is reconnoitering for a good position for a factory in Canada.

A Tidy Purse.

(Mail and Express, New York.)

This year's output of gold from Alaska and British Yukon is estimated at $25,000,000. That tidy addition to the world's purse, however, will be less valuable than the final settlement of the Alaskan boundary.

The indications are that the present season will result disastrously to the farmers of Cape Breton Island. Reports from all parts are to the effect that the long, dry season has stunted vegetation and that crops of all kinds will be a complete failure.

Minard's Liniment cures garget in cows.

Outlook in the Steel Market.

Sydney, June 29.—The Chronicle's correspondent had an interview with Mr. W. J. Moxham, the General Manager of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company as to what he thought of the future prospects of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the outlook in the steel market. He was seen at his residence at King's Road this afternoon. In reply to a number of questions put to him by the reporter, Mr. Moxham gave out the following:

"What have you to say about the recent variation in the securities of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co?" Mr. Moxham was asked.

"To the stock speculators I have nothing to say. Speculations being a gamble the professional stock jobber's judgment is better than mine. To those who have invested and paid for their stock with the view of holding on and with no purpose of speculation, I would say that my judgment of the technical side is exactly what it was when I stated my position at Toronto just after taking charge of the Sydney works."

"Then you believe that cheap steel is ultimately going to be made at Sydney?"

"I still believe that sooner or later the cheapest steel on the American side will be made at Sydney. A very essential factor has been proved, the rest is only a matter of time and management."

"Then you think that Sydney as a town can have faith in the future?"

"The ultimate future of Sydney is already assured. The plant is in existence, and is not likely to take wings and fly away. The opportunity to make steel cheaply is also positive. The facts do not permit of a plant that could long remain idle under these conditions."

"What do you think of the prospect in the steel market generally throughout the United States and Canada?"

"We should be prepared for a lower range of price in the early future. The present back bone of the steel industry is in the large crops promised both in Canada and the United States. Production has been so tremendously increased in the late years that nothing but large movement can in my judgment maintain prices at their present level. There is not ground just now for anticipating anything more than a healthy reaction."

"In what I have said as to my faith in the ultimate future of the Sydney steel plant," continued Mr. Moxham. "I do not mean to say that there may not yet be many troubles before final success is reached. I do say, however, that sooner or later success will be realized, and it will be complete.

Government Line From Quebec to Winnipeg.

Ottawa, June 30.—The Cabinet will meet to-morrow to take into consideration the report of the sub committee of the Cabinet which was appointed to meet the representatives of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and discuss the trans-Continental line. One of the propositions which the Cabinet will be asked to approve of is that the section from Quebec to Winnipeg will be built by the Government and leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific.

From Winnipeg to the foot of the Rockies the company will get a Government guarantee of the bonds and a first mortgage will be taken on the road. From the Rockies to the Pacific coast the undertaking will be aided and the Government will obtain from the company ample security for every dollar that will be given to the road.

All that has got to be done now is to arrange the details, and when this is done, the construction of the second trans-Continental line will be assured. A day or two will likely be sufficient to arrange the details.

How the Cocaine Habit Starts.

Generally from using catarrh snuffs and ointments containing this deadly drug. It is well to remember that the only direct scientific cure for catarrh is Catarrhozone, which cures by inhalation of medicated air. (Simply breathe Catarrhozone, and it will cure all forms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Troubles and Deafness. Every breath from Catarrhozone Inhaler soothes, heals and relieves. Permanent sure guaranteed even though other remedies failed. Try Catarrhozone, price $1.00; small size 25c. druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure biliousness.

Value of Forests.

Just as man's existence upon this planet would have been impossible had not the pre-existing forests furnished a rich vegetation mold to give fertility to the soil, so the entire extinction of the forests now would inevitabe bring mankind to a disastrous end.

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. 25c.