

# The Weekly Monitor

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

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NO. 42

## Weak Lungs Bronchitis

For over sixty years doctors have endorsed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchitis, consumption. You can trust a medicine the best doctors approve. Then trust this the next time you have a hard cough.

"I had a severe cough for over a year, and nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and 'Wah' and I recommend it to all my friends whenever they have a cough."—Miss M. Harvey, Washington, D.C.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Solely Proprietors,  
SARASOTA, FLA.  
HAIR YUON.

Ayer's Pills keep the bowels regular. All vegetable and gently laxative.

## BRITISH CEREMONY OF GIVING UP THE GREAT SEALS.

It is a unique and rather pathetic ceremony that occurs when the "seals of office" are surrendered by the members of a retiring ministry in Great Britain. The prime minister himself has no seal, but in his Cabinet are some great personages who possess them. When a ministry resigns its ministers technically remain in office until they have given up the symbols which they represent. To accomplish the surrender of the Great Seal, the Privy Council is summoned to meet twice on the same day. At the first meeting the members of the outgoing Cabinet present themselves and solemnly give into the King's hand the symbols of their respective offices. Then follows an interval, while the ex-ministers are withdrawing, during which the seals lie on a great table under the hand of the king, and during which all government business is technically at a standstill. There is a "constructive recess," so to speak.

After the ex-ministers have retired the incoming officials are ushered in, the Privy Council being called together again for that purpose, and receive from the King's own hand the seals which their predecessors had so recently surrendered. From the Home Office, the War Office, the India Office, wherever there is a secretary of state to have seals, his charge has been disinterested from the safe where it has lain since the last occasion. Perhaps an under secretary has furtively polished them, for though each secretary possesses three only the smallest is ever used, and that but rarely. With the cases in their hand, the secretaries advance to the King in private council and surrender them. But the Great Seal is, of course, the largest and most important, being the only one that is still to any extent used. The chancellor and Lord Keeper of the Seal receives it from the messenger of the seal, whose duty it is always to wait upon it, and will resign it to King Edward. The chief function of the privy seal is to seal every document before the Great Seal. Then the dispossessed Cabinet retires.

Considered as seals, merely with the idea of sealing documents, the smaller seals of state are figments, dreams; but as emblems of what a secretary could do if he liked they are impressive. Imagine the secretary of the Home Office writing a reprieve, and then calling for the seals. A long and solemn silence reigns while they are being fetched from the safe, and then publicly and impressively he selects the largest, and seals the reprieve. Then the waiting hansom gallops off to the scaffold. In reality a reprieve is written out by an under secretary, and not "officially" sealed at all.

Important state documents that deal with the making of treaties, or the institution of royal commissions, are sealed with the great seal in the hand, though it does not still exercise a rivalry with the sovereign, as it did in the days when the Lord Chancellor ran away to Charles I. with the great seal. It is reported that the parliamentarians were quite complacent until it occurred to them to make a duplicate, when they dispensed with the king altogether.

Later kings of England have regarded it in a curious, quizzical manner; as a rival of whom it was foolish to be jealous. How can a king be jealous of

## HALIFAX GETS SOME ADVICE FROM THE COUNTRY.

(Hantsport Advance).

In a somewhat recent issue of some of the Halifax papers, in somewhat hazy articles, they reiterate the sentiment (a good one in itself) "Halifax should put its shoulder to the wheel." This, of course, means as to the progressiveness of Halifax, that Halifax should progress, go forward, and do all sorts of these things. Will Halifax papers allow us, just little us, to make a suggestion, as to some of the first principles in the much-wished-for progress of that city, which we humbly think, might possibly be for its ultimate advancement. Know. Let them get up in the morning within a reasonable time, to meet their customers. Let them answer letters, addressed to them at least within three days after getting them. Let an order for goods be filled and sent to country customers, off of whom they make their living in a less superficial manner, etc. These are but small matters may be, but it is small matters that make up the sum of life. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," and little drops of water make the mighty ocean, and grains of sand the sea shore. As things are now in Halifax, and always have been, in fact, an order of goods, or an answer to a letter, can be gotten much more quickly from St. John than from that city, and St. John and other places are consequently coralling the trade, that Halifax might just as well have, while Halifax papers and Halifax people sleepily say at about 10 o'clock in the morning, "Let us put our shoulder to the wheel," which they generally do at once, in some highly respected hotel. There are still other reasons which Halifax papers and Halifax people can get for asking, from their country cousins, who have long suffered in the premises, and which information we think will be much benefitted by, if they wisely take it to heart. More anon.

It would be an excellent thing, wouldn't it, if our city and national governments could look at the children as the government in Nova Scotia looks at tuberculosis cattle? There are hundreds of thousands of children marching rapidly along the road to consumption and death. For one cow afflicted with tuberculosis the number of human beings is many. With the tuberculosis children, in our crowded slums, we are still pursuing the old method—we let them die. Civilization hasn't the moral courage to shoot them, and their misery and prevent the spreading of the disease. So they are allowed to die slowly, while the landlords of the damp, dark, foul tenements collect their rents, and the city government leaves the streets

his own seal? Yet, it is almost an air of triumph with which King William IV makes good of the broken seal of his predecessor. Grenville relates the story. Lord Chancellor Brougham and ex-Chancellor Lyndhurst were wrangling for the pieces of the defaced seal. King Edward gravely separated the halves, and decided by the toss of a coin. "The King is a queer fellow," added Grenville, but he does not say which half went to each.

The great seal, it is well known, must never leave the lord chancellor's possession, nor must it be taken from his custody. Michael Macdonagh, in his classic book on Parliament, relates how Brougham took it with him to Scotland and excited the great indignation of his royal master. He had arrived at Rothiemurchus, and as a great privilege disclosed his treasure to the ladies of the party gathered there by the Duchess of Bedford. These playful people hid it in a tea chest, and Lord Brougham was really thrown into considerable distress searching for it, and to celebrate its recovery he allowed them to make pancakes in it. Not satisfied with this first experiment he subsequently repeated it at Tadmouth, and for the second time in its existence the great seal of England was used as a frying pan.

One, indeed, the great seal has been stolen. In 1784 it vanished from the house of Lord Chancellor Thurlow in Great Ormond street. Pitt, who had just been appointed prime minister, vowed that the Whigs had stolen it to avert a general election, as Parliament could not be dissolved without it. The difficulty, however, was overcome by the production of a new one in the record time of thirty-six hours.

About thirty years later the great seal was lost under rather amusing circumstances. Eldon, the lord chancellor, was so nervous over his trust that he always slept with it in his room. One night there was a fire. Jumping from his bed he snatched up the box, rushed down into the garden and buried it in one of the flower-beds. Then in his excitement he forgot the place. "You never saw anything so ridiculous," he wrote afterward—"as seeing the whole family down the walks dabbling with bits of stick until we found it."

Such care is taken of the great seal that, although the "purse-bearer" always accompanies the lord chancellor into the House of Lords, the great seal is not in the watch. It is left in its morocco covered box in a strong safe at the residence of the lord chancellor.

## FIRST THE CATTLE, THEN THE CHILDREN.

Boston American Asks If It Wouldn't Be Nice If Children Should Become as Important as Cattle or Money.

The following is an editorial in Hearst's Boston American.

Here's a piece of news. Read it: "The cattle on the Dominion experimental farms at Nappan, Nova Scotia, that have developed tuberculosis are not to be slaughtered. Dr. Rutherford, veterinary inspector general, has recommended that experiments be made in the hope of eradicating the disease by the fresh-air cure."

It seems that we are making progress. The custom has been, when cattle showed signs of tuberculosis, to let them die, or, if the government agents got hold of them, to shoot them. There has been some improvement in plans and methods, according to the statements above. People know that fresh air will cure tuberculosis—if you add rest and sufficient food to the fresh air. Therefore the cattle in Nova Scotia are to get the benefit of scientific discovery.

It would be an excellent thing, wouldn't it, if our city and national governments could look at the children as the government in Nova Scotia looks at tuberculosis cattle? There are hundreds of thousands of children marching rapidly along the road to consumption and death. For one cow afflicted with tuberculosis the number of human beings is many. With the tuberculosis children, in our crowded slums, we are still pursuing the old method—we let them die. Civilization hasn't the moral courage to shoot them, and their misery and prevent the spreading of the disease. So they are allowed to die slowly, while the landlords of the damp, dark, foul tenements collect their rents, and the city government leaves the streets

dirty, and the elevated railroads crowd out the light and sun, and the adulterators of food destroy what little hope there might be of recovery. The children of the tenements, like the cattle of Nova Scotia, could be cured by fresh air—and there is plenty of it in the land. Enough food is wasted every year to fill with health and vigor all the little consumptive children. And there is no real reason why the little sick children should not recover, with food, air, sunlight and rest, if they could get away from the noise and the damp and the filth and the poisoned food and the make-believe milk.

It would be creditable to civilization if a great, rich city, with hundreds of millions of property and hundreds of millions of inhabitants, should do as much for a tuberculous child as Nova Scotia proposes to do for its tuberculous cows. But let us not be idiotically optimistic, or cynically critical. A cow has cash value. If you give it fresh air and food and haul up its tuberculous lungs, you can sell it for \$35 or keep it and sell its milk for four cents a quart.

Whereas if you heal the tuberculous lungs of a child, feed it, rest it and give it fresh air, what can you sell it for? Nothing. Therefore for some time to come, science and civilization will take care of tuberculous cows and let tuberculous children take care of themselves. This is the state we have reached in civilization so far. You see that there is room for progress, in spite of the nation's patriotic "stand-patency."

Then search your 'nether trousers—  
Go find an hundred ounces—  
Two-score and twelve of Monitors  
Wait on your move-menta.  
We'll send them through the summer;  
You'll get them in the fall;  
They'll moderate the winter  
When blizzards have the call.  
Take up the Wise Man's Paper—  
Don't borrow from a friend;  
'Tis less than tuppence weekly—  
A magazine to spend—  
And when you've read your copy,  
'Ede, 'n' 'Ads,' and items through  
You'll know a heap sight more than  
Than men less wise than you.

So hasten in your orders—  
Fill out your checks and stubs;  
Though printing might two thousand  
We're not afraid of clubs.  
Once enrolled upon our list  
You're handed down to fame,  
But—lest you forget—send on  
Your dollar all the same.

Fishermen's Unions.

Although but of recent date Fishermen's Unions are growing apace. That they are already exerting a beneficial influence and proving an inestimable boon to a numerous and important factor in our population and commercial life is evident upon a more or less intimate acquaintance. They are a sign of the progressive spirit that is characteristic of the present age among all classes and occupations.

In common with all innovations—and this is a welcome one—the first steps in the existence of the union are the most difficult, for to enable a union to carry out its object successfully, it is necessary that the whole body of fishermen should belong to it in addition to any legal control the union is privileged to exercise over the fishing industry in its particular locality. Grievous conditions that applied only to certain localities, the removal of which seemed problematical, or next to the impossible are now numbered with the past. The "Fishermen's Union" has broken the fetters, we refer to the facilities for the shipment of "large" lobsters. The fishermen of East Shelburne and Queens have always been handicapped because of total inability to connect with the American market. This season, as a result of fraternal effort, the members of a certain union have secured a steady price for their "small" catch from a local packer, while at the same

## LIST OF DEAD IN GLOUCESTER'S FISHING FLEET.

During last year but nineteen lives were lost of the thousands who man the great Gloucester fishing fleet. This is an unusually small list and the cause of the diminution is put down to the fact that a larger and more staunch type of vessel is being built. Following is the death list:

John McKenzie, 21 years old, native of Annapolis Valley, N. S., single, washed overboard from schooner Ella M. Goodwin in South Channel, January 2, 1906. Four others of the crew, Louis Douglass, Frank Miles, Robert Lee and Bowman Nickerson, were washed overboard by the same sea, but were saved.

Robert Sterling, 59 years old, native of Scotland, single, dropped dead from heart disease on board schooner Cecil H. Low, on Georges, January 19.

John Goston, 44 years old, native of Guysboro, N. S., single, washed overboard from schooner W. H. Moody, on Georges, January 25.

William Crowell, 23 years old, native of Bear Point, N. S., washed overboard from schooner Metemora on Le-Have bank January 25. Left widow and one child.

John Berry, 22 years old, single, native of St. Mary's Bay, N. F., and James Lambert, 43 years old, native of Torbay, N. F., two of the crew of schooner Manhasset, drowned on Georges February 6, by the capsizing of the dory.

Raymond Muise, 39 years old, native of Yarmouth, N. S., single, one of the crew of schooner Oregon, fell from the wharf while boarding the schooner March 10, and was drowned.

Michael Campbell, 60 years old, native of Bras d'Or, Canada, died on board schooner Senator on the Banks March 15. Left widow and two children.

Lewis George, 33 years old, native of Carbonara, N. F., single, one of the crew of schooner Independence II, died of heart disease off Sable Island, April 2.

Jerome Calveau or Cotreau, 44 years old, and Rasmie Surette, 23 years old, natives of Tazet Wedge, N. S., both single, two of the crew of schooner Sceptre, went astray from the vessel on the Banks in a fog April 2, and were never heard from.

Norman P. Ryan, 35 years old, native of Vogler's Cove, N. S., died June 4 at the Chelsea Marine hospital. Left widow.

Fred. Hodgdon, 45 years old, native of Boothbay, Me., single, drowned in the dock June 19.

Orrin Reed, 50 years old, native of Boothbay, Me., cook of schooner Corsair, died on Georges July 22 of heart failure. Left widow.

Alex. McDonald, 42 years old, native of Arichat, N. S., one of the crew of schooner M. B. Stetson, drowned in his dory on Grand Banks August 9, from an attack of epilepsy. Left widow.

Stephen Wharton, 22 years old, native of Liverpool, N. S., single, one of the crew of schooner Tartar, died at Liverpool, N. S., August 26.

Albert Smith, 35 years old, native of Sweden, single, fell overboard from schooner Atlanta October 20 while on the passage to Newfoundland on a herring trip.

Jam's McDonald, 38 years old, native of Nova Scotia, single, one of the crew of schooner Stranger, drowned November 15 off Thachery Island by the capsizing of his dory.

Harry Hammond, 21 years old, native of Newfoundland, single, washed overboard from schooner Elmer E. Gray, December, about 40 miles south-east of Highland Light.

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.—You won't be if you use Kendrick's Liniment. There is nothing like Kendrick's for Lameness, Swelling, Pains, Sore Throat, and Lungs, and as a general household remedy.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

## Holiday Greetings

Have you become the order of the day. Before purchasing your gifts drop in and see our variety. We have a special assortment this season, best quality at easy figures.

LEATHER GOODS,  
SHOPPING BAGS,  
Purses, Bill-Folds,  
WRITING PORTFOLIOS,  
EBONY SETS, a large range to pick from.

STATIONERY,  
PERFUMES, which include the finest odors of the best French, English and American makers.

Our lines are well worth your inspection—and it is a pleasure to see to show them to you, whether you desire to purchase or not.

## Royal Pharmacy

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

## ACADIA'S SECOND FORWARD MOVE WAS SUCCESSFUL

Wolville, Jan. 4.—The Acadia Second Forward Movement was begun in 1903, and contemplated the raising of \$200,000 for Acadia University and its affiliated institutions. A pledge for half the amount was obtained from Mr. Rockefeller, conditioned upon the raising of the other half from other contributors. Mr. Rockefeller's pledge required that the contributions of others should be pledged by January 1st, 1906, and paid by January 1st, 1908.

On the first instant the Governors of the University were happily able to report to Mr. Rockefeller that the conditional \$100,000 had been pledged in full by contributors other than himself, with something over, and that \$40,000 of the amount had already been paid in.

This is an achievement immensely creditable to the Baptists of the Province and their friends, especially as this Second Forward Movement followed close on the heels of the First Forward Movement by which \$75,000 was secured for the educational work. The two movements together secure the handsome sum of \$275,000 for the strengthening of the work at Wolville. Of this entire amount Mr. Rockefeller contributes \$115,000; other friends outside the province, perhaps \$10,000; but not less than \$150,000 have been contributed by the Baptists and their friends in the Maritime Provinces.

The pledges yet to be redeemed are all payable by January 1st, 1908, and as in the case of the First Movement the amount pledged was raised to the last dollar, so without any doubt will it be with the Second Movement. Each quarter the Board reports to Mr. Rockefeller the amount actually collected during the preceding three months, and promptly receives his cheque for an equal amount.

WHEN YOU BUY KENDRICK'S LINIMENT you buy the best. The best is none too good. Be sure and get Kendrick's Liniment. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Jarius Hart Had Leg Amputated.

Halifax Merchant Successfully Underwent Operation Last Week.

Jarius Hart, one of the oldest and most successful merchants of Halifax, yesterday, underwent a serious operation at his residence on Pleasant street. Mr. Hart had one of his legs amputated. Gangrene had developed, and the operation was necessary to save his life. It is understood that the doctors decided that Mr. Hart could not live more than seventy-two hours, if he did not submit to the operation, and though eighty-seven years of age, Mr. Hart consented to have his leg amputated. The operation was successfully performed by Dr. Stewart and Dr. Slayter, and the patient stood it remarkably well for a man of his years. Last evening he was resting easy, and his many friends will be pleased to hear that every hope is held out for his ultimate recovery.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.