Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1901. NO. 12

Professional Cards.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

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Capital Paid-up, - 900,000
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As I am an authorized agent of the Herbaroot Medical Company, of Montreal, for the sale of **Herbaroot Tablets and Powders**, the great family medicine and KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS, for the cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Torpidity of the Liver, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Pains in the Back, Female Weaknesses, and all impurieties of the blood, I would say to those in poor health that I will send by mail to any address on receipt of price, Herbaroot Tablets.
200 days' treatment, with guarantee, - $1.00
100 " " " " .50
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Herbaroot Powder cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, stops Headache and relieves Asthma.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of Centreville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

O. S. MILLER,
Executor.

Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.—14 tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of WALLACE G. FOWLER, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Gentleman, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

LOUIS G. DEBLOIS, M. D.,
Sole Executor
or to F. I. MILNER,
Proctor of the estate. 6m

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is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

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Billheads, Letterheads,
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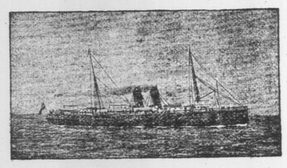
Dodgers, Posters,
Booklets, Books,
Visiting Cards, Business Cards,

or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.



THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.

On and after October 6th, this Company will make

Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:

Steamer "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival trains from Halifax.

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.

Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
For tickets, staterooms and other information, apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway, 126 Hollis St., North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any agent on the Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central and Coast Railways.
For tickets, staterooms, etc., apply to
D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

FLOUR and FEED DEPOT

In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

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Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockeryware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

☞**Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.**

SHAFNER & PIGGOTT.

—One of the results of the Jacksonville fire corroborates the *Gazette's* contention that every child, no matter what his or her financial prospects should be taught to make a way in the world by manual labor. Young professional men who lost all in the fire, and young women similarly situated, who never made a loaf of bread, an apron, nor washed a handkerchief, are clamoring for work to enable them to obtain shelter and food, are as helpless as children because their education has been neglected and they do not know how to make their hands useful. Some of the richest men in the world very wisely insist upon their children becoming proficient in some manual employment, so that when they grow older they will not be helpless if overtaken by financial ruin.—St. John *Gazette.*

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Discovered at last; a remedy that is sure, safe and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor never fails, never causes pain, nor even the slightest discomfort. Buy Putnam's Corn Extractor, and beware of the many cheap, dangerous, and flesh eating substitutes on the market.

FAST GROWING CHILDREN

especially school children, whose brains are much exercised with study and whose strength does not keep pace with their growth, should be given

Puttner's Emulsion

This preparation contains phosphorous and lime, in palatable form, and just in the best condition to be taken into the system, and supply what brain and nerves require, and to build up the bodily structure; and the codliver oil supplies much needed fat food.

Be sure you get **Puttner's** the original and best Emulsion.

Of all druggists and dealers.

Poetry.

God's Pruning.

(Montreal Witness.)

I looked my last upon a fair young face,
That erst in fresh, warm life had softly lain
Next to my own in exquisite embrace;
Then followed dumbly in the mourners' train.
I heard the casket sink relentless down,
And heavy clods among the flowers drop;
And gazed till round the spot a grassy crown
Had sealed the treasure from my vision up.
And then I turned away to emptiness;
Yes, void was all the crowded world around.
I saw not, heard not, felt not, in the space
Aught that could charm my spirit, or could wound.
I saw homes lighted with the torch of joy,
I heard the laugh of gladness and of mirth,
All was to me a dull, sad mockery,
I only wondered how such cheer had birth.
I spread the table where all else might eat
Yet scarce a morsel passed my pallid lips;
Watched others in their mighty slumber sweet,
But slept not—life was in a dark eclipse.
I could not read, or think, or pray or feel,
Before the great Unknown, whose mighty hand
Had stripped me of my all, how could I kneel?
How love a power I could not understand?
Till one May morning when the balmy air
Had wooed the buds to life and birds to wing,
I walked alone into my garden where
My baby with me used to walk and sing.
And, lo, with noiseless, but with busy knife,
The gardener wrought to train and prune and tie
A tree I had myself nursed into life,
Just at the moment caught his watchful eye.
A beauteous branch which too near earth had grown,
One sharp incision, and it prostrate fell;
"Ah, cruel hand," I cried, with bitter tone,
Why must the knife my brightest hope dispel?
"It steals the life and hinders all the fruit."
With tender mien, yet calmly, he replied:
"The branch was fair, yet for this single shoot
The tree should not its true life be denied."
And then it flashed across my stupid heart
That other trees had need of pruning, too.
And well content should be to bear the smart
For sake of vigor and of fruitage due.
And I could see what my dull eyes saw not
When my sweet babe was stricken from my breast,
How in her love I had all else forgot,
My earthly duty and my heavenly rest.
No longer is the world an empty space;
I mingle with the throng, and work and smile;
The hand that smote is laid in healing grace,
Upon the wounded heart and all is still.

Mrs. Helen E. Brown.

Select Literature.

"Dalrymple, V. C."

Miss Lavinia Priestley's parlor was a charming little room; on that point every one in Baildon was agreed. It had a quaint, old-world air that was especially delightful in those days of bustle and excitement. "A haven of refuge" her brother, the hard-worked vicar of Baildon, used to call it, when, after a long, tiring day among his poorer parishoners, he would drop in, about five o'clock, for a cup of tea.

Miss Lavinia did not entertain; neither her means nor her inclination would have permitted it; but her intimate friends knew that if they called at Myrtle Cottage about tea time, they were sure of a warm welcome and a deliciously cosy little meal, fragrant Souchong, thick cream, and dainty little tea cakes and scones of Miss Lavinia's own making.

Miss Lavinia herself, in her pale grey gown, with the dainty lace ruffles at her throat and wrists, seemed quite the ideal mistress of her pretty room, with its old-fashioned casements, quaint lattaced panes, and wide, softly-cushioned window seats.

All Miss Lavinia's furniture was that of a by-gone day; she had brought it with her from the north country vicarage where her earlier days had been spent, and nothing was new but the revolving bookcase by the window, and the great roomy wicker chairs that stood near the fireplace.

Miss Lavinia sat in one of them today; her knitting, a pile, of fleecy, snow white wool, lay in her lap; but the usually busy fingers were idle, and she was doing nothing but what she would have described as "a big think." Presently, a hot cinder dropped on the hearth and roused her from her reverie; with a sigh she looked up and murmured, half audibly, "Forty to-day!"

"Forty!" she could hardly realize it. The time seemed to have slipped away, leaving but few landmarks. She could scarcely believe that so many long years lay between her and her vanished youth. Ever since her twenty first birthday her life had been one of waiting.

Her father's terribly sudden death had left her mother a hopeless invalid, with nerves and mind in a state which needed all her daughter's love and care. Lavinia, till then scarcely more than a petted, child had risen nobly to the occasion; putting resolutely aside all the sweet dreams of love and happiness which were just then beginning to dawn upon her, she had devoted herself to soothing and nursing her desolate mother.

Poor Mrs. Priestley had lingered on, year after year, tenderly cared for, though with but small improvement in her condition, and when, at last, death, in its most merciful guise, set the weary spirit free, Lavinia Priestley felt that her work was over. Youth had fled forever, she could neither take up the friendships nor the occupations of the past, and life looked very dreary.

Her brother the vicar, had lost his wife some two or three years before my story opens, but his young daughter acted as his housekeeper, and, though he would have wished his sister to share his home, she felt that her place was not there.

Between Lavinia Priestley and her niece there existed a hearty affection; as strong a one, that is to say, as their very different views of life permitted, but there was a decided lack of sympathy on many points. May was just twenty-two; bright and energetic, full of plans for the future and for her work, and just a little inclined to be impatient with the aunt, whose very calmness often irritated her.

But it was this very calmness, this air of repose, as of a little hermitage quite outside the haunts of men, that the vicar found so refreshing; and May often said, half complainingly, that her father had tea more frequently in Aunt Lavinia's cottage than in his own home.

The sound of her brother's step in the hall roused Lavinia from her reverie, and she looked up with a smile as he came into the room.

"I have come for a cup of tea, Lavinia," he remarked, as soon as he had greeted her. He had evidently forgotten it was his sister's birthday; and she felt a little unreasonably depressed; the change from the happy little festivals of her girlhood struck her now as it had never done before.

"May has gone to the bazaar at Oldham," the vicar went on, taking his favorite chair, and stretching out his feet to the inviting-looking fire.

"Oh! for the restoration of Oldham Church, is it not?" Miss Lavinia inquired, with mild interest.

"Yes!" her brother assented. "She has gone with Lady Northcote; she wanted me to go, but I always did fight shy of bazaars, you know, Lavinia. She said she should call here on her way back and walk home with me."

"I believe she is coming now," said Miss Lavinia. "I heard the garden gate creak. Ah! I thought so'—as the bell sounded. "That is May's ring!"

May came into the room with her arms full of parcels, "Just a kiss, Auntie, dear," she said, lightly, "and then I positively must put these things down for a few minutes; I hate nursing a lot of packages, and I have such a piece of news for you."

"What have you bought?" her father asked, with some curiosity, as she laid her purchases on one of Miss Lavinia's dainty little inlaid tables.

"Oh, all sorts of things, dad; I laid your money out well. There is a doll for little Ella Grundy, quite a collection of shawls and flannel petticoats for the old ladies at the almshouse, and—oh, yes!—a smoking-cap—a gorgeous one, for you, worked by Lady Cochrane herself

"May!" The vicar groaned reproachfully. "And you know I never wear the things."

May gave him a reassuring little pat. "Never mind, dad, if you don't want it, it will do for Uncle John's birthday present. I simply had to buy something from her ladyship. Now for my news! The Cochranes had quite a large party with them, and among them an old friend of yours; now guess, dad!"

"An old friend of mine!" echoed the vicar, in surprise.

"Yes, an old friend of yours, and of auntie's, too; at least, he asked after Miss Lavinia Priestly, and said he remembered her, but he spoke quite enthusiastically of you, dad. But I must tell you—you will never guess. It was a Major Dalrymple, one of the Soudan heroes!'

'Dalrymple—not Jack Dalrymple, surely!'

'Dalrymple, V. C.,' amended May. 'Yes, it is the same man, dad. He was mentioned for bravery—distinguished bravery—in the despatches. The Queen decorated him at Windsor last month. He was captain on the headquarters staff, but he was promoted, and came home with Lord Kitchener.'

Miss Lavinia sat a little back in her chair, and took up her knitting. 'How was he looking?' she asked, quietly.

'Oh, very well, extremely well,' returned May, eagerly. 'He really is a very handsome man, only he has a sabre cut across his right cheek; he got it rescuing a comrade from the dervishes who surrounded him. But that does not spoil him,' she went on enthusiastically. 'After all, it is as much a decoration as his V. C.,

'He always was a fine-looking fellow,' said her father. 'Let me see, he must be forty-five, or so, now, I suppose.'

'He doesn't look it,' returned May, quickly. But you will see him to-morrow for he is coming over to tea with us; and, Auntie, you must come, too, to have a look at your old friend. He was so kind to me,' she went on, laughing a little self-consciously. 'He asked whether he might call to-morrow; and he talked to me more than any one. I belive Elsie Cochrane was quite jealous. Oh! that reminds me. May I ask Ann for her recipe for griddle cakes? Major Dalrymple was saying he used to be so fond of them.' And, hardly waiting for her aunt's ready permission, May hurried out of the room.

When the brother and sister were alone again there was a moment's silence; then the vicar said, without looking up, 'May is a good deal like you, Lavina.'

Miss Lavinia smiled a little.

'Like what you were at her age,' he amended, blunderingly.

His sister's usually pale cheeks flushed a little. 'I never had May's spirits or energy.'

"No," agreed her brother, thoughtfully; "you were quieter. Girls were different in those days; but I am not sure that they have improved; upon my word, Lavinia, I am not at all sure that they have improved. But, about Dalrymple; do you mind meeting him Shall I give May a hint not to press the matter?'

For a moment Miss Lavinia hesitated; then she drew herself up with a little air of gentle dignity which sat well upon her. "Why should I object to meeting Major Dalrymple, Arthur? I shall be pleased to accept May's invitation.'

"But—I thought, perhaps—" began her brother, hesitatingly.

"That it might not be pleasant; but—oh, yes, my dear, I am ready," as May came hastily into the room.

"I have the recipe all right, Aunt Lavinia, thank you, and please be sure to come up in good time to-morrow, for Major Dalrymple has challenged me to a game of tennis, before tea, if it is fine, and you must entertain the dad meanwhile."

Miss Lavinia was conscious of a strange thrill of excitement as she entered the vicarage drawing-room the next day; and there was a very becoming flush on her still fair face, as a tall man, standing near the fireplace, turned towards her.

"This is Major Dalrymple, Aunt Lavinia," May said with a smile, and Lavinia was painfully conscious of the boldness of her greeting. "How do you do, Major Dalrymple?"

As the Major held her hand in his firm clasp, in memory she was living through a very different scene; a moonlit garden, a man and woman, with hands clasped in mute agony—a look of passionate pain in the man's eyes—sad entreaty in the girl's.

But in a moment the vision had fled, and the Major's hearty voice was inquiring after her health with pleasant warmth. Then, somehow she reached her favorite low chair by the window, and sat down with a curious stunned feeling.

Major Dalrymple turned to May, and resumed his conversation, and the Vicar came over to his sister. "A good deal altered, isn't he?" he began, with a jerk of his head towards the Major. Then, after a long pause, "He—I think he seems a good deal taken with May."

He considerately looked away from his sister as he spoke; but Lavinia had recovered herself now. "Yes! Indeed! And how nice the child looks to-day," in a tone of ungrudging commendation.

May was certainly looking her best, as she stood and chatted with the Major; her white flannel tennis dress, with its broad blue ribbons, accentuated her fair complexion and heightened the brilliance of her fluffy golden hair.

Yet it might be observed that Major Dalrymple's eyes glanced frequently from her fair girlish face to the distant window, where Miss Lavinia, in a softly flowing gown of her favorite grey, sat chatting with her brother. Presently he moved. "When are we going to have our game, Miss May?" he asked, smilingly; and May willingly accompanied him to the tennis lawn.

From where Miss Lavinia sat, she could see them running backwards and forwards and hear the echo of their merry laughter. The Vicar left the room to speak to a poor parishioner, and she was left alone.

The flush in her cheeks had faded, and she was looking rather pale when the tennis-players returned. May, flushed and triumphant, reproaching her opponent with laziness, and the Major apologetically pleading want of practice.

"Sugar and cream, Miss Priestly?" he said a moment later, as he brought Lavinia her tea.

The hand trembled slightly as she took it, and she glanced up, wondering whether he, like her, remembered those pleasant little tea-parties in the vicarage garden twenty years ago. But the Major's face was quite impassive, and she looked away with a sigh.

Presently more callers came in, and May's attention was claimed by one and another, but, through it all, Major Dalrymple kept by her side, and Lavinia could see how his tall soldierly figure was bent over her niece, and the look of interest and admiration in his dark eyes as he replied to her laughing sallies.

The Major was an object of great interest to the visitors, too; the fame of his exploits in the Soudan had spread, and to think of seeing a real Victoria Cross man was, as one enthusiastic young lady observed, "quite too lovely."

Lavinia was overwhelmed with questions about him, and had to relate as much as she knew of the engagement in which he received the wound in his face. At last, rather disgusted with the mere meagre details, with which alone she could furnish them, her questioners drew away and joined the group near the tea-table.

Amid their merry noise and chatter Lavinia felt that she would not be missed, and under cover of a particularly hearty burst of laughter, she rose and slipped quietly out of the room.

"Tell Miss May my head ached a little, so I am going to walk quietly home," she said to the servant whom she met in the hall.

Her head was indeed aching with a dull heavy pain, and she pushed her hat a little from her brow as she walked slowly down the drive. As she opened the gate, there was a quick step behind her, and a well-remembered voice said, "Lavinia."

She turned with a start. "Major Dalrymple!"

The Major was smiling as he held the gate for her. "Now, is not that rather too bad?" he expostulated, with a twinkle in his eyes; "it always used to be Jack!"

"Yes, yes, a long time ago," said Miss Lavinia, in her confusion. Then, as the Major closed the gate and took her hand with the evident intention of placing it on his arm, a sudden recollection came to her, and she drew it away hastily.

"Ha! Lavinia. What does this mean?" the Major inquired, stopping short in the road, in something very like consternation.

Miss Lavinia cast a hasty glance up and down. No one was in sight, but still—"Oh, it looks so unusual," she objected, weakly.

"Not at all; not at all," the Major returned, sturdily. "Commonest sight in the world. But if you have made up your mind to throw me over, Lavinia, say so plain out, please. Don't try to spare my feelings. I have stood a good many of fortune's hard knocks already."

Miss Lavinia looked at him, her blue eyes wide open. "Throw you over! Jack! Major Dalrymple! What can you mean?"

"This is all very well," said the Major, crossly. "Did I not tell you I should wait until you were free—that I should never marry any one else? Didn't I tell you so, Lavinia?" giving her hand a little squeeze. "And didn't you say that if you were free you would marry me? Well, what is the matter now?" as Lavinia gave a little cry.

"Oh, Major Dalrymple!—well, Jack, then—it is so long ago. How could I think that you would remember?"

The Major took off his hat, and wiped his forehead. "Lavinia," he said, solemnly, "I have been a long time away, fighting with savages: I never did understand much of the ways of women, and it seems to me I know less than ever now. Do you mean to say that you have tired of me; and is this a polite way of putting it?"

There were tears in Miss Lavinia's blue eyes now. "No! no! It was only for your sake," she murmured, so softly that the Major had to stoop to catch her words.

"For my sake!" he repeated, in his perplexity; "I don't see where that comes in."

"Women look so much older than men," Miss Lavinia went on. "I feel sure your friends will think I am too old—that you ought to marry some one younger."

"Let 'em think so," the Major responded, philosophically; "I don't mean to marry to please my friends. I mean to please myself in the choice of a wife, anyhow. Now! see here, Lavinia; if you can look me straight in the face and say, 'Jack Dalrymple, I have forgotten all the dear old times up in Barminster, and I don't care a brass farthing about you,' I will go right away, and you shall never hear of me again, if that is what you want."

"It isn't what I wanted at all," confessed Miss Lavinia, agitatedly.

The Major took both her trembling hands in his. "What is it, then, Lavinia?"

"You, Jack, you!" she said, with a burst of emotion. "Oh! how badly I have wanted you all these years!"

"Not half so badly as I have wanted you, my sweetheart."

The Major's tone was decidedly lover-like now, and, as he concluded, he stooped, and, unrebuked, kissed her fondly. Miss Lavinia clung to his arm. "But, Jack, I am no longer the girl you loved, the girl of twenty."

"Oh! As for girls of twenty, I wouldn't be bothered with them," observed the Major.

"I am afraid you don't realize how great the change is."

The Major patted her arm. "Forty yesterday, Lavinia. I meant to have been in time to wish you many happy returns, but Lady Cochrane assured me you would be at the bazaar."

"And you really remembered?" faltered Lavinia.

"Remembered your birthday, I should think I did. Why, wherever I have been, every year I have put by a birthday present for you, Lavinia. You will have them altogether, and for the rest of your birthdays," lifting his hat, reverently, "please God, we will spend them together."

"If only I could feel sure it would be right. Why, Jack, I am a regular old maid now. My hair is going grey at the sides."

"Mine is going altogether," responded the Major. "I shall have to take to a wig; but I hope you won't throw me over for that; and, anyhow, you haven't been potted in the face by a dervish."

In spite of herself, Miss Lavinia laughed, and the Major knew his cause was won. "Come along, Lavinia," he said, squeezing her hand, "I must see you home."

"Do you know, Jack," Miss Lavinia said a little later, "when I heard you were coming to-day, I really thought it was to see May."

The Major opened his eyes. "May! that child! phew, Lavinia!"

"And I thought you had quite forgotten me. At any rate, you didn't look a bit pleased to see me."

The Major laughed. "That was because I daren't trust myself. If I had done as I felt inclined, I should have kissed you straight away before every one. And you best know how you would have liked that, Lavinia. What are you drawing your arm away for now?"

For Lavinia was gently trying to free herself. "We are coming to the street," she murmured. "And there is Dr. Springthorpe; I believe he is looking at us."

"I don't care if the whole world is looking at us, Lavinia. Don't be a coward; come along."

And at last, after a moment's hesitation, Lavinia yielded.

And that was how the Baildon folk first learned that the parson's sister was going to marry Dalrymple, V. C.

Centralizing County Schools.

The experiment of centralizing county schools is being tried in the state of Iowa and thus far it has been satisfactory and is likely to be extended. It is claimed that the system costs less and provides a better class of teachers and scholars. A western exchange thus describes the system:

As a trial a central school has been built in each of about fifty townships, and all the little district schools done away with. Transportation is furnished for pupils living at remote distances and the teachers, in reduced numbers, are gathered in the main school. The cost of transportation is said to be only $30 a month for each township, and the plan has proved so far as the experiment has gone, a success.

These central schools are built at an average cost of $17,000 and the average number of pupils in attendance at each school is said to be 1,000. The townships are enabled to hire a better class of teachers at a slight advance of salary, and there are fewer of them. The pupils, it is said, have had no trouble this winter in getting to or from the schools, and aside from educational there are other advantages in the plan.

Where Money is Surpassed.

Senator Dolliver, in *Success*, says:

"Money-making is the cheapest kind of success. It doesn't indicate the highest development, by any means. I will give you a simple illustration, embodied in an incident which occurred the other day. A friend of mine, a professional gentleman of high mental attainments, had been offered a salary of ten thousand dollars by a corporation engaged in transportation. He was strongly tempted to take it, for he is working for the government at a salary of only five thousand dollars. He admitted to me, however, that he is capable of far greater usefulness, in his present work, than he would be in the employment of the railroad. Thereupon, I strongly advised him to reject the larger offer, and he has done so. My reason was simply that money does not measure one's place in the world, one's mental triumphs, or one's usefulness to humanity."

"But money is a helpful factor in life," I urged, "and is considered indispensable, nowadays, in climbing up the ladder."

"Well," he replied, "if I had a son and a hundred thousand dollars, I would keep them apart."

Catarrh Easily and Quickly Cured.

Poor remedies have given Catarrh the reputation of being incurable. But it is curable, easily and quickly, if the right method is employed. Snuffing an irritating powder or ointment up the nose, won't cure Catarrh, neither will tablets, douching or stomach medicines cure. These treatments fail because they are not far reaching enough. They only effect local conditions, but do not remove the cause, which is germ life established deep down in the lungs, bronchical tubes and nasal passages. Ordinary remedies do not reach these remote parts, but Catarrhozone does, for it is breathed through the inhaler into every air cell in the lungs, into every air passage in the head and throat. No matter where the Catarrh is, Catarrhozone will reach it. It kills the germs, heals sore spots, clears the nose and throat instantly. Universally used; pleasant and clean; guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Try Catarrhozone, 25 cents and $1.00 Druggists, or Polson & Co. Kingston, Ont.

—The Canadian government has at last begun a determined war upon the importation and sale of prohibited literature, and a short time ago Chief Customs Preventive Officer Fred Jones had several dealers in Montreal fined and their stock in trade destroyed. There are about fifty-five publications forbidden to be sold in this country. Not all of these come under the head of obscene or indecent works, but "they are looked upon," says the Montreal *Star*, "by the authorities as commercially immoral, and the methods of business by which they are carried on have already been denounced in press and parliament." Archbishop Bruchesi is at the same time carrying on a parallel crusade against indecent theatrical advertisements, which His Grace stigmatizes as "a plague that is raging from one end of Montreal to the other."

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Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

The Plains of Abraham National Park.

Montreal Witness.

The decision of the government, which has been sanctioned by parliament, to purchase the Plains of Abraham, will, in view of the explanations of the Premier, have the approval of the people. Canadians, of both British and French origin, are one in sentiment in regard to the heroes of the battle which closed the struggle between the two races on this continent. They were chivalrous foes and were worthy of the high esteem in which they are held, and it would be hard to say whether the death of the one in the hour of his defeat was more pathetic than that of the other in the hour of his victory. Their names are linked together by Canadians and held in common reverence by both French and English speaking Canadians. They decided the destiny of Canada in their final contest, and the field of their last struggle has become a place of pilgrimage, as the birthplace of Canada. There can be no doubt about the desire of Canadians that the ground thus rendered sacred to their history should become a national possession, and be preserved for all time from being covered and hidden by buildings. The objection was raised that the field now called plains of Abraham was not in reality the battleground, and this perhaps is true, the decisive action having taken place between this field and the walls of the old city somewhat to the east, which has been built up. But the field now called and shown as the Plains of Abraham must have been occupied and fought over by French and british forces during the struggle, and it has for long been associated in the minds of the people of Canada with the battle and the national heroes. It is, therefore, really historical ground. Its commanding situation makes it a better epitome of the memento of the battlefield than any other equal space could have been, and nobler as a monument. The other objection to the purchase could never have been in itself insuperable. It was that the price asked was an exorbitant one, and that the purchase was suspected to involve some kind of a corrupt deal. The government has had no dealings with any one but the present owners of the land, the Ursuline nuns, and has no relatives with any possible deal. And the price asked by the nuns turns out to be a very low one, instead of a high one. The property is much more extensive than it was supposed to be, there being over seventy-one English acres, or over eighty four French arpents. At $80,000 therefore, the price is a little over three cents a foot, instead of ten cents a foot which was mistakenly said to the price demanded by the nuns. Engineers and architects whom the government consulted valued the property at five cents per foot, that is $130,000 for the whole. Business men placed its value as high as $250,000 to $300,000. It seems to be a fact, therefore, that the price to be paid, $80,000, is a low one. The nuns stipulate that it shall be kept as a park, which stipulation is a positive advantage to the purchaser, that being the object in view in purchasing it.

Why Not the Boy?

The officers of an Ohio orphan asylum recently stated that they had no trouble to find homes for all of the orphan girls in their charge, but that it was impossible to find homes for all of the boys. Only the exceptionally handsome or bright boy is desired for adoption. As one of the officers concisely stated it, "Boys are not appreciated."

Isn't this true in city, town and country? Our girls are going to school and college, even when their parents are far from wealthy. But the brothers of more than two-thirds of these girls are doing jobs around town, or working for day wages. True, they earn something in this way for themselves or their parents. But if the good of the boys were to be consulted, the parents ought rather to have lived on bread and water, and worn patches three deep, than to have handicapped their sons with lack of a good education. Why shouldn't boys have a chance to rise in the world as well as girls?

Mothers watch carefully after their small daughters. They let them associate with no rough or foul-mouthed girls. Isn't it true that many of these same mothers allow their young sons to play by the hour with boys that swear and use filthy words, or boys that are lazy, or even incipient thieves and drunkards?

Isn't it true that fathers stand by and hear without protest the obscene tales of other men, tales told before their half-grown lads? Had it been the boys' sisters that were present, these same fathers would have thrashed the narrators soundly for "trying to besmirch a girl's innocence." Evidently a boy's innocence does not count with them.

Isn't it a fact that if some of the young ladies of our acquaintance should be enticed into a saloon, and there made drunk, that our indignation would wax so great that all good men and women would combine against the saloon, and "smoke it out" by righteous wrath? No one thinks that it makes much difference when it is our young men.

Why not protect the boy? Isn't he worth saving as well as the girl? Is a lazy man a more edifying sight than a lazy woman? Is a man drunkard cleaner and better than a woman drunkard? If it is worth while to save the girl, why not the boy?

A Cure Which Has Not Cured.

(Amherst News.)

If our contemporary is familiar with the statistics of temperance societies, it will find that as far back as ten years the membership of these organizations began to decline, and the lost ground has never been recovered. Fifteen or twenty years ago there were enrolled on the books of the Sons of Temperance, of the Good Templars and of the other kindred societies the names of the leading public and professional men of the day. Today you may, perhaps, find the names of a few clergymen who were generally admitted as honorary members and have no dues to pay, and hence were not subject to expulsion for their neglect of quarterly assessments, but the names of the doctors and lawyers are conspicuous by their absence. In former years the chief business men of the community were active workers. Are they today? We are sorry to say they are not. Fifteen years ago the leading church members were found actively working in the ranks of temperance organizations. You can't find them there today. The reason of this is perhaps not hard to find. Prohibition was held up as the panacea or cure-all for the woes of the liquor traffic, and the moral suasion phase of the question, the educational side of the reform, was neglected until a spirit of apathy or indifference became prevalent all over the country, and our national stock taking in the plebiscite campaign showed clearly that the majority of our people were so utterly indifferent that they did not leave their homes to vote.

—Humors feed on humors—the sooner you get rid of them the better—Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.