Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 26. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1898. NO. 17.

Professional Cards.

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Rodyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, Geo. W. Cable, and others, are under engagement to contribute stories during 1898.

Robert Grant's "Search-Light Letters"—replies to various letters that come in consequence of his "Reflections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher."

"The Workers" in a new field—Walter A. Wyckoff, the college man who became a laborer, will tell his experience with sweatshop laborers and anarchists in Chicago. (Illustrated from life by W. R. Leigh.)

The Theatre, The Mine, etc., will be treated in "The Conduct of Great Business" series (as were "The Wheat Farm," "The Newspaper," etc., in '97), with numerous illustrations.

Life at Girls' College—like the articles on "Undergraduate Life at Harvard, Princeton and Yale," and as richly illustrated.

Political Reminiscences by Senator Hoar, who has been in public life for forty-five years.

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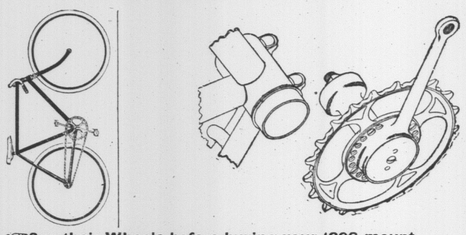

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NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert FitzRandolph, late of Lawrencetown, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within eighteen months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
ALDA R. FITZRANDOLPH,
Administratrix,
Lawrencetown.
Or BURPEE S. FITZRANDOLPH,
Administrator,
Williamston.
Dec. 13th, 1897.

Poetry.

The Silent March.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy forward march!
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The stronger man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Select Literature.

A District School Genius.

(J. L. Harbour, in "The Youth's Companion.")

I can see the old schoolhouse as clearly in my mind's eye, as I saw it in reality that October morning, nearly twenty years ago, when I walked up the path of ashes and cinders leading from the country road to the little platform before the school-house door.

I remember the dingy aspect of the schoolhouse itself, with its unpainted weather-boarding blackened by the storms of years, its curtainless and shutterless windows, with here and there a pane of glass missing, and the sash whittled by the knives of mischievous boys.

In the middle of the room stood a rusty old box-stove, with a brick taking the place of a lost leg. The floor looked as if unscrubbed for years. On the walls were names of pupils and caricatures of former teachers, in charcoal or red chalk. And here and there a rhymed witticism set forth the folly of inscribing one's name in public places.

Rank weeds had sprung up around the school-house and along the path of cinders. The leaves were yellow on the big cottonwood tree in the yard, and some of them had drifted down to the little platform, and a sudden gust of wind sent others fluttering down around me as I put the key in the lock.

A broom, so badly worn that it was almost useless, stood in a corner of the room. I was trying to do some little service with it when my first pupils appeared—a little boy and his sister, carrying a two gallon tin dinner-pail between them.

"Good morning, little folks; you have come early," I said. They made no reply, but smiled in an embarrassed way.

A moment later I heard a heavy foot-fall on the little platform, and the Genius stood in the open door, saying heartily:

"Good mornin', teacher! Tryin' to clean up?"

"Yes," I replied; "but I'm not making much headway with this broom."

"Dirty old place, ain't it? I tell you what let's do, teacher. Let's make a frolic some night after school, an' clean the house up shipshape. Have the big girls bring brooms, and us big boys can fetch water, and you can boss the job. There was a teacher did that once five years ago, and the schoolhouse ain't had a reg'lar goin' over since."

He sat down on one of the benches and threw one of his long legs over the desk in front of him. He was very tall, loose-jointed, and an extraordinarily thin boy, about seventeen years old. He wore a limp old brown felt hat, with a spotted chicken feather thrust into the band. He was without coat or waistcoat. He wore a faded hickory shirt and clumsy brown overalls thrust into the tops of heavy boots too large for him.

He had a homely but attractive face, and his voice had an honest, hearty ring that was, I feel sure, the sign of a frank and open nature. His twinkling blue eyes indicated good humor. His hands and face bore evidence of laborious scrubbing.

"Ain't taught school much, have you?" he asked.

"No; this will be my first term."

"Well, I guess this'll be a pretty good place to begin. It ain't a hard school to manage. I pity you if you'd begun over in the Black Haw district. It takes an old-timer to hold things level over there. I don't see any sense in boys carryin' on so. I guess if their schoolin' came as hard as mine does they'd appreciate it more. Did you ever read Bacon's Essays?"

I looked at the boy in surprise.

"Yes," I said; "did you?"

"Yes; read 'em last winter. A book-agent boarded a month over at Swifley's, where I live, an' he loaned them to me. I tell you they're mighty interesting reading, if they are a little high flown. And there's 'Macaulay's History of England;' now I'll tell you that Macaulay wasn't anybody's fool, if he did write poetry. It's pretty good poetry. Those old 'Lays of Ancient Rome' kind of stir a fellow up, if they ain't as practical as Longfellow and Tennyson. It fairly braces me up to read 'Virginia,' specially that speech of Icilius. Doesn't it ring with heroism and justice, though? I'd just like to have heard him when he jumped up there in the Roman forum and said:

"'Now, by your children's cradles,
Now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to day, Quirites,
Or be forever slaves!'"

To my increased surprise the boy jumped up from the bench and delivered the lines in a ringing voice, holding his hat aloft and smiting his breast at the line, "Be men today, Quirites!" Then he sat down and said: "Some folks thinks I'm a fool, and mebbe I am. Old Swifley thinks so."

"Who is Swifley?"

"He's the farmer I'm bound out to. He wouldn't let me come to school a day, only it's down in black and white that he has to send me to school four months of the year. But it goes awfully against the grain, and Mrs. Swifley, she hates it worse than he does.

"They say," he went on, "that it does no good for a boy like me to go to school, and nothing makes them madder than to see me with a book for a few minutes after I've worked fourteen hours a day. They've looked up all the books I care to read—Shakespeare, and Young's 'Night-Thoughts,' and Milton, and some books like that."

"Do they read themselves?"

The boy laughed aloud.

"Excuse me, sir, but I can't help it. The idea of Mrs. Swifley reading Shakespeare, or of Swifley taking up Milton! They don't read a thing but the county paper, and a story paper with pictures of girls jumping out of burning buildings and Indians riding over precipices, and countesses saying 'Unhand me, villian;' and 'Touch me at your peril, I tell you!' to men with daggers."

Both of us laughed at this, and the boy added:

"They wouldn't have the books I told you of, only they belonged to an uncle of Mrs. Swifley, and when he died she got 'em."

By and by school began. I found out that my Genius's name was Aaron Hites. There were five or six other boys of about his age, but the other large boys were the sons of well-to-do farmers, and they held themselves somewhat aloof from Aaron. I found, indeed, that there was a foolish prejudice against him because he was a "bound-out" boy. The other boys seemed to think him rather low in the social scale, and they also regarded him as "rather queer."

His parents had been poor but respectable people, whose poverty was due largely to Aaron's father having been a cripple and an invalid for ten years before his death. This ought to have won sympathy and friendship for poor Aaron, but although the other boys of his own age treated him civilly, they did not take him into full comradeship. One boy in particular, Leroy Vance, took no pains to conceal that he felt himself vastly superior to Aaron, or any "bound out" boy.

Leroy's father was president of the school board, and his mother, a woman foolishly proud that her father was a member of the Legislature, did a good deal to foster Leroy's prejudice.

Aaron was woefully shabby, even in his best clothes. This, combined with his awkwardness and homeliness, caused him to appear at a disadvantage. But he was the superior of any of the boys mentally, which rather piqued some of them.

It was a source of some chagrin to Mrs. Vance to know that poor, "bound out" Aaron was in all of her Leroy's classes, and that no pupil in the school had a higher percentage in his studies.

"I think it's due to the favoritism of some of the teachers we've had," she said to me. "I'm sure that Mr. Hall, the teacher we had last year, favored him, and I don't think it was right. For my part, I don't quite see the wisdom of a boy with his prospects being educated like other boys. He'll probably be a common laboring man or a mechanic. However, I believe that he is not to go after he is eighteen."

"That is a pity," I made bold to say; "for he has a fine mind and is capable of following some profession."

Meanwhile, I had occasion to admire the sensible, quiet manner in which Aaron himself bore the slights put upon him.

"It's all right," he said one day to me; "maybe I'll show them some day that I ain't such a fool as I look."

One day I received a letter that created a good deal of excitement in the district. It was from the Hon Jarvis B. Simpson, the wealthiest man in the county. He stated briefly that he had the disposal of a four years' scholarship in one of the leading colleges of the West, and that he had decided to give it to that boy under eighteen years of age who should write and deliver the best oration on Abraham Lincoln. The speaking would take place in the city hall at Hebron, the county seat. When I read the letter to Old Jonathan Meeker, with whom I boarded, he said:

"That's just like Jarve Simpson! I've known him for years, and he's a regular crank on the subject of Abraham Lincoln. He thinks that old Abe was about the greatest man this country ever produced, an' I don't know but he was. I reckon that scholarship includes board an' all."

"Yes, it does."

"Well, now, I'd just admire to have that scholarship come to our school. You reckon any or our boys will try for it? Mis' Vance'll have Leroy try."

This prediction was verified, for the day after I read the letter to the school Leroy Vance, John Carney and Frank Barnett announced their intention of competing for the prize.

"I hoped that you would enter the competition also," I said to Aaron Hites.

"I?" he replied, with his queer little laugh. "Why, Mrs. Vance would be insulted at the very idea."

"Nevertheless, I would enter the lists for that prize, Aaron. Wouldn't you like to go through college?"

He drew a long breath and his eyes sparkled.

"Wouldn't I, though?" he exclaimed.

"Then try for the prize. We have never had an original oration from the boys in the school, but your chances are just as good as any one's, and you declaim remarkably well. I have a fine biography of Lincoln that I'll lend you."

"I'd like to read it," he said; "and if you'll let me have it I'll read every word of it; but I don't know that I'd have any chance at all in the competition. But I'd like to read the book."

I brought it to him the next day, but he shook his head when I again urged him to try for the prize.

"I'd cut a pretty figure up there on the platform of the city hall in Hebron before a thousand people—now wouldn't I?"

He glanced down at his patched and shabby clothes as he spoke:

"They're all I have," he said, "and Swifley wouldn't get me any better if he knew I'd win the prize. My thoughts don't run much to clothes, but I've got a little pride."

I glanced at Aaron's faded and patched blue jean trousers, his coarse boots, his faded hickory shirt and old outgrown jacket, and felt the force of this objection to his appearance at the speaking. If my salary had not been ridiculously small, I should have offered to lend Aaron money enough to buy a plain suit.

"Anyhow," he said, "I guess I'd better keep away from where I ain't wanted. I wouldn't have a single real friend in the whole audience; we'd better let the matter drop right here."

I respected his wishes and said nothing more to him about the contest.

"We feel ever so hopeful about Leroy getting the prize," Mrs. Vance said to me one evening when I had been invited to tea at her house. "He is studying very hard and he declaims very well; don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," I replied. I could conscientiously say that. He was really a better speaker than either of the other boys.

"He gets his speaking gift from his grandfather," said Mrs. Vance, blandly. "I think such gifts are inherited. His grandfather is regarded as the best speaker in the legislature, and one of my great-uncles has been in Congress, so you see it runs in the family."

The country had a deserted appearance on the Saturday of the great contest. The city hall at Hebron seemed to be the point of interest to all the farmers' families in the neighborhood. The waggons began to go rattling past my boarding-place before nine o'clock, although Hebron was but four miles distant, and the contest was not to take place until two o'clock in the afternoon.

"I reckon standing room is going to be at a premium," called out Mr. Greer, the farmer, as he drove by Mr. Meeker's about ten o'clock, "an' I reckon thieves can have things their own way round here to-day. Ain't likely to be anybody at home by noon."

Aaron Hites was out in the barn-yard, chopping wood, when we drove by the Swifley farmhouse at about eleven o'clock. He looked up and bowed when he saw us, but kept on swinging the axe.

"I reckon old Swifley's too mean to let Aaron go to Hebron and hear the speaking," said Mr. Meeker. "I guess Mr. and Mrs. Swifley are gone, for their buggy is gone from the buggy shed."

Standing-room was really at a premium in the city hall within thirty minutes after the doors were opened, but I was fortunate enough to get a seat within a few feet of the platform, on which sat the Hon. Jarvis Simpson, the mayor, the lieutenant-governor of the state and many invited guests of prominence. Mr. Simpson had reserved the right to award the prize himself, and he eyed the boys sharply as they filed in and took the seats reserved for them.

There were twelve of them. Leroy Vance, handsomely dressed, headed the little procession. The boys took their seats, and after a few preliminary remarks by the mayor and a song by the school children of the town, the speaking began. It evidently gave the Hon. Mr. Simpson great satisfaction, for he clapped louder and longer than any one else, as each speaker sat down, and was entirely impartial in his applause.

When the twelve young orators had finished, Leroy Vance was clearly the favorite. Mr. Simpson had risen to announce his decision, when some one whispered to him and he said to the audience, "I am told that another contestant has just arrived. We will give him a hearing."

He sat down and a silence fell upon the audience as there stepped upon the platform, from a door at one side, the tall, lank form of Aaron Hites!

He was dressed in the same shabby old clothes he had worn to school all winter, and his coarse boots were gray with dust, for he had walked all the way to town.

His flushed face grew pale as he came forward, and his hands trembled. The audience began to manifest signs of excitement. Then old Mr. Meeker suddenly yelled out:

"Hooray for you, Aaron!"

The laugh and the applause that followed seemed to put Aaron at his ease. I caught his eye and nodded encouragement and approval. He smiled faintly and looked calmer. He waited until there was perfect silence throughout the room, and then began his oration in a clear, steady voice that penetrated to every part of the hall.

Although I knew his ability well, he amazed me by the clearness and beauty of his diction, his keen insight into the character of the man he eulogized and the forcible and attractive manner in which he delivered his oration.

There was something inspiring and ennobling in the shabby and friendless boy's looks and manner. He had the good will of the audience from the first, and soon gained its approval, also. Round after round of applause greeted him as his oration increased in force and beauty.

"Look at Jarve Simpson!" whispered Mr. Meeker to me. "He'll have a fit if Aaron gets any eloquenter! I guess the other fellows' cake is all dough!"

If he meant that the chances of the other contestants were decreasing, he was right, for when Aaron finished, with a burst of eloquence, and would have sat down, Mr. Simpson detained him and stood before the audience with his hand on Aaron's shoulder.

"I have no words," he said, "in which to express the pleasure it gives me to award the scholarship to this young man, whose name I do not even know, but whose words have added to the profound respect I have for the name of Abraham Lincoln. His manly, honest, courageous spirit is in this boy, whom I am proud to know!"

As soon as I could get hold of Aaron I asked him how it happened.

"I can hardly tell you just how I did make up my mind to do it at the last minute," he said. "I wrote the oration long ago, just to see if I could do it, but I did not feel that I had the moral courage to deliver it in my old clothes and all that, but it suddenly came across me that his clothes would have been the last thing Lincoln would have thought of, and I just braced up and made myself look as well as I could and started off to town trying to think I was young Abe Lincoln himself. But I had to grit my teeth when I got to the hall, and I kept saying 'Coward! coward!' to myself all the way up the stairs."

He was very quiet over his victory. His eighteenth birthday was near at hand, and he was free from Mr. Swifley's authority before the next term at the college began. When I saw him last he was a newly elected young senator in his native state.

Delicate Instruments.

This is certainly the age of delicately perfect tools and implements. A micrometer, a measure of extremely delicate adjustment, has been in use in laboratories for some time, which is so perfect that it will detect the difference in the length of a bar of steel made by the sunlight falling upon it. Heat expands and cold contracts; hence an iron bar is longer in the sunshine than in the shade, but it takes fine measurement to prove it. There is used in weighing samples of gold in the United States Assay office in New York a pair of scales so delicately adjusted that bits of paper can be weighed on them. It is a favorite trick of the clerks of the office to weigh a bit of paper and then ask the visitor to write his name on it with a pencil. The weight of the lead—or, rather, graphite—left by the pencil on the paper is sufficient to turn the scales. Even more wonderful than this machine, which is, of course, very small, is a big, strong one in the melting department, which will weigh ten thousand ounces, Troy weight, at once, yet is so delicate that, when all the windows are closed to keep off draughts, it will register weights to the one hundredth part of an ounce. A tiny bit of aluminum is used for the weight in this case.

The Earth's Millions.

A UNIVERSAL CENSUS TO BE TAKEN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The enormous difficulty of the taking a census of the world's inhabitants, which it is proposed to publish at Berne in 1901, becomes apparent when one considers that at least two-thirds, and perhaps three-quarters, of the inhabitants of our planet dwell in lands none of which have yet been fully civilized and many of which still remain in a condition of savagery. Yet the purpose is, as far as possible, to include in the enumeration every human being on whom the sun shines on a particular day in the year 1900.

Explorers and census-takers are to be sent to every attainable point on the globe for the purpose. It looks impracticable. An attempt has recently been made to take a complete census of Russia, and this will aid the new undertaking immensely. During his tour in Europe Li Hung Chang became interested in the proposed census of the world, and, it is asserted, promised his co-operation and assistance in the work.

China forms the greatest factor of uncertainty in estimating the population of the globe. Estimates of the number of inhabitants in China vary sometimes by one or two hundred millions, and even the population of the chief cities can only be guessed at. So, too, Africa presents an enormous field of mysteries and difficulties. Estimates of its total population are constantly varying, because explorers frequently come upon knots and centres of population the real extent of which is unknown. The most careful statisticians admit that their estimates of the population of Africa may be as much as 50,000,000 out of the way. West of India are the vast lands which Alexander overran in his conquest—Afghanistan, Persia, and Turkey in Asia. How many scores of millions, or even hundreds of millions may they not contain? Many of the uplands of Persia are practically unknown to the civilized world, but they can support a great population. Nobody knows how many people Arabia contains.

Nobody knows how many Esquimaux there are dwelling in the lands of eternal ice that encircle the north pole; many of the islands of the vast Pacific swarm with inhabitants living on the open bounty of Nature, whose free and careless life has captivated the imagination of highly cultivated men like Robert Louis Stevenson; and when the census is completed, if it proves practicable, what will it probably show the total population of the globe to be?

Why Latin is Used.

The New York Herald publishes the following reply to the query why doctors use Latin in writing their prescriptions instead of English:

In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language and does not change, as all living languages do.

Then, again, since a very large part of all drugs are botanical they have in the pharmacopœia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs have no English names, and so couldn't be written in English.

But suppose they did write their prescriptions in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it called for iodide of potassium and he got it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take a number of grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him.

This is an extreme case, but it serves for an illustration. Do you not see how the Latin is a protection and a safeguard to the patient? Prescriptions in Latin he cannot read, and consequently does not try to remember.

Now for a final reason. Latin is a language used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get a Latin prescription filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store. We had a prescription here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo, and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?

The Protection Great Britain Gives Her Subjects.

Senator Frye, in one of his speeches, paid the following tribute to the country:

This little incident with which you are familiar is a marvelous illustration of the protection which Great Britain gives to her subjects. The King of Abyssinia took a British subject named Campbell, about twenty years ago, and carried him up to the fortress of Magdala upon the heights of a rocky mountain and put him into a dungeon. It took six months for Great Britain to find this out. Then Great Britain demanded his immediate release. King Theodore refused. In less than ten days after his refusal was received, 10,000 English soldiers, including 5,000 Sepoys, were on board ships of war and were sailing down the coasts. They disembarked, marched across the terrible country, a distance of 700 miles under a burning sun, up to the mountains, up to the very heights, in front of the frowning dungeon—then gave battle; battered down the iron gates in the stone wall, reached down into the dungeon and lifted out that one British subject!—King Theodore killing himself with his own pistol.

Then they carried him down the mountains, across the land, put him aboard ship and sped him to his own ship in safety. That cost Great Britain $25,000,000, and made General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala. That was a great thing for a great country to do—a country that has an eye that can see across the ocean, all across the land, away up to the mountain heights and away down to the darksome dungeon—and then lift him out and carry him home to his country and friends. In God's name, who would not die for a country that would do that?

—Marconi's wireless telegraph is so far perfected that he claims to be able to send signals from ship to ship, or between ship and shore, at a distance of at least twelve miles. It appears to be better adapted to service at sea than on land; and this, if confirmed, will be one of its chief merits, as it will enable ships to communicate with a telegraph station while lying off the shore, and also to locate each other in a fog, as the apparatus can be set to give warning on coming within range of another instrument. If the device fulfills all that is claimed for it, it will be of great value in war and still greater in peace.

—The future is uncertain, but if you keep your bood pure with Hood's Sarraparilla you may be sure of good health.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Jas. J Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER
—AND—
SOLICITOR.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies
☞Solicitor at Annapolis to Union Bank of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotia, Annapolis, N. S. 11 1y

TERRIBLE DISASTERS.

A BRIDGE FALLS WHILE ONE THOUSAND PERSONS ARE ON IT—A STEAMER WRECKED.

Shelby, Ohio, July 5.—A bridge crossing the Mohican river here fell yesterday afternoon with 1000 people. Four were killed outright and 100 injured. A public wedding was being celebrated on the bridge as one of the features of the fourth of July. Just as the ceremony had been completed the bridge went down with a crash, precipitating the people a distance of 18 feet. The panic which ensued was indescribable, and it was impossible to get anything like a correct list of the wounded. Many persons suffered from broken arms or legs, but very few, if any, of the injured are likely to die.

Beverly, Mass., July 4. The small excursion steamer "Surf City," with about sixty passengers on board, when nearly halfway over from Salem Willows to her wharf here, a distance of about two miles, was struck by a sudden squall about 6 o'clock to-night and capsized. It is thought at least twenty lives were lost.

Hampton, N. H., July 5.—The state of New Hampshire never saw a greater catastrophe nor a more terrible ending of a holiday than that which befell the hundreds of visitors to this little seashore resort yesterday afternoon. A tornado, with a destructiveness that was appalling, crushed out the life of three persons on land and caused the sea to engulf seven more. The tornado left death and property destruction in its path and then swept on, out to sea, as quickly as it came. It was borne in a squall from the south west, and its visible track was about half a mile in length and scarcely more than 150 yards in breadth. It either totally demolished or badly wrecked 21 buildings, the largest of which was a dancing pavilion in which a holiday production of "The blowing up of the Maine" was being given. In this building three persons were killed, and about three score of persons badly hurt—of this number probably a score fatally, and an unknown number in a slight degree. The dead are:

John Pressy, Bradford, Mass., crushed by falling timbers.

Mrs. Fred Williams of Brighton, Mass, better known as "Mora," the leading actress in the performance.

Wm. Carlson, Exeter, crushed.

"Special Delivery" Stamp.

A special delivery in the postal service commenced on July 1st. All letters bearing a special delivery stamp will be delivered at any hour of the day and night until 11 p. m. All such letters will be despatched to their address in the city by special postal delivery immediately on their receipt at the general post office. This special delivery service should prove of great advantage as well as convenience to business men. A special delivery stamp will ensure prompt delivery of all letters to which it is attached, and recourse to the telegraph will not be so frequent and necessary. The service while not so expeditious as the telegraph, will be less expensive and no doubt will be largely used. Letters can be delivered in Halifax, St. John, N. B., Fredericton, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Brantford, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Victoria and Vancouver. Drop letters will also be especially delivered on payment of the same rate.

The Postal Conference.

Montreal, July 4.—The Star's London cable says: The postal conference is still proceeding at Westminister Palace hotel, but it is strictly private. Hon. Mr Mulock's mission continues to excite much attention. To-morrow he will move in favor of uniform penny postage from any one portion of the British empire to the other.

The British post office people favour twopenny postage, but the Australian colonies hesitate to adopt even this. The first step is supported by Cape Colony and Natal. The attitude assumed by Hon. Mr. Mulock in the conference is that in an imperial question of this kind the Dominion government will not allow the financial question to enter. It is enough for them to know that the lower rate of postage binds the empire more closely together. This attitude gains warm approval in the press.

Sawdust as Fuel.

The London Timber Journal thus describes a new fuel, lately patented in England: "It is a new fuel which appears to possess much merit, and to deserve careful consideration of woodworkers. It is of the briquette class, but formulated on entirely new lines. The largest blocks heretofore employed give way to a cube 2½ inches by 2 inches by two inch, experience proving this the best universal size. It lights readily, gives out more heat, burns longer, weight for weight than the best coals. It is very hard, there are neither dust nor "blacks," and, what is particularly to the point, it costs less than coals. Sawdust forms an appreciable percentage of the composition, and in these days of economical use for by-products the opening of a new field for the advantageous disposal of wastes from sawmills is pleasant to hear of.'

Expensive Bram.

Thomas Bram, mate of the barque Herbert Fuller, who was lately found guilty in Boston of murdering Captain Nash, has had two trials and wants another. His first trial cost the government $12,000, the second one between $25,000 and $30,000. His present sentence is imprisonment for life, and in asking to be tried again he runs the risk of being hanged. —*Harper's Weekly.*

At the Annual Convention of the National Association of Credit Men at Detroit, Mich., last week a resolution was passed urging an appeal to the clergy to preach throughout the country during the present year, at such times as may suit their convenience, sermons deprecating the prevalence and injustice of personal disregard and inattention in the matter of paying bills and urging the economical necessity of prompt payment.

The first street railway work in St. John's Nfld., will begin in a few days. Men are now employed quarrying the stone to pave the streets.

Gen. Gascoigne is no longer in command of the Canadian militia, having severed his connection with the force on July 1st.

The Americans had 32 killed and 74 wounded at the skirmish with Spanish troops previous to the battle on July 1st.

A turtle weighing eighty-three pounds was caught on the highway near St. Agathe, Man., by a farmer a few of days ago.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c. 71y