Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1902. NO. 49.

Professional Cards.

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AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison gate
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OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
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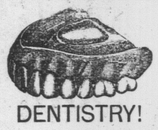

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Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended
Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

H. PINEO, of Wolfville,
OPTICIAN.
Middleton, Outlook Building, second Thursday and Friday of each month.
Bridgetown, Shafner Building, third Thursday and Friday of each month.
Work guaranteed. Special attention given to headaches, nervous and bilious troubles. Examination free. 46 tf

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

CABLE ADDRESS: WALLFRUIT, London. } Established over a quarter of a century.
JOHN FOX & CO.
Auctioneers and Fruit Brokers,
Spitalfield and Stratford Market,
LONDON, G. B.
We are in a position to guarantee highest market return for all consignments entrusted to us. Cash draft forwarded immediately goods are sold. Current prices and marked reports forwarded with pleasure.
Nova Scotia Apples a specialty.
Compare our prices with other firms and you will see more money.
Represented by Abram Young, Bridgetown, who will give shippers any information required. Aug. 28th—6m

ESTABLISHED 1810.
W. HIEATT & SON,
Fruit Brokers,
Covent Garden Market, London.
Mr. E. W. Hieatt, of the above firm, is now travelling the valley soliciting consignments in apples to his firm.
REFERENCES:—London and County Bank London.
Bank of Nova Scotia, Kentville
J. E. LLOYD, Agent, - Bridgetown

NOTICE!
We still keep in stock as formerly,
Cedar Shingles,
Lime, and
Salt
The subscribers also intend to handle Coal this season, both Hard and Soft (best grades) which they will sell right.
J. H. LONGMIRE & SON.
Bridgetown, June 11, 1901.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING
—AT—
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Oct. 9th and 10th.

Fine . . . . Job . . . . . Printing . .

Good Stock,
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Up-to-Date Styles,
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Satisfaction to Patrons.

We Print
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Monitor Job Printing Department.

Notice to the Public

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 impurities 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
Herbaroot Powder, per package	.50
Inhaler	.25

Herbaroot Powder cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, stops Headache and relieves Asthma.

T. J. agleson, Bridgetown, N. S.

NOTICE

Pursuant to an order-in-council of the Municipality of Annapolis County, the Committee on Tenders and Public Property will meet on the 1st day of March, June, September and December. All bills against the said Municipality must be rendered before March 1st.

FREEMAN FITCH,
ROBERT BATH,
I. J. WHITMAN.
Com. Tenders and Public Prop.

Poetry.

CONVALESCENCE.

The sun has kissed me on the brow,
The gentle morning lends me breath;
I feel like Lazarus of old,
Whom Jesus raised from death.

And all the Spring's reviving green,
Ambitious of an early bloom,
Is hand-in-hand with me today,
Uprising from the tomb.

Ah, had you cloistered been like me,
A denizon of aching dark,
You'd see a rose on every bush,
In every bird a lark.

For I have dwelt alone with fear,
And I had taken pain to wife;
So now I quaff in eager draughts
The heady wine of life.

Dear world, restore to me thy breast
The mother-breast for which I yearned
Thy child that strayed away with Death,
Thy prodigal returned.

Select Literature.

The Guilty Man.

She had nerved herself to meet her father. She glanced in the mirror and saw how pale she was. Her father would be pale too, but how different his pallor from her own—his a pallor like none other in the world.

A shiver passed over her. Did she love her father? Her anger went out to him, not her love. Her love was for Jack, and he could never be anything to her. Last night she had written to Jack and told him the truth, and the truth would separate them for ever. She was the daughter of a thief.

What uselessness it had been for her mother to move hundreds of miles from the old home. It was not done for the husband but for the daughter. For the daughter there had been a half year's residence in this new place and a learning to love a man whom last night she had declined to marry. Her father had wrought this unhappiness as he had wrought so much besides.

What grief had not her father worked! The day he went to prison for the defalcation in the bank where he had been cashier and her mother's father manager, had not her mother's father fallen dead? The world had said the old banker could not stand the disgrace. And what more? Had not her mother's mother, always an invalid, been stricken by her husband's death and never been told of her son-in-law's crime? There had been a mass of deception, the poor, feeble woman being led to believe that her daughter's husband, whom she loved as a son, had gone away on business and letters written in his prison cell had been read to her, and they told her of great prosperity in the west, with a cheerfulness that was appalling. Yes, the girl almost hated her father as she thought over the events of the past four years. And yet, would she have hated him save for Jack?

She pressed her hands fiercely to her eyes.

Suddenly she started. There was a step on the stairs. Her mother was bringing her father up to her. How should she meet him? Had it not been for Jack she knew how she would have met him. But her father had forced Jack from her.

The steps ascending the stairs stopped. There was a cough outside the library door. She knew that sharp little cough. She used to fly to meet her father four years back when she heard that little cough in the hall of the dear old home. Now she did not move from the chair she sat in.

She heard a voice outside the door—her mother urging her father to enter the room. Then the handle of the door turned, and her mother led in a strangely aged man.

The girl rose. Her father stood before her, expectancy in his face. She went slowly up to him and held her forehead up to his lips. Her mother looked angrily at her, but she went back to her seat and caught up some sewing.

"Annie," said her mother sharply, "is that the way to meet your father? Do you know that all that has occurred has been more to me than to any one else in the world? And yet, because I love, I forgive. And you have a lover'—

"I have no lover," coldly interrupted the girl. "I couldn't deceive him any longer. I wrote him last night. I told him the truth and that I would not marry him."

"Ah," said the mother, "now I understand!" She turned to her husband. "Mark, do not mind it dear. You have me, and I shall never fail you. What is done is done. It is all wiped away. It is only remembered by your daughter, not by me, and you are as much to me after all the mistakes and sufferings as the day when I stood by your side and vowed to be a loving and true wife till God should part us in death. We always spoke of you, mother and I."

"Your mother," his dry lips said, "where is she?"

His wife caught his hand.

"Dear," she said, "can you bear a little more?"

He looked at her.

"Annie," she said sternly, "get me those letters."

The girl went and took from the bookcase a packet, which she brought to her mother.

"My letters to your mother," the man's lips seemed to say, "and unopened."

His wife fondled his hand.

"It was only a few months ago," she said. "I could not tell you the truth any more than I could tell her. The truth would have made you unhappier, and I wished to tell you myself. She loved you as she loved me. One morning one of your letters arrived, and until I could read it to her she asked me to let her hold it. An hour later we found her with the letter held up to her heart, and she was very white and quiet. There had been no struggle, whatever, no pain. We laid her beside father, whom she had never ceased grieving for and who had given her every comfort in life, even when, I am sure, he could hardly endure the extravagances ordered by her physicians. It is all over, and happily over, for both of them, dear, and you were always kind and good to both of them."

A low, long sigh broke from the man. Then silence fell, the sound of the tram bells in the street came distinctly to them, and the ticking of the clock on the mantel was strangely loud.

There was a movement on the part of Annie. She rose and came and kneeled beside her father's chair.

"Father," she said, "you must forgive me. I am not very happy. I do not mean to be hard, but I can't go back from my reasoning. You have not only mother, but you have me. I will do what I can. I am sure you know that, and after a while you will not miss anything in me."

"Go back to your seat," commanded her mother. "Do you know that you are in the presence of a broken heart? Doesn't your father accuse himself of more than you accuse him of? Who are you with your paltry love troubles to come to him in a time like this?"

"Hush, Mary!" said her husband. Hush!"

The silence fell again.

Annie sat alone. She was apart from everything. There was no love for her any more. Her father had expiated his sin in the eyes of the world. In her heart the sin that had been his still lived. For there was Jack, and she had given him up because of her father's guilt. There was a narrowing of her radius. No matter for Jack if her father were only an innocent man. Love surely created a desire for purity, for, since she had learned to love Jack, her father's sin had grown and grown upon her, and before that the sin had been tempered by her pitying love and her prayers for heaven's forgiveness.

The daughter of a thief! Oh, why had she met Jack? Why had she allowed herself to care for him? Why had she let herself feel glad when she know that he loved her? Why had she greatly desired that he should tell her that he had given his heart to her and demanded her own in return?

How many sadly confused questions did she put to herself as she sat there in the miserable silence, her mother and her father at a greater distance from her than ever they had been before, while she vainly tried to accuse her heart and her daughterly affection of transgressing, even though Jack called through the silence that, but for her father-s crime, she might have claimed woman's perfect happiness on earth!

Her mother and her father apparently failed to realize how much she was going through. It was only her lack of response to their love that touched them. Her adoration of a man who might have been her husband was merely a foolishness of hers and not to be placed in the same category with her duty as a daughter—and the daughter of a thief! That miserable word, that disgraceful word, would come uppermost to her. But for Jack would this have been so? The daughter of a thief!

There came a tap at the door and it sounded on her ear like thunder.

Her mother went to the door and opened it.

"Mark," she said to her husband, "it is cook. She wishes to speak to me about dinner. We are going to have all the things you used to—all the the things you like. Of course the servants know nothing dear. You have been west, you know. The servants have only been with us since we moved here. Would you like to come down stairs, or will you stay here in the library?"

"I will stay here," he said in his hushed way. "Here."

"Very well," returned his wife. "I shan't be gone long. See, here is all the old furniture, all your books, just as you used to like them, and the pictures."

She leaned over and kissed him before she went out and closed the door behind her.

Annie was alone with her father. She heard him moving carefully about taking up a book, only to lay it down again. He went up and looked at his wife's picture hanging between two tall bookcases, then at that of his wife's father. Before this last picture he lingered, making no sound, but looking at the face of the old bank manager who had fallen dead the day his trusted cashier and his only daughter's husband had gone to serve a sentence in prison. Annie could not see him, but she knew all that her father did. Her back was toward him as she leaned over her sewing, and her heart beat fast when he turned from the picture at last and swiftly crossed the carpet.

When his hand was laid upon her arm, she almost shrieked aloud.

"Annie!" said her father's voice. It was a firm voice now, no quaver of doubt in it, and it forced her like a command she dared not disobey.

She rose from her seat and faced him.

Despite the physical changes in him, she saw before her his old self—strong, not unbrave, not disloyal, not a criminal.

"You have given up your lover," he went on rapidly. "You have given him up because of me. Pay attention to me. I will tell you what I had hoped never to tell a living soul on earth. And I must speak before your mother comes back, for she must never know. But you must know and the man who has asked you to be his wife and whom you refused on account of me. I will go to him and I will tell him as I tell you that I have not wrecked my daughter's happiness. Do you hear me? I have not interfered with your right to be happy with the man you love. I have served a criminal's sentence. But I am an innocent man, and'—he turned and pointed to the picture of his wife's father—"that man knew it. I sacrificed not your mother, not you, but my own standing in society and the minds of men for the sake of my wife's father and his invalid wife."

She gasped. She understood him, and she trembled from head to foot.

"I would never have told you," he went on, "only that you gave up your life's happiness because of my disgrace. Your forfeited love for me would never have brought this confession, for what I did was done to save an old man and an old woman who had been a mother to me. It nature could not make your love surmount my shame, that love is of little account. Your mother's father's sin made me a prisoner. It was he who took the money, and I the blame. I have proofs of all this, and I am glad I never destroyed them, for I must show these proofs to the daughter whose lack of love makes my word of no account."

"Father!"

There was a quality in her cry that told him more than many words. She sprang to his arms, her heart held closely to his. He was innocent, he was innocent, and though her life's greater love might be over and done the man who had asked her to marry him had not loved the daughter of a thief.

There was some one in the room, though neither of them heeded till the girl's name was spoken by the newcomer.

"Jack!" she cried out and clung the closer to her father. "Jack!"

"You did not hear me knock," said he. "I came to tell you that I refuse to obey your note. You love me as I love you, and you will be my wife. And, coming in here, I have heard what your father said to you. Your father—will you not let me call him mine?"

Her father's head was raised, and he looked deeply into the young man's eyes.

"Well, well," said the bustling voice of the wife, coming into the library, "and Jack here! Mark, my dear; Annie, Mark, is this the happy end of all your sadness and pain?"

"Yes," said the "guilty man" as he placed the hand of his daughter into that of her lover. "Yes."

Tillie's Strike.

Tillie Slater often said she was working her fingers to the bone, and nobody seemed to care.

Tillie's sister Alice was the fashionable dressmaker in Roseberry row, and Tilly was her assistant. She cut buttonholes, sewed straight seams on the machine, pulled out basting thread helped to cook the meals, washed dishes, swept floors and read the news to her brother Geoffrey. There had been a time when the Slater girls had looked upon Geoffrey as a helper and a protector in the struggle with poverty, which was the only legacy their parents had left them. But that was before the accident on the new school house where he was working. After that his arms were limp and lifeless, his back was bent and his eyes were bad, and the poor boy, with the hope and strength of seventeen years all blighted, became nothing but a burden to his faithful sisters.

There were a good many times when Tilly worked herself into the belief that she was a martyr. Then she secretly rebelled against the hardness of her lot; but with the exception of commenting upon the condition of her finger tips, she considerately refrained from complaining in Alice's presence. But when she took the baby to raise she felt that she was justified in open rebellion.

"It's a downright shame," she cried out, bitterly, when Alice brought the little fellow home with her from the funeral and announced her intention of keeping him. "I declare I won't put up with it. Just as if we haven't had a hard enough time already without this happening. It's been nothing but work, work, all my life. I've never had the time nor the money to go places and do things like other girls. I've never said anything about how I felt for I supposed you and Geoffrey were suffering just as much as I did. But when it comes to saddling ourselves with other people's children, I won't stand it."

"But he's our own nephew," persisted Alice, gently. "Our own sister's child. Just before Clara went she called me in and asked me to take him and bring him up and I've got to do it. Remember he is an orphan as well as ourselves, Tilly. If we do not care for him, who will?"

"I don't know," said Tilly, stiffly, "I suppose you can put him in an asylum or an institute. That is where other babies go when their fathers and mothers die, and he's no better than the rest of them. There's one thing sure, we can't have him. One mouth more to feed and one more body to clothe means a good deal to poor folks like us. And we need so many things too. Besides, who's going to take care of him? A two-year old baby can't very well shift for himself."

"Yes, I know," returned Alice. "I thought you could take him out for an airing sometimes and look after him a little nights and mornings. Geoffrey and I will manage to get along some way during the day. Then vacation will soon be here and you will have lots of time to give him."

"Take care of him nights and mornings, and haul him around during vacation! Yes, indeed I'll see myself doing it. I'll strike, that's what I'll do, Alice Slater. I won't turn my hand over to help with one solitary thing. If you're going to burden yourself with troublesome babies you will have to get along the best way you can. I shan't help."

Alice sighed and commenced to prepare the potatoes for supper. Tilly took up her Latin reader and tried to study, but somehow she could not concentrate her thoughts upon her lesson. Through the open door she saw the baby sitting by the sewing room window in the midst of some flowering plants that Tilly had carefully nursed through the winter. He was a bonnie child, and looked so sweet and pretty in his pink dress and white ruffled apron that even Tilly's hard heart was touched, and the thought was borne in on her mind as she watched him that of all the flowers blooming, he was the daintiest and the fairest.

"Why don't you kiss the baby," said Alice, as she began to set the table. "Don't act that way. Poor little thing, he has been so lonesome yesterday and today without his mother. Clara always spoiled him, I guess. He'll get over it soon, but it's pitiful now to see how his heart is grieved for her."

Alice lifted a corner of her apron to her eyes, but Tilly turned her attention to the Latin reader once more and refused to welcome the addition to the family. She did not refer to the subject again, but her actions gave positive proof that the strike was on.

"Tilly's still sulking," said Alice to Geoffrey one morning, after her sister had gone to school without heeding the boy who held out his chubby hands and asked in his baby way, to be taken too. "There's been an awful change in her. She never does anything unless I ask her to, and and she seems to hate little Hiram. I'm sure I don't know what to do about it," and the 19 year old bread winner sighed.

"Don't worry, Alice," said patient Geoffrey. Don't pay any attention to her and her bad humor and it will wear off a while. It's contrary to human nature to hold bad feelings towards that child."

But Tilly's bad humor did not wear off. The strike was continued through April and May, and when vacation came her dislike for the little boy who had by common consent, been consigned to her care, was at fever heat. Tilly herself often wondered how she could treat him so badly.

"Hiram Stewart, Hiram Stewart, I hate you," she said one day in a low tense voice that fairly frightened her when she realized what a terrible state of mind such a tone must express.

She had taken him out to the park that afternoon for an airing in compliance with Alice's request. She placed him in one corner of a wooden bench and knelt before him that she might look him squarely in the face when telling him what she thought of him. Even in the midst of her anger Tilly involuntarily pronounced him the prettiest baby in the whole world, with his soft brown hair, long dark lashes and beautifully molded face, but the thought did not cause her to relent.

"Do you know what you have done to me, Hiram Stewart?" she went on. "You've made me work my fingers to the bone." Tilly could not forbear using her favorite expression, in spite of the fact that she had done comparatively little since his coming. "You keep me from having any fun. I can't go visiting with the girls but have to lug you around every bright day instead."

Great tears were coursing down the baby's face, and his breast heaved with a storm of sobs that was about to break. Tilly saw his grief, but she went on mercilessly.

"I had completed plans for having a little pleasure this summer for the first time in my life, and you had to come in and knock them all in the head. Hiram Stewart, you're the pest of my existence. I'm not going to put up with you any longer. I'm—going to—lose—you."

It seemed as though the child understood the import of her words, for he set up a cry that echoed through that part of the park and attracted the attention of everybody who chanced to be lounging near there.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" lamented Tilly. "I've done it now. I ought to have known better than to get him scared, I must try to quiet him somehow. There, there, baby," and she assumed a coaxing tone, "don't cry. Tilly didn't mean it. Come on, darling, and go to sleep, Tilly'll sing for you."

She took him in her arms and sat down in his corner of the bench, then, swaying herself gently backward and forward, she murmured a lullaby with which her own heart had often been soothed when heavy with its infantile woes. The afternoon sun was sinking low, and its last rays fell athwart the fair face nestled against her shoulder, when Tilly ceased singing and assured herself that the baby was sound asleep. One little hand was closed over the end of the lace scarf at her throat, but she deftly loosed his grasp, and with a dexterity born of a settled determination she slipped him from her arms to the bench.

Then she stood up and looked round and saw that that corner of the park was for the moment deserted. The only persons in sight were three boys in a boat, quite a distance out on the lake, and a fisherman who was just returning from the end of the pier. She watched the fisherman until he struck into a path leading south and then turned to the baby once. One tiny hand was doubled up under his head and the other nestled beneath his chin. There were tear marks on his cheeks and even now his breathing was convulsed as though dreaming of the sorrow he had just borne.

Tilly gave one more quick, frightened glance at the child on the bench and turned and ran, with the swiftness of a young gazelle, through a deeply shaded path that branched off from the wide carriageway. Twilight had already settled down in the treelined walk, and there was no one to watch her flight. She had almost reached the street where the cable cars were running to and fro, before anyone crossed her path. Then she slacked her speed and walked out into the wide drive with apparent unconcern.

The clock in the tower of the railroad depot at the head of Roseberry row was striking seven when Tilly walked into the kitchen—alone. Supper had been standing for half an hour, and Alice already had grown nervous and anxious.

"Where's Hiram," she asked when she perceived that Tilly did not have the baby.

"O o-oh," moaned Tilly over and over. Her grief was not feigned for her alarm had by that time become genuine in the realization of her offence.

"He's lost or stolen or something," said Tilly. "I had him on a bench close to the lake, and I just went to the water's edge for a few minutes and when I came back he was gone."

"Somebody's stolen him," said Geoffry.

Alice was weeping piteously.

"Did you speak to a policeman, Tilly?" asked Alice.

"No-o," replied Tilly, "I didn't think about it."

Within an hour's time a description of the lost child had been sent to every police station in town. That was a proceeding Tilly had not counted on and she wondered what the outcome would be. It practically resulted in nothing, for in spite of the berry row which said Hiram would be restored by the next morning, the day dawned without any trace of the pretty boy. Tilly passed a miserable night. She begged to be allowed to sit up with Alice and the neighors who had come in, but they bade her go to bed.

"It isn't your fault," they said. "Nobody blames you. You look like you had been sick for a week. Go to bed and try to rest a little."

Their tender solicitude increased her feeling of guilt. Along toward the morning she fell asleep, but she was tormented by such awful dreams that she was glad when they told her it was time to get up.

A week passed and in spite of the efforts of the police the Slater baby was still missing. Tilly had accomplished her object. She had rid herself of her troublesome little relative but somehow his absence did not bring the sense of freedom she had expected. The strike had been called off and she again helped Alice of her own accord. But there wasn't much to be done. Sewing was slack just then, and all the duties pertaining to the baby were no longer needed. She had plenty of time to go visiting with the girls, but she had no inclination to improve her opportunity, and every day she looked longingly at the high-chair which stood empty among the roses and carnations, and wondered what had become of him. Of afternoons she went to the park and sat on the bench where she had left him in the chill of the coming night. The picture of the baby, as he lay there, was constantly before her and she cried out that her heart was breaking. It was her first sin and the punishment was terrible.

On the eighth day after losing the baby, Tilly walked dejectedly through the park to the fatal spot. Her head was bent, and she did not raise her eyes from the ground till near the familiar bench. Then she stopped short with a cry of alarm and rubbed her eyes to make sure she was awake. Yes, she was right; she had lost her mind, indeed, for there on that selfsame bench, dressed in the same pink frock and lying in the same attitude in the same corner, was the despised baby.

Her heart gave a mighty bound as though it would jump clear out of her mouth.

"He's dead and that's his ghost," she cried, faintly; "but I'm going to look at his pretty face once more."

A moment later she stood beside him and in another instant Hiram Stewart, in flesh and blood and not in spirit was clasped in her young arms.

"My darling, darling baby," she cried: "I love you, indeed I do."

There was a note pinned to the pink dress which was addressed to her. She opened it and it read:

"On the afternoon of June 25 an old man who was resting in the shadow of a clump of bushes in Lincoln park heard a little girl saying some very cruel things to a baby. Among other things she threatened to lose him. The old man was sorely grieved at that, and after the little girl had run away he went over and sat on the bench beside the sleeping boy. It was dark when the baby awoke and sat up and looked around him. He was chilled and hungry, and frightened at the lonesome stillness, and if the little girl could have heard his pitiful crying she would have vowed never to lose him again, but to love him dearly.

The old man took him home. He soon learned, through the newspapers to whom the child belonged. He made a trip to Roseberry row and told the little girl's brother and sister a few things, and they decided it would be well to bring the little girl to her senses. The old man has given the child the best of care. He would like to keep him always, but there are others who have a better claim. He is yours henceforward."

There was no name signed to the letter. Tilly looked all around for the old man, who, she thought, must be near, but he had disappeared mysteriously as he had come the day she lost the baby.

Tilly clasped Hiram's chubby arms round her neck and pressed him close to her heart. She went straight to Roseberry row.

"I've found him, Alice," she said. "You know all about it. I'm sorry. The strike is over, Alice, and if you don't let me work my fingers to the bone now, I'll never forgive you."—Chicago Record.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

To the Editor of the Monitor:—

Sir,—I was troubled with rheumatism for about eight years, and tried a great many different kinds of medicines without getting relief. Last spring I began to get worse and I could hardly walk. It was then that I tried Dr. Clerke's Wonderful Little Red Pills, and two boxes cured me. I have had no rheumatism since taking them. I am eighty-two years of age, and can walk now quite smartly thanks to this remedy wonder.—(Mrs.) Paul McDonald, Eden Lake, Pictou Co., N. S.

We have yet to know of a single case where these wonderful pills have not been almost entirely successful in affecting a cure. Canada Chemical Co. Peterborough, Ont.

They cured me of rheumatism after I had been given up.—Andrew Closkey, Victoria, B. C.

Ex-Ald. Bailey, St. Johns, writes: I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Clarke's Wonderful Little Red Pills. They worked a miricle in my case and cured me after many years of suffering. I do not think their equal is to be obtained.

Nothing like Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills for the cure of heart trouble, weakness, and blood diseases. Have used them everywhere with success.—Dr. E. F. Mann, late of H. M. Forces South Africa.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills permanently cured me of headache. I suffered for years and only took two boxes. That is a year since. I have not had a symptom since.—James R. Jackson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

I do not believe there is a medicine to compare with Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills. They cured me of indigestion and catarrh of the stomach, after nine years' suffering.—H. S. McDonald, G. T. R. shops, Montreal.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, asthma, paralysis, catarrh, eczema, coughs, backache, indigestion, stomach and liver troubles, female complaints, even when the diseases have been standing for many years. Price 50 cents per box. For sale by local druggists. The Canada Chemical Co., Peterborough, will forfeit $10 for any case that will not be helped by these pills.

Dr. Clarke's Kure for Catarrh, and Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Eczema, same price. $10 will be paid for any case they will not cure.

—"I am almost discouraged by the results of public education," said an old teacher. "For forty years I have been teaching in the public schools of the city in which I live, and many of my earliest pupils are now men of middle age. What discourages me is that so many of my brightest puplis have proved failures in the professions in business, and in public life, while the most successful of our citizens were, as a rule, classed among the dull pupils.

"Five of the leading lawyers in the city were my pupils, and they were all below the average in scholarship, deportment and punctuality. Several of our most prominent business men belong to the same group, while in the ranks of the physicians, engineers, and ministers I find that some of my dullest pupils are in the front rank, brightest and most promising scholars.

"On the other hand, some of my brightest and most promising scholars are little better than tramps, and most of them are below the average in the avocations they have chosen."

The publisher of the best Farmers' paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us says:

I would say that I do not know of amedicine that has stood the test of time like Minard's Liniment. It has been an unfailing remedy in our house ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitations.

—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage says: "A newspaper, whose columns overflow with advertisements of business men, has more influence in attracting attention to and building up a city or town, than any other agency that can be employed. People go where there is business. Capital and labor will locate where there is an enterprising community. No power on earth is so strong to build up a town as a newspaper well patronized, and its power should be appreciated.

Minard's Liniment cures distemper.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes. Made by Imperial Oil Company.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SUNDAY.

At a legislative hearing on a question of legal restriction of Sunday trade, a gentleman favored wider liberty because we are at the opening of a new century, implying that Sunday laws are a relic of the dark ages. Not of the darkest ages, he should reflect. They do not prevail now in "Darkest Africa" or in any dark and savage land, nor ever did. Sunday observance is not a mark of rude uncultivated life. Only enlightened and Christian nations observe Sunday rest, and protect the civil rest day by law, as a wise provision for the good of society. Not only savages but bad men everywhere do without Sunday. Either they are not able to see that it is a necessity of wise living or they do not wish to live wisely. Just in proportion as men advance in enlightenment, and in a desire to live according to the best light, they keep Sunday. There are exceptions, but on the large scale and in the long run, exactly as men gain in spiritual insight, attain breadth of view, and a comprehension of the forces and tendencies which govern human life, if they also are wise enough to conform their conduct to their increased knowledge, they will prize Sunday, and keep it with all their heart. That is absolutely sure. How do we know it? On the word of Him who cannot err, who is the truth, for he said, "The Sabbath was made for man"—for man as man, always and everywhere; not for Jews alone, not for certain centuries only, but for all the centuries, for the twentieth and the fortieth, for all those blissful and prosperous ages when human progress shall have lifted man to the high vantage place of enjoying the blessings a kind providence makes ready for his use. And of all these blessings, one of the richest in value in itself, and most prolific of other blessings is the day of Sunday rest and worship. And when God made the Sabbath for man, he thereby declared that the Sabbath is something man needs in every age and land. It is indispensible to his property. Therefore a kind heavenly father will see to it that this precious gift shall not always be as pearls before swine. He will educate men and train them up to see what is good for them, and will give them wisdom enough to take what is good for them. Many men spurn it now, for they are like very young kittens—they have not got their eyes open yet. But the day of vision and wisdom is coming, if not for them, for the "coming man" the man who will not fly in the face of Providence, and trample its best gifts under his feet.

Through the voice, not of written revelation alone, but through the cry of man's entire nature, body soul and spirit, by the examples of Christ, and by the Providential favour shown to Sabbath keeping in its good results, God has made known his will, that man should take one day in seven so far as the claims of necessity and mercy allow, to rest the body and train the soul.

WIDTH OF A RIVER.

To measure the width of any ordinary stream or even a good-sized river it is necessary to make use of only your eyes and the brim of your hat. Thatseems queer, doesn't it? But it's true, and here is the way to do it.

Select a part of the river bank wherethe ground runs back level, and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water line on the other side.

This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat, you may "lay off" a corresponding distance to it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat-brim, supporting your chin with your hand, if necessary, and turn slowly around until your back is toward the river.

Now, take careful note of where your hat-brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look out over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river—a distance that may readily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all these details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.

RELEASE OF MISS STONE.

Salonica, Roumania, Feb. 26—Miss Stone says the brigands swore both of their captives to absolute secrecy regarding any information calculated to establish the identity of the brigands, the location of the places where they to compromise their captors. As a matter of fact the prisoners themselves were concealed, or other facts likely yes are very uncertain regarding many details of their wanderings. They do not know when they were released or were. An arrangement had been made to release Miss Stone and her companion near Serres, Macedonia, where Dragoman Gargiulo and Mr. House were waiting for them, but the brigands, owing to timidity or otherwise, declared it was too difficult to carry out this plan and brought their captives within one and a half miles of Strumnitza. The two women were left under the shade of a tree at 3.30 on the morning of Feb. 23. The bandits pointed out the direction of the village and ordered the captives to report themselves to the village elder who, on learning their identity, would provide for them. The brigands then turned back and disappeared among the hills.

CONSUMPTION IS INFECTIOUS.

Every precaution should be taken to prevent the spread of the "White Plague." Persons coming in contact with consumptives should inhale Catarrhozone several times each day as it is a powerful destroyer of disease germs, and renders them inocuous. Catarrhozone is a most efficient preventive and may be thoroughly relied on to promote expectoration, soothe the cough, and benefit in many ways too numerous to mention. Both from a medical and scientific point of view Catarrhozone is the most valuable addition to the armament against consumption. Its merits cannot be too warmly applauded. Sold at all druggists, two months' treatment, price $1 small size 25c., or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

—The fool who does not think at all kills more people than the miscreant whose thoughts are evil. The idiot who rocks the boat, who leaves a loaded rifle in the house or who snaps a revolver which is not supposed to be loaded in the face of a friend, is more to be dreaded than the murderer.

—No matter how well managed a store may be, or how thoroughly organized in regard to business details if the advertising is neglected or done in a haphazard way, business results must suffer accordingly.—Dry Goods Economic.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price, 25 cents.