The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1903. NO. 12.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis opposite garrison gate
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.
Canadian Agent of the United States
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, &c.
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

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

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

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
Capital Authorized, - $3,000,000
Capital Paid-up, - 1,205,900
Rest, - - - - - 825,000
DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROSS, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR. GEO. MITCHELL, M. P. P.
E. G. SMITH. A. E. JONES,
GEORGE STAIRS.
Head Office: Halifax, N. S.
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C. N. S. STRICKLAND,
Supt. of Branches.

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Interest computed half-yearly at the rate of 3½ per cent. on deposits of $1.00 and upwards in the Savings Bank Department.
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IN NOVA SCOTIA—Annapolis, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Granville Ferry, Halifax, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Middleton, New Glasgow, Parrsboro, Shelburne, Springhill, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.
IN CAPE BRETON—Arichat, Baddeck, Glace Bay, Inverness, Mabou, North Sydney, St. Peter's, Sydney, Sydney Mines.
IN NEW BRUNSWICK—St. John.
IN BRITISH WEST INDIES—Port of Spain, Trinidad.

CORRESPONDENTS:
London and Westminster Bank, London, England
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Upper Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
Royal Bank of Canada, St. John's, Nfld.

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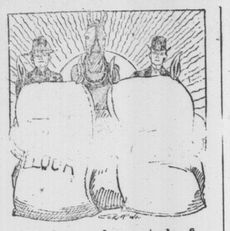
LAWN COTTAGE
Permanent and transient boarders may be accommodated at this pleasant and conveniently located house on Church street. Heated by furnace. Terms moderate. Apply to proprietress.
MRS. JULIA RUFFEE.
Bridgetown, Dec. 2nd, 1902.



We have a large stock of
FLOUR, MEAL, FEED.
FLOUR in Five Roses, Ogilvie's Hungarian, Hornet, Rainbow, Harvest Queen, Tilsen's Pride, Delight, White Coat, and other brands.
CORNMEAL in barrels and bags.
Feed Flour, Middlings, Shorts.
WANTED—Salt Pork, improved Yellow Eye and Pink Eye Beans.
JOSEPH I. FOSTER.
Bridgetown, Feb. 18th, 1903.

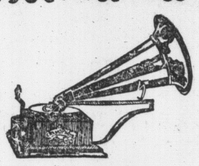
Reasons why You should buy "The Standard" Sewing Machine!
Because the STANDARD does three yards of stitching in the same time required to do two on other machines.
Because the STANDARD does most beautiful hemstitching!
Because the STANDARD has a ruffler that plats as well as gathers.
Because the STANDARD does more kinds of work than any other make.
Because the STANDARD runs 75 per cent. lighter than old style machines.
Because the STANDARD does not break thread when run backward. First stitch perfect without holding ends of threads.
Because the STANDARD makes less noise than other machines owing to the rotary motion and being ball-bearing.
I can sell THE STANDARD at low figures.
W. A. CHESLEY.
Granville St. Bridgetown

THE FRENCH COACH STALLION
FANFARE
Imported 1890 by J. W. Akin & Son, of Scipio N. Y., is entered for registry in the French Coach Horse Stud Book of America, and his recorded number is 721.
PEDIGREE: Bred by M. Paisant, of Perlers en Auge, department of Calvados, got by the government stallion Epaphus, dam N. by Le Moro.
DESCRIPTION: Jet black; weight 1280. Perfect disposition. Fine roader.
☞ Will stand for the season at my stables at Bridgetown.
TERMS: Season, $10.00; warrant, $15.00.
CHAS. F. DeWITT.
Bridgetown, May 6th, 1903.—3m

Don't Forget B. M. WILLIAMS'
is the place to get the requisites for a
Good Dinner
He always has the largest and best stock of Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, etc., to select from. Also the best Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork and Sausage, and everything that would be found in a first-class market.

THE KING CURE
For HEADACHES is the Proper Title for
Kumfort
HEADACHE POWDERS
because they are so far superior to any other kind, being absolutely safe, pleasant and effectual. They contain no ingredient which will lead to the formation of a dangerous habit, but are simply a purely vegetable compound which have cured thousands of others and will do the same for you.
JOHN D. BUCKLEY, the well known merchant of Rogersville, N. B., writes: "The best remedy for Headache that I have ever used is Kumfort Headache Powders. They cure in a few minutes, create no habit, and I have found them safe and harmless."
They can always effect a positive cure in from ten to twenty minutes and a single trial never fails to relieve and delight chronic sufferers from headache.
All sorts of stores sell them, but be sure you get the Genuine KUMFORT Headache Powders. They will cure your headache, while substitutes or imitations will prove more harmful than helpful.
Package of 4 Powders, 10c.
Package of 12 Powders, 25c.
If your dealer won't supply them we will mail either package, postpaid, on receipt of price.
F. G. WHEATON CO., Ltd.,
Sole Proprietors. FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

True to life.



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reproduces bands, orchestras, instruments, singers and talkers with the same quality of tone as the original.
Don't confuse it with the ordinary talking-machine—others have made that mistake before they heard it.
Its repertoire is practically unlimited.
It is the only talking machine made in Canada.
Guaranteed for five years.
The hard flat maroon discs are practically indestructible.
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EMANUEL BLOUT, Gen. Mgr. for Canada. | MILLER BROS. & McDONALD, Distributing Agents HALIFAX, N.S.

Poetry.

Brilliants.

The fountain of all wisdom is High Heaven.
—Elizabeth Finley.

Reap this life's success or failure; soon shall things be unperplexed,
And the right and wrong now tangled, he unravelled in the next.
—Browning.

In the Spring we see;
Then the buds are dear to us—immature bosoms like lilies swell.
In the Summer we live:
When bright eyes are near to us, Oh, the sweet stories the false lips tell!
In the Autumn we love:
When the honey is dripping, deep eyes moisten and soft breasts heave.
In the Winter we think:
With the sands fast slipping, we smile and sigh for the days we leave.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Let's try to cheer with a smile and song
The sorry lives of men
With whom we meet, for it won't be long
Till our paths must part again.
Some little thing we do or say
May have the power to lend
A charm to smooth the roughest way
And glad it to the end.
—Nixon Waterman.

Select Literature.

MY FRIEND GREEN.

My friend Green, though born and bred in the city, and never leaving it except for an occasional day's fishing, had often remarked to me that he was naturally of a rural turn, and that it was the height of his ambition to become, in time, the owner of an extensive model farm, or even a country villa, where he might pass the remnant of his days in innocent tranquility.

I was not therefore surprised to learn that, in default of these rather expensive possessions, my friend had rented one of the pretty cottages in the new suburb row known as "Rose Lane," and was devoting his hours of leisure to the cultivation of a garden and shrubbery.

I went to see Green in his rural retreat. It was a neat, cheerful-looking house, of a style something between a Swiss chalet and a Norman castle in miniature, and contained just five pretty little rooms, besides a piazza, shaded with vines. I couldn't help thinking what a nice nest it would have been for a billing and cooing pair of newly-married lovers; and, in fact, upon inquiry, I discovered that, with the exception of my bachelor friend's establishment, each of the six similar cottages forming Rose Terrace was actually occupied by just such a couple.

The elderly lady of determined aspect who opened the door for me, and whom I learned to recognize as Mrs. Sims, the housekeeper, informed me that Mr. Green was in his "scrubbery," pointing at the same time to five lilac bushes, two arbor vitae, some rose trees and an oleander in a green tub, which adorned a small square plot in front of the house—whereupon Green, who must have seen me, but preferred I should find him engaged in rural pursuits, came forth from the shadow of the lilacs, attired in garden hat and jacket, with a pruning knife in hand. He looked excessively well-satisfied, rosy and happy, and insisted upon my going to see his garden.

The garden was exactly forty feet long by five-and-twenty wide. It was elaborately laid out in walks, from one to two and a half feet wide, bordered with currant and gooseberry plants of choice varieties. The portion nearest the house was to be devoted to flowers; the rest it was Mr. Green's intention to cultivate as a model kitchen garden. No more stale vegetables and decaying fruits, for him. In future his table was to be supplied with choice products fresh from his own grounds.

He showed me how it was to be done. He had already sowed a bed of radishes, and another of turnips. Two rows of onions and two of beets separated the flower beds from the kitchen garden. A space of six feet square was devoted to cucumbers for pickles; and the bottom of the garden was to be planted with cabbages, corn, field-peas and pumpkin-vines. He was fond of pumpkin pies, and Mrs. Sims was great in that line. She was also to can his currants and gooseberries, and if she would only do her best, he intended to compete for the prize for canned fruit at the next State Agricultural Fair.

"You see," said my friend, pointing out with great satisfaction all these arrangements—" you see that on large farms, where land is plenty, people get careless and wasteful, and scatter their crops very much. But here I economize space. The result will be ten fold the yield of a much larger area. Here, for instance, I have planted my corn in close rows, and those potato hills are only a few inches apart.

"But are you sure they will grow well?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," he responded. "I took the precaution to secure against a failure by dropping three or four fine, large, early peach-blows in each hill, so that if one fails, another will be sure to come up. And do you know, Townds, that all the while I was about it, those wretched people in the lane there"—pointing back of the garden—"stood peeping through the railing and giggling in the most senseless manner?"

When I again saw Green, I inquired after the potatoes.

"Why," said he, "you know I planted them the day you were here, and next morning I found that the ground had been disturbed and every potato gone! The Irish people in the back lane assured me that it was the work of rats. Whole districts of potato fields," they informed me, "were thus destroyed in Ireland, causing famine. I have, by their advice, set a rat-trap, but so far without success."

He mentioned also that he had changed his mind about the pumpkins and had dug up the seeds and planted melons instead. And as to the beans he feared he must have made some mistake in the planting, since they were beginning to appear above ground upside down. As it was, he could only spade up the beans and substitute a different crop. He lamented that he could not induce Mrs. Sims to take an interest in the garden.

Mrs. Sims wanted to raise poultry; and on his mildly objecting to having chickens in the garden, she had threatened to leave him. She had often threatened to leave him, and as she was a first rate manager (according to her own account), he was compelled to either yield to her demands or purchase her good humor with presents. His only objection to her was the quantity of company she was accustomed to entertain, especially on Saturday nights; and by a curious coincidence, he generally found on Sundays, various things missing which he had intended for his own Sunday dinner.

Mrs. Sims complained a good deal of mice and roaches about the house spoiling things so as to necessitate their being thrown away—of stray dogs snatching cold joints through the kitchen window, and strange cats devouring dressed fowls on the pantry-shelves.

Here was an opportunity which I had long desired. I was myself a married Benedict, and it had often occurred to me that my friend would be happier as a married man. He was living alone in a house which only wanted a mistress in place of a housekeeper to make it a little domestic paradise; and I hinted as much.

"Nonsense!" said he, blushing, as he dipped a radish into the salt. "What do I want with a wife? I've lived so far without one, and I can continue to do so, I suppose. I'm independent of women."

"Not at all" replied I resolutely. "Excuse me, Green, but of all the men I know, you are the most subject to the influence of one woman. Mrs. Sims imposes upon you and tyrannizes over you. Get a wife and be rid of this female vampire."

"But the extravagance of women," objected he, "that we read and hear so much about."

"Extravagance? A wife—that is, a proper and sensible woman—wouldn't cost you more than your housekeeper does."

"But I'm too old," said he, unconsciously rubbing his rather bald pate.

"You are somewhere between fifty and sixty," I replied to his remark, "and a healthy, well-preserved man. You will get old in time—a double reason why you should have an affectionate, careful wife to look after your comfort, in place of this heartless and mercenary housekeeper. Take my advice. Marry some good, sensible, clever, middle-aged woman and be happy."

"When I do meet with such a woman," responded my friend, skeptically, "I promise to consider your advice."

We walked in the garden after tea.

"One thing that annoys me here," said Green, "is just what you've been speaking of—a woman."

"Mrs. Sims?"

"No. Look up to the gable-window of the house next door."

I saw seated at the cottage gable-window a lady of forty—fair, though not fat. She was knitting, and was evidently not as yet aware of our presence.

"I never come here to work or enjoy myself," said Green, "but what she's there. It's very annoying."

"But how does she annoy you? She looks nice and proper enough."

"She sees everything going on in the garden. I saw her smiling that day when I was planting the potatoes; and before that when the man came with a plough to plow up the land, and, on seeing it, turned short round and went away without a word, she seemed to enjoy his impudence, for I saw her laughing. She is an inquisitive, malicious old maid" concluded Green, with a bitterness unusual to him.

"Who is she? Who occupies the house?"

"Riddle. A nice young fellow. A clerk with Richards & Roane. Just married."

"Why, I know George Riddle as well as I do my own nephews. His father and I were friends. I must step over and see him, now that he's married."

I did so, on leaving Green's; and Riddle and his pretty young wife, and wife's aunt, Miss Ellen Fields (the lady I had seen at the window), got, by-and-by, to talking about Green and his garden.

"I feel so sorry for the poor man," Miss Fields observed, half-smiling. "He takes such an interest, evidently, in that garden of his, and knows so little about its proper management. Now, there's a splendid marquese rosebush that I saw him ruining by cutting off all the most promising shoots—pruning, I suppose he called it."

"Aunt Ellen is country-bred," said the pretty young wife, "and knows all about farming and gardening."

"About those gooseberries, now," said Miss Fields, apparently absorbed in the garden. "I see they are beginning to get mouldy, and the fruit will be lost. If your friend, Mr. Townds, would make use of a recipe of mine, he could stop the disease and greatly improve the fruit."

On my next visit to Green, I told him what Miss Fields had said.

"You must get those recipes for me," he observed. "I had no idea such an interest in the garden."

"Hadn't you better call on the Riddles, and talk to Miss Fields about it?"

"Why, no!" he answered, rather gruffly. "You know I'm not in the habit of visiting ladies."

Chance brought about an acquaintance. That very evening, in a sunset stroll in the open common at the end of Rose Lane, we encountered Mr. and Mrs. Riddle, and Miss Fields. Introductions were exchanged, and we walked on together, pleasantly chatting.

"Really a very sensible lady," he remarked to me that night, "and takes such an interest in the garden."

"I have no doubt but that she will make it a garden of Eden soon," I replied, lighting my cigar.

"A very superior woman, really," he added; "and by-the-by, Townds, won't you come out and take tea with them to-morrow? You see, the fruits are ripening, and I want my friends to taste them."

We made a very pleasant party in the little dining room. It was plain that Mrs. Sims resented her master's conduct in inviting lady-guests to the house, and that she regarded Miss Fields in particular with feelings of animosity.

Business called me away for some weeks. On my return I met Green, looking uncommonly bright and busy.

"Why, the truth is, Townds, the garden is managed now in an entirely different way, and looks like a little Eden. Ellen's doings entirely."

"Ellen?"

"Why, Miss Fields, you know."

"Oh! How is Mrs. Sims?"

"Gone! I had an awful time of it before she would go."

"You'll get another housekeeper?"

"Come out to dinner to-morrow, and I'll tell you all about it."

My wife and I are frequent visitors at Rose Lane. She and Mrs. Green are as great friends as their husbands; and she often says that next to ourselves, they are the happiest couple that she knows.

Government to Establish Penny Banks.

Ottawa, June 8.—In the house of commons to-day Mr. Fielding introduced a bill entitled an act respecting penny banks. The object is to encourage thrift among the poorer classes. The banks will not be money making establishment, and with the exception of small sums to meet daily demands, all the monies will be deposited in the Government Savings bank. The government will allow penny banks 3½ per cent. interest and depositors will be paid 3 per cent., the extra half per cent going to meet the expense of maintenance. A reserve of $10,000 will be required, and it is expected that only charitable institutions will operate such banks. Charters will be taken out by letters patent. The amount deposited to the credit of any one person will be limited to $300. The banks will not be allowed to invest the deposits.

Minard's Liniment is used by physicians.

Mother's Ear
A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR; WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

The Worst Flood in History of the State.

St. Louis, June 10.—Almost two-thirds of the territory of East St. Louis is under from two to fifteen feet of water. Between sunset last night and to-day eleven lives were sacrificed to the waters, and damage which no man to-day attempted to estimate has been done to property. Probably never before in the history of the west has a more valiant fight been made by brave men, with defeat staring them in the face, to protect lives and property, than has been made by the citizens of St. Louis. Since Thursday morning 5,000 men, under the leadership of Mayor Cook, without sleep, have toiled unceasingly to strengthen levels and to do everything possible to save the city. Not a wheel of industry is turning in St. Louis. The smokeless chimneys of manufacturing plants stand lifeless while the flood surges about the foundations. In North East St. Louis the description is repeated, but not on so large a scale. The business portion of the city and the district containing the better residences is still intact.

"BUT FOR HOW LONG?"

is the question to-night. Broadway, running from Ead's Bridge east to the city limits, a wide street walled with stone fifteen feet high, divides the city in halves. More than ten feet of water is pressing against Broadway from the south end, and in some places is sweeping through in streams as thick as a man's body. If Broadway breaks the water will rush over much of the city until Missouri avenue is encountered. Along the river front to the west a tepee of sand bags from two to six feet high and two miles long keeps the river out. Without warning the river began to rise. The embankment skirting river along the southern boundary of the river was threatening to give way. Couriers were sent on horseback and afoot to shout warnings to the inhabitants of the southern half of the city, carloads of sand bags were rushed to the place and work was hurriedly begun. Higher and higher crept the water, the stream began pouring over the embankment,

AND SUDDENLY IT BROKE.

The alarm spread like wildfire. Whistles were blown, bells rung, shots fired and cries of warning were sounded, but with all this pandemonium the majority of the aroused inhabitants did not leave their homes. Within an hour the houses stood in water that reached to the roofs of the one-story cottages. It is known that a number of people fled to the Central hotel, a four-story brick structure, and to the large brick buildings of the Washington and Franklyn high schools. But none of these buildings to-day contained more than 25 persons, and although the rescue boats found many people in second storeys, there are rows upon rows of cottages that early this morning did not show a sign of life. There is grave fear that many bodies will be found in the flooded cottages and in the streets.

It has been practically impossible to learn the authenticated death list. It was currently reported that seven negroes caught in the act of looting houses were shot to death. The death of a Polish carpenter and his three children, two boys aged five and seven respectively, and a girl of 12 years, were caused by trying to save

THREE KEGS OF BEER.

The bodies were recovered to-day. Boats were launched and volunteers started on a rescue mission. Rescuers began work as soon as it was light enough to see and continued far into the night. Word was sent for more boats, and the government responded through the district attorney at St. Louis, who issued an order to confiscate temporarily all boats seen in and around St. Louis and rush them to East St. Louis. The St. Louis fire department also took down their hose and coal wagons and brought them to the desolate city. Volunteers promptly manned every boat furnished, and soon scores of craft were rescuing flood sufferers. In the western extremity of the city at Washington place and Rock Road, on the vacant areas on high ground, two hundred tents were utilized in erecting camps and commissary was established. The city hall, churches, school buildings, and other structures were thrown open and temporarily turned into relief stations.

Down in Dixie.

There are many opportunities in the South for making money, especially to those who understand manufacturing some useful article and have the means to start manufacturing on a small scale. Mr. Fred Oliver of Pennsylvania went to North Carolina a few years since with comparatively small capital, and to-day he is a wealthy man. He made his first money by starting a small cotton seed mill. Mr. Julius Lewis, a Northern man, went to Raleigh, N. C., and started a small hardware business, and he made, within a few years, money enough to afford to retire from business. Mr. Lewis was elected chairman of the select men of the County of Wake, which has located in its district the State capital. Northern men are not only welcome down South, but in many instances elected to important offices. If you want to learn something about the South, there is no better man to write to than John T. Patrick, of Pinebluff, N. C., who was founder of the prosperous Northern men's settlement and winter resort, Southern Pines. Last year there were more than ten thousand people from the North who visited Southern Pines. It is a noted health resort, and Pinebluff is another place being built up by Northern men and women.

Striking Printers Return.

The printers employed in the government printing office at Ottawa have received a set-back. Taking advantage of the fact that parliament was in session and that the printing must be done promptly, they struck for higher pay, although they were already better paid than printers elsewhere. The result was that the government declined to be thus coerced, and pretty plainly intimated that its printing for the future might be done in outside offices and that it would not have any discrimination against free labor. The result is that the employees have gone back to work, and if they have any grievances will doubtless present them in the future in a manner which does not partake of the Claude Duval character.

The Cause of Dyspepsic Pains.

Improperly digested food usually forms gases that cause a painful distention of the stomach and pressure against the heart. This results in much pain and distress, but Nerviline will relieve the distention, dispel the gas, and cure the dyspeptic pains very quickly. Polson's Nerviline is really an excellent remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Cramps, Summer Complaint and all Stomach and Bowel Troubles. No household is complete without Nerviline. Try a 25c. bottle.

Good Roads.

(The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.)

This is the time of year when a good deal will be said and written about good roads, and a few things may be done. If only a few more things are done every year than were done in the last, it is well. Of course, most of the improvement goes on in regions accessible to the towns, inasmuch as most of the riding, driving and bicycling is with a fifty-mile radius of the cities. But the need of good roads is less in the populated centres than in the country districts. City people have railroads that enable them to escape into the country. But far in the country the people have no escape from themselves or from the hard conditions imposed by their ancestors. They have no railways, they have no stage lines except such as it is a torture to ride upon. Their roads, instead of serving as a connection with civilization, are really a bar against it, for civilization lacks the temerity to undertake the journey over them.

An average country road is not only a deterrent to the outward progress of the country which it supposedly serves, but it prevents the ingress of city people who would gladly spend a part of each year in the hills and woods, and who seek the crowded resorts where fashion and high prices prevail, because they will not endure the racking of bones and the laming of muscles that comes of riding over sand and boulders, through bogs, over corduroy, and lurching in and out of ruts.

The incoming of the town folks, for a few weeks or months in the year, is a small matter, however, in comparison with the internal development that comes of providing highways that are practical in all months of the year. When the farmer can reach his store and post-office, when he can send his children to school, and his wife to church and the sewing circle without danger of having to call on the neighbors to organize a dredging party and dig them out, when he can send his goods to the railway and haul his supplies from the village to the farm without using up his horses and oxen and breaking his wagon to pieces, when he is not kept in the house on election day by bad weather, he widens his world, and is a larger man than he can be when isolated from his kind and ignorant of the greater public interests.

Bad roads are almost synonymous with inferior social, industrial and even moral conditions, for if the rural districts of the south were more accessable to travellers and merchants, there is no doubt that there would be less murder, violence, moonshining and drunkenness, and more and better shops, churches and schools. And good roads will not be made, in many a day, until the state bears its share of the expense. The farmers cannot and will not improve their means of travel. Where the matter is left entirely to them the only repairs consist in the shovelling in of a few loads of gravel or broken rocks into ruts that have worn to a dangerous depth, or the laying of corduroy over boggy places that ought to be filled in altogether. Once establish good roads and the people who profit by them will be loth to let them go. The trouble in many of the country districts is that the people have never seen a good road, and they suppose that the rest of the world flounders and staggers and bumps over highways just as abominable as those which they use. The making of good roads is an educational process, and we cannot afford to relax in the effort to continue it.

Strange Showers.

The skipper of the Boston bark Antioch, which two months since arrived at New York from Beunos Ayres, related a strange experience that he and his crew had undergone when some 500 miles northeast of Puerto Rico. The day was clear, when on a sudden a large cloud was observed to windward rapidly approaching the vessel. It broke almost directly overhead, and discharged a vast number of gorgeous ly hued butterflies, locusts and small birds that fell upon and completely covered the deck. The red rain which a year or so since excited so much curiosity in Southern and Central Europe was due, so scientists tell us, to the powdered sand of the Sahara being borne across the Mediterranean by a sirocco. It is by no means an uncommon phenomenon and from the earliest times, when it was considered to portend disaster, has frequently been observed.

Such rain is, however, attributed to other causes than the above, as when, in the seventeenth century, the citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle were terrified to behold one morning the streets of their town sprinkled, apparently, with blood. The walls of one church were entirely covered, and fear was rapidly rising to panic, when an observant naturalist opportunely traced the cause to an immense swarm of butterflies, that in changing from the pupae to the perfect insects had left behind them a crimson stain.

Another meteorological anomaly which doubtless nowadays would at once receive a feasible solution, was an acorn storm, which visited Morlaix, a small town in Brittany, in 1729. Rain, which had been threatening all the morning, began to fall about 2 o'clock with unexpected severity, accompanied by a perfect fusilade of acorns, which came with such force as to break the windows and in some cases to wound the passers-by.

Frogs have more than once descended from the skies. The Leeds Mercury for June, 1844, reports such a shower, when the inhabitants of Selby were surprised by the descent of a multitude of these little reptiles, which they were able to catch in their hats as they came down. They are described as having been about the size of a horsebean and of remarkable sprightliness after their aerial flight.

Many places on the continent can boast of having been visited by showers of toads, which have not only been observed in abundance upon the ground but have even been seen to strike the roofs of houses in their descent and to bound thence to the streets below. Such, too, as have been out in these storms have returned home literally besprinkled with minute specimens of these ungainly reptiles.

In many parts of the east fish-rain had often been noticed, and Sir E. Tennant relates that while driving one morning near Colombo he noticed an exceedingly violent, though partial, shower descend at a short distance from him, and that on gaining the spot he found the ground covered with small silver fish about two inches in length, that were leaping about in all directions.

Nieties of the Name.

(Quebec Telegraph.)

Letter writers in the London "Times" are discussing the pronunciation of the word "golf." It appears that "goff" is an Edinburgh affectation, "gowf" is the caddies pronunciation, and "gofe" is the gentlemen's way of saying it. Please not to fooze by calling it "gawlf."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Gigantic Strike of 90,000 Mill Operators.

Philadelphia, June 3.—Of the more than 600 textile manufacturing establishments in this city, giving work to approximately 100,000 hands, all except forty-seven, employing about 18,000 men are idle to-day. The proprietors of the mills in operation have conceded the demands of their employees for fewer hours work a week, but it is altogether likely that in a few days these may be forced into idleness by the strike of the dyers. The yarn now in stock will soon be consumed, and no more can be obtained until the dyers go to work.

Contrary to the common impression, the strike is not for a general increase of wages, for only about five-tenth of the strikers are demanding fewer hours with as much pay as at present. There are thirty-nine classes of artisans involved in the movement. Of these, thirty-six representing 90,000 work people, ask a a reduction of hours a week from sixty to fifty-five, with a corresponding reduction in pay, practically striking for a reduction in wages to gain increased opportunity for education and more time for domestic duties and recreation. Three trades, representing 10,000 employes, ask for a similar reduction in hours, but one wants it without any decrease in wages; another, the Dyers and Mercerizers' Union, comprising 2,000 members, demands the five hour reduction and an increase in wages from $11 to $13 a week, and the third, the Ingrain Carpet Weavers' Union, with a membership of 3,000, demands the shorter week and a wage increase of 10 per cent.

Both the workers and the manufacturers are well organized, and the prospects are for a prolonged contest. The manufacturers say that to grant the demands of the strikers would place them at a disadvantage with their competitors elsewhere. They declare that since 1899 there has been an all-of their striking employes. It was most universal increase in the wages learned to-day that at the meeting of the executive committee of the United Textile Workers of America, in Lowell, Mass., last Wednesday, it refused to endorse the strike here, deeming the time unpropitious. What effect on the strike this will have remains to be seen.

Thirty-nine branches of the textile trade are affected by the strike. The capital invested in the mills is estimated at $100,000,000. The daily loss in wages will amount to $125,000.

Gamey's Charges Dismissed.

The report of the Royal Commission on the charges made by R. R. Gamey, against Hon. Mr. Stratton, the Provincial Secretary, and other members of the provincial government, was laid upon the table of the House Thursday, 4th inst. The document contains 35,000 words. The finding of the commission is expressed in the following words: "McGaney had no personal intercourse with any member of the ministry except the Provincial Secretary. With two or three of the others he had some official correspondence, but with the rest not even that. With regard to the added charge of conspiracy the commissioners are of the opinion that, as a matter of law, there is no evidence whatever to sustain it.

"As against the members of the government and other persons charged and according to the methods of an ordinary trial, they would be discharged from the said accusations by the presiding judicial officer. This being so, the matter of the original charge alone remains, and our opinion is the corruption charges stand disproved by a great body of evidence, which appears to be more accurate and credible than that adduced in support thereof."

Support Your Local Paper.

Speaking of what a newspaper does for a community, United States Senator David Davis, of Illinois, made an address that remains ever green in the memories of newspaper men, says the Marengo (Ia.) Democrat. He said:—"Every year every local paper gives from 500 to 5,000 free lines for the benefit of the community in which it it located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor in proportion to his means does more for his town than any other man, and in all fairness, man with man, he ought to be supported—not because you happen to like him or admire his writing, but because a local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be crowded with great thought, but financially it is of more benefit than both teacher and preacher. To-day editors do more for less pay than any men on earth. Patronize your home paper, not as a charity, but as an investment.

The Empire Is Young.

(Charlottetown Guardian.)

The keynote of Mr. Chamberlain's recent great speech was that the United kingdom is old, but the Empire is young. There are 40 millions of people in the British Isles and 15 millions of their descendants in the colonies. Upon these must fall the burden of the Empire, which includes the care of some 350 millions more in India, Africa and the islands of the sea. The extent of the Empire's resources is illimitable. Unlike the possessions of any other country, the British dominions are world-wide and include every variety of soil, climate and products. A century hence the Empire ought to be but in the prime of healthy development, with a population of 84 millions, and a far greater aggregation of wealth than has ever existed under any one national flag.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.
All the people use it.
HARLIN FULTON.
Pleasant Bay, C. B.

—It is stated by the St. John Globe that nearly as much insurance was written in New Brunswick during the week as was lost by the fires throughout the province, and that is given out roughly at $100,000. Not only were the North end residents alarmed and sought to insure their property, some adding to insurance already placed, but merchants on King and other principal streets wanted more money on their goods and business houses.

Mont Pelee is again active. For some days past the volcano has been emitting flames and clouds of vapor. It is about one year since the great catastrophe.