The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1905.

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.

Consular 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.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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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. Fred 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.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, N S
April 1st, 1903.—1y

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

Capital Authorized,	-	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed,	-	1,336,150
Capital Paid Up,	-	1,336,150
Reserve Fund,	-	931,405

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
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E. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
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BRANCHES:
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Port of Spain, Trinidad; St. John, N. B.

CORRESPONDENTS:
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
London and Westminster Bank, London, England

Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year.

STATEMENT

	1887	1903	1904
Capital, -	$ 500,000	$1,205,900	$ 1,336,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	472,401	5,115,648	5,830,421
Circulation,	145,447	1,063,866	1,134,902
Loans, -	780,880	6,534,320	7,097,899
P. D. Bills	52,139	10,751	1,345
Liabilities, -	804,426	7,157,176	8,115,839
Assets, -	1,358,209	9,170,243	10,373,650

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed at highest current rate on Savings Bank Deposits and on Deposit Receipts, compounded half-yearly.

Eight Reasons

why we think

Red Rose Tea

is the best tea in Canada have been published in this paper.

Have they been convincing enough to induce you to try the tea?

If they have, the advertising has done all that was expected. The tea must do the rest, and I think it will.

If you have not yet tried the tea, you will perhaps be interested in learning that several more reasons are yet to follow.

They will be interesting and well worth reading.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B.
BRANCHES: TORONTO, WINNIPEG.

Poetry.

Dear Little Beckoning Hands.

(Published by request.)

Dear little hands! I loved them so!
And now they are lying under the snow;
Under the snow, so cold and white,
I cannot see them or touch them to-night.
They are quiet and still at last. O me!
How busy and restless they used to be!
But now they can never reach up through the snow.
Dear little hands, I loved them so!

Dear little hands, I miss them so!
All through the day, wherever I go;
All through the night how lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my dreams.
I miss them all through the weary hours;
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers;
Daytime or night-time, wherever I go,
Dear little hands I miss them so!

Dear little hands, they have gone from me now,
Never again will they rest on my brow;
Never again smooth my sorrowful face,
Never more clasp me in childish embrace;
And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care,
Thinking of little hands once resting there;
But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime,
Dear little hands, I will clasp you sometime.

Dear little hands, when the Master shall call,
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all;
When my feet touch the waters so dark and so cold,
And I catch my first glimpse of the city of gold,
If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate,
Over the way where the white-robed ones wait,
Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright bands?
Will you beckon me over, O dear little hands?

Compensation.

Better to mourn our dead
Than never to know how sweet
The lisping words of a child
Or the patter of little feet;
Better to mourn, I say,
Than never to know the care
Of the tender, trusting souls
That God Himself sent there.

Better to mourn our dead—
I say it through scalding tears—
Than not to know the charm
They trailed through our faltering years;
For a heart from which love has fled
Is nearer the great unknown,
And perhaps is bound by a golden thread
To the Master's pitying throne.

Better to mourn our dead—
O you who hear my voice,
I pray you smile through your blinding tears,
And sad though your heart is, rejoice!
For we who weep for our own know well,
But, ah! at what bitter cost,
How dreary must be the hearts of men
Who never have loved and lost.

Selected Story.

FOR MAKING A GIRL.

Catherine rushed from the house, hurried down the steps and ran to the corner, gesticulating excitedly to an approaching car. She hurried into the car, and sank with a little sigh of relief into a corner seat.

When she had paid her fare, unfastened her fur collar, carefully readjusted her veil and arranged the red rosebuds a little more securely in the front of her jacket, she gave her attention to her surroundings. Catherine always found in the street cars unfailing demands upon her interest and curiosity.

A woman, shabbily attired, her face dull and weary, sat opposite, holding in her arms a pale little child. The child was asleep, and leaned heavily against her mother, who sat almost motionless, with heavy, unseeing eyes fixed on the car window. Catherine gazed intently at the child for a moment; then she crossed the car and sat down beside the woman.

"Is the little girl ill?" she asked gently. Her cousin frequently complained that Catherine was continually doing things of this kind; that she had absolutely no idea of social science.

The woman stared at her, but Catherine smiled in a friendly manner. Catherine took many things for granted, among them universal good-will toward herself. She was gentle to every one. She expected every one to be gentle to her, and almost every one was.

"Is she ill?" she repeated.

"N-no. Her pa's in the drink a good deal, and she don't get as much as usual to eat those times. Her pa's all right when he's hissel; but when he's in the drink—he ain't so good."

"It's too bad he—does drink," said Catherine. It was an inadequate remark, but she remembered that the man was the woman's husband.

"Yes," said the woman, "'tis, but those things happen, miss."

"Yes, I suppose they do, but it is a pity. How pretty your little girl is! Are her eyes dark? I've always longed for dark eyes."

The woman smiled with pleasure. "Yes, they're dark; but you've got no cause to be wantin' prettier eyes yerself, miss," she said.

Catherine's eyes were quickly noting the child's shabby brown dress and soiled little green jacket.

"Oh, but I have!" she said, brightly. "You see, I never can wear red, and I'm so fond of red. Now, your little girl would look sweet in red. Does she ever wear it?"

"She wears what she can get, miss; sometimes it ain't much," the woman said, so wearily that Catherine hastily turned her face away to hide the pitying tears that she feared might offend. Catherine's uncle was of the opinion that his niece had sufficient diplomatic ability to steer the ship of state. She certainly was beautifully considerate of the dignity and the sensibilities of those persons who had less to give than herself.

"My little sister wears red. She has brown eyes and she looks pretty in it. She has a red cloak that she has outgrown. Your little girl would look sweet in it. Won't you let her wear it? It is a shame to have it hanging idly in the closet when she would look so dear in it. I wish she would wake up and let me see her eyes. They must be pretty. I have to get off soon. Won't you give me your address, and let me send the cloak? Mama will be so glad that I've found some one who can wear it."

She turned to the woman with her friendly smile. "You will—as a special favor to me, won't you?" she pleaded. And the smile became irresistible.

The woman's face brightened. She had not known charming girls who had asked her in that coaxing way to receive gifts as special concessions to them.

"Why, miss, if you don't need it, I'd be glad to have it for Seville—my girl's named Seville, after a girl in the book her pa gave me when he first knowed me."

"How interesting!" said Catherine. "It is such an unusual name, too. My name is Catherine, and so is my mother's, and my grandmother's end her mother's."

"My name is Rose," said the woman. Her face was less dull and her voice less tired. It was so pleasant to forget for a moment her sorrows, and discuss pretty names with a girl who seemed not to remember one's poverty. "My ma named me for a rose she found in an ash-barrel before I was born."

"That is like a story, too," said Catherine. She pulled the roses from her jacket. "I read a poem once about a 'Rose among roses.' You take these home, and you will be another 'Rose among roses.'"

The woman's cheek caught the red of the flowers. "What pretty things you know!" she said.

"Yes, I do," said Catherine, tenderly. "When mama asked us this morning what we had to be thankful for today, I said, 'For all the lovely people I know and all the beautiful things I see.' Of course, there are other things, too, but these are the nicest. What are you specially thankful for?"

"Well, I don't know as there's much, miss, for me to be thankful for today. I'm havin' hard times now, with the man in the drink and Seville ailin'," said the woman, bitterly.

Catherine knew little of social science, according to her cousin's verdict, and she said, "It certainly must be hard, but perhaps you could think of something special. Mama insists that every one can. You just try."

"Well," said the woman, "but it ain't easy."

"No, it isn't. Dear me, I must get off at this next corner! What is your address? May I bring the cloak myself this afternoon, after church and dinner? Good-by!"

The woman watched her as she hurried across the street. "She's a funny kind of girl, but she's awful nice," she thought. She held the roses to her face, and remembered the pretty thing the girl had said about a "Rose among roses." The delicate flower of sentiment, the flower whose fragrance is the most subtle, the most exquisite in the world, had been crushed by the woman, but a faint new life quivered in it and stirred it.

In the quiet church Catherine thought of the woman and the child. As she came with her family out into the frosty air, she took possession of her mother.

"Mama, there was a woman in the car, with a little girl. The little girl didn't have half enough on. She really looked cold. May I give her Daisy's old red cloak and take her one of grandma's pumpkin pies?"

Her mother smiled fondly and patted her hand. She was accustomed to Catherine, and cheerfully encouraged her in her unscientific philanthropy.

"Catherine is too young to study social science," she told the bewildered cousin. "It is too large for her yet."

"Yes, I think so, dear," she said, "and I will pack a little basket for her. She won't be offended. You can tell her that your mother wanted you to take it." Catherine possibly inherited a little of her diplomatic ability from her mother.

They packed the basket and folded the cloak, assisted by the aunts and cousins, to whom Catherine had not failed to relate the little story of Rose and Seville.

"Give the little Seville this," said her uncle, handing her a silver dollar. "Tell the 'Rose upon the balcony' that I never before have known, even indirectly, any one actually named for the heroine of a story."

"How kind you all are!" said Catherine.

"She will do a lot of good in this world," said her uncle, closing the door for her. "She is filled to the brim with sisterly love. She's never patronize a cat."

"No," said her cousin. "She would ask its advice or discuss landscapes with it."

"She is a dear girl," said her mother.

Meanwhile the "dear girl" had found the two rooms in which Rose and her little girl lived. She knocked softly, and the little girl cautiously opened the door. Catherine went into the kitchen and eagerly took the woman's hand.

"Her eyes are lovely," she whispered.

The kitchen was warm, but very bare and cheerless. Catherine's roses made the one bright spot in it. Catherine, however, appeared utterly oblivious to its squalor.

She unwrapped the cloak. "Do try it on her!" she said. The woman amazed herself with the pleasant flutter and excitement. She began to be proud of her child. She had been too busy, too miserable to care whether her eyes were brown or blue; but this girl seemed so happy because the child was pretty that the woman's natural pride awakened.

"Well, now, she is a fine sight in it, ain't she?" she said. "Walk over there, Seville, till I see you! Now, it's real stylish you're lookin'. An' it's me as thanks you, miss."

"I'm so glad to see it on any one to whom it is so becoming. Oh, by the way, mama sent that basket of things. If you can't use them, just give them away. And Uncle John sent this silver dollar to Seville. He never before has known any one named for a story-book heroine, and he was so interested. And I brought one of grandma's pumpkin pies. She makes such good ones, and I couldn't resist bringing one." Catherine put the basket on the table as she spoke, and gave the dollar to the woman.

The woman was almost overwhelmed. This girl had such a pretty way of giving. She evidently did not guess that the little pantry was almost empty. Soft tears came into the mother's eyes.

"I don't know what to say to you, miss. You've done that much for me. It's hard times I've had, but you're like a friend—an' you a lady an' me a poor woman."

"I'm a woman, too," said Catherine. "We have just lived differently, don't you see?"

"I guess we have, miss, I guess we have."

In the silence that followed, Catherine heard heavy breathing in the room beyond the kitchen. She instinctively looked at the woman.

"It's my husband. He's sleeping off the drink," said the woman.

"Oh!" said Catherine. "You will let me be your friend, won't you? And let me make hard times easier for you? You would for me, I know, and I'd let you."

"An' it's glad I'll be to let you, miss. You've been a blessin' this day. Now, it's a cup of tay you'll let me be makin' for you?"

"I'd love it! And we'll eat some of mama's cake!" Catherine heartily replied. The hesitation, mingled with eager hope, in the woman's suggestion was very touching, and Catherine understood the brightness of giving.

She asked no questions, but over the thick cups and broken teapot the woman told her how hard her times had been, and the girl seemed to understand. "Now I am your friend," she said, "and you must let me help."

When she went, the little girl, arrayed in the red cloak, accompanied her to the corner. The woman sat alone, leaning on the table. The sound of the heavy breathing in the room next to the kitchen fell on her ears, and the shadow came again to her face, the shadow of the too heavy burden that will not be banished from human faces until every person in the world remembers to do the little or the great services for others that he may do, that it is his privilege, his birthright to do.

The woman bit her lip. Her miserable eyes were dull and heavy. Suddenly her glance rested on Catherine's roses. The shadow lightened. The woman's thoughts strayed to the girl. She recollected Catherine's words about giving thanks for special blessings. Again soft tears filled her eyes. She bowed her weary head on the table and whispered:

"God, I specially thank you—for makin' that girl."

Ayer's

Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.

Cherry Pectoral

Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.

"I first used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral 35 years ago. I have seen terrible cases of lung disease cured by it. I am never without it."
SAMUEL G. HAMILTON, Marietta, Ohio.

Prepared by J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Consumption

Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

Sir Charles Tupper's Views on the Chamberlain Policy,

Asked by a Montreal reporter if he would take any part in the Chamberlain propaganda in Great Britain, Sir Charles Tupper replied: "I have never hesitated to let the people of the British Isles know my opinions on all those great fiscal questions that are so important to the people of the British empire at large. It is altogether likely, then, that should the occasion arise, I will once more lend my advice to the people at home."

"You have not changed your opinion in regard to the Chamberlain policy?"

"Certainly I have not," responded Sir Charles, with emphasis; "if anything, I am even more strongly entrenched in the opinions I have already frequently expressed in that regard. The Chamberlain policy, in my opinion, is the one best fitted to unify the British people throughout the world. The only bond now existing between the people of Great Britain and their kinfolk in the self-governing colonies is one of sentiment—a strong bond truly, but it could be materially strengthened if to it were added one of mutual self-interest.

"Chamberlain has only made one mistake, that was when he admitted, as he virtually did admit, that the imposition of two shillings a quarter on wheat would result in making bread in Great Britain dearer. Now, that is an assertion that I think capable of denial, and I have on more than one occasion proved its inaccuracy to a demonstration. But the fact that Chamberlain has himself made such admission has given his opponents the strongest possible grounds to appeal to the great masses of the people.

"Mr. Chamberlain, of course, meets the contention by the fact that what is paid in excess on bread will be more than compensated in the reduced cost of sugar, tea, coffee and other staples. Such an argument will satisfy the more intelligent electors, but will not satisfy the great mass of the ignorant public who find that their bread is to be taxed. But as I have said, there was no reason to suppose bread would be made dearer by the increased tax. Statistics show that the price of bread never fluctuated except under the imposition of a tax of five shillings a quarter on wheat, less than that has made no difference in the current prices."

"What do you think would be the effect upon public opinion in the United States, were the Chamberlain policy put into effect through law?"

"What effect could it have?" demanded Sir Charles; "they could not very well do anything worse than the McKinley tariff or the Dingley bill. My own impression is that the United States appreciate those who respect themselves, and that when you are prepared to treat them to a dose of their own medicine is just the time that they commence to extend a suitable measure of consideration to others. The thing that has always irritated me more than anything else in Great Britain is the fear that is everywhere expressed that public sentiment in the United States might possibly be aroused over a given course of action. The people of the British empire should settle these domestic matters on a basis altogether irrespective of any opinion that other nations may entertain on the same subject."

Condemns Death Penalty.

Rev. A. M. Walker, a St. John clergyman, delivered an address condemning capital punishment. In the course of his remarks the speaker said that as the criminal usually found peace before his execution it was no punishment to hang him, and that the punishment fell heaviest on the innocent relatives. By means of penal institutions the offender might be cured of what was generally admitted to be a moral disease. Redemption was a wiser method, and by that means criminals might be led to a higher life. Poverty, drink and savagery were the causes of crime, and society did not wrestle with these things. In the centuries to come, men would wonder at the human sacrifices of today. It was for society to say how long they should continue.

A Safe Cough Medicine for Children

In buying a cough medicine for children, never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always sure to follow. It is especially valuable for colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by S. N. Weare.

The Liquor Problem.

A PLATFORM ON WHICH TEMPERANCE PEOPLE, PROHIBITIONISTS AND ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS MAY UNITE.

(By John Brisben Walker, in The Cosmopolitan.)

The result of many years' consideration of this very difficult problem leads me to the belief that it is entirely possible for the most extreme eadical in favor of temperance, and the liquor-drinker most conservative of his rights, to unite. I will try to state the problem in a simple form.

1. In the United States there is expended annually for liquor the sum of over $1,500,000,000.

2. In the United States, each year, there are made some hundreds of thousands of drunkards, filling asylums, bringing misery into homes, and causing semi-idiotic children to be born into the world. All, without exception, acknowledge the immensity of the evil of drunkenness.

3. In addition to the money expended yearly for liquor, the United States annually loses through inefficiency of its citizens, caused by the liquor, a sum that may roundly be calculated at three hundred millions of dollars.

4. Many men are not disposed to put on their neighbors the burden of absolute prohibition. They concede the right to drink liquor.

5. All men, except those engaged in the business of liquor selling, desire to restrict the evils of the liquor traffic. These evils are:

The corruption of youth.

The baneful influence exercised upon our political conditions.

The deprivation and suffering caused to women and children.

The loss in national wealth.

The question then is:

What method of procedure will grant the liberty demanded by certain citizens, and at the same time prevent the corruption of youth, prevent the corruption of the citizenship of the country, and finally the waste of the country's resources?

The answer to all this seems to lie in one direction, and one direction only. Absolute prohibition is condemned by a considerable proportion of the community; unrestricted license is condemned by a still larger portion of the community.

The mean between these two lies in turning over the liquor traffic to the government, as has already been successfully done in a number of states.

All liquor should be sold from state depots.

It should be sold only in "packages" to be consumed elsewhere than in the salesroom.

No sales should be made to minors.

The liquor sold should be of the best quality.

The prices charged would be more reasonable than those made at the present time; they would still be large enough to give the government a revenue several times that now derived from the sale of liquor.

This plan being carried out, the public secures the following results:

First—The temptation to youth to drink in saloons located on every convenient corner, and to treat their friends, and in turn be treated—acknowledged to be one of the greatest evils—would be at once disposed of.

Second—We would no longer have in the community a very large class of men taking the most active interest in politics, whose success in business depends upon making drinkers of the youth, and upon corrupting adult men and women.

Third—The independence of the citizen, and his right to buy liquor, would be undisputed.

If in addition to this governmental monopoly of the liquor business which, as already stated, has been so successfully introduced in a number of states, is added the instruction of youth in temperance, and the organization of temperance societies in the public schools, as is done under the direction of the government in Belgium, we shall have the rising generation safeguarded to the utmost against the evils of intoxication.

At the present time we have four classes of people taking part in the temperance discussion.

First—Those whose business it is to make a profit out of the sale of liquor.

Second—Those who are in favor of absolute prohibition.

Third—Those who believe that the right of the citizen to buy liquor, if he chooses, should be preserved.

Fourth—Those who recognize fully the immense evils done by liquor, and are anxious to bring about a practicable reform in the situation.

Except the first class, that embracing those persons who profit by the traffic in liquor, every one of the remaining classes could get together on this basis of state control of the liquor traffic. Its effects would be immediate and far-reaching.

It is a practicable reform, and if urged by all those now taking part in the endeavor to solve the liquor problem, could be successfully carried out within a brief number of months in every state.

A Study of Old Age

Reveals the fact that the blood is usually thin and lacking in the strengthening properties of young folks' blood. If you want to fill your blood with the fire of youth, build up your strength, restore your nerves, just use Ferrozone. It's the most potent tonic known and will renew the flickering flame of an aged life by imparting nourishment to enfeebled organs. Ferrozone fortifies weak systems, feeds the blood, brain and nerves with new life. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box.

—It's the trouble that never comes that causes loss of sleep.

—If Mr. Tesla had said: "It can't be done," he never would have done it. He never would have tried.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Two New Provinces from N. W. Territories.

Will Be Known as Province of Alberta and Province of Saskatchewan—Bill Providing for Their Autonomy Will Be Introduced on Tuesday Next. — The School Question.

Ottawa, Feb. 17.—The Northwest Territories are to be split into two provinces, which will be known as the province of Alberta and the province of Saskatchewan. The bill providing for their autonomy will be introduced on Tuesday next. This became definitely known today, when Sir Wilfrid gave notice that on Tuesday he would introduce "an act to establish and provide for the government of the province of Alberta," and "an act to establish and provide for the government of the province of Saskatchewan." This is as was expected. What the boundaries of each will be will of course not be made public until the bill is brought down. Around this point and the separate school question interest gathers. The idea is gaining ground, though what is its foundation no man seems to know, that the bills will guarantee separate schools to the minority in each of the provinces. If this proves true, the government will find it has stirred up a hornet's nest almost as dangerous as the one which stung the conservative government to death nine years ago. The west will probably strongly resent any federal interference with such provincial affairs as the conduct of its schools, but the resentment of the west will be as nothing to that of Protestant Ontario, where almost every newspaper is already nearly hysterical over the prospect. On the other hand, if the wish of the west is acceded to and the new provinces left alone to settle their own school difficulties, the government will incur the bitter animosity of the hierarchy, whose agents have been vigorously lobbying in favor of a separate school clause since it became evident that autonomy was at hand. These have also in their favor the fact that the present system of the Territories provides for separate schools, which privilege will shortly be probably withdrawn if the matters be left to the new provincial governments. Whichever way the government has decided, strong influences will be estranged, and it is certain that the debate on the question will be a close second in interest to the memorable G. T. P. discussion during the last two sessions.

—Recently while I was selling Life Boats a lady told me the following incident:

The grocer's delivery wagon drove up to the door of her neighbor's house and the driver, a boy of fifteen, carried in a can of gasoline. He handed the can to the man of the house, who was a drinking man, and who said: "You must empty it, see how my hand shakes." "I can't empty it either, I'll spill it," replied the boy. "Just look at my hands, how they tremble. I smoke too many cigarettes."

There they stood, each holding up their hands for the other to see and neither realizing what striking examples they were of the text that declares, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6.7.—Life Boat.

Champion Liniment for Rheumatism.

Chas. Drake, a mail carrier at Chapmville, Con., says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm is the champion of all liniments. The past year I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism in my shoulder. After trying several cures, the storekeeper here recommended this remedy and it completely cured me." There is no use of any one suffering from that painful ailment when this liniment can be obtained for a small sum. One application gives prompt relief and its continued use for a short time will produce a permanent cure. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Impoverished Soil

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and $1.00.
All Druggists.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT

Will be your experience if you use

WARREN'S
WHITE PINE AND
TAR SYRUP.

There are lots of White Pine and Tar preparations, but this is a *Special One* and *Specially Made.*

It Cures.

Ask your friend about it. We sell more of it than all the rest put together—it sells on its merits.

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

Big American Concern in Canada.

The Allis-Chalmers Company Comes to This Country Establishing Machinery Making Works.

Montreal, Feb. 17.—A striking feature of the industrial life in Canada in recent years has been the influx of American manufacturers, who realize that to share in the rapid development of the country they must establish their factories and workshops here. Scarcely a month passes without the announcement that one or more of the leaders in industry in the United States has crossed the border. Especially is this true of the makers of hydraulic, electrical and mining machinery. One of the companies most recently organized to supply the increasing demand for machinery of all kinds is Allis-Chalmers-Bullock, Limited, of Montreal. The names themselves suggest the scope and the importance of the new interprise.

The Allis-Chalmers Company, of Milwaukee and Chicago, is itself a consolidation of four great companies and is recognized as a pioneer in the development of power by means of steam, gas and water, and also in the manufacture of mining and mill machinery. The Bullock Electric Manufacturing Company, of Cincinnati, had already done business in Canada for several years, and out of this grew the Canadian Bullock Company. When the present company was formed, the Canadian Bullock Company had just completed modern workshops two miles west of Montreal for the manufacture of electrical machinery and apparatus. Their shops were acquired and enlarged and Allis-Chalmers-Bullock, Limited, were thus enabled to begin manufacturing their machinery at once. Further, the rock drills, air compressors, coal cutters, etc., of the Ingersoll-Sergeant Drill Company, New York, and the hoisting machinery of the Lidgerwood Manufacturing Company, New York, had been made here for a number of years, and in acquiring their works Allis-Chalmers-Bullock, Limited, absorbed also the Canadian interests of these companies. The new company is thus able to manufacture steam, gas, water, electric and air power plants and, working in the closest relations with the American Companies, aims to make machinery of the identical design and same high grade material and workmanship.

The works on the bank of the Lachine Canal are reached by both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk railways and are, therefore, well provided with shipping facilities. The property covers fifteen acres and there are now five shops. The main machine shop is 400 feet long and 100 feet wide, but in the spring it will be extended and a twin shop will be erected alongside, the two to open into a large assembly and store room. This, when completed, will make a machine shop 700 feet long and 200 feet wide. There are also power house, foundry, blacksmith shop, pattern shop and testing department. The shops throughout are equipped with the most modern tools and machinery. There are now over 250 men employed.

Marion Bridge, C. B., May 30, '02.
I have handled MINARD'S LINIMENT during the past year. It is always the first Liniment asked for here, and unquestionably the best seller of all the different kinds of liniment I handle.
NEIL FERGUSON.

—Out in Washington, N. D., a church of only 135 members has tried the "no admittance" scheme to increase the working force of the Ladies' Missionary Society. Formerly it had a membership and attendance of just five, and a bright woman determined to effect a revolution. She drew up a constitution and secured its adoption, providing that no one could join unless invited, her name presented by a member in regular attendance, and formally voted upon. The consequence is that there are now over 60 enthusiastic members, with others ready to join.

"Not If it Costs Ten Dollars

A bottle would I be without Polson's Nerviline," writes J. A. Ruth, a farmer living near Trenton, Ont. Nerviline is the best household liniment I know. We use it for stomach troubles, indigestion, headache and summer complaint. I know of nothing better to take in hot water to break up a cold, or to rub on for rheumatism or neuralgia." Every farmer should keep a few bottles of Nerviline handy, and have smaller doctor bills. Large bottles 25c. at druggists.