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Dilke Paying Great Debt to Good Women

British Statesman Who Would Make Them Legislators Owes All to His Two Helpful, Brainsy Wives

London, March 24.—Everywhere the best yet the most seductive influence the influence of women, is being used to compel the passage of Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke's bill, enfranchising women. The measure provides, too, that no person shall be disqualified by sex or marriage from sitting in either House of Parliament.

There is romantic justice in Sir Charles's sincere efforts to place women next to him in the House of Commons, where she can borrow of their counsel and wisdom. No man owes more to affection, sympathy and helpfulness of true women than he, whom Britain honors at last as her greatest authority on international affairs. It can be said almost literally that both women whom marriage successively bound to him laid down their lives for him.

Sir Charles's first wife was Miss Kate Sheil, a beautiful Irishwoman. The first Lady Dilke's death at the birth of her son was attributed to personal violence she suffered at the hands of a mob when she appeared on the platform with her husband in the days of his "Red Republicanism."

There is no doubt that he imbibed his radical principles in the United States, where he travelled for months in 1846, and again nine years later. He is, perhaps, the first thorough Englishman who has ever seen and described the men, manners and institutions of the United States as they are and not as they exist in the jaundiced eyes of national jealousy and aristocratic aversion.

Sir Charles deeply grieved for his first wife. After her cremation he preserved her ashes in an ampoule of great antiquity and enormous value,

which accompanied him on all his travels and did not lose its place in his household when he took another wife.

She, Emilia Francis Strong, daughter of Col. Strong, of the Madras army, married him in October, 1855, when his name was besmirched by the confession of Virginia Crawford, his sister-in-law's young sister. She gave the best strength of her life to his cause, championing him when Lady Henry Somerset and almost every other honest woman in the kingdom demanded for him the punishment severest to every ambitious Englishman—permanent absence from the councils of his country. She wrecked her health in the long, cruel fight which won his rehabilitation, her heart became affected, a weakened blood vessel burst, and on October, 1904, he lost her, his shield and his prop.

Few persons know, perhaps, that the second Lady Dilke was the original of Dorothea Casaubon, in "Middlemarch." Her life was a varied one and crowded with interesting experiences. She was intimately versed in French art and literature. When wife of the Rev. Mark Pattison, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, she met Ruskin and became one of his ardent followers. Dying, Mark Pattison begged her to marry any good man she could love. She chose Dilke, well knowing that the whip of public rebuke would bruise her fair shoulders far more than his.

George Eliot and William Morris were her friends, and by Morris's advice she undertook important work for the Woman's Trade Union League, whose beneficent results are felt even in America today.

Nervous Strain of False Living Shortens Lives, Brings Premature Old Age and Waste of Human Energy

(Boston American Editorial.)

The twin curses of American life and civilization are incessant hurry and worry.

Energy and speed in their proper places mean power. But wasted energy and needless hurry entail the greatest strain upon the vitality of an individual or a nation.

Americans hurry all the time, with or without cause.

In a railroad station, at a steamboat, or ferry landing it is always hurry.

In every great centre of business you may see the ablest men, who ought to be doing their best work at seventy, or even later, wearing themselves out in the forties.

In many restaurants the telephones are being arranged at tables that men may work and worry while he eats.

The business man well able to rest and live wisely can be found clowling his legs mouthful as he looks over the ticker, driving the blood from his stomach to his brain and inevitably ruining his digestion.

You may count a thousand typical Americans arriving to take a train and every one of them is rushing frantically. Even the little children run wide-eyed, worried and anxious. The mothers and fathers clutch their bundles and rush.

The ticket sellers are overworked always at the last minute. Bad service, bad temper, tired nerves result.

Even in our pleasures, speed, useless hurry seems to be the great desired quality.

The American who gets a bicycle for health and amusement must go his hundred miles as fast as possible trying to beat the records of his friends.

The result is that his bicycle, instead of giving him better health, better lungs, better blood, better eyes, gives him round shoulders, tired nerves and muscles, lungs damaged. He has added simply a little to his supply of speed excitement, using his hours of recreation to add to the injury done by the hurried life of business.

The same is true of the rich man with his automobile. He must have his hundred-horse power machine, and rush like a crazy lunatic from one point to the other—although it makes no difference at all how early or how late he arrives. He must risk his life and often see it in the maniacal American desire for speed at any cost.

Almost every American drives, hurries, worries and overworks himself ceaselessly and remorselessly.

The hurry does not come from necessity, but from foolish habits. Each American calculates to a minute just how long he requires to catch a train, and starts only at the last moment. He will dawdle about uselessly until that last moment arrives. He then rushes downstairs, rushes to his car on the street, jumps off the car while it is moving, breathless and worn out, succeeds in catching the train.

If he had been a sane human being he could have caught it in a leisurely manner.

The American system of quick work has undoubtedly been an important factor in our national development. We have trained ourselves to work quickly, think quickly, move quickly. In our few years of active national existence we have achieved more, thanks to our high speed, than any other nation in the same length of time. But we have paid a great deal to succeed.

The price we have paid we ought not to begrudge if we have got full value for it. But what we want to warn you about now is the foolish useless hurry and useless worry and useless fretting.

The over-driven man must worry, the nerves of that man or animal must suffer.

Look at the American with the pale face, the consumptive's cough, the hollow chest.

Look at the thousands and tens of thousands of American business men, white-haired or bald before they are fifty. Look at the women, fretful, anxious, ill-tempered—all due to the habit of hurrying uselessly.

The American habit of hurrying, at meals alone has damaged greatly the entire nation. The health of the country, and through it the prosperity of

the country, could be increased at least fifty per cent. by sensible eating within one year.

The lives of citizens, particularly of the useful citizens, who try to do something, could be increased twenty-five per cent. or more by sensible living; by cessation of hurry.

A great art, which you should study for your own protection and improvement, is the art of being deliberate.

You know that if you take a horse and gallop him at full speed you will break him down in five miles or less, so that you cannot possibly send him any farther that day—whereas, if you take him at a reasonable pace he may carry you fifty miles easily.

The same thing is true of your own brain, nervous system, digestion and general welfare. And it is true, not of the day only but of your whole life.

If you drive yourself just a little bit beyond the speed at which you can go comfortably, you may do more for a few hours. But you are preparing to make yourself a wreck at forty or fifty or sooner, and at the end of your life the work that you will have done will be much less than it would have been at a more deliberate pace.

Try to get out of this hurry habit for yourself. Try to give yourself time to walk, eat, to be deliberate, breathe and eat properly.

Look around at the others hurrying and worrying. Go to your train tomorrow ten minutes in advance quietly, and then spend the ten minutes looking at the poor foolish speed maniacs coming in behind you.

See the poor fat woman puffing away their nervous strength, the poor thin women fretting and worrying,

jerking their children along, making speed maniacs of them in their infancy.

Watch the whole population stupidly stampeding to its home, or stampeding to business—and ask yourself if that picture doesn't show you the cause of the early decay of the American citizen's vitality.

Remember, young man or young woman, that there is everything in knowing how to do a thing, when and how fast to do it.

We don't want you to have the slowness of the proverbial old Hollander. We wouldn't do away with that nervous force of youth which distinguishes the American from other nationalities.

But we should like to see those who read this newspaper use their vitality wisely, and get results from it.

Make up your mind you are going to be so thoroughly master of yourself, as to do the work without wearing out your nerves, exciting yourself, or worrying yourself.

How much better it is to plan ahead know just how you are going to do and be ready like that great old Dane Moltke, who led the German army to victory. When they told him that war was declared, he simply rolled over in bed, mentioned the particular drawer in his desk in which they would find their orders, and went to sleep again. He didn't jump up and tear his hair and rush about and wear himself out with excitement. He had things planned out in advance. He knew the value of his own vital force.

Live slowly, eat slowly, walk within yourself. Live like a human being, achieve things at your leisure. Don't rush.

A City Which No Man Can Live In

Paris, March 24.—Your correspondent had a talk with the latest Knight of the Legion of Honor, Mme. Isabelle Marnieu, just back from Siam. "The King of Siam is named Chulalongkorn for short," said Madame, "but he has troubles besides. His harem is made lively by the squarrels of 3,000 women, some queens, some princesses, some mere favorites and more slaves. The harem is replenished by the following method: When a mandarin or some other official wants to steal undisturbed, he first procures a pretty girl, or rather a child, to please his Majesty.

None older than ten are received at the harem. The King, approving of the child, turns her over to teachers for two or three years and she learns everything suitable to an Oriental woman, that is, dancing, singing, playing, etc. The education is a severe one, being entirely in the hands of matrons, yet kindly at the same time, for the girl, in a few years, may become her teacher's mistress. At the age of thirteen or fourteen the girl is once more introduced to the King. If he takes a liking to her, her fortune and that of her family is made. A sort of marriage ceremony follows, and the next morning the King announces whether the young woman be a queen or slave. Only on very rare occasions is the woman released from the harem.

The lady explorer told your correspondent of a real Adamless Eden—a big town without a single man. This is the town of Nan Harms, where the royal family of Siam, or its female branch, resides. The town is surrounded by high walls and a deep moat, and no man but the King himself durst cross the only draw-bridge. Even he may see his eyes only on stated occasions "sanctified by custom." For many years past not a single attempt by a male to enter the Adamless Eden has been recorded. The last man who tried it suffered death from 900,000 pin pricks for each of the nine thousand inhabitants is privileged to stick a pin one hundred times into the body of an intruder. It's a grand ceremony, performed in public, and always attracts immense crowds.

The town is administered like any other in the country, only that the judges, policemen, all officials, work people, even the soldiers, are females. King Harms is celebrated far and wide for its beautiful gardens, flowers, fruits and vegetables.

If after buying stockings you would take a piece of an old stocking and see it neatly in the heel and knee, you will find they will wear twice as long, especially good for children's hose, which always wears at the knees and heels.

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Old Time Millionaires

Imagination has clothed the courts of the kings of France since the last crusade with a glamour of wealth and splendor unparalleled in our own days. Their palaces have been pictured as perpetual panoramas of magnificence that contemporary millionaires for all their lavish expenditures have not produced. Yet according to Victor George d'Avonel, in the Revue des Deux Mondes, their incomes were relatively small compared with those present-day merchants and bankers of France. After painstaking research he proves that "the very rich of today are six times as rich, or those of equal fortune are twelve times as numerous, as the richest men of the "ancient regime;" they are ten times as rich or twenty times as numerous as the most opulent princes of feudal times." At the same time the laboring classes, the people who live by the work of their hands, are twice as rich as their ancestors.

Under the third Republic 1,000 persons have incomes exceeding \$10,000. Of these one thousand there are 350 with incomes of more than \$100,000, 120 have an annual revenue of more than \$200,000, fifty more than \$500,000 and about ten more than \$8,000,000.

For purposes of exact comparison M. d'Avonel estimates all fortunes and incomes of bygone times in terms of their equivalent value today, not as mere nominal sums. Up to the end of the sixteenth century, he shows no one had an income of \$1,000,000. Louis IX, in the exceptional year of the crusade of 1251 spent \$775,000. After the Hundred Years' War, in 1450 Charles VII's budget was \$212,000. In 1516 Francis I, noted for his taste for luxury, had only \$250,000 for his person and his court. Napoleon III's civil list amounted to \$5,000,000, but Louis XIV had less than \$4,000,000 for all expenses of an extravagant court. Richelieu and Mazarin derived tremendous incomes from their privileges, Mazarin leaving by will nearly \$40,000,000 to the King, who refused it and let it pass to Mazarin's eight nephews and nieces. Except these three no person up to the time of the Revolution enjoyed an income of \$1,000,000, and the revenues of Richelieu and Mazarin were subject in fact to charges really connected with the state. Many de Mazarin's during the twenty years of her reign received

\$14,000,000, but did not have enough to pay her brother's debts.

Most of the royal princesses from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century received dowries of only about \$130,000. The daughter of the President Jeanjun, whose daughter had the greatest marriage of Paris in the latter part of the sixteenth century, received only \$84,000. Among the nobility similar sums were very rare.

Individual fortunes, M. d'Avonel says, were accumulated in the middle ages not by force of the law but by the law of force, by the shifting of existing wealth, not by the accumulation of new riches. There was great inequality of wealth by reason of privilege. Modern laws and political systems have changed the processes of accumulation, but not prevented the inequality resulting from changed conditions of commerce and industry. In making the poorest class today twice as well off in regard to earnings as their grandfathers were, time with all its changes has given to the richest class in France the opportunity by their factories and banks to become four or six times as rich as the richest functionaries of the old monarchy. And yet France is poor in millionaires and French millionaires poor in millions compared with the American princes of trade and property.

Queen Scolded Over Telephone

Paris, March 24.—Queen Margherita of Italy was recently called to her private telephone in the Margherita Palace at Rome, says the Petit Parisien's correspondent. The line was laid specially to enable her to converse with her son, the King of Italy, and she naturally expected to hear his voice.

"When are you going to pay me for the coal?" were the words she heard. Seeing at once that there was some confusion, her Majesty resolved to continue the joke, and asked simply, "What coal are you speaking of?" "You're pretty cool," was the response. "Why, the coal I sent you six weeks ago and don't get you to pay for." A string of insults followed, and the coal merchant was suddenly cut off by a terrified clerk at the exchange, who discovered the mistake he had made.

The Queen, says the correspondent, was immensely amused at her scolding, and narrated the story with much relish to her suite.

A SPRING TONIC

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red, Health-giving Blood

Cold winter months, enforcing close confinement in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop, and in the school—sap the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened, sleep is not restful—you awake just as tired as when you went to bed; you are low spirited, perhaps have headache and bilious skin—that is the condition of thousands of people every spring. It comes to all unless the blood is fortified by a good tonic—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish this feeling, but they guard against the more serious ailments which usually follow—rheumatism, nervous debility, anaemia, indigestion and kidney trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal medicine. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood. Every drop of new blood helps to strengthen the overworked nerves. Overcomes weakness and drives the germs of disease from the body. A thorough treatment gives you vim and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mr. Mack A. Messer, Sluice Point, N. S., says: "I was so completely run down that I could hardly work. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as I had heard them highly spoken of, and a few boxes worked a great change in my condition. I am again feeling as well and strong as ever. I did not recommend the pills to all weak people."

It is a mistake to take purgatives in the spring. Nature calls for a medicine to build up the wasted force—purgatives only weaken. It is a medicine to act on the blood, not one to act on the bowels, which is necessary. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood medicine—they make pure rich, red blood, and strengthen every organ of the body. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.