Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 25. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1897. NO. 31.

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Men to sell the old, established Fonthill Nurseries; largest in the Dominion; over 700 acres of choice stock, all guaranteed strictly first class and true to name. Large list of valuable specialties controlled absolutely by us. We have the only testing farms that are connected with any Nursery in the Dominion. Permanent place and good pay to those who can prove themselves valuable. We furnish everything found in a first class Nursery; fruits, flowers, shrubs and seed potatoes. Write us and learn what we can do for you.
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Fruit - Jars!
Pints, Quarts, and Two Quarts,
Very Cheap!

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I will close out the balance of Summer Clothing very low to make room for Fall Goods.

FLOUR, MEAL & FEED
at the following prices:

Hornet,	best Manitoba Flour, -	$6 40
Acadian,	high grade Ontario Flour, -	5 75
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—:o:—
JOSEPH I. FOSTER.
Bridgetown, Sept. 8th, 1897.

Farming Implements!
To arrive about the 20th June,
TWO CARLOADS
Mowers, - Rakes,
AND BUGGIES,
making six carloads this season. All goods are FIRST-CLASS and sold at UNIFORM PRICES.
SECTIONS AND REPAIRS
for Mowers in stock at our warerooms in Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co., and Bridgetown, Lunenburg Co.
PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES
always in stock. Organs cleaned and repaired. Call or write for Price List.
N. H. PHINNEY,
Manager.
Lawrencetown, June 4th, 1897.

My New
FALL GOODS
are just arriving, and among them are many things to interest the public.
Ladies' Undervests from 16c to 17c.
Gents' Underwear,
Ladies' Wrapperette Goods,
Blankets, Hosiery, Gloves,
and many other things.
Also just arriving **a case of Ready-made Clothing** which will be sold low.
Another case of **Mahogany and Oak Clocks at $3.00.** They must be seen to be appreciated, and another **lot of Tinware, 14 pieces for $1.00.**
Give me a call.
Yours for business,
MRS. WOODBURY.
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NOW ARRIVING
—AT THE—
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A Grand Assortment of
NEW STATIONERY!
☞**Call and see the NEW ENVELOPES** that are sealed without the old time method of licking the gum.
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ONE CASE
WHIPS
(All Styles and Prices,)
Direct from the Manufacturer.
☞**PRICES RIGHT.**
B. STARRATT.
Paradise, April 16th, 1897.

CAUTION!
All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by accounts or promissory notes, are hereby notified that all payments of the same must be made to the undersigned, as no person has been authorized by them to collect said accounts or notes.
E. BENT,
J. B. GILES, } *Executors.*
Bridgetown, March 10th, 1896.

WANTED—Agents for "Queen Victoria: Her Reign and Diamond Jubilee." Overflowing with latest and richest pictures. Contains the endorsed biography of Her Majesty, with authentic History of her remarkable reign, and full account of the Diamond Jubilee. Only $1.50. Big book. Tremendous demand. Bonanza for agents. Commission 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Duty paid. Write quick for outfit and territory. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 7,355 Dearborn St., Chicago. 16 8i

Welcome Soap
MISSING WORD CONTEST!
$25.00 Cash for the MISSING WORD in the Following Sentence:
"All —— housekeepers should use Welcome Soap."
Our **MISSING WORD Contests** at St. John and Halifax Exhibitions were so very successful and caused such wide-spread interest, that we have determined to hold a **MISSING WORD Contest** monthly, **beginning with October 1st.**
CONDITIONS.—The Name and Address must be written plainly with all Guesses at the **MISSING WORD** sent in, and must be accompanied by **25 Welcome Soap Wrappers** (otherwise they will not be considered). At the end of each month the Guesses will be submitted to a disinterested, responsible and representative Committee, who will decide awarding Prizes, as follows:—
FIRST PRIZE of $15.00. in Cash.
SECOND " " 7.00. " "
THIRD " " 3.00. " "
Total, - - - $25.00. in Cash.
All others sending Guesses, as above, will receive one of our **Handsome Premium Engravings** of their own selection. The sentence, with Correct **MISSING WORD,** and result, will be Published promptly at the end of each month. The sentence will remain the same, but the **MISSING WORD** will be changed monthly until further notice.
The WELCOME SOAP COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

Excursion to Boston
AT ONE FIRST-CLASS UNLIMITED FARE.
Good for THIRTY DAYS from date of issue.

By Stmr. "Prince Rupert"
—AND THE—
International S. S. Line.

By this route you have a chance to see St. John, Eastport, Lubec, Portland, as well as Boston.
International Steamers leave St. John every **Monday, Wednesday and Friday** morning at 8 o'clock, (standard time.)
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Grand ✦ Spring ✦ Opening
—OF—
GENTS' WEAR!
The largest stock in the two Counties, bought for cash from the manufacturers and will be sold at
Extremely Low Prices.
WE HAVE JUST OPENED
An endless variety of Spring Cloths
per S.S. "St. John City" from London, which will be made up in our Tailoring Department to your entire satisfaction or no sale.
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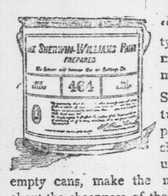

"An empty wagon makes the most noise." So manufacturers of paint with short measure, partly empty cans, make the most noise about the cheapness of their stock *by the gallon.*
A good stock cannot be purchased at 25 per cent less than standard goods unless it is 25 per cent short in measure or quality. As you pay so you receive. The best full measure paint we know of is
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

B. B. "GENUINE."
White Lead,
RAW AND BOILED
OILS
AT LOWEST PRICES.
Blacksmiths' Supplies a Specialty.
H. W. BENSON.

Before You Purchase . . . **Your '97 Wheel** Correspond With Us.
OUR LINE COMPRISES THE
"Hamilton," - "Kenwood," - "Wellington," - "808."
Gents', Ladies', Juveniles and Tandems.
$100, - $85, - $70, - $55.
We are territorial agents and can offer customers many advantages.
No long waiting for replacements. All parts carried in stock and prompt attention paid to purchasers.
We also carry a full line of sundries, and have a well equipped repair shop
ANNAPOLIS MACHINE & CYCLE CO.

Important Notice!
I have completed arrangements with the celebrated cutter,
MR. A. McPHEE,
who will be at my Bridgetown store from this date.
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Stores: Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.

Poetry.

The Day Beyond.

When the youth is with us all things seem
But lightly to be wished and won;
We snare to-morrow in a dream
And take our toil for work undone:
"For life is long, and time a stream
That sleeps and sparkles in the sun—
What need of any haste?" we say;
"To-morrow's longer than to day."

And when to-morrow shall destroy
The heaven of our dreams, in vain
Our hurrying manhood we employ
To build the vanished bliss again;
We have no leisure to enjoy.
So few the years that yet remain;
So much to do, and, ah!" we say,
"To-morrow's shorter than to-day."

But when our hands are worn and weak,
And still our labors seem unblest,
And time goes past us like a bleak
Last twilight waning to the west,
"It is not here—the bliss we seek;
Too brief is life for happy rest.
And yet what need of grief?" we say;
"To morrow's longer than to-day."

—*A. St. John Adcock, Chambers' Journal.*

Select Literature.

The Grindstone Question.

BY ROBERT BARR.
Author of "The Face and Mask." "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

Old Monro's general store was supposed to contain everything that a human being might require. The shelves on the right-hand side as you enter were filled with all kinds of groceries, canned goods, spices, and so forth, not to mention glass jars containing brilliantly colored candies, the envy of all the children in the place, which made the boys resolve that when they grew up they would be grocers; an aspiration augmented by bags of hazel nuts and boxes of raisins placed just beyond the reach of a long arm. On the counter at this side stood a big pair of scales by means of which the various commodities were weighed. What rested under the counter nobody exactly knew; it was an unknown land, into which the grocer or his assistant dived, bringing to light sugar, coffee, tea, or almost anything that was called for, with something of the mystery that surrounded a conjurer when he develops an unexpected omelette from a silk hat.

On the public side of the counter were ranged barrels of nails, for the most part, which served as seats for the lazy customers or loiterers about the store, while at the same time the contents of the barrels did not offer the temptation to purloiners that soda crackers or nuts might have done. On the left hand side of the store were bolts of cloth for men and women, chiefly for the latter; and instead of scales being on the counter, there were brass-headed nails driven on the inside edge of it, that measured a yard, half a yard, quarter of a yard, and so forth, enabling the deft assistant to run off speedily the length required, snip it at the exact spot with the little scissors from his vest pocket, and then, with an ear satisfying rip, tear the cloth across.

Sam, the assistant, who easily was the leading man of the place, for he understood the mysteries of book-keeping and he arrayed himself with the gorgeousness which no young man of the neighbourhood could hope to emulate, as Sam had the resources of this emporium at his command, getting neckties and other necessities at wholesale prices.

Old Monro himself was rather a tough looking, gnarled individual, who paid little attention to dress, as often as not serving his customers in his shirt sleeves, and was thus thought by the youth of the village to understand his privileges, although the lumbermen rather envied him his run of the tobacco-box, where the black plugs lay tightly wedged together and had to be dislodged by a blunt chisel. Old Munro chewed tobacco continually, and all he had to do when one plug was exhausted was to go to the box and take out another: surely a most entrancing prerogative.

The young man who now stood before the counter in the public part of the store seemed somewhat incongruous in such a place.

He was dressed neatly, and in what was referred to with contempt as "city style," which dwellers in the country naturally despise. His carefully tied scarf, instead of being like Joseph's coat, of many colors, and those all flaming, was of one quiet hue; and the disdain with which Sam contemplated him was tinctured uneasily by the feeling that perhaps, after all, this was the correct thing, although it made such little show.

Old Munro's thoughts, however, were not on dress. Nevertheless, he regarded the young man before him with a look in which pity was the predominant element. Monro was not now acting in his capacity of store keeper, but in his role of school trustee, one of three, and the chief one, who had the management of the educational interests of Pineville. Russell Copford, who had applied for the position of teacher in the Pineville school, had some expectations that his scholastic attainments were to be critically looked into, but this was not the case. Do you think you can lick the big boys?" asked old Monro. They're a tough lot; ain't they, Sam?"

"You bet!" replied Sam.

"I'm not a believer in corporal punishment," said young Copford," and I hope to be able to manage the school without it."

"Don't believe in licking!" cried old Monro, with evident doubt of the applicant's fitness for the post. "What do you think of that, Sam?"

"Don't think much of it," said Sam.

"No more do I," replied Monro. "I don't see how you can run a school without the gad."

"Well said the young man reflectively, with the air of one who has an open mind on all subjects, "I hope to interest the pupils so much in what I have to teach them, that punishment will not be necessary; but if it is necessary I shall not hesitate to employ it."

The old man laughed with an inward chuckle of enjoyment rather than any outward demonstration of merriment.

"Let's see, Sam," he said; "is it three teachers they've run out of this section?"

"Four I think," said Sam.

"Well, it's either three or four. Yes, I guess it was four. My boy licked three of them, I think, and Waterman's boy he knocked out the other. Billy Waterman and our Tom they're pretty hard seede; aren't they Sam?"

"They're a tough lot," said Sam impartially.

"Yes, continued the old man, his mind apparently running back over the past and bringing strict impartiality to bear on his retrospect, "we've had a good deal of trouble with our teachers. The fact is, we don't hardly know what to do with the school; do we Sam?"

"No, we don't," said Sam.

"Our boys don't seem to take to learning and when the teacher puts on any airs with them, they up and lick him. One of the teachers brought an action for assault and battery. Let's see continued Monro, meditatively, "was it against Billy Waterman, or against our Tom?"

"It was against Tom," said Sam.

"I expect it was. Anyhow, the magistrate said that if the teacher didn't know how to run the school he wasn't there to learn him, and so he dismissed the case. That's why I want to warn you, for it ain't no picnic to run our school; is it, Sam?"

"No it ain't", agreed Sam.

"Why, some years ago we tried, as a sort of experiment, how a woman teacher would do. She was a mighty pretty, nice little girl; wasn't she, Sam?"

"Yes, she was," replied Sam, fervently, adjusting his rainbow necktie.

"Well, I guess she'd 'a' got on all right if she hadn't been so mighty particular. She was going to correct Billy Waterman for drawing pictures on his slate instead of ciphering, and Billy he just up and took her in his arms and kissed her, and then the girl she sat down at her desk and cried fit to kill, and resigned the school. I told old Waterman Billy oughtn't to have done it, and he allowed it wasn't just right, but he hain't got much control over Billy, no more'n I have over Tom; have I, Sam?"

"Tom *does* run a little wild," admitted Sam.

"I don't mind you having the situation, Mr. Copford," said old Monro, impartially, "but if the boys turn round and thrash you, don't come whining here to me, because, you see, I've warned you; haven't I Sam?"

"You have," said Sam.

"That is all right," replied Copford, with a twinkle in his eye. "But on the other hand, Mr. Monro, if they bring Tom home some day on a shutter, don't blame me."

The old man threw back his head and laughed.

"Well, youngster," he said, "you've got some spunk, although you don't look it. That's the way I like to hear a fellow talk, but you ain't seen our Tom yet; has he, Sam?"

"No," replied Sam, emphatically, "he hasn't."

And so, with little formality, it was arranged that Russell Copford should teach in the public school at Pineville.

The young man turned away from the general store and walked up the sawdust street of the village with anything but a light heart. For one who had had an education in a great university and who had spent a year in Paris studying art, it was indeed an appalling thing to be condemned for an unknown length of time to teach a backwoods school in America. Sudden financial disaster had overwhelmed his father and brothers, who were in business, but who, nevertheless, looked into the future with confidence and hoped to retrieve their former position. But meanwhile Russell had to do the best he could for himself, and hope for better times; and when a young man in America does not know what to do he plays trumps, and tackles school teaching—that stepping stone for lawyers, clergymen and professional men of all sorts, and even presidents.

The town was built of pine, it smelt of pine, it lived on pine, and the resinous, healthful odor of pine prevaded every corner of it. The droning roar of the circular saws eating their way through pine logs filled the air, accentuated by the shriller scream of the glittering buzz saws revolving with such incredible swiftness as they edged the boards that they seemed to stand still, and were, as the proverb says, not healthy to "monkey" with.

The population of Pineville were all connected either directly or indirectly with the lumber industry, and the children whom Copford was supposed to teach could hardly be expected to have the manners of Vere de Vere. It was also quite evident that the chief man interested in the progress of the school, regarded the assaulting of a teacher by one of the big boys as rather a joke than otherwise.

Young Copford set his teeth rather firmly as he walked up the sawdust street of the place. Monro had given him the keys of the schoolhouse—a large key for the outer door and a smaller one for the school master's desk, tied together by a string—and with these jingling in his pocket, he sought the temple of learning.

The schoolhouse stood alone, some distance out of the village, and was a rough, unpainted structure, with a well-trodden play ground surrounding it, and not a plant, tree, or any living green thing anywhere near it. On entering, Copford found a large room with a platform at one end, on which stood a desk. There was a blackboard along the wall behind the desk, while some very tattered colored maps hung at the farther end of the room. The school furniture was of the rudest possible kind, evidently built by the carpenter who had erected the schoolhouse. A broad desk of plank ran around three walls, on benches before which the elder children evidently sat. In the centre of the room were movable benches, without desks in front of them, which seemed to indicate that the greater portion of the pupils were still studying the useful, but not particularly advanced, alphabet.

On Monday morning the school began at nine, and about a quarter before that hour Copford appeared, and saw for the first time the thirty or forty boys and girls, of all ages and all sizes, whom he was to instruct. He had little difficulty, even before he had asked the pupils their names, in distinguishing Tom Monro and Billy Waterman; they were the two biggest boys in the school, and Monro had the shrewd, humorous look of his father, with the added air of truculence which comes to a boy who is the acknowledged boss of the school, not to speak of the unusual record of having thrashed three teachers. His closely cropped, bullet head showed him to be a combative, stubborn person who would not be easy to coerce or persuade. On the other hand, Billy Waterman was a surprise. As Copford looked at him, he could hardly credit the fact that he also had a teacher's scalp at his belt, although he could quite readily believe that he had picked up a schoolmistress and kissed her.

Billy was a dreamy eyed, poetic looking young fellow, robust enough, but not at all one who might be finally placed in the category of hopelessly bad boys. There was no question, however, but Tom would prove a match, if it came to fist cuffs, for nearly any teacher in the State.

Copford was amazed to see among the pupils nearly half a dozen girls who would have been classed as young ladies anywhere else. One was exceedingly pretty, and she modestly told him, when he asked, that her name was Priscilla Willard. Copford was quick to see that he was going to have little trouble so far as the girls were concerned, for before the day was over it was quite palpable that they all liked him; but he had the doubt whether this preference would make his way smoother with the boys, especially with those whom he might without exaggeration, have termed young men.

The first week passed with nothing particular to distinguish its progress, and Copford found his elder pupils farther advanced than he expected, especially in arithmetic, which the parents thought a more practical branch of education than such comparatively ornamental departments of geography and grammer. Copford, also to his amazement, realized that he liked his new profession. Children generally are filled, with such eager curiosity that it is a man's own fault if he fails to interest them; and Copford's methods were a continual surprise to his pupils. He actually laughed if a boy, expecting a thrashing, made a joke at his expense; and then he told them stories to which they listened with wide-open eyes. For the first time in their lives geography became a living thing to them, for the wonderful young man before them had actually visited many of the places which were to them but names on the map, and he often gave them thrilling accounts of adventures he had had in this foreign city or the other.

The teacher was quite palpably on the road to immense popularity, for when children do like a teacher they adore him; there is no half-way ground with the young. But Monro and Waterman held sulkily aloof. They apparently were not going to make friends with a man they would shortly thrash.

The gauntlet was first flung down by Billy Waterman. One day in the second week, Copford had returned to school after dinner, and seated himself at his desk. The stillness that reigned was unnatural and oppressive. He saw that something was wrong, but could not tell what it was. The fair head of Priscilla was bent over her desk, but there was an expression of intense indignation on her brow. Waterman and Monro were exhibiting an industry over their slates that was more than usually ominous. One of the very small boys in front A-B-C row giggled in a sudden manner that indicated previous suppression of his feelings, and then tried to choke off his ill-timed merriment by burying his mouth in his hands, a look of intense fear coming into his eyes.

"Well, Peter," said Copford, genially, what is the fun about? I don't think you should keep it to yourself, if the joke is as good as all that."

"It's on the blackboard, master," said the frightened boy, in a hysterical gurgle between a laugh and a cry.

Copford turned his head and saw on the blockboard an exceedingly clever caricature of himself, drawn in white chalk. The exaggerated likeness was obvious, and the malicious intent equally so. The master rose to his feet, turned his back upon the school, and gazed for a few moments on the caricature, while an intense quiet reigned in the room. Finally he turned and said:

"Who drew that picture?"

There was no reply. Billy Waterman turned a trifle pale about the lips, bent his head over his slate. No pupil gave the slightest indication of the culprit, but Tom Monro looked directly at the master with an expression that said, "Now we'll see how much grit he's got."

"Well, Master Waterman," said Copford, easily, "If I had drawn a picture as clever as that, I shouldn't be ashamed to own it."

"Who said I drew it?" muttered Billy, truculently, not going to be caught by such chaff as that.

"Who says it? I say it."

"Oh, do you?" remarked Billy, menacingly. "Well, what else have you got to say about it?"

"I'm not going to say," replied the master. "I'm going to do."

"Well, what are you going to do?" cried Billy, throwing one leg over the bench on which he sat, and turning from the wall, so that he might be ready for either attack or defence.

Priscilla looked up in alarm, her face pale, gazing beseechingly at the master, as if to warn him of his danger.

"What am I going to do?" said the teacher. "Now if you will all pay attention for a moment, I'll show you. You see this picture; it is a very good caricature of myself, but just watch me add a few lines to it."

Copford took up the white finger of the chalk crayon, and gave a touch to the background, near the eye of the figure, then drew a swift line or two about the mouth, a dab here and a dab there, and stood back quickly, so that all might see the result of his work. An instantaneous roar broke out from the school—a roar of laughter. The result on the board was the dead image of the master, with a comicality added to his expression that was simply irresistible. Billy Waterman gazed with dropped jaw and incredulous, wide-open eyes at the picture.

"Well, I swan!" he cried, unconscious that he was speaking.

The master turned again to the blackboard, and after a few strokes, very rapidly accomplished, stood back again, and exhibited to their wondering eyes a picture of Billy himself as he gazed with open mouth at the result. And now the children applauded as if they were at a theatre. No such expertness had they ever seen even at the most interesting show which had hereto-fore visited the town. Copford picked up the wooly brush used for cleaning the blackboard, and was about to obliterate the result of his labors, when Billy Waterman arrested his hand by crying out, entreatingly:

"Oh, master, don't blot it out."

"Very well," said the teacher. "We will let it stay there for the remainder of the afternoon; but I hope none of the trustees will come in and see what we have been doing. I think, however, we will shorten up one or two of the classes, and thus get time for me to teach you a little about drawing. It is a most interesting study, and I believe I can give you some hints that will be useful."

Russell Copford knew from that hour onward Billy Waterman was his slave. The young fellow's dreamy eyes followed him wherever he went, quite undisturbed by the sneers of Tom Monro, who had no sympathy with such foolishness.

The teacher had all the pupils with him now, but one. Tom Monro was not clever in any line, except in the single subject of arithmetic; and although Copford frequently praised the celerity with which the lad solved difficult problems, yet he intended flattery made no impression upon Tom's hard, bullet head. There came into the young man's eyes, on these occasions, a lowering look, which said as plainly as words, "You can't soft solder me."

(*To be continued.*)

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.,
BARRISTER,
—AND—
SOLICITOR.
MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
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NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The French army is to be increased by 12,000.

London business men are memorializing the government against bi-metalism.

There was a heavy fall of snow in among the Westmorland hills, England, last week.

The Government of New South Wales has offered one hundred lancers for service in India.

Hon. D. Farquharson will likely become premier of P. E. Island in succession to premier Peters.

The Western Union Telegraph Company had a surplus of $7,647,154.03 for the year June 30th, 1897.

The engineers of the colony of Victoria have voted $5,000 to help the striking engineers in Great Britain.

It is said that Fitzsimmons has agreed to fight Corbitt again, he to receive $15,000 whether he wins or loses.

Prairie fires have caused a loss of seven lives near Winnipeg, and destroyed an immense amount of property.

Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, died at his home in Glen Cove, Long Island, New York, last Sunday.

The government has declined to summon a special session of Parliament to deal with the exceptional distress in Ireland.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says France failed to get Russia's support in opposing England's occupation of Egypt.

The Sultan is said to be making strenuous efforts to obtain the withdrawal of American missionaries from the interior of Asia Minor.

Lieut.-Governor McIntosh, of Northwest Territories asks that a new ministry be formed. The writs for elections have been issued.

The court of arbitration which is to pass on the British-Venezuela boundry has been completed by the selection of M. Martens, the distinguished Russian jurist, as umpire.

The New York *Maritime Register* says that W. M. McKay, of St. John, N. B., is now the largest lumber shipper in the world—having shipped 300,000,000 feet last year.

Rain which fell on Sunday throughout Illinois and Western Indiana marked the end of the long drought that has for months harassed the farmers of twenty of the corn producing or cattle raising states.

Finance Minister Fielding has placed the new £2,000,000 Dominion loan on the London market at 2½ per cent. interest. The principal will require to be paid on Oct. 1, 1947. The minimum price is placed at 91.

Nine hundred and seventeen lighthouses dot the British coasts. There is a lighthouse for every fourteen miles of coast in England, thirty-four miles in Ireland, and thirty-nine in Scotland.

Canadian Pacific land sales for the first nine months of the current year will exceed by over $100,000 the total sales of 1896. A feature of sales this year has been that many settlers have acquired additional land to enlarge their holdings.

A Canadian militia general order, issued last week, provides that all appointments for commanding officers are for five years. Any extension of tenure will be for three years. The order also contains a despatch from Mr. Chamberlain saying that jubilee medals should be worn with uniform after all English decorations and before all other medals.

Croquet Golf.

English society has developed a new game called croquet golf. It is played on an ordinary lawn tennis court. Six hoops of peculiar shape are set: three on either side, with three flag posts down the centre. In play light mallets are used, and balls about midway between golf and croquet balls in size. The object of the game is to pass each hoop, cross the inner white line, and strike each post, with the fewest possible strokes. Each time the ball goes over the outer line it costs a stroke or more to bring it back. On a really good ground with skilled players it may be done in 18 to 20 strokes, but with less adept performers errors of judgment in play may raise the score to twice or thrice that figure. It may be played in sides, by partners or "all against all," and provision is made for handicapping a weak player. Croquet has become scientific and serious even to tediousness and lawn tennis is far too violent exercise for all but the most enthusiastic. It is claimed for the new game that it is brisker and more energetic than the former and does not involve the flannels and the exertion of the latter, while it shows off pretty gowns to advantage, promotes friendliness and even flirtation, and keeps people moving, all of which things the wise hostess regards as important.

WHERE RHEUMATISM IS UNKNOWN.

No Matter How Intense the Pain South American Rheumatic Cure will Remove it Quickly—A Lady of Highgate Tells What It Did for Her—Permanent Cure of a Case of Years Standing.

It has been declared by scientists that every disease has a remedy. The difficulty is to always find the remedy. In rheumatism South American Rheumatic Cure has been found a certain antidote for this painful disease. It is always effective. Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well-known manufacturer, of Highgate, Ont., says: "I was seriously affected with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years without much benefit. I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had for years, and two bottles have completely cured me." Sold by S. N. Weare.

Behring Sea Conference.

London, Oct. 16.—The British Foreign Office to-day intimated to the United States ambassador, Col. Hay, that a meeting of sealing experts of Great Britain, Canada and the United States will occur, as agreed upon by the Marquis of Salisbury. Professor D'Arcy Thompson, the seal expert of the British Foreign Office will start for the United States immediately.

The *Review of Reviews* says that Mr. W. T. Stead, while in Washington recently, discovered that unless the sealing question is speedily settled the United States Government will order the destruction next season, of the entire herd of the Probyloff Islands.

Wise Men Know

It is folly to build upon a poor foundation, either in architecture or in health. A foundation of sand is insecure, and to deaden symptoms by narcotics or nerve compounds is equally dangerous and deceptive. The true way to build up health is to make your blood pure, rich and nourishing by taking Hood's Sarsparilla.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache

A School of Housekeeping.

A school of housekeeping is about to be established in Boston by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union. The Union has leased two houses, and the school will be opened on the first of November.