

The Weekly Monitor

THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE IS THE SUPREME LAW.

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LT.-GOVERNOR JONES IS DEAD

HE ATTENDED FUNERAL OF LATE ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN AND RETIRED IN GOOD HEALTH

He Was a Native of Digby County and Was Educated in Yarmouth

Halifax, March 15.—Hon. Alfred Gilpin Jones, lieutenant governor of Nova Scotia, died suddenly this morning. His honor had been in failing health for several months, but recently showed much improvement and officiated at the opening of the legislature two weeks ago. Last night he dined with his family as usual and was in good spirits. He retired early and went to bed at 11.30, when he complained of pains in his stomach. Three doctors were hastily summoned, but in twenty minutes the lieutenant governor was dead, apoplexy being the cause of death. Three days ago the lieutenant governor wrote a touching letter of sympathy to relatives of his friend, Archbishop O'Brien, who died under similar circumstances, and who was buried yesterday.

Hon. A. G. Jones was one of Nova Scotia's most prominent men, and was appointed governor in 1900. He was of Loyalist descent, his grandfather, Stephen Jones, who was an officer in the King's American Dragoons, having come to Nova Scotia with the late of the extensive West India importing firm of A. G. Jones & Co. He came into special prominence as an opponent of the entrance of Nova Scotia into the confederation, and for some years was the leader of the anti-confederate party in Nova Scotia.

At the general election of 1867 he was returned to the house of commons as one of the representatives for Halifax, and continued to sit therein up to 1872, when he suffered defeat. He was again elected to represent Halifax at the general election of 1874, and took office under Alexander Mackenzie for a brief period. He was admitted the ablest minister of militia Canada had known up to that time. Defeated at the general election of 1878, and again in 1882, he was returned at the general election of 1887, and sat throughout the sixth parliament. At the general election of 1891 he was again one of the candidates of his party in Halifax, but was defeated by J. P. Stearns, the vote standing 5,962 to 4,335. Previous to confederation, Mr. Jones belonged to the old conservative party, but having allied himself with the liberal party in 1865, then led by Joseph Howe, he remained with that party, and became its recognized local leader in 1869.

He was also a free trader and always opposed imperial federation. In 1896 he was appointed a commissioner to the Pacific cable conference, London, Eng., and attended also the imperial trade congress sitting in London at that time. He was for a considerable time lieutenant-colonel commanding the 1st brigade Halifax Garrison Artillery. He was a director of the Acad Insurance Co., one of the board of governors of Dalhousie University, and also of the Protestant Orphans Home and president of U. E. L. Association of Nova Scotia. He was a member of the Church of England and has served as a delegate to the synod.

Deceased was married twice, first in 1850 to Margaret Wiseman, daughter of the late Hon. W. J. Stearns, and secondly in 1876 to Emma, daughter of the late Edward Akroy of Halifax. One of his daughters has highly distinguished herself as a novelist, writing under the nom de plume of Alex. John, and the author of "Bubbles We Buy," and other popular novels.

Afflicted With Rheumatism

"I was and am yet afflicted with rheumatism," says Mr. J. C. Bayne, editor of the Herald, Addington, Indian Territory. "But thanks to Chamberlain's Pain Balm am able once more to attend to business. It is the most reliable remedy I have ever used for rheumatism. It is a trial and you are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. One application relieves the pain. For sale by S. N. Watts."

PRINCESS ENA IS FOND OF ORANGES

HER EXTRAORDINARY APPETITE CREATES A LOT OF TALK AMONG FRIENDS

Orange-Eating for the Complexion Has Struck London

Why did Princess Ena of Battenberg—Spain's future Queen—eat so many oranges when she was at Biarritz? was a question asked by everyone who happened to have the privilege of sitting to table with her Serene Highness. Some said it was as a compliment to Spain, the land of oranges, while others, who perhaps knew better, insisted it was because the flat has gone forth to the effect that oranges, if eaten in sufficient quantity, are an extraordinary beautifier of the skin. Every other woman in London from a royal highness to a slavey has gone daft over her looks, and is prepared to do almost anything to improve them. Princess Ena has an unrivaled complexion, so why she should devour oranges is something of a mystery. But, as I have previously pointed out, there are always women who will paint the lily. By the way, when her Serene Highness was travelling from Biarritz to Paris a friend who journeyed in the same train tells me she had six oranges for her lunch. At the end of the train she turned a smiling face on a valet and said to him: "Look here, have you got any more oranges?" "More, your Highness?" he replied. "Yes, more," said the Princess, nodding and smiling.

"We have another dozen," he acknowledged, when he had recovered himself. "But that's all we've got." "Now, then," said the future Queen, "you just keep them for me, as I shall want them for my tea," and the valet's lady punctuated her sentence by giving the servant a gold piece.

Covent Garden fruit market cannot just now supply the two most fashionable districts in London—Mayfair and Belgrave—with sufficient oranges to meet the demand, owing to the reputation they have acquired of producing a brilliant complexion.

CALLED BACK TO LIFE.

The wife of a country squire died. To mark their respect the retainers asked leave from the squire to carry their mistress through the wood on the estate to the cemetery. But while the cortege was proceeding through the wood its progress was suddenly arrested owing to the bearers having failed to notice a rough hanging low across the route, with which the coffin, borne shoulder-high, came into violent collision. In the halt which naturally ensued groans and knocking were distinctly heard in the interior of the coffin. The unfortunate occupant was alive! In spite of the horror of this awful experience she recovered completely for the time being; but after a year or two her health broke down, and at length the faithful retainers were once more called upon to perform their sad procession to the grave. The squire, with its dead burden, through the wood to the churchyard, and this time there was no turning back. But when it reached a certain spot the squire was heard to exclaim, in low, yet agonized accents: "Mind that bough!"—The Bystander.

Fined for Calling His Enemy Dreyfus.

Paris, March 15.—To call a man a "Dreyfus" in France renders the use of the term liable to a fine of fifty francs. President Magaud, the famous magistrate of Chateau Thierry, was recently called upon to render judgment in a libel case, the charge being made that Mr. A. had called Mr. B. a "Dreyfus." In handing down his decision M. Magaud said: "Until Monsieur Dreyfus is rehabilitated his name applied to a person is equivalent to calling him a traitor to his country or a spy in the service of a foreign country, and constitutes one of the worst possible insults."

"DO IT AGAIN.

They had been sitting side by side, he and she, on the back seat of a travelling circus. During the interval he had slipped out to get a drink. Presently an elephant, stabled in the rear, pushed his trunk through an opening in the canvas, and putting his trunk round her waist gave her a squeeze. She did not scream, or even turn her head, she simply smiled and said: "Do it again, George, do it again."

SAD CAREER OF BEAUTIFUL SINGER

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE SHE FOOLISHLY GAVE WAY TO DRINK AND DISIPATION

Once Favorite on Stage, But Now a Prisoner for Life

London, March 15.—It is not so very long ago, as time runs that Marion Salter was a popular singer on London's best concert platforms, notably Steinway Hall, but some years ago she disappeared, her voice was heard no more. Now she has reappeared, but not to charm an audience with her voice, but as a poor, homeless, broken wanderer.

It was in the dock of the police court at Westminster the other day that the tragedy of her life was unfolded, when she pleaded guilty to stealing a pair of shoes. Poor Marion Salter spoke in refined tones, and all in court could see that she was no ordinary, homeless creature of the streets.

With tears the woman confessed that her present degradation was due to drink. From the dock she handed a well-written statement to the clerk. In this she said she was a reduced gentlewoman, rendered homeless and reduced to extreme poverty by the swindling and treachery of a rich man, who had solemnly promised her marriage, but who broke faith and married someone else, after playing with her heart and affection for nearly seven years.

She had been a broken-hearted, despairing woman ever since, and with neither kin nor kin to protect or shelter her, she had endured semi-starvation and homelessness, and, maddened by the cruelty and neglect of her fellow creatures, she had foolishly given way to drink to drown her troubles, but she earnestly begged for mercy on account of the great suffering and fierce temptation she had to battle with.

After hearing her pathetic story, read, the magistrate said he regretted he had no alternative but to send her for trial.

The "Mail Order" Bugbear

Everyone will admit right off that the newspaper is under obligations to look after the best interests of the community; but there are quite a number in every community that fail to reciprocate. It is true the local paper is a public servant, and it is equally true the public ought to support liberally the local paper.

How many local dealers have failed to advertise their wares? Many of these same dealers bend the fact that much money is being sent out of the community to large dealers who simply flood the country with advertising matter. Here ought to be kind enough to a live trader, meet this outside advertiser by local advertising in specific form, and the public is quick to take advantage of bargains near home. Many that cry against the practice of sending to the great mail order houses for goods to the detriment of the village stores, are in the position of a certain dealer who decried, as he called it, but who, when solicited for an order for printing ink heads, etc., informed the local printer that he had just placed a large order with a Toronto printing company. Verily it was a case of "physician heal thyself!"

Some are talking of legislation to remedy matters, but the remedy is right at hand—a more liberal use of printer's ink by the local dealers, not in the way of a stereotyped ad. week after week, but a new ad. every week if need be in order to bring before the buyers the goods to be had near home. Anything that tends to build up a community is a good thing for the local press, and the obvious moral is it pays to take the local paper, and it pays to advertise.

Provincial newspapers at this season contain many paragraphs telling of the immigration of young men and women and in some cases whole families to the new provinces in the west. This movement is not easily checked. It would therefore be good policy for the province to take steps to secure settlers for this province from the mother country or Scandinavia. Next to the sons and daughters of the province, British or Scandinavian immigrants would make the most desirable addition to the population. And growth of population is much needed.

WIFE BEGGARED MILLIONAIRE

SHE WAS AN ACTRESS WITH THE ELOPING HABIT AND BEQUILING WAYS

Husband Died on Streets of Vienna From Exhaustion and Starvation

Vienna, March 15.—Anton Hirschhofer, formerly exiled from Vienna, returned here unbeknown to the police, and was found dead in the street. He died of exhaustion and starvation, the body being run over subsequently by a wagon. Hirschhofer was five times a millionaire twenty years ago, owning immense tracts of real estate in Budapest. He married the beautiful Emily Wolf, actress, who repeatedly eloped with other men. Her last elopement was with an American crackman and Hirschhofer followed the pair to New York. Having found his wife, she persuaded him to sign over half his real estate to her. Only on this condition would she consent to live with him again. He complied and the crackman got the money. After that Hirschhofer returned to Austria and again and again was betrayed by the woman, his fortune dwindling owing to her extravagance and faithlessness. Eight years ago the pair went to the United States a second time. When Emily died, Hirschhofer returned to Budapest, only to find out that his late wife, by misusing his power of attorney, had disposed of the remnants of his fortune. He has been a vagabond and miserably poor ever since, but with the sympathy of the story of "having been ruined by a beautiful woman." Vienna exiled him and Budapest, where his real interests were, wouldn't have him unless he entered the poor house. For that reason he persistently returned to Vienna, no matter how often the police expelled him.

Boston Men Slaves on Florida Keys

Two new cases of white slavery, that of John B. Harles, 30, of Philadelphia, who landed here on the schooner Theoline last Friday, after an escape from the Florida Keys, and that of John O'Brien, of 22 Reed street, still in involuntary servitude yesterday.

A system of luring able-bodied Boston men to go south by offering them tempting wages and of holding them in slavery on the Florida Keys while awaiting to be surrounded by armed guards, who force them to sleep on boards in the open air and place them in chain gangs when they attempt to escape, has been revealed by letters from three Boston men who have appealed to relatives and friends for help. The latest victim, whose sufferings on one of the Florida Keys has now come to light is John O'Brien, who left this city about Dec. 20.

George O'Brien, his brother, says: "My poor brother's letters called his plight 'slavery.' He said he would escape if he could, but there seemed no chance.

"The climate, he said, was full of fever and broke down the health of the men.

"The atmosphere was alive with insects. His eyes became sore and he was soon almost blind.

"His last letter said that he was to be sent to the hospital for treatment. One passage in his second letter reads: 'If you are sick from fever or exhaustion, they will make you work for them no doctors, they say, for such things.'

"They open the letters you get and take out whatever is of value in them.

SHAH'S SON COULD NOT ESCAPE GRAFT

BOUGHT JEWELRY AT FAIR PRICE BUT PURCHASES WERE NOT DELIVERED

Jeweler Wanted \$50,000 Francs Extra to Pay the Grafters

Paris, March 15.—The Shah's son started out the other day to buy some jewelry for himself, intending to pay no more than the current market price. He selected a number of beautiful things, the jeweler, sending a cash customer, quoting very reasonable prices.

"If you please," said the prince, "send the parcel to my hotel with this order on my vesir, who will pay the bill."

The jeweler promised to do so, but did not. Next day the prince called again. "Why didn't you send my goods?"

"I couldn't afford to, your vesir would have deducted fifty per cent for his graft and, at the prices I quoted you, I couldn't afford to be bid."

"But my order. Don't you know that the vesir must obey my slightest wishes?"

"He may—in Persia, your Highness, but in Paris we tradespeople are at the mercy of these vampires of graft."

"That's what you call my vesir, eh?" asked the prince. "Well, when I get back to Persia there will be one vampire less, I assure you. But in the meantime I will go to my hotel and fetch the money for these goods. Have them ready when I return."

"Your Highness," said the jeweler, "it would ruin me to let you have those goods at the prices quoted, for your vesir would demand his graft whether you or I like it or not. And in some way he would force me to disgorge. You can have the goods for 150,000 francs, not a penny less. The graft on so much jewelry is 50,000 francs, and I must either incur the enmity of the vesir or lose so much money."

27 WENT DOWN WITH STEAMER

THE PHOENIX LINER, THE BRITISH KING, FOUNDERED OFF SABLE ISLAND

Disaster Was Caused By Wreckage Pounding a Hole in the Hull

Boston, March 14.—The Phoenix Line steamer British King foundered off Cape Sable Island last Sunday, and only 28 out of 55 on board are known to have been saved. News of the disaster was brought to this port today by the Leyland Line steamer Bostonian from Manchester. The British King was bound for Antwerp from New York. The vessel went down at about six a. m. on Sunday morning in lat. 41.40 north, long. 60.11 west. The disaster was caused by barrels of oil and other wreckage which had been lost from the vessel in a violent storm and which furious waves threw back against the hull until an aperture was made through which the water entered. The Bostonian had on board only seventeen of the survivors. The eleven others known to have escaped were picked up by the German tank steamer Manheim from Hamburg for New York. The survivors on the Bostonian say that there is little doubt that the twenty-seven missing persons perished.

Terrible Lion Fight

Two Hours' Battle of Twenty-seven Maddened Animals

Writing of hairbreadth escapes in wild animal shows, a Fellow of the Zoological Society, tells of a terrific combat that once occurred in the arena among twenty-seven lions. Several new lions had lately arrived, and the old ones were for days jealous and suspicious, and showed a nasty temper. Accordingly the trainer had to stop his performances for a time. At length he decided upon a rehearsal. He had considerable trouble in getting the lions out, and when the first one finally appeared it was not in the slow, stately manner in which he usually entered, but in a quick, restless way, which showed he was still in an excitable state. He was followed by seventeen others, all in the same nervous condition.

Instead of getting on the pedestals in their usual way, the lions, with one exception, began to sniff at the corners of the arena where the newcomers had been exercising. Their fierce natures were excited by jealousy and it soon culminated in rage and passion, so that when one lion presumed to go over to the corner and follow up the sniffing of another, the latter turned upon him and bit him savagely. The other promptly retaliated, and in the twinkling of an eye they were fighting fiercely. The temper of the others flashed up like gunpowder, and almost instantly seventeen lions were engaged in a wild, free fight.

The one big fellow who had climbed on his pedestal when he entered still sat there, and at that moment the remaining nine lions appeared in the arena followed by their trainer. The animals rushed forward into battle the big lion with an ugly snarl barked from his pedestal into the thick of the fray, and in an instant twenty-seven full-grown lions were fighting with teeth and claws, their gigantic muscular strength augmented by rage, passion and jealousy. And in the midst of it all stood one man, calm, self-possessed, but with every nerve and muscle at their highest tension, for he knew better than any one else that his life hung in the balance.

The trainer vainly tried to regain authority over the fighting beasts. The lions were no longer the puppets of a show; but were now the monarchs of the forest, wild and savage. Seeing his power gone, the man did his best to save his own life. He succeeded in getting out, though his wonderful nerve for he had to jump over the backs of the fighting animals—but his doing so he received a deep wound in the shoulder.

"There was nothing to do but let them fight it out," which they did. For two hours that awful little raged, and when the lions were exhausted the trainer, wounded as he was, went in and drove them to their cages. Some of the lions were seriously injured, but they had fought themselves out, and the next week they went through their performances as nifty as kittens.

BUYING SHOES.

"By Jupiter, those shoes I bought yesterday are too small! Hanged if I can wear them with comfort. Shoe dealers are a sight worse than tailors. Once in a great while your tailor will fit you; your shoe-maker never fits you!"

"When did you buy your shoes?"

"Yesterday," said the man.

"At what hour?"

"What hour? What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. As a man of brains you ought to know that the human foot, if not gouty, is always seven per cent larger in the morning than in the afternoon. If you seek comfort in footwear buy in the morning, before ten o'clock. At four or five in the afternoon the foot is at its smallest dimensions, and a perfect fit at that time means eternal worry."