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Weekly Monitor.

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VOL. 17. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1890. NO. 51.

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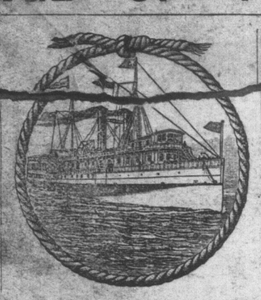

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es will cure boils, rash, scurf, tetter, s of skin disease. will cure salt rheum ipelas, ulcers, ab- l all skin eruptions. ers from skin

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mplaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick e, dropsy, rheumatism, and every of disease arising from disordered mach, bowels and blood. bottle of B. B. B. tisfied after using nd the money on letter. We will onials and in- of B. B. B. in application ay. Ont.

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Livery Stables
BRIDGETOWN.

WE have purchased from Mr. F. FitzRandolph the entire stock and good will of his Livery Stable Business, and the Livery Stable Stock of Mr. W. J. Glencross, and are therefore in a position to furnish the most Stylish Turnouts that can be desired.

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W. C. BATH. - - - H. S. BATH.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
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SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Salmon Wrapper; at all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00.

NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of the late ARTHUR RUM- Tusketet, in the County of A are hereby re- date

Poetry.

Home To-Night.

O home to-night, yes, home to-night.
Through the pearly gate and the open door!
Some happy feet on the golden street
Are entering now to "go out no more."
For the work is done and the rest begun,
And the training time is forever past,
And the home of rest in the mansions blest
Is safely, joyously, reached at last.
O the love and light in that home to-night!
O the songs of bliss and the harps of gold!
O the glory shed on the new-crowned head!
O the telling of love that can ne'er be told!
O the welcome that waits at the shining gates
For those who are following far, yet near;
When all shall meet at his glorious feet
In the light and the love of his home so dear!
Yes, "home to-night!"

—*Selected.*

Trust in God.

The little birds trust God, for they go singing
From Northern woods where autumn winds have blown,
With joyous faith their trackless pathway winging,
To summer lands of song, afar, unknown.
And if the cares for them through wintry weather,
And will not disappoint one little bird,
Will he not be as true a Heavenly Father
To every soul who trusts his Holy Word?

Let us go singing then, and not go sighing,
Since we are sure our times are in his hand.
Why should we weep, and fear, and call it dying?
'Tis only flitting to a summer-land!

—*Selected.*

Select Literature.

If They Were Men.

WHAT SOME FAMOUS WOMEN WOULD AND WOULD NOT DO—SOME WOULD LIKE TO BE MEN—OTHERS ARE CONTENT TO REMAIN AS THEY ARE.

WHAT ELLA WHEELER WOULD DO.

Were I a man:—

I would never speak or write one disparaging or disrespectful word of any woman whom I did not know beyond the cavil of a doubt to be utterly unworthy. Even then I would only speak such words to warn others from her example.

I would aim to make my life worthy one good woman's admiration and respect.

I would be more gallant and kind to my wife than any other woman.

I would make the happiness of my home the chief ambition of my life.

I would deny myself some pleasures and luxuries in youth that I might not be dependent upon others for the necessities of life in old age.

I would give every man a helping hand as I went along the journey of life and expect no reward save in the increase of my self-respect and satisfaction.

I would take a great pride in controlling and mastering my passions and appetites, as I would in the control of my horses and my dog. And I would look well to it that none gained the mastery over me.

I would feel it a greater honor to be called a faithful husband and a wise father than to be known as "a sly dog" or "a great masher" by my fellow men.

If I inherited wealth I would endeavor to make myself in bearing and in manners the equal of many who labor for a livelihood.

I would never imagine that the possession of a first-class tailor and an eye-glass could excuse a vile breath or an insolent air.

I would write no letters to any woman, save my wife, which all the world might not read.

In the employ of others, I would do double the duties imposed on me that I might the sooner have others in my employ.

I would rule in my business affairs and in my own household—not by force of physical strength, but by force of character.

And in my general association with women I would treat them as nearly as possible as I like other men to treat my sister or my wife.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MRS. MOULTON WOULD BE HAPPY.

I don't exactly know what I would do were I a man, but I know what I would be, and that is, happy.

From my point of view, a man is a fortunate creature, indeed. He has no dressmaker to tyrannize over, or no disappointment to meet at the last moment. He can simply go to a tailor, give his order, be measured and he is done with it. He need not go back again and again, and turn himself into an aching lay-figure for an hour at a time to have his draperies arranged.

Then, a man could get on with three suits of clothes—one for the morning wear, one for afternoon visits and a dress suit till it grows shabby at the seams without anyone saying: "Aren't you tired of the sight of that white brocade? Really, Mrs. —— has worn it at least six dinners this season."

And then, hats! If I were a man I should not have to confront myself discontentedly in the glass and choose anxiously between toque and capote, flowers and feathers.

Happy? Yes, indeed! I could go alone to Delmonico's in New York, or to the Cafe Anglais in Paris, and no one would stare at me in wonder.

I could start off, if the fancy seized me, for Russia, Australia, for the Pyramids, round the world if I liked, without waiting, as now I must, for a suitable companion who wants to go in the same direction.

I could go to the theatre without waiting to be taken, or bribing some amiable old lady to accompany me.

I could indulge a sudden fancy for a midnight stroll under the stars.

I could tell a woman if I loved her.

In [illegible] I could live a free, natural un- [illegible] ungrateful for their privileges, I [illegible] wonder th[illegible] a thousand [illegible] than [illegible] be sure, they were men. For a woman not to feel or express the wish is the exception rather than the rule.

And from the standpoint of the perfect freedom and unrestraint accorded men in almost everything all women may wish to be of the opposite sex.

But from all other points I would wish to be just what I am, a woman! There is more real gratification and honor for a woman in making fame and competency than a man. Women are surrounded by almost every barrier that can shut out success. Hampered with laws and social rights of every description, she cannot reach her goal by the same broad avenues that are open to men.

Let a brother and a sister, equally talented, start out in life to make success in in any profession. The brother walks out into the world, and is easily thrown into the acquaintance of superior men from whom he can imbibe the knowledge that means for him a help towards the end in view. Men encourage and assist him. The acquaintance of some high-minded, noble woman, brilliant in her endowments, proves itself an education to the inner and the finer attributes of his nature. All these are advantages denied the sister. Within the narrow confines allowed her sex, she cannot step forward with the same resolution as her brother without inciting criticism. She must be bounded by the most stringent laws—laws which are to-day the curse of self-advancing women.

Women must, to-day knock so loud, so long and so often at the door of success that many weary and become discouraged before their cries are heard. She must be as of iron to withstand the condemnation of society and the world. Can she form attachments to the opposite sex—attachments, or acquaintances if you like, that cultivate her mind or brain? No; not unless she defies criticism. She must live largely within herself. She is a woman and therefore must she live in the solitude prescribed by social usages and codes, unless she deliberately kicks over tracks.

A dark picture? Ah, no! For proof ask to-day, any self-supporting, self-advancing women! Ask her how hard success is earned.

Woman's scope for action is so small that I often marvel at the successes she has achieved and influenced in the world. Thrice more to her credit, I say, then, is any success that she is able to make than if she was a man!

FANNY DAVENPORT.

"SHOULDS" FROM "THE DUCHESS."

If I were a man:

I should be either a doctor or a soldier. The courage that belongs to them makes these two the grandest professions in the world. True, they contradict each other; one kills and the other cures, yet both are noble.

I should not be in haste to marry. It's the one step in life that makes or mars, and to escape from it but two gates are open: Death and Disgrace.

I should consider 30 a good age for matrimony. Before that man is a mere boy; after that, for the next twenty years he is at his best if there is a best in him. At fifty, if unmarried, he must be regarded as a confirmed old bachelor, and had better remain so.

I should cultivate the society of women of the world. Fashionable women, women of good character and form, whatever has been or may be said against them, having a refining influence. They subdue the moral odor of the stable and help to check the growing inclination to irreverence in ordinary conversation that even decent men are prone to in this generation.

I should make it a point not to scold the servants. One should never deprive the woman one has married of the chief joy of her existence.

I should regard courage as the highest gift of God but I should not consider prowess in mere field sports as constituting that great gift. To conquer and slay the lower animals should not be taken as the end and aim of life. There must be something beyond it. To excel in moral courage, is to be able to defy society for a principle, is surely a greater triumph than to stand with one's foot upon the body of one's country's home.

If I were a man, I should count myself blessed indeed!

But Providence has ordered it otherwise, for I am

THE DUCHESS.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE'S WISHES.

Most women who wish that they were men, are pining for what I, by a strange fatality already possess:

An outlet for energy.

A voice in the ear of the world. An influence beyond the walls of their own homes.

If I had not these things I naturally should desire them very earnestly, and being a man or being a woman, should try to obtain them.

As it is, I desire a man's opportunities chiefly from a social point of view.

If I were a man, I would try to understand women as very few men seem to try to do, I would study the complexity of their tastes, loves, dislikes, sensitiveness and intuitions, and try to raise my simpler and clumsier masculine perceptions to a level with what most men despise because they do not comprehend.

I would like to be a man for a little while that I might make love to at least two or three women in a way that would neither shock them with its coarseness nor starve them with its poverty. As it is now, most women deny themselves the expression of the best part of their love because they know it will be either a puzzle or a terror to their lovers.

And what I would not do if I were a man would be ever to let go the curb rein of my own propensities.

I would never let any woman know me for just what I was by nature, but having discoved her ideal of me would try to live up to it, or rather copy it as best I could.

No man yet has ever been all that the woman who loves him tries to believe him. If I were a man I would take care [illegible] never found out her mistake! I [illegible] wise enough to do [illegible] gentleman. I should reverence my mother above all other women and hold every woman sacred for her sake, and if I had a wife I should try to be as polite and attentive to her as if she were the wife of some other man.

MARY J. HOLMES.

KATE FIELD WOULDN'T CHEAT WOMEN.

Were I a man I'd do unto women as I'd be done by. I would not advise a woman to try real estate, and then sell it to her at three times its value. This is what happened to me at Atchison, Kan.

KATE FIELDS.

FROM THE GALLANT CUSTER'S WIDOW.

If I were a man, there is one little thing I should especially look to.

I would tell my wife something every day, not only by look or act, but in plain Saxon that would convey to her a daily remembrance of the love that was hers.

If my wife came to ask me if I loved her, I would not say:

"Haven't I told you so dozens of times? Didn't I prove that I did by marrying you?"

There are just three little words that only take the fraction of a minute to say, can be said while a man is in the wildest sort of hurry to catch a suburban train, rush to a belated appointment, or tear out of the house to catch a passing car, which will brighten the wife's whole day, soften sorrow, lessen care, and make her eager to run to the door at night to welcome her husband, and tell the same thing to him again. No deaf man is quicker to discover what words the lips frame than a dependent woman who sees "I love you" proclaimed from her husband's mouth in soundless words.

ELIZABETH BACON CUSTER.

MRS. SPOFFORD'S CONTENT.

Having been always contented with my lot as a woman, and thinking a woman's life in many ways preferable to a man's I have never given a thought as to what I would do if I were a man.

In fact, I cannot summon the application of a single thing that I cannot do as a woman with the one exception of voting. That I would do and take my part in directing the affairs of men. I would do justice to all, and without natural or social rights from none. But then I would do all that as a woman, had I the opportunity.

After all, if any of us were men, I am inclined to think we would be likely to do as a man now does, and I think it as impossible for a woman to say what she would do were she a man, as it is for a man to say what he would do were he a disembodied spirit.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

—*Lewiston Journal.*

MR. MAXFIELD'S LESSON.

Mr. Maxfield was a very positive man; when he was sure of a thing, he was very sure, and as he sometimes jumped at conclusions, he occasionally found himself in a disagreeable predicament.

"Hannah," he said to his wife, coming out into the kitchen one morning in hot haste, "what on earth have you done with that package of paper I left on the mantel in the sitting room? I wish to goodness you would let my things alone so that I could ever find them."

"Well, I have let them alone this time," answered Hannah rather sharply. "I didn't even know there were any papers there."

"What's the use of talking so?" said Mr. Maxfield. "I put them there before breakfast, and there hasn't a soul been into the room but you. Do try and think what you have done with them."

Mrs. Maxfield worked away at her cake in silence. Mr. Maxfield walked around the kitchen once or twice, lifted the stove lid, and then spoke again.

"Suppose I shall have to wait your pleasure, but my time is worth something, so if you will tell me as soon as possible, you will greatly oblige me."

"I told you I had neither seen or touched your papers, John."

"And I tell you you must have. I know positively that I put them there before breakfast; they are gone now, and you were the only person in the room."

Mrs. Maxfield's face turned crimson. She was busy and tired and this last remark was too much for her.

"John," she said, very clearly and decidedly, "no one, not even my husband, shall as good as tell me I lie, without apologizing for it. I shall have nothing to say about your papers or anything else until you do."

In her way Mrs. Maxfield was just as positive as her husband. She did not usually jump at conclusions as he did, but once she came to one, she was there body and soul. Mr. Maxfield concluded at this juncture that for the present at least he had better betake himself elsewhere. So, trying his best to appear unconcerned, he sauntered out into the hall, took up his hat, and found underneath it, on the hall table, those miserable papers.

"Con—found them!" he said, with much emphasis, under his breath, secreting them quickly in his pocket. It came to him like a flash now; just after he had put them on the mantel he had thought he saw Lawyer Grover coming down the street, and wishing to hand them to him, he had hurried to the door, only to find it was not Mr. Grover after all. When he went back he had put them down with his hat without thinking.

"And there I've gone and riled Hannah up for nothing. Why in the name of goodness couldn't I have held my tongue until I had looked around a little, anyway! And, blame it, she said I must apologize. Great Scott! I'd rather plow the ten-acre lot three times over! What in the world shall I do? I wonder if I couldn't sort of work her around without actually giving in. Goodness, it fairly makes me sweat to think of [illegible] after all I s[illegible] good-for- not[illegible] know but [illegible] the

a pie from the oven and carried it to the pantry without vouchsafing any reply.

"I wish those everlasting papers had been in Halifax," thought Mr. Maxfield, as he washed. "No use trying to do everything to-day, you'll get used up," he said burying his face in the long towel as he spoke.

"Don't fret about me. Take care of yourself and your papers, and I'll see to myself," was the icy reply, and Mr. Maxfield subsided.

He repeated his efforts at night, but with no better success.

"I'll try the phaeton to-morrow, but I don't know as even that will fetch her," he thought, as he lay down to sleep. Accordingly he began at the breakfast table.

"I've been looking over things, and figuring up a little, Hannah, and I don't know but I could spare you enough for that phaeton if you want it."

Hannah passed him his coffee as coolly and unconcernedly as though he had spoken of buying a pound of cheese, or something like that.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?" queried Mr. Maxfield anxiously.

"No, John Maxfield, at present I would not even look at it. I meant exactly what I said, and I still mean it."

"Blame it!" thought the unfortunate man, "she's bound I shall apologize, and she won't forget what I said about the phaeton, either. If she would only ask if I've found them, so that I could sort of explain it along easy, and not have to come out plump and say I was so mistaken." But Hannah had no intention of doing any such thing, and the day wore on in comparative silence.

To-morrow would be their wedding anniversary. Were they to spend that day of all days in this fashion? Mr. Maxfield tossed restlessly on his pillow most of the night. Mrs. Maxfield appeared to sleep the sleep of the just, whether she did or not.

Morning dawned at last, and Mr. Maxfield made up his mind that since it must be done, it must. "But it will be the toughest job I've struck for one spell," he said, as he meditated in the barn.

He tried his best to think of some easy way of putting it, but gave up in despair at last and started for the house on a run. Mrs. Maxfield was in the kitchen busy picking chickens, but there was a suspicious redness about her eyes, and she had not gotten any farther in her work than she was when he went out half an hour ago.

"I—was a blasted fool, Hannah," said Mr. Maxfield as quick as he opened the door, before he could lose his courage.

"O John," said Mrs. Maxfield, dropping the chicken to the floor and springing to meet him, "O John, I am so thankful."

"The dickens, you are? Well, that's a pretty go," said he, trying to laugh, but feeling rather misty about the eyes himself.

"You know what I mean," sobbed his wife. "I thought you wouldn't ever say anything, and I didn't know, and I wanted you to be sorry and love me just as you used to. O John, don't you?"

"I guess I do, Hannah, and I was mean, but I shall not be sure of anything again, in a hurry. And you're going to have a phaeton, and anything else you want."

"I don't feel now as if I cared whether I ever had anything or not. O John, you don't know how thankful I am!"

"Maybe not," responded her husband. "Maybe not, but I feel as if the whole Rocky mountain range had been lifted off my shoulders. I've learned one lesson, anyway, and I don't believe I shall forget it in a hurry."—*Kate S. Gates.*

THE USELESSNESS OF SO-CALLED MAGNETIC HEALTH APPLIANCES.—The most careful experiments have shown that the human body is as completely insensitive to magnetism and as wholly unaffected by it as a piece of rubber or of wood. A person may stand between the poles of the strongest magnet, one which might hold up a ton of iron, without the slightest perceptible effect upon any of the bodily functions being produced. Hence all so-called magnetic appliances, brushes or combs, disks, belts or magnets have absolutely no curative power whatever. A few of these may, by friction, produce static electricity. Some are so constructed of two kinds of metal that on contact with the skin, whose perspiration is acid, a very weak volcanic current is produced, scarcely sufficient, after several hours, to redden the surface. The majority of the effects produced by such contrivances is due, like those of the static current, to expectant attention rather than to any action of the agents, which careful investigations have shown to be inert.

—Balfour the able and courageous Irish secretary is one of the best loved and best hated men in Britain. As an evidence of the latter, it is said when the chief secretary was last in Ireland, referring to the intense hatred expressed by the papers, he asked a Catholic priest—not a Nationalist: 'Are the Irish people as bitter against me as certain newspapers say they are?' asked Balfour, 'Since you have asked me I will tell you the truth,' answered the priest. 'If our flocks [illegible] sin half as cordially [illegible] they hate you, there would be no [illegible] priests in Ireland.'

—An inventor has paten[illegible] which there will be he[illegible] lock bark. The tre[illegible] ing by means of ladde[illegible] of the trunk. As the [illegible] moves the bark, and im[illegible] trunk with a preparati[illegible] in sulphuric acid. Th[illegible] not only will not die, but re[illegible] within a year, as thick as be[illegible] superior quality for tanning pu[illegible] this proves true, there is a fortune [illegible] the inventor.

COLD FOOD.—Eat all cold [illegible] Digestion will not begin till [illegible] of the food has been raised [illegible] the stomach to 98 degs. [illegible] heat that can be impart[illegible] [illegible], the better [illegible]

The Two Languages.

Those who sometimes express the belief that Canada will in time become a French speaking country, must be interested in the statement of the Utica *Globe* that the decline of the French language in Montreal during the past decade is marked. To those who periodically visit that city, says the *Globe*, it is most marked. "Ten years ago or perhaps a little more, one might walk the lengths of St. Catherine and Notre Dame streets and not hear a word of English spoken. It was exceedingly difficult then to understand the answers by a pedestrian or policeman, confused or much mixed with French. On the steamers, the trains and in the hotels, the officers, conductors and waiters spoke a French which was not of France, and English diabolically broken. But the change, to-day, to one who has not seen Montreal in ten years, is magical. The predominance of the English language, socially and commercially, is difficult to realize, but the predominance exists." The *Globe* says further that there is not a French establishment doing business in the city which does not keep its books in English. This is not to be wondered at perhaps. While in the sparsely settled districts the knowledge of English is less perfect, in the towns English is spoken by the great majority of the French people. It is so in Moncton, where there is a considerable French population, and it is so everywhere. The French properly spoken is a beautiful language, but English is the language of this continent, and those who would keep pace with the times must acquire a thorough knowledge of it. And with the spread of education, many of the unjust suspicions now entertained by the English toward the French and the French toward the English will disappear. Citizens of this Dominion should consider themselves Canadians above everything else. And in doing so they will reflect nothing discreditable upon their ancestors, of whatever race.

Afraid to Lie Down.

Who knows why birds sleep standing on on one leg? The position seems most unnatural. Reasoning in advance, we should pronounce it a tiresome, if not impossible, attitude. Yet the canary tucks its head under its wing, draws up one foot, and goes to sleep, apparently with quite as much comfort as we experience on the best of mattresses. A writer in Horse and Stable notes a similar, though less abnormal, habit on the part of horses, who, it appears, are in many cases very adverse to lying down.

The writer once rode a mare seventy miles in a single day. The stable in which she was put for the night was as comfortable as it could well be made, but she stood up all night long. She ate her oats and hay and then went to sleep, leaning forward with her breast against the manger.

There are horses that have never been seen to lie down, nor have any marks of their having done so ever been found upon their bodies. I recall one that for fifteen years occupied a particular stall in my grandfather's stable. Up to the hour he died no one ever saw him lying down, although special watch was sometimes kept after he had been driven for eight or ten hours.

Unless a horse lies down regularly his rest cannot be complete, and his joints and sinews stiffen. It is true that some horses that always sleep in a standing position continue to work for many years, but it is equally true that they would live longer and work better if they rested naturally.

Young horses from the country are liable to refuse to lie down when first put into a stable in town, and the injurious habit may become confirmed unless special pains are taken to induce a change.

The indiposition to lie down is often very pronounced in sick horses. They seem to have an instinctive fear that if they lie down they may never be able to rise, and continue on their feet till their limbs refuse to bear them up.

MARRIED LOVERS.—Shabby as were the old man's turnout and garments, and simple-minded as he seemed, his bearing toward his aged wife was courtliness itself.

'Don't try to git out o' the buggy until I hitch old Ned an' help ye,' he said, as he slowly climbed out.

He stumbled backward and almost fell when helping the old lady out, so that she came to the ground rather heavily.

'Didn't hurt ye, did it, ma?' he asked, with tender solicitude. 'I don't know what made me so clumsy an' keerless.'

Then he brushed the dust from her dress with red cotton handkerchief, and carefully righted the bonnet that had become awry during the ride to the station.

'Now, you set right here, ma, an' I'll see to things,' he said, as he led her to a seat in a shady corner of the room and made it comfortable with the shawls she carried.

When he returned he said,—

'Don't feel any skeery 'bout going off alone, do ye? I've wished a hundred times I could go, too, but you know we can't both leave home at this time o' the year, an' I ain't skeered but you'll git along all right. Aaron'll meet you sure when you git there, an' don't fail to have him drop me a ca[illegible] right off lettin' me know you'[illegible]

Just before the train ar[illegible] over to where I was sitting [illegible] where I was "bound for."

"For M——" I replie[illegible]

"Ye don't say!" [illegible]

"Well, mebbe then [illegible] in' after my wife a [illegible] M——, too; calle[illegible] sickness of our [illegible] ain't never tra[illegible] real guilty let[illegible] it ain't so [illegible] ain't fo[illegible] som[illegible]

Animal [illegible]

LEGALITY O[illegible] IN CO[illegible]

The Women's Branch of the [illegible] the Prevention of Cruelty to [illegible] which has been conspicuously succe[illegible] the proceedings against fox hunters and pigeon shooters, has begun a crusade again[illegible] the vivisectionists. They claim that these experiments or demonstrations are unnecessary and cruel.

The Society also has under way a [illegible] against those who dock horses' tails [illegible] has a standing reward of $100 for the [illegible] and conviction of any one thus "m[illegible] ing" the animals.

For some time past the Society has [illegible] throwing cold water down the backs [illegible] doctors who experiment with animals, [illegible] at their last meeting Mrs. B. P. W[illegible] the President of the Anti-Vivisectio[illegible] ciety, denounced the action of a well-[illegible] occulist in taking the cornea out of [illegible] bit's eye, and placing it in the [illegible] woman patient.

The legality of vivisection may soo[illegible] tested in Court. Dr. B. T. Shimw[illegible] 1253 South 17th street will be given a [illegible] ing before Magistrate Eisenbrown c[illegible] with cruelty to animals. Dr. Shimw[illegible] a recent demonstration before a class [illegible] Medico-Chirurgical Hospital, used a [illegible] for the purpose of his experiments. [illegible] act has been construed as cruelty to an[illegible]

Dr. W. H. Pancoast, President [illegible] college, said that the institution w[illegible] conservative one in the matter [illegible] tion, and there was no desire on [illegible] surgeon to inflict unnecessary pain on any ani[illegible] ma[illegible] "The operation referred to," said he, "was performed upon a dog to show how life can be saved when a cut with a knife or sharp instrument, or a wound from a firearm is inflicted upon the bowels. The dog was chloroformed, and suffered no pain at all. I know of the case, although it has not been brought to my attention officially.

"In a case of such a nature, where the preservation of human life is the end sought, the sacrifice of the lower animals is justifiable. If a dog is mad or has a vicious temper, you kill it. Why? For the benefit of humanity. If it is right to do it under those circumstances, why not right in a case like the one now in question? The dog suffers no pain, being chloroformed, and when killed he is killed humanely.

THE COLLEGE'S POLICY.

"The direction of the college is such that we do not encourage any needless vivisection.

"Everything we do there is meant to be for the advancement of science, giving the students the most perfect education that can be obtained in the country. Vivisection is very rarely performed, and is not encouraged for the sake of merely interesting students or to reproduce old experiments. This very operation of D[illegible] well is one which would jus[illegible] if anything. A great [illegible] made in abdominal su[illegible] and this country, [illegible] periments upon an[illegible] bowels and visce[illegible] jured.

FOND[illegible]

"Personally, I [illegible] and do not make [illegible] are absolutely ne[illegible] human life. Ye[illegible] stake, I think [illegible] conducted as t[illegible] animal while [illegible] killing it at [illegible] objectiona[illegible] ered more[illegible]

"We d[illegible] and yet in [illegible] tering is done [illegible] the animal than [illegible] conducted experim[illegible] in [illegible] on. Life is preserved by the sacrifice of life. Even the vegetarian destroys life, for vegetable life is a reality, the only difference being in degree, and the lower forms suffer as much as they can suffer."

A COMPARISON.

"If a man's intellectual parts are of more importance than his physical, is it not as well to use animals for the cultivation of the mind as it is to use them to sustain the body," said Professor Robert Bartholow of the college in discussing the prosecution. "It is not a question of cruelty, unless the man who butchers that you may have meat is cruel. Why don't these women arrest the butchers? We do not kill for gain. I kill for the benefit of my class—to give them higher knowledge. The anti-vivisectors ought to eat eggs and be vegetarians to be consistent."

MRS WHITE'S STATEMENTS.

Mrs. Richard P. White, President of the society prosecuting the physician, says:

"We maintain, in the Anti-Vivisection Society as well as in the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that vivisection is entirely unnecessary. A large number of professional men in this city agree with us, and stand ready to testify for us. We shall have several doctors of the highest standing as witnesses for our side. The case of Dr. Shimwell we did not seek out. It was told to us. It came to us unsought as an extremely cruel performance, and, of course, the Society had to do its duty."

Dr. Shimwell stated in response to a question that he would show that the dog he experimented with was not pained by the operation and in no way cruelly tre[illegible] ed. That an anæsthetic was u[illegible] after the operation the ca[illegible] as well as ever.