

FINE TAILORING

We have now arriving our new cloths for the spring tailoring. Our increase in patronage during the past year has been very gratifying and by careful attention to our customers needs we hope to merit a continuance.

I. M. Otterson

NEWS OF IMPORTANCE TO HOUSEHOLDERS WILL APPEAR IN THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK.

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COFFIN WOOD MINES.

The Chinaman Digs For Wood Piled For Burial Cases.

There exists no object which the average Chinaman exhibits more regard for than the narrow box which is destined to contain all that is mortal of him. He is never happy until it is in his possession. It occupies a conspicuous position in his house, and the richer he is the more he expends on its acquisition and adornment.

The coffins most esteemed by the Celestials are manufactured from a peculiar resinous wood, possessing quite extraordinary preservative properties and found only in one small district in Yunnan, buried in the earth, no living specimens of the tree now being in existence.

The natives search for it quite as eagerly as elsewhere gold and precious stones are run after, and, indeed, the deposits, for such they are, are to all intents and purposes mines of wood.

Local legends have it that in a far distant past vast numbers of these trees existed in the dense forests with which the whole region was covered, and that as a result of some tremendous cataclysm they were uprooted and precipitated into the ravines. Whether this account is true or not, the buried trees are today a source of quite considerable wealth to the lucky person who finds them. For a coffin made of this special wood a Chinaman does

not consider 200 or 300 at all too high a price to pay.

TRADES THAT CURE ILLS.

If You Want to Drive Away Disease, Turn Shepherd.

"Old workers are never laid," said a druggist. "Visit our old regions or those of Russia. Examine the workmen's hats. It is soft and thick and glossy, for petroleum cures incipient baldness, and if your hair is thinning rub some in. Never mind the smell. It will do you good."

"Shepherds enjoy remarkable health. The odd odor of a sheep seems to drive away disease. Sheep are especially good for whooping cough. In the sheep country when a child takes the whooping cough it is the custom for the mother to put it to play among the sheep, and the next day it is well."

"The men and women who work among lavender, gathering it or distilling it, never have neuritis or nervous headache. Lavender, moreover, is as good as a sea voyage for giving tone to the system. Run down persons often work for nothing in lavender plants in order to build themselves up."

"Salt miners can wear summer clothes in blizzard weather without fear of catching cold, for colds are unknown among salt workers. Breweries and tanneries and printing ink factories bar out consumption. Turpentine works and ropewalks bar out rheumatism. Copper mines bar out ty-

KENNETH J. DUNSTAN.

Toronto Manager of the Bell Telephone Company in Public Eye.

Kenneth J. Dunstan, the Toronto manager of the Bell Telephone Co., is a man of rather kindly demeanour, with eyes which smile quietly and persistently. Persistence, in fact, is his outstanding characteristic. Ever to the chance acquaintance, who will find him more than polite, the determined few hints that there is resolution behind the smile. His is the face of one apt to despise the bludgeon as uncouth and the stiletto as patently unskillful; of one, nevertheless, accustomed to gain his end in an effective though unassuming way. One fanciful admirer of one, nevertheless, accustomed to gain his end in an effective though unassuming way. One fanciful admirer of one, nevertheless, accustomed to gain his end in an effective though unassuming way.



KENNETH J. DUNSTAN.

still honorable. He is looked upon, indeed, as one of the ablest of those who might be termed "corporation men." He is impatient with municipal ownership; dubs it the outward swing of the pendulum; prophesies that things will swing back again to a happy mean. "Thus it is through the years," he says, "the pendulum swings now in this way, now in that. When the limit is reached in one direction, it halts, swings then in the opposite direction. When people find the faults of over-municipalization, they will be more open to conviction that municipal ownership is something with bounds, whereas it is well to draw the line."

Though shrewd enough to be Scotch, the manager of English parentage. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, and used to experiment with the phone when the instrument was in its infancy. He has studied telephones ever since telephones were an electrician, and is a past-president of the Electrical Association. About eighteen years ago he came to Toronto, and has resided here since that time. He has made many friends, socially as well as in a business way; was formerly a member of the Canadian Club Executive, and is a past-president of Ionia Lodge, A.F. and A.M., G.E.U.

Feeling Overworked.

It was doubtless Mr. Howe's "sympathetic nature" to which she constantly referred, that made her carry so many burdens which did not belong to her. Her sufferings were many, but the statements of them often roused her family to mirth.

"How's your head this morning, my dear?" inquired Mr. Howe one morning in a properly solicitous tone.

"It's no better," came in a hollow voice from behind the "tapet." "It won't be any better while I can't get Cousin John's lungs and Mary's china and mother's eyes and Harriet's wisdom teeth out of it for one minute."

A Hardship.

Favored Walter—"I'm goin' to leave here when my week is up.

Regular Guest—"Eh! You get good pay, don't you?"

"Yes, 'bout the same's everywhere."

"And tips besides?"

"A good many."

"Then what's the matter?"

"They don't allow no time for goin' out to meals. I have to eat here."

London Mail.

A PERFECT CAT.

Mrs. W. C. Bell, Secretary of Royal Canadian Cat Club, Gives Rules.

A cat to be of proper proportions should have small ears, rounded at the tips, carried somewhat forward, and not wide open at the base. It is a mark of beauty in the cat to have the ears well apart, writes Mrs. W. C. Bell, secretary of the Royal Canadian Cat Club, giving an appearance of greater width to the head. The eyes should be round, large and full and set straight in the head, not slanting like that of a Chinese. It should have a broad skull, and the face and nose should be short. The neck is also short and the chest full and broad. A cobby body, low on the legs and large broad paws, but not stumpy feet is the correct shape. The tail should be short rather than long.

It is supposed to be a sign of strength if a cat's whiskers attain great length. The short haired or common cat should have short, close fur, not woolly. A white cat must have orange or blue eyes, preferably the latter. I have seen a few specimens with odd eyes.

A black cat should be a pure rich black without a trace of white and have orange eyes. The perfect tortoiseshell and white should be white patched with yellow, orange and black in a mottled pattern. The eyes must be orange. Brown tabby must be a golden brown with rich black stripes or bars. No white and the eyes orange or green.

Then there is the any other color variety, in which are classed the broken orange and white, or a cat with several colors. A tortoiseshell male is a decided rarity.

Many years ago at the Crystal Palace Cat Show one was exhibited and the cage was literally smothered with prize cards. The owner had been given a shilling by a London cook to take the "troublesome" beast away.

A smoke cat is not common by any means. It is a shaded cat without markings, the fur being a pure white underneath and gradually assuming almost a black tone on the outer coat.

The figure and number nine seems to be an important one in connection with cats, as there is a superstition that they have nine lives because of their extraordinary powers of endurance. The expostulating tabby in Gray's Fables says to the old bedlamite:

"'Tis infamy to serve a bag, Cats are thought limps, her broom a because, 'tis said, your cats have nine."

The instinct of maternity is perhaps more largely developed in the cat than in any other animal. No creature shows such anxiety for the safety and welfare of her offspring as she does, and often her natural timidity will give place to bold and fearless courage when her little ones have been in any danger or difficulty.

The human race may be divided into people who love cats and those that hate them. Fortunate for poor pussy the latter are very few in number. More particularly so in the case of the domestic cat, which is more particular about her appearance than any other animal. This is a quotation from a schoolboy's essay and speaks for itself:

The home cat is a four-legged quadruped. It is kept as usual being at the corners. It is what is called a tame animal, though it feeds on mice and birds of prey. Its colors are striped. It does not bark, but it breathes through its nose instead of its mouth. Cats also mew, which you have all heard. Cats have nine lives but which is seldom wanted in this country, cause of Christianity. Cats eat meat and most anything, especially when you can't afford. This is all about cats.

Luncheon for Eleven Cents. A dainty and well-appointed practice luncheon was served recently at the Technical School, to seven guests, at the enormous cost of 75 cents, for the whole meal, which as may be seen, averages a little less than 11 cents a head. By "practice" luncheon is meant a luncheon served by one of the students taking the Domestic Science course at the school, who demonstrates in this practical way what she has been learning. The hostess, this time a very young girl in the High school year, prepared the menu, buys the supplies, and with the assistance of two fellow students as cook and waitress, cooks and serves the meal. As the luncheon was an achievement in good cooking, and economical buying combined, The Toronto Star asked permission to publish the menu with a few general pointers as to the making of the dishes.

Tomato soup, with croutons. Fried haddock, stuffed baked potatoes. Salad of celery, cabbage, and walnuts, baking powder biscuit. Moulded rice. Coffee.

The soup was cream of tomato soup, made with milk, the thickened milk and strained heated tomatoes being mixed at the last moment. The haddock was cut in cross sections, dipped in bread crumbs, then in egg, then in bread crumbs again, and dropped into deep boiling fat. The stuffed potatoes were baked first, the contents scooped out, and thoroughly mashed with milk, butter and seasoning, replaced in the skins, and heated again.

The salad was of equal parts of celery and cabbage, shaved firm, mixed with chopped walnuts, and served with boiled mayonnaise dressing on small cabbage leaves.

The rice was cooked with shavings of lemon rind, then moulded with gelatine, and whipped cream.

Grain As Foodstuff. To most people at the present time, says Dr. A. E. Gibson in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, the necessity of bread consumption for the maintenance of bodily existence stands as a central, unquestionable fact. That such a high regard for grain as foodstuff, however, is overdrawn is evident from the circumstance that entire races of men have been and are yet found to sustain a magnificent physical health and strength on a diet wholly exempt from bread.

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7 pounds Granulated C. Meal,	15c.	7 pounds Ass. Jams,	65c.
7 pounds Whole W. Flour,	25c.	7 pounds Kraut,	20c.

J. E. LLOYD

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