A Merry Christmas To all our Readers.

Weekly Monitor

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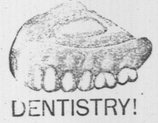

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Poetry.

THE MERRY HEART GOES ALL THE WAY.

When you come to a wearisome bit of the road,
Where the stones are thick and the path is steep,
And the back is bowed with the heft of the load,
As the narrowing way is hard to keep,
Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh;
But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer;
If nothing else, there is help in high—
God's angel will hasten, your pioneer.

When you reach a lonesome bit of the road,
Curtained about with mist and murk,
And you hear faint sounds from the dread above,
Where shivering, grim hobgoblins lurk,
Just laugh to scorn their doleful cries—
This is the place to whistle and sing;
Brush the fog from your fearless eyes,
And cling to the faith of your fathers cling.

When you stand at the sorrowful bit of the road
And a hand you love has loosed its clasp,
When the streams are dry that in sweetness flowed,
And flowers drop from your listless grasp,
E'en now take heart, for further on
There are hope and joy and the dawn of day;
You shall find again what you thought 'Tis the merry heart goes all the way.

'TWAS NIGHT WHEN THE LORD WAS BORN.

It was not in the glow of noontide high,
Or the tender grace of morn,
But the shadows were over the earth and sky,
'Twas night when the Lord was born.

This is ever the way God molds His deeds
In silence and out of sight;
They hide in the dark like the precious seeds,
Then suddenly rise in light.

So whenever a night with shadowy wing
Folds darkly over our way,
We must listen to hear God's angels sing,
And watch for the dawning day.

Let us say, when we sit in darkness long,
With an aching heart forlorn,
"It was night when the angels sang their song
'Twas night when the Lord was born."

For all the glad days that have rolled in light
Since the first glad day had birth,
Were not half so bright as the one dark night
When the Saviour came to earth.

And at last we shall own in the heavenly clime,
With a finished life in view,
That our darkest nights in the paths of time
Were the brightest days we knew.

—Alfred J. Hough.

Select Literature.

The Christmas at Jim Pitt's.

The double row of little tow-crowned faces on both sides of the table looked unnaturally solemn in unconscious sympathy with the older faces at the table ends. There was very little talking, and, if the truth must be told, very little eating as far as Jim Pitt and his slender wife were concerned. The children's plates were comfortably full.

At the "Works" the strike had been on a month, and a month is a long time for poor folks to be idle. James pushed back his chair with a rasping sound on the uneven floor. He found his cap and stalked out.

"Oh, my land, I do hate to, but I've got to!" gasped Rowena Pitt under her breath, hurrying after him with the baby in her arms. Her pretty, faded face was creased with contending lines of anxiety, fear and determination that associated oddly.

"Jim," she called softly. The man turned back at the outside door, unwillingly.

"Eh?"

"Jim,- she was a little out of breath with the hurrying and the baby,—"Jim, Sunday week's Christmas."

It was Friday now. Mechanically both of them reckoned days in their minds. Eight—eight days to Christmas.

"They aint ever not hung 'em up bef—" the eager voice broke off with a jolt, finishing that word like was too much like saying they wouldn't hang them up this year, and she wasn't ready for that—yet.

"Sunday week's Christmas, Jim, and they've always hung 'em up—they've always."

The baby lurched out of her arms and plunged both tiny, pink hands into Jim's mop of beard. He put out his hands and took the little creature absently. There was no visible softening in his face, but still the mother's plaintive voice pleaded on. The sentences came in jerks as if between each one she stopped to gather courage for the next.

"I aint ever been very strong since baby came, Jim; I do' know's I could do any more. I can't use that money, for it's all there is for vittles."

He was gazing over the baby's head straight away from her. His shoulders shrugged uneasily.

Rowena lifted the baby's long skirts and took the red-stockinged foot in —d. The stocking was worn and mended—so many ... tle feet had worn it before this one. She smoothed it gently up over the small curled leg.

"This one's been hung up three times, Jim—Meggy had 'em new—but it aint ever been hung up yet for him. He aint ever been here Christmas yet, Jim."

Still no answer. The children's shouts came out to them, muffled, from the kitchen, but there was no other sound till Rowena began again desperately. She was using up her weapons fast.

"Tim'thy wants a horn," she said, almost in a whisper, "they aint but ten cents down to Peck's, horns aint. That's only a little bit, Jim. And Meggy, she's set her heart on a doll. The baby's broke what there was left—you'd be surprised how cheap they are. And little Jim's crazy for a little iron cart—a real little one'd do—land, he'd be tickled with most any kind, Jim!"

She put out her slender fingers, parboiled and shining with a month's continous washings and turned his face toward her.

"Jim!" she cried.

"Well, what say?"

"Won't you go back to the Works a-Monday?"

"No!" he shouted angrily. With the baby crushed back into her arms, twisted and astonished, she went slowly back to her children. Their shrill voices came to meet her.

"There's blue painted ones an' there's red painted ones. I hope mine'll be red—toot-a-toot-too-too-ooo!" shouted Tim'thy.

"I hope my dolly'll have blue eyes like Ellen Jane's—then she'll 'mind me of her."

"Blue eyes? Huh, Ellen Jane didn't have any't all, so there!" tittered a derisive voice.

"You stop, Polly Pitt—yes,she did have eyes, too! She wasn't born blind;" Meggy's sweet aggrieved voice cried back.

The mother and the baby waited a minute at the door for the rest.

"I want a iron cart an' I wish't would be a tipper!" little Jim was saying in his slow precise way. "Do you s'pose I would be a tipper if I kept a-wishin', a-wishin' like everything, Meg?"

"Oh, I guess so, little Jim," Meggy answered. "I'll wish, too,—that'll make it stronger."

"Toot-a-toot-too-ooo!" shrilled Tim'thy through his pieced-out fists. "Chris'mas is a-com-i-i-in'! I say, Meg, aint it good we aint like other poor folks that don't have any—not any at all, oh, my!"

"Not any Chris'mas?"

"Tim'thy Pitt!"

"Oh, my!"

"Well, we do—yes sir! We always have 'em."

Rowena pushed open the door suddenly.

"Here, take the baby, Meggy," she said gently. "I've got to go to wash-in' right away."

But the despairing look on her face was gone and in its place was a grim determination that had come to stay. There was goin' to be a Christmas, Works or no Works! "I'll be the 'Works!'" she thought, trying to smile. "I'll do the old washin's—that's vittles. An I'll do the new ones that's Christmas. There's a-plenty of 'em to do somewheres. I guess I aint quite wore out yet."

The little kitchen filled speedily with sudsy steam, and the ill colors of unclean clothes in the process of cleansing. The steady rubbing-rubbing over topped the confusion of the children's voices.

The strike at the "Works" was not a demonstrative one, but perhaps it was all the more a stubborn one on that account. Still waters run deepest, they tell us. ...

It had developed out of sympathy with other larger, fiercer strikes on all sides of it. There had been an epidemic of strikes and the men at the "Works" had caught the fever. They went about with sullen, set faces, upholding each other and encouraging the weaker ones to hold out.

James Pitt was one of the leaders—one of the sullenest, 'settest' ones of them all.

The "bosses" went their ways undismayed. It was not a vital matter to them—they could wait. Meantime they took the opportunity to put in new machinery and make certain requisite repairs.

They took on a few new hands, but not enough to antagonize the old ones. For the most part when the "Works" was running at all it ran shorthanded and waited for the moving of the still waters.

It was generally known that, at any time, the old hands would be taken on again at the old wages. One or two went back shame-facedly, to be held in derision and galling scorn by the body of gaunt, suffering men who held out with grim persistence. Jim Pitt derided loudest and bitterest.

The week before Christmas began and kept along slowly. The days were too full of burdens and distress to hurry. At the Pitts', Rowena worked ceaselessly over the old work and the new, and the children counted the days on their fingers. One, two, three, four, five—only three little child-fingers left!

"I could do it easier if I'd eat more," murmured Rowena over her rubbing, "it sort of uses me up doin' it on an empty stomach."

She took little rests now and then—they grew of necessity more frequent toward the week's end—and went into the small bedroom adjoining the kitchen, to take peeps at the little hoard of silver that was slowly growing. It would never be grown up—poor Rowena!—but it was to buy children's things, and it would be grown up enough for that.

Jim came and went silently, though if Rowena had noticed she might have seen that his face was gentler and the terrible lounger's stoop was gone out of his shoulders a little. He moved with his old quickness and even played with the children slyly, sometimes, at night. Once Rowena came suddenly upon him on all fours, growling in true bear fashion, to the edification of Tim'thy and the rest. But he got up hastily and went out.

He went away early in the morning and came in late for supper—he never came home at noons. Instinctively Rowena knew why that was. She ate no dinners, either.

"I'm glad he aint home more," she thought. "He'd see me workin' like mad an' 'twould pester him all up. Jim's got a good heart. He didn't used to want me to work any. I'd ruther he'd be away this week, a good deal."

Saturday came and great exitement prevailed in the steamy sudsy little kitchen. The children went about with radiant faces, holding up, each one, the last finger of the eight—the finger that said only one day was left now.

"One more!" shouted exultant Tim'thy. "What do you think o' that, Meg Pitt?"

"One more," echoed gentle Meggy, "an' oh, I hope her eyes'll be blue, Tim'thy!"

"One-mo-re-oh!" Little Jim murmured happily.

Even the baby caught the spirit of glee and crowed and rubbed fresh holes in the tiny, mended red stockings, with his kicking. Was there any spot in those tiny stockings that wasn't mended—or a hole?

The mother lifted her moist, tired face from the scrubbing board—it was the last washing of the crowded week, thank the den: Lord!—and shook a sudsy finger at them in playful anger.

"You shut up!" she cried. "You better wait till't is 'Merry Christmas,' an' then see! How do you know Santa Claus won't pass right by this chimney—he don't come to naughty children—"

"But we've been good—oh, mammy!"

Little Jim's face fell and the corners of his mouth went a drooping. Tim'thy laughed derisively.

"Huh! She's shamming, goosie!" he cried.

"Mammy's just a-shamming, little Jim, dear," explained loving Meggy, getting her arm around him. "Don't you see how her eyes are laughin'? She knows Santy's a-comin'."

"Well go and play, the whole kit o' you an' wait till he comes," mammy said with a little laugh. How her back ached! How tired she was—and how happy!

For the life of her she could not resist a little excursion into that little bedroom to squeeze the handkerchief with the money in one corner. One corner!—it took the whole middle to hold 'em now. When Mis' Westerly paid for this washing there'd be enough. Yes, and mebbe for the thick woolen gloves for Jim—land! Rowena's heart was soft toward Jim and all the world. The Christmas gentleness was in it.

She got the children to bed early—very early. They rebelled, but she hustled them under the quilts peremptorily. A neighbor without any little rebellious bodies to tuck under quilts had agreed to come in and "set" awhile. When she came Rowena hurried away.

A light snow was sifting down with lazy indifference. It felt grateful to Rowena's weary face and she held it back for a little cool baptism. She was very, very tired. Her legs almost refused to carry her.

A heavily-freighted car, gay with lights, shot by her.

"If I could only ride both ways!" she murmured wistfully. "But land! there isn't any use wishin'. I'll have to ride up with the bundles."

Oh, the bundles! The thought of them urged her on faster, and she forgot her leg and her back and the faintness in her stomach.

It was nearer nine than eight when she finished her errands and folded up the empty handkerchief.

The streets were full of people as eager and busy as she. Everybody was Christmassing. Nobody minded being jostled or run into or snowed on—the idea of mending such little things on Christmas Eve! People slapped each other's shoulders unnecessarily hard, and even enemies forgot themselves and nodded a little.

Among them all Rowena Pitt plowed on sturdily. She was almost sure once she saw Jim's face in the crowd, but it dodged away instantly.

"I hope he's to home eatin' his supper" she thought. "I'm glad I left it where it would keep good an' warm."

But Jim was not at home when she got there. The neighbor said he hadn't been.

Rowena, left alone at last, filled all the children's stockings from Tim'thy's to the baby's. Then she crept into bed beside the baby in the tiny bedroom.

It was an hour afterward when Jim came home. Rowena was drowsily conscious of seeing him cross the shaft of lamplight at the door. She thought she heard his big steps on the floor, but she was too weary, weary to remember about the stockings or feel any triumph or pride in them. She just nestled snugger to the warm little body on her arm and went to sleep again.

Jim crossed the floor, tiptoeing clumsily. He went straight to the chimney place, and then he saw the little stockings in a row and gave a low cry of astonishment and chagrin. One of the bundles in his arms slipped to the floor unnoticed.

They were all there—the stockings—and full. The flaring end of Tim'thy's red-painted trumpet intruded itself upon his vision—and there was Meggy's doll an'—an' little Jim's iron cart. The baby's tiny red, mended stocking was full, too.

A few minutes later Jim was striding down town again. He fairly flew. It was getting stormier—and later.

On Merry Christmas morning Rowena lay beside the baby and listened with her eyes shut to the clamor of glee out in the kitchen. The children, —bless 'em—how happy they were! Bless 'em!

They shouted and danced and laughed.

"Toot-a-toot-too-oooo!"

"Look, quick—Tim'thy!—her eyes are blue!"

"Toot-atoot-too-oooo!"

"What's in this bundle?—quick Meg, untie it! I found it on the floor—I guess he dropped it goin' up again."

"Well, it's ours Polly Pitt, if it's here. Break the string, goosie—oh!"

"Stockin's!"

"Baby's!"

"Oh!"

"I'm so glad they're for the baby," cried Meggy's sweet voice joyfully—"his toes do need 'em so!"

"So'm I glad, too," agreed Tim'thy's voice, generously "Toot-a-toot-too-oooo!"

Rowena got up quietly after awhile—very quietly so as not to wake up Jim and the baby. She felt about in the dim little room for her clothes—then—

What! What! for over them lay a great warm shawl—oh,as warm and as thick as you could think! And a green flat package in the yellow paper that butcher's use lay on the shawl. Rowena lifted it cautiously. A drop or two of some dark juice had oozed out and spattered over the dainty surface of the shawl. Rowena hastily covered the little spots so Jim would not see. She smelled the package with little, eager, slow sniffs.

"Yes; it smells like—steak," she murmured. "Like steak!"

"Jim!"

"Get out! What d' you want to wake a fellow up in the middle o' the night for?" muttered Jim with a fine assumption of wrath.

"Jim-Jim-Jim!"

And, then in a minute he was beside her, with his arm around her in the old-fashioned way.

"Aint it a beauty?" he was saying proudly. "It's a sirloin, Roweny," getting things mixed inextricably. His voice was full of jolts.

"I had to hurry, now I tell you! I carried the children's things back, when I found the stockin's was full. My, didn't I put, though?"

A sudden enlightenment broke in on them both.

"Roweny," he said sternly, "you've been workin' extra—extra—to get those things!"

"Jim," she cried jubilantly, "you've been back to the Works—all the week—to get these!"

"Yes," he said with a shrug, "strike's over."

Out in the noisy kitchen there was Christmas, and in the tiny bedroom there was Christmas—plenty of it. The baby woke up and crowed in unconscious sympathy with everybody else's joy.

"It's a sirloin. Roweny, an' you're a-goin' to eat every mite of it—every mite, do you hear?" Jim said loudly.

"O, I am, am I?" laughed Rowena.

"Every mite, mind you."

"We'll see!"

"Toot-atoot-too-oooo!"

—Annie Hamilton Donnell.

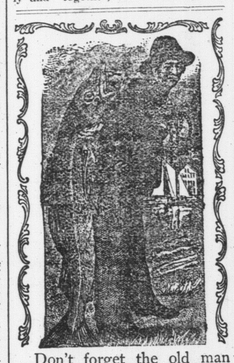
DUTIES OF PRESIDENT AND PREMIER.

(The "Spectator" London.)

Mr. Roosevelt brings out with lively force the enormous direct powers wielded by the President of the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that he has far more direct power than the ordinary Constitutional Monarch, and that he is one of the half-dozen persons throughout the whole world who have most power to affect the destinies of the world. That is a very exact statement of the President's position. He can come to decisions and take steps to carry out those decisions entirely on his own responsibility, and without having to consult any other person; and in the exercise of these powers it is not too much to say that he may affect the destinies of civilized mankind. It is true that the President has no power of legislation, and that he does not hold the purse-strings, but he can by his personal act so irrevocably commit his country to certain courses of action that in practice those who legislate and those who control the Treasury—i. e., the men and bodies who might theoretically withhold from him legislative and financial aid—are bound to follow his call. A President, for example, cannot formally make war on any other power, but he can take executive action of a military kind which may commit the nation to war or may force another power to declare war. Mr. Roosevelt in a very striking passage compares the powers of the President of the United States with those of a British Premier. The comparison is most interesting and curious. In certain ways the position of a Prime Minister, while he remains Prime Minister—i. e., has the confidence of the majority of the House of Commons—is one of greater power than that of the President. In the hands of a British Prime Minister while he keeps his majority in Parliament are literally clinched the whole might, majesty and dominion of the State. He exercises, granted that he can carry his Cabinet with him, and if not he is hardly Prime Minister, without any possibility of challenge, the whole of the perogatives of the Sovereign. It is true that the Sovereign has to be consulted and to be informed, but he cannot veto, though he can sometimes delay, executive acts.—That is, the Prime Minister can appoint whom he pleases to all the great offices of State, can dispose of the armed forces of the nation, and can mould foreign policy to his will By virtue of his majority in the Commons he can, as long as his majority holds, obtain from the House of Commons whatever legislative measures are necessary to complete his policy. Again, while he is the Minister chosen by the Commons he has the Treasury at his back, and can use the national resources in the way he thinks best for the nation. If he wants another million for this or that service, he is certain not to be refused it. The whole of the machine, executive, legislative and fiscal, moves forward evenly and together, and he directs its course. As soon as he cannot direct the machine, he ceases to be Prime Minister for under our Constitution usage the moment a request of the Prime Minister is refused by the House of Commons, he resigns, and ceases to be Prime Minister. The President of the United States, on the other hand, has no such power over the Legislature. As regards the great appointments he must obtain the consent of the Senate, which has a right to veto upon them. In the matter of making treaties the President can do nothing without the co-operation of the Senate. If the President wants to do something which involves the spending of money, he must secure the agreement of the House of Representatives before he acts. Again, if legislation is required to carry out his policy, he must obtain the concurrence of both Houses of Congress. Thus in certain ways the President's action is far more limited and circumscribed than is that of a Prime Minister. He cannot say: "Either I obtain the money (or legislation) I demand or I cease to direct public affairs." He is elected for four years, and practically cannot resign. If the Senate or the House of Representatives refuse even the most reasonable demand, he has no choice but to put up with their decision. On the other hand, the President's tenure is absolutely secure during his term. He cannot be turned out of office and deprived of all his power by a snap vote in the House of Commons obtained through the blunder of a subordinate. Congress may "resolute till the cows come home," but the President remains unmoved. He may not be able to compel them to support his policy, but they have no sort of right to alter it as long as he remains firm. If Congress determined to legislate against another State, in such a way as to provoke war and the President did not wish war, he would simply have to exercise the veto on legislation which he possesses. He could, that is, if he liked, reduce Congress to absolute impotence, owing to his right to prevent bills of which he disapproves becoming law. To put it shortly, a British Prime Minister, when all goes well, and while he retains the full confidence of the House of Commons and has a loyal Cabinet, wields a power which is virtually unlimited, but its tenure is insecure. "A breath can unmake him as a breath hath made." The tenure of the President is secure and this gives his powers a certainty and reality. They are not fairy gifts which may vanish away the moment the "Ayes" have it on a vote of censure. Again, the President acts directly, and visibly uses his personal power. He is not always moving behind a veil and exercising powers which nominally are another's, as is the British Prime Minister. The Prime Minister, too, must explain his acts and the reasons for them to his colleagues. The President may come to a decision in the privacy of his own house, and announce it as a thing accomplished without any moment of discussion. On the whole, then, and though the President is often cruelly hampered, while an English Prime Minister remains free and untrammelled, the greater power and responsibility must be admitted to remain with the President. He may not be able to do quite so much, or act so easily at any given moment, but what he does cannot be overridden, and no wave of unpopularity can suddenly drive him from power.

Which is the better system it is not very profitable to inquire. For ourselves, we should say that the Presidential system suits the Americans better, that of Prime Minister the British. Each people will prefer their own system, and they will no doubt be right, for in each case they have learned to accommodate themselves to its workings. The Americans have the advantage of rigidity, we those of elasticity. Still, the fact remains that on the balance of consideration the greatest office of power in the Anglo-Saxon world is that of President of the United States. Though his powers are limited, he has a security of tenure and an originating and independent authority of which no one can deprive him. During his four years of office he can on many points say without an "if" "I will do this or that." The British Prime Minister has always to say: "I will do this that if I can keep the confidence of the House of Commons." The absence of that "if" gives to the President of the United States a sense of independent authority which does not belong to a Prime Minister.

—We need to cultivate the faculty of making life pleasant to those we are most closely associated with. He who has made some 'pale face brighten' has not lived in vain. To do these things, and keep doing them, is to make one's life fruitful in good afar out on the mission fields, but works. Then dream not of greatness come down to the mission of loving service to those you meet day by day in the home, on the street, in the shop. You cannot endow a library, but you can lend a good book to your neighbor, or read a chapter occasionally to some bed-ridden saint—or sinner, if he will let you. It is in the power of every man, woman and child to render service that will augment the sum of human happiness. The opportunity to do great and conspicuous deeds seldom comes. To the great multitude it never comes. If our life is to be a life of service, it must be in a limited sphere in which we move. It must be in the circle of our own home first. If we are not making life sweet and joyous in our own home, with those we daily meet, we will never make life sweet and joyous to any one. The common deeds of the common day make up the sum total of our life, and we should see to it that each day should find us adding something to the good of some human life.



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back.

For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.:
Gentlemen:—My three children were dangerously low with diphtheria. On the advice of our priest my wife began the use of Minard's Liniment. In two hours they were greatly relieved, and in five days they were completely well, and I firmly believe your valuable Liniment saved the lives of my children.
Gratefully yours,
ADELBERT LEFEBVRE
Mair', Mills, June 10th, 1899.

TO PREVENT R. R. COLLISIONS.

A device for preventing collisions between railway trains was successfully tried on the railroad near Frankford, Germany, yesterday.

It consists of a small apparatus fitted to a locomotive which will give visible and audible signals if another locomotive is approaching on the same track, or if a switch is misplaced. It is possible to have an understanding by telephone between the locomotives.

In yesterday's test two locomotives approached each other. When they reached a certain distance from each other the apparatus gave the signals and the engineers were able to communicate.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

CANADIAN NEWS.

On the 10th inst. there were two bye elections held on Prince Edward Island for the local house. There were two seats and they were captured by conservatives.

—Canada ranks third for the year among the nations of the world in the production of gold and silver. The United States and Mexico being first and second respectively.

Sir Frederick Borden will introduce a bill to amend the militia act next session which will probably provide for an increase in the permanent force.

The reports issued by the Dominion immigration department indicate that the population of Manitoba and the territories will, by the end of the present year have been augmented by fully 100,000 souls.

Patrick Murphy, of Quebec, was recently honored with a public testimonial for saving 24 persons from drowning. An address, a purse of $519 and a bronze clock were presented to him. About the same number of lives saved is credited to a colored man living in Halifax, who is entitled to some worthy recognition of his bravery.

The Dominion Parliament will not be summoned to meet probably before the 19th of February. An Ottawa despatch states while there is a lot of business to be prepared for submission to the people's representatives, much of it has already been discussed. The lines upon which the redistribution bill will be framed have already been talked over among the Ministers, and the estimates of the several departments are in an advanced state. The bill amending and consolidating the railway act and providing for the appointment of a railway commission will be reintroduced, as will also, in all probability, the act providing for the compulsory arbitration of railway disputes.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

About twelve years ago, Mr. J. G. Graves, started business in Sheffield, England, as a watch and clock dealer in a small shop, employing a single assistant. To-day, at the age of 37, he finds himself a wealthy man at the head of the largest concern of its kind in the world, with 26 establishments in Sheffield, at which over two thousand persons are engaged in addition to hundreds of travellers and agents throughout the country.

Mr. Graves has always been regarded as a model employer, and his latest scheme for bettering the condition of his employes bids fair to solve, as far as they are concerned, the old-age pension problem.

Briefly put, the employes will contribute two and a half per cent of their wages, and the firm will add the same amount. Employes permanently disabled will be entitled to pensions varying in amount, according to length of service, from one-sixth to two-thirds of their wages, and there is also a similarly graduated scheme for employes retiring at the age of sixty-five.

Mr. Graves says he has always held it to be the duty of employers to provide for the declining years of those who have served them. He quite expects to be recompensed for the amount he will be called on to pay by the more devoted service of his work people.

KILLED BY A CHURCH BELL.

St. John's, Nfld., Dec. 12.—The news reached town last night of the awful and instantaneous death of a young lad named Roland Clark, owner of the well-known schooner Star of the Sea. The sad affair happened at 11 a. m. on Sunday morning while he (Clark), was entering the Episcopal Church at Burin. He had just stepped inside the church door and was in the act of sweeping the snow off his boots. Charles White, son of Constable White, was also in the porch ringing the bell. Suddenly there was a crash, and the huge bell, weighing upward of a ton, came crashing down through the ceiling. It struck Clark on the top of the head and practically clove his body in two pieces, killing him instantly and leaving him a mangled mass on the floor. How the accident happened nobody can account for. One of the pins and other gear in the machinery at the top of the tower must have worked loose and dropped out. The tower was badly damaged and the floors and fittings above literally broken to atoms, like matchwood.

KING EDWARD MAY GO TO ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

London, November 17.—"There are few events in the history of France more glorious than the cession of Louisiana by Napoleon Bonapart when he was first Consul. The St. Louis exposition committee doubtless believes that the best way of showing America's gratitude would be to invite the president of the third French republic to the centenary celebration of this act of the first republic. The journey would be quite constitutional for precedents exist in the visits to Russia of the late President Faure and of President Loubet himself. It has been said," concludes M. Deloncle, "that King Edward may go to St. Louis, and it is probable that the king of the Belgians will also pay the exposition a visit. If President Loubet goes he would certainly make a more triumphant trip than did Prince Henry of Prussia.

Pleasant Cure for Weak Lungs.

The best remedy for sore, weak lungs is the soothing vapor of Catarrhozone which traverses every air cell and passage of the breathing organs. It treats remote parts that cough mixtures and sprays cannot approach, and kills thousands of germs at every breath. Catarrhozone drives away pain, congestion and inflammation; it makes breathing easy and regular and exerts a marvelous influence on Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Deafness and Lung trouble. Catarrhozone cures at once, is delightful to inhale and simple to use. Price, $1.00; small size 25c. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure constipation.

THE BELATED SHORE ROAD.

We note that MacKenzie & Mann don't carry all their eggs in one basket, says the Liverpool Advocate.

Their enterprises in the West appear of far greater importance (to them) than that covered by the contract for this Shore road, and having many irons in the fire (to mix the metaphor) it is perhaps to be expected that their personal attention may be largely called for elsewhere.

Perhaps the contractors have been doing all that could be reasonably expected of them, but in that case, of a verity, a large number—the great majority—of people in these parts must be decidedly unreasonable, for they are very impatient of delays for which they are unable to see the cause.

—The Pacific Cable was declared open for business on Monday, and messages may be sent from any port in Canada to any of the Australian States, Tasmania, New Zealand, Fiji and other points reached by the "All-Red" Cable for 58 cents per word.