The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1904. NO. 11.

Professional Cards

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis opposite Garrison gate.
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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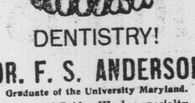
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.



DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

James Primrose, D. D. S.,
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, - N. S.
April 1st, 1903.—1y

Fine Watch Repairing.

THOS. BIRD,
Practical Watchmaker,
Begs to inform the people of Bridgetown and surrounding country that he has permanently located next to Dr. DeWolf's office on Granville Street, where he is prepared to clean and repair all kinds of Watches and clocks, and trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.
Capital Authorized, - $3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - 1,336,150
Capital Paid Up, - 1,326,295
Reserve Fund, - 925,000

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
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BRANCHES:
Annapolis, Arichat, Baddeck, Barrington Passage, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clarke's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Glace Bay, Granville Ferry, Halifax, Inverness, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Lockeport, Mahon, Middleton, New Glasgow, North Sydney, Parrsboro, Sherbrooke, Springhill, Sydney, Sydney Mines, St. Peter's, Truro, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth.
Port of Spain, Trinidad; St. John, N. B.

BRIDGETOWN BRANCH.

CORRESPONDENTS:
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
London and Westminster Bank, London, England.

Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year.

STATEMENT

	1887	1903	1904
apital, -	$ 500,000	$1,205,900	$ 1,326,29
Reserve Fund,	40,000	325,000	925,00
Deposits, -	472,401	4,115,648	8,585,42
Circulation,	448,447	1,043,805	1,134,36
Loans, -	793,980	6,844,320	7,997,00
P. D. Bills -	62,139	10,754	1,31
Liabilities,	804,426	7,137,176	8,116,860
Assets, -	1,358,330	9,170,313	10,978,689

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed at highest current rate, which is now 3½ per cent. Compounded twice a year—viz., July 31st and January 31st. Interest allowed on Deposit Receipts.

Served with a silver spoon

A new Canadian process, preserves the very best elements of the very best Canadian wheat.

The result is Orange Meat—the essence of a perfect, sustaining food.

It requires no cooking—every particle is perfectly digestible. It is supplied in germ-proof packages, and may be served hot or cold.

Each 15c. package contains a coupon. Your grocer will tell you what they mean—heavy silver-plated table service free—made by the same manufacturer, of the same material and in the same manner as the silverware on most of your tables now.

SEND COUPONS TO
THE FRONTENAC CEREAL CO., Limited, 43 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

Poetry.

Sonnet.

Far down the western slope the weary day
Looks out upon the world with dreamy eyes,
As o'er her sunny curls she loosely ties
Her crimson hood, and gently slips away;
Meanwhile from out the east the twilight grey
Lingers a moment, till the embracing skies
Enfold her—then the solemn Night doth rise,
Descending like a monk in dark array
Of long, black, flowing gown and piously
He utters prayers in soft, low murmurings;
Then Earth takes up her dewdrop rosary,
And contrite at his feet herself she flings,
While on the altar of blue Heaven high,
Each little star a golden censor swings.

—Martha Martin.

"We Two."

Let storm-winds wander as they will,
And on the earth be hurled,
Into the tempest teeth I call
We two against the world.
We two! We two! We two against the world.

Let snow-drifts pile on moonless nights,
Old winter's flag unfurled,
Within our rose-lined home we sing,
We two against the world.
We two! We two! We two against the world.

The yule-log on our hearth-stone burns,
Bright flames around it curled,
They glow and whisper as they ring,
We two against the world.
We two! We two! We two against the world.

A woman's heart is bending low,
With love for me impearled,
I greet the love-note in her eyes,
We two! We two! We two against the world.

—Irene Elder Morton.

Select Literature.

A Night With a Grizzly.

THE RENDEZVOUS THAT DETAINED A MAN ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

(By William A. Lawson.)

We were a party of trout fishers in California. It was long after nightfall, and we had gathered about the camp fire to enjoy a final smoke before turning in under shelter of our blankets. The giant pines of the Sierra Nevada towered about us on every side, and the deep silence of the forest was broken only by the sound of our voices.

The talk had turned upon bears. Someone had seen mammoth footprints that day by the river side, and this led to a discussion of the ways of grizzlies. Old Joe, our guide, had been a famous bear hunter in his day, and we plied him with questions.

"How can you tell a grizzly from any other kind of bear, in the night time?" asked the youngest member of the party.

"Feel of his claws," answered the old man, on the instant. Encouraged by the general laugh which followed, the old fellow became a little more communicative.

"The fact is," said Joe, "the grizzly's claws are twice as long as those of any other sort of bear, specially on the fore feet. And they are a good deal hooked, too. That's one reason why the grizzly doesn't generally climb trees. His claws are not made for climbing, but are great for digging. I know of only one grizzly that ever climbed trees, and I ain't likely to forget him in a hurry."

"Tell us about him, old man," cried two of us together, while Joe lighted his pipe with a brand plucked from the fire. He was silent for a minute or two, but, knowing his ways, we waited patiently.

"It was early in the fifties," he began. "I was mining on the Yuba, a little above Long Bar, along with a pardner of mine, and had made a pretty good stake. So I was going to marry my Nancy Jane down at Marysville. The day before the wedding was to come off, I started on the trail up the river to see a friend, and took my rifle along, in case I should see a deer. There had been a big snowstorm in the mountains, and I expected it would drive down lots of game. The trail wound along the side of a deep canon, high up on the rocky wall, above the stream, and I was just turning a point of rock when I came face to face with a bear. It was a grizzly, and a big one at that. I don't know which was most surprised, but I reckon I was a good deal the most rattled."

Old Joe chuckled, as he paused to relight his pipe, and after a few hearty whiffs he resumed.

"At the first sight of me, the bear sat up, open-jawed, and I guess he must have been about six feet high. You could have knocked me down with a feather just then, but I saw mighty quick that something had to be done, as the bear was all bristled up, and I knew he had no notion of turning back. If I'd started to run, I'd have been a goner, as he'd have took after me, sure. I waited till I saw he was going to rush me as soon as he dropped on all fours, and then I snatched my rifle from my shoulder as quick as a flash, and blazed away. The bear was so near that I could almost have touched him with the muzzle, and as soon as I fired I squeezed myself flat against the mountain side. I was none too quick about it, for the grizzly gave a horrible howl and jumped at me through the smoke. He went by like a streak, and I had barely time to pull myself up into a tree that grew out over the trail before he came tearing back.

"The tree was a scrubby little pine, that struck out from the mountain about twenty feet, hanging on sideways-like cracks of the rocks. You'd better believe I lost no time crawling out on the trunk, so that the bear couldn't reach me by standing up on the trail. He stopped right under the tree, reached up and clutched it with his forepaws. He shook it so that my teeth rattled, and I could hear the small roots snap, and I was afraid he would tear it down and I'd drop with it into the river, away below. I remember thinking that would be pretty bad, as the water was very cold and swift, and the bank so steep there was no chance to climb out, but most anything seemed better than getting into the clutches of that grizzly. I had dropped my rifle when I climbed into the tree, and had nothing else to shoot with.

"The bear didn't give me much time for thinking. When he found he couldn't pull down the tree, he made a spring and landed on the upper side of the trunk. Then he started for me, creeping along cautiously on all fours. My bullet had struck him between the eyes, but had glanced off so it had just grazed his skull and cut a furrow right up to the top of his head. The blood was running down into his nose and mouth, and I tell you he was a fearful sight, for he was awful mad, and snorting for revenge. The tree was only about a foot thick at the bank, and tapered to a point, so he didn't get out many feet before it began to bend under his weight and mine, and I could feel the roots giving way. Still he kept coming, and I wriggled farther out, straddling the trunk and facing him. There were no branches except at the tip, where the stem was too small to hold my weight.

"Mr. Griz was only about five feet from me, and I was reaching for my knife, to fight him off if possible, when one of the big roots snapped and the tree swung down and in towards the side of the precipice. I held on for dear life, and so did the bear. He hugged the trunk, head down, and seemed to forget all about me. It looked like he'd slip down on me by his own weight, but all of a sudden the tree tore loose from the bank, and down we went with it into the roaring stream.

"Luckily, the river was very deep just there, so I didn't strike bottom, and, though I was nearly stunned by the fall, when I came to the top of the water I was still holding on the tree. So was the bear. He hugged the big end of the trunk, close to the roots, and I shifted along as close to him as I dared, to keep from going under water, as the small end of the tree wouldn't float me up. As we whirled along down stream old Griz would try, every now and then, to climb up out of water, so he could rest on the trunk, but whenever he did this, the tree would roll with his weight, and I had hard work to keep from going under.

"It wasn't long before I was chilled to the bone. The bear, too, felt the cold, and stopped trying to get upon the trunk, but never let go his hold. There was a flood in the river, and it was running five or six miles an hour. The current rushed us along, past mining camps where men were at work, but it was a common thing to see trees going down stream at flood times, and no one looked sharp enough to get a glimpse of either me or the bear. I tried to shout, but was so weak that my voice couldn't have been heard more'n ten feet away. I knew I couldn't hold on much longer, so I undid my belt and fastened myself to the tree by one arm.

"About that time I was thinking of Nancy Jane, and wondering what they'd say when the time for the wedding came round and I wasn't there.

"Down by Daguerre Point, where the Yuba makes a turn after leaving the hills, and spreads out into Sacramento Valley, there was a little island in the middle of the river. An eddy carried us in against the upper side of the island, and the tree grounded there on the shore. As soon as the bear touched bottom, he floundered to dry land, and lay there looking half dead. I just managed to crawl out of the water, and then I fell in a faint.

"If it hadn't been that the sun was shining warm and bright that day, I suppose I would never have come to, and would have made meal for that bear. When I opened my eyes and looked around, he was still where he landed, flat on his side. The cold water had taken all the fight out of him for a while, but I knew he'd soon be stirring, so I crawled off on my hands and knees, through the bushes, to the other side of the island. It was low and flat, and only about a hundred feet across. In the centre there were two small cottonwood trees, growing side by side.

"My clothes were still wet, and, in spite of the sunshine, I suffered terribly from the cold water in which I had been so long. My head ached as if it would split, and it seemed to me that without a fire I must die before many hours, as night was coming on. Perhaps you think I wasn't glad when I found my match box had kept out of the water. It wasn't long before I had a good fire going, of dry leaves and driftwood, and the heat put new life into me. There wasn't much wood that would burn, but I made the most of it while it lasted, and got my clothes well dried. While the blaze kept up, there was small chance of the bear's coming nigh me, even if he felt like it. But when the blaze died down and the sun had set, I crept around the shore, and saw the bear nosing about near the spot where we both had landed. Then I made up my mind to climb one of the cottonwoods, and stay all night in the tree, as the safest place I could find. So I shinned up one of the smooth trunks, and climbed through the branches as high as I could. There I sat on a limb for hours, wondering whether the bear would try to get at me, and how I could escape from the island. I could hear him moving through the bushes, and once he came to the foot of the tree and clawed the bark, but did not seem to be trying to climb. The night air was very cold, but after a while I got so sleepy and tired that I was afraid I would fall off. So I fastened myself safely with my belt, and soon went to sleep, in spite of all I could do to keep watchful. But I was too cold and cramped to sleep well, and was awake about half the time during the night, though I heard no more of the bear until morning. Then he began moving about again, and when daylight came he was lying at the foot of the tree, as if waiting for me to come down.

"Now, that was a nice position for a man to find himself in, wasn't it, on the morning of his wedding day? Not to speak of such things, I was aching all over, and horribly hungry. Old Griz, I knew he must be feeling pretty greedy himself, and there was nothing on the island for him to eat—except me. He looked savage enough as he watched me limbering up my joints, as well as I could, in the top of the tree. After a while the sun warmed me up a little, and I tried hard to think up some way of escape. There was no cabin to be seen on either side of the river, and no road in sight of the island. I might die there, or be devoured, and no one find it out for a long time. The island was several hundred yards distant from the nearest bank of the river, and the current swift, so I knew I could not swim that distance in the icy water. But what would Nancy Jane think if I did not show myself at 12 o'clock that day?"

"Before I could think of any way out of my tight place, up jumped the bear and began to climb the tree.

"I had a keen bowie knife, but how could I use it? The bear could reach my feet with his paws before I could get at him with the knife. But I was a good gymnast in those days, and it was no trick at all for me to hang by my knees from a branch and dangle head down with my knife in my hand. Griz was a clumsy climber, but he wasn't long coming. When he got within striking distance I gave him an ugly gash on the nose, but the next instant he had knocked the knife from my hand by a blow of his paw. As I hung there, helpless, I swung away from the tree to dodge a stroke that the bear aimed at my head, and as I did so I saw that I was opposite a strong branch of the next tree, about six feet away. "Here goes!" I yelled, as I gave a tremendous swing with my body, and, letting go at the right time with my knees, I turned in the air and safely caught the branch I was after.

"That trick was a little too much for the bear. He wouldn't risk a jump after me. He waited a while to see what I would do next, but finding that I would not move from my new perch, he scrambled down the first tree and began climbing the second, where I then was. This time I did not wait for him to get near, but made a flying swing from my hands, monkey fashion, and was back in the first tree again. Seeing that I was not to be caught by climbing, the bear went back to the ground and squatted there, as though he had made up his mind to starve me out.

"But now I had a plan. I took off my buckskin coat, cut it into strips with my pocket knife and made a strong lariat, with a running noose at one end. This I lowered until the noose rested on the ground, and then waited for my chance. It was not long coming. Pretty soon the bear began walking around the tree and sniffing at the lariat. The instant both his hind feet were inside the noose it was jerked tight around them, and with the other end of the lariat over a branch, I threw all my weight and strength on it. Before the bear knew what happened, his hind feet were high in the air. I had calculated that, with nearly all his weight resting on his forepaws, the lariat would be strong enough to hold him, as he would not be able to get a leverage or hold on anything to pull himself clear, and could not reach the rope with his teeth or claws. And so it turned out. He kicked and struggled till he was tired, but could not get free. Then I swung over to the next tree, slipped down to the ground, and, recovering my bowie, I plunged it into his heart almost before he knew what I was about. But as he was, he was dead in less time than it takes me to tell it."

Old Joe stopped at this point, as though his tale were told.

"But how did you get off the island?" asked one of his listeners.

"Oh, that was easy," said Joe. "I made a little raft of two logs that had drifted against the island during the night, using a few branches for a rough framework over them, and stretching the bearskin over all. I fastened the framework together with strips of buckskin, and tied the bearskin in place in the same way. Out of a piece of board that had also drifted to the island, I made a paddle. My little raft got me down to Marysville all right, and the best of it was that I was in time for my wedding. Just as the clock struck 12, I walked into the house where Nancy Jane and the rest were waiting for me, and the bearskin was my wedding gift to the bride, because I hadn't time to get her anything else. I asked to be excused for looking so rough and dirty, but after I had told them all about the bear, they said I was so punctual it didn't make any difference how I looked."

—If it's a bilious attack, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick recovery is certain. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Ayer's

Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a

Hair Vigor

hair food. It feeds, nourishes. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears.

"My hair was coming out terribly. I was almost afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the falling, and also restored the natural color."
MRS. E. G. E. WARD, Landing, N. J.

$1.0 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO. Lowell, Mass. for

Poor Hair

Letter from the King's Domain.

Mrs. A. M. Henderson Writes Entertainingly of Her Impressions on Returning to Canada, the Land of Her Birth.

Olds, Alberta, Canada,
August 19, 1903.

To The Advocate:—

Not wishing to be found among those who forget their promises, I will now try to redeem my pledge by writing my impressions of this much talked of country, although it seems almost superfluous for me to add anything to what has already been written; but as I usually keep both eyes and ears open when in a new place, I have done the same here, and have consequently learned many things that I am sure will interest my Laurel friends and especially the members of the Tuesday Club. Of course, with thousands of other ex-Canadians, who have returned to Canada the last few years I had to quote on coming here,—"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land, Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned, From wandering on a foreign strand!" And yet, believe me, I frequently have to be reminded that I have passed that invisible boundary line, which divides our two countries.

Speaking of the boundary line reminds me of a funny incident which occurred as we reached the Canadian Portal. A man with a heavily loaded wagon came across from the American side, and was driving right on, regardless of customs, duties or anything of the kind. He was promptly interviewed by the mounted police and ordered back for examination. Of course this put the fellow in a fury, and he demanded to know where their old boundary line was, declaring "he couldn't see it." Said he, "Give me a rock and I'll put it out here where folks can see it."

But it is of our present location I feel sure you will be most anxious to hear.

In order to reach us after leaving Calgary, which is the most important town between Regina, which is our territorial capital, and the coast, you would go north, and very soon you would discover you were going up grade. While Olds is only 55 miles north of Calgary, yet it is 350 feet higher in altitude.

The Olds district is situated on a high plateau where our range of vision is so extensive that we can see a stretch of the glorious Rockies nearly 400 miles in extent. They reach south into Montana and on far into the north.

Our elevation is between 4000 and 5000 feet above sea level. As one leaves Olds to go towards Edmonton they find the grade is downward, Edmonton being several hundred feet lower in altitude. This is why the climate is milder there than here, although 150 miles farther north, as here altitude always counts for latitude.

Being so near the mountains and at such a high elevation we often experience sudden changes of temperature.

This has always been regarded as only a ranching country, but lately several persons have been experimenting and give as their opinion that all cereals do well, and vegetables, with few exceptions, are excellent, grown here.

For the last four years there has been too much rain through the summers, but usually by the middle of August fine, dry weather sets in, and then everybody wears a smile and talks of "Sunny Alberta" as they all assure us there never were such seasons anywhere as the fall and winter in this country.

On every hand you notice new buildings, just built or in process of construction. This fact assures you that this is a new country. But while you realize you are in a territory and out on the frontier, yet the absence of rowdyism and crime is a never-ending source of wonder to newcomers, especially from the United States. It seems so strange to see a bright, pleasant-faced young man, with the most gentle refined manners, holding such a strange power over all this motley throng of people constantly pouring in from so many different countries, and one often asks: "What is the secret of the mounted policeman's power in this country? Is it the uniform with the brilliant red coat that represents the great British Empire, or what does work such a magic spell that crime is almost unknown, or only in very rare instances."

One amusing story is told here of some of our mounted police. Some time ago a man left or was discharged from the force, and he immediately went down into Montana and distinguished himself as a cattle thief. The officers of the law down there sent word to the policemen here that this fellow was wanted there for this crime and they suspected he was back in Alberta. Several men on the force immediately began a search for him. One day two of them who had been together decided to take different directions. One of them, being hot and dusty, reached a good bathing place, disrobed and plunged into the water, leaving his guns with his uniform on the bank. He had hardly more than reached the water when the ex-policeman, the cattle thief, appeared. Immediately disrobing, he donned the real policeman's uniform, holding him up with the guns at the same time. Then he ordered him out of the water, made him don the thief's clothes, mount a horse, and was taken down to Montana and delivered up to the authorities as the real cattle thief. The poor fellow protested, but it was all to no purpose. Of course, he was missed in Canada, and after a time the matter came to light and he was liberated, but not until the real culprit was far enough away to be safe from future arrest.

Our ranch is situated about 9 miles southeast of Olds, and is one of the most beautiful places in the district.

At present our lake is covered with wild fowls and the meadows seem literally swarming with prairie chickens. We intend shortly stocking our lake with carp from the Government Fish hatchery. We expect to make experiments with fruit, grain and vegetables in addition to stock and poultry, and the little girl of the family has been studying up on the bee industry here and is planning to go into honey-making.

The famous Edmonton Trail passes very near our place, and in fact we have to travel it in order to reach our ranch. This trail is over one hundred years older than the American Revolution. The people traveled it in those funny Red River carts put together with wooden pegs and not a particle of iron about them, and with buffalo hide stretched over the wheels. As large bands of Indians are constantly going up and down this trail, I asked if they were dangerous. Was told they were not, as the old chief, Samson, who has control over large numbers of them, is a very devoted christian. I am sure there must be a love story connected with this old chief's history and I am going to try and hunt it up. A short distance from us the sainted Rev. George McDougal, the pioneer Indian missionary, lost his life in a blizzard years ago, but his work remains, as the Indians he labored for are now civilized to a large extent and many of them are devoted christians. His son, the Rev. John McDougal, is still at the head of the Indian mission work here.

Rev. Edgerton Young, author of "My Dogs of the Northland," also spent several years in this district and he is loved alike by both Indians and white men.

We can see the mountains where the scene of "Black Rock" is laid and also the location of the "Sky Pilot."

I am sure every lover of Ralph Connor's stories, in Laurel, will be as glad as I to know that the dear Sky Pilot did not die, but is very much alive, and preaching there still. He is the Rev. Hugh Grant, and his saintly old aunt lives about five miles from us. You may be sure that I will cultivate her acquaintance and learn all I can of her celebrated nephew. There are a great many people here who know Ralph Connor (Rev. Charles Gordon) and also are acquainted with the characters in his stories, all of which are drawn from life. The minister and his wife in "The Man from Glengary" is Ralph Connor's own father and mother. His dear mother died, but his father still lives in Canada. He has left himself out of the story completely. He has a brother and sister living in Ontario and his younger brother is in British Columbia, the "Hughie" of the story. He recently lost another brother, who was a doctor in the southern states.

Just directly opposite to us we see the mountain peaks around Banff and the National Park. If there were bridges across the rivers we could drive over in less than a day. They expect to construct a fine coaching road from Calgary to the Park, and as we are on the Edmonton trail which leads us into Calgary we expect to take many a pleasant drive to Banff and the beautiful Park with its wonderful scenery and animals.

When the Tuesday Club would like a fine excursion, they had better plan a meeting at my ranch and then I'll take them out to the mountains. Of course, we have some buildings and improvements to make before we can accomodate so many, but we hope in two years to have our place on a good entertaining basis.

Just back of Banff, on one of the highest peaks of the Sulphur mountains, is located the Government's Observatory. It is between eight and nine thousand feet above sea level and the highest weather station on this continent, if not in the world. The observations of the weather will be reported to Toronto and Washington twice daily.

We expect to visit the mountains this fall and I will write you again, with your permission, of all I see of interest there.

We have had very long days ever since coming here, twilight lasting until after ten o'clock at night and daylight coming again at three in the morning. But now our days are growing shorter and very soon, in the fall, we shall be obliged to light our lamps at four each afternoon. As kerosene is fifty cents a gallon, you can see that light will be rather expensive; but as coal is so much cheaper we can strike the balance between them.

In all honesty, I must tell some of the disagreeable things we have encountered. We find the mosquitoes a terrible pest of certain things. The large buffalo flies are also a great annoyance, but as the country settles up these pests will be exterminated; the people say already their numbers are greatly reduced from those of other years.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

This Matter of Smoke.

We are sure that our views of the cigar business are unusual. Most druggists and all cigar dealers sell cigars to make money. We sell them to make friends—and money too in the long run. We want to get smokers into the store and let them judge what kind of a business we conduct by the kind of a cigar they get. In cigars, as in drugs, we get the best that money can buy.

Royal Pharmacy
W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Bridgetown, N. S.

Our little town has a population of about 600 and is growing rapidly. We have a very fine school building of brick and stone, a large number of stores, one bank which will soon erect a very fine three-story building. We have five churches—all holding services. Our "Sky Pilots" are among the grandest of men. Three of them each fill three appointments every Sabbath—travelling forty miles to accomplish it. The work grows so fast, as the tens of thousands of emigrants pour in; and in Canada the law and the gospel are ever in the vanguard.

There is strong talk of uniting the Presbyterian and Methodist churches in Canada, and in fact in all the British Colonies, as they are so identical in belief. The only dividing line being a question of church polity, which can be very easily adjusted.

The people here are from Great Britain, Eastern Canada and the United States. The Americans—or as they insist on calling themselves—Yankees—are, very largely, pleased with the country. I have talked with a great many and they are charmed with our climate, our grand form of government—with its absence of lawlessness, and the wonderful resources. We have three American real estate agents, all booming the country as hard as they can.

Out of eight newspapers published on this line five are run by Americans. All are very loyal to Canada's interests. Olds has a very bright, enterprising paper which is run by one-dog-power. Every press day one can see at the back of the printing office a large English mastiff treading away to keep the machinery in motion; but as he looks so miserable and mortified with his occupation I judge he is not of a very literary turn of mind. I have spoken for a picture of this wonderful dog to send to the Advocate force.

We meet queer people wherever we go, and so we find them here. One of these freaks was telling a few days ago to a crowd how much better everything was "down in the States." "Why," said he, "down there in every town they have a pie and lunch counter on the street, where you can get a great dinner of roast beef, vegetables and 'fixens' for just five cents, and they urge you to eat. And all the livery stables let you put up your team and they feed it, and when you want it you can go and take it out and there are no charges whatever, and no questions." Then he rolled out oath after oath about this country until an old English gentleman said: "Why do you stay here then, if it is so much nicer there? I'd go back as fast as I could; nobody wants you here, anyway." The fellow wound up by saying that he had made money here, but he hated the flag and the government.

We find that a good many object to the rigid enforcement of the Sunday laws, and in fact all laws are enforced to the letter. Of course, this is not a Paradise, although a great many strangers coming here call it one. We have the liquor element to fight, although the temperance sentiment here is fully 100 per cent stronger than in Nebraska. We also have no tramps, or worse still, the mashers who are such a nuisance across the line are unknown here. Every woman is treated with the greatest respect. The men are a sober, sedate class as a rule, minding their own business and expecting you to do the same. I don't believe it would be possible to find a finer, more intellectual or nobler class of men than we have here in this Canada of ours.

But so many interesting bits keep coming to my mind that my letter would certainly grow into a serial if I did not cut it short at once. Hoping some day to be able to introduce my dear Laurel friends to my friends and fellow countrymen here, and exhibit our beautiful country to your admiring gaze, I will say adieu, with kind wishes to all.

ALICE M. HENDERSON.

Silver Plated Ware Free.

"I am well pleased with the premium spoons. They are just lovely," writes Alice M. Cone, of Ottawa. And well may any user of Canada's best-of-wheat cereal food—Orange Meat—be pleased with the heavy silver plated tea and dessert spoons, with the beautiful sugar shells and new-design butter knives which are given free with this popular food. The most nutritious elements of the wheat are combined with a palatable Canadian product, resulting in the tastiest of cereals. There's a coupon in every 15c. package, and by means of these coupons the valuable premiums may be secured.

A Bright Method.

John Bright had a curious method of guarding against any failure of memory or language in his public speeches. When he had to deliver a speech of importance he wrote a sort of essay on the subject and tore it up. He then wrote another and treated it in the same way, and finally a third. In this way he considered that he had not only exhausted his own language upon the matter in hand, but had gained such a command over the language in which it could be expressed that he could never be at a loss for the right word.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.
MRS. REUBEN BAKER.
Riverdale.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will produce growth of hair.
MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.
Stanley, P. E. I.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best household remedy on earth.
MATTHIAS FOLEY.
Oil City, Ont.

The King of the Cocos.

The sovereign who reigns over the smallest monarchy in the world is the King of the Cocos, a group of islands near Sumatra. These islands were discovered about 300 years ago by the captain of the Keeling, but were comparatively little known till 1825, when Mr. Ross, an Englishman, visited them, was struck by their beauty and took up his abode there. It is his grandson, M. George Ross, who now holds sway over the Cocos.

An Aggravating Cough Cured.

A customer of ours who had been suffering from a severe cough for six months bought two bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy from us and was entirely cured by one and a half bottles of it. It gives perfect satisfaction with our trade.—Haynes-Parker & Co., Linoville, Ala. For sale by S. N. Weare.

—Have no thoughts you dare not put in deeds.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.