The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

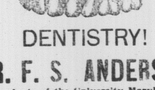
VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1905. NO. 44

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.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown
Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, &c.
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
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.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, N S
April 1st, 1903.—1y

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.
THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

Capital Authorized,	-	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed,	-	1,336,150
Capital Paid Up,	-	1,336,150
Reserve Fund,	-	931,405

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, Halifax, Inverness, Kentville, Lawrencetown, Liverpool, Lockeport, Mabou, 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.

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
Capital, -	$ 500,000	$1,295,900	$ 1,336,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	472,401	5,115,648	5,835,421
Circulation,	148,442	1,043,866	1,134,902
Loans, -	780,830	6,534,320	7,397,609
P. D. Bills -	52,139	10,754	1,346
Liabilities, -	804,426	7,157,176	8,115,850
Assets, -	1,358,309	9,170,243	10,373,650

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.
Interest allowed at highest current rate on Savings Bank Deposits and on Deposit Receipts, compounded half-yearly.

THE
London and Lancashire Life Assurance Co.
OF LONDON, England,
ESTABLISHED IN CANADA, 1863.
CANADIAN DIRECTORS
CHAIRMAN:—LORD STRATHCONA.
R. B. ANGUS, Esq., Director Bank of Montreal.
E. L. PEASE, Esq., Manager Royal Bank of Canada
H. STIKEMAN, Esq., General Manager Bank British North America.
C. R. HOSMER, Esq., President Ogilvie Milling Company
C. M. HAYES, Esq., General Manager Grand Trunk Railway.
Head Office for Canada, Montreal, - B. Hal Brown, General Manager
J. MOWAT, ST. JOHN, N. B.
J. C. ANDERTON, KENTVILLE, N. S.
Managers for New Brunswick and Western Nova Scotia.
HARRY RUGGLES, Barrister-at-Law,
Agent, Bridgetown.

Poetry.

Keep Sweet and Keep Moving.

(Robert J. Burdette.)

Homely phrase of our Southland bright—
Keep steady step to the flam of the drum;
Touch to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul tho' the lips be dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind's in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down;
When "they that trouble you are increased,"
When you look for a smile and see a frown.
But
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense
Where elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offence
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud.
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day,"
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
A kind hand clenched makes an ugly fist,
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark lies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the tear with a smile serene—
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Select Literature.

"GOD'S IN 'EM ALL."

Tears rolled down the girl's cheeks. It is no small thing to have slip through your fingers in two minutes the hope you have treasured for two years. It was a little over two years since Hortense had made up her mind to go to the city and study shorthand. To be a business woman was her ambition. For two years she had worked late and early until she had earned and laid by money enough to get to the city and secure herself for clerical life. It was "in her" everyone said.

What pleasure there had been in getting her wardrobe ready—a simple wardrobe that no one would notice in the stylish city crowd. But it was very elegant and complete to the vision of Hortense.

"And now nothing remains but to take my trunk and my money and go! Oh, I wish Marie was here! But never mind; wait, Mistress Hortense. You shall have your Marie yet."

Hortense and Marie were twins and orphans. Five years before, after the death of their father—their mother had died when they were children—the two had been seperated for the first time in their lives. Marie had gone to a neighboring town to sew for the "daily bread" she must have. Hortense had been brave enough to undertake the only kind of work for which she was fitted, and "hired out" to a farmer's wife. But she had ambitions, as we have seen.

Early of Saturday morning Farmer Jones "hitched up" and took his smiling hired girl to town. She was going to draw her money from the bank—just enough there was to pay the railroad fare, her tuition fee, buy some books, rent a small room from her employer's sister, who lived in the city, leaving a meager balance for incidentals and "must have's." Hortense hoped to work out the greater part of her board and lodging bill.

Late on Saturday night Farmer Jones drove slowly back to the farm, with Hortense, white-lipped and full of despair, beside him.

The bank had failed. Its doors were closed. Hortense's money was "gone."

That night she wrote a letter to her sister:

"There are some things hard to understand, but you can bear them; some you can neither bear nor understand. I feel as if some one had taken not only two years right out of my life, but had spoiled my life. I can never work again as I worked these years. Why did God permit it. I thought I was pleasing him in bettering myself. Why should I be crushed cause some "director" was hishonest? If God wants me to be anything but a hired girl on a farm, why did he let this happen? Dear, forgive me. But my plans included you, too! I want my sister! You are all I have in the world. Isn't it right for us to be together? And how can we unless we work together?"

It was a heavy-eyed, sad-faced girl who poured coffee, fried cakes, dished porridge, and cut bread for the farmer's family the next morning. Though she was "hired help," they were all her friends, and quick to sympathize.

"Law now, 'Tensy, don't you worrit so. You're young yet," said Mrs Jones, putting her big, kind hand on the girl's shoulder. "You've got a good home here, 'n we'll turn to an' help you. Wages is riz, I hear, an' you'll earn more."

"Sho!" broke in Farmer Jones. "Jest cherk up, Tensy. I've been thinkin' you kin hev thet couple acres down behind the cow house for them posies yer been wantin' to raise. That'll help."

"Too, 'Tensy," continued the farmer's wife, "you can just's well's not hev the berry money. I'm so took up with the hens I hain't no time fer berries. Pa'l, 'em fer ye. Don't you worrit a mite more."

"'N I tell you what' 'Tensy things like that don't go fer to happen. God's in 'em all. You jest watch my girl, an' you'll see. God's in 'em all. There ain't any mistakes along of Him."

The summer hurried on. Hortense was busy from dawn to dark. Her courage came back to her. At the end of six weeks she had the beginning of a new "fund" laid by—in the traditional stocking this time for safety.

August brought her birthday—hers and Marie's. On the evening of that day, the work all over, she went for a walk. She knew that somewhere in the summer twilight Marie was keeping tryst with her. She knew, too, that in the postoffice in town, was waiting for her a long birthday letter, mate to the one she had mailed the day before. Farmer Jones would drive out in the morning and get it for her.

The moon was full. At nine o'clock the country roads and fields were almost as bright as day. Full of thought Hortense wandered on, little conscious of being led or guided in that moonlight stroll.

She was near the railroad track. Down below the bridge she would meet Simon, the watchman at the crossing. He was a friendly old man who had many kindly words for the lonely girl. Perhaps he could cheer her on this birthday eve, which she had hoped to spend in the great city.

Hortense walked down to the crossing and stopped in dismay. There, across the track, lay Simon, motionless, perhaps dead. The girl was by his side in a minute. Turning his face to the moonlight she saw that some sudden illness or shock had overtaken him.

There was no one at hand. Even the girl's vigorous lungs could not send a message to the nearest house, which was two miles away. She dragged the old man away from the track. A sudden thought flashed into her mind. She ran lightly up the road—she stood still in horror. There, just before the bridge the track was torn up, and two great bowlders lay right in the way where the express thundered by twice a day—early in the morning, and—great heaven! It would be due in a few minutes—perhaps due even then.

There was little need of a watchman at this point, for trains were few and far between. Only once had old Simon signaled "danger," and that was when a stupid cow had got her foot caught in the rails. But now—now when an awful danger was present the watchman lay helpless. Criminal hands had been at work.

Faint, but clear, over the fields, away around the base of the low hills on which the moon shone with her jolly, round face, came the cry of the engine.

Hortense snatched up the flag beside her unconscious friend, and ran as she had never run before. She must reach the bridge. There was no other place. The road lay in the shadow, and she could not be seen. O for a lantern, a match—anything that was mightier to attract attention than her puny girl's arm and shrill girl's voice.

Around the curve swept the train and reached the bridge. The moon shone full on the white stone, her white dress, her white face. But the flag was red—dark. Could she make them see her?

A sudden calm came to her. It was as if a great hand was laid on hers as she madly waved her uncertain signal. She prayed: "God, you can make them see me—you can!"

The engineer on that train was a very happy man. In ten hours he would be at home, and would hold in his arms his son—his first-born, whom he had never seen—born that day. He even sang a little to himself as his engine—the "Mary Jane," named one year ago for his bonny bride—sped forward like a thing of life. The voice of the "Mary Jane" was shrill and clear, and she was crying to the hills: "My son—my son—my little son at home—God bless—my home—sweet home." And Tom, the engineer, sang out lustily:

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and—"

What was it that stopped the song on his lips? He looked forward. The track was in the shadow, but this was a quiet bit of road, and he looked up—a ghostlike form on the bridge, a white arm that waved and waved—a woman's voice, wordless, but wild—with warning that rose above the snort of the engine.

Just in front of the bowlders and the ruined track the "Mary Jane" stood still, panting after the sudden strain. It is not easy to stop when you are headed for home and an eager father's hand is bidding you speed—speed.

They hurried to the bridge. There they found Hortense, smiling, speechless, strengthless. They gathered about her. They wrung her hands. White-haired men touched her head in blessing. Young men stood with heads uncovered before her. There were women and children on the train who would remember her forever. She had turned death away from scores of homes.

As for Tom, the engineer, he was beside himself for joy.

"Lass! Lass! If you hadn't saved the day, my boy—my boy, do you understand? He was only born yesterday, and I haven't seen him yet. And my wife—my girl wife— the fittle mother—my boy's mother—"

The strong man broke down, and putting two great trembling hands on the girl's head, broke into sobs of joy.

"Where is she? I want to see her. I want to thank her for two of us. If we had been wrecked here, my sister—"

The crowd parted. Hortense sprang to her feet. She forgot the crowd, their grateful thanksgiving, the horror that might have been—everything. With one glad cry they were wrapped in each other's arms—Hortense and Marie. Truly, they had kept tryst that birthday eve. The passengers caught up the fact that these two were sisters; some one, with his hands deep in his pockets, made a proposition to some one else. A purse was quickly made up, and thrust into Hortense's trembling hands.

A week later the two sat in the farmer's kitchen. An eager, excited group surrounded them. A letter had just been opened. A check had fallen out. It was from the railroad company. It was made payable to Hortense. It was many times the sum she had had in the savings bank. She had no words. Marie was hugging and kissing her. The eager little group was talking all at once. At last Farmer Jones made himself heard. "'Tensy! Didn't I tell you? Things like that don't go fer to happen. God's in 'em all. There ain't no mistakes along of Him!"

Japs Fall Into Russian Trap.

London, Dec. 28.—According to the Daily Telegraph's Chefoo messenger from the Japanese lines at Port Arthur, the Russians had prepared around the fort at Panlung a moat six hundred yards long and thirty feet wide which they filled with petroleum to a depth of several feet, then covering it with wood and straw. In the course of an attack upon the fort early in December the Japanese storming party sank into this moat which the Russians fired with an electric wire. The fierce conflagration lasted all night and day, and hundreds of Japanese were burned to death, but the second night, the trench having dried up, the Japanese advanced in small detachments protected by large wooden shields and engaged in a savage bayonet fight. The Japanese captured the position and made prisoners of 152 Russians.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Best Made.

"In my opinion, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best made for colds," says Mrs. Cora Walker, of Porterville, California. There is no doubt about its being the best. No other will cure a cold so quickly. No other is so sure a preventive of pneumonia. No other is so pleasant and safe to take. These are good reasons why it should be preferred to any other. The fact is that few people are satisfied with any other after having once used this remedy. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Meeting of Joint Committee on Church Union.

The meeting of the joint committee of Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches opened at Toronto on the 21st December, Rev. Dr. Warden presiding, Rev. Dr. Sutherland acting as secretary, and Rev. Dr. McLaren and Rev. Frank Day as assistant secretaries. It was decided to exclude the public and not give out a statement until the close of the conference. Rev. Dr. Warden reviewed the history of the church union movement, and it was decided to consider the points on doctrine, organization and administration. When this has been done committees of these churches will again meet separately to consider whether or not it is advisable to proceed further with negotiations.

Every Child's Health Demands

The use of a laxative occasionally. For a mild, safe and certain relief use Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Specially suited to children. Let your children use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Ayer's
Losing your hair? Coming out by the combful? And doing nothing? No sense in that! Why don't you use Ayer's Hair Vigor and
Hair Vigor
promptly stop the falling? Your hair will begin to grow, too, and all dandruff will disappear. Could you reasonably expect anything better?
"Ayer's Hair Vigor is a great success with me. My hair was falling out very badly, but the Hair Vigor stopped it and now my hair is all right."—W. C. LOGANON, Lindsay, Cal.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.
for
Thin Hair

Country vs. City Life.

There is a general impression among people who do not know, that country life is an unvarying round of dull monotony.

That is where the city dweller is off his trolley.

There may have been a time when life in the country was tolerably monotonous, though our experience has been that there is generally something doing in the country and mighty little opportunity to get real lonesome.

Here is the record of the experience of a city man who decided to buy a farm and move out into the country where he could commune with nature and get away from the maddening crowd. He married and moved with his bride immediately to their country residence. The first evening a crowd of fifty neighbors gathered to charivari the new married couple. It was a sort of cross between an hour in a boiler factory and an active siege of a fortress. A dozen men kept up a continuous fire with shot guns. Four others beat a big circular saw with sledge hammers. Six others had managed to supply themselves with gongs, and the balance were fixed with kettles and tin pans. The bride's hearing was badly impaired for a month after the occurrence and the groom had one ear drum split by the noise.

The next day the man from the city wandered out into his fields and saw a cone hanging on a tree. He started to examine it.

The first hornet that got into action hit him just under the eye and the second biffed him on the upper lip. It was four days before he could see out of that optic and his lip swelled until he had to stand on his tin toes to look over it.

During the course of his first month's experience the man from the city was kicked twice by a mule, three times by a cow; chased up a tree once by a dog and run out of a field by a vicious bull. A friendly calf chewed the tail off his coat, and a William goat ate up his best pair of pants which had been hung out on the fence to air.

Within the first three months of his sojourn in the quiet country a fractious team of horses had run away with him four times. Twice he had been pitched into a blackberry thicket and come out worse scratched up than a Thomas cat after a hard battle with a successful rival. Once he came out with a broken collar bone and once with a fractured leg. His wife in hunting for greens in the wood lot came in contact with poison ivy, as a result her face looked like a painted puff ball for a week after.

Within the first six months he had to get up twice at night to fight prairie fires, plowed through two bumble bee nests and disturbed the domestic arrangement of a family of yellow jackets.

Others may talk about the quiet and monotony of country life, but this man knows by actual experience that for strenuousity the city isn't in it with the country.

Progress on the Transcontinental.

Ottawa, Dec. 22.—F. B. Wade, chairman of the transcontinental railway commissioners, speaking to-night, said:

"Preliminary surveys in New Brunswick have so far developed that for a certainty a good line can be obtained via the St. John River Valley, and the parties who were surveying on that line between Grand Falls and Fredericton, having completed their work have been removed elsewhere.

"So far the reports of the engineers at work upon the cross-country line from Grand Falls to Chipman are most satisfactory. There is no difficulty from Grand Falls to Edmunston, nor from Moncton to Chipman. It was contemplated when these parties were put in the field that they would not be continued during the winter, but it has been decided to prosecute the surveys throughout the winter across the centre of the province. In view of the season holidays, and it being desirable to reorganize these parties for the winter campaign, the different crews will be disbanded on Friday, the 23rd of December, and will be reorganized ond put in the field on the 2nd of January. It is the purpose of the committee to make a most thorough and exhaustive examination and study of the central routes across New Brunswick, so that the fullest information may be had when the time comes for deciding between the rival routes.

"Poulin, assistant district engineer for District B, reports that he has been able to secure a line around the corner of the State of Maine, with a maximum grade of four-tenths of one per cent, going east, and six-tenths going west. No difficulty is anticipated through Quebec to Chaudiere, and good results have been obtained from Quebec west, but sufficient information has not yet been obtained to enable a final determination to be arrived at as to whether the north or the south line will be most desirable."

Take Notice

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

New C. P. R. Steamer.

Victoria, B. C., Dec. 27.—The Canadian Pacific Railway company has decided to place two new steamers, each 550 ft. long, with a speed of 19 knots, in the Oriental trade in conjunction with the three Empress liners operated by the company. The steamers are being built by the Fairfields on the Clyde.

A City Built on Rubies.

Mogok, a city in the northern Shan states of Burmah, is literally "built upon rubies" says the writer of the article on "The Marvellous Mines of Mogok," in "The Booklovers' Magazine for January. The earth in the streets and enclosures "is of a crystalline limestone formation, containing numerous veins of gem-bearing gravel." The numerous houses and pagodas represented so many rubies converted into cash. The houses of Mogok are practically only the dwelling places of ruby-miners and merchants and their families, and each pagoda is a votive offering to the gods, for luck! "It is said," continues this writer, "that a king would be ruling at Mandalay today if it had not been for rubies; and Mogok would still have been an obscure village with a few score had there been no rubies in the vicinity, whereas now there are about 40,000 people of every color and hue, the English, American, pure native and Jew." Mogok is so far removed from the ordinary tourists' track that few venture there who are not on business bent, owing to the difficulty of transit in Burmah.

"Fair promise of gain will tempt men to go anywhere in search of it. Some go to burning South Africa for diamonds, and others to frozen Alaska for gold. Even so, men go to Burmah for rubies. For the ruby ranks next to the diamond among precious stones, and holds a premiership of its own among the colored gems with which men and women love to bedeck themselves. Is it not strange, therefore, that many should search for a stone that is a brother to the amethyst, the sapphire and the topaz, and which not infrequently outranks the diamond in value, being in fact the gem of gems in the east. A flawless ruby will bring twice as much as a diamond of equal weight, while a 10-carat ruby will bring twice as much, and cannot be bought for much less than $5,000."

Every Woman in Poor Health

Has an awful struggle. Lots to do, all kinds of worry, must contend with loss of sleep, poor appetite and tired nerves. Her only desire is for more strength and better health. This is exactly what comes from using Ferrozone, the greatest tonic sickly women can possibly use. Ferrozone makes the blood tingle and grow red, the cheeks grow rosy, the eyes bright. Ferrozone invigorates the body, develops new strength and makes life worth living. Ferrozone is the sort of tonic that builds up; it gives one a reserve of new force and establishes such healthy conditions that sickness is unknown. Let every woman use Ferrozone. Price 50c

The Provincial By-Elections.

The by-elections in this province resulted in the return of local government supporters. The result is as follows, the figures being subject to slight changes:

Cape Breton, Kendall, 2000 maj.
Richmond, Bissett, 400 maj.
Pictou, MacGregor, 150 maj.
Colchester, Laurence, 187 maj.
Cumberland, Paul, 650 maj.
Guysboro, Ellis, acclamation.
Lunenburg, Mader, acclamation.

Cured His Mother of Rheumatism.

"My mother has been a sufferer for many years from rheumatism," says W. H. Howard, of Husband, Pennsylvania. "At times she was unable to move at all. I presented her with a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and after a few applications she decided it was the most wonderful pain reliever she had ever tried, in fact, she is never without it now, and is at all times able to walk. An occasional application of the Pain Balm keeps away the pain that she was formerly troubled with. For sale by S. N. Weare.

—It is not generally known that eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more nourishing and easily digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil furiously for three and a half minutes.

Impoverished Soil

Impoverished soil, like impoverished blood, needs a proper fertilizer. A chemist by analyzing the soil can tell you what fertilizer to use for different products.

If your blood is impoverished your doctor will tell you what you need to fertilize it and give it the rich, red corpuscles that are lacking in it. It may be you need a tonic, but more likely you need a concentrated fat food, and fat is the element lacking in your system.

There is no fat food that is so easily digested and assimilated as

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

It will nourish and strengthen the body when milk and cream fail to do it. Scott's Emulsion is always the same; always palatable and always beneficial where the body is wasting from any cause, either in children or adults.

We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE
CHEMISTS
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and $1.00.
All Druggists.

Merry Christmas!
But the addition to the good man's gifts, if a
WATERMAN'S IDEAL
FOUNTAIN PEN
would make it even merrier.
Our choice PERFUMES are going rapidly, but we still have your favorite odor.
Lots of GOOD gifts in Toilet and Fancy lines.
Royal Pharmacy
W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

News in General.

The Montreal Witness advocates a Canadian census every five years, arguing that the rapid growth of the country makes it a necessity.

Dr. Alfred Thompson, Conservative, had a majority of nearly 600 over Fred T. Congdon, Liberal, in the Yukon election. Both candidates are Nova Scotians.

Two bags of mail were stolen from the Moncton post office last week. The thief was seen skulking away and on being pursued by a citizen, dropped the bags. He has not been caught.

The sale of 5,000,000 of Canadian Northern Railway bonds to J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, is announced. This is the first time for several years that Canadian securities have attracted the large banking institutions of the U. S.

The Canadian reciprocity champions in the United States have had their ardor cooled by information that there is little prospect of the joint high commission reassembling. Vice-President-Elect Fairbanks, a member of the commission, has written to Sir Wilfred Laurier requesting another session, but advices from him are not considered encouraging.

Mr. Thos Fysche, General Manager of the Merchant's Bank of Canada, will retire. Negotiations are in progress for the amalgamation of the Merchant's Bank and the Royal Bank of Canada. There appears to be no doubt in the minds of bankers and business men that the union of these two banks will be an accomplished fact early in the New Year, and that Mr. E. L. Pease will be General Manager.

The Fall River Textile strike is still in progress, but the indications point to an early collapse of the great struggle. The operatives have made a gallant fight since July 25, against a rock-bottom wage schedule, but the contest is a losing one and the mill hands will be obliged to submit. Last fall they were cut down 10 per cent., and the further reduction in July brought the total cut to nearly 25 per cent. The failure of the strike is expected to be followed by a general reduction in New England cotton mills, involving fully 165,000 hands.

The movement among the Canadian Congregationalists to free all their churches from debt by the end of the year 1905 is progressing. At a meeting of the jubilee fund committee held recently, at which Rev. Hugh Pedley, of Emmanuel church, Montreal, presided, it was announced that $170,000 of the required amount, namely $246,000, has been subscribed. Of that sum $10,000 has been donated by S. H. C. Miner of Quebbec, who has promised $10,000 more on condition that a sufficient amount exclusive of this be obtained.

It is Not My Business.

A wealthy man in St. Louis was asked to aid in a series of temperance meetings, but he scornfully refused. Being pressed, he said: "Gentlemen, it is not my business."

A few days later his wife and two daughters were coming home on the lightning express. In his grand carriage, with liveried attendants, he rode to the depot, thinking of his splendid business and planning for the morrow. Hark! Did some one say "Accident?" There are twenty-five railroads centering in St. Louis. If there has been an accident, it is not likely to have occurred on the ——— and Mississippi Railroad. Yet it troubles him. It is his business now. The horses are stopped on the instant; and, on inquiry he finds that the accident has occurred 25 miles distant on the ——— and Mississippi. He telegraphs the superintendent: "I will give you $500 for an engine."

The answer flashes back, "No."

"I will give you $1,000 for an engine."

"A train with surgeons and nurses has already gone forward, and we have no other."

With white face and anxious brow, the man paced the station to and fro. In a half-hour, perhaps, which seemed to him half a day, the train arrived. He hurried toward it, and in the tender found the mangled bodies and lifeless forms of his wife and one of his daughters. In the car following lay the other daughter, with her dainty ribs crushed in and her precious life oozing slowly away.

A quart of whisky, which was drunk fifty miles away by a railroad employee, was the cause of the catastrophe.

Who dare say of this tremendous question, "It is not my business?"—Exchange.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

New Fuel at Ninety Cents a Ton.

(Yarmouth Herald.)

For the past few days the Peat Co., of Tusket, have been manufacturing charcoal, putting it up in half bushel bags, with printed label, which can be obtained from any of our grocers at twelve cents each. It is a most useful and labor saving article, and will, no doubt, become of general use in the community.

The use of peat as a fuel is being widely discussed at the present time. A Chicago engineer has announced that, after four years experimenting, he has solved the problem of manufacturing from peat a fuel that will rank with the best grades of anthracite coal. One feature of the new method of deriving fuel—and it will not escape attention—is that the cost will be about ninety cents per ton.

There have been many attempts to utilize peat as a fuel but with little success. One difficulty has been to remove the moisture, and the other has been to put the peat in shape to be conveniently handled without crumbling. Mr. Morrison's device, described in the Montreal Witness, includes a "centrifugal separator to eliminate the moisture, a dryer to complete the process, and a compressor, which forms the peat into solid blocks of a handy size for shipment. The advantages claimed for this fuel is that it leaves little ashes, or waste through smoke and escaping gases, as in the case of coal. The assured reduction in smoke would in itself be an unspeakable boon to manufacturing. We are assured, too, that the new product forms no clinkers and, weight for weight, the heat caused by its combustion is ten per cent. greater than that obtained from coal.

In connection with the process of converting peat into fuel, the thirteenth annual report of the secretary of the Ontario Bureau of Mines is of interest. The report says:

"The more peat is handled and worked the more apparent does it become that in its physical characteristics it is quite unlike any other substance. It requires methods of treatment for drying and compressing, the two fundamental operations in the manufacture of the fuel, which are applicable to peat alone. Machines and process which work successfully on such substances as sawdust, coal slack or lignite, alone or mixed with other material are not found suitable for peat. Only two types of briquetting press have been tried on a commercial scale so far. The principle of one is compression against a solid base without friction in the die or mould; the other, compression against the frictional resistance of the peat briquettes on the walls of the open tube or bottomless die. The latter process, so far, has proved to be less efficient than the former."

The manufacture of peat has been tried from time to time in different parts of Canada, but no claim to perfection has yet been made. The nearest to perfection, is that manufactured by the above company at Tusket, whose stock is now being placed upon the market. We hope to see a large output of the manufactured article during the coming season.

This will prove of inestimable benefit to all parties concerned. It will put a large amount of money in circulation, will employ a number of persons, and furnish traffic for the railway and teams. The output of compressed fuel in Ontario last year was over $3,300.

By the general use of this peat fuel Canadians will be in a position to ignore the coal magnates, who can ask just what they please on their coal, which can now be dispensed with. If it should turn out to be more economical the deposits of peat throughout the country will be turned into a good fuel, and will be warmly welcomed by all citizens.

Niagara's Future City.

An idea which has occurred to many minds since the first "harnessing" of Niagara Falls, was clearly put by Mr. H. W. Buck, in a paper read before the Engineers' Society of Western New York. It is that most of the electrical power obtained from the falls will be used within a few miles of its place of origin instead of being transmitted to distant cities. In other words, Mr. Buck believes that at and near the Falls will be situated the future industrial center of America. It would be theoretically possible, he says, to transmit the power from Niagara as far as San Francisco, but the cost would be prohibitive. It is much cheaper to locate factories near the falls.

South Western Railway.

(Halifax Chronicle.)

It looks as though the South-Western Railway will be in operation at an early date. A party of men arrived in the city on Friday after fitting up all the stations along the line to Halifax with heating stoves. A stove was fitted up in each station house and a supply of coal laid in with each. There is a flag station near Angus Bowser's, and the first station house going out of Halifax is that at Hubley's. The third is at the cross roads, about 18 miles from the city, and will serve the people of Tantallon, French Village, Seabright, Indian Harbor, Peggy's Cove and the Downs.

It's When You Have Toothache

That the power of Nerviline quickly makes itself felt. Any aching tooth can be relieved by Nerviline in a few moments by filling the cavity with batting soaked in Nerviline. A good plan is to rub the gums with Nerviline also. There isn't a single remedy that has one-fourth the pain-relieving power of Nerviline, which acts like magic. Nerviline kills the pain outright, and prevents it from returning. You can't beat Nerviline for toothache or neuralgia; it's the best pain cure made. Price 25c.

—Encourage all the societies that aim at putting a stop to the indulgence of our people in intoxicating drink. The Sons of Temperance is an organization that has exerted much influence for good in the country for the past fifty years. A "Division" or "Lodge" is often a centre for the dissemination of useful knowledge and of influences that make for righteousness. Nothing unchristian or unworthy is tolerated in them.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.