Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1902. NO. 34

Professional Cards.

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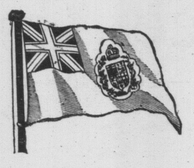

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☞Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Poetry.

THE HEIGHTS BEYOND.

(By Harriet Prescott Spofford.)

Let the strong soul aspire, and boldly climb
The hills that seem to bound the world at even,
Lo, there are hills beyond, that like the clouds
Quiver in violet mists and melt in heaven.
Still let him follow, follow, where sublime
Crag after crag among their icy crowds
Point into space, still over them will shine
The separating azure that shall be
Beyond his utmost and the paths divine
Beyond the treading of his feet; and to
Shall find the heavens higher than their gleams,
Higher the thoughts of God than any dreams.
Shall he lose heart then on his joyous quest,
Droop as a leaf where the worm drills a way?
Nay, forever and forever rest
Before him, limitless as lines of light,
Bathed in a loveliness of perfect day,
Those shining paths where an Almighty Hand
Beckons him on from far to farther height,
Where love and hope and faith and joy have spanned
The gulf between, till full of a new might,
He turns with sweeter life and warmer glow
And holds his hand to those that climb below!

Select Literature.

"AUNT NERVY" AND THE "YALLER-BUFF GOBBLER."

(By Pauline Shackleford Colyar.)

"Minerva," said Mrs. Moore, with the deliberate precision which characterized all her remarks, "I sent for you to say that it is my turn to give the Christmas dinner this year, it is just twelve years since we had the last one, and times have sadly changed. I pay out not wish me to entertain them under our altered circumstances, but naturally enough I would not hear to such a thing. We have neither money nor credit, Minerva, but I thought possibly with the aid of you and Jenkins we might give our guests a passably good meal."

Minerva, or "Aunt Nervy," as every one, save her mistress, styled her, stood for an instant in the doorway, with her plump brown arms, bare to the elbow, crossed over her ample bosom, as if in deep thought.

"Dar's the yeller-buff gobbler," she announced at last, checking him off on the stubby thumb of her left hand, "an den," holding up the index finger, "dar's—dar's—de yaller buff gobbler, like I done tole you, an'—an'—" looking up aghast, "please goodness, ole mis', scusin' him, dat sev'y bite we's got!"

"I had hoped that that interminable lawsuit would be settled before this," said Mrs. Moore, in the low monotone from which she seldom varied, "but since it is still dragging through the courts we must do the best we can, Minerva. I shall look to you and Jenkins to see that I am not mortified, for I know from long experience how rich in expedients you are."

Aunt Nervy shook her turbaned head coldfully as she made her way back to the kitchen, while Mrs. Moore, with the indolence and indifference habitual to her, resumed her novel. She had shifted the responsibility of the Christmas dinner to the broad shoulders of her two faithful old retainers, and would give herself no further anxiety concerning it.

It was a time honored custom among the first families of Woodville to meet each Christmas at the home of one of the members of the little circle, and until the death of Colonel Moore, a Mexican veteran, several years before, the feasts spread at his hospitable mansion were regal indeed.

Matters had gone from bad to worse during Mrs. Moore's widowhood and Aunt Nervy's ingenuity was often taxed to its utmost to keep the wolf from the door. Not the mistress herself was prouder than the old darkey, and she accepted the numerous dainties sent to them by thoughtful neighbors with such haughty condescension that they felt veritably honored at being allowed the privilege of presenting them.

The lawsuit by which they would one day secure eight or ten thousand dollars was the anchor of all Aunt Nervy's hopes. Visions of former grandeur in the good old times would return to her at the mere suggestion of it, and she already prepared imaginary feasts which were to make all Woodville open its eyes.

But she realized that now there was no time for castle building. Christmas only three days off, the cream of Woodville society coming to dine with them, and nothing in the larder! It was literally as bare as Mother Hubbard's proverbial cupboard.

Aunt Nervy's turban was much awry and her eyes had in them a far away look as she lighted her pipe out on the back kitchen gallery. She dropped her elbows upon her knees, and rested her round, brown face in her open palms while the smoke wreaths curled lazily about her head.

Old Uncle Jenkins, who stood much in awe of his capable wife, had already received from her peremptory orders to "shine up the silver an' de cut glass," and was shuffling about the dining-room grumbling under his breath.

Aunt Nervy's nephew, Caesar, a slim black lad of thirteen, was a recent importation from the plantation, who picked up chips at the wood-pile, ran errands about town, shelled peas or strung beans in season, and acted as a general safety-valve for his Aunt's superfluous ill humor.

"You, Julia Caesar," cried Aunt Nervy when her day's work was finished and the shades of night were settling upon the little village "come hyar to me dis minute!"

The boy obeyed promptly, and after he had been metamorphosed by a cavernous sunbonnet and one of his aunt's old calico frocks rolled up about the waist to prevent its trailing upon the ground, they secured the yellow gobbler from the coop and vanished through the back gate.

"Now look hyar, Julia Caesar!" Aunt Nervy always gave him the benefit of this prefix when very much in earnest or out of humor. "When I calls you Cindy to-night, you answer quick, suh."

"Yaas m," came the response.

Aunt Nervy herself was enveloped in a huge blanket shawl, and otherwise so disguised that her best friend would not have recognized her and as Uncle Jenkins watched their departure he was filled with misgivings. "Dat Nervy is up to some mischief, I'll be boun'," he soliloquized, as he threw a fresh backlog on the big, open fireplace.

On Christmas eve Aunt Nervy was like a general, issuing her orders and marshalling her forces. She was here, there and everywhere at apparently one and the same time. Most of the day Julius Caesar employed himself dodging the blows which she aimed at his woolly head with the rolling pin, or anything else handy.

"Jenkins," she queried, "is you done picked dat yaller-buff gobbler an' singed him good?"

"How—how come you all de time call him 'dat yaller-buff gobbler,' same ez if dar wuz a dozen mo'?" demanded Uncle Jenkins of Aunt Nervy, as he vanished through the pantry door.

"Well, dat don't hinder him from bein' yaller-buff all de same, do it?" cried the woman with shrill voice and arms akimbo. "Tain't gwinter change de color jest kaze de's lone one. Dat nigger is a fool!"

Mrs. Moore, attired in stiff black silk and point lace collar, had inquired of Aunt Nervy on Christmas morning as to the dinner, but she had been assured by that functionary that there was no cause for alarm, and willingly accepted the statement.

When the guests were seated at the long extension table, each one was served with delicious raw oysters upon the half-shell.

Next followed mock-turtle soup in the big silver tureen. Aunt Nervy here watched her opportunity, and while the conversation waxed animated whispered to Mrs. Moore, "Dip light, ole mis'; ain't no mo' in the kitchen."

Never before had canned soup found its way to her mistress' table, but as the faithful old cook expressed it, "Time wuz pressin,' an' nary rale mock turtle in de market."

The yellow gobbler, browned to a turn, appeared at one end of the table, and a mammoth boiled ham at the other, while marcaroni, chicken salad, escalloped oysters, celery, and so forth were distributed at close intervals.

A more emotional woman might have betrayed her surprise as the feast progressed, but not for an instant did Mrs. Moore's imperturbable calm forsake her. Not even when the plum pudding, sillabub and lady-cake made their appearance did she betray by a line of her face the wonder which she felt.

"I had a singular experience a few days ago," said one of the ladies, during the meal. "I bought an immense gobbler from a diminutive darkey who said she was from the country, and willing to sell it cheap because her mother was sick and needed the money."

"You gave her a dollar and a half for it, did you not?" asked another of the guests, laughing.

"And the next day you discovered that it was not in the coop?" queried a third.

"And was the gobbler yellow?" demanded yet another.

"Yes! Yes!" came a chorus of replies, and upon comparing notes, six of the ladies present had had exactly the same experience. General merriment followed at their expense, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

All the while Aunt Nervy's turban stood aggressively erect, and her face was as unreadable as that of the Egyptian Sphinx. Caesar, in long white apron, made himself generally useful, and no plate needing replenishing escaped his watchful eyes, for full well he knew that a pair far sharper than his own were upon him. Uncle Jenkins, in threadbare dress coat and darned white gloves, moved noiselessly about the spacious room, serving the guests with a quiet dignity that left nothing to be desired.

Aunt Nervy was expecting a summons from her mistress after the eventful day was over, so was by no means taken aback when Uncle Jenkins delivered it.

"Ole mis' say yo' to come dar dis minute!" he announced, trying in vain to conceal the unctuous smile which overspread his countenance.

"Minerva," began Mrs. Moore, from her accustomed corner in the library, "my orders were imperative about asking credit of the merchants. Why did you so flagrantly disobey them?"

Aunt Nervy gave her chin a little upward tilt as she replied, "Ain't no bills gwineter pester you 'bout dat dinner."

"I do not understand you, Minerva," persisted Mrs. Moore. "Some one will have to pay for it, and I know that neither you, Jenkins, nor I can do so." It was only too true, for many a month had come and gone since a dime of wages had been paid the two old servants.

"Don't you call dat a good dinner?" demanded Aunt Nervy, a ring of triumph in her voice.

"It was all that any one could have wished," acquiesced Mrs. Moore, sitting very erect in her chair, "but I must understand how we came by it."

As long as she dared the old cook put off the evil moment, but seeing that her mistress was determined to learn the truth of the mystery, she finally succumbed. After tying and untying her apron strings about her portly person, she cleared her throat, and blurted out without further preamble, "I borrowed dat money, ole mis'."

"Borrowed it?" reiterated the widow. "From whom, pray?"

"De lan' sakes, ole mist'ess, don't corner me so close!" urged Aunt Nervy with a forced laugh.

"I must hear the whole story," came the quiet rejoinder.

"Well, den, honey, beinst ez you is bleeged to know," the woman announced, "it wuz dis way. I knowed de ravens wuzn't gwinter fetch all dem folks no Christmas dinner, so I argafy wid myse'f 'bout it 'twell de whole plan 'sploded' right befo' my eyes all in a minute."

Warming with her subject, Aunt Nervy spoke rapidly, gesticulating with uncouth energy: "I dress Caesar up like a gal what answers to Cindy. I fix up my own se'f so nobody won't know me, an' den we tote off de yaller buff gobbler, an' sell him six times. Soon ez dey put him in de coop, Caesar he steal him back again. Arter we don collock nine dollars I 'low we kin make out wid dat much, so we fotch him home once mo'."

Mrs. Moore sank back in her chair, limp and weak. "And to think we have come to this!" she moaned hysterically wringing her hands.

Aunt Nervy stood by, unable to credit the evidence of her own senses. "Whut make you take on like dat, ole mis'?" she asked, in unfeigned amazement. "Whar's de harm? We ain't borried a cent f'um nobody but dem ez wuz comin' hyar to Chrismus dinner, so dey hilt de mortgage on de yaller buff gobbler."

Mrs. Moore seemed unable to articulate, and merely shook her head in utter dejection.

"Didn't ole marster borry money on de plantation?" persisted Aunt Nervy, still bent on elucidating the knotty problem.

"Of course he did," cried Mrs. Moore, "but then there was the plantation for them to take when we could not pay back the money!"

"Dar, now!" exclaimed the old servant, in jubilant tone. "Whut's dat I done tole you? Dey's already got we-all's yaller buff gobbler, an' you know good an' well, ole mis', you never would or put up wid sendin' roun' an' axin' dem folks fur a dollar an' a half. Dar couldn't be no dinner 'dout dat money."

Mrs. Moore felt the hopelessness of her argument, and veered to other tactics.

"I do not doubt but that you meant it all for the best, Minerva," she conceded, mortified despite herself, "but apart from everything else only think of the example you are setting Caesar. He is a mere child, and—"

"But a natchel bawn rogue!" interrupted Aunt Nervy. "He come into de world light fingered, dat boy did."

Her code of morals differed so widely from that of her mistress that the latter soon became convinced of the futility of further expostulation.

A few months later when the much continued lawsuit was decided in her favor, Mrs. Moore enclosed a dollar and a half in each of six envelopes, with instructions to Aunt Nervy—which be it said to her credit, she obeyed implicitly—to deliver one to every house where she had sold the ill-fated gobbler.

Once more Caesar donned his female attire, and in the role of the rustic Cindy explained to the astonished ladies, as he returned them the money, how he had "learn tell dat de yaller-buff gobbler got loose."

To this day the whole matter is regarded as one of the village mysteries.

"S'posin' dat law case hatter went agin ole mis'?" suggested Uncle Jenkins one night, as he and his helpmeet sat smoking before the wood fire.

"She mought not er got dat money you wuz 'spectin'."

"Go 'long yinkins!" retorted Aunt Nervy, viciously snapping a quilt piece into shape. "A pig mought fly, but he's a mighty onlikely bird."

The list of the King's birthday honors is not a lengthy one. No new peerages have been created. Sir Richard Cartwright, minister of commerce, Canada, is among the new privy councillors.

—"The best thing about having rights of our own,' says George MacDonald, 'is that, being our rights, we can give them up.' It is a sentence that challenges the test of life.

Proverbs

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, *i. e.*, a sample free.

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WOMAN'S NERVE SAVED THE CREW.

(New York Herald.)

Their vessel dismantled by a hurricane in mid ocean, then thirty days of weary, futile waiting for succor and finally privation in an open boat in the nearly unendurable heat of the tropical sun for ten days before land was reached—such was the terrible experience of Captain J. Mevius Kay, his wife and nine seamen, who arrived here yesterday on the steamship Grenada from Trinidad and ports in the Windward Islands.

Suffering from the shock of privation and exposure, Mrs. Kay went at once to her home, No. 513 Twelfth street, Brooklyn. Captain Kay and his crew all bore traces of their forty days' struggle with the seas.

To the plucd of a woman, subsisting on bread and water, who untiringly devoted herself to the ministering to the comforts of her comrades and cheered them when they were near distraction caused by the heat, and to the skill of her husband, who watched the sun by day and the pole star at night over the fourteen hundred mile course sailed by the leaking twenty foot long boat, the crew can attribute their rescue. Not one of the men yesterday hesitated to praise Captain Kay and his wife.

"Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Mrs. Kay," said said Roger Stehlin, the first mate, yesterday, for her heroism and self-sacrifice during our days of peril and suffering. When strong, able bodied seamen were sick and discouraged Mrs. Kay maintained an air of cheerfulness that gave hope and courage to us all. Her trials were great and she suffered more than the men, but she uttered never a word of complaint or a whimper of fear."

Captain Kay told the story simply yesterday of his twenty-three-year-old wife, his crew and their wanderings.

"We sailed from Bear River, Nova Scotia, on August 13, on the Florence B. Edgett, loaded with lumber for Buenos Ayres.

"For a month on the run down the weather could not have been better. But on September 17 it all changed in a few hours.

"All night it blew heavily. The next forenoon, without warning, a hurricane broke on us. Our reefed mainsail and spanker were blown in halves, and the headsails were blown clear of the bolt ropes. The foremast went first, breaking off at the deck; then the mainmast and mizzen masts, leaving jagged stumps twenty and thirty feet high.

"Great seas tumbled in amidship and started the deckload, and with the loose wreckage lashed the deck of the Edgett fore and aft like the ends of some great cat o' nine tails. The bulwarks were stove in, the deck houses started from their fastenings and every one was lashed to the mast stumps to keep from being washed overboard.

"Below deck the cabin was filled with the water that came pouring in from the barkentine's opening seams. The hurricane lasted fully six hours, and Mrs. Kay and myself, lashed to the mainmast clung to each other awaiting the end. Then as it lulled all hands went forward to the forecastle, where although the swashing seas were fully two feet over the floor there was partial shelter as not all of the deck load had gone overboard.

"After the storm had passed I surveyed the deck, while the crew cleared away the cumbering wreckage which lay in heaps on deck or floated alongside. I found the cabins demolished and the provisions in the lazaretto afloat and tangled with spare sails and the wreckage from the cabin. All the ship's papers and nautical instruments were gone. The compass in the binnacle was uninjured.

"Then we rigged jury sails and set our colors by day and burned "flare up" lights at night, but no succor came. Of all the provisions there was only some beef and a partly damaged barrel of flour saved.

"Our cook did the best he could with these over the galley fire. Day after day we looked for help, but none came, and, finally, as our stock of water and food was getting lower, I determined that our only chance lay in starting for land in our long boat. We had but one boat, the other being smashed in the hurricane.

"Then when, on October 14, we put the boat overboard, we found she leaked so badly that I feared that our last hope had been cut off. But we hauled her on board again and patched up the worst of the seams, and the next day sailed away for unknown land in the west.

"We had for provisions about thirty-five gallons of water and perhaps forty loaves of bread, baked twice to make it harder, and some cooked salt beef, which no one could have eaten except under such dire circumstances. Each person had a quart of water twice, a quarter of a loaf of bread three times, and a small cube of meat once each day.

"We sailed—the southeast trades favouring us day after day, the men standing their watch as they did on the barkentine, getting what little sleep they could between their watches.

"Aft of the mainmast of one little craft we built a shelter of mast hoops covered with canvass, for Mrs. Kay, and forward spread a sail cloth so that one man at a time could keep under, out of the flare of the sun.

"It was torture. We were so near to the water that the rays of the sun reflected and burned through and through us. Then the water got lower on the eighth day. I cut down the supply one gill on each quart for each person. Mrs. Kay could not eat the beef at any time, and the heat had made it so bad that the men, although suffering for food nearly pushed it away when it was offered.

"For the first three or four days too, we experienced heavy weather, which added greatly to our danger, besides wearing out our strength. The water came over the gunwale and we were obliged to bale out the boat constantly, night and day. Our greatest suffering, however was from thirst.

"All these nearly forty days not a sail or steam vessel was sighted. The horrors of perishing in that great expanse of loneliness nearly drove me frantic at nights. Yet the nights were welcome because of the Polar star. I could correct my deviations of the day. Knowing that our compass had no variation the star helped me to compute my course for the next day.

"On the night of the ninth day I saw the lights of three passing steamships, but they could not see our lights or our signals. Then the morning of the tenth day the lookout forward shouted, 'Land! land!'

"I think Columbus felt no more joyous when his men said the word than I did. I steered around the island, which proved to be Grenada, the furthest south of the windward group. We rowed into the harbor, and the inhabitants flocked to the mole and lined the beach as we came in.

"Afterward I found that we were first suspected as refugees from Barbadoes, where the small-pox was epidemic. When our identity was disclosed every person from the British commandant of the island to the humblest negro did all he could to better our condition.

"In the church a purse was raised and Mrs. Kay was the recipient of many kindnesses from the women of St. George, our landing place.

"Five days later we started north on the Grenada, which touched at the island, the men being assisted by both the British and American Consuls. I almost forgot to mention Whiskers, the black cat belonging to Mrs. Kay. Like a true sailor, he survived all of the hardships, and my wife brought him home to Brooklyn to-day."

The men brought home yesterday were Roger Sethlin of Weymouth, N. S., mate; Peter Henley of Boston, second mate; Charles F. Stream, of New York, cook; Frank Sullivan, William Reynolds, James Gorham, John McDonald, Johannes Hendricsen, seamen, and George Sanford, sixteen years old.

WOMEN MAKE HOMES.

The problem of the 'abandoned' or 'run-down' farm in New Hampshire is finding at least a partial solution, as simple as it is characteristic of the times, says the New York Tribune. These places are being redeemed and beautified in considerable numbers by intelligent single women from Boston and elsewhere, some of whom spend only their vacations in the country. Within a circuit of about twenty-five miles, among the foothills of the White Mountains, one who has the entree of these delightful homes may visit several.

These women, and others similarly occupied, many of whom are well known and well educated, are distinctly recognized in the farming communities, where they have become property holders, as residents to be counted upon when public improvements are to be undertaken and public opinion is to be formed.

One woman, for example, who has for the present given up her profession, on account of her health, has bought a farm of rather exceptional value, because it includes fertile, intervale' land. On this she raises large hay crops. She has put dormer windows into the quaint old house that she found on the place, fitted it up with old-fashioned furniture, put settees beside the big fireplace in the living room, hung a crane and kettles in it, and placed odd paintings and prints on the walls. Here she entertains summer boarders and winter house parties.

Another woman farmer, Miss B., has come from the west and established herself on so high a hill that she is unusually safe from intrusion. She raises an abundance of fruit and enough hay for her stock. With her own hands she makes the delicious butter served on her table. One man can do her outside work. One strong woman does the heaviest work of the household, and with no temptations to spend her wages she is making money. Her mistress is not doing this but she is making enough to live on, and is spending her days amid glorious mountain views, in dust-free and ozone charged air, where her relatives and friends from far and near are only too glad to join her in summer. In winter she has time for congenial pursuits.

Within neighborly distance of this place yet a third woman has bought a farm, as an investment rather than a home. She goes up there in the early summer to do the needed repairs and cleaning and to get her quaint old stuff into its most effective positions. Then she leaves it for the tenant, who has seen her advertisement and has come hundreds of miles, perhaps, to this spot, hidden among orchard and forest trees, far from any much travelled road.

One enterprising woman has made her house an absolute model of comfort and beauty—an object lesson to farmer folk and city people, alike, and both come from miles around to see it. She is improving her place in many ways; valuable timber is carefully guarded; wild fruit trees are being grafted; rare plants, like Labrador tea, are carefully cherished; comfortable benches are placed where specially fine views of the mountain are commanded. Many varieties of wild berries, reindeer moss, curious ground pines and other plants native only in high altitudes add their interest to the place, while massive granite boulders and gleaming quartz ledges add their picturesque charm.

In another part of the state a young woman who is an amateur artist, has converted an abandoned farm into an all-year-round home of such elegance and proportions as to suggest an English estate. Landscape gardening is a conspicuous feature of her undertaking. She raises cattle, horses and sheep on a considerable scale, and goes so far as to have her wool woven into fabrics and designs of her own selection.

A STARTLING MISTAKE.

The Vancouver World says: Many have been the mistakes humorous and otherwise, in the receipts and transmission of messages over the telegraph wire, and the one which occurred in the city last week, is worth production. On Tuesday Miss Lucy Evelyn Armishaw, of the Toronto Candy Store was married to James Merrilles at Christ Church, and on the following morning the brother of the bride, J. E Armishaw, of the Toronto Candy Store, thought it would be just and proper to acquaint his parents of the fact, for which they had been prepared by letter. Accordingly he rang up the telephone office, and gave the message "Lucy married last night," to be transmitted to Springhill, Nova Scotia. The message was brief enough, and sufficiently plain, but the answer he received in the course of the day completely puzzled him. Instead of congratulations he read "Ship the body east." He could not see any joke in that and came to the conclusion that a mistake might have been made at the telegraph office. Upon inquiry there the copy of the message was produced, and judge of his annoyance when he found that the despatch had been sent "Lucy died last night." The wrong word was the result of an auricular imperfection on the part of the clerk who received it. Another message was rushed east, and on Saturday the expected congratulatory despatch was received by Mr. Armishaw.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above fact can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE,
Merchant, St. Isadore, Que.,
May 12th, 1898.

In the third instalment of "Mankind in the Making" which is probably Mr. H. G. Well's most important work, the author considers "Certain Wholesale Aspects of Man-making. No problems in the world are more universally important than those which concern themselves with the birth of the generations which are to succeed us, and a paper such as that included in November Cosmopolitan—free from technical phrases, and interesting in every paragraph, wil be read by a wide class of readers.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

Fined $100 for Defending Her Life.

Fined $100 for shooting a moose, in order to save her own life, was the experience of Mrs. Martin, wife of Mr. James Martin, of Boston, who has been in camp at Spednic Lake, near the New Brunswick line.

This is the fifth season that Dr. and Mrs. Martin have visited eastern Maine in quest of bears. It has been their custom to hunt on both sides of the State line, Mrs. Martin boarding at Osgood's camp, on Spednic Lake, and her husband camping on Mushquash Lake.

Mrs Martin shot a bear, and was returning from a long trip after another, when she was met by a large moose, which disputed her right of way and showed so much ferocity that she climbed a tree for safety. As soon as she was beyond reach of the animal she began to shoot at it with her magazine rifle, which she had carried aloft to use in case the moose renewed within range.

Having no cartridges except those in the rifle she saved her ammunition, and succeeded in bringing down her jailer with the last shot.

By this time night had fallen, and fearing to walk home and encounter another moose with no means of defending herself, she waited until she felt sure the animal she had shot was dead, she then descended to the ground and was kindling a fire, intending to pass the night in the woods, when a rescue party from the camp where she boarded arrived and escorted her home.

As the moose was shot in New Brunswick, where non-resident hunters are required to procure a license, and as Mrs. Martin had come to Maine to hunt bears, the Provincial protectors fined her $100 for shooting the moose which threatened to take her life.

A Distinguished Historian.

(The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.')

Dispatches from Canada record the death of Sir John G. Bourinot, clerk of the Canadian House of Commons and an historical writer of wide repute and admirable attainments. Had he not chosen to concern himself with literary matters Dr. Bourinot would have been distinguished through his capacity for public service in and out of parliament. His devotion to historical research and writing, however, brought to him a larger reward than he could have commanded in the field of politics; it gave to him the appreciation and esteem, not only of his fellow countrymen, but of thousands of Americans and Englishmen who have profited by his work. "The story of Canada" was a revelation to those who believed that the early history of the Dominion's provinces had been thoroughly threshed out by Parkman and his French prototypes. As to style, Dr. Bourinot's productions leave little to be desired. As to accuracy of statement they have not yet been successfully been challenged. As to the fairness of the opinion expressed in their pages one can only say that the balance between conflicting facts upon which those opinions are based has been delicately and deftly expressed. The loss to Canada is shared wherever the history of that country has a single student.

PERSEVERANCE OF THE ADVERTISER

The bulldog is the best of all fighters for the simple reason that when he gets his grip he does not let go. The same persistence in advertising, the hold-fast principle is the only sure way to success. As well might a farmer expect a big crop of corn by occasional dabs with plow or hoe at the growing weeds as for an advertiser to think he can hold and keep business by intermittent insertions of an advertisement in a newspaper. In trade there is the most active competition. Dealers are reaching for it in every direction with strenuous persistence. They employ all possible means of publicity. What is more, the public has been educated into seeking the columns of the newspapers and magazines for information as to where to buy. It measures dealers by this publicity. The crowd follows the crowd, and the crowd goes where it is most cordially and persistently invited to go. A man who advertises intermittently must expect intermittent or spasmodic trade.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

Toronto, Nov, 9.—The meanderings of the wandering Doukhobors have ended against their own will. At Minnesota, Manitoba, the North West Mounted Police drew a cordon around the public hall where the fanatics were housed and on Saturday night they were told they would not be allowed to proceed. They protested that they must go on to Winnipeg to find Jesus. They were promptly answered that they might have their choice of quietly entraining for the settlements at Swan River, or elsewhere, or being put on by force. They choose the former plan, though vehemently objecting, and began entraining. So far no violence has been reported.

Each car of the specials which the Doukhobors boarded is in charge of a squad of police, and all attempts to double back will be repulsed. Many of the Doukhobors, it is said are pleased at the new turn of events in spite of their previous wordy objections.

Pimples, Blotches and Skin Eruptions

How unsightly, sometimes even disgusting, and certainly very mortifying to the sufferer. They are merely an evidence of impure, poisoned blood, which can be quickly changed by taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone cleanses the blood of all poisons and eruptions, makes it rich in red corpuscles that manifest themselves in a healthy, ruddy complexion. To have a pure, soft skin and good complexion simply use Ferrozone regularly. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50, at Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Try Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake Pills.

Counter Influence Lacking.

(Guelph Mercury.)

But the social element of the barroom and its surroundings, perhaps its greatest danger, ought to be, and can be, weakened, not so much by law, but by the influence of counter attractions. Is it any credit to the citizens of Guelph to-day that every athletic organization in the city has to go to a hotel for a meeting place for organization? Is it any credit to the cities and towns that little secular provision is made for the social leanings of men, such as the bar-room and its surroundings partly meet? The church organizations are congenial only for a portion of the young men. What is being done from a social standpoint to offset the attractions of the bar-room and its surroundings on the rest of them?

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price, 25 cents.