Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1902. NO 18.

Professional Cards.

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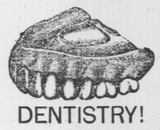

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Capital Authorized, - $1,500,000
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OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
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In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of Huron, Glengarlan, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose annd Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

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Plumber,
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'Phone 21

Poetry.

AT THE GATES OF NIGHT.

There are two gates that guard the night;
The one where shadows creep,
And lullabies come crooning low,
Full-throated, soft and deep;
Where twilight reaches forth her arms
To all by Day oppressed,
And lulls them into happiness,
Serene upon her breast.

And from that gate, all dark and cool
The night road stretches far,
By palaces of sweet content,
Where many dreamings are;
Where blind may see and dumb may speak,
And sad ones laugh and sing,
Where hungered ones may drink and eat,
The pauper be a king.

All through the night the good road goes,
O'er valley, plain and steep;
Along its sides, in grandeur rise
The citadels of sleep.
And many things there be that soothe
And comfort us, and bless—
But best of all, the blossom fair
Of rich forgetfulness.

The other gate that guards the Night
The one that ends the way—
Has trumpeters that loudly call
Us forth into the day
And though we fear the foes of Day
With bitterness and dread,
We know that through the weary hours
The first gate is ahead.

Select Literature.

A Strange Experience in the Maine Woods.

I place this on record as the most remarkable story that has ever come out of the Maine hunting woods—and I know considerable of the stories of the Maine woods. If it were not vouched for so eminently I would not tell it. It would be too much for credulity and wouldn't be worth the telling. I believe it, for I know the men who tell it to me, even though they cannot explain it. They believe it and do not try to explain it, for they feel they cannot. Here it is. If the thing seems too much to believe, then don't believe it. But the facts are just the same.

On the north side of Boarstone mountain, in the town of Elliotsville, in Piscataquis county, Maine, lives Trustrum H. Brown, who calls himself "The Mediator." He entertains the harmless vagary that he is the mediator between God and man. For some 15 years since his retirement to the wilderness of Northern Maine, he has been writing what he calls a new Bible, and he has a masss of manuscript piled a foot high. By the way, I have examined the "Mediator's" manuscript considerably, and it is far from being balderdash. Much of his writing indicates real thought and considerable ability. The "Mediator" is in no sense of the word a crazy man, despite his hallucination on the subject of religion.

Brown has a bit of a farm and raises potatoes and vegetables enough to last him through the winter. He traps a little and hunts a bit and never is hungry.

Early in December, just after the first snow of the season, he discovered one morning the fresh tracks of a moose near his house. By the manner in which the creature's feet had splashed into the snow, Brown saw that the moose was a big one. In his capacity as "Mediator" he asserts that there are 10,000 spirits about him all the time. He alleges that he asked one of these spirits to tell him how big the moose was and that the spirit skipped along ahead and then came back and rendered him the information that the moose was none other than the Ambajejas Giant that had defied the rifles of hunters for years. The spirit further declared, so Brown avers that the moose didn't have much of a start.

So the "Mediator" tied on his snow shoes, grabbed his rifle and a bit of a snack, and started away on the lope into the forest. This was early in the morning. Well, the "Mediator" scuffed along till noon without coming up to the moose. But the tracks still continued fresh and his spirit guide, so he says, kept breathing into his ear that the animal was almost within reach. He ate his lunch of cold venison as he walked, for in a stern chase of a moose no time is to be wasted. His keen woodsman's eye noted that the clouds hung low and were massing darker and darker. Had he not been confident that the moose was just ahead of him and would yard at the coming of night-fall, he would have abandoned the chase.

At four o'clock it was dusk, and still the splay tracks were stretching on ahead of him. Then he could see them no longer, and regretfully he brought to in a ravine and abandoned the chase for the night.

He had not reckoned on the long pursuit and therefore he had not provided himself in the usual cautious manner. Above all, he had not his wood axe.

Only a man accustomed to the woods realizes how serious an omission this is. The "Mediator" was able to collect some dry kye or limbs that had dropped from the trees and he hewed off some low branches with his hunting knife. He kindled a bit of a fire at the foot of a tree. He did not dare to go to sleep for the cold was raw and piercing. So he stood and turned himself before the fire like an animated spit, moving constantly to keep awake.

In the morning there was nothing left of his provender except one flat-chested biscuit. Had he not been unduly fired with zeal to catch the moose he would have retraced his steps. But he felt that probably the animal had yarded a little way ahead, and so on he went. He did come across the trampled place where the moose had spent the night, and with its great teeth had ripped off the twigs and the bark. By the mighty reach the "Mediator" saw that the animal was a monster, and on he drove eagerly in a skurry of snow from his broad shoes.

Then some unkind weather spirit joggled the clouds overhead. The snow commenced to come in the fine driving flakes that indicate a protracted storm. Then, and not till then, did the reckless hunter turn about. But before an hour had passed the snow, driving faster and faster, covered his tracks. Night came on again. Once more he lighted his fire, and, [illegible] about it struggling to keep awake. The "Mediator" is nearly 70 years old but his lithe form is inured to hardships by many years of woods life. A less experienced man or one with less vitality must have succumbed.

The snow came down damp and heavy, and the sagging boughs were kept dropping clumps on to his shoulders and back.

As the first lightning that showed that morning was approaching, he ate the last crumbs of his biscuit and started away. But the snow drove hard in his face. He was weak with hunger and sick for sleep. His limbs were stiff and his whole body ready to sink with fatigue. Accustomed though he was to the woods, it is not surprising that in a few hours he knew that he had lost his way. But still he kept on, hoping that he might come across some trail or water road his chief hope of rescue, or some logging camp.

The snow ceased in the afternoon but a sharp and driving wind succeeded. It flung the drying snow and shrieked with it through the trees and clearings. The line particles cut his face like the dust of a sand storm. Few men have made a fiercer struggle for life than he. It is probable that partial delirium overtook him, for he insists that he could see only hear his spirit guides, but could see them as they flocked about him and beckoned him on.

As dusk he came to a county wholly unknown. There were mountains off to the right, but he did not recognize the peaks nor the surroundings. About an hour after the dark came down with the wind still driving the snow into his eyes, he came out into a section that he recognized at last. It was "The Gulf." This is a canyon about three miles long, through which the west branch of Pleasant river rages. The walls are precipices. But on the north side skirts a wood road leading to camps miles above, and into this road the "Mediator" staggered.

Now, he was desperately weak. But he knew that if he could round the foot of the canyon and scramble for three miles up the side of the first Chairback he would come to Long Pond where there were camps.

It was now a race for life. He put his dear old rifle against a tree and hung his cartridge box on a limb. He then clinched the belt about his thin waist and started. He was in a half stupor when he came down to the frozen ford at the foot of the canyon. But he knew that across the pond lay Hall & Davis' sporting camp, three miles away. The wind was still driving the snow and he miscalculated his route across. When he came to shore he peered in all directions and listened. There was no glimmer of light anywhere, and no sound indicating that any camp was near. His knees were doubling under him by this time. His strength was gone, his eyes did not want to stay open, and he gave up. He stumbled and crawled up on the shore and fell across a log. His tongue was swollen in his mouth and his throat was dry. He says that he tried to shout, but he could utter no sound but a gurgling whisper. Then he became unconscious.

Now comes the strange part of the story.

There was at the Hall & Davis camps at that time a hunting party from the town of Dexter. Among them were M. E. Meigs, the leading clothier of the place and Walter Abbott, one of the proprietors of the large Abbott woolen mill. Mr. Meigs had been out that day with the party and in trying to cross the pond had frozen both ears, so bitter was the cold. He would have perished had not his guide beaten him to make him walk. He had desired to lie down and go to sleep on the snow, and had begged the others to go away and leave him.

On this evening he was lying in his bunk wondering whether or not he was going to be able to save his ears. They were wrapped up and were aching fearfully, and Mr. Meigs wasn't taking the most active interest in outside matters. The others were playing pitchnede before the fire.

Suddenly Mr. Meigs raised himself on his elbow and cried, "I hear some one shouting for help."

The others stopped their play and listened. Beyond the moaning of the wind in the chimney and the sough of the big trees outside there was no sound.

"Folks with frozen ears can hear most anything," remarked one of his companions.

"But I certainly heard someone shout," persisted Meigs.

"Do you believe for a moment," his friend said, "that a man with his ears done up like a pound of pickled tripe could hear a sound that we did not?"

The clothing man admitted that it didn't seem very probable, but still he persisted in his opinion strenuously. At last one of the guides went to the door and shouted into the dark night. There was no response.

"It couldn't have been," he said, returning.

"I don't want to be stubborn in this matter," said Mr. Meigs, "but I do think we ought to make some investigation. I can't go to sleep with the notion that some poor cuss is out there in the cold. Somehow or other I can't reason myself out of the notion that there is something the matter outside, and I wish you would look it up. I'd go myself if it were not for my ears.

After poking some fun at the persistent man arguing from his nest in the bunk, two of the guides went out.

"Of course it may be that some one has dropped into the water hole down here a piece," said one of them, "but as that's more than a mile away, it don't stand to reason that you could have heard any shouting with your ears tied up in that fashion.

In the course of 15 minutes one of the men came running back and those in the camp heard him oulling the moose sled out of the lean-to.

"There is something the matter after all down at the water-hole," he cried to those within. "Ed was ahead and he hollered back to me to bring the moose sled."

And in a little while they came tugging into the camp a stiff figure that the guides, as soon as the man was in the lamplight, recognized as Mediator Trustram H. Brown of Elliotsville.

At first they thought he was dead, but they undressed him and set him bodily into a tub of ice cold water. They rubbed him with snow and after some work he began to revive. Then they poured whisky and brandy down his throat, and at midnight he was sitting up and telling his story.

In two days he was all right and lively once more, and it may be stated here while I am on the subject of recoveries, that Mr. Meigs saved his ears.

Now the "Mediator" swears that the sound he emitted when he sank on the log, was a whisper. Even a shout as loud as a foghorn would have hard ly been heard a mile away by men inside a log camp heavily banked with snow.

That the sound should have been heard by a man with his ears frozen and wrapped in bandages is more curious still. But for that I have authority that cannot be disputed. Both sides have told me their stories.

They do not try to explain it—nor will I.

But, as I remarked in the first place I set this down not only as one of the most remarkable stories of endurance that the Maine woods have ever reported, but as a mystery that is almost uncanny.—Forest and Stream.

LORD BERSFORD ON THE COLONIES.

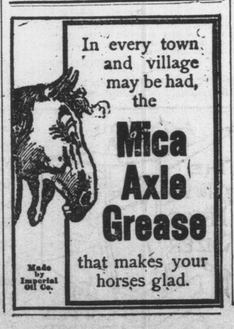
In a discussion which followed, Lord Charles Beresford took part. Some of the points he made told very effectively with his audience. After urging British enterprise to organize a new line of steamers to Canada, with through railway connection (he attached special importance to the conjunction of the railways with the steamship line), he went on to say that if they were to exist as an empire, they must study Colonial thought They could not exist without the colonies. If it had not been for their invaluable aid they would not have emerged so satisfactorily from the South African war. The colonies supported the mother country, with their best manhood and upheld her through the war in such a way as to enable the Old Country to finish it. The time had arrived when it was imperative to take steps to bind the Empire more closely to the Colonies in view of the almost savage competition against them in all parts of the world.

A Capital Cure for Sore Throat.

Is to use a gargle of a few drops of Polson's Nerviline in sweetened water, and before retiring rub the throat and chest vigorously with Nerviline. By morning the soreness and inflammation will have disappeared entirely. Nerviline drives away the pain and cures sore throat and hoarseness quickly, simply because that's what it's made for. Buy a 25c. bottle from your druggist today.

Dr. Hamilton's pills stimulate the liver.

—There is one country in the world where it is considered a crime to smoke—Abyssinia. The law forbidding tobacco dates from the year 1642. It was at first merely intended to prevent priests from smoking in the churches, but it was taken literally, and nowadays even foreigners have to be careful not to be seen smoking.



Conductor John Foster.

John Foster stood scowling down on his wife. The face upturned to his had a petulent child's mouth, and the eyes under the curly hair were those of a child.

"Seems to me we've had about enough of this," said John, pulling on his conductor's cap. The eyes under the shining visor were not much older than those shaded by the yellow curls. He bit his lip nervously.

"I tell you we can't afford it," he said, raising his voice to enforce the argument. "I don't see why this isn't a good, comfortable kind of a house. Anyway, it's got to do, and that's all there is about it."

He jerked out his big silver watch. "Whew!" he said.

"I don't care—you might manage it some way, John, you know you m... You just don't stop to think how I feel about it. Horrid little, cheap house, and such a narrow street! If I'd supposed you were going to be like this"—

He was hurrying toward the door, and suddenly she pressed between it and the boyish figure. Was he going to forget—for the first time? He pushed past her. She had put herself in his way to fling out a parting taunt he supposed. She stood in the door, staring after his hurrying figure, the petulent unkissed little mouth trembling, though she bit her lip fiercely.

"Hello, John!" cried the motor man as he boarded the electric car. "Came near being late this trip, didn't you. That comes of being married—hard to tear yourself away, isn't it?"

John nodded gayly, but his eyes shunned the motorman's. He moved his head restlessly, the frayed edge of his stiff collar adding to his discomfort. Bessie had thrown her arms around the smarting neck just the day before, he remembered—he seemed to feel the pressure now. He rather wished he hadn't talked so loud to her just before he ran for his car, poor lit tle Bessie, but she was aggravating sometimes.

He rang the bell sharply at the next corner. "Step, lively," he called to the two women waiting there, who wiped their hot faces and stared at him in exasperation. His voice sounded harsh to his own ears. He felt vaguely that he had somehow changed characters that morning—this first quarrel with Bessie, and the sharpness in his voice now! He was not in the habit of telling women to 'step lively.' That had been one of the don'ts he had set for himself when he first dogged the new blue suit with brass buttons.

What a day that was, with the air rising in choking waves from the heated asphalt! People were especially trying, too, John thought. More women than usual seemed to linger to exchange parting civilities with their friends, and every now and then he had to call out an exasperating warning to 'wait till the car stops.

A big man with a good-humored red face joined him on the platform. "Gay kind of life, ain't it?" he said genially. "I used to be on one of the horse-cars, years ago."

"That so?" said John briefly. He was trying to count his tickets and to keep a sharp lookout on either side of the street at the same time.

"Gives a fellow a chance to study human nature, don't it?" continued the friendly stranger. "Folks show themselves out for what they are. There's a stong glare for you! Why didn't she know enough to ring the bell sooner if she wanted to get out at that corner? Look at her? Pretending she's going to stow away the number of the car in her mem'ry so's to report you. That's an old dodge they used to have when I was on.

"Yes," said John resignedly, putting away his tickets, "a good many of 'em do that—always looking out for some offence no matter how hard you try."

"And the way the women get off the car is a caution, ain't it?" continued the man. "See that old lady, clutching the rear pole and letting her self down backwards. Looks like a monkey, don't she? When I got my place on the road one of the first things I did was to teach my wife how to get off a car. She didn't want to practice before folks, so she tried it with an old chair and the clothes horse at home. It took time, but she learned it, and now folks know her as the woman who gets off a car the right way. Pretty good, ain't it?"

"Yes," said John, and added, "my wife knows the right way, too."

"Married, are you? How long?"

"A year," said John briefly. He was not sorry when his companion bade him good by at the next corner.

Somehow his thought was running continually to Bessie. It was always inclined to do that, but now an aching tenderness grew in his heart. How sharply he had spoken, and what a young, inexperienced little wife she was, after all. He was glad when the dinner hour drew near, for now he would surely have a sight of her. She nearly always managed to bring the basket to the car herself, and though there was only time enough for a smile and a word, that would be enough. Bessie would understand.

A young girl with pretty hair and eyes like Bessie's, boarded the car. He shut her umbrella for her and put out a helping hand when the jolting motion threatened to upset her. He wished he could carry a description of her dress home to Bessie. He liked his wife to have pretty things and her fingers were wonderfully skillful. He was wondering what filmy sort of stuff was on the shoulders and collar and while he was trying to make up the girl looked at him with a coquettish smile. He turned away quickly and she tossed her head till her cheap little earring sent forth spurious sparkles in the sunlight.

His heart quickened its beating when the corner was reached where Bessie must be waiting with his dinner basket. Then came a shock of disappointment. It was a neighbor's child who stood there. The word he had planned to say that would convey so much meaning to Bessie and nothing special to the motorman and passengers died away on his lips. He said 'Thank you' to the little girl and that was all.

He was feeling exhausted from the heat, but somehow he did not want to eat and not till he was near the wharf did he open his basket. There was a little sore feeling still that Bessie had not brought it herself—that she could have cherished resentment so long. The sandwiches looked unusually dainty; Bessie had cut them into triangular pieces. He swallowed them hurriedly with big draughts of the cold coffee and gentle thoughts of the hands that had made them. Quite at the bottom of the basket was something round and soft, an apple tart, and beside it a scrap of folded paper. He glanced hastily around. The motorman was absorbed in his dinner, eating it in great hurried bites.

John opened the little sheet and read

Dear John,—I wanted to bring this to the car myself, but I've got to hurry down town. Mrs. Smith has just told me about some big bargains in collars and things down on F street and I'm going to hurry down before they're all gone. I don't want you to wear those old smarting things another day. I'll have to send your dinner by little Nellie Barker, but it will be just the same as if I brought it, won't it? You're so good and I was hateful this morning. John.

Your loving Bessie.

Two men boarded the car just as he finished. "Yes," one of them was saying "perfectly well when she left home and the heat completely prostrated her by the time she got to the avenue They hurried her into a drug store and it looked first as if she was going to rally. Pretty little woman—very."

John listened with strained attention. It could not be possible that it was Bessie, it was too unreasonable to imagine that, but somehow the apple tart was hard to swallow and his fingers clutched the pencilled note tightly.

"Husband's in our department," continued the man, and John breathed more freely. "He's just knocked off his feet by it. She didn't last more'n a minute after he got to her—queer how he happened to be just going by the drug store, wasn't it? There was not more than a minute for all they had to say to each other. Then she just shut her eyes up and never opened them again. Some of the crowd didn't have any more sense than to stand gaping around. I got away's quick as I could." He broke off rather abruptly, and whistled to a newsboy for the evening paper.

The yellow sun rays fell carelessly on the willows across the shore, and gave a fleeting beauty to the muddy Potomac river. The warm breeze blew a sickening, fishy odor toward the car John made one more determined effort on the apple tart, then pushed the remainder of it in the basket.

"Not much on cooking eh?" it was the friendly voice of a policeman at John's elbow—a neighbor of his on the little street that Bessie disliked. "My wife didn't hardly know how to boil the kettle when we were first married. I had to take hold and teach her, but she's a first-rate cook now."

The big jocular face and voice grated on John's mood. "My wife's a good cook, too," he said stiffy. Then he pulled the bell sharply and the car moved out.

It was a forlorn part of the city near the wharves. Slatternly looking women were leaning from the windows and half-clad children played or bickered with each other on the street in front. With a sinking of heart John thought of the two more trips that must be made before he could get to Bessie. A superstitious fear of some disaster in his absence seized upon him How strange that this man should have told his story just as he was reading Bessie's letter—his little Bessie struggling at the bargain counter in the very hottest part of the day. What if the heat had been too much for her? The morning's quarrel was so painfully distinct now—he seemed to remember every sharp phrase he had used.

A party of workmen boarded the car. They had dinner pails and tools in their hands and they dropped into their seats too tired to talk. A worn young mother rocked a sickly babe in her arms, and watched it with big, apprehensive eyes. A breeze with a little freshness in it blew from the part of the Mall through which the car passed and the mother held up her babe eagerly that its pinched face might get a little of the coolness. Now and then the child sent out a faint but piercing wail, and if one of the passengers looked up with sharp annoyance, it faded quickly after a look at the little face.

It was after dusk before he could leave the car and go to Bessie. She was watching for his coming in the doorway and drew him eagerly in. The home-coming! How sweet it was! John's arms were tight about her and the little head was crushed against his breast.

"I was a brute," J ohn began, and "O! O!" she cried indignantly, "when you know it was all my fault."

"You little story teller!" he said. Such a foolish interchange of words, yet they somehow seemed to disentangle all the snarls of the day.

"It's a dear little house," Bessie whispered, "I was hateful to talk so about it."

"We'll move into a better one just as soon as we can manage it," John said, pressing her closer.

On the small, rather narrow street the gas lamps burned feebly. Under one of them walked a big man with a jolly face. He was whistling and John and Bessie, listening, caught a strain of 'Home Sweet Home.' It was the jocular policeman hurrying to the wife who had not known how to 'boil the kettle' till he taught her.

ALMOST LOST.

But Saved Through a Letter from an old Acquaintance.

To the Editor of the Monitor:—

I feel it a duty to let the public know through your paper what a close call I had and how I escaped. I was engaged as brakesman on the C. P. R., and contracted rheumatism, which soon became chronic. I became unfitted for work, and finally was unable to walk, in which condition I was when a letter from a friend in Winnipeg told me of Dr. Clarke's wonderful Little Red Pills, and how they had cured several of his acquaintances. I resolved to try them and it was only after taking six bottles that I began to improve. I am now, I am pleased to say, as well as ever, and back at my old occupation. I believe I would have died had it not been for this marvellous medicine.—A. F. Wood C. P. R., Montreal.

Thos. F. Gallwan, Marbank, Ont., says: Your pills are giving good results. My case is one of exzema of 17 years standing.

F. H. Yaets, Marlbank, Ont., says: I have had stomach trouble for over two years, and tried different remedies. Three boxes of Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills did me more good than anything I ever tried.

Peter D. McFadyen, Riverdale, P. E. I., writes: I have used your pills for stomach trouble and found them a wonder. Your catarrh cure is also a perfect cure.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, asthma, paralysis, eczema, coughs, backache, indigestion, stomach and liver troubles, female complaints, even when the diseases have been standing for many years. Price 50 cents per box. For sale everywhere. The Canada Chemical Company, Peterboro, Ont., will forfeit $10 for any case that these pills do not help.

Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Catarrh, and Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Eczema, same price, $10 will be paid for any case they will not cure.

People with Bad Breath.

Generally suffer from Catarrh and should use Catarrhozone Inhaler four times daily and be cured. The pleasant scented catarrhozone vapor spreads through every air passage of the breathing organs, and reaches the very root of the disease at once; it kills the germs, purifies and cleanses the mucous surfaces and eradicates every vestige of catarrh in a short time.

Dr. Hamilton's pills stimulate the liver.

RHODES' SCHOLARSHIPS.

Toronto, July 21—The strange omission of Cecil Rhodes to provide scholarships for the provinces of Canada other than Ontario and Quebec in his Oxford foundation was brought up in a letter from Lord Strathcona to the Minister of Education announcing that Ontario had a scholarship at its disposal. In his letter, made public today, he calls attention to the fact that the trustees of Mr. Rhodes' will are desirous of making regulations in regard to the matter by which the qualifications of candidates are to be ascertained. The trustees, it is, desire that the Minister of Education in each province give their opinions with regard generally to the election of qualifying students. Lord Strathcona calls attention to the following passage in the trustees' letter to him, which indicates a probability that the other provinces may be placed upon a footing with Ontario and Quebec: "I am aware that there are several provinces not mentioned in Mr. Rhodes' will but the trustees would like opinions in the case of all the provinces, as it is not improbable that in the future it may be possible to establish scholarships in, at all events, some of those provinces."

WHY CANADIANS COME.

The president of the Canadian Club in Boston writes to warn Canadians against leaving their own country to seek a living in the republic. It is to be supposed he did that very thing himself at one period of his existence, and if, as is probable, he has prospered since, it is just possible his view of what constituted an opportunity for an ambitious Canadian may not be quite the same as it was when he was younger. Things are not what they were 10 or 15 years ago, he says, and undoubtedly there have been many changes, even in that time. But there are still opportunities in the industrial world in the United States such as do not exist in Canada, and until there has been a levelling up, and may be even after that, there is likely to be more or less movement. There is not much use telling a Montreal machinist out of work that there is plenty of land in the northwest. He does not care whether there is much or little. He would not know what to do with it if it were just across the St. Lawrence. He wants work at the thing he knows how to do, and if he can't get work at home, he goes to the States.

SIR ROBERT BOND ON CONFEDERATION.

London, July 6—The Canada Club dinner tonight was attended by the colonial premiers now in London, and many other distinguished guests. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal presided. Premier Barton of Australia, in the course of an address made the first public reference to the plan for the confederation of Newfoundland and Canada mentioned in these despatches. He said he hoped that all obstacles in the way of Newfoundland joining the Dominion would be removed. Sir Robert Bond, prime minister of Newfoundland, replying, dwelt upon the great strategic value of Newfoundland which he said stood as a sentinel at the gateway to the internal waters of Canada. He traced the phenomenal recuperative powers of the island, and referred to its present prosperity declaring the question of confederation to be one of terms.

"If," said Sir Robert, "the terms are advantageous to the people of Newfoundland, I shall feel it my duty to lay the proposal before my people, and, if necessary, exert myself to bring the confederation about. We are not jealous of Canada."

SCHOOL BOYS AS STREET CLEANERS.

A school principal in Passaic, N. J., has organized his boy pupils into a street cleaning brigade. "He has so roused in them the spirit of civic pride," says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, "that they perform their volunteer work industriously, enthusiastically and thoroughly.

"The boys have in charge a section of the city consisting of eight blocks and they go about their territory every day gathering scraps of paper and rubbish which are strewn about and deposit them in convenient piles for the garbage wagon. It is said that after a trip by these youngsters the streets appear to have been cleaned as if by magic, which is not credible in view of the further statement that the first afternoon's work resulted in the collection of a ton of waste stuff that had been thrown about by careless citizens."

The Indians of the lower Yukon have discovered an immense petrified ship near the Arctic Circle. They are convinced that the ship is none other than Noah's Ark.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs:— While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes—so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected—a few applications completely curing the irritation, preventing the bites from becoming sore. Minard's Liniment is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. CKE

Harbor Grace, Nfld., Jan. 8. 1898.

Many a business man has come to grief because he lacked a reserve of capital, of discipline, or of knowledge of his business. In good times, when anybody could sell goods, he was all right; but, when a panic came, and his notes were refused at the bank, he went down because he had no reserve of savings or of character.

Shrewd business men are always on the watch for emergencies, financial storms or panics; they know perfectly that it takes another kind of ship-timber to wrestle with the tempests than it requires in fine weather, when there is no strain or stress. It is the man who prepares for an emergency who keeps his sails trimmed, and his ship in order, that weathers the gale.

A pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.
"Test it"
Save the tags, they are valuable.

Mr. Marconi, who is on board the Italian flagship 'Carlos Alberto' at Cronstadt, Russia, has cabled to his London office that he has received wireless signals from the Cornwall station, about 1,400 miles distant, partly overland. Complete messages were received as far as Kkagon, Denmark, about 850 miles from Cornwall.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.