Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 26. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1898. NO. 34.

Professional Cards.

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OFFICE DAYS: First two weeks of each month, beginning July 1st, 1898. 14 ly

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
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Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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The Homestead of GEORGE B. MURDOCH, Esq., late of Bridgetown, is now offered for sale.

The aforesaid property consists of six acres of land under a high state of cultivation, and has on it about two hundred and twenty-five apple trees, all in bearing and capable of yielding annually two hundred and fifty barrels of the best marketable varieties, besides plum, pear and cherry trees, with small fruits.
It has on it a large and well-built brick dwelling house, containing eleven commodious rooms, besides halls, closets, pantry and porches. Also a large barn, coach-house and other outbuildings.
The property is beautifully situated on the main street leading out of Bridgetown to Annapolis. It is about sixty rods from the railway station, and five minutes' walk from the post office and commercial centre of the town.
The property has a broad frontage on the street, adorned with beautiful shrubbery and ornamental shade trees, and is capable of being divided into several building lots if desired.
For price and further particulars apply to
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Wonderful Cure
....OF....
RHEUMATISM!

Our well-known fellow-citizen, Joseph E. Hamilton, for many years commercial traveller for the Robert Taylor Boot and Shoe Company, writes as follows:—

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 18th, 1897.

EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL CO.,—

DEAR SIRS,—I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude for your kindness in directing me to the use of your EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL. I had been a great sufferer from Rheumatism for three years—the last one of which I was practically helpless, but your remedies have made a NEW MAN of me within the last two months. I find myself getting better every day, and for relief of that dread disease can recommend your OIL to all sufferers.

(Sgd.) J. E. HAMILTON.

Sold by all dealers. 6

FINE FOOTWEAR

I have now opened my entire line of Fall and Winter stock of

BOOTS & SHOES

—Consisting of—

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Overshoes,
Ladies' Felt Slippers,
Lumbermen's Snow Excluders,
Men and Boy's Rubber Boots,
Ladies' and Misses' Rubber Boots,
Children's Rubber Boots,
The celebrated Witham Rubberless, No slip Shoe,
New line of Slaters,
Special line of Mens' and Boys' B. T. Grained,
Ladies Fine Kid Boots,
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All of which I am selling at finest prices.
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As I am determined to supply my customers with the very best that the market will afford. I have purchased for Easter this year a pair of "heavy beef cattle" which will probably surpass in quality anything before offered to the public in Bridgetown.

In addition to the above you will find my Meat Market well supplied with a first class stock of

Salt Pork,
Sugar-cured Ham and Bacon,
DRY AND PICKLED FISH,
and in fact almost anything usually found in a well appointed meat market.

Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

W. M. FORSYTH.
Bridgetown, April 5th, 1898.

NOTICE!

All parties having legal demands against the estate of G. I. Bishop, late of Lawrencetown, in the county of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within eighteen months from date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
EMMA M. BISHOP, Administratrix;
or,
W. B. McKEOWN, Administrator.

There is nothing in Nature, there is nothing in all her plan,
As grand as a good, good boy, when he's growing to be a man.

Poetry.

"Until the Daybreak."

A human soul went forth into the night,
Shutting behind it death's mysterious door,
And shaking off with strange, resistless might
The dust that once it wore.
So swift its flight, so suddenly it sped—
As when by skillful hand the bow is bent
The arrow flies—those watching round the bed
Marked not the way it went.

Heavy with grief, their aching, tear-dimmed eyes
Saw but the shadow fall, and knew not when,
Or in what fair or unfamiliar guise
It left the world of men.
It broke from Sickness, that with iron bands
Had bound it fast for many a grievous day;
And Love itself, with its restraining hands,
Might not its course delay.

Space could not hold it back with fettering bars;
Time lost its pow'r and ceased at last to be;
It swept beyond the boundary of the stars,
And touched eternity.
Out from the house of mourning faintly lit
It passed upon its journey all alone;
So far not even thought could follow it
Into those realms unknown.

Through the clear silence of the moonless dark,
Leaving no footprint of the road it trod,
Straight as an arrow cleaving to its mark,
The soul went home to God.
"Alas!" they cried, he never saw the morn,
But fell asleep outwearied with the strife;
Nay, rather, he arose and met the Dawn
Of Everlastasting Life."

—Christian Burke in Pall Mall Magazine.

Select Literature.

THE PRATT BABY.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

"What's to be done with the Pratt baby?"

That was the question which was stirring the small village. Answers of various kinds were attempted.

"Mis' Peters says she'd be glad to—"

"But she couldn't with her poor health."

"Mis' Bates might."

"But she won't."

"Mis' Lane got her hands full a'ready. Mis' Dr. Miller hasn't a thing to prevent her doin' it."

"Not a chick nor a child—"

"And plenty of money."

But with all the cleverness displayed in fitting duties for other people, the Pratt baby remained hopeless, although kindly looked upon as a sort of village protege.

Its father had been run over and killed a month after its birth. The mother took it hard and wilted out of life, so that by the time the baby was eight months old it looked out on a world in which it was absolutely without possession, yet with eyes as bright and blue, and cheeks as fair and rosy as if it had been the child of an empress—perhaps more so.

For the present the baby was "staying on" in the family of Mrs. Garvey, in whose house Mrs. Pratt had rented a small room. Mrs. Garvey had six children of her own, but there was still room in it for another.

"A blessin' 'twould bring to anybody, the sweet cratur! wid its eyes laughin' and dancin' at ye the whole day long. And its meself would niver let it out of the house but for havin' nobody to stay wid it when I'm out washin'."

During such absences Billy Garvey was detailed as nurse, an arrangement which suited the small boy well, for he hated school and loved the baby. It was his care day and night. Billy knew no joy greater than lay in the touch of its clinging little hands and its merry laugh as he performed for its amusement every antic known to boys.

When the first snow came Billy bundled up the baby and took it out on his sled. The baby and Billy both enjoyed this, though it had its drawbacks. If Billy rounded a corner swiftly the baby rolled off; if he started up suddenly the baby tipped over backwards. Consideration of these difficulties led to a bright thought on Billy's part. He nailed a soap-box on the sled. This he filled with hay, and when he drew it out with his blue-eyed charge no child of an empress was ever lovelier or more tenderly smiled on, no charioteer prouder than Billy.

Up and down the two or three short streets he trotted one mild afternoon. It was market day and a number of farmers were in from the country. Billy varied his sport by hitching his sled to the back of the sleighs, mounted on a narrow ledge in front of the soapbox. Quickly he sprang from one vehicle to another as they came and went, during which capers only the tender Providence which guards the helpless saved the baby's innocent life from being trampled out.

The short winter afternoon was closing in—too soon, for neither Billy nor the baby were tired of the fun. Teams were scarcer, and after a ride behind a homeward-bound farmer, Billy quickly detached his sled and as quickly fastened it to one going the other way, with prospect of another spin. But disappointed waited, for just near the edge of the village the sleigh stopped.

Billy waited, for it was nearly at the foot of a long hill. His adroit scheme was to get himself hauled to the top of this and then take a run down, excited to a wild rate of speed by the delighted crows and shrieks of the baby.

The farmer stayed a long time and Billy grew tired. Nothing but the prospect of this latest rush down the hill would have kept him. He saw some boys at play a little way back on the street and went to see what they were doing.

And just in the unlucky moment when his attention was fully engaged Farmer Crofts hurried out of his store and jumped into his box sleigh. His horses, with the sleigh, had been turned diagonally toward the store; the baby in the soap box was just beyond range of his sight as he came. And in the gathering twilight no one happened to see the precious morsel of a craft sailing after the big sleigh, as the horses, tired of standing, sped—not up the hill as Billy had anticipated, but down another road winding out of sight at once.

With one glance Billy had seen the baby safe; with the next his scared eyes saw only vacancy before the store door. With a wild cry he dashed toward where he had left his treasure.

"My baby! Where's my baby? Bring him back—bring him back!"

But sleigh, soap box and baby had melted completely into the shadows. Billy ran first up one road, then down the other, at last with a heart full of despairing misery carrying home his sorrowful tale.

He could not tell to whose sleigh he had tied the baby; could not tell in which direction it had gone—did not know how far it might go.

Quickly through the village ran the tragic news.

Tears sprang to more than one pair of eyes.

"I wisht I'd taken it."

"I might 'a', just as well as not."

"I was just thinkin' of it."

"I would in a minute, if—"

But there were no conditions in the matter now; no prospect of a return of a lost opportunity. The Pratt baby was lost and the village mourned.

Farmer Crofts' horses stepped briskly along in the early evening. The increasing cold and steady motion made the baby drowsy, and like a sensible baby (he was one of the kind who always seemed to do the right thing—perhaps that was his inheritance in lieu of any other) he cuddled down into the straw and went to sleep. The farmer did not know of the unusual attachment to his sleigh until he had put his horses in and was unloading it of things he had bought. Then he stumbled over the soap box and nearly fell, scattering bundles of groceries about.

"What's this?" Mr. Crofts lifted a lantern he had lighted. The baby held up his head and gave a little gurgle of pleasure at sight of the light.

"Well, I'm blest!" Mr. Crofts held the lantern closer, then jerked it away as two small balls of hands made a clutch for it. Then he put into another shape his exclamation, the truth of which he so little realized:

"Well—if I ain't blessed!"

A look of bewilderment came over his face.

"How did you get here?"

If baby and soap box had fallen from the skies it could not have been a greater surprise. His surprise was none the less when he saw the string and realized how his unexpected visitor had come. What was he to do?

"Well, seein' you be here, I s'pose you can't be left out in the cold."

Not knowing what else to do, he picked up sled, soap box and baby and carried them into the house.

"Here, Maria," he said, setting his burden on the kitchen floor, "look what somebody's sent you."

Mrs. Crofts gazed in amazement, then in displeasure.

"Jacob, what do you mean? You don't mean that you've let somebody put something on you—"

"No, indeed, I don't. You may get as mad as you like with somebody; but not with me. That sled was hitched on to the back of the sleigh and came all the way from Bentley."

"Well, I declare! A little mite like that out in the cold! But you see how 'tis—a game of somebody's to put that child on us. They'll be fooled, though."

"Yes. I'll take it over to the poor house to-morrow. They can look for it there if they want it."

"They won't look for it. Well," as small grunts and sniffs arose from the box "seein' it's here, I suppose we can't let it starve."

"Anyhow, it's a putty little creatur'."

The baby had by this time, after much winking and blinking, accustomed his eyes to the lighted room and was now giving signs of being restless. As Mrs. Crofts approached him with a feeling with which she would have regarded a stray kitten (she not liking cats)—he, being accustomed to go to everybody, held out his hands with a look of gracious readiness to be pleased if well treated.

"Well, it's kind o' bright."

The baby took eagerly the warm milk brought for him, then settled back into Mrs. Crofts' arms with a look of perfect content with the existing state of things.

"I can't sit here holdin' a baby. You take him while I set things on."

She held him while the meal was eaten, then again passed him over to the farmer. Baby made a dash for the bushy, half-gray whiskers, burying his laughing, dimpled face among them with crows and coos, which plainly invited a game of romps of the baby order. This was, however, soon over.

"He's goin' to sleep."

There was something pathetic in the peaceful trust with which the lids closed over the blue eyes as the pressure of the small head became heavier on the arm. It went to the heart of the Pratt baby's new caretakers.

"It's a cold day," Jacob," said Mrs. Crofts, the next morning. "I've got a conscience, if I am set agen' bein' put on, and I don't like the idea of that little creatur' takin' a long ride such a day. Tomorrow 'll be milder, maybe."

Tomorrow was milder, but Mrs. Crofts remarked:

"A day or two won't make no difference, now he's here."

On the third day a boy rushed into the house with a cry:

"Oh, my baby! I've found you—ain't I? How came I ever to let you get away from me?"

And the Pratt baby pulled Billy's hair and poked into his eyes and rubbed his pink cheeks against the freckled ones with such little crows and squeals of delight as brought a distinct pang of jealousy to Mrs. Crofts' heart.

"Is he your'n?" she asked Billy.

"Yes. Leastways — I mean—he's the Pratt baby. He lives to my house. I've come for him. The sled's right here. I'll soon fix him up." Setting the baby on the floor, Billy made a rush to the shed and soon brought in the soap box.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Croft, as Billy spied the small hood hanging on a nail, "if that baby's got to ride into Bentley today he ain't goin' in a soap box. Jacob," she called into the back yard, "I want you to hitch up and drive into Bentley. This boy's come for the baby. Says it's his'n," with a slight quiver in her voice, "and if he's got to go he's got to go comfortable."

"Who'd a thought anybody'd ever be wantin' the poor little chap!" The farmer's surprise was complete when his wife appeared wrapped for the ride with the baby in her arms.

"I'm goin' to see him safe with them that has the right to him," she said, firmly—adding with some severity: "And won't let him go cavortin' over the country in a soap box on a winter day."

Billy wilted at this, but was sustained by his joy in the recovery of the baby, comforting himself by little pokes at the soft bundle covered up in Mrs. Croft's arms, to make sure it was safe there.

Its warmth reached the innermost recesses of her heart—a pain with it at thought of the lonely house to which she would go without it. It had been but a few hours in which the strange, unlooked for, unwelcomed visitant had been under her roof, and yet day and night the little presence had been growing in sweetness. How its baby voice had filled the silent home to which she sank from returning!

The return of the baby was heralded by triumphant shouts from Billy.

"He's back! He's back! I've found him! We've got him!"

Men came to the store doors to listen, and women ran out of small houses with shawls over their heads. A small crowd had gathered by the time Mrs. Garvey's door was reached.

It was Billy's intention to snatch the baby and rush in with a wild whoop. But Mrs. Crofts held on to it and walked with dignity into the house.

Mrs. Garvey seized the baby and wept over it a torrent of Irish fondling, while the other women waited their turn for a hug as a babel of tongues arose.

"I am willing to say I'm ready to take that blessed baby—"

"I've decided to do that myself—"

"I'm able to do well by him and—"

"I was with his mother to the last and I've the best right—"

Mrs. Crofts looked about on the clamoring women.

"Which of you is the mother of this child?" she asked.

A blank silence for a moment, broken by Mrs. Garvey.

"It's myself would have been glad enough to take the darlint when there was no one else to do it, but for—"

"I'm able to do it now—"

"I can give him a good home."

"Well," Mrs. Crofts arose and with an authoritative air took the baby from the hands of the woman who chanced to be caressing it, "this baby came to me all unbeknown, ridin' by itself in the winter night. If the Lord didn't send him I'd like like to know why. If anybody else wanted to care for him it's a pity they didn't find it out before. I'm going to take him home and keep him and if the town authorities want to interfere they'll know where to come for him."

She strode toward the door, but stopped at sound of loud sobs from Billy, her face softening into a beaming smile.

"You come and see him whenever you want. He's to be your'n yet, all the same."

The town authorities never saw fit to find fault with the home Billy had found for the Pratt baby.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

PRESERVING THE RUINS.

FINAL AND LAUGHABLE END OF ONE OF IRELAND'S OLD CASTLES.

One of Ireland's magnificent ruined castles came to its final end in this manner:

The ancient seat of the Castlereaghs overlooked Lough Swilly, and it was one of the most princely residences in Ireland. Eventually it fell into decay and was not inhabited.

As usual in such circumstances, when the peasantry wanted to build a pigsty, repair a road or anything of that sort, they took the stones from the ruined castle, which was disappearing piecemeal when one day the then Lord Londonderry paid a visit to his Irish property. When he saw the state the castle was in and reflected on the fact that it was so much identified with the history of his family, and even as a ruin was a glory of Ireland, he determined to put a stop to the encroachments that had been mode upon it.

Sending for his agent to give him orders that the people were no longer to remove stones from the building, he instructed him to have the place inclosed with a wall six feet high and well coped to keep out trespassers. That being done, he went his way and did not return to Ireland for three or four years. He then found, to his amazement, that the old castle had completely disappeared, and in its place there was a big wall inclosing nothing. Sending for the agent, he demanded to know why his orders had not been carried out. The agent insisted that they had been.

"But where is the castle?" demanded the marquis.

"The castle, is it? Bedad, I built the wall with it, my Lord! Is it for me to be going miles for materials with the finest stones in Ireland beside me?"

In telling the man to build the wall Lord Londonderry had said nothing whatever about preserving the castle, which is now a thing of the past. Nevertheless the wall is a good one.—*London Tit-Bits.*

—In a recent adventure story by Mr. C. A. Stephens, is a clever treatment of the supposed case of two men who had spent three or four years as convicts in a Siberian mine. They knew by the shutting down of the shaft above ground, which took care of the dump and sent down the car, when night came on, though of course night and day were the same to the miners; and when after years of waiting, they found their chance to bury themselves in a car of coal and be thrown out with on the dump, they planned matters so as to go up with the last load, which, as the season was winter, they knew would come after nightfall. They got up with the car and were duly dropped with the coal on the dump, and gathered themselves up and ran, but they were astonished and alarmed to find that it was light! There were several men in sight, and they expected to be seized instantly, but the men did not seem to notice them at all. They left the neighborhood of the dump, still observing that neither man nor beast apparently saw them; then noticing at last some men who carried lanterns, it occurred to one of the escaped convicts that the pupils of their own eyes had been so dilated by years of life underground that they were able to see in the dark. What they took for gray daylight was in reality darkness. They made their escape into the woods, but when the real daylight came they had to bandage their eyes with rags from their clothing until gradually they became accustomed to it.

—Prof. Henry Drummond gives the following illustration of a boy's temptations: "You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking party had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try to take the castle; but one soldier said, 'I can show you how you can take the castle,' and he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same thing the next day, and the next. By-and-by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for a week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through. Now, with a single gun firing away at everybody's life, the devil is trying to get in at the opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul, and if you never have any temptation you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than one that drills twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourself resolutely to face them."

A Final Estimate of Mr. Gladstone.

In most of the eulogies there is agreement on the main points. Courage first: it is a trait of character in which Mr. Gladstone was never surpassed; it is visible in his whole career and in every great act of his life, and in his death, and in the long suffering which preceded it. His was an august personality. He had not only elevation of character, but the power of elevating others—not merely those with whom he came in contact, but the public life in which he bore so great a part. The House of Commons, which yielded to him as to no other, the audiences he addressed, the nation, the empire he ruled—all rose with him to a higher level. He had a sustained dignity of character and conduct in circumstances. His nature was a profoundly religious nature, and with his religious convictions mingled a chivalry which was perhaps rarer still. Passion he had—an intensity of passion when he was roused or opposed which burned and consumed what stood in his way. It was this passionate and emotional quality which stood him in such stead as an orator. But he was greater than his oratory, greater than his deeds. It is not what he did, but what he was, which was felt most deeply and will be longest remembered. Gladstone the man, the extraordinary being who for more than sixty years fascinated the world in which he lived, overmastered it, compelled other men to do his will because he was a greater force than they, because he had qualities they had not, because he was of other fibre, of other mould, of loftier, broader, nobler nature than almost any of his time—that is the Gladstone before whom the world has bowed. It is the Gladstone whose memory his countrymen and ours in all time to come will treasure as a possession like none other.
—George W. Smalley, in Harper's Magazine.

An Earlier Thanksgiving.

It is the policy of the government to put it off until the shadow of December is already on the soggy fields of dead grass and the winter winds are beginning to blow through the bare branches of the trees. Then, if one takes a holiday, it is to stay indoors, and be thankful that the price of coal is no higher. As for the harvest, only those with the most retentive memories can remember anything about it.

The late government was nearly as bad. They celebrated Thanksgiving day in the middle of November; this government have it along to the end of the month. Now Thanksgiving was intended to be something of a harvest home festival—a day associated with the bringing in of the sheaves, the gathering of the apples, the making merry with the yellow pumpkin. It was not a time for looking out the snowshovel, and putting up double windows.

We should be given an opportunity to be thankful for the harvest as soon after the harvest as is convenient; and after the thanks have been given, it is infinitely better that the day should be one to invite us out into autumn woods and over the so lately shorn fields rather than to mow us up into the house with a leaden sky to be seen through the windows. As it is, we have far too little chance to enjoy the dreamy quiet of Indian summer or the winey air of the blue-vaulted autumn. Why should we not have our holiday in October, and not in the sodden days that follow the first snow?
—Montreal Star.

Good Novels are Good Teachers.

"But a good novel! Is there anything equal to it?" writes Ruth Ashmore in the October *Ladies' Home Journal.* "Think of the story of 'Henry Esmond;' think of the pleasures and joys that came to him, and then, sympathizing with him in his disappointments, being proud of him in his successes, following his fortunes into his new land, you will go among the Virginians and there read how he was loved and respected. Or choose the 'Tale of Two Cities' and learn how one man can give his life for another because he loved much. Do you good? Such books can do nothing else. No really good novel ever induced a girl or a woman to imitate vice or to despise virtue. The novel is the printed panorama of life, and the tears, the smiles and the heartbeats that we, the readers, give to it. It makes the music that now is almost still, again is wild and weird like that of Hungary, and again has all the majesty of one of Mozart's masses. If you want to enjoy yourself, if you want to make life seem better and happier, lose your own personality in a good book."

—Mrs. Benson, with her husband and six-year-old-daughter, live near Barron, Wis. When the forest fire recently swept down upon that place the husband was in Minneapolis and his wife was alone on a little farm four miles away from town. Seeing the approach of the flames and recognizing the impossibility of flight this lonely woman went to work to save the life of her daughter and herself. Her coolness never deserted her. She ploughed furrows about the house, and when the roaring onslaught of flame leaped these as a hunter's horse would leap a hedge she buried the child in a potato patch, where there was but little fuel for the flames, and, lying down beside her, tossed a water-soaked cloak around them both. They were found terribly burned, but in a condition that gives every hope of perfect recovery.

—In nature you don't see an oak tree posing as a willow, or a black duck as a yellow leg, or a horse as a cow, or a lily as a rose, or a lilac as a peony, or a dog as a cat. Be natural and you'll be all right. Many a girl, without the slightest talent for music, is running a piano who should be making bonnets or bread; many a boy is studying for a learned profession whose proper sphere is in the machine shop or the mill; many a man is splitting up churches who ought to be doing good service in some institution of learning, and many a woman is trying to be, in vain, a leader of society, when she could be a model housewife in her own home. Of the human flowers, how few successfully bloom!"

—There is a small and yet delightful characteristic of an autumnal lingering of summer before frosts and killing—it is the survival and the reblossoming of many spring and summer flowers, to pick blue violets in September and find strawberry blossoms and raspberries in October; to come upon the delicate little white violet of the May marshes—but beyond all these, to find the rare linnaea, the twin flower, spreading on the air its exquisite fragrance in these fall months, though its bloom season is late spring or early summer—these are among the unexpectable but frequent surprises of nature.

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ARROW POINTS.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

Some sins will never die unless they are starved to death.

Pay for what you get, even if you get but little.

The man who prays at his pastor misses the smile of the Master.

Be often at God's mercy throne; you may soon be called to his judgment throne.

Where self-will is dominant some one is bound to suffer.

Every murmur is still
When we yield to God's will.

Those who enjoy the smile of Christ need not dread the frown of death.

A frank confession is better than a fine excuse.

He who thinks himself extra good may be really extra bad.

To be swayed by prejudice is to be lacking in justice.

Christ "went about doing good." Why should any of His followers go about "doing harm?"

The Christian who endeavors to depreciate a fellow-christian, does not show the spirit of a Christian.

Those who do nothing but find fault cannot be commended as being without fault.

Have you talked with God today?
Are you walking in His way?
Are your hopes of glory bright?
Death may chill your heart to night.

The Good Roads Problem.

(Maritime Merchant.)

The question of good roads must always remain a subject of immense importance not only to the inhabitants of every district, but in its direct bearing upon the general welfare both socially and commercially of all communities.

The province of New Brunswick has made a distinct step forward in this connection in passing a law which goes into effect next May, requiring all waggons intended to carry as much as one and a half tons, to be fitted with tires of not less than four inches in width. This is the most practical method of conserving the value as a haulage way of any road which has been properly built at the beginning. On such roads as do not fall under this heading, the new regulation will have the effect of at least not making them any worse than before, or even result in any improvement in their condition. In Nova Scotia such a law has been suggested years ago, but nothing so far as we are aware has been done in the way of enacting provincial laws to obtain a similar result. That there is a lot of room for a changed order of things in this respect, no person who has travelled over the highways of this province will dispute.

It was rumored some weeks ago that the provincial government had under consideration the borrowing of a sum of money, in the vicinity of $200,000, which was to be expended on the roads of Nova Scotia, but as the report was not based upon any substantial foundation we may dismiss it as a factor at least for the present in the improvement of our roads. As has been repeatedly pointed out, good roads mean a great deal to the trade of a community, and the town or village which provides easy access to its stores by means of passable roads will secure the business of its surrounding buyers, more especially if a competing town is less enterprising in the way of attending to its highways.

The narrow tire is responsible equally with the lack of method in construction in placing our chief roads in such poor condition, and the sooner this province prevents the first named and corrects its system of road building, the better for all concerned. The question is a very important one and should engage more attention than has been given it in the past.

A Prohibitionist's View.

Toronto, Oct. 25.—Speaking at Carlton street Methodist church last night, F. S. Spence, secretary of the Dominion Alliance, said that prohibition would come as surely as the sun would rise in the morning. The recent plebiscite demonstrated to the men in power that the people of this country are absolutely in favor of prohibition, and he thinks it's as complete as we can be asked to present to any government. There never was a political power in this country which carried more constituencies on voting day than we carried. There never was a moral reform, or a political party or a public policy endorsed by a more overwhelming majority than we have had in the English speaking parts of the Dominion of Canada, at any rate, and it is hardly fair to suggest that we should have to wait for the rest of the crowd to come along.

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Hood's Pills cure sick headache, nausea, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

Nova Scotia Copper Mine.

Robert Muir was in town last Friday and says that there is a vein of copper at Eureka a mile and a half wide, and one eighth of a mile wide all the way from Hopewell to Fish Pools. It is capable of turning out 300 tons a day. The assay went 13 per cent. of pure copper, which is very rich. It shows also traces of gold and nickel.—*New Glasgow Enterprise.*

Terrific storms have swept over Macedonia, doing an enormous amount of damage and causing considerable loss of life. A caravan consisting of forty-seven persons and a hundred horses was engulfed in the river Galico and all were drowned.

Mr. W. H. Davis, of Toronto, harvested a second crop of potatoes. The crop was planted the second week in July, and it was more successful than the first. He considers he has conclusively proven that double crops of potatoes can be raised in Ontario every summer.

The South African chief, Opefu, with 20,000 followers fully armed and four cannon supplied by white trader, has attacked Laager. The ultimatum of the commanding officer of the Transvaal troops, demanding unconditional surrender, has been ignored by the tribesmen.

The record of Ontario election protests is even now. Two Conservatives, Dr. Lackner and Mr. Calder, have been unseated, and two Liberals, Messrs. Aylesworth and Garrow, have resigned.. One Liberal, the Hon. Mr. Harty, and one Conservative, Mr. Fox, have held their seats against a protest.

Lord Herschell, the English member of the Canadian-American commission, says that the chances of reciprocity are very thin. New Brunswick people, he says, object to giving United States fishermen any concessions.

The directors of the Canadian Produce Supply Co., of London, Eng., are greatly disappointed over the failure of Canadians to subscribe for shares. Fifty thousand shares were called for, but so far only 5,000 have been subscribed for.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.