The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1904. NO. 42

Professional Cards

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

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

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
Barrister, &c.
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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

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

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

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

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT.
Present P. O. address—
AYLESFORD, N S
April 1st, 1903.—1y

PALFREY'S
CARRIAGE SHOP
—AND—
REPAIR ROOMS.
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.
Best of Stock used in all classes of work.
Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in first-class manner.
ARTHUR PALFREY.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

Capital Authorized, -	$3,600,000
Capital Subscribed, -	1,336,150
Capital Paid Up, -	1,336,150
Reserve Fund, -	931,405

DIRECTORS:
WM. ROBERTSON, President.
WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR. GEO. MITCHELL, M. P. P.
E. G. SMITH. A. E. JONES,
GEORGE STAIRS.

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N. S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr.
W. C. Harvey, - - Inspector.

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

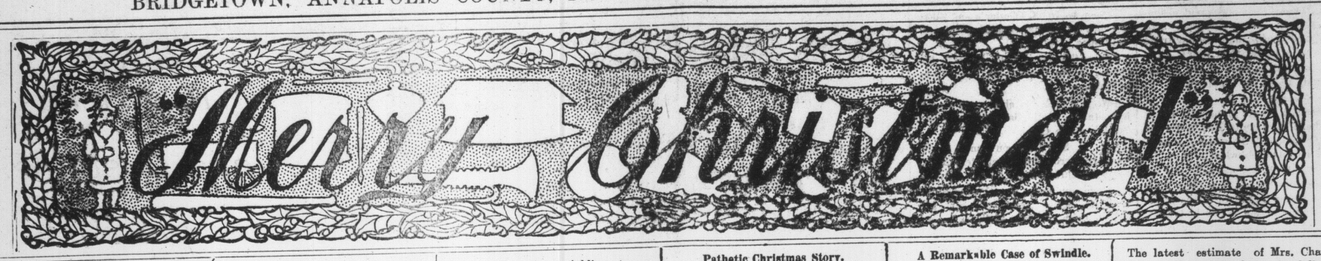
CORRESPONDENTS:
Bank of Toronto and Branches, Canada.
National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Merchants' National Bank, Boston.
London and Westminster Bank, London, England.

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

STATEMENT

	1887	1903	1904
Capital, -	$ 500,000	$1,205,900	$ 1,336,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	474,601	5,115,048	5,835,421
Circulation,	148,442	1,043,805	1,134,902
Loans, -	789,880	6,334,203	7,097,609
P. D. Bills -	56,139	16,754	1,345
Liabilities, -	804,426	7,137,176	8,115,850
Assets, -	1,368,269	9,170,245	10,373,550

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



Christmas Poetry.

A Prayer for the Poor.

Col' win' a-tryin'
Ter break down de do'—
Lawd sen' de Chris'mus
Of peace ter de po'!

Lean wolf a-howlin'
Out dar in de snow—
Lawd sen' de Chris'mus
Of peace ter de po'!

Sweet li'l chillun
Wid nowhar ter go—
Lawd sen' de Chris'mus
Of love ter de po'!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Little Fellow's Stocking.

(By Joe Lincoln.)

Oh, it's Christmas Eve, and moonlight,
and the Christmas air is chill,
And the frosty Christmas holly shines
and sparkles on the hill,
And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle,
and the Christmas laughter rings,
As the last stray shoppers hurry,
takin' home the Christmas things;
And up yonder in the attic there's a
little trundle bed
Where there's Christmas dreams a-
dancin' through a sleepy, curly
head,
And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary,
once agin fer me and you,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin'
up beside the flue.

'Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it
isn't much fer show,
And the darns are pretty plenty round
about the heel and toe,
And it's color's kinder faded, and it's
sorter worn and old,
But is reelly is surprisin' what a lot
of love 'twill hold;
And the little hand that hung it by
the chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that
is mighty firm and strong;
So old Santy don't forgit it, though
it isn't fine and new,
That plain little worsted stockin'
hangin' up beside the flue.

Christmas Story.

A Christmas Deal in Poetry.

(By Albert Bigelow Paine.)

Then, of course, there were three dolls of different sizes, besides three silver spoons, and three books—a fairy book, a jingle book, and a linen book with very bright pictures.

Tom Harris viewed the array with satisfaction.

"It's almost impossible to get just what you want," he declared. "I've never seen such a jam of Christmas shoppers since I was born. Why, I had to wait forever before I could get near the doll counter. A good thing you weren't along."

The little woman had been observing the numerous unwrappings with various expressions of approval. She put an arm around the tall man beside her and beamed upon the result of his hard day's Christmas shopping.

"You certainly did well, considering," she commented. "Baby will be delighted with a dolly of her own, and the spoons and books are beautiful. You must be worn out. I suppose next year we should begin earlier."

"Earlier! I should say so! I'd begin to-night if I could! Catch me waiting again until—"

A sudden clang from the hall below struck off the sentence.

Tom Harris' long legs carried him down the dim stairway three steps at a time. Then the little woman listening above heard the door jerked open and a low voice saying something outside. Tom's answer was more distinct.

"Books? Oh, no—no books. We're full of books. We've got books to burn. Some I wrote myself. Um—yes—good-night!"

A moment later the long legs were coming back, four steps at a leap this time.

"Well, now, what do you think of that?" he began, as soon as he could get his breath. "A book-peddler at this time of night, and on Christmas Eve! How's that for enterprise? It's cold, too. The wind's gone to the north and fairly cuts your heart out."

Little Mrs. Harris said nothing for a moment. Then:

"Oh, Tom, suppose—suppose—"

"Now, Bess, I know just what you're going to say. Suppose he's dead broke and has to hustle for to-morrow's dinner. Well, suppose he does? We all have to do that, and I'm just about dead broke myself. Now, tired and busted as I am, I see I've got to chase out in the bitter blast after a peddler to buy his stock in trade of 'A Hundred Household Receipts' and 'Every Man His Own Doctor.' Oh, I know, of course, I've got to do it, so—" The big fellow had grabbed up his overcoat again, and was working his arms into the sleeves, and he jammed his hat down close, to face the wind.

"Oh, Tom, you're not really going out after him?"

"Going? Course I am! I'd rather face a blizzard any time than a Christmas Eve of those cheerful suppositions of yours."

"Kiss me, Tom."

The big fellow lifted her on a level with his eyes and gave her a resounding salute.

"Tom! you'll wake the children!"

A whirl of icy air swept in at the open door and upset the even warmth of the upper hall.

Meantime Tom was beating up the wind, tacking and turning, to make headway. Presently he stopped. The sound of a door bell had been swirled by on the blast. A moment later a square of light cut through the darkness ahead. He made haste, half running, and was at the gate when the man came out. Tom Harris held out a very shaky hand.

"Say, mister," he shivered, "can you give a hungry man a dime?"

The man of books, a brown shadow in the night, leaned heavily on the gate.

"Why—why," he said, "I've only ten cents in the world, but I'll give you half of it."

Tom had meant to end his joke with a laugh, but the laugh did not come.

"Oh, that—that's all right," he said. "I don't need the dime—not that bad. Come down to the corner; I want to buy some books."

He took the man's free arm and steadied him toward the flickering lamp.

"What kind—books—you got?"

"Poetry. 'Fireside Treasury of Song!'"

"Anything else?"

"No. All the same. Fifty cents each. I spent all I had for six; thought people might like them for Christmas presents."

"Sold any?"

"Not yet. But I just started out a-while ago. I sawed wood all day."

"I see."

They were under the lamp now. Tom had set his back to the north and put the lean, shabby figure in the lea of his great bulk.

"Now for the books," he said.

The man had the books under his arm. He made an effort to hand out a copy, but his fingers were too numb. The volume would have fallen if Tom had not caught it. He held it to the light, recognizing its character at a glance. Gaudy, wretched binding, cheap thick paper, smudgy printing, a disordered gathering of mutilated songs.

"G—good f—for the price," shivered the man.

"A lot for the money," nodded Tom.

"Three co—olors. Red, blue and—g—green."

"Oh, bully! Give me one of each."

Tom fumbled for the money and brought out a two-dollar bill.

"Say, I'll take another green one. I forgot our girl. She'll like a green one. The others are for my little folks. They're pretty young for 'Treasuries,' so mebbe I'll keep 'em for another Christmas. I'll have things ahead next time. Good plan, don't you think so?"

The man of books nodded eagerly and tried to grin, at the risk of damage to his stiffened features.

"Much—much obliged," he said, "but you don't want 'em, I guess. You're just buyin' be—because—"

"No such thing! I'm buying because I want to. I'm great on poetry. I even write it sometimes. Everybody ought to have a 'Treasury of Song.' Shouldn't wonder if my little girls would be pleased to the ground with 'em."

The pinched face brightened.

"Th—at's s—so!" he chattered. He was trying numbly to stuff the bill into his worn vest. The warmth of excitement was dying and he was very cold. "I know m—my two li—ittle girls would like 'em. Only I got t—to sell 'em to get mo—oney to keep warm an' f—fed. Y—you see, I been s—sick an' couldn't work. The oldest one is twelve. She k—keeps house f—for me. My—her m—mother went away last year. Sh—she left us. Sh—she—"

"See here," interrupted Tom, "I've got to be getting back, and you'll freeze to death standing still. I'll just take those other two books for your little girls. 'Tisn't often I get a chance to make a Christmas present to two little girls like that. Let them come up to-morrow and get the books off of our tree. Let them bring a basket, too."

He poked another dollar into the shivering hands.

"And look here," he went on, "I've got a pile of wood in my cellar I want sawed. I've been sawing it myself for exercise. I've got enough exercise now to last all winter. You come to-morrow, too, and look at it."

"Tom," said the little woman, when the shadows of Christmas afternoon were closing in, and long fingers of firelight reached back through the dusk to seek out twinkling toy or trinket in a distant corner, "never in my life, Tom, have I seen any one so happy as those two little girls who were here to-day. Do you know, I'm going to look after those children a little. They're so bright and pretty. Almost as bright as—as ours, Tom."

"That's right! And say, their father tells me he is a carpenter by trade. I'm going to let him build the new fence and our storage bin for us. But those books, Bess. Those awful books. And those children of his really seemed to like them."

"Why, yes, they did like them, and Mary liked hers. But those other copies, the three you bought for us, you know—did you mind if they weren't saved for next Christmas, or any special time?"

"Heavens, no! Don't save them at all! Why?"

"Because, Tom, when I went into the playroom just now I was waited on by a committee of three—our three—and they demanded books—real, lovely books, like the other little girls had. So I produced them on the spot, and do you know that those benighted children of ours have dropped every other present they received, books, dolls and all, and are perfectly entranced with your 'Fireside Treasuries of Song.'"

A New Story of Eben Holden.

"Wal," said Uncle Eb thoughtfully, "I 'member one year, the day before Chris'mus, my father gin me two shillin'. I walked all the way t' Salem with it. I went in a big store when I come t' the city. See s' many things couldn't make up my mind t' buy nuthin'. I stud there feelin' uv a pair o' skates. They wuz grand—all shiny with new straps an' buckles—I did want 'em awful—but I didn't hev enough money. Purty soon I see a lettle bit uv a girl in a red jacket lookin' at a lot o' dolls. She was ragged an' there were holes in her shoes an' she did look awful poor an' sickly. She'd go up an' put her hand on one o' them dolls' dresses and whisper:—

"'Same day,' she'll say; 'some day.'

"Then she's go to another an' fuss a minnit with its clothes an' whisper 'some day.' Purty soon she as't if they had any doll with a blue dress on fer three pennies.

"'No,' says a woman, says she, 'the lowest price fer a doll with a dress on is one shillin'.'

"The little gal she jes' looked es if she wus goin' t' cry. Her lips trembled.

"'Some day I'm goin' t' hev one,' said she.

"I couldn't stan' it, an' so I slipped up an' bought one an' put it in her arms. I never'll fergit the look that came into her face then. Wal, she went away an' set down all by herself, an' it come cold an' that night they found her asleep in a dark alley. She was holdin' the little doll with a blue dress on. The girl was half dead with the cold an' there was one thing about it all that made her famous. She had took off her red jacket an' wrapped it 'round the little doll."

"It's one of those good old stories," said I. "Of course she died and went to Heaven."

"No," said he quickly, "she lived an' went there. Ye don't hev t' die t' go to Heaven. Ye've crossed the boundary when ye begin t' love somebody more 'n ye do yerself, if it ain't nobody better 'n a rag doll."—Irving Bacheller, in Leslie's Monthly.

How Christmas Began.

The beginning of Christmas day is away back in the fourth century. It was Pope Julius who first thought of having a holiday on Christ's birthday. He asked St. Cyril to find out the real date of Christ's birth, and the result was that December 25th was fixed upon.

The season which we now celebrate was in the early time a heathen festival. It was many long years before it became a Christian holiday. It was Pope Gregory the Great who said: "The heathen festivals must gradually be changed into Christmas ones, and the Christian festivals must imitate those of the time before Christ."

And this is just what has taken place. In Italy the old Saturnalia and Crumalia of the Romans have been turned into a celebration of Christ's birth. And in Germany the old "Jul" (Yule) festival was the beginning of our Christmas.

The word Christmas means "Christ's mass," which was the way in which the holiday was first celebrated. The Greeks call Christmas "Feast of Lights," and the German word Weihnacht means Feast of Dedication.

With Crick in the Back.

You are up against a whole lot of trouble unless you have a strong remedy like Nerviline to settle pain and dislodge stiffness from the muscles and joints. Just rub Nerviline on the painful spot—not much rubbing, because Nerviline has more power than ordinary remedies. You won't suffer long after Nerviline is applied, for it relieves almost instantly. Mr. Phillip Adams, of Oakland says: "If I hadn't used Nerviline, I guess my back would be stiff yet. A few applications of Nerviline took out all the soreness and stiffness. I can recommend Nerviline for any kind of muscular pain, also for rheumatism. Price 25c.

Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could possibly be better."
JACOB SHULL, Saratoga, Ind.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Throat, Lungs**

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

Pathetic Christmas Story.

A peculiarly pathetic Christmas story comes from St. John, N. B. A bright five-year-old little girl, named Ada Coleman, had been for some days writing letters to father Santa Claus and posting them in the kitchen range. She would correspond daily, sometimes hourly, for Christmas was approaching and there were urgent matters to impress on the good man's mind. She would write with great earnestness, then fold up the missive and address it, next lift the cover from the stove and drop in her letter. She was particularly engrossed about 8.30 o'clock last Thursday morning. There were several pressing affairs vitally important for Santa Claus to be familiar with. She prepared a communication, lifted the stove cover, but as she cast into the fire what was destined to be her last letter, her dress became ignited and in a few seconds she was in agony. Attracted by the child's screams, the mother hurried to the kitchen, and with a heavy rug extinguished the flames, but not before part of the child's clothing was hanging in crisp shreds and the lower portion of her body cruelly burnt. There was hope that the child would recover, for she was a very brave and cheerful patient, although her suffering was intense. She was conscious throughout the morning and afternoon, but about 6.30 o'clock passed away.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather, both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of la grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says J. S. Egleston, of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." These tablets promote a healthy action of the bowels, liver and kidneys, which is always beneficial when the system is congested by a cold or attack of the grip. For sale by S. N. Weare.

—Has the approach of Christmas but an indifferent charm in this grown-up work-a-day world of ours! If so, let us strive and pray for those delicate sensibilities of childhood that caught and join in the fragrant atmosphere of the day; that could hear, knowing naught beyond the bliss it brought, the voice of the founder of Christmas blessing little children, as is blessed them in distant Palestine eighteen centuries ago. Let us forgive our debtors at this time as we would be forgiven; let no child's cry fall unheeded on our ears; let our hearts be open to the tenderest, purest, most sacred thoughts and to every ennobling influence let us be alert and watchful, at this bright season; let the sun shine into and through us, shedding its warmth and brightness upon all about us; let us be once more as little children, and put out our hands trustingly, to be led.

Blinded With Headache.

People often get blinding headaches that suffer from constipation. Simplest remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. They are mild, certain and safe. For headache and billiousness, use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 5c.

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.

Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
Toronto, Ont.

50c. and $1. All Druggists

A Remarkable Case of Swindle.

Mrs. Chadwick, of Canadian Birth, Arraigned in Court in New York—Fraudulent Debtor to the Extent of Over $1,000,000.

Out of the suit of Herbert N. Newton, of Brookline, Mass., to recover $190,000 from Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, one of Cleveland's most prominent social leaders, has developed one of the most remarkable stories of modern times, one which in a sense of vividly recalls the Humbert affair of Paris.

Against Mrs. Chadwick, now the wife of one of the greatest physicians of the country and the best known man in his profession in Cleveland, Ohio, is made the charge that she secured this enormous loan of $190,000 without other security than an alleged batch of securities temporarily tied up in litigation.

From the publicity attached to the filing of the suit, however, has developed the life story of the woman in the case, who is represented by the Cleveland Press as having been arrested for forgery when but 21 years of age, and as having been acquitted on the ground of insanity, and again charged with forgery and sent to the penitentiary at Toledo for a term of nine years.

It is alleged by the Cleveland newspaper that she served but a small part of this term, being released in 1903, and that she met and married Dr. Leroy Chadwick seven years ago, and since that time has been distinguished as a social leader, not only in Cleveland, but throughout the middle west.

Her home in Cleveland was one of the most magnificent in the town of millionaires, and was filled with art treasures collected from every section of the globe. Her expenses were enormous, and she lived as one having an income of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

According to the Cleveland Press, whose reports have been delving into the story of her life, Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick is "Elizabeth Bigley," arrested for forgery in Woodstock, Canada, in March in 1879, when she was 21 years old, and known as "Madame Devere," alias "Lydia D. Scott," alias "Mme. Clingao," alias "Mrs. Bagley," alias "Mrs. Dr. Hoover," tried for forgery in Toledo in 1882 and sent to the penitentiary for nine and a half years, and released in 1892.

THE ADVENTURESS IN THE TOMBS.

After a fruitless search for bail, her attorneys gave up the fight, and Philip Carpenter, her chief counsel, after a final effort to secure the $15,000 necessary for her release, stood in the corridor of the Federal Building when United States Marshal Henkel threw open the double doors of his office and led the woman out on her way to prison. Warden Flinn met the party at the Tombs, and after the usual preliminaries had been attended to the woman asked to have her nurse remain with her. This was denied, the Warden saying that she should not have privileges not allowed other prisoners. Marshal Henkel formally turned his prisoner over to the Warden, and she was taken to the matron's room. She was asked to say "good night" to her son, and the lad eagerly rushed to his mother and embraced her. Then she was led away to the inner office, where her pedigree was taken and she was assigned to a cell. The son and nurse entered a carriage and were driven to a hotel.

With her arraignment before an United States commissioner on a technical charge of aiding and abetting a bank official in misapplying the funds of a National band, the second stage in this remarkable case was begun. Practically all interest in the case is centered in the conjecture as to what the future will reveal. Men who profess to have an intimate knowledge of the affairs of the woman have hinted that only a suggestion of the real case has yet become public.

One man is credited with the statement that time will show this to be the most stupendous and far-reaching case of its kind in many years. Already the country has been startled by the disclosures which have followed one after another in quick succession since Mrs. Chadwick's affairs were brought before the public view, less than two months ago. Since that time Mrs. Chadwick's known indebtednest has grown from less than $200,000 to more than a million, and her counsel has said that claims against her may amount to twenty millions, for all he knows. The validity of some of the claims, however, said the attorney, was another matter. In the same period, at least two banks have taken it upon themselves to investigate the validity of notes aggregating more than a million dollars, which bear the name of Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie has stated that he never signed any notes, that he never has had any dealings with Mrs. Chadwick, to whom the notes in question were made payable, and he was perfectly willing to communicate the same information to any official of the proper authorities who cares to call upon him. The strangest feature of the mystery has been the use of the name of Mr. Carnegie. What reason was offered to explain why Mr. Carnegie, who has an income of more than $10,000,000 a year from his steel bonds alone, should be giving notes has not been brought out.

The latest estimate of Mrs. Chadwick's estate is 1½ mills on the dollar. She has debts of over $1,000,000. The extent of her operations is now believed to be approximately as follows: Secured from Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio, and various sources in and about Loraine county, Ohio, $500,000; borrowed from Herbert D. Newton, $190,000; borrowed from business men in Pittsburg, $500,000. Total $1,190,000. Against this stands securities of known value on one note amounting to $1,800, which is held by Iri Reynolds.

Japan and Peace Conference.

Tokio, Dec. 10.—The foreign office has issued the following statement on the position which the Japanese government has taken in regard to the proposed International peace conference.

"An invitation from the president of the United States of America having been received by the Japanese government at Tokio, Dec. 1, to take part in the proposed second international peace conference, the government at once replied to the effect that, being fully alive to the urgent necessity for more exact definitions and uniform practices than now exist in respect to some of the questions about to be submitted to the proposed conference, and finding that the fact that the nation is now engaged in war is no sufficient reason why it should not take part in the work of the conference, it has been decided upon the part of the Japanese government to accept the invitation.

"This action is taken, however, with the distinct reservation that the proposed conference shall not assume to adopt any measures which will in any way affect the present conflict.

Well Done, Truro!

"No person shall spit tobacco juice or otherwise expectorate upon any of the sidewalks of the Town of Truro, in or upon the floors of any public building, or places of public assemblage within the Town, or in any carriage, cab or other public conveyance within the Town, nor upon any platform fronting on any street within the Town."

Approved by His Honor, the Lieut. Governor in Council, the 2nd of January, 1902.

Truro, N. S., Nov. 12th, 1904.

By order of the Truro Town Council, the foregoing bye-law has been printed and posted up in all public places, and the police notified to prosecute any person found violating it.

The action of the Truro Board is worthy of commendation, and will, we trust, be generally followed throughout the province. Apart from the danger to public health, the habit of expectoration, especially from tobacco chewing, is a most filthy one, and should be discontenanced upon all and every occasion, especially in those places where the public are wont to congregate.

Rheumatism Cured

Jas. McKee, Linnwood, Ont.
Lachlin McNiel, Mabou, C. B.
John A. McDonald, Arnprior, Ont.
C. B. Billing, Markham, Ont.
John Mader, Mahone Bay, N. S.
Lewis C. Butler, Burin, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assert that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Another Transcontinental.

Winnipeg, Dec. 12.—Pres. W. MacKenzie, of the Canadian Northern Railway, who left yesterday for Toronto, before his departure, confirmed the published report that all the MacKenzie-Mann lines in the east and west are to be consolidated under the one name and charter. The object of this company is to have a trans-continental line from the east to west and to James and Hudson's Bays. The Hudson's Bay project probably will be gone on with as soon as the Edmonton and Prince Albert lines have been completed.

Is Your Breath Bad?

Bad breath is one of the early symptoms of catarrh, which should be checked at once and not allowed to run into consumption. The surest cure is fragrant healing Catarrhozone, which cures catarrh by removing its cause. No case is too chronic—even the most stubborn yield in a short time to the balsamic vapor of Catarrhozone. It makes cures that last, for once cured by Catarrhozone you stay cured. Catarrhozone is pleasant, convenient and safe to use, relieves almost instantly and is guaranteed to cure every type of catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Use only Catarrhozone; complete outfit $1.00; sample size 25c.

—Christmas trees are cut in the woods of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and shipped to Boston, New York, and Philadelphia by the carload. The farmers get about $1 a "load," the load being about two hundred trees. As it takes about ten "loads" to a car, and the carload sells to the dealers for about four cents per tree for the smaller sizes to twenty cents a tree for the larger, and the trees then retail for from twenty-five cents to $5 apiece, it looks as though the farmer is getting, as usual, decidedly the small end of the bargain.

—When you want a pleasant laxative take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Merry Christmas!

But the addition to the good man's gifts, if a

WATERMAN'S IDEAL
FOUNTAIN PEN
would make it even merrier.

Our choice PERFUMES are going rapidly, but we still have your favorite odor
Lots of GOOD gifts in Toilet and Fancy lines.

Royal Pharmacy

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

WORLD'S NEWS.

The inhabitants of two villages in the Gishilinsk district, Siberia, have died of starvation. Famine prevails throughout the district owing to the scarcity of fish. Two steamers loaded with provisions have arrived, but too late to save great numbers of people.

The worst gale in 15 years swept the coast of Newfoundland on the 12th inst. The barque Fanny and the schooners Hibernia, Tidal Wave and Harold Parks, were driven ashore and totally destroyed. Many other vessels were damaged. A number of ships, including the steamers Sicily, Neptune, Algerine and Damara, and several sailing crafts, have been delayed by the storm.

The reduced postal rates between Mexico and Canada, agreed upon by both governments, will go into effect soon. The rate from Canada will be 2 cents gold, and from Mexico five cents silver, as is now the rate to the United States. The amount of correspondence between Mexico and Canada is steadily growing. Sir William Mulock, Postmaster General of Canada, is working energetically to promote direct trade between the two countries.

WAR NOTES.

Tokio, Dec. 12.—The commander of the Japanese naval land battery reporting to-day says: Four Russian battleships, two cruisers, one gunboat and one torpedo store ship lying in Port Arthur harbor are completely disabled. There is no further necessity for bombarding the Russian naval force.

"We are now engaged in shelling the town of Port Arthur, which is being heavily damaged."

JAPS REPULSED.

Mukden, Dec. 12.—On Friday night the Japanese several times attacked the trenches of the Russian right, but in each case they were repulsed.

COLD WEATHER AT MUKDEN.

General Kuroki's headquarters in the Field, Dec. 11, via Furan, Dec. 12.—The army had its first taste of the real quality of a Manchurian winter the past week. Last week the thermometer fell six degrees below zero. The days are cold also, but sunshiny, and the absence of severe winds make life tolerable. The hills are covered with snow, which on the plain is an inch in depth. All the streams are thickly frozen.

The Late Captain Stanwood.

The Boston Advertiser says that Purser Smith, of the steamer Boston, told the following:

On one trip from Yarmouth to Boston, in the teeth of a driving snow storm, Captain Stanwood awakened suddenly at 2 p.m. He rushed up to the pilot house and cried, "Put her out to sea." The quarter-master replied that she was directly on her course. Captain Stanwood looked at the binnacle and found this to be true, but nevertheless insisted that the Boston be headed out to sea. He said he knew the ship was off her course. When port was reached the compass was found to be two points out of the way, and had not Captain Stanwood waked with the feeling that something was wrong, the Boston would in half an hour have been a wreck on Cape Ann, for at 2 a.m. she was headed for Halibut Point. Whether the different motion of the sea nearer shore warned Captain Stanwood, or what it was, he never could explain, but the story shows vividly the man's wonderful instinct.

An Emergency Medicine

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing so good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound, and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third of the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by S. N. Weare.

A Friendship Calendar.

A friendship calendar as a Christmas gift was a source of much pleasure to an elderly lady living alone, says Good Housekeeping. At her request each one of fifty-two of her friends, representing the fifty-two weeks of the year, furnished material for every day of the seven in his week. Each one followed out his own idea for the week's calendar, contributing favorite quotations, short poems, anecdotes and reminiscences, some even adding cherished recipes. In many instances the contributions were original. Others were illustrated with small pictures cut from current magazines. The result was a perpetual calendar, each day representing the loving thought of a friend.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.