Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 25. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1897. NO. 22.

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A trip to the Sea Shore, a visit to Canada's Winter Port, and a stay in the cleanest and healthiest city in Canada, can be combined with a visit to the International Exhibition, at the very Low Rates to be later advertised.

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EXECUTORS' NOTICE!
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of CHARLES A. CHUTE, late of Granville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
FRED B. STONE, HARRY RUGGLES, } *Executors.*
Dated Bridgetown, May 26th, 1897. 3m

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Extremely Low Prices.
WE HAVE JUST OPENED
An endless variety of Spring Cloths
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No long waiting for replacements. All parts carried in stock and prompt attention paid to purchasers.
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Poetry.

Grampa's Farm.

Oh, you don't know the fun on grandpa's farm,
For grampa says, "Let 'em; it ain't no harm,"
An' Cousin Bob starts us an' cries, "Here goes!"
An' mamma, she only just says, "Such clothes!"

We've a Crusoe's island an' robber's cave,
An' Tower of London, an'—don't you know,
When one of us wants to let on he's brave
He crawls under the sawmill, scared an' slow.

Oh, you don't know half the fun out there,
For grampa he never tells us "Take care!"
An' Cousin Bob laughs and says to "Carouse!"
An' mamma, you see, is off in the house.

We fish in the brooks an' play in the sands,
An' try to catch tadpoles out of the springs;
We hide in the bushes like Ingun bands
An' fight with the hornets, and get their stings.

Oh, there's no end of fun on grampa's place,
For grampa he says, "Now scoot on a race!"
An' Cousin Bob grins an' says, "There she blows!"
An' mamma, she only just says, "Such clothes!"

—*American Agriculturist*

Mrs. Lofty.

Mrs. Lofty keeps her carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I.
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I
With my blue eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by.
I hid his face lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot.
Hers comes home beneath the starlight—
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes home in the purple twilight—
Kisses me;
And prays that he who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved one in his hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears hers upon her bosom—
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal,
By and by;
I shall bear my treasures with me
When I die.
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those that love her—station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me.
Glad am I.
God will weigh it in his balance,
By and by;
And the difference define,
Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

Select Literature.

Swapping Feet and Eyes.

"But, mother, I can't bear it—I tell you I can't!" and a little lad of twelve pulled the bed-clothes over his head and cried harder than he had ever cried before in all the six hundred and twenty four weeks of his life.

Mother did not try to comfort him; she just lay down by him, put her face close to his, and cried too. Her little lad's arms stole around her neck and the tears flowed silently together. But at last she spoke:—

"Gordon, mother knows; not all of it, because she has not had her feet cut off. But mothers have a way of feeling and knowing what hurts their darling ones. Look into my eyes, little man—oh, what red, tired eyes!" kissing them tenderly. "Mother would rather lose her own feet than have her boy suffer—do you believe her?"

Gordon nodded. His tears were dried now, but he could not answer her.

"But my boy's feet are gone, and even mother cannot put them back. What are we going to do about it, darling?"

She was meeting this terrible trouble as she had met all his troubles hitherto, frankly and quietly, ready to "do" if there was any doing that would help. But this awful thing that had come to her boy could not be measured by any former experience of loss or pain.

Gordon found his voice.

"We can't do a thing about it, Mum—they're gone!"

"Yes, darling, they are gone, and we—are here. I have my boy, and"

"I've got you, mum, but, oh!"—

The hot shower fell again, and the long, strong arms tightened about her neck.

"Now listen, my boy, my little man. We will try, every time we think about the dear feet, to think quickly about something else that is not 'gone.' Shall we drive away the tears with sunshine?"

"Show me some sunshine, Mum. I don't believe there is any, any more!"

"Lie still a minute and I will.'

She kissed him and left him, returning in a few minutes with his own pretty hand-mirror, which she held before him.

"What's that for, Mum?"

"I want you to see my sunshine."

"Me?"

She nodded, smiling at him as if there were not a pain in the world, though it seemed as if two precious feet were pressing like heaviest ice upon her heart.

"Yes, darling, just yourself—mother's sunbeam."

"Sunbeams aren't beams if they don't—beam," he whispered, huskily.

"No, my boy."

"I'll—beam, Mumsie—when—I can."

"My brave boy—my little man! Now you must rest. The sun doesn't have to shine for us at night, so just snuggle down and forget all about it—go down behind the hill, you know, till morning. There! Good night, and God bless my little man!"

Six years before this Gordon's father had died, and mother and son were left alone to fight the battle which is so hard when money is very scarce. But the mother was strong and brave and cherry. By her sharp, quick needle she kept that dreadful animal called "the wolf" away from their home, and put a few, a very few, dollars in the bank "for a rainy day."

The rainy day came when Gordon was run over by a street car, and both feet taken off. Doctor's bills ran away with the carefully-saved dollars, and before the boy could try his new crutches that were to be to him instead of feet, "the wolf" was howling very near their door. But mothers are so wonderful, so wise and tender, that Gordon never heard the ugly sound until he was able to use his new feet without much pain. Then his mother told him something about it, for was he not her "little man," the one who was to fill father's place when the "little" should be changed to "big?"

"Never mind, Mum; I guess we'll manage. I'm not good for much now, but—O mother, God will help me, won't he? Don't I need help to help you more—more than any one ever needed anything?"

"He will help you, my son. No one ever needed Him yet, in vain."

Thus they cheered each other, and "the wolf's" growls always grew fainter when their hearts were full of sunshine.

"Mother," said Gordon one day, coming in from a chat with some of his old classmates—for he had not been strong enough to go to school since the accident—"what do you think? Old Gregory has been blown up."

"Why, what do you mean, dear?"

"He set fire to his kerosene can some way, and it exploded, and now he's blind."

"Poor, poor old man! I don't believe he has any one in the world to care for him. I have not seen him since you were hurt. I'll go right around now."

"Isn't it worse to lose your eyes, Mum?"

"Ah, my sunshine boy, God will show you many things harder to bear than your own burden."

After Gordon's mother returned from her visit to their old neighbor and had told the boy about the sore affliction, he sat still a long while.

"What are you thinking about so hard, Gordon?"

"Swapping," he said with a smile.

"Swapping?"

"Yes. You see, it's this way. He—old Gregory—hasn't any eyes, and I haven't any feet. Couldn't I go over there some and be his eyes, so his feet'll know where to go?"

The mother smiled, and gave her boy a hug before she said: "And what will you get for the loan of your eyes, little man? Swapping means exchange, doesn't it?"

"Yes'm. Why, I'll see and he'll walk—isn't that an exchange?"

"Yes, my darling, just such an exchange as your father often made. You may 'swap' just as soon as you like."

Just a block away was the cottage where "old man Gregory" lived with only his hens for company. There were very few who remembered the time, long ago, when the little home had been full to overflowing with a rosy-cheeked family of children. One by one they slipped away to the Better Country, and the old man lived on alone, providing for his simple needs by selling eggs. He had a fine lot of hens and plenty of regular customers. Gordon and the old man had been friends ever since the nimble-footed boy had helped to catch a silly hen that had tried to run away from her good home.

Very slowly and painfully—for he had not yet become entirely used to his new feet"—the boy made his way to the cottage, and his crutches tapped up the narrow walk.

"Mr. Gregory!" he called. "Oh Mr. Gregory! It's me,—Gordon."

His heart swelled with pity as he heard his friend stumble over a chair and then feel for the door handle.

"Come in, lad, come in! Poor child, you can't run up the way you used to."

"I'm afraid I can't manage those steps yet, Mr. Gregory. Can you come down here? I want to talk awhile."

They sat down on a bench side by side, in the sunshine—the boy who used to win all the foot-races at school and the old man whose once keen eyes used to light up with enjoyment over his young friends boyish pranks.

"How are the hens, Mr. Gregory?"

"Eh! Eh! they're having a sorry time of it. I can't find the eggs, and at night I can never be sure that they're all in. Old Impudence has stolen her nest, and yesterday one of the youngest chickens got into trouble. I could hear it cry, and the mother fretted all day; but though I felt all around, I couldn't find the little thing. Guess it is dead now. I'll have to give up I guess. It's pretty hard to live to be seventy and then"—

The old man's voice choked.

"I know, sir," answered Gordon in a low tone. "That is, I don't know. But if crutches are hard to bear, your fix must be just awful. But, see here, sir. Why can't we swap?"—eyes and feet, you know. I can see and you can walk. Why can't we go into partnership?"

"I don't understand you, my lad."

Old Gregory's voice trembled and he felt around for his companion's hand which met his in a hearty squeeze.

"I'll look after the hens, and where I can't go I can tell you where to go—see?"

"Yes—yes, I see, my lad; I see the first bit of sunshine since I hurt myself. Gordon, you and your mother are the first ones who have really helped me. Folks said they were sorry, and one or two offered to take care of me for pay. I don't mind the pay, but how can I trust people who think of pay before they think of being kind to an old man? Your mother got me a good supper, straigtened up the rooms, and hunted for some eggs the hens had hidden away. You are just like her, lad."

"Me? Like mother? Why, mother's an angel, sir! You don't know what you're talking about. . . . . Well, I'll be over tomorrow, sir. It'll be lots of fun!"

Every morning after that Gordon visited the cottage, and the "swapping" was a grand success. What a time the two did have, and how the sun of unselfish cheer shone in the little yard where a boy who could not walk did his manly best to help an old man who could not see.

Many funny mishaps there were. One day Impudence got into the house and laid an egg in a hat that lay on the kitchen table, and then in her eagerness to defend her treasure, plumped herself into a tub of soapy water near by, while Gordon, endeavoring to catch her, well-nigh took a bath himself. But a merry laugh was the best result of these mishaps, and the boy, forgetting himself in his desire to help his friend, forced himself to try many feats on his crutches he would never otherwise have attempted, thus becoming quite an expert on his "four legs." He borrowed books on "hen ology," studied the properties of various foods, pounded his fingers and caused great commotion in the feathered family in his attempts to build an improved coop, growing stronger and more resigned to his trouble all the time. The old man generously divided the eggs with his young partner, and the neighbors, catching the lad's spirit of unselfish helpfulness, soon made the demand for fresh eggs greater than the supply.

"Gordon," said Mr. Gregory one day, "who is your best friend?"

"My mother, sir!"

"Right you are. If you wanted to help her very much, what would you do?"

"Oh—lots! But a boy without f——"

"Never mind the feet, now. Just suppose you had feet and money. How could you help her most?"

"I'd build her a big house so she wouldn't have to pay any more rent."

"Ah—um! Would a little house do?"

"Yes, but nothing's too good for my mother!"

"Does she have a very hard time to get along?"

"She never says she has. Mother's clear grit—a brick, you know! But it takes just so many dollars to go around, and when there aren't enough it's—bad. But some day, perhaps, I can start a hennery, like you did, and that will help her."

"How will you take care of your hens and mine, too?"

"Never thought of that," answered Gordon, seriously, but quickly breaking into a laugh. "But my hennery isn't very big yet—see there!" pointing to two invalid chickens staggering across the floor of the kitchen—his own 'raisin' and a gift from his friend. "I'll not leave you for a long while yet. You'll get somebody better to help you some day—some one with two real feet."

"Now, lad, listen to me! I've watched you grow up from the cradle. You're a good son and a good friend. I'm going to be a fairy godfather to you—you shall have a house and a hennery. Mr. Ritemwel, my old friend, the lawyer, is coming over tonight to make out a paper, giving you the house, and—during my life-time—half the proceeds of the hennery. In return for this you and your mother will come here and live and make a home for the old man for the few years that are left to him. Will you do it?"

Poor Gordon! He forgot he had "four legs" instead of two feet, and he sprang from his chair, tumbling in an ignominous heap on the floor.

"Oh, sir!" he said, pulling himself up by his friend's side. "I don't deserve it—I don't. But mother does. Oh, let me run home and tell her."

He hadn't said "thank you," but his friend understood.

"Mother! O mother?—Mum—what do you think?"

The words fell over each other, and between laughter and tears it was hard to get the story straight. But she understood at last.

"Darling," she said, "if you had given up that night—that dreadful night we shall both remember forever—this joy would not have been ours."

"No, and if mother hadn't shined, I never could have. Say, Mum! Isn't swapping just doing what the Golden Rule says—'As you would?' One day you said you'd be feet for me as long as we both lived. That was what made me think of being eyes for Mr. Gregory. Just think, Mum! I swapped my eyes and God has sent us—a house!"—*Zion's Herald.*

Consumption—Is It Contagious and Is It Curable.

Much needless alarm has been caused by the appearance of extreme statements on this subject in the public prints. According to some deliverances the consumptive must be as carefully quarantined as if suffering from scarlet fever or diphtheria. If this were true of a disease which causes one-seventh of all deaths, it would add hugely to the sum total of human misery. Fortunately for all concerned, the facts, according to the best authorities, are not so black as they are sometimes painted. There is, however, a remnant of truth, after careful sifting, which is worth knowing, not only for itself, but because of the very important practical conclusions based upon it.

Consumption, as the majority of non-medical educated people already know, is caused by one of a large variety of disease germs. Disease germs are living organisms, microscopic in size and belonging to the lower orders of the vegetable kingdom. Each variety has a mode of growth and a tenacity of life peculiar to itself. Each requires certain conditions for its development and increase, varying as much as on a higher scale do the hothouse plant and the Russian thistle. For example, the germ of consumption (the bacillus tuberculosis) can be dried and yet retain its vitality for an extended period of time. On the other hand, the germ of cholera (the comma bacillus) perishes in a few hours if its moisture is driven off.

Disease germs exist because the tissues of the human body and of some of the lower animals offer a favorable soil for their growth and multiplication. Another curious and interesting fact is that certain germs flourish either by preference or by mode of entry in special tissues or organs of the body. The cholera and typhoid fever germs enter usually by food or drinking water, and inhabit the intestines. The germs of consumption enter usually as a constituent of inhaled dust, and therefore in the majority of cases are found in the lungs, but will also grow in the brain, skin, bones and other organs. The term 'consumption' is universally applied to the disease resulting from their entrance, lodgment and growth in the lungs.

Putting it baldly, one may say, 'No tubercle germs, no consumption.' That is fact number one. Fact number two is that the tissues of the human body vary in their susceptibility to the advances of disease germs. This variability exists not only in different individuals, but in the same individual at different times. The existence of this difference between individuals is attested by our knowledge that tubercle germs form a part of the floating dust in many buildings and places of public assembly. The majority of those who enter these places inhale the germs, but only a small minority develop the disease. This most certainly indicates a difference in susceptibility.

The cases of recovery from this disease constitute a proof of variable susceptibility in the individual, for if the disease has existed there must have been a condition of of the tissues favorable to the growth of the germ. If recovery occurs, the condition of the tissues must have so changed that they no longer furnish a suitable soil for the germ.

Reasoning from these facts it may be considered as demonstrated, that two things are requisite for the development of consumption, or tubercular disease in general.

First—The entrance of tubercle germs into the body.

Second—A condition of the tissues of the body which offers a favorable soil for the growth and increase of the germs.

As has been stated, the most frequent mode of entry of the tubercle germs into the lungs is by inhalation of dust containing them. The source of the germs is the expectoration or sputum of consumptives, which abounds with them. This is cast upon the ground, upon carpets, floor, handkerchiefs and clothing. It dries, and by mechanical agencies, walking, sweeping, handling, is broken into small particles which join the dust already present. The germs, not having been killed by drying, are ready, when inhaled by a predisposed individual, to begin a more or less rapid growth.

The object of all the sanitary rules in reference to this subject, is to secure the destruction of the germs contained in the sputum, before they can be dried and diffused as dangerous dust, thereby lessening the chances of infection for the vulnerable individual.

It is therefore urged that cheap paper receptacles and cheap substitutes for handkerchiefs be used, in order that they may be burned with sufficient frequency to prevent drying and dispersion of the sputum. If such precautions are used, consumption cannot be regarded as a contagious disease in the sense in which the term is commonly used. It is the sputum, and not the consumptive, which constitutes a source of possible infection. There are other precautions in regard to the disinfection of clothing, bedding and rooms which will doubtless be employed in the future by health officials and physicians, but there is no need for the curtailment of ordinary social intercourse with consumptive friend or relative.

A cognate point of extreme interest relates to the curability of consumption. This disease varies greatly in the intensity and rapidity of its course. In a very large proportion of cases its onset is insidious, and its course chronic, *i. e.*, slow. It is the general impression that as soon as any one shows the least evidence of the disease, all hope must be abandoned. This is a mistake which many times is fraught with sad consequences. With modern ideas and methods (some of them not so modern as we would like to think), recoveries occur with increasing frequency. There are, however, certain conditions which are requisite. The very acute (rapid) cases are incurable. If the insidious, chronic cases are neglected until the disease has progressed to a certain point, recovery becomes difficult or impossible. If appropriate treatment is undertaken at the very beginning, when the earliest signs of impaired health are manifested, recovery may be confidently expected.

In the treatment of incipient or apprehended consumption, no drug or medicine has been found which acts as a specific. The leading object of treatment is to increase the strength and vitality of the tissues of the body, so that they will constitute an unfavorable soil for the growth of the tubercle germ. The entire manner of life of the patient must be gone over, and readjusted to the needs of the individual case. Simply, by way of illustration, the following points are mentioned, one or all of which may require attention. Rest, exercise, out-door life, personal hygiene, clothing, sleep, change of climate, massage, electricity, and, of prime importance, diet and digestion. Medicinal and other treatment may be employed as indicated.

It will be observed that all of these agencies in the final analysis are adapted to increase the general strength and vitality of the body. Any deviation from health in persons from fifteen to forty years of age, if attended with progressive loss of weight and strength, plus the slightest cough, should be regarded with grave suspicion. Suspicion is strengthened if there is an hereditary predisposition to chronic disease of the lungs. If circumstances and means permit the prompt institution of proper treatment, arrest of the disease generally results.

The financial question is an important one, for obvious reasons. It has been put rather bitterly, but with truth, by one writer who says: "Consumption is a rich man's disease."

The Drafted Soldier.

Ouida stoutly denies that the soldier is the highest type of humanity or that obedience is the highest human virtue. The obedience which is exacted from the soldier is very much like slavery, and it is no moral act and teaches no virtue. "There is no servant, groom, artisan, farm laborer or hireling of any kind so lazy, so impudent, so insubordinate and so useless as the young man who has recently come out from his term of compulsory service. When Lord Wolseley utters the preposterous declaration that the education given by conscription teaches a lad 'all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen,' has he the least idea of what is the actual moral state of the barrack yards and barrack rooms of the armies of the continent? When the youth has had purity and strength of character and of mind enough to resist the contagion in which he has been steeped, he will in nine instances out of ten be a spoiled agriculturist, artisan, student, laborer.

I can conceive nothing so appalling to the world as would be the forcing of the military temper down the throats of its entire multitudes. Militarism is the negation of individuality, of originality and of true liberty. Its sombre shadow is spread over Europe. Its garroting collar of steel is on the throat of the people. The whole people sweat, groan, perish, under the burdens laid upon them for the maintenance of the vast battalions of young men imprisoned in barrack yards in enforced idleness and semi-starvation."—*Collier's Weekly.*

Contentment.

"It ain't so hard to be contented with the things we have," said the old woman dolefully. "It's being contented with the things we haven't that's so trying."

"I don't know about that; I don't know," said Uncle Silas. "When we begin to look at the things our neighbors have and we haven't we always pick out just the things we want. They live in a nice house, we say, and we have only a little one. They have money, and we need to count every penny. They have an easy life, and we have to work. We never say: They had the typhoid fever, but it did not come near us. They have a son in the insane asylum, but our brains are sound. Staggering feet go into their grand door, but nothing worse than tired ones come home to ours at night. You see when we begin to call providence to account for the things that don't come to us it's only fair to take in all kinds of things."—*Interior.*

—A store should carry that line of goods and that quality of goods which its customers want. The business way to build a trade is to have what the people are willing to buy. Many stores lose a great part of their trade by not really knowing what their customers do want. All your employees should be instructed to report to you or to the one who buys the goods any thing that the customer calls for in your line that you have not in your store. Keep a record of these calls and when you find there is a demand for a certain thing which you have not, go and get it. By following these rules for a length of time you will soon have the things which are easiest to sell and which will most please your customers.

Always Felt Tired.

"I suffered with severe headache and loss of appetite and I always felt tired. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking one bottle my headache disappeared. I continued taking it until now I am never troubled with headache and my appetite is good." Laura Garland, 247 Claremont St., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache,