Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETONW, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1902. NO. 35

Professional Cards.

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Barrington Passage—C. Robertson, "
Bear River, N. S.—L. A. Dodge, "
Berwick, N. S.—H. E. Mosher, "
Bridgetown, N. S.—J. D. Leavitt, "
Broad Cove Mines, C. B.—F. G. D. Cameron, acting manager.
Clarke's Harbor, N. S.—C. K. Hogg, manager.
Dartmouth, N. S.—J. P. L. Stewart, manager.
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C. L. PIGGOTT.

Verse.

ONE LITTLE BOY.

I used to sit with idle hands,
As if all life were play,
As one who counts the hour-glass' sands
To while the time away.
Now I am as busy as can be
And leisure time employ
By darning holes in stocking knees
For just one little boy.

By heaven's first law my house was kept,
The brass was polished bright,
Each room was dusted well and swept;
It was a pleasant sight.
But now tracks are on the floor,
And with them many a toy,
And fingermarks upon the door
Tell of one little boy.

Once quiet reigned, or silvery sounds
Of music filled the air,
Now tramp of many feet resounds,
And clanging up the stair
March martial bands, with fife and drum,
All flushed with pride and joy.
Behold! at double quick they come,
Led by one little boy.

Time was I pondered Browning's verse,
And Walter Pater read;
Of Ibsen I could once converse,
But now—a tired head
Is cuddled close at "story time,"
When evening shadows fall,
And I am wise in nursery rhyme
And fable, that is all.

Once, when I tucked him into bed,
He hugged me tight, and then:
"What would you sell me for?" he said;
I kissed him once again
And answered; "Not for diamonds, pearls,
Nor gold without alloy;
Not all the wealth of all the worlds
Would buy this little boy."

—Mary E. Nichols, in Good Housekeeping.

Select Literature.

JERRY'S BADNESS.

(By Mary E. Mitchell.)

"I don't know what to make of him!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, wiping up the kitchen floor, over which a large milkpail had been upset. "This is the third time since he came that I've washed the kitchen floor with milk, and no excuse for him this time. He came running with some gimcrack, and I called out, "Take care Jerry! Don't upset the milk!" and yet he tumbled right over it. I want to do the right thing by 'Melia's child, but I'm afraid he shook him hard. I'm at my wits' end about him!" and Aunt Jane wrung out her cloth with a desperate twist.

"The boy's either a born fool or else he's dreadful wilful," responded Aunt Susan, who was at the sink, washing dishes. "I believe it's sheer up-and-down contrariness, for he's clever enough when he has a mind to be. He favors his father. Something shifty about the child, too. He can't look you straight in the eye."

Aunt Jane rose stiffly. "It goes against me to be harsh to Jerry!" she sighed. "It's all 'Melia left, and she was always so careful about him, too."

"You're too soft, Jane Winslow!" retorted her sister. "We've got to do our duty by the young one, and cure him of his badness. I told him next time he did a thing like that I'd whip him, and I'm going to keep my word.

She went to the wood-shed, selected a short piece of lath, and disappeared up the back stairs, resolution in every step.

Aunt Jane shook her head. "I hope Susan won't lay it on hard," she said to herself. "He's little, and Susan's so set when her mind's made up!"

A small boy in the kitchen chamber, heard those footfalls, cowered closer to his bed, and dared not even glance at Aunt Susan as she entered theroom.

"Stand up Jeremiah! Mercy! Couldn't you have wiped your boots anywhere else? I do believe you go out of your way to plague me!" and she twitched the child to his feet.

Had her wrath not been so great, she might have noticed, with relenting, how slender was the arm in her grasp and how slight and passive the little frame. But the sight of the great streaks of mud on the white bedspread blinded her, and pity stayed not her hand.

Jerry bore the blows silently. He was a pretty little fellow, about eight years old, and small for his age. His cheeks were round, his mouth serious, and his hair, cropped short behind, fell over his forehead in long locks, giving him a babyish look. His eyes were large, brown and beautiful, black-fringed and browed; but there was something strange about them. As his aunt said, they never seemed to meet another's gaze.

The whole face wore a repressed look hard to interpret. "Sulky," Aunt Susan pronounced it.

When the whipping was over, Jerry was plumped down upon a hard chair and told to stay there until supper. He sat motionless until the door closed behind his energetic aunt; then he leaned his head against the window-casing and began to cry softly. When Aunt Jane came to call him to supper she found him asleep, the tears still on his cheeks.

"Seems as if we didn't quite understand boys," she said remorsefully to herself. "We may be managing him all wrong. But there, Susan knows!" she added, in loyalty to her sister.

"You didn't mean to be naughty, did you, Jerry?" she said gently waking the boy.

"No, ma'am," answered Jerry, wearily rubbing his eyes, and looking up with that strange uncanny expression.

Mrs. Boyd, who dropped in that evening for a social chat, asked, "How do you get along with the boy?"

Aunt Susan smoothed down her apron. "I don't know as we get along at all," she said. "We've had him just two weeks, and I declare, I'm at my wits' end with him! He ain't like any boy I ever saw before."

"What's the matter with him? Ugly?"

"N-o," returned Aunt Susan, slowly. "He ain't exactly ugly, but he does do the hatefullest things! Seems sometimes as if they must be on purpose. First thing he did when he got here was to walk straight into the little stand in the parlor, and I hollering at him all the time to take care. Of course it tipped over, and broke my grandmother's teapot that I've set such a store by. I have to keep a tight grip on the plate when I pass anything to him at the table, or he's sure to knock it out of my hand. Careless ain't any name for it; He's queer, too; he ain't got boyish ways. He'd rather be reading and poking out-of-doors with bugs and things."

"He'd play all day with toads and caterpillars," chimed in Aunt Jane. "I can't feel that Jerry has any bad meanings."

Mrs. Boyd swayed easily to and fro in the high-backed rocking chair, much interested. The "Winslow girls" did not often talk of their affairs.

"He's the mummest young one," went on Aunt Susan. "Sometimes you can't get a word out of him, and you never can get hold of him with your eye. I own I'm worried over him; you know what his father was."

"I'm-m!" responded Mrs. Boyd, sympathetically.

"I think he's timid," said Aunt Jane. "You know he was all 'Melia had, and she babied him. And he's real delicate, too."

"That doesn't account for his breaking all our dishes, Jane Winslow!" retorted her sister. "Nor for his doing just the thing we tell him not to. You can talk all day, but you know you get put out with him yourself!"

"Yes," said Aunt Jane, meekly.

"I set him to watch for Jake Williams yesterday," continued Aunt Susan. "You know Jake goes to town every morning. I wanted him to do some important business for me, and I told Jerry so. And so I says to him, 'You set under the apple tree so you won't get het up; and when you see Jake Williams drive along you run out to the road and stop him. You'll know him by his white horse.'

"Well, I was baking, and I did'nt keep watch of the time, till by and by I noticed it was half past nine.

"'Jake ought to have gone by an hour ago,' says I to Jane, and I went out to the apple tree. There sat Jerry just where I left him. 'Has Jake been along?' asks I.

"Jerry turned red as a beet. I—don't know,' he says.

"'Don't know!' says I. 'Do you mean to tell me you ain't watched?' and I shook him. for I was mad. 'What have you been doing?' says I.

"'Nothing,' says Jerry, grinding his toe into the ground.

"'Do you mean to say he ain't gone by?' says I. He never opened his lips. 'Answer me!' says I, real sharp. 'Have you seen Jake Williams go by?'

"'No'm,' says he; and then he crooked his arm over his face and began to cry, and that was all I could get out of him. Now, Lucy Boyd, what would you do with a boy like that?"

"Maybe he ain't all there," responded Mrs. Boyd.

"Oh, yes, he is!" put in Aunt Jane. "He can speak his little piece and do his sums with the best."

"Then he's moony," asserted Mrs. Boyd, "and it's your bounden duty to knock it out of him, for of all exasperating creatures, a moony man is the worst."

"I declare," said Aunt Susan, a few days later, "I've more'n half a mind to ask Betsy True over to take tea. The cold ham is extra nice, and I ain't ashamed to set that cake before anybody. You can mix up some muffins, Jane, and I'll make some cup custards. We've got some fresh strawberries, too. Betsy's real good company."

"I guess she'll be pleased," assented Jane. "She must be mortal lonesome since Elbridge went. How'll you get word?"

Aunt Susan went to the door and called Jerry. "I want you to do an errand for me," she said, putting a cooky into his hand. "Now, pay attention, for I don't want any mistake made. You see that house down by the turn of the road—the one on that side?"

Jerry looked in the direction of the pointing finger.

"I don't want you to go there, but there!" and again the finger indicated a direction. "Go to that house; you can't mistake it. Tell the lady that your Aunt Susan Winslow would be pleased to have her step over to tea to-night, good and early. Now Jerry, do you understand? That house; not that one!"

Jerry's eyes followed his aunt's directions, then came back to her face. He was very sober and wore a frightened expression.

"What are you going to say?" asked Aunt Susan.

Jerry repeated the question.

"That's right; now hurry along!"

The boy hesitated a moment, then went slowly out of the yard.

"I must say," said Aunt Susan, turning back to the kitchen, "it doesn't seem as if he took in a word you speak to him."

"What did the lady say?" she asked, when the boy came back.

"She said she'd be glad to come," answered Jerry.

At about three o'clock that afternoon Aunt Jane chanced to look out of the side door.

"For the mercy's sake!" she exclaimed. "If there ain't Mary Buncombe coming up the front walk! She's got her work bag, for all the world as if she'd come to stay!"

Aunt Susan's face darkened. "I must say she's forthputting," she said. "The last time I had any dealings with Mary Buncombe I told her I didn't care to have anything to say to her, ever."

"But we must be civil to her," remonstrated the more pacific Jane.

"If Miss Buncombe had ever been at variance with the Winslow sisters she ignored the fact now. She was effusive and loquacious. She removed her bonnet, settled herself comfortably and produced her "work." "I take it real friendly in you to send for me," she said. "First I set out not to come; then I says to myself, 'Let bygones be bygones. If they're sorry for things they've said and done, I ain't going to be the one to stand in the way of their repentance.' So I told your little boy I'd come."

No speech could have been more nicely calculated to gall Aunt Susan, and she escaped to the kitchen. Jerry had just come in and was standing in the back door.

"Which house did you go to when you asked the lady to tea?" exclaimed Aunt Susan, seizing him by the shoulders.

Jerry stood still a moment, then pointed in a general way down the road.

"But which?" cried Aunt Susan, giving the boy a shake.

A dull, sullen expression that his aunt knew came over Jerry's face. "I don't know," he muttered.

Aunt Susan's arm fell to her side. "I do believe," she said, "that the kindest thing to call you is an idiot! You've made an awful mess, and You've got to pay for it. I won't send you off without your supper, but you've got to refuse every blessed thing that's passed to you except cold bread. Then you can go to bed, and to-morrow I'll settle with you."

"Seems to me your little boy don't eat much," remarked Miss Buncombe, revelling in the dainties of the supper table.

"No," answered Aunt Susan, grimly "Jerry ain't got much appetite to-night."

"It's lucky Jim comes next week," said Aunt Susan to her sister the next morning, after she had "settled" with Jerry, according to her sense of discipline. "He's got boys of his own, and perhaps he'll be able to make out this young one. I'm sure I can't."

Jim was the Winslow sisters' only brother. If there was one source of pride in the world to them, it lay in Jim's career, his many abilities, his prosperity, and, most of all, in his unchanging affection. Every year he journeyed from the West to visit the old homestead.

"Your Uncle Jim will know how to deal with you!" Aunt Susan kept saying, and Jerry looked forward as if to a visiting ogre.

Things had all gone wrong with Jerry since the dreadful day when he kissed his pretty mother good-by, and the prospect of this new uncle was another large drop in the cup of misery.

Uncle Jim arrived one sunny afternoon, and his nephew kept well out of the stranger's way, giving Aunt Susan ample opportunity to pour a long tale of his iniquities and of her consequent doubts and perplexities into her patient brother's ear.

At supper time the boy crept in softly and took his place at the table, hoping to remain unobserved.

"Well, well!" said Uncle Jim. "So this is 'Melia's boy. Why, my man, you are'nt half as big as you ought to be! I'll have to take you home with me and turn you loose in the prairies with my boys!"

The cheery voice encouraged Jerry, and he ventured to look up. The face was as friendly as the voice, and two blue eyes shone kindly on him from behind a pair of glasses.

"He probably doesn't know how bad I am," thought Jerry. "He wouldn't smile so at me if he did."

"Take a biscuit, Jerry," said Aunt Susan. "Look out, child! Mind what you're doing! Don't hit your uncle's cup!"

Alas for Jerry! His advancing hand squarely struck the cup of coffee, and sent it crashing to the floor.

"There!" cried Aunt Susan, despairingly. "You see how it is, Jim! Jerry Holt, you go straight to your room!"

"No, no," interposed Uncle Jim, stretching out a protecting arm and looking at the boy with a curious expression on his face. "Come here, Jerry," and he drew the trembling child to his knee. "Look up at me, my boy," he went on, speaking very gently.

Jerry lifted his brown eyes with that peculiar gaze that seemed to be arrested before it met his uncle's.

"I declare, Jerry!" began Aunt Susan, but her brother stopped her.

"Hush!" he said; and he led the boy to the door.

"Jerry," he said, stooping and drawing him close to his side, "do you see that house yonder?"

Jerry did not answer.

"Don't be afraid, Jerry; tell me. Can you?"

"No," whispered Jerry, with gathering confidence.

"What can you see?" went on Uncle Jim, keeping his eyes fixed on the child's.

"I see the big apple tree and—the fence—some," and Jerry stopped.

Uncle Jim took off his glasses and balanced them carefully on Jerry's short nose. "Now look," he said.

A great wave of color swept over the boy's face and he cried out. Then he put his head down on his uncle's arm and burst into tears. Uncle Jim gathered the boy into his arms and turned to his sisters.

"The little lad is half blind," he said with a break in his strong voice. "He's not a naughty boy, only a very, very near-sighted one, poor little chap!"

Jerry's head still lay on his uncle's shoulder, and he was sobbing softly.

"I didn't know I was different," he said. "I thought I was bad."

Aunt Susan did not spare herself. "Jerry," she said, and her voice trembled, "I've done you a great wrong. It was because I did not understand, but it was wrong. Will you forgive me, Jerry?"

The boy looked up wonderingly into her changed face.

"Will you forgive me?" repeated Aunt Susan.

"Yes," said Jerry, and he stretched out his hand to her.

The next day Uncle Jim took Jerry to the city. When they came back the child ran and danced up the walk. He was no longer afraid, for a pair of gold-bowed spectacles rested on his nose, and made the world clear to him.

Aunt Susan met him at the door. Jerry's eyes looked through the shining glasses straight up into her own.

"Well, Jerry?" was all she said; but she bent over and kissed him.

Dominion of Canada bills of the denomination of one dollar, bearing the pictures of Lord and Lady Aberdeen on either side of the logging scene, and bearing the number 553,346, are in general circulation, and are all forgeries but one. The genuine bills are of the issue of March 31st, 1898, which date also appears on the counterfeit bill. Dominion of Canada two-dollar bills and Dominion of Canada five-dollar bills of the same issue, but with varying numbers, printed on private presses, are also in the pockets of many people, and are as worthless as those of the smaller denominations. A couple of suspected counterfeiters have been arrested at Toronto.

—Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Crop Report, by Commissioner of Agriculture

The season that is now drawing to a close will long be remembered in Nova Scotia as presenting some unusual features and producing some unexpected results, some of them of a most satisfactory character. The weather was so fine in March that in many places the grass began to grow. This was followed by colder weather, but very little frost, through the month of April. Planting and seeding was done for the most part in the first week or ten days of May, but growth of crops was very backward for lack of warmth and sunshine. May was generally described in the reports which came to this office in July as cold and dry and June as cold and wet. Up to the first of July the prospect was anything but encouraging, but after that there was a great improvement, and although the summer was remarkably cool, the growth of hay and grain was wonderful and the final result is absolutely surprising. The hay crop, taking the Province over, is fully up to the standard of a full average crop; oats are better than they have been for several years, and wheat is above the average. Barley, like wheat, though not cultivated extensively in this province, is an excellent crop where grown. I may say that more wheat is grown in Nova Scotia than formerly. Since the disappearance of the weevil our farmers are getting more and more in the way of cultivating it, and with encouraging success especially in the eastern counties. The potato crop is below the average, both in quantity and quality, but mangels and turnips and other roots, in the best agricultural counties, are good and abundant. There has been a good production in butter and it is satisfactory to note that the quality is vastly improved in comparison with what the ordinary butter was a few years ago. The fruit crop is very much below the mark both in quantity and quality. Against 300,000 barrels of apples exported last year it is doubtful if there will be 100,000 exported this year, and Mr. Bigelow, of Wolfville, President of the Fruit Growers' Association, says there may not be 50,000. The subjoined table gives a synopsis of the principal field crops this year:—

Crops of the various counties were as follows, 100 representing the average:

County	Hay	Oats	Wheat	Potatoes
Annapolis . .	105	109	100	98
Antigonish . .	95	109	109	103
Cape Breton	102	104	110	88
Colchester. .	103	109	102	91
Cumberland .	94	118	118	95
Digby. . . .	100	102	90	103
Guysboro . .	102	119	90	58
Halifax . . .	115	130	112	88
Hants	102	122	108	102
Inverness. . .	97	100	91	82
Kings	95	107	100	87
Lunenburg . .	100	109	90	70
Pictou. . . .	93	100	105	91
Queens	95	115		100
Richmond. . .	104	108	108	71
Shelburne. . .	100	100		33
Victor a. . . .	97	101	85	70
Yarmouth. . .	100	100		110
Average. . .	100	108	101	86

INLAND REVENUE REPORT.

The annual report of the inland revenue department of Canada for the fiscal year up to June 30 shows that the consumption per capita in Canada of spirits was .096 gallons, the largest since 1885; of beer, 5.102 gallons, the largest since confederation; of wine, .090 gallons, the largest since 1895. Of tobacco, 2.404 pound, the largest since 1885. The quantity of spirits produced in the year was 3,234,147 gallons, as compared with 2,658,768 gallons the year before. The export was 161,799 gallons, the largest on record. The quantity on which duty was paid was 3,125,430 gallons, the largest the country ever knew. In tobacco, snuff and cigarettes the total taken for consumption was 11,900,054 pounds and 222,355 pounds was exported. Of raw leaf 10,701 pounds and of Canadian twist 72,286 pounds, was taken for consumption. 156,686,795 cigars were manufactured during the year, a large increase. 151,780,516 were taken for consumption, and 128,845 exported.

—Hugh Price Hughes, the best known Methodist minister in the world, the most influential man in British Methodism, and the most vital, intense, and aggressive leader in all the religious and social movements connected with British Nonconformity, has suddenly passed away.

—"Don't put all your eggs in one basket," is as old as the hills, and has been the guide of countless successful men. Recently, Andrew Carnegie changed it to this: "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch the basket."

Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

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Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

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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, Ontario.
50c. and $1; all druggists.

Chamberlain Speaks at the Birmingham Conventicle.

London, Nov. 18.—Speaking at the farewell banquet in his honor at Birmingham on Monday night Hon. Joseph Chamberlain in a voice full of emotion, said that he had never responded to so difficult a toast. He paid a tender affectionate tribute to his wife, whose name was mentioned in the toast. She had, he said, sustained him by her courage and cheered him with her sympathy. He found in her his best and truest councillor.

Continuing, Mr. Chamberlain said that his trip to South Africa would be a business affair, not a mere parade. He was going on a national, not a party mission. He had seen himself styled the best hated man of his time. But he believed the phrase was only used in a pickwickian sense. All who lived the strenuous life would provoke such comment, but throughout a fighting career he had never cherished animosity. He had always known how to separate public policy from his private character.

Mr. Chamberlain added that the Government wanted to make South Africa an integral part of the Empire of which the British were so proud. It was not to be expected that all bitterness would die out, but he would say for the government that they would relieve all suffering. (Cheers.) Above all, the government must deal generously and wisely with those who had stood by them. (Loud cheers). They must never forget what these people had suffered, their second duty was hardly less important. They had to induce those who had opposed them to be reconciled with their lot, and to become citizens of a united state.

The war had cost much. A great task awaited the British. South Africa was under a flag, and that flag was the British flag, (Great applause). It was the Government's desire to make of these people one united nation. United in heart as well as in name. Greater differences had been healed. Did they not see the descendants of the men who fought with Montcalm against Wolfe send the British a Prime Minister of the Dominion who was one of themselves? (Applause). The task was a difficult one, but was not impossible, and not being impossible, Englishmen would accomplish it.

The Government's trust was still in Lord Milner. He was going to see the Milner's policy. He wanted to see the representatives of every section who learn more in three days than he could in months of study of blue books and despatches. He believed that he would be met half way, and he hoped to gain the friendship of the King's new Boer subjects. Mr. Chamberlain took a very optimistic view of the future of South Africa.

In mentioning the strenuous life, Mr. Chamberlain referred to President Roosevelt, whom he described as a very great man.

The demonstration that followed Mr. Chamberlain's speech was probably the most striking and most picturesque spectacles ever seen in the Midland counties. A wide space had been kept outside the town hall by artillerymen, yeomanry and a naval detachment. Suddenly at a signal just before Mr. Chamberlain appeared, four thousand torches were lighted simultaneously. As Mr. Chamberlain and his wife emerged from the building a band began playing, which drowned the tumultuous cheering. Red fire was ignited, illuminating the faces of many thousands of enthusiasts. Every inch of the streets behind the torch-bearers was packed with humanity, and windows, balconies and roofs in the neighborhood of the hall were black with people. The carriage containing the Chamberlain party, followed by two others, moved slowly away from the hall, headed by a procession of torch-bearers, a quarter of a mile long.

Denser crowds than Birmingham ever saw before thronged the two and a half miles of the route from the hall to Mr. Chamberlain's residence. The enthusiasm did not flag throughout the drive home. At various points the carriage was stopped, and Mr. Chamberlain, rising bare-headed, assisted his wife to her feet, and they stood bowing. The spectacle of the husband holding his wife's hand and compelling her to share in his triumph, struck an emotional chord in the hearts of the people who redoubled their plaudits and shouted admiring ejaculations. The demonstration was very orderly. No accidents occurred.

RECALLS THE CASE OF MARTHA ROACH.

The mysterious disappearance of the boy Herbert Sadler at Glen Margaret, says an exchange, is almost identical in every respect with the case of the nine year old girl Martha Roach who was lost at Reserve Mines, C. B., six years ago. The little girl left her home on New Year's eve to purchase a prize package of candy. On her return she became frightened at some men who were standing on the bridge and she left the road. That was the last seen of her alive. Five hundred miners entered the woods and searched for miles but failed to find her.

All sorts of theories were advanced about her disappearance, some persons going so far as to say that she was carried off by an unknown man. Among those who were engaged in the search was Detective Power, and though he failed to find her he prophesied that her body would be found in the spring. His theory proved correct, as the body was discovered in a small clump of bushes not more than two hundred yards distant from the road, and in a place where scores of people had passed while searching for the girl.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

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

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

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

JUDICIAL CHANGES.

At a meeting of the Cabinet before Sir Wilfrid Laurier left for Virginia, a number of important appointments were made. Sir Henry Strong, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has retired from the bench and has been appointed Chairman of the Commission to revise the Dominion Statutes. Sir Elizear Taschereau has been promoted to the Chief Justiceship of the Court, and Chief Justice Armour, of the High Court of Ontario has been appointed to the vacancy on the Supreme Court, caused by the retirement of Sir Henry Strong and the promotion of Justice Taschereau. Justice Moss, of the Ontario Court of Appeal has been appointed Chief Justice of the High Court in Justice Armour's place and Mr. J. J. McLaren, K. C., Toronto, has been appointed to the vacancy created by the promotion of Justice Moss.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

DEATH OF A NOTED WRITER OF BOYS BOOKS.

Thousands of young people will learn with very real sorrow of the death of George Alfred Henty. Dissatisfied with the namby-pamby ness of most of the books, written for the good of boys, and recognizing the almost incalculable evil wrought by the dime novel hero-worship of crime, Henty gave us year after year good clean books of deeds of daring and adventure that, if verging on the romantic, were couched in a setting of real history and thoroughly correct local surroundings. They inculcated bravery, honor, truthfulness, resource, patriotism and all the manly virtues. His characters were neither ruffians nor prigs, "not too good for human nature's daily food," but just manly, lusty, everyday boys, yet learning the lessons of life in enviably-interesting environments. The verisimilitude of Henty's books was due to the author having actually lived in the scenes he described. A Cambridge University man, he was through the Crimean war and was sent to Italy to organize the hospitals of the Italian legion. After that he spent some years in mining operations in Italy and Wales. Then he joined the staff of the 'Standard' newspaper and was special correspondent of the Italo-Austrain war. He was with Garibaldi in his campaigns in the Tyrol; saw the opening of the Suez Canal; accompanied Napier to Magdala with the Abyssinian expedition and Wolseley to Coomassie with the Ashantee expedition. He went through the Franco-German war and the Commune; siege of Paris, and was also present in the Carlist insurrection. He accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour through India, was with the Turkish army in the Turco-Persian war and in many other adventures and scenes of life. No man therefore could have been better equipped to write healthy stories for boys, which was the chief work of his latter years. He was born in 1832 at Trumpington, Cambridgeshire, so that he has laid down the pen for the last time at seventy. We shall expect to hear of some sort of boys memorial being raised to this writer for he was in a very high sense an invaluable friend to them.—Witness.

MANUAL TRAINING.

T. B. Kidner, director of manual training for the province, has been in Cape Breton in connection with the opening of the manual training schools at Glace Bay, Sydney and North Sydney. Glace Bay has taken the lead in the movement her school having opened to-day. During the past summer Mr. Kidner spent eight weeks in England, studying the latest developments in the schools there. He has not as yet made his report to the education office, but he stated to a Herald reporter this morning that he had inquired particularly into the subject of intermediate technical education. With manual training well established in the common schools, and the success of higher technical institutions at Dalhousie practically assured, Mr. Kidner believes that it will be necessary to do something to fill the gap, and that we should have some form of higher manual training in our high schools and academies. He also hopes to see manual training extended downwards through the lower grades. It is now but two years since the MacDonald training school was opened in Nova Scotia, and there are fourteen schools four of which, those of Kentville, Windsor, New Glasgow and Glace Bay, have been started this summer.

MARCONI CO. OF CANADA.

The incorporation under Ontario laws is announced of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada, Limited, with an authorized capital of $500,000. The object is the establishment of an overland system of wireless telegraphy in Canada, which, if carried out, will revolutionize to a large extent, the telegraph system of this country. This company which is an offshoot of the English company and is said to have all the English capital of the parent corporation behind it, was incorporated in this province because of the facility which the Ontario laws afford for incorporating new companies. They are given power to acquire the patents of the Marconi system and apply them for use in Canada. The provisional directors of the new company are Messrs. W. R. Green, New York, Banker; J. N. Greenshields, K. C., Montreal; Walter Barwick, K. C.; Harry C. Osborne, Toronto and John Payne, Accountant, Toronto.

DOMINION LINE IMMIGRANTS WILL LAND AT HALIFAX.

St. John, Nov. 8.—Mr. A. J. Heath of the C. P. R. General Passenger Department, Montreal, says it is about decided by the Dominion Line of steamers to land all immigrants for Canada at Halifax this winter instead of at Portland. American immigrants by Canadian lines of steamers will land in St. John. Furthermore the Canadian officials will be very strict this winter in their health inspections, and all diseased foreigners will be turned back. In this matter United States officials will be emulated. Heretofore Canada has been a dumping ground for many refused American immigrants. Referring to C. P. R. business through Maine, Mr. Heath said that over two thousand American sportsmen are now in that State, sixty nine of whom arrived from Detroit in one party on Thursday.

THEY TAKE WEEKS,

Ordinary remedies sometimes take weeks to even relieve cases that Catarrhozone cures at once.

Inhale Catarrhozone five minutes now and again and it cures a cold.

Inhale Catarrhozone five minutes four times a day and it cures stubborn coughs.

Inhale Catarrhozone five minutes every hour and we guarantee it will cure any case of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung or Throat Trouble, Deafness. It is very pleasant and convenient to use, quick to relieve, and certain as the hereafter to cure. Large size, complete, price $1.00; small size, 25c. Druggists, or Polson Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Headache.

—There has been a quick drop in the price of anthracite coal in Boston. In some places there will be money lost—though not, perhaps, a great deal—on coal. A considerable quantity of English, Scotch, Welsh and Nova Scotia coal is now on the sea for American and Canadian cities and towns, which will be a drug on the market if anthracite coal comes out in reasonable quantities.

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