The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1904. NO. 8.

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.

Commercial 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. 85 tf

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

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, - N. S.
April 1st, 1903.—1y

Fine Watch Repairing.

THOS. BIRD,
Practical Watchmaker,
Begs to inform the people of Bridgetown and surrounding country that he has permanently located next to Dr. DeWitt' office on Granville Street, where he is prepared to clean and repair all kinds of watches and clocks, and trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX
INCORPORATED 1856.

Capital Authorized, -	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, -	1,386,150
Capital Paid Up, -	1,326,295
Reserve Fund, -	925,000

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

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
apital, -	$ 500,000	$1,205,900	$ 1,326,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits, -	474,401	5,115,948	5,893,421
Circulation,	148,442	1,043,860	1,134,902
Loans, -	789,880	6,834,200	7,807,809
P. D. Bills -	52,139	16,754	1,246
Liabilities, -	804,426	7,137,176	8,115,850
Assets, -	1,353,209	9,170,343	10,373,580

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
Interest allowed at highest current rate, which is now 3½ per cent. Compounded twice a year—viz., July 31st and January 31st. Interest allowed on Deposit Receipts.

Poetry.

Sunshine.

Why scowl and growl at all you find,
Nor heed hope's sweet beguiling?
Each frown will leave its mark behind,
A ragged scar upon the mind.
Try smiling.

Why always mourn and weep, the heart
At sorrows bowl keep quaffing?
The melancholy tears that start
Will hold your soul and peace apart.
Try laughing.

If in life's course you nobly run,
Then do not be repining,
For you will find, with duty done,
Behind the darkest cloud the sun
Is shining.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Trouble-Proof.

Never rains where Jim is—
People kickin', whinin';
He goes round insistin'—
"Sun is almost shinin'!"

Never's hot where Jim is—
When the town is sweatin'
He jes' sets and answers,—
"Well, I ain't a frettin'!"

Never's cold where Jim is—
None of us misdoubt it.
Seein' we're nigh frozen!
He "ain't thought about it."

Things that rile up others
Never seem to strike him!
"Trouble-proof," I call it,—
Wisht that I was like him!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in "Lippincott's Magazine."

Select Literature.

THE BARGAIN OF BILLY.

A little groan proceeded from the other side of the table, and he glanced over his newspaper.

"You can always cheat a woman," he remarked, hard-heartedly.

"Oh, Billy! Oh, how can you, when I'm so disappointed? I thought it was going to be such a beautiful one!"

"Cornelia, how many times have I said a 'bargain' was a snare and a delusion! I'm sur? I've tried to head you off, but it's no use. A woman's a bargain hunter from the cradle to the grave. She inherited it from Eve."

The dismal little face he saw over the edge of his paper smote his conscience, and, of course, he softened.

"There, come over here, little woman, and have it out!" he said, tenderly. "No, not on that shoulder—the other one. Did you know salt water took the color out? There's a nice little spot on this shoulder to cry on, that's used to it. One, two, three—ready!"

But she laughed. It woke up her solemn little face amazingly, and brought out the dimples in it.

"This latest bargain—where is it? What is it? Trot it out!"

"Oh, it's little Miss Muffet's new dress, Billy. I thought it was going to be such a beauty, and so cheap!"

"All wool, yard wide, and warranted not to wear out."

"Well, that's what the advertisement said,—almost. It did sound so nice and taking, in——"

"Well, didn't it 'take in,' all right? You can take in a little slip of a woman as easy as you can roll off a log, my dear—a nice slippery log. That's part of being a woman."

He patted her cheek with conscious condescension—being a man himself, and invulnerable.

Cornelia held up the cheap little gown and gazed at it wistfully. It was flimsy, and scanty, and dreadful. The colors set her little white teeth on edge.

"Did you ever see such a plaid, Billy?' she wailed. "Doesn't it make you cringe? French blue and magenta! and cotton all through—and skimpy—and perfectly awful!"

"It isn't a howling success," Billy said, critically. "Doesn't seem to match Little Miss Muffit, somehow."

"Match her!—the blessed little fairy!" ejaculated Little Miss Muffit's mother in a flurry of scorn. "But it serves me right for sending for anything by mail. I've learned a lesson."

"Not a lesson, my dear, the tenth lesson, or is it the eleventh? Now I think of it, that smoking-jacket of mine was up towards the teens—"

"Billy, Everett Robinson laughed. He had had his tease out. It was worth while, taxing so near supper-time, to make up. And after all, you know, the little thing wasn't to blame for being a woman. She had a right to her great-great-great-etc. grandmother's failings.

He rubbed his cheek against her hair assuringly, conveying instant comfort to her weak heart.

"Don't fret, dear. Burn it up. Give it to the washer-woman. Frame it as a warning, but don't fret. Take my advice next time, that's all. Now, then, it's most supper-time, and I especially adore cream toast—such as 'my mother used to make.'"

The small woman slipped from his knee, smiling.

"You're a good boy, Billy you mean well," she said. "But sometime, in the sweet by and by, you know, I do hope you'll know how it feels to be taken in—so there!"

The poor little "bargain" was laid away out of sight, and Little Miss Muffit had a dainty new gown made for her. For a good many mornings her bargain-loving little mother denied herself her breakfast-time peeps into the morning paper, for fear of being overtempted.

The days grew into those with the sweet scents of full-blown summer. On one of these, the postman left a friendly looking letter for Mr. Wm. E. Robinson, postmarked New York, Cornelia put it aside for Billy.

"I didn't know Billy had any friends in New York," she thought, curiously.

It was quite a long letter and radiated friendship from every line. Billy read it aloud:

"Dear Old Chap," it ran, "you will be surprised to know I am in New York. Just ran up for a few days on important business. My reason for looking you up, after all this time, is to call your attention to a first-rate thing I saw down street to-day. 'That'll fit Robinson to a T,' I said, the minute I clapped eyes on it. You see I haven't forgotten what a progressive fellow you always were. I enclose their card. The makers claim it will do the thing up brown, and I guess there's no doubt they've hit a fine thing. Better send them a fiver and try it. The beauty of it is it can be so easily repaired if it ever gets out of trim. I think the fellow told me they sent a repairing outfit along with it. Hope all the folks are well. Yours, as of old,

Ned."

Puzzled reminiscence brooded in Billy's face, as he dropped the letter beside his plate. ...

"Who s 'Ned,' Billy?"

"That's what I want to know—one of the old school fellows, of course. Ned?—Ned?—I have it! Must be Ed Chester. We always called him Ed at the academy. Now, I call that downright friendly in Ed."

"Ye-es. 'Billy, what's a fiver?'"

"Eh? Why, a fiver's a fiver, my dear."

"Oh!"

Billy took up the little business-like square of pasteboard that had dropped out of the letter, and scanned it with interest. He slipped it into his pocket casually.

"It's a good thing to keep sight of. Ed was always a sharper at making a bargain. Wonder how he knew I'd gone into farming?"

"Bargain?" The little woman across the tea table looked up quickly. The open letter took on a suspicious aspect in her eyes.

"If a 'fiver' is five dollars, and I suppose it must be, isn't that a good deal to—to risk, Billy?"

"Who's going to risk it, Cornelia? Wouldn't little women better leave business to great, big men?"

He laughed good-naturedly. The friendly letter had cheered him up after a hard day in the fields. Farming was new business to Billy and a severe test to his untrained city muscles. It was his pride in his "stock" that was tiding him over initial discouragements. He took the card out of the letter and scanned it again, curiously.

The Excelsior Cream Gatherer,
Kirby & Bodge, New York,
Exclusive Dealers,
Price $5.

Guaranteed to raise the cream in one half the time. Simple in construction, easily repaired. Repairing outfit included with the Gatherer. The greatest labor saver on the market. Every progressive farmer should have one.

It was Cornelia who took charge of the cream. Really he ought to—

"I call it friendly in Ed," he said aloud, with decision.

"He signs it 'Ned,' Billy—"

"Well, Ned, then. Ed—Ned—what's the difference? I call it friendly in Ned,' he answered, a trifle impatiently. Women—little women—were such sticklers for the last word! But they had their good points, too—bless 'em!

"Come round here, little woman, and get kissed," Billy laughed.

A few more summer days filed, hot and breathless, into the past. Cornelia noticed that Billy frequented the little village express office with regularity; but, in the end things came about unexpectedly. At supper time, one night, Billy found a large bundle awaiting him.

"There was seventy-five cents due on it. I paid it, that out of the cream money, Billy."

Billy was busy cutting strings and unwrapping papers, and vouchsafed no answer.

"Is it from—Ed, Billy?" timidly.

The wrappers fell apart, and Billy uttered a sharp exclamation. A tenquart tin pail stood revealed in bold, pitiless relief on the little kitchen floor. A printed card and a tiny roll of paper were tied to its handle, and stirred gently in the breath of Billy's wrath. It was Cornelia who detached them.

"This looks like—like solder, Billy," she murmured. The printed card she read aloud with unconscious cruelty.

Directions: Fill the Gatherer half full of milk, then add water until full. The change in the specific gravity will now cause the cream to rise rapidly.

"That's a scientific principle," burst out Billy savagely, with the instinct of self-defence hot within him. He was regarding the tin pail blackly.

"Yes, but, Billy,—Billy!"

"Well, well, what is it?"

"Nothing.—only I was wondering why we couldn't have filled up our milk-pail with water, Billy. It would be so—so much cheaper."

A groan escaped poor Billy. Hadn't he been making lightning mental calculations in his mind already? The figures set themselves down in staring outlines.

"The Gatherer" (wt-r-r-r!) $5.00
Express ....; .75
Cost of ten-quart pail at tinner's .50

The balancing of accounts wrung another groan from Billy.

"Is it from—Ed, Billy?" repeated the little woman, softly.

"Ed? Ed? Ed who?"

"I—I mean that nice, friendly man you got the letter from, Billy—don't you know? Is it from him?"

"There wasn't any 'Ed' wrote me that I know," snapped badgered Billy. "There was an advertising dodger himself Ned—or Ted—or something else, confound him for a cheat!"

"Oh!"

There was a space of eloquent silence in the little kitchen. Only Little Miss Muffit's droning voice broke it sweetly now and then. Little Miss Muffit was getting her doll to sleep.

"Oh, Billy!" broke out Cornelia, presently. Billy twitched his shoulders.

"Don't 'oh Billy' a fellow when he's down!" he muttered.

But the little woman was round the table comforting him in ways best known to herself. They were ways of pleasantness, and in their path was peace. Billy's spirit's rose several degrees. They even reached the laughing point when he caught sight of the little knitting-needle of solder on the floor.

But Cornelia, being a human little woman, took her own gentle revenge. When she carried Little Miss Muffit up to bed that night, she came back from the foot of the stairs to say something that was on her mind.

"Billy," she said gravely, "'you can take in a little slip of a woman as easy as you can roll off a log,'—who was it said that, Billy? Emerson? or Shakespeare? It keeps running in my head."

She was away again before he could punish her; but half way up the stairs he heard her voice calling back to him:

"Billy! Billee! Do you suppose you inherited it from your great-great-grand-mother Eve?"—(Annie Hamilton Donnell in the Household.

Save the Forests.

This is the season when the woods and the hills appeal most strongly to the people. Everyone who cannot get to the sea goes there. Many—and these are the wisest—divide their vacation between the sea and the woods. And this is the time to reinforce the sentiment for the salvation of the forests for the public recreation.

The movement for the rescue of that glory of New England, the White Mountains, is taking shape rapidly. The lumber companies have set in upon their work of despoliation, but the interest to check them is active. The New Hampshire Legislature has taken the first steps in ordering a scientific survey of the entire field, and appropriating $5000 for that purpose. It is now in progress, eight employees of the Bureau of Forestry, in squads of two, being in the field, and intending to cover an area of 4,000,000 acres lying north of Lake Winnipesaukee.

In Maine, a systematic forest survey has been begun, and when it is completed it will be known just how much timber there is in every township and how much can be cut every year without impairing the value of the property. The true forester will demand that no more than the growth of a year shall be cut in any year. In order to insure this, there must be no slashing down of all the saplings, but only the cutting of the trees now at the point of profit, sparing the young trees and protecting them.

Back of this is the demand which is made upon Congress to set apart some of these forest areas in the East as national reservations. This should not interfere with State and local effort for the preservation of our forests. But it is reasonably held that for so important a region as the White Mountains there is just as great a claim upon the nation as there is in behalf of the proposed Appalachian forest reserve in North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia and Alabama.

The Church of the Future.

"The ideal church," says Newell Dwight Hillis in Everybody's Magazine for April, "is one noble building, centrally situated, crowded from Sunday morning until the next Saturday night, a church that is the centre of the social, the musical, the literary, the ethical life of the community; the home of light and joy; the pride of all the people. With numbers comes enthusiasm, economy, emulation, efficiency. When all the teaching forces—and the art of teaching is a great gift, and there only a few teachers out of two thousand that know how to impart wisdom are united; the Sunday-school will again become popular. The great library of this church and its social rooms, equal to those of the best club-rooms in the great cities, will be the centre of the artistic life of the town, where the new painting, purchased by some merchant prince, will be exhibited for all to see; where the club life for young men, the literary life for young women, and the musical life for all classes will centre. On the Sabbath there will be a great sermon in the morning, that represents the thought and study and prayer of six days and nights, of a man whom God ordained through his ancestry for moral illumination. There will be a great Bible-school, toward which all the families will converge. There will be a great choral service in the afternoon, that will be more attractive than all the things of the park, or the ball-field. There will be a practical address to young people at night, that will lead men out of ignorance into wisdom, out of selfishness and sin into righteousness, and the manhood of Jesus Christ."

Wanted Every Bottle

If troubled with rheumatism, give Chamberlain's Pain Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. One application will relieve the pain. It also cures sprains and bruises in one-third the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, burns, frost-bites, quinsy, pains in the side and chest, glandular and other swellings are quickly cured by applying it. Every bottle warranted. Price, 25 and 50 cents. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Ayer's

When the nerves are weak everything goes wrong. You are tired all the time, easily discouraged, nervous, and irritable. Your checks are

Sarsaparilla

pale and your blood is thin. Your doctor says you are threatened with a nervous breakdown. He orders this grand old family medicine.

"For more than 40 years I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family. It is a grand tonic at all times, and a wonderful medicine for impure blood."—R. C. Rose, West Haven, Conn.

$1 a bottle. All druggists. Send for Ayer's Book, free. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Weak Nerves

Keep the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills, take one pill each night.

To Stamp Out Consumption.

Department of Agriculture,
Commissioner's Branch,
Ottawa, April 28, 1904.

Many of the most thoughtful and public-spirited men of the Dominion are numbered among the officers and members of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Consumption and other forms of tuberculosis, which held its fourth annual meeting in Ottawa on April 20th and 21st. Every thinking man and woman must be impressed with the necessity for united action to check the ravages of a disease which causes one death in every eight in this country, and gives rise to a vast amount of suffering and permanent ill-health. It is calculated that in Canada at the present moment between 30,000 and 40,000 persons are suffering from it, yet it is undoubtedly a preventable disease, and one that is curable in its earlier stages.

AROUSING THE PUBLIC.

The report of the executive council pointed out that the operations of the association have combined with other influences to concentrate public attention in some degree upon consumption and to awaken a desire for information regarding the measures which should be taken to stay its ravages. The Secretary, Rev. Dr. Moore, of Ottawa, during the year distributed by mail and otherwise over 100,000 leaflets on "How to Prevent Consumption,' "Rules for Consumptives," etc. Many lectures were also given, with the hearty co-operation and sympathy of medical health officers and other members of the medical profession; the mayors and members of municipal councils, the clergy of all denominations, and the newspaper men. As the president, Hon. Senator Edwards, pointed out, literature such as the association distributes should be in every home, so that the people might be taught the simple means by which the scourge may be avoided. While sanatoria were helpful in the case of those who had the disease, he believed that the great means of its prevention was in education.

INFECTION FROM ANIMALS.

A phase of the question in which farmers are particularly interested was discussed by Dr. Ravenal, an eminent United States authority, who is assistant medical director of the Henry Phipps Institute at Philadelphia, in an able address on "Animal Tuberculoses in Their Relation to Human Health." Dr. Ravenal detailed with exactness the advancement made in the study of consumption since Koch of Berlin made his famous discovery of the tubercule bacillus, and said that in the course of many years' experimenting he had not found any animals that were immune from tuberculosis. The lecturer vigorously combatted the opinion of Koch and others that there is an essential difference between human and bovine tuberculosis, and cited a large number of experiments in support of his view that these were practically identical. While admitting that the majority of cases of consumption were due to infection by inhalation, he claimed that a considerable percentage could be ly milk and meat. The few figures definitely traced to infection through the digestive tract by food, particularly milk and meat. The few figures available seemed to indicate that about 25 per cent. of children's cases were due to the latter cause. He had no knowledge of any case of an adult becoming consumptive in this way.

In conclusion, Dr. Ravenal urged that while it is important to educate the public, to build sanatoria, and to establish large institutes for the treatment of advanced cases, the whole duty of prevention was not being done if the possibility of infection from animal sources were neglected. The speaker was most favorably received, and at the close of the lecture was accorded a unanimous vote of thanks on the motion of His Excellency, the Governor-General, who has always taken a great interest in the work of the Association.

FRESH AIR, LIGHT AND SUNSHINE

The keynote of the convention was: "Live as much as possible in the open air." Fresh air, light and sunshine are most important preventives of consumption, and all rooms occupied by consumption should be as well lighted and ventilated as possible. Living in overcrowded, ill-ventilated, dark, dirty rooms, insufficient or bad food, dissipation, or anything which enfeebles the constitution and thus impairs its power of resistance, is likely to facilitate the invasion of the system by the germs. These are found in vast numbers in the dust particles of the dried spit of the consumptives, and in the minute droplets sprayed into the atmosphere by the consumptive in coughing, consequently spitting about the streets, or in buildings (churches, schools, theatres, railway stations, etc.) is a dangerous as well as a filthy habit.

THE SANITORIUM TREATMENT.

The ideal place for treating incipient cases of tubercular disease is in the municipal fresh air sanitorium, where the patients may enjoy the best of care without being altogether removed from the watchfulness of their friends and family physicians. Every patient who is cured in the sanatorium becomes an apostle of the gospel of fresh air, hence these institutions serve as object lessons of the greatest value. It is for this reason mainly that the Nova Scotia government has just erected a sanatorium at Kentville with a capacity for eighteen patients. In the whole Dominion there are only four other institutions devoted to the treatment of consumption. Three of these are under private control and management, and one is the property of the National Sanatorium Association of Ontario. The total accommodation in all of these, with that in hospitals to which consumptives are admitted, probably does not exceed 200 beds. We are indeed poorly equipped for the fight, since the sufferers are so vast in number and so widely distributed as to require a home for consumptives in nearly every county. Only the hearty co-operation of the Dominion and Provincial governments with the municipal councils seems likely to afford a satisfactory solution of the problem of dealing with what should be no longer the "great white plague."

W. A. CLEMONS,
Publication Clerk.

Too Much Fame.

A book entitled "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" attained a considerable notoriety a year or two ago. It seems that the original of the famous "Mrs. Wiggs" is generally understood to be a certain Mrs. Mary Bass, of Louisville, Ky. Perhaps the Mrs. Bass of real life is not quite of so serene a temper as the Mrs. Wiggs of romance, or it may be that Mrs. Bass has been subjected to trials of patience before which even the serenity of the heroine of the "Cabbage Patch" would have succumbed. At all events it appears that the notoriety into which Mrs. Bass has been brought through the popularity of "Mrs. Wiggs" has brought upon her an affliction of visitation so intolerable that Mrs. Bass felt herself driven to take measures to defend herself from the people who at all hours invaded her domestic kingdom eager to get sight of the wonderful woman immortalized in the story of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." In pursuance of this defensive policy, Mrs. Mary Bass, it is charged, emptied the contents of a slop jar upon a cer- Mrs. Emily Smith, also of Louisville, Ky., to the damage of that lady's attire and still more to the damage of her temper, Mrs. Smith accordingly brought suit against Mrs. Bass. The court, however, dismissed the case against Mrs. Bass, holding that in view of all the circumstances she had suffered provocation which went far to justify the inhospitable reception she had accorded to Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Bass' testimony given before the court is reported as follows:

"For many months, years, I've been continually interrupted. Hobo after hobo comes to my house. I order them down and away from my place whenever I see 'em. They come by droves, walk around the yard, open the doors. When they rouse me I come to the door to see what they want; I look upon not a single face I know. There they stand and look at each other in a foolish way. After a while one will say:—

"'Well, we read the book.'

"'Well, I will say, "Then if that's all, you can git," and I make them git.'"

As she left the court room Mrs. Bass said:—"Now maybe I'll be able to spend my old age in peace and maybe my trees 'll grow out where all them memorials (souvenirs) has been pulled off, and maybe my yard won't be full of strange people every Sunday, and I can move downstairs, where I used to live."

Drugging Won't Cure Catarrh.

All the medicine in the world taken into the stomach won't cure catarrh, and it's useless to squander money on tablets, bitters and liquid remedies. Catarrh is a disease of the nasal passages, throat and bronchial tubes. Stomach medicines can't reach these parts. It's only fragrant healing Catarrhozone which is breathed all through the air passages that is sure to reach the seat of Catarrh. No failure ever known if Catarrhozone was used. It heals and doesn't irritate; it soothes, kills the germs and therefore cures. Use only Catarrhozone, the one certain cure. Two months' treatment $1.00; trial size 25c.

English Capitalists

Looking Over Coal Areas in Cape Breton with Intention of Purchasing.

Sydney, N. S., May 10.—Horace Mayhew, one of the largest and wealthiest coal owners in England, is here looking over the areas of the Cape Breton Coal, Iron and Railway Company, which has for the past year been making important developments of its coal properties at Cochrane's Lake, about fifteen miles from this city. Thomas Lancaster, the president and general manager of the company, of New York, is also here.

Mr. Lancaster's first experience in coal mining was had with Mr. Mayhew. Together with H. S. Poole, the well known mining engineer and mineralogist, Halifax, they are making an exhaustive examination of the areas in question, and the probabilities are that an English syndicate, headed by Mr. Mayhew, will take over and develop the properties on a very extensive scale. Mr. Mayhew is owner of the Great Aston collieries in Flintshire, Wales, and is part owner and director of nearly all the more important coal mines in Britain.

BONE FOOD

Soft and crooked bones mean bad feeding. Call the disease rickets if you want to. The growing child must eat the right food for growth. Bones must have bone food, blood must have blood food and so on through the list.

Scott's Emulsion is the right treatment for soft bones in children. Little doses every day give the stiffness and shape that healthy bones should have.

Bow legs become straighter, loose joints grow stronger and firmness comes to the soft heads.

Wrong food caused the trouble. Right food will cure it.

In thousands of cases Scott's Emulsion has proven to be the right food for soft bones in childhood.

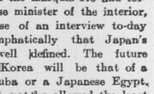
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

EYE TALK.

We haven't said much about our **Optical Department.** We prefer to let our work talk for us. Many of your friends have had their eyes looked after here, and they will be pleased to inform you of the results. We never let a case out of our hands until the results are perfect. We guarantee satisfaction in every instance. Our charges are reasonable.

EYES TESTED FREE.

Royal Pharmacy



W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Chemist and Optician.

Mount Allison.

Programme of the Anniversary Exercises Commencing May 27th.

Following is the programme for the anniversary exercises at Mount Allison:

Friday, May 27, 8 p. m.—Lingley Hall, lecture by Rev. Guy Mark Pearse.

Saturday, May 28, 2.30 p. m.—Athletic grounds, sports of Mt. Allison Athletic Association; 7 p. m., closing reception, Ladies' College.

Sunday, May 29, 11 a. m.—Methodist church, annual sermon before the Theological Union, Rev. David Hickey, Barrington, N. S.; 3 p. m., Memorial Hall, farewell meeting, Y. M. C. A.; 7 p.m., Methodist Church, Baccalaureate sermon by Guy Mark Pearse, London, England.

Monday, May 30, 9 a. m.—College lawn, physical culture drill, students Ladies' College; 10.30 a. m., Beethoven Hall, recital, Conservatory students; 2.30 p. m., Lingley Hall, anniversary exercises, Academy; 4.30 p. m., University library, meeting of senate; 7 p.m., Lingley Hall anniversary exercises, Ladies' College; 9.30 p. m., dining-room, Ladies' College, annual banquet of Alumni and Alumnae Societies.

Tuesday, May 31—9.30 a. m., Memorial Hall, annual meeting Theological Union, with lecture before the Union by Charles Stewart, D. D., Sackville, N. B.; 10.30 a. m., Beethoven Hall, concert by Conservatory students; 2.30 p. m., Memorial Hall, business meeting of Alumni Society; 2 p. m., Memorial Hall, business meeting of Alumnae Society; 7-30 p. m., Lingley Hall, University Convocation.

Wednesday, June 1—10 a. m., University library, annual meeting of Board of Regents.

The Museum of Fine Arts will be open free of charge to visitors as follows: Saturday, May 28, 10 to 12.30 a. m.; Monday, May 30, 9 to 10.30 a. m., 3.30 to 6 p. m.; Tuesday, May 31, 10 to 12 a. m., 4.30 to 5.30 p. m.

The work of the art students for the year will be found in the studio rooms. The studio of Prof. Hammond, R. C. A., containing some of his recent works, will be open to visitors.

Return tickets for one way fare may be obtained by visitors at all stations of the I. C. R., D. A. R. and P. E. I. railways. Visitors will please be sure and ask for a standard certificate when they purchase their tickets. A free return ticket will be given them by the I. C. R. agent at Sackville on the presentation of this certificate duly signed.

Owing to special circumstances, the facilities for entertaining visitors at the University residence are this year very limited, and all accommodation must be a matter of arrangement.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.
JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
French Village.

I Know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.
J. F. CUNNINGHAM.
Cape Island.

I Know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
JOSEPH A. SNOW.
Norway, Me.

Show Window.

The show window in the average small town store is neglected. It should be carefully looked after and made an attention attracter. Too often some commonplace articles fill the show window and remain there for months at a time. This is wrong. It requires only little work to fix up the show window, and frequent changes in its appearance are sure to win. It is not necessary that goods for sale be displayed. Place in it anything that the people will stop and look at. Of course, if you have a line of bargain goods, the show window is a splendid place to display them along with prices.

For a Stiff Neck

Or any soreness in the muscles of the back or sides you can't get anything half so good as Nerviline, the most powerful liniment made. "My neck was so stiff I couldn't turn it a quarter of an inch," writes Fred T. Baldwin of Portsmouth. "I had it rubbed with Nerviline a few times and all the soreness and stiffness disappeared. I don't know another liniment you can depend on like Nerviline; it's splendid for colds, lameness, and can't be beaten for cramps and internal pain." Try Nerviline yourself. Price 25c.

THE WAR.

ANOTHER BATTLE BRINGS DEFEAT TO RUSSIANS.

Shan Hai Kwan, May 10.—It is reported that the first Japanese army corps, having followed the Russians retreating from the Yalu river, overtook them twenty miles south of Liao Yang yesterday and a severe engagement ensued. The Japanese dragged their guns up hills believed to be insurmountable. The Russians thereupon continued to retreat north. A division of the first corps is approaching New Chwang, which is now garrisoned by a handful of Russians. Japanese scouts have been seen six miles from New Chwang. Nineteen women were the last civilians to leave New Chwang for Shan Hai Kwan. They arrived here to-night and confirmed the reports of the evacuation of New Chwang.

WHAT JAPAN PROPOSES AT THE END OF THE WAR.

London, May 10.—Baron Suyematsu, son-in-law of the Marquis Ito and former Japanese minister of the interior, in the course of an interview to-day declared emphatically that Japan's policy is well defined. The future status of Korea will be that of a Japanese Cuba or a Japanese Egypt. Russia will not be allowed the least political hold there. Regarding Manchuria, Japan desires no rights there beyond what are enjoyed by the powers. Manchuria will be given back to China, but under conditions rendering it impossible for any return to the pre-war conditions. Possibly Manchuria will be made a state under China's sovereignty. Discussing China's neutrality, M. Suyematsu said the chief danger was Russia, which was either willingly or unconsciously irritating the Chinese, thus tending to a breach of neutrality. He did not believe that any change in China's attitude would involve France or Germany in the issues of the war, and concluded with declaring that Japan's aims were perfectly legitimate, her policy being to ensure absolute freedom for all the powers in the Far East and no Occidental power need have the slightest anxiety that Japan will suffer from "swelled-head" as a result of the conflict.

RUSSIANS LINGERING NEAR NEWCHWANG CITY.

Shan Hai Kwan, May 11.—7.20 p.m.—The Russian troops are lingering in the vicinity of Newchwang and some of them are returning to the city. The Russian artillery is ready for instant transportation. The report of fighting at Liaoyang has not been confirmed. There is a probability that it was merely a brush with brigands. Hai Cheng is being reinforced with troops from Liaoyang. It is reported here that the Japanese are creeping closely to Port Arthur. It is believed that the First Japanese Army Corps is still at Feng Wang Cheng. Lieut.-Col. W. S. Chuyler, U. S. A., will go forward tomorrow to join the Russian forces.

GENERAL NEWS

The boot and shoe factory at Shediac, N. B., was destroyed by fire on Tuesday last, and the Weldon House was badly damaged.

The village of Richmond Corner, about half way between Woodstock and Houlton, received a severe scorching by fire early Monday morning. Twenty-four buildings were consumed, including stores, houses and barns, with nearly all their contents.

A Sydney despatch of May 7, says: "To date seven thousand people have been vaccinated in Sydney. There have been sixty-one cases of smallpox, thirty-two of whom have been discharged, nineteen being still in the hospital. The condition of the patients is good. There has been only one death. Seven houses are now under quarantine."

The fate of the unfortunate young man, George Gee, convicted of the murder of his cousin, Millie Gee, on March 13, still holds the interest of the public and will continue to do so until the curtain is drawn on the last act of the terrible tragedy, when he will pay the penalty due to his crime by hanging in the yard of the county jail at Woodstock on the morning of July 22.

George, the ten-year-old son of Adam Shortt, professor of political economy, Queen's University, Toronto, was run over by a trolley car Monday afternoon and both legs crushed so badly that they had to be amputated below the knees. The lad had just left the Victoria school when he fell before the car while crossing Union street.

Greatly Alarmed

By a Persistent Cough, but Permanently Cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Mr. H. P. Burbage, a student at law in Greenville, S. C., had been troubled for four or five years with a continuous cough which he says, "greatly alarmed me, causing me to fear that I was in the first stage of consumption." Mr. Burbage having seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised, concluded to try it. Now read what he says of it: "I soon felt a remarkable change and after using two bottles of the twenty-five cents size, was permanently cured." Sold by S. N. Weare.

Henry M. Stanley Dead.

London, May 10.—Sir Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, passed away peacefully shortly after six o'clock. He was quite conscious to the last and able to recognize his wife. Before he died, Sir Henry expressed a wish to be buried at his country seat, Furze Hill, Pirbright, Surrey. The question, however, is being discussed of burying him beside Livingstone, in Westminster Abbey.

Just What You Need

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are just what you need when constipated, when you have no appetite, feel dull after eating and wake up with a bad taste in your mouth. They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and give you a relish for your food. For sale by S. N. Weare.