The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1903. NO. 28

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.)
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Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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BARRISTER,
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Head of Queen St., Bridgetown
Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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

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

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

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

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

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX

Capital Authorized, -	$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed. -	1,337,250
Capital Paid-up, -	1,308,345
Reserve Fund, - -	891 589

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WM. ROCHE, M. P., Vice-President.
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IN CAPE BRETON—Arichat, Baddeck, Glace Bay, Inverness, Mabou, North Sydney, St. Peter's, Sydney, Sydney Mines.
IN NEW BRUNSWICK—St. John.
IN BRITISH WEST INDIES—Port of Spain, Trinidad.

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Pandora Range
Entirely New

Has been under construction for more than a year—six *months* were spent in *testing* and *perfecting* the *range* before it was offered for sale.

Is built on entirely new and modern principles from *entirely new designs*—no old patterns were used to hamper the good working qualities of the new features.

Possesses labor and fuel-saving devices which are entirely new—triple, triangular grates, enameled steel reservoir and special flue construction, are not used in any other make of range.

The fire-box, hot-air flues, body and oven linings, dampers, etc., are improved over old styles and all combine to make a perfect baking oven.

Bold, rich carving extra highly-polished nickeling, heavy leg base and sheet-steel warming closet give the "Pandora" a rich, elegant appearance not seen in old style ranges.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free to any address.

McClary's
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

Poetry.

Across the Street.

(Boston Journal.)

Across the street the bright lights flashed and gleamed,
And fortune's favored ones were gathered there.
The merry music of the dance outstreamed
Upon the air.

Across the street—it seemed so far away,
That joyous world, from my unhappy sphere,
Made up of weary toil, day after day,
and year by year.

I turned from my window with a sigh,
"Thou mak'st life's differences, O God, so wide."
I could not conquer that ungrateful cry,
Though hard I tried.

Across the night, next night, across the street,
Death's grim insignia from the door was hung.
I heard the passers by, low-voiced, repeat,
"So fair, so young."

Across the street—ah, surely 'twas not so,
That they were mourning who last night were gay,
That yonder mansion was a house of woe,
Where death held sway?

Across the street, beside a single light
A cheerless company a sad watch kept,
For she, the homaged one of yesternight,
Forever slept.

How to Lighten Our Lot.

Take kindly all that is kindly meant,
Be first to thank, be last to resent;
Give smiles to all who give smiles to thee,
And those who come frowning feign not to see;
And Oh! believe me, this is the plan
To lighten, to brighten, the lot of man.

Seem blind when the faults of a friend appear,
Seem deaf when the slanderer's voice you hear.
Seem dumb when the curious crowd you meet,
And they bid you the slanderer's tale repeat;
And Oh! believe me, this is the plan,
To lighten, to brighten, the lot of man.

Select Literature.

THE NEAR ROAD.

The footpath that ran from the Warner place to the old Sherman place had been much in use once, but that was when David Warner and Clara Sherman were children. For years now it had been overgrown with vines and choked with fallen branches. The families had quarrelled and the "near road," which they had so often travelled together had become to be a place to be avoided.

The children, who used the footpath most, were sent away to school, that they might not meet. Mrs. Warner ceased to go to quiltings and tea parties where Mrs. Sherman was always a guest. Mrs. Sherman joined another church, five miles away.

It might have seemed that the quarrel would end when Mr. Warner died; indeed, Mr. Sherman had grown lukewarm about it as he grew older. But Mrs. Warner appeared henceforth to cherish a double grievance—her husband's and her own—and Mrs. Sherman was no whit behind her in bitterness.

Then, as it chanced, David Warner and Clara Sherman, returning from their different schools on the same day, found themselves set down at a lonesome little country station, condemned to wait for hours for a delayed train. They recognized each other, and because the family quarrel seemed to them a needless and foolish thing, they renewed their early friendship at once.

The mothers fumed when the girl and the young man went home and told of the encounter, but neither of the young people realized how deep was the enmity between the women. Thus it was that when Sunday came David rode over to the church the Shermans attended, and spoke to Clara after meeting, "in the face and eyes of everybody." There were plenty of gossips to carry the tale to David's mother, and they did not delay in doing so.

The next morning early, a tall, gaunt old woman shut the gate of the Warner place behind her and took her way down the main road. She was going to "have it out," with Susan Sherman, the woman who was using her daughter to win a son away from his mother. Melina Warner saw through the scheme! She meant to confront the woman in her own house and tell her so.

It was so early that the woods on one side of the road were still alive with bird songs. In the fields on the other side were men cutting the corn. She could hear them calling to one another with a great deal of light laughter; but she knew that David's voice was silent, although he was working there. For the first time in his life she had had a disagreement with her boy—and all on account of those Shermans.

Down the slope of the hill, along the pleasant valley and up the farther slope she went. Years had passed since she had last travelled it, but she knew every inch of the road. How the vines over the Shermans' front porch had grown since she had seen them last! She stood under the shadow of them for a moment—a poor, lonely old woman, remembering old times; then she raised her hand and gave a loud knock at the open door.

No one responded. She could see that the front room was empty, but a sound of sobbing came from the room beyond, and she went in. A girl who seemed to have been lying across the bed sat up and pushed the hair from a tear-stained face.

"Where is your mother?" demanded the stern old woman in the doorway. The question recalled Clara's grief.

"Oh," she said with a fresh burst of tears, "she has gone over to Mrs. Warner's—and she is so angry—and I know she'll say something dreadful, and make the quarrel worse than ever—and all because David and I don't want to be enemies! Why should we quarrel so on? And now she's gone over there to insult David and his mother, and they'll never forgive it."

"She won't find David or his mother at home to be insulted," said the old woman in the doorway, trembling with passion. "My son is in the field at work, and I'm here."

Clara sprang to her feet with a cry of delight. Before the astonished old woman could think the girl had thrown both arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Oh, I know you now!" the girl exclaimed. "Don't you remember the little red-headed Sherman girl you used to pet because you hadn't any girl of your own? I'm Clara. Don't you remember the time I sprained my ankle, and how you carried me all the way home, and how I didn't want to go away again? How proud you must be of David! Isn't he a splendid fellow?"

The round, fresh arms about her neck, the fresh young cheek against her withered face, the old time called back by this sweet young voice!

The bitter old woman had passed many lonely, loveless years. Her son had been away, engrossed in his studies. She had felt herself shut off from the world. And here, all at once, was her caresses—and at her touch the fountains of the great deep were broken up. The angry old woman found herself clasping her enemy's daughter to her breast and weeping convulsively.

"I wish I'd had a girl like you!" she cried, desolately. "Maybe if I had it wouldn't have happened. Maybe I'd been more patient and more forgivin'. It's easier for people to be good when they're petted and loved."

The sharp little woman from the Sherman house had shut her own gate behind her with an emphatic click that morning and had resolutely made her way down the lane and across the footbridge, and so along the near road.

She had taken that course almost unconsciously, and she was half way down the valley before she woke to a realization of the scenes through which she was passing.

Then she perseveringly recalled her grievances, instead of her memories. She would not be touched by the vines that trailed across the near road and the trees that had fallen and blocked it up. If the near road was in ruins, so was the old past when the Warner's were her friends and she was theirs.

Up the slope the Warner house came in view. Windows and doors were open, but there was no sign of anyone stirring.

"Mother!" she heard someone call. Somebody came in by the back way, tramping through the rooms. Mrs. Sherman turned toward a pallid young man, who staggered a little as he advanced, and who gazed at her with eyes that did not appear to see.

"I've slashed my hand with a knife," he murmured. "Do you think you could wrap it up? It's been bleeding pretty badly, but—"

He wavered, and would have fallen, but in an instant her arm was about him and she was helping him to the bench.

"You sit right down here, David," she cried, "and I'll get you a pillow, so's you can lie down!"

She darted into a well-remembered room and came back with a pillow. "There, now, you keep still. I used to know where M'lindy kept her rags," she muttered. "Yes, here they are, in the same old closet—and if she ain't using the very rag-bag I made her when David was a little boy! To think she didn't throw it away! And I bet I could put my hand on the turpentine bottle with my eyes shut!"

She needed to know where it was, for her eyes were full of tears. But deftly and rapidly she dressed the wounded hand; and then, seeing that David lay still and was very pale, she bathed his face and fanned him with his mother's fan.

"It'll be all right in a day or two, Davy," she said. "The turpentine'll draw the soreness out. Don't you remember when you were little and cut your wrist on a broken bottle over at my house and I fixed it up for you? and look here! It didn't even leave a scar—"

A little stir behind her made her turn, to see David's mother standing hand in hand with Clara.

"O, M'lindy, don't ye be frightened!" she cried. "He ain't hurt much. He'll be over it in a little while."

"There, don't you worry now, M'lindy! It's all over—we're friends again—and I know in reason I must have been to blame. Look here! Davy's coming round all right—and there's Clara laughing and crying all at once—and you ain't got a thing to cry for, M'lindy!"

David was all right in an hour or two later, or sufficiently so to escort Mrs. Sherman and her daughter home. But Mr. Sherman, who had been much puzzled by the absence of his family, gazed in apparent bewilderment when his wife and daughter fell to hugging him and talking jubilantly, both at once.

Perhaps he understood, however, more than they told; for there was a shrewd twinkle in his eye when he finally said:

"I calc'late that cut won't lay you up very long, Dave. S'pose you come over Saturday, and we'll take a day off and clean up the near road."—Youth's Companion.

Owes His Life to a Neighbor's Kindness.

Mr. D. P. Daugherty, well known throughout Mercer and Sumner Counties, W. Va., most likely owes his life to the kindness of a neighbor. He was almost hopelessly afflicted with diarrhoea; was attended by two physicians who gave him little, if any, relief, when a neighbor learning of his serious condition, brought him a bottle of Chamberlains Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured him in less than twenty-four hours. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Chamberlain's Policy.

In a letter to the Daily Telegraph, Mr. Chamberlain expresses his views on the fiscal problem in Great Britain and states his policy as follows:

"All is not well with British trade. After a long period of success the policy of unrestricted free imports has now shown evident signs of failure. We receive from our competitors a large proportion of manufactured goods; and we send them a larger proportion of raw material than we used to. Our supremacy in what have always been considered our standard industries has been wrested from us, or is seriously menaced.

"Our colonies alone continue to increase their purchases, and even here we must abandon all hope of expansion, and we are threatened with the loss of our existent trade, if we are unable to meet their request for reciprocal preference.

"Even our competition, which is already so acute, is not fair competition. It is supported by bounties, fostered by the operations of trusts, and strengthened by the economical advantages which our opponents enjoy in the shape of cheap labor, and in the absence of those regulations which we have assented to in the interests of the working classes, and in order to raise their standard of living the case for inquiry is overwhelming and these articles suggest that the case for reform will be overwhelming also. The supporters of our antiquated policy resort naturally to well worn devices, which have always been at the services of every opponent of reform.

"They abound in statements for which there is no foundation, culminating in the bold assertion that those who called attention to the dangers of our present system are prepared to restore all the evils of the anti corn law time and reduce the masses to actual starvation. It is not easy to characterize such perversions of the truth in parliamentary language. They are founded on garbled and incomplete extracts from speeches selected without regard to their general tenor, and they attribute methods and intentions which exist only in the imagination of the free food controversialist."

The line of argument concisely stated seems to be as follows: "Firstly—It is is intended to give preference to our colonies, whose chief exports are articles of food. It will therefore be necessary to put a duty upon food. This statement implies that food is free now and deliberately ignores the fact that a large part of our revenue is raised by taxes on food and drink, the bulk of which is consumed by the working classes.

"Secondly—The whole amount of the new duty will be paid by the consumer. This is contrary to the doctrine of the most eminent of modern economists who say that where an article is exported from a foreign country and is also produced at home and in the colonies, a tax upon the foreign article alone will not raise the price proportionately with the duty, but that the cost to the consumer will be mainly regulated by the supply and demand. This is especially the fact when the duty is small. There is much experience to confirm the theory of the economists. Neither in France, Germany, nor in any other protected country have the prices risen by the whole amount of the protective duty, while in this small country the small tax of one shilling on corn did not raise the price at all. It should be noted that the danger of the future is not a raise in prices owing to taxation, but a failure in the supply due to natural causes, such as drought, or to artificial combinations, such as the Leitzer corner. This danger is greatest when the sources of supply are low and lend themselves to monopoly, while the policy that develops new markets and increases the food-producing areas of the world will tend to cheapness and above all to stability of prices.

"Thirdly—It is said that the duty to be imposed will be a heavy one, at least and possibly ten shillings a quarter. There is absolutely no foundation for this assertion in any of the statements made by the advocates of tariff reform. It is pure invention of the opponents of all changes, a bogey raised solely for the purpose of frightening timid people.

"Fourthly—It is said that the duty must be a high one in order to meet the cost of old age pensions. This is entirely independent of fiscal reform. The amount gained by the exchequer from any duty, might, if the working class who form the majority of the electors desire it, be applied to making better provisions for old age, but not as a necessary consequence, and it cannot be done without their authority and good will. If as seems probable they prefer the bird in the hand to the bird in the bush; if that is so they prefer immediate advantage to the more distant vision of a pension, their decision will be final and in this case there will be no increase at all in the duties on food, but only a transfer of the existing tax from one article of food to another, from tea to sugar, for instance, to corn. The cost of living would not be increased in the slightest degree.

"To sum up any duty on food imposed to secure preferential trade with our colonies will be a small one. It may probably be wholly paid and will certainly be part paid by foreigners. The additional cost, if any, to the working classes will be fully met by an equivalent reduction on other articles of food equally necessary to their existence. The dear food cry is an imposture, and the "little loaves" bugbear. The question of tariff reform may be considered on its merits without any fear that the cost of living will be increased to the poor.

"On the other hand our tariffs may be revised so as to secure the following additions:

"First—An increase of trade with our fellow subjects and best customers who not only take much more per head from us than foreigners, but take it in the shape of manufactured products whose production involves the employment of the greatest amount of labor.

"Second—The power of bargaining with our competitors and thereby securing either that they shall take more of the products of our labor in return for the products of their labor, or that they shall leave the British market completely to British labor.

"Third—In either case this change and the increased trade with our colonies will provide more employment for our own people and a greater demand for our own labor.

"Fourth—If the demand of labor increases the wages of labor must rise also, and full work at prices that will enable our manufacturers to pay higher wages without loss to themselves.

"Lastly—We shall have made a great advance towards this union of the Empire and have taken the first step towards free trade with the rest of the world.

"All the points here mentioned are developed with a wealth of facts, figures and original illustrations in the articles now printed. These form a complete popular handbook on the subject and will be most valuable to students and speakers in the coming campaign."

(Signed) CHAMBERLAIN.

A Remarkable Record.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has a remarkable record. It has been in use for over thirty years, during which time many million bottles have been sold and used. It has long been the standard and main reliance in the treatment of croup in thousands of homes, yet during all this time no case has ever been reported to the manufacturers in which it has failed to effect a cure. When given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even as soon as the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is pleasant to take, many children like it. It contains no opium or other harmful substance and may be given as confidently to a baby as an adult. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Commercial Traveller Loses Trunk With $4.000 Worth of Samples.

Moncton, Sept. 30.—H. W. Fox, commercial traveller, is looking for a trunk of samples, which disappeared very mysteriously from the Moncton depot on Monday night last. Fox travels for Bloomfield Bros., jewellers, Montreal, and says that his trunk contained four thousand dollars in jewelry. On Monday evening Fox packed up with the intention of leaving town on the maritime express at ten o'clock. Another traveller near him was going East on the ten o'clock train, and the truckman made one load of both travellers' trunks. Fox's trunk was not delivered to the baggage master, but was left on a truck on the station platform. Since that time no trace of it can be found. Enquiry has been made at stations East where it was thought the trunk might have been taken by mistake, but up to date there are no tidings of it, and it now looks as if it had been stolen. The police have the matter in hand and are looking into the matter.

Fox expects a member of his firm here in the morning to take a hand in the search for the missing trunk. It will be remembered that bags containing registered letters have been stolen at this station on three different occasions.

8 Cents

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

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

The Situation In The East.

Various reports are in circulation regarding negotiations between Turkey and Bulgaria, looking to a solution of the Macedonian difficulty.

The Dnevnik says Turkey has presented a note to Bulgaria asking the latter's assistance in reaching a peaceable solution. Bulgaros replied that Turkey must end the massacres, withdraw her frontier forces, guarantee peace and protection to the villagers desiring to return to their homes, amnesty to the political offenders, and introduce such government reforms as will pacify Macedonia and Adrianople. The Bulgarian reply concludes: "If the present situation continues, the Bulgarian government will be compelled to yield to public opinion and send an army to the frontier."

According to information received by the revolutionary headquarters from Monastir, 120 persons perished in the flames of their burning villages near Kastoria.

More than 1,200 bodies of women and children are said to be lying unburied in the fields and on the road sides around Kastoria.

Corns Cured in 24 Hours.

When Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is used, Corns, Warts and Bunions can be removed in one day. No pain, no bother, no suffering. Try "Putnam's."

The Situation at the Soo.

Montreal, Sept. 30.—The Toronto Mail and Empire says that despite the denial of Sir Christopher Furness that he is finding fresh capital for the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, the statement is made that part of Speyer & Co's loan was recently assigned to interests close to the company of which Furness is at the head.

Saults Ste. Marie, Sept 30.—Bicknell, representing the Speyer Company, to day asked the court for an order compelling the Lake Superior Company to turn over all its plant to him. The hearing will take place on Saturday. A number of local creditors have decided to ask the court that their claims have priority over those of Speyer & Co.

Shortly after noon to-day, Mayor Plummer announced to a large number of discharged employees of the Consolidated Lake Superior Co., who for some time have been cared for at Tagona Inn, that beginning to-day they would not be given any more aid. The men took the matter calmly and left the premises quietly. The soldiers are now occupying the inn, and will continue to make it their headquarters.

Later—Alexander Brenton, who says he has been in the employ of the company for three years, was arrested, charged with intimidating and attempting to cause rioting.

Completely Fagged Out.

The world is full of sickly, despondent, tired, enervated people, all hoping to be well some day. The surest road to health is along the way of taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone is a great appetizer and enables one to eat plenty of wholesome food without fear of indigestion or dyspepsia. This results in the rapid formation of an abundance of red, vitalizing blood, which will restore the nerves, increase flesh and vigor, and nourish and feed every organ of the body. Ferrozone is an ideal restorative and invigorant. It is a tonic of unequalled merit that anyone can use with benefit. Price 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50, at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A Mysterious Death.

The death of Harry C. Taylor, of Waterville, occurred in a most mysterious manner last Friday afternoon, near the residence of Mr. John Harrington, Kentville. Mr. Taylor had been in Kentville all day and most of the time he spent at Camp Aldershot in company with a party of friends. About tea time, he we went to the residence of Mr. William Rogers and had tea. Later in the evening he went out and hitched up and started on his journey home, accompanied by his lady friend. He had not gone far when he complained of his teeth and the roots of his tongue being sore. Handing the reins to his friend, he grabbed his throat with both hands, and after swaying from side to side he fell out of the wagon and was picked up dead. The body was taken to the residence of Mr. Harrington, where an inquest was held on Saturday forenoon. Death was due to some internal trouble.

Stanstead Junction, P. Q., 12th Aug, 1893.
Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.
Gentlemen.—I fell from the bridge leading from a platform to a loaded car while assisting my men in unloading a car of grain. The bridge went down as well as the load on my back, and I struck the ends of the sleepers, causing a serious injury to my leg. Only for it being very fleshy would have broken it. In an hour I could not walk a step. Commenced using MINARD'S LINIMENT and the third day went to Montreal on business and got about well by the use of a cane. In ten days was nearly well. I can sincerely recommend it as the best liniment that I know of in use.
Yours Truly,
C. H. GORDON.

Elephant Fights Lions.

New York, Sept 27....Hurled over the top of a steel barred arena by an elephant it had engaged in mortal combat, Brutus, a large lion, escaped into a crowd of three thousand persons at Luna Barr, Coney Island, yesterday, and then into the open street, causing a panic, in which men, women and children were knocked down and trampled upon. Nearly all Coney Island was terror stricken. Several women fainted, and Joseph Guies, a bartender over whom the lion leaped in its flight, was thrown into violent hysterics. No one was seriously injured. The lion was caught, after having been confronted by a tall picket fence, before which he paced back and forth under the impression apparently that he was in his cage. The arena in which the beasts fought is located on an island in the park lagoon, near the electric tower. "Tony" Lewando, the trainer, was making a trial of a new act. Without warning Brutus leaped at Columbia's throat and buried his teeth and claws in her flesh. This was the signal for the other two lions, who pounced upon the elephant's back. The battle-royal that followed thrilled and fascinated the large crowd of spectators. Weighted with three powerful foes, Columbia tore madly about the arena, hurling himself against its sides in an endeavor to dislodge them. Suddenly Columbia halted and gained a hold on Brutus' leg. She gave a mighty tug and then slowly broke the lion's hold. The crowd, whose sympathy had been with Columbia, raised a shout of triumph, which was quickly changed into one of terror when Columbia was seen to grasp the lion around the middle, and, even with the two other beasts on her back, hurl her enemy over the top of the enclosure.

Brutus fell on the gang-plank, recovered himself quickly, rushed through the German village, jumping over Guies' head on the way, and after running around the streets a short time, was captured without difficulty. He was seemingly badly frightened by the crowds. It required the greatest efforts on the part of half a dozen keepers to get the other lions back and into their cages. All the animals were badly lacerated.

—Minard's Liniment cures dandruff.