Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1902. NO. 28

Professional Cards.

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AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Rest, - - - - 642,660

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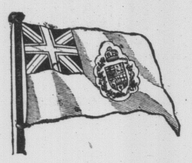

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Sanitary Plumber
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'Phone 21

Poetry.

IN THE SILENCE.

(By May Riley Smith.)

They are out of the chaos of life,
The wreck and debris of the years;
They have passed from the struggle and strife,
They have finished their goblet of tears:
They have ceased one by one from their labors,
So we clothed them in garments of rest,
And they entered the Chamber of Silence—
God do for them now what ,s best!

We saw not the lift of the Curtain
Nor heard the invisible Door,
As they passed where life's problems uncertain
Will follow and vex them no more.
We lingered and wept on the threshold—
The threshold each mortal must cross—
Then we laid a new wreath down upon it,
To mark a new sorrow and loss.

Then back to our separate places
A little more lonely we creep,
With a little more care in our faces,
The wrinkles a little more deep.
And we stagger—Ah, God, how we stagger—
As we lift the old load to our back,
A little more lonely to carry
For want of the comrade we lack.

But into our lives, whether chidden
His sunshine waits not to be bidden;
Or welcome, God's comforters come;
His stars—they are always at home;
His mornings are faithful, His twilights
Allay the day's fever and fret;
And Night—kind physician—entreats us
To slumber, and dream, and forget.

O Spirit of Infinite Kindness,
And gentleness passing all speech!
Forgive when we miss in our blindness
The comforting hand thou dost reach.
Thou sendest the Spring on Thine errand
To soften the grief of the world;
For us is the calm of the mountain,
For us is the rose leaf unfurled!

Thou art tenderer too, than a mother,
In the wonderful Book it is said.
O Pillow of Comfort! what other
So softly could cradle my head?
And though Thou hast darkened the portal
That leads where our vanished ones be,
We lean to our faith in Thy goodness,
And leave them to Silence and Thee.

Select Literature.

THE HARVESTER

By Jean Blewett.

Trotter had not lived in the world more than fourteen short years, yet hard times had found opportunity to meet him and leave a few marks upon him. There was something in the long, skinny neck and the head above it which set you thinking of hungry young birds stretching up from the nest with mouths wide open for the morsel of food and woke a feeling of pity, which tingled into anger, that in a world filled so full of plenty by a kind and careful father anything so small should be denied his share. For somehow you knew that the morsels had not fallen into this young fledgling's mouth with either regularity or prodigality. The arms wielding the hoe were so meagre, the shoulders so narrow, the legs such pipestems, the face so old and wise. The country lads just out of school for the holidays stared curiously at Trotter when they met him. Big, healthy louts they were, with a fine contempt for the make-up of Trotter, and with plenty of ridicule to load on him. Trotter would have minded it more if his mind had not been full of his one ambition, his one desire, and busy putting forth of efforts toward the accomplishment of the same. Trotter would be a farmer. He hoed his row this summer day, hoed and whistled shrilly and the stuffed coat on the pole seemed waving its arms wildly in accompaniment. Sometimes Trotter stole a glance at the scarecrow, and when he did shriller grew his whistle, under his grin; fuller his sense of content. Why not? Last month he himself had been the scarecrow, and now was he not a boy hoeing his row with the best of them, and of some importance? The west wind seemed to have made up its mind to go sedately and softly over the field, but the corn flaunted its slim greenness, waved and tossed and sighed, and made such overtures that no west wind worth the name could resist the coaxing, and so there were frolic and flutter and the sweet, low song that growing stuff sings on such days as these.

Trotter tied his hat on with a piece of twine and hoed away. He felt that his had been a quick march to prosperity. Why, only a month ago he had been at the lowest round of the ladder, the boy who all day long and until the dark came down kept the cows from farmer Hope's cornfield! He saw himself a forlorn little figure, shrinking from the name "scarecrow" hurled at him by all the boys who chanced to pass his way, but faithfully keeping to his post. Then the farmer had advanced him to chore-boy. He had been put to drive the cattle home at night, and to pasture in the morning, to carry water to the haymakers in the big meadows. That was pleasant. The sound of the mowers, the rumble of wheels and clink of whetstone on scythe, the bustle and hurry, all exhilarated Trotter. Then there was Boy. Whenever he thought of Boy he stopped his whistling long enough to laugh, for Boy was simply "the funniest thing that ever happened," so quote Trotter. Boy was only four years old, but what he did not know of mischief was not worth mentioning. He was the busiest person in that busy household. You heard his shout, saw his golden head here and there and everywhere. Commotion marked his way. He had a genius for creating surprises and startling situations. Boy's light was seldom under a bushel. He was rosy and dimpled with eyes that gazed fearlessly at everything and everybody. Never having known anything but love he was bold in his trust of his fellow-creatures. The day that Trotter had made his first appearence Boy had looked him over, made up his mind in the instant that the ragged little tramp was a desirable acquaintance, and proceeded to show his appreciation by offering his own large slice of bread and jam to the timid newcomer.

"Here ith a boy come to athay ith us daddy," he had lisped to the grave-eyed farmer whose idol he was, "and he wanth hith thupper."

And Trotter had stayed. Later, Boy had procured his protege's promotion. He had found his way to the cornfield and witnessed a battle royal between Trotter and a saucy urchin in blue overalls. Boy was not averse to warfare, provided he could be on the winning side, so his head went up in the air when he heard Trotter tell the other fellow to move right along and mind his own affairs or get his head punched. This was all right but when the inconsiderate other chap cried out derisively, "Ho! ho! sit on the fence and flap your wings, old scarecrow! My dad has a better man than you made out of straw. Scarecrow! Caw! caw, caw!" Boy rushed into the fray, just indignation in his breast, and two hard clods in his chubby hands. That night he had an interview with his father. Now when Boy set out to have an interview with anybody there could be but one ending to it. Who could turn a deaf ear to so lovable a mortal? Certainly not his father. Farmer Hope was a stern man, but he never could resist Boy.

"Don't make Trotty shoo the old birds away," he had begun. "Bad boy called him scarecrow."

"Well, he looks it," had come the grumpy answer.

"Daddy," leaning an elbow on his father's knee, and looking up confidently, "we'll be good to Trotty, won't we?"

The father's face relaxed. That "we" of Boy's tickled him mightily. It was a good thing to have a son and heir put forth a claim to partnership thus early.

"What is he so earnest about?" Mrs. Hope had come out, and was standing beside them. The farmer laughed. "He thinks we should make the new boy overseer of the farm—won't have him be a scarecrow any more."

"'Tis a wonder he didn't come to me with his request," she said; "a boy is always sure of his mother's sympathy."

Boy gave her a loving look but settled himself closer to his father.

"We, ith the farmers, Daddy and me," he said, "ithn't uth, daddy?"

"Of course we are," cried Mr. Hope, with a pride that could not be hidden. "And we must tend to Trotter's case right off. We'll make him chore-boy, eh?"

Boy ran over to the bench where Trotter was sitting, laid his head on the checked shirt bosom, slipped a warm, fat arm around the skinny neck and cried out with great glee: "You ithn't a scarecrow any more, ever and ever, you ithn't, Trotty."

No wonder Trotter loved Boy. No wonder he laughed at the thought of him. Mrs. Hope noticed the growing friendship of the two with distrust. She was a narrow though not unkindly woman, with an intense love for her own, and little thought for the rest of the world. Mother love is a beautiful thing, a grand and uplifting thing, but it had become an engrossing selfishness. Mrs. Hope had no sympathy to spare for the little human scarecrow. He was paid his wages, given his meals and bed. What more thought should she bestow on him? Afterward the more boy, who carried the wood and water, whose feet seemed never weary, whose whistle seemed never to cease all the day, irritated her a trifle. And she been a city woman she would have excused her occasional fits of fault finding and sharpness by declaring that the boy got on her nerves; but, as it was, she knew nothing of this popular malady, and was forced to own to herself shamefacedly, that her temper got the better of her very often. "I wish you'd get rid of Trotter," she said to the farmer one day in late July. "I'm sure he isn't the right kind of a companion for Boy, and it worries the life out of me to see them always together. Pay him and let him go. Do."

"Right at harvest time!" came the impatient answer. "The boy is smart as a steel trap, and I can't get along without him. If you don't relish the intimacy, tell Boy you won't have it." She shook her head. "You know what Boy is. He wants a reason for everything. I can't make him understand that a tramp, no matter how young, is full of deceit and wickedness. Why the other day when I spoke sharply to Trotter, being put out at seeing the two laughing together, he gave me a wondering look, which made my face hot. No good can come of it. But, of course, you won't take my advice. Your harvest is worth more to you than my piece of mind." He went off, after cheerfully bidding her not to be a fool. Women are full of fancies, and he wasn't going to discharge Trotter; at least, not until the grain was in the barn. Mr. Hope had no more feeling for Trotter than for any other part of the farm machinery. The boy served his purpose. When the wheat was in the barn he could shoulder his bundle and go. The prosperous man did not concern himself about the hard times or homelessness of Trotter. He had his spreading acres, his flocks and herds to spend his time on, and he had his home, his wife, his bonnie boy to spend his love and care on. Content, self-satisfied, he went his way.

They began the harvest on the 1st of August. Trotter was out of bed before daylight, so great was his eagerness to get into the field. It was his deft fingers that buckled the harness on the big bays; it was he who led them out. Never in all his life had he felt so proud and happy as on this glorious morning, with the blue sky bending over the golden earth, and the murmur of ripening grain in the air. What a swath the reaper cut, and what a jubilant chant it sang! The boys went on their way jauntily, and by-and-by the field was full of roadways and carpeted with stubble and dotted with many sheaves. A man with brawny arms wielded a scythe in the corners of the rail fence, mowing down the scarlet poppies, the alders, white with bloom, and the grass already lean and withered. The man on the reaper noticed the boy's excited face. "So you like the cackling of this big bird of mine?" he laughed. "Well don't get in its way that's all, for it's got a bill that would nip you in two before you could say Jack Robinson."

Trotter hated to leave it all. It was with backward glance and lagging step he went to the house to help the women folks with their task of making ready a good dinner for the harvesters. Things went wrong with him in the very beginning. He spilled the water on the kitchen stove, he broke the handle off the pitcher by giving it a knock against the iron pump, and, worst of all, gave back a muttered "Don't care" when Mrs. Hope rated him soundly. She had a grievance now, a real one, and at noon informed her husband that Trotter had shown how much he appreciated being used like a human being by saucing her. It was true and the boy knew it was, yet his little heart was hurt and vexed when the farmer, taking no notice of his shamefaced apologies, told him curtly that he would not be needed on the place longer than another week. Injustice hardens old and young alike, and it was a bitter, bad-tempered Trotter that went up and down with pail and dipper carrying water to the men that hot afternoon. He hated Mr. Hope, he hated Mrs. Hope, he hated everybody. Just then came the memory of a laughing face and golden head; no, he could not do anything but love Boy, no matter what came.

The grain was tall and heavy. It seemed to Boy, making his way manfully toward the corner where he hoped to find "Daddy," that he was in a big yellow wood made up of a million trees that leaned toward him, and got before him, and caught and held him. His face was red with heat and exertion; he had long ago lost his cap, and his hair, yellow as the rippling wheat was tangled on his forehead. He pushed it back and tried to peer through the forest stretching about him. "Daddy!" his voice rang out shrilly. No answer. "Trotter!" Silence save for the rustle of the grain. "I geth Boy hath got his-self lost," he said, and laughed; "but Daddy'll find him."

Of course, was Daddy not always finding him, always leading him out of scrapes and starting him afresh.

Warmer grew the air, heavier the child's eyes. By lying on his back he could catch, between the golden foliage, glimpses of the blue sky overhead. He liked this. He would just rest awhile, and then—the long lashes lay on his cheeks, the chubby hands, full of wilted poppies, on his bosom, and Boy was asleep.

Mrs. Hope thought he was with his father, and when Trotter, going to the house for a pail of fresh water, timidly asked of her, "Where is Boy this afternoon?" she bade him not concern himself about Boy. Trotter scowled at her darkly, and went his way.

"Never you fret about Boy," the kindly maid of all works called after him; "he's with his father."

But that could not be, for coming down toward him was the reaper, and the man on it was no other than Mr. Hope. Trotter's heart stood still. What if Boy should get in the bill of that bird spoken of by the hired man? He dropped his pail and gazed to right and left. The men were all busy; he could catch no glimpse of Boy. His eyes fell on something—a cap—and he started forward. To the right a narrow track went winding off among the wheat, and on it lay a wilted poppy. Where was Boy? With a clang and a whir came the reaper, the sun striking hotly on the gleaming knife, straight for the spot where the golden grain waved gaily over a golden head. It was almost upon Trotter now, but with bent head he ran like a hound on the trail. His panting breast held no thought of his own wrongs or cares; held nothing but a great fear which made him sick. He threw his eyes skyward for an instant. He was not a praying person, but that great clanging thing drawn by the big farm horses seemed more that he could match himself against alone, hence the brief, wordless appeal to a higher power.

Trotter stumbled and fell, but was up and on again on the instant. It was borne on him as he ran that he would find Boy there where the rank growth bent groundward as though cradling something sweet and good. it was a race between him and the gleaming knife, and with odds against him.

"Stop the horses! Stop the horses!" he shrieked, waving his arms wildly, but farmer Hope heard only the clang of the reaper, saw only the riches of his harvest fields, and straight in his way lay the child for whom he labored and saved. On, on, came the bays tossing their heads, and taking their task bravely. Mr. Hope was telling himself that he would build new and larger barns, the yield was so bountiful; he would clear off the mortgage this year; next he would add another fifty acres to the old place, and Boy should have a worthy heritage.

Why, what was wrong? What was Trotter doing grasping the bridles and calling in that new note of strength and command. "Whoa, good Charley! Whoa, Prince! Whoa! Whoa!"

Farmer Hope will remember the sight which greeted his eyes as long as he lives. When he is an old man he will see the grain waving in the wind, the horses with head in air, the brave pinched face of the boy who had been his scarecrow, and his child, still drowsy, rosy from sleep, with hands full of scarlet poppies, laying in the path of the cruel knife.

There are times when God teaches us by living illustrations, just as our teachers taught us by printed ones when we were children. When the farmer took his chubby boy under one arm and the white-faced Trotter under the other and drew them over to the shade of an elm growing close by, he had learned his lesson.

"Young man," he cried, addressing Trotter, who was beginning to feel weak and queer, "I'll be in your debt always. There's no use my trying to tell you how I feel about this. I—I—" his voice broke and he hid his face for a moment in Boy's curls. "You haven't had an easy life, I take it, but remember this—things are going to be different from this out. What would you like to do most of all, eh? Why, what's wrong? Not going to faint, are you?" No Trotter wasn't going to faint. The strange sensation passed and he stood up and looked at the farmer, all eagerness. "I'd like to drive the bays when you're drawin' in wheat; that's what I'd like most of all," he said with a blush at his own temerity.

"Did you ever here the like?" said the farmer later to Mrs. Hope. "I ask him what he'd like to do, thinking he'll say school, or a trade, or something substantial, and he answers, "Drive the bays." Bless his heart! But of course we'll do something worth while. What would you suggest?"

Mrs. Hope was holding Boy close to her breast, and there was a new look of softness on her face. "Come, here, Trotter," she said, and laid a hand on his sunburned head. The wistful face, the slim body, the queer raiment of the forlorn little fellow took hold of her. "He is a brave, good boy," she went on, turning to her husband. "I would suggest that we take him for our own."

Then she stooped and kissed him.

"Don't," cried Trotter with a sob, "I ain't used to bein' made of like this. Nobody ain't loved me since my mother died when I was knee high to a grasshopper. I ain't used to it."

"You will be," her smile warmed down, down into his heart. "You will be, for this is home, your own home, Trotter."

Were the stern old farmer's eyes running over, or did Trotter dream. Home! The word rang in his ears like a tender chime of bells. Home! home! With a growing wonder he became conscious of the fact that he, who had stood kicks and cuffs and hunger and cold without a whimper, was crying like a baby because a woman was kissing him, and calling him her own boy.

"Come on, Harvester," called Mr. Hope; "too much sentiment isn't good for us these busy times."

"Harvester! Last month I was scarecrow, an' now I'm harvester. Seems as if all the nice things is comin' my way," thought Trotter, with a new faith in the wisdom of One who could so well care for a child whose only claims were his poverty and his lovelessness.

Revolution in Newfoundland.

Since the introduction into Newfoundland of the new Inhaler Remedy, "Catarrhozone," the treatment of catarrhal disease has been entirely revolutionized. The old-time snuff and internal medicine has been cast aside and everyone is inhaling Catarrhozone; it clears the head and throat in two minutes, and is very agreeable and pleasant to use. Catarrhozone is a wonderful cure for Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung Troubles and Deafness. It relieves quickly and cures permanently. We advise our readers to try Catarrhozone. Price $1.00, trial size 25c. Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills.

HELD IN RESERVE.

The thriftiness of a London shopkeeper is illustrated in a story told of a dry goods dealer. The merchant in question possessed a very excitable temperament, and on hearing his assistant say to a lady customer, "No, we have not had any for a long time," unable to countenance such an admission, he turned to the lady, fixed his eyes on his assistant, and said: "We have plenty in reserve, madam—plenty upstairs." The lady looked thunderstruck, and then his assistant informed his master that his reply was to be remark: "We have not had any rain lately."

The laying of the first link in the Pacific cable was started Monday, 15th September.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Scott's Emulsion is the means of life and of the enjoyment of life of thousands of men, women and children.

To the men Scott's Emulsion gives the flesh and strength so necessary for the cure of consumption and the repairing of body losses from any wasting disease.

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

RURAL SCHOOL CONSOLIDATION.

Below is a copy of an agreement received from Prof. J. W. Robertson to be submitted to the ratepayers of the school sections applying for the McDonald grant. It will be of interest to our readers—

Memorandum of Provisional Agreement between the School Trustees, or Commissioners, acting for the people of Middleton of the first part, and James W. Robertson, acting for the McDonald Rural School Fund, for the second part:

Whereas it is desirable to offer some assistance to enable the people of Middleton, N. S., and the neighborhood to undertake and carry on an object lesson of improvements in education, through the consolidation of five or more rural schools into one central graded school, with a school garden and Nature Study Manual Training and Household Science divisions, all under the control of the regularly constituted educational authorities;

Therefore if the people of the Middleton school district, and at least five of the neighboring school districts, agree to unite in the establishment and maintenance of such consolidated school for the period of three years;

(1) By sending their children of school age to such school.

(2) By managing and maintaining the school through a board of Committee, duly constituted to represent the people of the whole area in a manner satisfactory to the Department of Education of the Province of Nova Scotia.

(3) By paying annually during the three years, toward the cost of carrying on such a consolidated school, a sum from each school district concerned, not less than the highest amount expended for and in connection with maintaining the school in that district during any one of the three years of 1899, 1900 and 1901;

Then James W. Robertson, of the second part, acting for the Macdonald Rural School Fund, will agree:

(1) To pay for an addition to the present school building at Middleton, N. S., to make it adequate to accomodate the children of the Middleton school district and at least five of the neighboring school districts;

(2) To meet the cost (a) of fencing a school garden, (b) of planting it with suitable trees and shrubs, (c) of preparing it for educational work of Nature Study and (d) of providing equipment for the Manual Training and Household Science divisions.

(3) To provide the school vans necessary for conveying children from the districts outside of Middleton to the central graded school;

(4) In case the revenue from the school districts, as already stated, and other sources, such as local and provincial grants are not sufficient to carry on the central graded school as outlined,

Then James W. Robertson, of the second part, will pay such a sum as will be agreed upon annually to meet the deficiency in revenue for a period

In consideration of such financial of three years.

assistance, it is understood that the Board, or Committee, who manage the consolidated rural school, will engage as the head master and as the instructors in Manual Training and household Science, teachers who are approved for those positions by the Department of Education of Nova Scotia and by James W. Robertson, acting for the McDonald Rural School Fund;

It is understood that the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia and municipal authorities will pay annually to the Board or Committee not less than have been paid by them respectively during any one of the three years of 1899, 1900 and 1901, for the school and teachers in the area served by the consolidated school.

It is expected (although this expectation is not to be held as constituting any part of this agreement), that the Provincial Government will pay one half the cost of conveying the children to the Central School from districts in which the small schools are closed.

For the Macdonald Rural School Fund;
J. W. ROBERTSON.
Ottawa, Ont., 3rd September, 1902.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

Barrie's delightful serial, full of humor and pathos, "The Little White Bird," dominates the interest in Scribner's for October. Artistically this number is made notable by a cover in color from a design by Mills Thompson; a spirited drawing by Yohn used as a frontispiece and printed with a tint; and a series of four western types by Frederick Remington in his most vigorous manner, depicting the Cow-Boy, the Scout, the Cossack Post and the Half-Breed.

The leading artistic feature is a brief appreciation of the work of J. Q. A. Ward by Russell Sturgis. The hundreds of thousands who admired the Naval arch of New York will recall the crowning victory by Mr. Ward. They are also familiar with the Washington on the Sub-Treasury steps, the Beecher in Brooklyn, and Greely in front of the Tribune Office and the General Thomas in Washington. All these are beautifully reproduced in this article.

America, it is conceded, leads the world in devices for fighting fire. In a very telling article P. G. Hubert, Jr., describes the most novel and up-to-date of these, and contrasts them with the devices used abroad. He goes farther and has gathered from many high sources predictions as to the future of fire fighting, involving such amazing possibilities as the entire abandonment of engines, when fires will be subdued by a man sitting at a desk and touching buttons. The illustrations shows the latest apparatus in use, not only in many American cities, but in England, France, Austria and Germany.

Walter A. Wyckoff, the author of "The Workers," continues his observations of London Wage-Earners. This paper is devoted principally to the remarkable success of the efforts in London, both by the Government and by private enterprise, for ameliorating the terrible evils of overcrowding in a great city. His description of the Rowton Hotels and the Guinness Houses will interest all lovers of philanthropy.

Henry Van Dyke has never written a more subtile story than "Spy Rock." It is the study of egotism, and the set It is the study of egotism, and the set hill, not far from West Point.

There is another Sea story by James B. Connolly. This one describes a great race in which a Gloucester skipper beat the Valkyrie. This is the kind of a sea story that stirs the blood and raises a most vivid picture of the daring and skill of the modern Gloucester sailor.

The dramatic story, "Vive l'Empereur," by Mrs. Andrews, is concluded with a scene that would make the success of any play. Miss Daskam has a pathetic story of "A Little Brother of the Books," which is illustrated by Bacher.

There are illustrated poems by Mrs. Dorr and Margaret Crosby.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

RETURN OF PEARY.

Lieut Robt. E. Peary, the north pole explorer, accompanied by his wife and little daughter, arrived at Sydney, C. B., Sept. 19th. "The pole can be reached, I feel sure," he said, "and if I were a man of independent means I would assuredly persevere till I had succeeded. Under favorable conditions the pole can be reached from Franz Joseph Land, latitude 73 deg., if winter quarters are as far north as possible." Lieut. Peary did not discover the pole, but on his last dash made important discoveries. "My last dash for the pole was the most successful one. I was farther north than 83.27, my previous record," he said.

Lieut. Peary is the picture of good health, but is suffering slightly in one leg as the result of the accident he met with in the north last winter.

"My greatest achievement during my four years sojourn in the northern regions was reaching and determining what is beyond all doubt now, the most northerly land on the face of the Globe, I mean Greenland," declared Captain Peary to a Chronicle reporter.

"Another fact and by no means an unimportant one, which I determined," he added, "is that a man can stay in the Arctic regions for years and do as much work during the fourth year as the first. The elements of danger and suffering can be eliminated and a trip to the extreme north now would mean no greater hardships to me than a trip across the Atlantic."

When asked what Dr. Cook meant when he stated that Peary had added material to science more valuable than the discovery of the pole itself, Captain Peary replied: "While I was away I determined the actual conditions of ice, its formation and growth and obtained an idea of how it was formed. Every additional mile I travelled was removed from the region of the unknown, and besides I determined the depth and causes of the currents and secured other information of more or less meteorological value. In fact every thing I saw and accomplished was of some value to science. But the real value of my work during the four years cannot be determined until my observations are worked out."

"The discovery of the Pole is not of much practical value. It is simply a test of intelligence, endurance, and, I might add, pluck. What is known as the North Pole is merely an expanse of ice. The Pole is nothing more than a mathematical point and its discovery is not of very great importance."

Captain Peary has left for New York. He informed the reporter that he will return to the U. S. Navy at once, and while he did not intend to go North again he would always take a deep interest in the Arctic explorations and lend what assistance he could in the endeavour to locate the Pole.

GREAT BRITAIN IS DOING QUITE WELL INDUSTRIALLY.

The recent prosperity of Great Britain is perhaps without a parallel in her history. It has been the fashion to represent her as falling into economic decay, and Englishmen have themselves fostered the illusion to serve some desired end. I have found it highly diverting to watch this process operating from the opposite poles of social policy. An opponent of organized labor turns the threatened danger into a weapon of attack upon trades-unionism, while a stanch trades unionist erects it into a bogey with which to frighten the British public into a sense of necessity of technical education. Each of them has his tongue in his cheek as he speaks of Great Britain's industrial decline. The demonstrable truth, as it seems to me, is that Great Britain's commercial loss is a relative one as compared, for example, with the recent commercial gains of the United States and of Germany, and that her own progress in wealth and in commercial strength is an absolute one, as measured by the increase in the assessment for the income-tax, and the sums passing through the clearing-house, and the amount of paid-up capital in stock companies, and the tonnage in steamshipping and the volume of business of cotton-factories, and the out-put of coal mines, and the production of pig-iron, and the deposits of savings banks and the capital of co-operative societies, and the funds of trades-unions, and even the income from foreign and colonial investments. These are matters which are reducible to statements in the terms of the coin of the realm. A fact less capable of precise statement but quite as convincing as testimony to her present prosperity and to its wide incidence, is the practical disappearence from Great Britain of the problem of the unemployed. When under existive conditions of competitive production and a proletariar struggling for the means of existence, there ceases to be an unemployed class in the usual sense, one may rest assured that the commercial prosperity for the time being is indisputably real. At all times he is a rash man who becomes prophetic of industrial changes.—From "Among London Wage-Earners," by Walter A. Wyckoff, in the October Scribner's.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,
J. B. LEVESQUE.
St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

—We have not advanced the price of our tobaccos. Amber Smoking Tobacco is the same size and price to the consumer as formerly. We have also extended the time for the redemption of Snowshoe tags to Jan'y 1st, 1904.

The Empire Tobacco Co., Limited.

Cornelius Shields, general manager of the Dominion Coal Co., told a Herald representative that the scarcity of coal had not yet effected the prices of his company throughout Nova Scotia and Canada, but he would not be surprised if the price of bituminous coal would advance before long.

Marie Henrietta, queen of the Belgians, died suddenly on Sept. 19th. She was an accomplished musician and artist, and was esteemed by her subjects for her amiability and fine domestic qualities.

A Winnipeg despatch states: The territorial crop bulletin estimates the yield of wheat at 14,140,300 bushels; oats, 10,785,500, and barley, 844,000 bushels.

The Milwaukee Methodist Ministers' Association has adopted a resolution calling upon the United States government to expropriate anthracite coal mines and operate them.

Minard's Liniment is the best hair restorer.