The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1904. NO. 4.

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.

Consular 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.
(SANDOLPH'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. 25 tf

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

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

Fine Watch Repairing.

THO. BIRD,
Practical Watchmaker,
Begs to inform the people of Bridgetown and surrounding country that he has permanently located next to Dr. DeWolfe's 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, -	1,336,150
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.
R. G. SMITH, A. E. JONES,
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, Mahon, 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
Capital,	$ 500,000	$1,205,900	$ 1,326,295
Reserve Fund,	40,000	825,000	925,000
Deposits,	472,491	4,115,618	5,835,421
Circulation,	148,447	1,043,895	1,134,002
Loans,	789,880	6,374,820	7,607,003
P. D. Bills	52,159	10,751	1,[illegible]
Liabilities,	801,422	[illegible]	8,175,850
Assets,	1,300,000	9,170,913	10,373,650

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.

Luck and Laziness.

(From the Denver Times.)

Luck tapped upon a cottage door,
A gentle, quiet tap;
And Laziness, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire
And gave a sleepy yawn;
"Oh, brother! let him knock again!"
He said; but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again more faintly still
Upon another door,
Where Industry was hard at work
Mending the cottage floor;
The door was opened wide at once,
"Come in!" the worker cried.
And Luck was taken by the hand
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there—a wondrous guest
From out whose magic hand
Fortune flows fast—but Laziness
Can never understand
How Industry found such a friend;
"Luck never came my way!"
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.

"Ho, for Slumberland!"

(By Eben H. Rexford.)

A little song for bedtime, when, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise, "For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy and heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling, "For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland; and the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know
When they answer to the boatsman's "For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Oh! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting to bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go...
A-sailing into Dreamland, "For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Select Literature.

His Wife's Non-Hellenic Mind.

(By Roma White.)

The Reviewer was a harassed man. He was harassed by his editor; harassed by what he called the "great output of indifferent," and he had been harassed by fiction, and, more mundane, he would also have been harassed by his increasing poverty. But this particular variety of harass was faced silently and smilingly by his wife.

This wife was known to her intimates as Mrs. Bob-Jimmy, a title which suited her much better than the Mrs. Robert James of the Fulham postoffice directory. The Jamesses lived at Fulham because it was cheap; parenthetically because it was airy and had a common sometimes trimmed with a sunset.

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy was very small, and she wore her hair parted on one side and tied over each ear with a dear little Japanese-looking rosette. Her eyes were large and innocent and always ready to laugh or cry. She had within her a great loving-kindness, as the Reviewer beautifully phrased it; and she adored life, and dogs, and children, and penny fiction of the pink cover variety.

The Reviewer, whose taste was Hellenic, looked askance at the volumes of the Lily and Pansy and Geranium and Sweet Pea libraries which loaded the tables of their little "upper part." An "upper part" in Fulham is synonymous with a "flat" in Westminster; but it is, on the whole, a much breezier, sweeter, and more sanitary institution.

Nothing that he could say, however, succeeded in educating his wife to better things, and she continued to thrill over the proposals of Lord Fitzhugh to Lady Eileen, and to drop tears upon the pages which described the beautiful deathbed of the handsome, wicked Earl Deburgh.

Yet Mrs. Bob-Jimmy was clever. Sometimes the Reviewer, who adored her for her sweet femininity, experienced a puzzled gleam of realization that she had brains sandwiched between the little Japanese rosettes. Then he would rub his forehead and say, "But you are not consistent, dear.st."

"No, thank God, I'm not!" would respond the surprising Mrs. Bob-Jimmy. And she would curl up on a corner of the hearth-rug and fall to the perusal of her library flowers.

The Reviewer would read too. He would patiently turn the pages of novels such as he loathed, with the corner of one sad eye fixed upon the bookcase which held his Pater, his Landor, his Matthew Arnold, and his Bagshot, and then he would call upon his wife to come to the table and write.

She came willingly, yet unwillingly; willingly, because she hoped to save that threatened attack of writer's cramp to which the Reviewer's arm and fingers seemed about to fall a victim; unwillingly, because she could not bear to set down the cold dissecting criticism which laid bare the imperfections of the poor little kindly books.

The Reviewer's wife had not an Hellenic mind. Wherefore, writing to her husband's classical dictation was apt to be after this wise:

"Are you ready, dear?"

"Yes, quite."

The Reviewer walked up and down the room in thought. The Reviewer's wife nibbled the end of her quill pen.

"Set down this sentence, dearest: 'There appears to be no particular reason why 'The Wiles of a Woman' should have been written, as it neither illuminates the intellect, braces the morals, nor appeals, upon a single page, to the ordinary sense of good taste. The theme is merely disagreeable and the treatment is incoherent—which is perhaps the best thing that could happen under the circumstances.' Why don't you go on writing, Lucy?"

Lucy's loving eyes brimmed with tears.

"O, I can't go on, darling, I really can't! The poor person who wrote it will think you such a monster."

Anything less like a monster than this gentle little Reviewer, whose hand caressed his wife's curls, could not well be imagined. Nevertheless, he remained adamant.

"Such books deserve nothing better. It is simply disgusting. Written by a woman, too—Margaret Myers."

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy gave a little cry.

"O, my dear, that settles it! You must write something kinder. It is the pseudonym of Mrs. Miller, and I know she has written it to get the money for an operation for her little boy. Let me review it for you."

"No, no," cried the Reviewer, rather nervously. "No, no. I am paid to give a true criticism, Lucy, and the editor of the Watch Dog has given me orders to slash books of this kind. It is absolutely unclean."

"Yes, and poor thing, she had to make it what you call unclean! She told me herself, and she cried about it too, that her only chance was to make a splash! She is so poor, Bobby, and her little boy is so ill! You must really be kind to her."

The Reviewer made a pace or two away from his wife in despair.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "I can't praise the book, and I can't leave it out of the column altogether."

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Bob Jimmy. "I'll concoct something for you to write."

The Reviewer gave in. He stood and felt helpless while his wife frowned with thought. Presently she wrote rapidly for a few minutes, then looked up and read her composition with triumph.

"'The Wiles of a Woman' is not a book to place in the hands of the average young girl. Many people will abuse it, and no doubt much correspondence will take place about it in the provincial papers. Nevertheless, it will be read. Whether the reading of it will make for good or ill is almost impossible to say. We have rent old veils aside in the beginning of this new century, and Margaret Myers is in the van of those who have written 'Ichabod' above our ancient middle-class ideals."

The Reviewer's wife ended with a flourish.

"There!" she cried. "That will make people read it, and yet you don't say a word of praise."

Mr. Robert James looked at Mrs. Bob-Jimmy in silence. Again that vague, elusive perception that she was clever haunted his Hellenic mind.

"Very well, my dear," he said meekly. "You shall have it your own way—for the sake of the little boy. By the way, can't you take him jelly or grapes or something?"

"I'll see what can be done," responded Mrs. Bob-Jimmy, briskly.

She did not tell the Reviewer how hard she found it to buy beef and bread for themselves, let alone grapes and jelly for other people. And he, dear dreamer, had not the vaguest notion of prices, and if he had been sent out to buy a mutton chop would probably have asked that it should be cut from a tender cow.

He resumed his dictation, and put on a resolute air as he did so.

"This next book," said he, with travestied sternness, "is written by a person called Arthur Arthur. I hope you know nothing about him, and that he has no sick relatives in need of operations."

"I know nothing whatever, dear. And you have been such a darling about Mrs. Miller that I will do just as I'm told."

"Then write this: 'Mr. Arthur Arthur calls his story "Why Did I Do It?" The only comment we can make is, "Why indeed?" Have you written that, Lucy?"

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy signed.

"I've written it, dear; but I can't help picturing Mr. Arthur Arthur Somehow I fancy him a cripple with a canary."

"I can't help your pictures my dear. That must positively remain. Now for the next. 'The Ransom' is a truly remarkable book—how remarkable may be deduced when we explain that in the first three chapters no less than seven people are found lying in roads. We positively, as we read, became alarmed at this universal custom of the characters, and we closed the book with the conviction that, in order to maintain this wonderful consistency of habit, the hero must end under the wheels of the Juggernaut, and the heroine give up the ghost beneath a London and Northwestern express. Any reader who wishes to discover for himself the further number of people who seek roads to lie in may pursue his researches beyond page 37—an undertaking for which we had not the requisite nerve."

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy wrote obediently. When she had finished her evening's task the Reviewer required her to read the pages aloud.

All went well until the end, when a coolness arose over the notice of a volume called "Ruth of the Corn," which Mr. Robert James had stigmatized as the "hysterical effusions of a tyro," and which Mrs. Bob-Jimmy had set down as the "pathetic pages of a somewhat unskilled, but yet earnest and not altogether powerless hand."

When the Reviewer remonstrated, she declared she had read the book, and was quite sure it was written by a woman whose husband beat her. A compromise was only effected by the rejection of both criticisms, and the substitution of something about talents as yet limited by inexperience."

Then the Reviewer's wife folded her copy and stowed it within the long envelope and ran out with the long envelope to the post. On her way home she bought two sausages for her husband's supper.

She did not care for sausages herself she said, and she turned her head away from the frying pan as she cooked them. Perhaps it was because there were so many things that the Reviewer's wife did not care for that she was so very small and thin.

The Reviewer was not well paid, and he was also a very conscientious man. Poor pay and a conscience in juxtaposition do not conduce toward domestic luxury. But the Reviewer never really found out how very poor he was until the moth got into his winter coat.

How Mrs. Bob-Jimmy cried over that coat. It was her fault that the moths had got into it. She knew this very well and would not accept the excuse that she had been much orcupied with other things.

The Reviewer tried to comfort her. He declared that to go about without a coat was a part of the open-air cure. His chest had never been strong. This was the finest thing in the world for it. And he persisted in his assertions that his lungs grew daily more robust until he got pneumonia and very nearly died.

Before the pneumonia had really left him he insisted on getting up and sitting by the fire. He wanted to work, he said; and he read a book querulously, and dictated a hoarse, incoherent review.

His wife did not argue, as usual. She wrote calmly, and absent-mindedly as it seemed to him. When she had finished she came to his side and felt his pulse.

"Fever again—I thought so," said she; and she went into the next room for the quinine. Then she put him back into the bed and nursed him patiently and tenderly back to the temperature of the normal. In the middle of it all she found time to copy and dispatch the review.

The next day the Reviewer was better, and the day after that he was better still. Mrs. Bob-Jimmy never left him. She even insisted on being present at the interview a week or two later when the sub-editor of the Watch Dog called.

The sub-editor came into the "upper part" with a wooden face. It was more human when he looked upon what was left of Mr. Robert James.

"Had a sharpish touch, eh?" he demanded.

The Reviewer nodded. He was still almost too hoarse to speak.

"Well, you must make haste and get well," said the sub-editor, almost good-humoredly. "I came round myself because I wanted to have a word with you. The chief is just wild about that review of yours. You know we never 'boom.' Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" demanded the bewildered Robert James.

"Why, crack up that new novel by that new writer—Oliver Alcock. The Watch Dog doesn't go for that sort of book seriously. All the morning papers are losing their heads over it; but the Watch Dog, of course, started the boom. And it isn't our style, you know."

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy sat very still on her chair. She was knitting socks for Mr. Robert James. He looked toward her, and rubbed the hair wildly up over his head.

"Lucy," he said, "that book—do you remember it?"

Mrs Bob-Jimmy looked toward the sub-editor with serene eyes.

"Was it called 'Love in a Mist'?" she asked.

"Yes, 'Love in a Mist,' by Oliver Alcock. Sheer rot, you know, but popular; going to run 20 into editions."

"I recollect. My husband dictated the notice to me the day he had his relapse. I rather thought at the time that he was delirious."

"Delirious, eh!" said the sub-editor, in surprise. But the Reviewer broke in, quite testily:

"Nonsense, Lucy, nonsense. I'm sure I recall the book. I dismissed it in a few lines."

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy shook her head.

"You do not know how much you have rambled, dear," she said gently. And a big tear rolled off the end of her nose.

The sub-editor stood up to go.

"I'd no notion you'd been so bad. Get well as quick as you can," he said kindly.

And he shook hands with the weak and still wondering Robert James and went away.

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy followed him to the door.

"Have you said all you came to say?" she asked in rather a queer voice.

"Well, no—"

The sub-editor hesitated and stumbled:

"You needn't let him know for a day or two, but the chief has dispensed with him, you know."

Mrs. Bob-Jimmy smiled.

"Perhaps it is as well," she said. "The fact is, he would have had to give up the work anyhow. He has had an offer which will take all his time."

And she shut the door on the astonished sub-editor and went upstairs.

The Reviewer, very pallid, was sitting up in bed. He called for the number of the Watch Dog which held the review, and his wife put it into his hands.

She was still calm, though her cheeks were pink.

Robert James read through the glowing panegyric which was supposed to be his effusion, and he groaned.

"Lucy," he said, "this is your doing. You have found out that the author of 'Love in a Mist' has a sick grandmother or a wooden leg, and you have taken advantage. O, my Lucy, my tender-hearted Lucy, your loving-kindness has been the undoing of us both. The chief will never overlook it—never."

"Dearest," she whispered, "forgive me. You were so ill that day, you know. And good—such good—has come out of it. Mr. John Mayple—Mr. Mayple the publisher, you know—called yesterday, and he said you were a discoverer, and he means to offer you all the reading and editorial work of the firm. He is coming again to-morrow."

Robert James caught his breath and fell back upon the pillows.

"If I take the offer, Lucy, you will have to do the work! You are the only 'discoverer' here, I think. But what made you, dearest? Was it the old loving heart—was it the sick grandmother or the wooden leg, or did you really believe that the book would be a success? Tell me the truth, Lucy, for it depends on you whether I can honestly accept this work. If you are a real 'discoverer' you can help me. If not—"

Lucy was on her knees by the bed.

"I did—indeed I did—believe in the book!" she cried. "But it was for the sake of a—a sick husband that I wrote the review. His wife loved him so much and wanted money so badly!"

"Mrs. Miller again?"

"No, darling. Forgive me, Robert—forgive me! Can't you guess that I wrote the book myself, and that was why I started the boom?"

And to this day the non-Hellenic mind of the Reviewer's wife can find no repentance for that extremely immoral thing which she has done.—Gentlewoman.

Ayer's

Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgia, nervousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla

stomach, then dyspepsia, biliousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years.

"Returning from the Cuban war, I was a perfect wreck. My blood was bad, and my health was gone. But a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me."
H. C. DOMKERS, Scranton, Pa.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for **Impure Blood**

Aid the Sarsaparilla by keeping the bowels regular with Ayer's Pills.

Lied About Her False Teeth.

If the surgeon in a Boston hospital a few days ago missed the chance to impress upon a certain woman the fact that "honesty is the best policy" even when you have false teeth, he was more than human, that's all.

There are many queer happenings in operating rooms, some of them being actually born of the emergency.

Before etherizing a patient a number of precautions against accident are taken. The exact way any given person will act (of course involuntarily) when in the first stages of unconsciousness is impossible to predict.

But it has been found repeatedly—by experience and for the surgeon as for the patient—that any one who has false teeth of any sort or kind will surely choke and swallow them while taking ether.

Hence the stereotyped question always asked—unless answered in advance—"Have you any false or loose teeth?"

It is funny, but false teeth are "tender spots" with some people, especially some women.

At the hospital referred to came a woman to be operated on for appendicitis. To the usual question she replied that she had no false teeth. Now it happened that none of the attendants had noticed to the contrary. But for a fact the woman had nearly a jaw full of them.

The etherizing proceeded. The patient gasped a little and then just as the first stages of unconsciousness came upon her she choked, gagged—swallowed a bunch of something.

"You didn't get her false teeth out," gasped the surgeon.

"She said she hadn't any," said the attendant.

"Well, it will be an expensive lie for her," grimly said the surgeon. And as a matter of fact the teeth were swallowed and beyond reach.

And that was why after the operation for appendicitis was over the seance in the operating room had to be prolonged. The surgeon's skillful fingers located the wandering teeth and his ready instruments did the rest. The teeth were literally found to be in her stomach.

The story went around the ward next morning. "I don't believe it," said one nurse. "Well, here are the teeth," said another, "and the woman is lucky not only to have her teeth but to be alive."

If Women Only Knew

That half their their ills are due to impoverished blood, they would use Ferrozone and be saved lots of pain and suffering. Ferrozone is a perfect food for the blood and supplies the strengthening elements needed to maintain health and vigor. Ferrozone is a splendid tonic for weak, nervous women and drives away those depressed feelings of dead weariness. You'll have strength, lots of it—your complexion will improve, you will feel ten years younger after a course of Ferrozone which builds up the whole human organism; try it. Price 50c.

The company organized for the purpose of tendering on the Bay Chaleur service have had to abandon the project this season, as they were unable to procure a suitable boat in time. Mr. Michael Connolly, in accordance with the expressed feeling of the entire Bay Chaleur, has signified his intention of putting a first-class boat on the route this season with the terminus at Campbellton, if he secures the contract.

A Mother's Recommendation.

I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a number of years and have no hesitancy in saying that it is the best remedy for coughs, colds and croup I have ever used in my family. I have not words to express my confidence in this remedy.—Mrs. J. A. Moore, North Star, Mich. For sale by S. N. Weare.

Death of Hon. William B. Vail.

Followong the statement given in last week's issue the announcement has been received of the death of the Hon. W. B. Vail, which took place in Dover, England, on Sunday last. He had been in good health for a man of his years up to a short time ago, when he was attacked with pneumonia. He had recovered somewhat from the attack, and encouraging reports have since been received of his condition. He was in the 81st year of his age, and leaves two daughters—Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. O'Brien, and one granddaughter, Miss Mitchell. His wife, who was Miss Charlotte Leslie Jones, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Jones, of Weymouth, died some years ago.

Mr. Vail occupied a prominent position in the history of Nova Scotia politics for many years. He was a member for Digby of the House of Assembly and of the Dominion Parliament, and was at one time Minister of Militia under the Mackenzie Government. He took an active part in the construction of the Yarmouth and Annapolis railway, and was chiefly responsible for the location of that railway in Digby County.

As a departmental chief at Ottawa, perhaps his most important achievement was the putting into operation the Act establishing the Royal Military College at Kingston. He took the greatest interest in the undertaking, and gave much of his time to a personal supervision of the plans and works connected with the college buildings. He had also much to do with the selection of a suitable staff of officers to take charge of the new institution.

In 1882 he served as a delegate to England for the Nova Scotia Government in connection with the Western Counties Railway Company. On that occasion he was given the requisite authority to sign Provincial bonds to the extent of five million dollars.

He was a Lieut.-Col. of the 2nd Regt. of Digby Militia. He was a member of the Church of England.

Montreal is Flooded.

Montreal, April 10.—Three thousand people in the village of Verdun, adjoining the western limits of the city of Montreal, are to-night living in the upper storeys of their houses, while several thousand more, who reside in that section of the city known as Point St. Charles, are wondering whether or not they will have to do likewise. At six o'clock this morning a large quantity of ice came down from Lake St. Louis and jammed up against the Victoria bridge. In a few minutes the water began to rise, and in a short time had reached the top of the dyke, built after the last great flood and which has been, up to the present, a sufficient protection. The water came suddenly, and those in danger of flooding had no warning. At first carts were pressed into service, and, warned by the experience of years ago, people began removing their pianos. In a short time the carts were driven out of business, and it became possible to navigate all that portion of Verdun in the neighborhood of Queen's Park, with boats. All the teams that could be pressed into service were engaged in strengthening and raising the dyke. At six o'clock the water had reached a depth of six feet on the streets. But this was the worst. It began falling and at nine o'clock had gone down a foot. The danger is by no means over, for there is more ice to come down. While the water in front of the city has been dangerously high all day, no damage has been done, and it is expected that the costly flood protection works will do their work.

Laprairie, which is situated opposite Verdun, was flooded at an early hour this morning and four houses situated on the river front carried off their foundations by the ice. Lachine, which adjoins Verdun to the west, is also threatened.

P. O. Clerk Runs Away.

Yarmouth, N. S., April 8.—Although in receipt of good salary as chief clerk in the post office here, Max W. Allen was not content. About fifteen months ago he went into the livery stable business and secured a contract for carrying mails between Yarmouth and Tusket Wedge and intervening villages. As the old line continued to operate a freight and passenger service, both lines were swamped. Allen became involved, although unknown to friends, to the extent of several thousand dollars.

On Monday he left for Bridgetown, having obtained leave from the postmaster to be gone until Tuesday. He said he was going to purchase horses. He wrote a note to his wife from Digby that he would return no more, as he was too heavily involved. The shock to his wife, who did not know anything was wrong, was great. The only creditor secured is J. R. Wyman, his backer in the livery venture. Others are filing attachments on his furniture. Much regret is felt here for the whole occurrence.

How to Ward off an Attack of Rheumatism.

"For years when spring came on and I went into gardening, I was sure to have an attack of rheumatism and every attack was more severe than the preceding one," says Josie McDonald, of Man, Logan county, West Va. "I tried everything with no relief whatever, until I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application gave me ease, and before the first bottle was used I felt like a new person. Now I feel that I am cured, but I always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Palm in the house and when I feel any symptoms of a return I soon drive it away with one or two applications of this liniment. For sale by S. N. Weare.

—"What do you think will be the result of the war in Asia?"

And the man who had been slowly spelling out the proper names looked up from his paper, and said, "I don't know. Nervous prostration, probably."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Your Horse

or Cow needs toning up. We carry the biggest line of

Stock Foods and Veterinary Medicines in town

International, Day's English (separate Powders for Horses, Cattle, Calves, Pigs and Poultry).

Dr. Daniels' Veterinary Remedies are fully Guaranteed.

Also Cattle Salts, Epsom Salts, Copperas, Gentian and all the good "old timers." Call and get Stock and Veterinary Books free.

Royal Pharmacy

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

Canadian Briefs.

Mr. Noisse, consul general for Japan, emphatically denies the report that recruiting is going on in Canada by the Japanese army.

J. E. Duval, of the Canada Atlantic Railway, has been appointed by the Dominion government inspector to investigate railway accidents. He will be under the railway commission.

John Arthur Bangs, a prominent lawyer of Winnipeg, has been arrested on the charge of complicity in the alleged Winnipeg mail robbery. Thos. Behan, horse dealer there, and Jerry Bryce, hotel keeper at Gleichen, were also taken into custody.

Messrs. Adams, Burns & Co., Bathurst, lost a valuable pair of horses on Monday. The team ran away from the teamster and took a course for the "Points," which they continued until they reached open water, where they went down and were lost. The horses were valued at $600.

Henry Robinson, a commercial traveller, representing Debendam, Caldecott & Co., Montreal, was found dead in the Queen Hotel, Montreal, on Friday. He had been in the Lower Provinces for the past four weeks. Death was due to excessive drinking, the coroner decided.

On Sunday, Austin Lavoilette, forward brakeman on Conductor Warman's freight special coming into Moncton, was killed near Catamount. No one saw the accident, but it is supposed that he fell between the cars. Both legs were cut off, the sight arm broken, his back braised and his head badly cut. He was twenty years of age and belonged to Jacquet River.

Alfred A. Paylor, of Margaree, says: "One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured a swelling of the gamble joint, and saved a horse worth $140.00."

Thos. W. Payne, of Bathurst, saved the life of a valuable horse that the "vet" had given up, with a few bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Wade.

Lynching Not on the Increase.

There has been a great deal more talk of lynching in the last than in the preceding ten years. But there has been a great deal less lynching.

The old, easy-going spirit of lawlessness was the natural result of the sparseness of settlement, the imperfection in the machinery of justice, the feeling of utter independence, and similar obvious causes. Further, like human beings the world over, we have never respected any law, however good, unless it was the direct outgrowth of a settled and resolute public sentiment.

Instead of the spirit of lawlessness growing among the people, the reverse is true. And so rapid is this growth that it is not unreasonable to anticipate in the not too remote future a real public sentiment against our big, successful law-breakers and law-defiers—and their lawyers.—Saturday Evening Post.

SOFT CORE

Like the running brook, the red blood that flows through the veins has to come from somewhere.

The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen are full of fat.

Scott's Emulsion makes new blood by feeding the bone marrow and the spleen with the richest of all fats, the pure cod liver oil.

For pale school girls and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich blood food. It not only feeds the blood-making organs but gives them strength to do their proper work.

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

THE WAR.

BAD BLOW FOR RUSSIA.

Makaroff and 600 Men Gone Down in Their Flag-Ship.

The following is the gist of the telegrams announcing another great disaster to the Russian squadron at Port Arthur. It is not entirely clear as yet whether the sinking of the Admiral's ship was due to a Russian mine, a Japanese mine, or the action of the Japanese guns. This point will be decided later.:—

St. Petersburg, April 13.—The turret battleship Petropavlosk, when entering the roadstead at Port Arthur, after having gone out to meet the Japanese fleet, struck a mine on her starboard side amidships and immediately began to heel. Before the crew could flood the port compartments of the vessel in order to keep her on an even keel, she turned turtle and sank, carrying down almost the entire crew of six hundred men, who were drowned.

The Petropavlovsk disaster has created a profound impression in official, naval and military circles, where the feeling is one of consternation. The officers speak of the catastrophe with the deepest emotion. The imperial family and court were also deeply moved.

WHO WILL SUCCEED VICE-ADMIRAL MAKAROFF?

It is generally believed that Vice-Admiral Makaroff will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Rojesvensky, who was slated to command the Baltic squadron, and that Vice-Admiral Skrydloff, commander of the Black Sea fleet, will be placed in command of the Baltic squadron.

The Emperor has sent a courier to express his majesty's condolence to the widow of Vice-Admiral Makaroff.

A requiem mass for the repose of the souls of Vice-Admiral Makaroff and other officers and the crew of the Petropavlosk has already been announced to take place in the Admiralty church to-morrow.

ALEXIEFF SENDS THE SAD NEWS.

The following to the Czar has been received from Viceroy Alexieff, dated Mukden, April 13th:

"A telegram has just been received from Lieutenant-General Stoessel, commander of the military forces at Port Arthur. I have to report to your majesty that the Pacific fleet has suffered irreparable loss by the death of its brave and capable commander, who was lost, together with the Petropavlovsk."

Another despatch from Viceroy Alexieff to the Czar, says:

"According to reports from the commandment at Port Arthur, the battleships and cruisers went out to meet the enemy, but, in consequence of the enemy receiving reinforcements, making a total strength of thirty vessels, our squadron returned to the roadstead, whereupon the Petropavlosk touched a mine, resulting in her destruction. Grand Duke Cyril, who was on board, was saved. He was slightly injured The whole squadron then re-entered port. The Japanese are now off Cape Limo Shan (southern extremity of the peninsula on which Port Arthur is situated.) No reports have been received from the acting commander of the fleet up to the time this despatch was sent."

St. Petersburg, April 13.—The following official despatch has been received here from Rear-Admiral Gigorovitch, the commandant at Port Arthur, addressed to the Emperor:

"The Petropavlovsk struck a mine, which blew her up, and she turned turtle. Our squadron was under Golden Hill. The Japanese squadron was approaching. Vice-Admiral Makaroff evidently was lost. Grand Duke Cyril was saved, slightly injured. Capt. Jakovleff was saved, though severely injured, as were five officers and thirty-two men, all more or less injured."

ADMIRAL MAKAROFF MADE A SORTIE.

Che Foo, April 12.—Admiral Makaroff's squadron made a sortie. The entire squadron of the Japanese admiral, which was concealed behind the Miakoko Islands, came out and attacked the Russian ships. Discovering the trap into which he had fallen, Admiral Makaroff retreated. The Japanese fleet was between him and Port Arthur, and cut off the retreat. Admiral Makaroff was forced to fight against tremendous odds. The Petropavlovsk was surrounded by Japanese torpedo boats. Five torpedos struck the battleship and she was blown up. All the Russian ships were more or less damaged. They put up a most gallant fight, but the odds were too great for them. The Japanese fire was rapid and accurate, much more so than that of the Russians. The report to the effect that the flagship had been destroyed by striking a Russian mine is pronounced here to be a fabrication.

TOKIO REJOICING OVER THE NEWS.

Tokio, April 11.—News reached here to-day that Admiral Togo had succeeded in forcing the Russian Port Arthur squadron into a general engagement and had practically destroyed it, such of the ships that succeeded in getting back under the protection of the guns at Port Arthur being so badly damaged as to be of practically no account. The news has been received with every evidence of rejoicing.

To Knock Out Colds.

And cure them in an hour without resorting to nauseous drugs just use fragrant healing Catarrhozone—the most pleasant, prompt and certain cure for colds ever discovered. No medicine to take, you simply breathe the balsamic vapor of Catarrhozone. It never fails to root out the worst colds and is so simple and convenient to use that no one can afford to be without it. Carry a Catarrhozone inhaler in your pocket, use it occasionally and you won't have colds. Complete outfit $1.00; trial size 25c.

—Cut flowers will last much longer if a little carbonate of soda be added to the water in which they are stood.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.