Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1902. NO 10.

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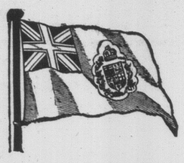

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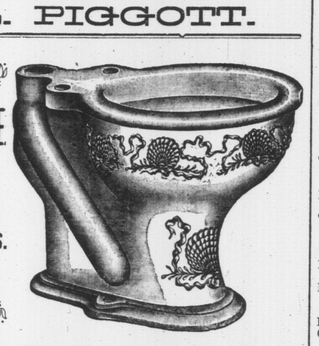

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SELF CONTROL.

One of the most desirable, if not absolutely the most desirable, of the gifts given to the human race for their well being, is that of self-control.

Self-control is a power given to few except in a slight degree, but in every human being is implanted the germ which, by careful watching and judicious training, becomes the sturdy tree about which all the other virtues and attributes cling as the vine to the oak, and without which support few of these virtues would ever grow sufficiently to be in any way conspicuous.

What fills our drunkards' graves? Lack of self-control; for few are those addicted to strong drink but will tell you they know it is wrong, but 'they can't help it.' Some there be, 'tis true, who maintain that they do no wrong, and they really seem to believe it, but these are happily the 'mighty few.'

What fills our prisons? This same deadly evil, want of self-control. The impulse to do wrong, the longing for anothers property or his wife, the anger that scars the brain and shrivels the heart, seizes a man, and, having been taught little or no self-control, he gives rein to the plunging beast of passion which carries him over the precipice; and the man that would have been but for one moment's madness, is dashed below and, if not crushed for all time, remains at best but a cripple.

What is true of our drunkards' graves, our prisons, and our almshouses, is likewise true of our insane asylums. There are many cases of positive insanity that have risen from adevilish temper. It is argued that the disease which produced the insanity produced the vile temper. Supposing this premise to be correct, one converse of the proposition is equally true, i. e., what would have controlled the temper would have gone a great way towards controlling the disease.

Children have been known to fall down in fits, real convulsions of an epileptic nature, because some article was refused. What then? Such nervous irritibility can be controlled in a great measure by judicious management on the part of a patient.

Look at the almost babes-in-arms one reads of, being daily arraigned before this judge or that, for what? Murder! A fit of anger over some trifle and the boy of eleven whips out a knife and plunges it into the breast ofa boy of nine. A mother refuses to allow her son to go somewhere and he forthwith brains her with an axe or a flatiron! And the verdict is insanity. Insanity? Not a bit of it. It is pure wicked lack of self control for which the murdered parent herself is mainly responsible. O, Mothers! Little do you think of the awful responsibility you are taking on yourselves when you permit your children to display fits of temper, towards yourself or their playmates, without serious reproof, because in your estimation "they are so little that they do not know it is wrong."

Take to heart the fact that such a course of training is well calculated to fit them for the gallows. The sad story of a poor mother told not long ago needs no comment. "I had lost one child," she said, "and I indulged the second one. I never attempted to control him nor taught him to control himself. At last," she added brokenly, tears choking her voice, "at last the law took it out of my hands; they hung him."

"O mothers, if you would have your sons, and daughters good citizens, respected and self-respecting, if you would work for their eternal welfare, teach them self-control.

READING IN BED.

Reading in bed is seriously advised, so the newspapers say, by a physician as conducive to repair and resting relieving congestion, emptying the veins overfilled by prolonged eye-work, etc.

It is plain that placing the head back in a horizontal position so absolutely meets the whole problem of a relief of congestion by gravity—and it is as such a very important problem—that it seems strange that people with weak eyes do not habitually practise reading in a recumbent position with the head raised only so much as is necessary to make the position perfectly comfortable. Such advice carried out with absolute care as to light and the position of the book, would in the case of a thousand busy people add largely to the number of of hours when reading could be indulgedin without detriment to the eyes orgeneral health.

Certainly the one who gives this strange and pernicious advice could never have tried the plan. Some years ago there was described a patented device for suspending the book over the horizontally placed head of a sick person whereby reading would be possible without holding the book in the hands. Even then one wonders how the light could be made to fall properly on the page. Without a method of the kind not even a well person could hold a book five minutes above the eyes. Reading in bed has ruined thousands of good eyes. Unless one sits up in bed as if in a chair it is impossible to hold the book in such a position that the arms are not quickly tired and so that the light falls on it properly. When reading lying down there is a traction upon the inferior recti muscles which is highly injurious. Every patient should be warned never to read in bed except when sitting up as vertically as in a chair.—'American Medicine.'

WANTED A STRAIGHT ANSWER.

(London Express)

To Mr. McNeill, the Irish member of parliamnet is due the credit for the first "bull" af the session. "Then when will the heliogram correspondence be published?" demanded the persistent Irishman. Loyal ministerialists endeavored to shout him down, but Mr. McNeil, raising his voice to a scream, changed their wrath to mirth by challenging Mr. Brodrick to give him a "Yes" or "No" answer, "All I ask, Mr. Speaker," he explained with dignity, "is that to my simple question, "When will the correspondence be published?" I should have a plain 'Yes' or 'No.'"

—Punctuality does not consist in mere avoidance of being behind time. To be ahead of time is very nearly as bad, and is liable to produce themost disastrous results. Take up any newspaper you please, examine the causes of the horrible railroad slaughters, and the fact is plainly perceived that three fourths of the accidents are not because one train has been behind time, but because another train has been ahead of time. To be truly punctual one must be neither ahead nor behind, but on time.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price, 25 cents.

—If a boot or shoe pinches in any particular part, a cloth wrung out of very hot water and laid over the place while the boot is on the foot will expand the leather and give relief.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

FREE SAMPLES FERROZONE!

One Thousand Samples of Ferrozone will be given away this week from Weare's Drug Store, absolutely free of charge.

Mr. Weare has completed arrangements for a distribution of Ferrozone samples, and every reader of the Monitor is cordially invited to fill in the following coupon, and receive a trial package of this valuable remedy.

Ferrozone is a blood builder, nerve strengthener and tonic of unequalled merit endorsed at Weare's drug store for such diseases as Anaemia, Chloroses, Poor or Impure Blood, Languor, Tiredness, Insomnia, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Billiousness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica and all disorders of the Liver Kidneys and Bladder.

Every sample package of Ferrozone contains a week's treatment. Large boxes containing treatment for three weeks, price 50c, or six for $2.50, sold by all druggists or sent by mail to any address if price is forwarded to N. C. Polson & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, Kingston, Ont., or Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

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Poetry.

BE STRONG.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.
Be strong!
Say not the days gre evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

IF I CAN LIVE.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and can give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or o'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by!

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to Heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun—and shine;
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best for one of Thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson

Select Literature.

A Knight of the Highway.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

(Continued.)

In the hop-kiln, by dull lantern light some of the pickers were having a last impromptu merry making to the wheezy music of a mouth-organ playd by one of their number. Among the dancers was Joe Becraft. It had been Rossiter's intention to bid him goodby, but he saw that he could not do so without encountering the others, so with a consciousness of real regret he turned away. As he came to the end of the barn he descried Jack Parmelee's familiar figure moving towards the house. Here was the veey man for his purpose. He hailed him.

"Mr. Parmelee!" he called.

The farm manager halted.

"Oh, it's you!" he said, as Rossiter drew near. "What's up? He had remarked the pole-puller's bundle.

"I'm off," said Rossiter. "I've changed my mind about waiting till morning. If I hurry I think I can ratch the Hintonville train, but I can't wait to say good-by to everyone. Won't you make my adieus to Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Miss Merton and to the Becrafts,—I'm very sorry not to see them all—and would you be kind enough to give this to Miss Densmore?"

He held out the slip of paper with its pencilled words. Parmelee took it.

"Why certainly, to be sure," he said. "But you'd better wait. Indeed I wish you'd stay right on. We need just such a man as you. Mr. Merton would give you good wages, you know."

"It's very kind of you. Mr. Merton spoke about it, but I must go," answered Rossiter, giving him a hearty grip. "I'll keep a place for you, if you say so."

"I can't promise," Rossiter replied. "Thanks just the same."

Parmelee watched Rossiter stride out of the gate and take the Hintonville road.

"There's a chap I can't make out," he muttered as he walked toward the house.

Rossiter recalled that half way to Hintonville there was a highway branching towards the west. When he reached this he took it without any hesitation. He had no intention of trying to catch the train, but had spoken of doing so as a plausible excuse for his hasty departure. Plans he had none, needed none. He was to drift again, a waif, a vagrant, a common vagabond. Now nothing mattered. Money he had, more than he had possessed that year, but of what special avail was it? In the life to which he was returning he could manage quite as easily without it. He trudged on steadily, his mind a labyl of emotions. One by one he reviewed the scenes of his hop-life, in which Miss Densmore always appeared as the central figure, but chiefly he dwelt upon his return to consciousness after the encounter in the dip of the Blue Creek Road. It must have been pity and not love that he had seen in Miss Densmore's eyes as she bent above him. Yes, it must have been that, and yet the look haunted him, and continued to do so.

By and by he found himself nearing the valley of the Oskenanoto. As he halted an instant before seeking the lower level, a fierce pulsating flame leaped up into the hollow of the night and he knew that he was not far from the blast furnace of Harkana. Descending, he chose a road that led him past the flaring stacks, and paused to watch the fiery waves of molten iron pour into the moulds of sand. He crossed the furnace slag-heaps hideous even in the starlight, and beyond the Oskenoto and the abandoned Susquenago Canal found a highway ascending into the hills. Whither it wound he had no notion, and naught did he care. The hills appealed to him. He would go up among them as high as might be, and so he struck into this road. For a time it ascended gradually, then it became stony and steep. Behind him, from time to time, the stacks of the furnace shot streamers of red and blue and orange into the night, illumining briefly and wierdly the heaven and the earth. Occasionally a cloud would reflect the glow after the flame had died, a mock sunrise or sunset. Towards mid night, when he had won high among the uplands, the moon sose, a crumbling segment of pale gold.

Rossiter was now weary, and presently a straw-stack in a field adjoining the highway suggested a desirable place of rest. He scaled the fence and approached the stack, becoming conscious, as he did so, of the sound of heavy breathing. Someone, it was evident, had already availed himself of a free night's lodging. Rossiter hesitated an instant and then went forward. Doubtless there would be plenty of accommodation for two. On the eastern side of the stack, revealed distinctly by the moonlight, was the huddled body of a man. There could be no harm, Rossiter thought, in having a closer glance at his fellow-lodger. He advanced cautiously a few paces and peered down, to start back in amazement and dismay, for he had gazed upon the repulsive face of Whiskers.

Swiftly and silently he retraced his steps to the road, his mind swept by a powerful reaction. Voluntarily he had returned to the level of this detestable creature, had allowed the first disappointment to overthrow every firm resolve of the past weeks, and had gone miserably down once more into the very slough of degeneracy. Out of the realization of his instability, the overwhelming sense of his bitter shame, by some strange and sudden revulsion his spirit rose triumphant. He bowed his head.

"With God's help," he said, "it is the last time."

He strode forward towards the valley, and a mile from the straw-stack found a sleeping place in a shed. Slumber soon brought its boon of forgetfulness, but before it did so he summoned from the depths of his recollection the lovely contour of Miss Densmore's face.

"After all," he thought, musing upon the sweetness of what might have been, "it is a blessing to have known her."

When he roused the following morning the sun had scattered the banked mists above the hills beyond the Merton farm, and as he stood in the doorway of his rude shelter, blinking in the glistening light, a farmer approached driving market-ward with a heaped wagon-load of potatoes. The two men exchanged glances and nods.

"Bound for Hintonville?" inquired Rossiter.

"Yep. That's where I'm going," was the reply.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me a lift then?"

"Mind? Certainly not. Jump up."

He checked his horses until Rossiter had mounted to the seat beside him. He was of a hearty, big-souled type; had a sandy beard, keen, yet kindly blue eyes, and a voice that expanded into a muffled roar at the close of every sentence. His laugh, too, was explosive.

"Been hop-pickin' I s'pose, an' now startin' home?" he ventured.

"Yes," said Rossiter.

"Like it?"

"Yes, very much."

"Haven't heard, hev ye, what happened to a hop-picker, er a tramp, las' night up ti Bob Pankhurst's hill over there?"

"No; what was it?"

"Well, ye see Bob's got—er had ruth er—a straw-stack jest across the road from his house that'd ketch the eye o' anybody strollin' by an' in want of a place to stow themselves till day light free o' charge. They's plenty o' sech about these days"—this final remark with a sly glance at his companion,

The mention of the straw stack had stimulated Rossiter's interest to such a degree that he did not heed the attempted pleasantry.

"Yes! Yes!" he cried. "What happened?"

"Well," said the farmer, "when Bob got up this mornin' he was minus a straw-stack. The blamed thing burnt in the night, and not a dern soul about the place seen it. When they discovered it, and come to go near to look at it, there was a man's boots stickin' out o' the mass. His upper part was done to a crisp."

"If I recall rightly," said Rossiter, conscious of a sudden awe in his tone which the other did not seem to notice, "there is but one straw-stack for some distance."

"Yep." said the farmer, "that's it! Bob's is the only one for at least three miles, leastwise the only one near the road. The feller, whoever he was, must 'ave been smokin- an' fallen asleep. He's had his last smoke that's dead sure, an' a mighty big one it was, by the look o' it,"

Rossiter had no comment to make. The horror of the scene kindled in his imagination by the farmer's words silenced him. And yet he could but consider the dreadful doom which had overtaken "Whiskers" as retributive. There was no one, he thought, who would question the justice of this tragic interposition of fate, but the shocking end of Hart Dawson was still heavy on his mind, when, an hour later, he stepped upon the platform of the Hintonville station.

XIV.

COMMENCEMENT AT MONROE COLLEGE

It was the evening of commencement Day at Monroe College, Upon the wide veranda of one of the fraternity houses sat Philip Rossiter smoking a cigar and gazing through an opening in the trees at the moonlight-flooded valley. A very different man he was in thought and appearance from the individual who had strolled about the college campus that Sabbath morning more than a year and a half previous. The sky of fortune began to clear for him the day he became a member of the staff of the Evening Star, and there had been no recurrence of cloud. Early in his career upon the paper, in the absence of a more experienced reporter, he had interviewed a distinguished personage with onwonted tact, and thus leaped at a bound into the graces of the editor-in-chief. Inspired by his success, effort in which he had formerly won praise. His vivid pictures of the police-court, of the slums, of tramp life, from these to fiction was a natural and easy transition, and he suddenly found himself a contributor to one of the best magazines.

Rossiter was again the neatly dressed man of yore, and to the easeof manner which had always been his, was added a subtle trace of independence, of assurance, that was wholly new to him. He bore in his heart but one burden, his love for Sylvia Densmore; and yet he often confessed to himself that the memory of her winsome personality carried with it moreof sweetness than of sadness. Her image and the recollection of the hop-field days, more than the importuning of friends, had drawn him to Hintonville and the reunion with his college classmates.

ful delight—delight within whose had begun wook on the Evening Star and it proved to him a time of restfu, delight—delight within whose translucent amber he was conscious of but a single flaw. Three of the four days for which he had been given leave of absence, had slipped by. Should he on the morrow drive over to the Merton farm and have a chat with the good people.—Jack Parmelee and Mr. and Mrs. Merton and the daughter? Every night since his arrival in Hintonville he had put this question to himself, but the visit was yet to be made. Passionately as he longed for some news of Miss Densmore, he dreaded to hear what must, in all probability, have long ago taken place,—her marriage.

For nearly an hour carriages had been passing, conveying young ladies and their chaperones to the gymnasium, where the senior ball was that night to be held. Rossiter's special friends were making calls in town, and within the fraternity house the under-classmen were entertaining several prospective freshmen. Rossiter was thus left quite to himself, yet in no wise was he lonely, his thoughts being very agreeable company. Presently strains of music floated down to him across the campus. For a while he listened to them dreamily, then it occurred to him that it might be interesting to see what an up-to-date college ball was like, so he rose and sauntered towards the gymnasium.

As he emerged from the maple shadow, he found the combination of music and moonlight so beguiling that he was in no hurry to venture farther, so he seated himself upon the steps of the chapel, which adjoined the gymnasium, directly beneath the symmetrical figure of the spire.

To the north he could mark the spasmodic twinkling of the electric towers of Illica, and there, in the vague purple distance to the southeast, lay the Merton farm.

His face was set in this direction when an unusually lively air from the the orchestra stirred him from his reverie. With something like a sigh he returned towards the gymnasium and was soon climbing to the third floor. As he wheeled about to survey the room, on reaching the top stair, a gay spectacle met his eye. Great streamers of old gold and blue—the streamers of old gold and blue—the college colors—were festooned from beam to beam above the whirling dancers, and at intervals flags and trophies captured at intercollegiate meets were suspended. There was a general flutter of gauzy fabrics and a blending of talk and laughter that ever and anon surged above a dip in the music.

Among the patronesses, sitting not far from where he stood, Rossiter espied the wife of one of the professors a lady who had formerly shown him many kindnesses, and he crossed to speak with her. He then found a seat about half way down the room in one of the deep windows. Could anything be more blithsome, more full of de scene before him. They were draining the clearest wine of the cup of youth these gay dancers!

For an instant the floor at his right was nearly clear, and as his eye traversed this space they fell upon a woman of middle age and a younger lady sitting upon an improvised divan on the opposite side of the room. Was it—could it be? Did not his vision deceive him? He rose up, but at that instant two dancers swept between him and the face on which he had suddenly become strenuously intent.

The dancers passed. Yes, he was not mistaken. It was the girl he had known as Sylvia Densmore. His heart gave a great throb. One of the ball committee was hastening by, a student whom Rossiter had spoken with that day at the fraternity house. Rossiter seized him by the arm.

"Can you tell me," said he, "who that girl is yonder?" indicating the place with a nod. "The one upon the divan."

The student leaned forward so that he could see between the spinning couples.

"That's Miss Densmore, of Illica," he answered. "Would you like to be introduced to her? She's—" He stopped amazed. Rossiter had caught only his first words, and was already makig his way around the edge of the gyrating throng.

She was Miss Densmore still. A new hope sang in his brain, and his heart began dancing in rhythm to the violins. He was perhaps twenty feet distant when Miss Deosmore realized that someone was approaching and glanced toward him, casually at first, then with a quick, amazed intentness. He saw the color (she had more than formerly) recede from her cheeks and then flood back again. She rose a little unsteadily.

"Is it—is it possible?" she exclaimed. "Mr. Rossiter!"

"Yes," he answered, beaming upon her as he clasped the hand which she extended.

She surveyed at a glance his trimly clad figure.

"Then you deceived us after all," she said, with a shade of reproach in her tone. "You are masquerading!"

"No! no!" cried Rossiter. "If you will permit me, I will——"

Miss Densmore seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and presented Rossiter to the lady with whom she had been chatting,—her mother. With Mrs. Densmore (a refined, low-spoken woman) Rossiter exchanged a few polite words, and then, at the daughter's suggestion, seated himself by the side of the later upon the divan. He could but realize that the girl was agitated, and as for himself, his wits seemed all at once to have flown to the four corners of earth.

"Monroe was my college," he after a little heard himself saying; "that's how it happens that I'm here. There was a class re-union, you know. I'm not in array, as you see, but it's so long since I've been at a college ball that I couldn't resist when I heard the music. I didn't dream of meeting you."

"I haven't attended the college parties for a yeat or two," Miss Densmore replied, "and it's quite by chance that I'm here to-night. Mamma and I drove out with a cousin of mine from Buffaland who is engaged to Mr. Wolfe, an old Illica friend."

Wolfe! That was the name of Miss Densmore's visitor the last night at the Merton's. It was burned deeply into Rossiter's memory. But how strangely mistaken he had been! An intoxicating elation seized him, and then the music ceased. He glanced eagerly at Miss Densmore's card which she was nervously fingering, and noted that all save one of the remaining dances were taken. She caught his look, and there was something assuring in her smile.

"May I have that?" he said, pointing to the unengaged dance.

"Yes," she replied softly, still smiling, and then an exuberant senior rushed up and bore her away.

Rossiter's eyes followed her with a gleam of rapture. For a brief space lights, music, whirling figures were as naught to him. He saw only the delicate contour of her face; heard only the low cadence of her voice. With a violent effort he shook off this waking spell and turned towards Mrs. Densmore, but someone had engaged her in conversation, and he was free. He slipped into a vacant window-seat and watched for Miss Densmore's reappearance. Presently she floated by (or so it seemed to him), and after that only for an occasional instant did he lose sight of her.

So pleasurable was his occupation that he was not inclined to rail at time as a laggard. Could he not possess his soul in patience for a few minutes when so short a period before he had thought to wait at the gate of the court of love, a poor, starving mendicant for a lifetime? Doubt never assailed his heart; what he should say never entered his mind. He did not try to reason out this or that, to analyze his joy. He felt a wonderful thrill go through him, and realized that at last he had risen to a complete mastery of himself. Love working through one of the sweetest of womankind, had wrought the miracle.

The music was silent when Miss Densmore placed her hand upon Rossiter's arm, but there were several couples promenading, with whom they fell into line. As they passed an open window a gentle breeze touched their faces and lifted ever so lightly the lace about Miss Densmore's throat. She glanced out into the night, and Rossiter's gaze followed hers.

"How like the evening of the hop-dance!" she exclaimed,—"the moonlight and the whispering of the leaves! Do you remember?"

"Remember!" echoed Rossiter; "indeed I do. There are some seats upon the campus," he continued; "shall we not go out for a little, as we did then?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she said.

In an ash cluster, a few yards across the sward and directly opposite the entrance to the gymnasium, they discovered an unocupied bench reaching from tree to tree.

Rossiter did not hesitate, did not now hang back, did not trifle with his fate. He had done with indecision forever.

"I wonder if you ever dreamed," he began, as they seated themselves, "that your cousin once interrupted me when I was on the point of telling you the story of my life—and something else?"

Miss Densmore did not reply.

"I would like to tell you the story now," continued Rossiter,—"that is, if I may, and then——"

"But suppose I know," interrupted Miss Densmore, "since you have assured me you were not masquerading when I met you? Suppose I have guessed it?"

With her fine sensitiveness, she thought to save him from what might be a humiliating confession. He was not, however, in a mood to spare himself.

"Not all!" he cried. "Why, I was an outcast, a common vagabond!"

"Never quite that!" she remonstrated. "But whatever you were, you are your better self again. You have conquered."

"Conquered!" he repeated fervently; "yes, thanks to you, my love, to you! Can you," he went on, his voice growing husky with emotion, "will you help me to be the conqueror still?"

"I will," she answered simply, and there was an infinite trust and tenderness in her tone.

Their hands met and their lips. Within, the music burst into a jubilant air; above. there was a rhythmical rustle among the leaves as the breeze swept them aside and let the moonlight crown the final scene in Rossiter's regeneration.

(THE END.)

GOOD ADVICE.

(Western Mail, Cardiff.)

The announcement that the Argentine government has granted a reservation for Boer settlers in the Chubut Valley, raises an interesting point. As every reader knows, Chubut is as present colonized by Welshmen, a section of whom are about removing to Canada. The question arises: How will the Welchmen who remain get on with the Boers? The obstinancy and exclusiveness of the latter have received such exemplification that there is assuredly no need to elaborate the point. The Welsh settlers, on their part are also resolute, determined men, as their history as colonists abundantly proves. All things considered, it looks as though it would be a case of Greek meeting Greek, and will probably work out for good to this extent that it will assist in making up their minds such of the Chubut Welsh as may be less eager than their comrades to leave and come back under the British flag. With a lot of Boer settlers on her premises, Argentina will not be a bed of roses. However, that is her business, not ours; but the Chubut Welchmen who hang back will do well to make up their minds and take the first chance offered them of making a permanent home beneath the old flag.

CAPE BRETON COAL MINES.

The output of the Cape Breton coal mines for the fiscal year ending Sept. 3, 1901, amounted to 2,618,933 tons. Of this amount 2,352,567 tons was produced by the Dominion Coal Company from its group of mines located about Sydney, Glace Bay, etc, being an increase of about 700,000 tons on its output of the previous year.

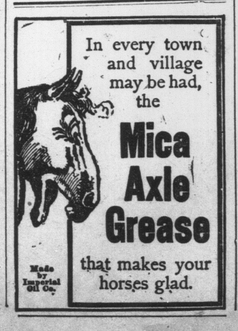
Arrangements have recently been made by the Cape Breton Coal, Iron and Railway Company for developing a group of mines lying south of Sydney on the line of the Cape Breton Railway, which promises to be equally productive with those north of Sydney and to add materially to the coal activities of Cape Breton and bring a large tonnage to the Cape Breton Railway.

WIRE WOUNDS.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried different remedies. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until, after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all the hair is growing well, and is not white as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.



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