The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1903. NO. 20.

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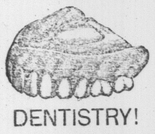

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Poetry.

Breaking The Ice.

We had some offish neighbors once
that moved in, down the road,
We reckoned they was 'bout the proudest
folks we'd ever knowed.
An' when we passed 'em now an' then,
we held our heads up high
To make dead sure they couldn't snub
us if they was to try.
It really made me nervous, so I jes'
braced up one day
An' thought I'd go ahead an' show my
manners anyway.
On Sunday, 'stid o' turnin' round and
gazin' at the view,
I looked at them an' says "Hello!"
an' they says, "Howdy do!"

It wan't the cold an' formal greetin'
that you've sometimes heard;
They smiled an' said it heartyl like
they meant it, every word.
It's solemn to reflect on what we miss
along life's way,
By not jes' bein' natural an' good
humored day by day.
There's lots of folks who fling the simple
joys of life aside
Because they dread the shadow of
their own unconscious pride.
And nine times out of ten you'll find
the rule works right and true—
Jes' tell the world "Hello!" and it'll
answer, "Howdy do!"
—Washington Star.

Climbing up The Hill.

Happy Go Lucky and Faint of Heart
Set off on a journey with Only Try,
And each was ready to do his part
While the sunny hours went merrily
by.
But when the shadows were growing
long
And the crickets chirping their evening
song
Up rose like a barrier, mighty, strong
A rocky hillside high.

Said Happy Go Lucky: "Suppose we
wait
And somebody passing may give us
a ride."
"We shall break our necks if we climb
so late!"
Poor Faint of Heart in a panic cried.
But Only Try, with a resolute eye,
Looked up at the hill and the sunset
sky.
"There is plenty of time," said Only
Try.
"And the moon is full beside."

So Only Try, without stay or stop,
Went clambering up over rock and
root
Till he stood at last on the hill's
green top,
In a beautiful clearing with flowers
and fruit.
But the other two are waiting still,
For nobody lives or ever will
That can reach the top of the smallest
hill
By sitting down at the foot!
—New York News.

A hundred noble wishes fill my heart;
I long to help each soul in need of
aid;
In all good works my zeal would have
a part;
Before no weight of toil it stands
afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble deeds,
And he does least who seeks to do
the whole;
Who works the best, his simplest duties
heeds
Who moves the world, first moves a
single soul.

Then go, my heart, thy plainest work
begin.
Do first, not what thou canst, but
what thou must:
Build not upon a cornerstone of sin,
Nor seek great works until thou
first be just.

Select Literature.

A Non-union Town.

THE ADVENTURES THAT BEFELL MR. McCURTIN BECAUSE OF WATERLOO'S IGNORANCE OF HIGH FINANCE.

(By I. K. Friedman in Saturday Evening Post.)

The Chicago branch of the American Federation of Labor sent Hugh T. McCurtin on the road to organize new unions. His only instructions were to hustle and use common sense, which is perhaps another way of saying that if he could not do things one way he was to do them another; but, one way or the other, he was to get them done.

Hugh was exactly the man for the place. He was young, ambitious, athirst for power and place in the labor world; and, besides his looks and his bearing were three or four points in his favor. When he drew his tall, thin body up to its full height, and twirled his glasses at the end of their cord it was as if Hugh were twirling the intellect of the whole generation around his little finger. He could speak fluently and stirringly on any subject, whether he understood it or not, and he had at his command a variety of high-sounding phrases that would fit one occasion as well as another. In town after town he organized every non-union man whom he could trace, trail or discover; he had barbers applying lather, butchers cutting meat, carpenters nailing boards, according to union rules; and everywhere he left behind him an eloquent phrase or two to enrich the vocabulary of rural labor.

His organizing expedition sailed along, as he expressed it in one of his letters, as smoothly as a ship on still waters, until he struck a town called Waterloo—ominous name!—and there the ship foundered in a sudden storm and poor Hugh all but went down in the wreck. Waterloo, for a town that numbered something like twenty-five hundred inhabitants, was strangely provincial and peculiarly separated from what is termed the centres of civilization, although one of the railroads was pushing a branch thither slowly and hesitatingly.

It was about five in the afternoon when McCurtin, travel-worn, dusty and tired, reached Waterloo, and he decided to delay operations until the morning in order that he might begin fresh and early. Meanwhile he put up at the Waterloo House, the poorer of the two in town, as luck would have it, and he wondered what he should do to while away the time. He read the newspapers, wrote a letter asking for a check, yawned and kept looking at the clock over the clerk's desk to convince himself that time was not standing still. Once, as his eyes turned toward the fly-blown dial, he caught sight of a pretty, fresh face, surmounted by a wealth of blond hair, looking at him with rather quick and shy glances. He strolled up to the railing of the desk to ask for a match and a postage stamp (he had plenty of both in his pockets), and the young lady smilingly furnished these, and he remained behind in an earnest and prolonged conversation about the weather. He had never believed the topic capable of such immense variation. Before the dinner bell rang McCurtin knew that the young woman's name was Pauline Rosenkrantz and he knew that he was Hugh T. McCurtin—a bit of information which Pauline had gleaned from the hotel register several minutes in advance of his divulgence of it.

When dinner was over (it struck McCurtin that it was over about the time it began) he caught sight of Pauline slipping into the street, her blonde head and her round, pink face made still prettier by the glow of contrast showered down from the cluster of scarlet poppies in her hat. She paused at the door and looked at him shyly and indirectly as if to say, "Pray, don't follow me;" but he disregarded her prayer and sped after her.

When she recovered from her pretended astonishment they walked down to the river to look at the town's two places of historic interest—in one spot four Indians had killed two white men and in the other two white men had killed four Indians. Naturally, the conversation turned to historic novels, Pauline had read several of them, which may lead you to conclude that Waterloo was not quite so provincial as I would have you suppose, and McCurtin, who had never read any of them, thought Pauline cultured, entertaining, and superior to city girls, while Pauline, who was impressed by Hugh's clothes and glasses, his eloquence and his easy manner, thought him superior to country boys. But when McCurtin answered directly to her roundabout questioning that he was an organizer by profession, the climax of favorable impressions was capped. To Pauline the word organizer meant the same as promoter, and she made no manner of doubt that McCurtin had millions at his command and, guessing the process of reasoning that was going on in her mind, he took no pains to transplant a blissful ignorance with painful knowledge.

It was after ten o'clock when the pair started toward home, each with in every twenty minutes of the last hour having advanced ten points in the estimation of the other. At eleven, when they reached town, the affair looked serious. McCurtin was making straight for the hotel on Main street, when Pauline stopped suddenly in front of a cigar store. He looked up and caught the name of B. Rosenkrantz in large gilt letters on the sign board.

"I thought you lived in the hotel?" he said.

"I live over the cigar store with my parents—rather with my father; my mother is dead," she replied.

II.

Early the next morning, after a few minutes' chat with Pauline, McCurtin started out on his task. He was eager to see what manner of man Paulina's father was and he dropped into the store to purchase a cigar and to talk unionism, thereby killing two birds with one stone—the two birds nearly killed him, as he said afterward. The usual amenities concerning the weather and business were passed and then McCurtin put his one important question, "Do you belong to the union?"

"Oh I belonge to de union!" shouted Rosenksantz, a rotund little German. Then he laughed. "Ve all belongs to der union, mein frient."

"Is that so; I'm glad to hear that!" beamed the organizer. "To what union do you belong?"

"To der union von der United States van Amerika."

McCurtin burst out laughing, and the little German, his face growing serious, looked at the organizer in a way that plainly said that he was inquiring into his sanity.

At this point McCurtin started his eulogy on unionism; it bettered the life of the laborer in every respect; it raised wages; it shortened hours—"You sthop right dere," bawled Rosenkrantz; "I work for meinself! Shall I raise mein own wages and shorten mein own hours? You vas one ob dese fellers vat vants to raise trouble mit me und have me strike meinself against. You get right avay from here."

"The start doesn't look very promising," muttered McCurtin, half a mind to laugh, half a mind to curse, as he started across the street toward the barber shop of Abel Hallett. He was merely following his tried plan of extending patronage with one hand and the propaganda of unionism with the other.

"Do you belong to the union?" asked of Abel when that artist had his face thoroughly lathered.

The barber, letting his face stolidly, gave no reply.

"Do you belong to the union, I say?" repeated the organizer.

"Look here," said Abel solemnly, feeling the edge of his razor, "three drummers tried to catch me on trick questions last week, and I don't play fool again, not me."

McCurtin tried to explain; the barber cut his explanations short.

"It's no trick; it's no joke," he insisted. "I'm serious."

Abel Hallet lost his temper. "You dudes from the city are altogether too smart!" he exclaimed.

"And you country bumpkins are altogether too stupid!" retorted McCurtin.

"Stupid, are we!" screamed Abel, his long, sallow face turning red with rage as he untied his apron and flung the door open with what seemed one and the same jerk. "Well, you get out of this shop just as quick as you can."

"I had better wash the lather off first," objected McCurtin, wishing to avoid anything like fisticuffs.

"You had better not! You get out just as you are! Be quick!"

McCurtin tore through Main street, and into his hotel, a laughing-stock for the natives, who had crowded around the barber shop to learn the source of the trouble. Abel Hallet, gesticulating with his razor, explained.

"Dis same feller vas around by me," laughed Rosenkrantz; "he vas von his head out, I bet."

Meanwhile the organizer slipped up the stairs of the hotel, down the hall and toward his room. Paulina was approaching him, a duster in her hand. "Some more good luck," he growled under his breath.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, throwing her duster on the floor, her hands in the air, "what has happened?"

"The barber and I had a quarrel, and—"

She darted away, laughing so heartily that the frames of the frail hotel shook with her merriment.

"That settles it," grumbled the object of her laughter; "she's as silly as the others."

He washed his face and sat down to allow his heated feelings to cool off whilst he indulged in some bitter reflections. It was a bad town at the very best, unimportant to insignificance, and scarcely worth organizing anyway. He would take the next train out of it. He looked at his watch. There was still time to drive to the railway junction and make the next train for home. But—well, after all, it was very natural that Paulina should have been excited to ridicule by his strange plight. She probably meant nothing by it. He might as well stay over until the following morning and enjoy the evening's walk and conversation with her. He had worked hard and conscientiously since he left headquarters in Chicago, and he was entitled to have a night or two of innocent enjoyment.

He sauntered carelessly out of doors and walked along Main Street in apparent ignorance of the inquiring glances shot at him from all directions. He followed the street to its end, by no means a long way, and before he took time to consider where he was he found himself in the open country. The scenery beautiful enough in its unobtrusive way, made no appeal to McCurtin's aesthetic sense—he was entirely without it—and his thoughts, much to his astonishment, kept reverting to Paulina. Her image was so persistent that it annoyed him, and he shook his head as if he would shake her smiling blond face out of all consideration. "I'm afraid that—" and he laughed, not even phrasing the subject of which he stood in fear.

McCurtin paused in his walk to observe some ten or fifteen men working with might and main on the construction of the various parts of a house. The force of habit is the greatest enemy to indifference, and before many minutes had passed McCurtin was lending a willing ear to the pleading tongue of his one great ambition. He would make the last and final attempt at organizing Waterloo, and the high-sounding phrases of the propaganda leapt to his lips. A white-bearded carpenter, planing lustily at a pine board, was the first object of his attack. Generalities made up their conversation before McCurtain asked:

"How much do they pay you fellows down this way?"

"One dollar and seventy-five cents a day," answered the old mechanic in a way that demanded his listener's surprise at the size of the wage.

"As much as all that?" exclaimed McCurtin sarcastically.

"It's the solemn truth I'm telling," replied the carpenter quite seriously, "but we take part of it out in trade at Mr. Hutchins' store. It is his house we're building."

"Others get paid as well as you, perhaps—the masons, plumbers and plasterers?"

"Oh, yes," answered the old man, again missing the point, "everybody gets fine pay down this way."

"Working ten hours, too, I presume," Hugh went on, his irony turned to anger at this rural self-satisfaction equal to stupidity.

"Oh yes, ten, eleven, twelve hours, according to the weather; some days more and some days less; we ain't particular about that."

Several of the others, leaving their work joined the group to discuss the question at issue.

"Why don't you work nights, too, when the moon's shining, and refuse to take pay for overtime?"

Finally the carpenter understood that McCurtin was making game of him, and drawing himself up to his full height, and plucking at his gray beard, he remarked coolly:

"I see you're one of them fresh city chaps."

"What's it your business, anyway, stranger, what we're gettin'?" put in a plasterer, lifting his short-stemmed clay pipe out of his mouth and spitting to emphasize his remarks."

"See here," shouted McCurtin, more and more angered at their lethargy, "you fellows are clean off all sensible reckoning; you can just as well make from three-fifty to four dollars a day as not, and only work eight hours at that."

"And what will we do with the rest of the day?" asked a painter.

"And who's to give us the four dollars? Explain that!" interjected a plasterer.

"All you need to do, my friends," shouted McCurtin enthusiastically, "is to join one of the confederated unions. Now, I'm an organizer, and——"

A short, thick-set mason, all muscle and bone, doubled his brawny fist and pushed toward the speaker.

"I want you to shut up your mouth!" he yelled. "I know you; you're one of them fellers from Cedarville and you want us fellers to strike so you kin step in and get our jobs. Now you clear out!"

"Not at all," thundered McCurtin indignantly; "read this letter and this card; they explain—"

"We don't want no letters and no cards." And the mason pushed his huge fist in dangerous proximity to McCurtin's retreating nose.

"That's right; Bob's right!" yelled the others in threatening unison. "Clear out!"

McCurtin retreated a few steps as quickly as he could with becoming dignity and due safety. The mechanics stooped for a hasty gathering of sticks and stones, and the muscular mason was giving his stout arm a backward swing to hurl a brick forward. There was a time for everything, and this was no time for a deliberate lecture on the benefits of unionism, McCurtin took to his heels. A heavy shower of missiles stirred the dust around his slim, tall form, and a stone and a stick, unluckily leaving the dust undisturbed, crashed against his shins. A brick grazed along his cheek, and, loth to leave it untouched, took part of the skin with it.

He heard the masons loud guffaw. "It was me that hit him. If I only had one more shy at him he wouldn't try to talk us out of our jobs for a long time to come."

It was an hour later when McCurtin, limping, bleeding, covered with dust and dirt, dragged himself into the soothing quiet and the seclusion of his room, thankful that Paulina did not chance to espy him in this second quandary.

III.

Paulina had slipped out of the hotel a few minutes before the disraught organizer had slipped into it. She wished to steal a quarter of an hour's conversation with her father concerning the wealthy promoter; for Rosenkrantz, together with some other important and prominent citizens of Waterloo, was interested in the manufacture of a steam automobile—an invention which promised, according to the prospectus, to make millions without end, provided the owners could but get together the tenth part of one million wherewith to make the invention go. Paulina judged that Hugh T. McCurtin, Esq., organizer, had at least that much.

Rosenkrantz became so excited on hearing the new promoter, which Paulina preferred to use instead of organizer, that he tarried for neither a description of the man nor for any other trivial details, but without even waiting to put on his hat he dashed across the street to tell the wonderful news to the barber, who was another director of the company. Then the cigar-maker and the barber parted company to gather the other eight important citizens who made up the directorate of the Waterloo Manufacturing and Improved Steam Automobile Company (the title was the grocer's), and before two o'clock of this same afternoon had come, ten grave seniors arrayed in their best clothes, spick, span and shaven (the barber, to begin with, had been enriched by over a dollar), marched toward the hotel on a street that was paved with the glittering gold of their excited imaginations.

There had been some difficulty in deciding the disputed point of spokesmanship, the editor of the Clarion being first choice, but the editor of the Eagle threatened to resign his office in disgust and to denounce the Company in his influential organ if that injustice were insisted upon. Finally Mr. Parker, the druggist, was selected, his chief recommendation being that he understood Latin, and there was no overestimating the value of a dead language should a living and unexpected difficulty present itself. Rosenkranz was angered by the choice, deeming it, with more or less reason, a slight upon his commercial supremacy; for his contribution to the treasury of the Company was twice as great as that of any of the other directors. At first the fat cigar-maker threatened to resign, but he was pacified by the promise of the position of prompter to Mr. Parker should that worthy stumble or fail in his task; but Rosenkrantz still preserved a sulky exterior, as became a man who deemed himself slighted by his financial inferiors.

"Not that I cares to sbeak," he explained to the barber, "not at all; it vas simble de brinciple. Money should talk, vas it not?"

The barber agreed that it should, and Rosenkranz, feeling a little the better for having been agreed with, the procession moved on.

McCurtin, who happened to be sitting at the window, his attention bespair divided between the nursing of his wounds and the cursing of the mechanics responsible for them, turned pale as he caught sight of the ten local dignitaries in solemn and formal march. He had read something and heard still more of vigilance committees and their rough-and-ready manner of dealing with objectionable characters. However, there was a chance or two that his first conclusion might be mistaken—they might be going to a funeral or a wedding. He breathed easier. The ten turned into the hotel. His breath grew scant again. There was no doubt about it; the ten were to attend a funeral—his own!

He looked at his grip and then looked out of the window to the ground; the distance was no less than twenty feet, and the last foot was marked by the only bit of stone pavement on the street. No, he would not risk the jump; he preferred to remain where he was and to take fighting chances. He opened his grip and slipped his revolver into his trousers pocket. He had kept the weapon for some unusual emergency, and this was about as unusual as any emergency could be.

Some one tapped at the door, a trifle more vigorously than any necessity demanded.

"Come in!" shouted McCurtin, his voice assuming an indifference which he wished his heart might have felt. He braced himself against the wall and let his right hand rest on the bulging hip-pocket.

Paulina entered all smiles, unless one, purposely impolite, were to say, all giggles. The hypocrisy of all humanity threw McCurtin in a fever of cynicism. This guileless country girl, smiling, pretending love and friendship, was as wily at her unsophisticated urban sister. If Heaven helped him out of this awful scrape he would show his gratitude by remaining single for the rest of his days.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Paulina suddenly, "what's that mark on your cheek? It's raw and bleeding!"

"Nothing!" he muttered angrily, keeping a sharp lookout over his shoulder for surprises. "Nothing; I fell down." The pretended sincerity of her concern filled him with disgust.

"You don't seem to be having very fortunate experiences in Waterloo," she smiled. "This morning you came in with one side of your face all covered with soap, and this afternoon you return with the other side all covered with blood." Her outburst of laughter played havoc with McCurtin's overwrought nerves.

"Come," he said savagely, his eyes still focused over her shoulders, "what do you want?"

"Don't be cross," she smiled, wondering if he, like Hamlet, were ever on the lookout for a ghost. "You ought to be flattered; the ten most important citizens of Waterloo are downstairs, come to pay you a visit."

"Show them up," he roared at the top of his voice, resolved to let the committee know that they had no coward to deal with. The roar of the lion did impress its hearers, but quite otherwise than the lion, in strange ignorance of the situation, had supposed.

"Dot feller hev a voice like a cannon de forth von July," whispered Rosenkranz to Abel Hallet. "Parker lo lost mit his Latin; he better let me speak, eh?"

The barber was arguing on the inherent value of the quality of Latin when exposed to such a quantity of noise, when Paulina returned to say that the promoter was in waiting. There was a fretful arranging of ties, a nervous fingering of collars, a preliminary hemming and hawing, and then twenty shoes pressed their heavy weight on the squeaking hotel steps. Rosenkrantz wormed his way to the front, and the barber hastened to the front in the vain hope of convincing the cigar maker that his proper place was somewhere near the rear.

Every one of the little noises on the stair sent a shudder, disproportionately great, through the heart of McCurtin, standing on guard, his revolver half out of his pocket and the half within it constantly decreasing to a quarter.

The angular barber and the rotund cigar-maker were the first two to cross the threshold. McCurtin resolved to die hard, and he fumbled with the trigger of his weapon, hid behind the long tail of his coat.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Rosenkrantz seeking shelter behind the others as best he could.

"It's all up with the Company," moaned the barber.

"Well, gentlemen, step right in; don't be afraid," yelled the organizer, his voice rising higher and higher as his courage fell lower and lower!

They pushed forward. Rosenkrantz mopped his brow with his handkercheif quailing before McCurtin's stern glances glad, after, all that the responsibility of spokesmanship had devolved upon Parker. The barber dropped into his chair.

"I made a little mistake this morning," began Abel Hallet apologetically, "for which I am more than sorry."

McCurtin looked daggers at the "Tonsorial Artist." It was thus that Abel styled himself, wondering whether the knave would spring at his throat.

"Und I means nothings vat I say dis morning; it vas a shoke; I love a shoke like a gut cigar," was what Rosenkrantz set down in extenuation.

McCurtin smiled sarcastically as if to warn the German that fine words would not disarm his vigilance, and when he thundered, as if to extend the same warning to each and all:

(Continued in our next.)

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Graham Bell's Air Ship to be Tested in a Few Days.

Baddeck, C. B., August 5.—Professor Alexander Graham Bell solved to all practical purposes the air ship problem. For a number of years he has been experimenting along these lines, and has progressed so far that in a few days he will make an experiment which he hopes will place the feasibility of the air ship beyond peradventure.

Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, will arrive here in a day or two and be associated with Dr. Bell in othe conduct of this experiment.

Dr. Bell's work has been almost altogether with kites, and his great success makes him now feel confident of the solution of the air ship question. He has foregone the use of silk in the construction of his machines, and taken a much lighter and stronger material which resembles silk in its texture. So far he has succeeded in having his kites remain stationary in the air quite a height, and has himself soared in one of the air ships at some distance from the ground. In the experiment in which Professor Langley will be associated with Dr Bell the object will be to seek control of the machine. The experiment will be conducted on the Bras D'Or Lakes. Dr. Bell has in his workshop kites of all sizes and descriptions. Dr. Bell says that, however, even if successful, air flight is only in its infancy.

Remarkable Cure of Diarrhoea.

"About six years ago for the first time in my life I had a sudden attack of diarrhoea," says Mrs. Alice Miller, of Morgan, Texas. "I got temporary relief, but it came back again and again for six long years I have suffered more misery and agony than I can tell. It was worse than death. My husband spent hundreds of dollars for physicians' prescriptions and treatments without avail. Finally we moved to Bosque County, our present home, and one day I happened to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, with a testimonial of a man who had been cured by it. The case was so similar to my own that I concluded to try the remedy. The result was wonderful. I could hardly believe that I was well again, or believe it could be so after having suffered so long, but that one bottle of medicine, costing but a few cents, cured me." For sale by S. N. Weare.

The Exhibition Horse Show.

The horse show, which will be one of the great amusement features of the Exhibition on its opening days at Halifax, September 9, will not only be a great display of horse flesh in saddle and in harness and with appropriate vehicles handled by the best amateur riders and drivers of the province, but it will be a society event second to none in the whole season. The beauty and the fashion of the capital city will be present. The show, which is to be made an improvement on last year's initial effort, will be given under the auspices of the Halifax Riding Club, a crack organization of local horsemen and horsewomen.

Harvest Laborers Wanted.

Although there has been a large influx of immigrants and settlers to points in the Canadian Northwest this year, the crop reports show that a considerable number of laborers will be required to gather the abundant harvest. It is expected that the laborers from all parts of the Maritime Provinces will congregate at St. John on the evening of Friday, August 21st, and go forward by passenger extra trains, which will run exclusively for their accommodation.

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. 25c.

We like best to call
SCOTT'S EMULSION
a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

West Indian Hurricane.

JAMAICA IN RUINS.

A terrific hurricane swept Jamaica on the 11th inst. A press report speaks of the damage done as follows: "The effects of the hurricane upon the island of Jamaica were greater than at first believed. Port Antonio on the north coast was completely overwhelmed, only six houses were left standing. The United Fruit Co.'s wharves, offices, hotel and plantations were utterly demolished. Five of the company's steamers including the Simon Dumols, Alfred Dumols and Brighton were driven ashore, but are lying in easy positions.

Port Maria, another town on the north coast also suffered similarly. The coast is strewn with wreckage of local trading vessels. It is feared that the loss of life has been heavy, thirty fatalities having already been reported, principally seamen. Villages have been wiped out and public buildings and churches demolished. Thousands of the peasantry are rendered homeless and destitute and wandering about seeking food and shelter.

The destruction of the banana plantations has been complete and the fruit trade is paralyzed for the next twelve months. The western end of the island which it was at first supposed had escaped, also suffered considerably. New banana plantations were partly destroyed and the orange and coffee crops were also injured. The Norwegian San Salvators was driven ashore at Annetta Bay and lies in a dangerous position. Several sailing vessels were wrecked on the north side.

It is still stormy and threatening and there are fears that there may be a renewal of the storm. Torrential rains have increased the misery of the people who are homeless. The wharves were battered and several coasting vessels were sunk in the harbor. Trade is practically at a standstill. The south-eastern portion of the island has been completely denuded of its crops, the rivers are flooded and many men were carried to sea and drowned. The present estimate is that the list will reach fifty. Hundreds of persons were injured and there were numerous hair breadth escapes. The property loss is estimated at $10,000,000.

Horrible Accident on an Electric Railway in Paris.

Eighty-four bodies have been recovered and the death list probably will exceed one hundred in the Under ground Railway disaster which occurred in Paris Monday night. The accident, which occurred on the Metropolitan Electric Railway, assumed terrible proportions Tuesday morning. More than four score bodies of the burned and suffocated victims were received from the subterranean passage.

The scenes at the mouth of the tunnel, where the victims were brought, were of the most fleartrending description.

Crowds of weeping men, women and children struggling forward in an effort to recognize their missing relatives and friends. Most of the victims are from the middle and working class, whom the trains were carrying home from their work.

Although the accident occurred at 8 o'clock Monday evening the officials and firemen were unable until early Tuesday morning to descend into the tunnel, owing to the blinding clouds of smoke from the burning train.

At ten minutes after three, Sergt. Ahrens, wearing a respirator, succeeded in making the descent. He remained seven minutes and brought the first information to the effect that corpses were strewn all about the roadway of the tunnel. Then he collapsed and was taken to the hospital. Twenty minutes later firemen forced their way down through the tunnel station at Menilmont and returned soon afterwards with seven bodies, two men, two young boys and three women. These persons had been asphyxiated, as their positions showed they had been groping through the smoke that filled the tunnel, seeking a way to escape when they were overcome. The work of bringing up the bodies went on steadily after that under the direction of Prefect of Police Lepine, who summoned a large reserve force to hold back the crowd, including the relatives of the victims.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs.—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stable for over a year, and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get, and strongly recommend it.

GEO. HOUGH.

Livery stables, Quebec.

Canadian Yacht Races.

Canadian yachts have for years been successful in defending the ownership of the Canada Cup in competition with rivals from over the border. This year the Strathcona by winning the first two of the series of races gave promise of a walk over again. The next two of the series however, were won by the Yankee boat Irondequoit, in grand style, and left yesterday's race to decide which would hold the cup, with the chances in favor of the latter boat. The result of the final race has not reached us at time of writing.

LATER.—Irondequoit won twenty-one mile triangular race and the Canada Cup, which was presented to the victorious American skipper and his crew to-night with due ceremony at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club house.

It was a closely contested race during the last part of which the Canadian gained slowly on her rival, but could not close the gap. For a minute after the winner crossed the gap there was nothing to be heard but the solemn shots of the yacht cannons booming like funeral guns, but the excursion fleet found heart quickly and blew their whistles merrily for the victor and cheered. The official finish was: Irondequoit, 2.44.30, Strathcona 2:45,35.

A Well-known Albany Man.

About eighteen months ago Mr. W. S. Manning, of Albany, N. Y., widely known in trade circles as the representative of the Albany Chemical Co., was suffering from a protracted attack of diarrhoea. "I tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," he says, "and obtained immediate relief. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to those similarly afflicted." Sold by S. N. Weare.

—The Boston Engineering Company and the proposed new dry dock company of Sydney have decided to amalgamate their interests for the construction of an extensive plant in Sydney harbor and will build a dock at an early date.

—Minard's Liniment cures colds, etc.