Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1900. NO. 24.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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5,000 Hides,
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OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
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BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
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You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the
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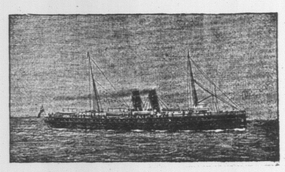

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On and after August 21st, this Company will make
Five Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz.:
Steamer "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening; and steamer "YARMOUTH" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Friday evening after arrival of trains from Halifax.
LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.
Staterooms can be secured on application, at the old established rates.
D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
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To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity:
Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an
Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.
All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and workmanship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.
ROGERSON & MARSHALL
Murdoch's Block, - Granville Street.

We sell Shoes that Fit!
We are not of the belief that any make of Shoes are good enough for you to wear. Feet must not be tortured by misfit shoes. We don't charge for fit, we simply charge for honest, reliable, good wearing Shoes. Saving prices and high quality are linked together at our store.
Our Men's Dongola Kid, Laced or Congress Boot at $2.00 are extra good value.
Our Men's Russian Calf Tanned Balmoral or our Men's Chocolate Dongola Kid, with cloth top, at $3.00, are exceptionally good value.
Our Women's Vice Kid low Oxford Shoes, broad or narrow toe, at $1 00, $1 25, $1 50 and $1 75, are low priced and good value. You should see them.
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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

Poetry.

The Angel and the Child.

(From the French of Redboul, by the Rev. Lawrence Sinclair.)

An angel with a radiant face,
As if in placid stream
His image to behold; he bends
O'er cradle bed unseen.

"Dear child," he said, "We are alike,
Oh come away with me.
We shall be happy, for the earth
Unworthy is of thee."

"In it no gladness is complete;
The people suffer pain.
Their songs of joy soon pass away,
No pleasures they retain."

"Why should thy fair, sweet face be changed,
And sorrow thee pursue,
Or tears of grief fast flowing from
Thine eyes of azure hue?"

"O no, through fields of boundless space,
We presently shall fly.
The favor of the Lord for thee
Fills all thy cloudless sky."

Then, spreading forth his pure white wings,
The angel took his flight,
And with the infant spirit fled
To mansions of delight.

Poor mother, thou art left behind,
To view the cradle bed,
Yet only for a little while
To thee, thy child is dead.

Select Literature.

TREASURE ISLAND.

(By Robert Louis Stevenson.)

PART IV.

The Stockade.

CHAPTER XX.

SILVER'S EMBASSY

Sure enough, there are two men just outside the stockade, one of them waving a white cloth; the other, no less a person than Silver himself, standing placidly by.

It was still quite early, and the coldest morning I think I ever was aboard in; a chill that pierced into the marrow. The sky was bright and cloudless overhead, and the tops of the trees shone rosily in the sun. But where Silver stood with his lieutenant all was still in shadow, and they waded knee deep in a low white vapor, that had crawled during the night out of the morass. The chill and the vapor taken together told a poor tale of the island. It was plainly a damp, feverish, unhealthy spot.

"Keep in-doors, men," said the captain.

"Ten to one this is a trick."

Then he hailed the buccaneer.

"Who goes? Stand, or we fire."

"Flag of truce," cried Silver.

The captain was in the porch, keeping himself carefully out of the way of a treacherous shot should any be intended. He turned and spoke to us:

"Doctor's watch on the lookout. Doctor Livesey take the north side, if you please; Jim the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

And then he turned again to the mutineers.

"And what do you want with your flag of truce?" he cried.

This time it was the other man who replied.

"Captain Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms," he shouted.

"Capn'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?" cried the captain. And we could hear him adding to himself: "Capn'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

Long John answered for himself.

"Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir,"—laying a particular emphasis upon the word 'desertion.'

"We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired!"

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

"That's enough, cap'n," shouted Long John, cheerily. "A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that."

We could see the man who carried the flag of truce attempting to hold Silver back. Nor was that wonderful, seeing how cavalier had been the captain's answer. But Silver laughed at him aloud, and slapped him on the back, as if the idea of alarm had been absurd. Then he advanced to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up, and with great vigor and skill succeeded in surmounting the fence and dropping safely to the other side.

I will confess that I was far too much taken up with what was going on to be of the slightest use as sentry; indeed, I had already deserted my eastern loop-hole and crept up behind the captain, who had now seated himself on the threshold, with his elbows on his knees, his head on his hands, and his eyes fixed on the water, as it bubbled out of the old iron kettle in the sand. He was whistling to himself, "Come, Lasses and Lads."

Silver had terribly hard work getting up the knoll. What with the steepness of the incline, the thick tree-stumps, and the soft sand, he and his crutch were as helpless as a ship in stays. But he stuck to it like a man in silence, and at last arrived before the captain whom he saluted in the handsomest style. He was tricked out in his best; an immense blue coat, thick with brass buttons, hung as low as his knees, and a fine laced hat was set on the back of his head.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain, raising his head. "You had better sit down."

"You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n?" complained Long John. "It's a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."

"Why, Silver," said the captain. "If you had pleased to be an honest man you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook—and then you were treated handsome—or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!"

"Well, well, cap'n," returned the seacook, sitting down as he was bidden on the sand, "you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. A sweet pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim. Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking."

"If you have anything to say, my man, better say it," said the captain.

"Right you are, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "Dooty is dooty to be sure. Well, now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a hand-spike end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook—may be all was shook; may be I was shook myself, may be that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do sentry go, and ease off a point or so on the rum. May be you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye. But I'll tell you I was sober; I was on'y dog tired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner I'd a caught you at the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as can be.

All that Silver said was a riddle to him, but you would never have guessed it from his tone. As for me, I began to have an inkling. Ben Gunn's last words came back to my mind. I began to suppose that he had paid the buccaneers a visit while they all lay drunk together round their fire, and I reckoned up with glee that we had only fourteen enemies to deal with.

"Well, here it is," said Silver. "We want that treasure, and we'll have it—that's our point! You would just as soon save your life, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

"That's as may be," replied the captain.

"Oh, well, you have I know that," returned Long John. "You needn't be so husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now I never meant you no harm, myself."

"That won't do with me, my man," interrupted the captain. "We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it."

And the captain looked at him calmly, and proceeded to fill a pipe.

"If Abe Gray—" Silver broke out.

"Avast there!" cried Mr. Smollett. "Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more I would see you and him and this whole island blown clear out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that."

This little whiff of temper seemed to cool Silver down. He had been growing nettled before, but now he pulled himself together.

"Like enough," said he. "I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider shipshape, or might not, as the case were. And, seein' as you're about to take a pipe, cap'n, I'll make so free as to do likewise."

And he filled a pipe and lighted it; and the two sat silently smoking for quite a while, now looking each other in the face; now stopping their tobacco, now leaning forward to spit. It was as good as a play to see them.

"Now," resumed Silver, "here it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen, and stoving of their heads in while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure's shipped, and I'll give you my affy-davy, upon my word and honor, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or, if that ain't your fancy, some of my hands being rough, and having old scores, on account of bazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man; and I'll give my affy-davy, as before, to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now you'll own that's talking. Handsomer you couldn't look to get, not you. And I hope"—raising his voice—"that all hands in this here block-house will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat, and knocked out the ashes of his pipe in the palm of his left hand.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Every last word, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls."

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us—Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a lee-shore, and so you'll find. I stand here and tell you so, and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for in the name of Heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick."

Silver's face was a picture; his eyes started in his head with wrath. He shook the fire out of his pipe.

"Give me a hand up!" he cried.

"Not I," returned the captain.

"Who'll give me a hand up?" he roared.

Not a man among us moved. Growling the foulest imprecations, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the porch and could hoist himself again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There!" he cried, that's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out I'll stove in your old block-house like a rum puncheon. Laugh by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones."

And with a dreadful oath he stumbled off, plowed down the sand, was helped across the stockade, after four or five failures, by the man with the flag of truce, and disappeared in an instant afterward among the trees.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ATTACK.

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching him, turned toward the interior of the house, and found not a man of us at his post but Gray. It was the first time we had ever seen him angry.

"Quarters!" he roared. And then as we all slunk back to our places, "Gray," he said, "I'll put your name in the log; you've stood by your duty like a seaman. Mr. Trelawney, I'm surprised at you, sir. Doctor, I thought you had worn the king's coat! If that was how you served at Fontenoy, sir, you'd have been better in your berth."

The doctor's watch were all back at their loop-holes, the rest were busy loading the spare muskets, and every one with a red face, you may be certain, and a flea in his ear, as the saying is.

The captain looked on for a while in silence. Then he spoke.

"My lads," he said, "I've given Silver a broadside. I pitched in red-hot on purpose, and before the hour's out, as he said, we shall be boarded. We're outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we fight in shelter; and, a minute ago, I should have said we fought with discipline. I've no manner of doubt that we can drub them, if you choose."

Then he went the rounds, and saw, as he said, that all was clear.

On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two loop-holes; on the south side where the porch was, two again; and on the north side, five. There was a round score of muskets for the seven of us; the fire wood had been built into four piles—tables, you might say—one about the middle of each side, and on each of these tables some ammunition and four loaded muskets were laid ready to the hand of the defenders. In the middle, the cutlasses lay ranged.

"Toss out the fire," said the captain; "the chill is past, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes."

The iron fire basket was carried bodily out by Mr. Trelawney, and the embers smothered among sand.

"Hawkins hasn't had his breakfast. Hawkins, help yourself, and back to your post to eat it," continued Captain Smollett. "Lively, now, my lad; you'll want it before you've done. Hunter serve out a round of brandy to all hands."

And while this was going on, the captain completed, in his own mind, the plan of the defence.

"Doctor, you will take the door," he resumed. "See and don't expose yourself; keep within, and fire through the porch. Hunter, take the east side, there. Joyce, you stand by the west, my man. Mr. Trelawney, you are the best shot—you and Gray will take this long north side, with the five loop-holes; it's there the danger is. If they can get up to it, and fire in upon us through our own ports, things would begin to look dirty. Hawkens, neither you nor I are much account at the shooting; and we'll stand by to load and bear a hand."

As the captain had said, the chill had passed. As soon as the sun had climbed above our girdle of trees, it fell with all its force upon the clearing, and drank up the vapors at a draught. Soon the sand was baking, and the resin melting in the logs of the block-house. Jackets and coats were flung aside; shirts were thrown open at the neck, and rolled up to the shoulders; and we stood there, each at his post, in a fever of heat and anxiety.

An hour passed away.

"Hang them!" said the captain. "This is as dull as the doldrums. Gray, whistle for a wind."

And just at that moment, came the first news of the attack.

"If you please, sir," said Joyce, "If I see any one, am I to fire?"

"I told you so!" cried the captain.

"Thank you, sir, returned Joyce, with the same quiet civility.

Nothing followed for a time; but the remark had set us all on the alert, straining ears and eyes—the musketeers with their pieces balanced in their hands, the captain out in the middle of the block-house, with his mouth very tight and a frown on his face.

Some seconds passed, till suddenly Joyce whipped up his musket and fired. The report had scarcely died away ere it was repeated and repeated from without in a scattering volley, shot behind shot, like a string of geese, from every side of the inclosure.

Several bullets struck the log-house, but not one entered; and, as the smoke cleared away and vanished, the stockade and the woods around it looked as quiet and empty as before. Not a bough waved, not the gleam of a musket-barrel betrayed the presence of our foes.

"Did you hit your man?" asked the captain.

"No, sir," replied Joyce. "I believe not, sir."

"Next best thing to tell the truth," muttered Captain Smollett. "Load his gun, Hawkins. How many should you say there were on your side, doctor?"

"I know precisely," said Dr. Livesey. "Three shots were fired on this side. I saw the three flashes—two close together—one further to the west."

"Three!" repeated the captain. "And how many on yours, Mr. Trelawney?"

But this was not so easily answered. There had come many from the north—seven, by the squire's computation; eight or nine, according to Gray. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain, therefore, that the attack would be developing from the north, and that on the other three sides we were only to be annoyed by a show of hostilities. But Captain Smollett made no change in his arrangements. If the mutineers succeeded in crossing the stockade, he argued, they would take possession of any unprotected loop-hole, and shoot us down like rats in our own stronghold.

Nor had we much time left to us for thought. Suddenly, with a loud huzza, a little cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side, and ran straight on the stockade. At the same moment the fire was once more opened from the woods, and a rifle-ball sung through the door-way and knocked the doctor's musket into bits.

The boarders swarmed over the fence like monkeys. Squire and Grey fired again and yet again; three men fell, one forward into the inclosure, two back on the outside. But of these, one was evidently more frightened than hurt, for he was on his feet again in a crack, and instantly disappeared among the trees.

Two had bit the dust, one had fled, four had made good their footing inside our defences; while from the shelter of the woods seven or eight men, each evidently supplied with several muskets, kept up a hot though useless fire on the log-house.

The four who had boarded made straight before them for the building, shouting as they ran, and the men among the trees shouted back to encourage them. Several shots were fired, but such was the hurry of the marksmen that not one appeared to have taken effect. In a moment the four pirates had swarmed up the mound and were upon us.

The head of Job Anderson, the boatswain, appeared at the middle loop-hole.

"At 'em, all hands—all hands!" he roared in a voice of thunder.

At the same moment, another pirate grasped Hunter's musket by the muzzle, wrenched it from his hands, plucked it through the loop-hole and with one stunning blow, laid the poor fellow senseless on the floor. Meanwhile a third, running unharmed all around the house appeared suddenly in the door-way, and fell with his cutlass upon the doctor.

Our position was utterly reversed. A moment since we were firing, under cover, at an exposed enemy, now it was we who lay uncovered and could not return a blow.

The log house was full of smoke, to which we owed our comparative safety. Cries and confusion, the flashes and reports of pistol shots, and one loud groan rang in my ears.

"Out, lads, out and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain.

I snatched a cutlass from the pile, and some one, at the same time snatching another, gave me a cut across the knuckles which I hardly felt. I dashed out of the door into the clear sunlight. Some one was close behind, I knew not whom. Right in front the doctor was pursuing his assailant down the hill, and, just as my eyes fell upon him, beat down his guard, and sent him sprawling on his back, with a great slash across his face.

"Round the house, lads! round the house!" cried the captain; and even in the hurly-burly I perceived a change in his voice.

Mechanically I obeyed, turned eastward with my cutlass raised, ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Anderson. He roared aloud, and his hanger went up above his head, flashing in the sunlight. I had not time to be afraid but, as the blow still hung impending, leapen in a thrice upon one side, and missing my foot in the soft sand, rolled headlong down the slope.

When I had first sallied from the door, the other mutineers had been already swarming up the palisade to make an end of us. One man, in a red night cap, with his cutlass in his mouth, had even got upon the top and thrown a leg across. Well, so short had been the interval that when I found my feet again all were in the same posture, the fellow with the red night-cap still half-way over, another still just showing his head above the top of the stockade. And yet, in this breath of time, the fight was over and the victory ours.

Gray, following close behind me, had cut down the big boatswain ere he had time to recover from his lost blow. Another had been shot at a loop hole in the very act of firing into the house, and now lay in agony, the pistol still smoking in his hand. A third, as I had seen, the doctor disposed of at a blow. Of the four who had scaled the palisade, only one remained unaccounted for, and he, having left his cutlass on the field, was now clambering out again with the fear of death upon him.

"Fire—fire from the house!" cried the doctor. "And you lads back to cover."

But his words were unheeded, no shot was fired, and the last boarder made good his escape, and disappeared with the rest into the wood. In three seconds nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen, four on the inside and one on the outside of the palisade.

The doctor and Gray and I ran full speed for shelter. The survivors would soon be back where they had left their muskets, and at any moment the fire might recommence.

The house was by this time somewhat cleared of smoke, and we saw at a glance the price we had paid for victory. Hunter lay beside his loop-hole, stunned; Joyce by his, shot through the head, never to move again; while right in the centre, the squire was supporting the captain, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr. Trelawney.

"Have they run?" asked Mr. Smollett.

"All that could, you may be bound," returned the doctor; "but there's five of them will never run again."

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. Five against three leaves us four to nine. That's better odds than we had at starting. We were seven to nineteen then, or thought we were, and that's as bad to bear."*

*The mutineers were soon only eight in number, for the man shot by Mr. Trelawney on board the schooner died that same evening of his wound. But this was, of course, not known till after by the faithful party.

PART V.

My Sea Adventure.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW I BEGAN MY SEA ADVENTURE.

There was no return of the mutineers—not so much as another shot out of the woods. They had "got their rations for that day," as the captain put it, and we had the place to ourselves and a quiet time to overhaul the wounded and get dinner. Squire and I cooked outside in spite of the danger, and even outside we could hardly tell what we were at, for the horror of the loud groans that reached us from the doctor's patients.

Out of the eight men who had fallen in the action only three still breathed—that one of the pirates who had been shot at the loop-hole, Hunter, and Captain Smollett! And of these the first two were as good as dead; the mutineer, indeed, died under the doctor's knife, and Hunter, do what we could, never recovered consciousness in this world. He lingered all day, breathing loudly like the old buccaneer at home in his apoplectic fit; but the bones of his chest had been crushed by the blow, and his skull fractured in falling, and some time in the following night, without sign or sound, he went to his Maker.

As for the captain, his wounds were grevious, indeed, but not dangerous. No organ was fatally injured. Anderson's ball—for it was Job that shot him first—had broken his shoulder blade and touched the lung, not badly; the second had only torn and displaced some muscles in the calf. He was sure to recover, the doctor said, but in the meantime and for weeks to come he must not move his arm or walk, nor so much as speak when he could help it.

My own accidental cut across the knuckles was a flea bite. Dr. Livesey patched it up with plaster, and pulled my ears for me into the bargain.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side awhile in consultation; and when they had talked to their hearts content, it being then a little past noon, the doctor took up his hat and pistols, girt on a cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and with a musket over his shoulder, crossed the palisade on the north side, and set off briskly through the trees.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Canada at the Paris Exposition.

Paris, Aug. 23.—What sort of a figure do British colonies cut in the Paris Exposition? That question is answered by a visit to the Park of the Trocader, where, bunched together, Canada, Western Australia, India and Ceylon can be rapidly visited, and their wealth and significance contrasted with the conglomeration of dusky and diverse semi-savage tropicals who form the French group of colonies.

The fine Indian exhibit gives but a faint idea of the wealth of our splendid dependency, even Ceylon with its unique display of spices—and its successful tea houses, so frequented by the better classes, is not what excites the admiration of the Britishers most. It is when he steps into Canada that he feels the greatness and promise of the new empire beyond the seas, and gets the proper idea of a true colony. Here he meets in the Canadian Commissioners a set of men who represent the colonial idea of sturdiness and love of work, without a trace of the glacial age or official starch about them.

Around on both floors of the building are evidences of the immense material wealth and progress in the Dominion. The wealth of her fisheries, the richness of her vast grain fields, the enterprise of her farmers, the perfection and variety of the farm products, the range of her manufactures, the display of her gold and minerals, the extent of her railways and the generous scope of her educational system, the evidence of all this lies before, you and even the dawn and prophecy of Canadian art. On Canadian shoulders has rested the main burden of showing to France and Europe the material and moral possibilities of a true British colony and the result is an astonishing proof of the enterprise, wealth and organization in a colony that has responded so nobly in South Africa to duties in empire building.

The whole building is decorated with flags, and there has been no timidity in showing in the capital of France what Canada's flag is. The same is true of additional exhibits for which space could not be found here. At Vincennes she has a building filled with the newest and best types of farm machinery, and still the flags. In the horticultural display Canada has spread her ripe harvest of fruits and decorated with the same colors. In shipping you pass an admirable display of canoes, and it was Canadians who set the fashion in that building of flag decoration.

In the great buildings in the Champ de Mars where her displays of machinery, carriages and forest products are to be seen, everywhere the same story is told, Canada and all her resources are a part of the British Empire.

In one respect she has done what no other nation has done, she has applied the newest and most perfect form of cold storage for her farm produce, while even the United States is laboring with old fashioned ice methods. And alongside of Canada like a younger sister, Western Australia in the same spirit has given a magnificent exhibit of her forest products and gold mines, and in both of them one meets samples of men that are in physique, training and alertness worthy of the two great colonies they represent.

The Chinese Millions.

(Montreal Witness.)

Over one hundred Chinamen arrived this morning at the Windsor street station from China, destined for various points in the United States and Canada. At the same time, the C. P. R. is carrying back to China every month as many as come west. The fact is, the events now occurring in China do not seem to make any difference in the traffic, for, as a Chinese interpreter remarked today, there are many millions of Chinese who have never heard a word of what is going on at present, and who would never be touched by any of the occurrences, of which not the slightest hint, in the vast provinces, would ever reach them. Only a small portion of the great Chinese nation knew of the war with Japan. The people in this country, the interpreter said, had little idea of the immensity of the Chinese empire, or the density of the population. Only those in the immediate neighborhood of the scenes now being enacted would ever hear a word about them, for the Chinese were purposely kept in ignorance and deprived of those means of communication which brought western people together. Therefore, the stream of immigration would not be affected to any appreciable degree unless the revolution should spread to the great provinces which were at this moment unaware that anything unusual was going on.

A New Electric Battery.

Eton, Ohio., Aug. 27.—A young electrical student, near here, has secured a patent on a primary battery that looks as if it were destined to wipe out every power house and electric light plant in the country. He has succeeded in producing a battery which will give a steady current of twelve volts per square cell at about fifty amperes.

Unlike any other primary cell, it keeps up a constant current until exhausted. Eight quart cells will run a two horse-power motor ten hours at an expense of ten cents. Ten cells will burn twelve thirty-two-candle power lamps ten hours. The cell differs from any other form in that the exciting fluid is dropped into the cell at the rate of one drop a minute, while the battery remains in use. Its cheapness of maintenance and great power will cause its universal adoption on power lines. Almost every house and business place will have its own lighting plant and power for running sewing machines, fans, etc.

The highest voltage now obtained from the best form of primary battery is nearly two volts to a gallon cell, and then only for a few minutes, as the current rapidly runs down.

The Fenian Medals.

10,035 HAVE BEEN ORDERED AND APPLICATIONS STILL FOUR IN.

Like the United States pension list the veteran medal list keeps growing, says an Ottawa paper. The applications keep coming to the medal claims board, although not at the rate of the early season. Although 10,035 of the much-prized decorations have passed out to Canadians, a few, however, passing over the lines to the United States, whence came some of our defenders, mostly those who had gone from Canada to take up residence in the United States. All get the medal whether returning Canadians or natives of the United States. In addition to the 10,035 about 2,000 of the medals have been issued in England to members of the Imperial service who did duty at the front so that over 12,000 have already been issued and there are more on the way. The engraving has been a more tedious job than was anticipated, and this has somewhat delayed the issue.

The long service medal, already authorized will next engage the attention of the authorities.

Canada's Tobacco Industry.

The growing of tobacco in Canada is becoming an extensive industry. Government statistics show an immense increase in the growth of coarse, home cured tobacco. A few years ago a beginning was made in the manufacture of the weed for general use, and aided by changes in the excise and customs tariffs by which home grown tobacco has a substantial advantage over the imported article in the matter of taxation, the industry has rapidly grown. In 1894, 300,000 pounds of native tobacco were manufactured in Canada; last year the amount so used rose to nearly 2,250,000 pounds. There are now 19 factories in Canada which manufacture the home grown weed, as against 17 which depend on imported raw material.

Duly Feed Man and Steed.
Feed your nerves, also, if you would have them strong. The blood is the feeder and sustainer of the whole nervous system. Men and women who are nervous are so because their nerves are starved. When they make their blood rich and pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, their nervousness disappears because the nerves are properly fed. Hood's Sarsaparilla never disappoints.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. Price 25c.

—When a lamp wick is a trifle tight for its tube and will not move up and down easily, draw one or two of the threads from one side.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.