Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 30. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1902. NO 7.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison gate
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

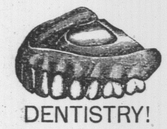
Consular Agent of the United States
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

O. S. MILLER,
BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.



DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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

USE
Dwight's
Veterinary
Ointment
for Scratches
Best Ointment made and costs just one-half the money.
FOR SALE AT
Medical Hall,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Notice to the Public

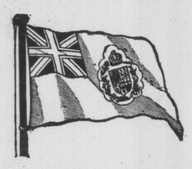
As I am an authorized agent of the Herbaroot Medical Company, of Montreal, for the sale of **Herbaroot Tablets and Powders**, the great family medicine and KING OF BLOOD PURIFIERS, for the cure of Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Torpidity of the Liver, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Constipation, Pains in the Back, Female Weaknesses, and all impurieties of the blood, I would say to those in poor health that I will send by mail to any address on receipt of price, Herbaroot Tablets,

200 days' treatment, with guarantee, -	$1.00
100 " " " "	.50
Herbaroot Powder, per package	.50
Inhaler	.25

Herbaroot Powder cures Catarrh, Sore Throat, stops Headache and relieves Asthma.
T. J. Eagleson, Bridgetown, N. S.

WANTED
Good, smart agent to represent us in Nova Scotia for the sale of hardy Fruit and Ornamental stock. Sample case supplied free. Good pay weekly. We offer special inducements to any one who will make a specialty of ornamental business, having over 690 acres in cultivation we are in a position to give best possible satisfaction. Apply now. Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

TO LET
The Brick House belonging to the estate of late Robt. E. F'Randolph.
April 3rd, 1901.



Fine . . . . Job . . . . . Printing . .

Good Stock,
Neat Workmanship,
Up-to-Date Styles,
Prompt Execution,
Reasonable Prices,
Satisfaction to Patrons.

We Print
BILLHEADS,
LETTERHEADS,
NOTEHEADS,
MEMO FORMS,
STATEMENTS,
ENVELOPES,
BUSINESS CARDS,
FOLDERS,
BLOTTERS,
RECEIPT FORMS,
Trustees' Blanks,
Church Envelopes,
S. S. Library Cards,
LABELS,
POSTERS,
DODGERS,
CIRCULARS,
BOOKLETS,
PAMPHLETS,
APPEAL CASES,
LEGAL FORMS,
SPECIAL ORDERS.

Finest Lines
..IN..
Wedding Stationery.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Monitor Job Printing Department.

BRIDGETOWN . . . . . BOOT & SHOE STORE

MY SPRING STOCK IS NOW NEARLY COMPLETE.

My Men's lines of FINE CONGRESS and BALS made by the well known firm of John McPherson & Co., Ltd., (union manufactory), are the best I have ever had in quality and style.

My Ladies' lines of BUTTON LACE and LOW SHOES are out of sight for style and price.

I am handling the CANADA GRADE in all lines of RUBBERS. No risk in buying these goods, for every pair is warranted to give good satisfaction; if not, return them and a new pair will be given for them.

DRESSING and LACES of all kinds always in stock.

Call and see for yourself

Murdoch's Block, Granville Street. **E. A. COCHRAN**

FLOUR and FEED DEPOT

In Flour we have in stock Five Roses, Five Stars, Five Diamonds, Marvel, Perfection, Hurona, Pride of Huron, Glengarian, Campania, Crown, Cream of Wheat, White Rose and Goderich. Also a car of Ogilvie's Best, Hungarian and Cornet in a few days.

In Feed we have Meal, Corn Chop, Feed Flour, Middlings, Moulie, Bran, Chop Feed and Oats.

Also a full line of first-class Groceries, Crockeryware, Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Stationery, etc.

Before buying it would pay you to see our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. L. PIGGOTT.

Poetry.

THE ANGELS OF GRIEF.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb.

Yet would I say what thy own heart approveth;
Our father's will,
Calling to him the dear one whom He loveth,
Is mercy still.

Not upon thee or thine the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel
The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What he hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in Heaven!

—John G. Whittier.

Select Literature.

A Knight of the Highway.

(By Clinton Scollard.)

(Continued.)

Miss Merton's prediction proved to be true, for on the following afternoon Rossiter saw the two girls coming towards the yard.

"Your holiday's over now," said Joe Becraft, near whom he chanced to be standing, with a little grin, "but I don't suppose you mind."

Rossiter laughed good-humoredly, and hastened away to have a pole in readiness for the returning pickers. Indeed, he did not mind. Though he would hardly admit it to himself, the hours had many of them dragged sadly since Miss Merton and her cousin had been absent from the hop-field, and he felt a thrill of pleasure at their approach which it was useless to attempt to repress. Whither was he drifting? he asked himself.

Both girls greeted him with frank friendliness, and though he endeavored to maintain his former reserve, neither of them would have it so. Miss Dunsmore seemed quite herself, and as for Miss Merton, she was in the gayest of moods.

"Of course you've heard about the hop-dance!" she exclaimed. "It's to be one of the largest we've ever had; Sylvia's never seen one and she's very curious about it. You're familiar with hop-dances, I suppose, Mr. Rossiter?"

"No," said Rossiter, "I can't say that I am."

In his college days a number of his companions had been used to attending these rustic frolics, but it chanced that he never had accompanied them.

"What! I forgot, you're not a farmer, are you? Well, you'll have a chance to see what a hop-dance is like. I've asked a few friends up from Hintonville, and we're going in for a good time, aren't we, Sylvia?"

"We are expecting you'll ask us to dance, Mr. Rossiter."

"Dance!" cried Rossiter in bewilderment. Was the girl making fun of him? Apparently not, for she seemed wholly in earnest.

"Certainly," she said in reply to his exclamation. "You dance, do you not?"

Rossiter was compelled to admit that he had danced.

"Then we shall feel very much offended if you do not dance now, and if you neglect us," she added. "Won't we Sylvia?"

"I am sure Mr. Rossiter is not accustomed to slight his friends," said Miss Dunsmore.

"But I haven't danced in a number of years, and—" began Rossiter.

He had heard the gayeties of the following night talked about among a number of the young pickers,—Mamie Becraft was in a twitter over them,—but the gossip had meant nothing to him. He dance! It was absurd. Not that he lacked skill in the art. Once he had been considered most accomplished, a partner who was welcomed by all whom he sought, but that was in another existence. He was surprised that Miss Merton and her cousin proposed joining in the free-and-easy rollickings of the hop-dance, but evidently the two girls were bent on a lark and Miriam was doubtless eager to show Miss Dunsmore all the phases of the hop-harvest.

"You haven't completed your sentence," said Miss Merton. "That 'and does not mean because you haven't danced in some time you won't dance now, I hope."

The pole-puller glanced down at his clumsy shoes and at his attire.

"People don't wear their finery at hop-dances," said Miss Merton.

And yet Rossiter would not promise. Much as he knew the pleasure would be to him, this more intimate and friendly association with the two cousins, he had a feeling that their gratitude prompted them to urge him and, moreover, he shrank from meeting, in his coarse garb, Miss Merton's Hintonville friends. The girls renewed the attack the next morning, but without avail.

"I'm too rusty," Rossiter plead as an excuse. "I should be treading on everyone's toes."

It chanced that afternoon that Miss Merton had left the yard for a few moments, and Miss Dunsmore was picking alone. Rossiter was passing and she called to him.

"My cousin is sadly put out," she said, "because you are so obstinate She is very anxious, as you must have seen, to arrange a set by ourselves. There are three men and two girls coming from Hintonville, and Jack (that's Mr. Jack Parmelee) can't dance all the time, for he's everything to look after. Don't you realize how much you could help us out if you only would?"

This put the matter in quite a different light.

"I will do what I can," said Rossiter simply. "I didn't quite understand."

"Thank you." And her smile carried more real joy to him than anything he had experienced, it seemed to him, since he could recall.

Evening came and all preparations for the gayieties had been made. The floor of the large hop-house had been cleared and the room lighted with lamps and lanterns. About the walls festoons of hops had been hung, a small platform erected for the musicians, and seats placed for the dancers when they were not on the floor. Before eight o'clock the music, two fiddlers and a celloist, arrived, and soon the pickers from two or three adjacent farms drove up in large hop-wagons. Then shortly Miss Merton's little party from Hintonville arrived and by half-past eight the dancing was in full swing.

Rossiter did not join in the merriment at the outset, but stood in the background near the door watching, with not a little amusement, the antics of some of the rustics. Several men would occasionally launch into a sort of break-down, and the sound of their energetic efforts, usually in excellent time, would be heard above the combined shuffle of all other feet and the rise and dip of the music. Swains grasped the waists of their dulcineas, as they "swung partners" and whirled them with gay abandon. Though the attire of the men was commonplace in the extreme, that of the women was as extraordinary as it was varied. Bright colors predominated, and not a few of the combinations would have been likely to afflict an artist's eye with an acute optical disturbance.

The leader of the orchestra, if it be permissable to call it thus, especially entertained Rossiter. His black hair and whiskers had been elaborately dressed for the occasion, and shone with a lustre which was unmistakably oily. He handled a bow with an exaggerated ease and called the changes with a delicious gusto. One particular change in the quadrille appeared to be a great favorite with him, and he always preluded it with a grand sweep across his violin strings. His voice gathered more than common animation, and he broke into something like a tune:

"First lady balance to the right-hand gent, with the right-hand round, the right-hand round; balance to the next with the left-hand round; lady in the centre and seven hands round. A-la to your partners!" And with what a magnificent flourish came the close!

There were no waltzes or galops, but the lancers followed the Virginia reel, and the money-musk the quadrille. By and by when there was a lull in the music, Jack Parmelee sought Rossiter, and presently the whilom vagabond found himself chatting pleasantly to a pleasant-faced maiden who called Hintonville her home, and then, ere he realized it, he was upon the floor, dancing. It came to him naturally, and when there was a general change to a bar of waltz music—theywere engaged in a quadrille—and the others waltzed, he followed suit with his vis-a-vis, who chanced to be Miss Merton.

"You must let me thank you," she said; "And to think that you tried to make out you were rusty! Why, one would imagine you did nothing but trip the light fantastic!"

"If it's true that men are deceivers ever, it's certainly true that women are flatterers ever," he said.

Once the ice was broken, Rossiter enjoyed himself thoroughly. Miss Merton's friends apparently ignored his rough garb, and after a little, he forgot it himself. Joe Becraft occasionally observed him with mingled admiration and wonder, and so the evening wore on.

Between eleven o'clock and midnight refreshments were served,—new cider and some of Mrs. Merton's unapproachable doughnuts. While the repast was in progress Rossiter managed to absent himself, though when the music struck up he was again on hand to be chidden by Miss Merton for running away. He had danced twice with Miss Dunsmore, and now ventured to ask her to favor him a third time. Money-musk had just been called.

"Will you not wait for a quadrille or the lancers?" she suggested. "I should like to rest a little longer. I'm not very strong, you know."

He lingered at her side for a moment, not seeming to be inclined to seek another partner.

"If you are not intending to dance" she said, "perhaps you will take me into the orchard. I should very much like a breath of air."

Just without under the trees rustic seats had been placed, and above, in the branches, Japanese lanterns hung. They found a seat that was unoccupied and sat watching the dancers through the open door. There was a singular unreality about the whole scene. The music, softened a little by distance, lost none of its blithsomeness, but took on a mellow charm it had not within. The flitting figures, crossing the space visible through the door-way, were like a succession of pirouetting puppets. Out of the night came tha clearly chorded cricket thrumming.

It was impossible not to be touched by the subtle combination of light and sound, and Rossiter let go of the tense hold he had kept upon himself. The girl beside him seemed like a rare exotic in whose presence he was permitted, by an inscrutable chance, to linger for a brief space. Why should he not, he asked himself enjoy the exquisite sense of beauty that her personality exhaled? Into what surge and plunge of life he might soon be carried it was idle to conjecture. At least he would bear with him one fragrant recollection, one drop of a precious attar to sweet en what might be a desert future.

IX

IN THE ORCHARD.

"This is vastly more entertaining than any ball I ever attended, even my first," said Miss Dunsmore, after they had sat several minutes in silence, Rossiter dreamily looking and listening, and she in a somewhat similar mood

"I suppose," Rossiter replied, "that that is as much like a contra-dance as anything we have in this country. It's a pity that the men are so uncircumscribed."

"A contra-dance? Yes, I should say so. It is certainly quite as amusing. You have visited other countries, Mr. Rossiter?"

Before his previous remark such a thing as his having been a traveller would hardly have occurred to her.

"Yes, I crossed the ocean once. I was thinking just now—this scene brought it back to me, I expect— of a festa I witnessed one April day at Turn—Severin. Were you ever there?"

"No, I never was."

He then told her how he had at one time, been ascending the Danube, had chanced upon a holiday gathering at the Roumanian river town, and had stopped off to witness it. He described the scene graphically, the peasants dancing on the sward, the fantastic music, the bright costumes of the women and their curious head-dresses, some of the maidens wearing strings of tinkling coins—their dowries— upon their plaited hair.

Miss Dunsmore's cheeks grew unwontedly pale.

"I'm thankful I was not here," she said, with a little forced laugh.

Rossiter excused himself and went to the door. Without, a dozen or more of the curious men had collected. As Rossiter joined them there rose the sound of a struggle below the kiln and they heard Jack Parmelee's voice loud and stern. All moved hastily in the direction from which it proceeded. As they gained the corner they made out three men approaching, followed closely by two others. One of those in advance was Parmelee. He was gripping the man next him by the shoulder and wrist, while this individual was held in similar fashion by the one walking upon the other side. An intuition had told Rossiter that the cause of the commotion was "Whiskers" and his intuition was correct. The captive whom Parmelee and his companion were marching between them was no other than Hart Dawson, and more like a wild animal he looked than a human being.

The group of which Rossiter was a member parted, allowing the two two men and their prisoner to pass.

"You will come snoopin' around scarin' honest folk, will you, you hairy ape!: Parmelee was saying. "The place for you, and all like you, is the jug, and an all-fired pity it is we can't spare the time to take you there. But I have a little medicine that'll teach you not to show your ugly 'mug' here again. Hey, Dick Whittlsey! where's that ox-goad?"

"I'll get it," said the man addressed, one of the farm hands close at Parmelee's heels.

Captors and captive, and the attendant onlookers, among whom were Rossfter, were nearing the gateway when Whittlesey returned from his errand.

Whittlesey did as commanded.

"Give me the goad, and take hold here for a minute," said Parmelee.

"Now we'll move on," Parmelee continued.

Presently the four were standing in the middle of the road, while the spectators paused in the gate-way. Parmelee got a firm grip on Dawson's coat-collar at the back of his neck.

"When I give the word, you men let go," he cried.

They made ready to spring back.

"Now!" he exclaimed, and the next instant the whistling goad wound around the legs of the struggling tramp. In vain did he strive to turn and close with Mr. Merton's overseer. He was in the grip of one more than his equal in strength, who had over him a distinct advantage. Again and again the goad descended, and then at length Parmelee released his hold. "Whiskers" wheeled as though he would leap upon his chastiser, but the merciless goad cut him stingingly on the cheek and he ran howling into the night.

PASSING DAYS.

X

Rossiter had his third dance with Miss Dunsmore, but it was evident it was an effort for her to go through changes. Miss Merton's friends declared that they must be going home and with their departure the two girls retired to the house. Rossiter lingered a few moments in the kiln after they had left and then sought his cot. He could not sleep, however, and as the music still continued his thoughts drifted up and down the gamut of the night's happenings. He wondered if Miss Dansmore would be able to carry out her determination to keep from the store of her hop-picking experiences naught but the pleasant for her store of memory. He feared this was not likely, though he realized she was a girl of strong will. In such matters, however, the mind cannot be coerced. Then he began to query what part, if any, he played in that which she would retain and cherish. He was now past calling himself a fool for dwelling upon her. He had solemnly assumed a different attitude in this regard. He would indulge in the luxury of playing the moth. There was a fine exultation in being able to be singed at so bright a flame, and if no one save himself were aware of the singing, what did it matter?

Late in the night a soft rain began falling, and its monotone lulled Rossiter to sleep. Everything was dripping in the morning, and no one turned out early, for picking was impossible. By three o'clock, however, a portion of one yard which stood upon dry ground was sufficiently dry under foot, so work was resumed. All the land near the house devoted to hops had by this time been cleared, and the pickers were obliged to walk a considerable distance from the farm buildings before reaching the scene of their efforts.

Rossiter caught but a glimpse or two of Miss Dunsmore on the day following the dance, as she and Miss Merton did not go into the fields. He had a bright nod from her as he was hurrying by the house on an errand for Jack Parmelee, and again in the evening spoke an instant with her and Miss Merton upon the porch. On Saturday, however, both girls were once more picking. In fact they were one earlier than common.

(To be continued.)

TO PREVENT MARINE DISASTERS.

The Anthony Pollock prize of $20,00 which is offered to the inventor who fullils one of three conditions, is attracting much attention. It is necessary to provide some feasable scheme by which the loss of life and property may be greatly reduced. The conditions are (1) to prevent collisions at sea; (2) to save the ship in case of collision; (3) in case the ship should be abandoned, to save the passengers and crew collectively. Although there have been many open competitions for the prize all have proven failures in consequence of the absence of sufficient merit in any one of the exhibits shown to meet the satisfaction of the judges. In these days of scientific discovery and ingenious invention it seems rather remarkable that more has not been done in devising means of saving life at sea. Disasters due to collisions or shipwreck can never be wholly preventable but they can be made less liable of occurrence than they once were as has been already demonstrated. Generally when there is a known want science and invention soon provide something which if it does not wholly meet the necessity, at least goes somewhat in that direction, but no one development has thus far won the Pollock prize. It may be said that the onlw way to make a ship safe is the old maxim co put her in charge of a safe man, but it is no harm to once more review the circumstances of the competition for mechanical means of safety that still invites competitors. The incident will be well remembered. It was in the autumn of 1898 that a disastrous collision occurred in the North Atlantic, about sixty miles south of Sable Island, between the French steamship La Bourgoyne, a vessel of over 7,000 tons, and the Cromartyshire, a Glasgow sailing ship of about 1,500 tons. The French vessel was so much damaged that she sank, and there was an appalling loss of life. 545 of her passengers and crew being drowned. Among the passengers was a Mr. Pollock an American citizen, and it was to perpetuate his memory that his heirs are offering this prize for any invention that will fulfill one of these three condations.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—I have used Minard's Liniment on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a journey without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN.
Schr. "Storke,"
St. Andre, Kamouraska.

—Mr. Kaulback, Lunenburg's representative at Ottawa, made an important statement in parliament a few nays ago that should be of particular interest to farmers. Mr. Kaulback who is himself a practical farmer, made the statement that horses should not be used on farms, and instead oxen should be used entirely. His testimony is that a horse requires harness which cost $35 or $40 and which will not last a year in daily use without considerable repairing, but with oxen two straps do the whole work with a yoke on the top of the head. Mr. Kaulback says an ox will haul 50 per cent. more than a horse on a fair drive. They are preferable for another reason that if they get hurt they can be stall fed and used as beef, while an injured horse has to be discarded. These theories sound re-actionary, but Mr. Kaulback declares he has made money by following his own precepts.—Ex.

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.

KING OF THE WORLD.

New York, April 29—Now that J. Pierpont Morgan has bridged the ocean with his ship trust and taken the first steps towards commercially annexing Europe to America, the old world is in a panic lest he plan to bring all the earth under American control.

Not Alexander, in all his glory, not Caesar Augustus, not even Napoleon with all his mighty armies, was such a conqueror as J. P. Morgan with his little "yes" and "no" that makes or unmakes trusts.

So absolute has he become that while he is personally worth perhaps not more than a hundred million of dollars, corporations over which he has control possess more wealth than there is gold in all the earth.

The total capitalization of all the companies he controls is $5,007,450,000—and all the gold, coined or uncoined, in all the nations, including the populous east, is estimated at $4,841,000,000.

More than a million men are employed by the companies Mr. Morgan controls. Here are some of the concerns in which he is so heavily interested that they are considered Morgan properties. Besides these there are scores of others in which he owns stock, but does not pretend to control.

Northern Securities Company $400,000,000; Northern Pacific $333,000,000; Great Northern $22,000,000; Burlington $266,000,000; Reading $320,000,000; Southern $300,000,000; Louisville and Nashville $170,000,000; Erie $350,000,000; Lehigh Valley $175,000,000; Atchison $460,00,000; British Electric Traction Co $2,000,000. Total $2,790,000,000.

In banking stock there is the First National $20,000,000; Bank of Commerce $20,000,000; Standard Trust Company $100,000,000; City Trust Company $1,500,000; Chase National $1,000,000. Total $145,500,000.

In industrial circles may be counted the United States Steel Corporation $1,400,000,000; American Can Company $88,000,000; North American Company $12,000,000; General Electric $24,000,000; Rubber Goods Company $24,000,000; United States Rubber Company $52,000,000; Pullman Company $74,000,000; Adams Express Company $24m000,000 Niagara Falls Power Company $10,000,000; Coal Trust $100,000,000; Salmon Canning Trust $30,000,000. Total $1,838,000,000. Steamship Trust $200,000,000. and with others the grand total of $5,290,993,386 is reached.

THE BEEF TRUST THREATENED.

Washington, April 30—Attorney-General Knox has made the following statement regarding the beef trust.

"On April 4th this department directed W. A. Day of Washington, in his capacity as special assistant to the Attorney General to examine into as far as practicable, the public charges to the effect that a combination of the large meat dealers in the United States had been effected contrary to the provisions of the laws of the United States. This preliminary examination resulted in instructions to Mr. Day and Mr. Bethea, U. S. attorney at Chicago, on April 7th to prosecute simultaneously in Chicago and the east, a more particular examination into the allegations and proofs alleged to exist in the support thereof. From their reports I am satisfied that sufficient evidence is in hand upon which bills in equity for an injunction can be framed to restrain the combination mentioned from further proceeding under their agreement, which clearly appears to be in restraint of trade. I have therefore in compliance with the law, directed the district attorney at Chicago to prepare a bill for an injunction against the corporations and persons who are parties to the combination mentioned to be filed in the U. S. circuit court for the northern district of Illinois."

MAY LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

From its charming cover by Albert Herer to its last page, the May issue of "The Ladies' Home Journal" excels in all ways. The most important new feature is the beginning of Ernest Thompson Seton's department for boys, which is written and illustrated by the famous naturalist-author-artist, Lindsay Denison, who knows President Roosevelt in a very personal way, writes of "The Outdoor President," and Helen Keller continues the marvelous story of her life. The fiction features are Miss Portor's "Those Days in Old Virginia," and the first part of a delightful story by Grace S. Richmond called "The Indifference of Juliet." Nellie Blanchan tells "How the Birds Build thier Nests," and Will Bradley shows the boudoir of "The Bradley House." Mr. Bok's editorial is a fine bit of sarcasm aimed at the wise New Yorkers, and Mr. Mabie in his literary talk deals with the reading habit and several new books and writers of note. There's no end of good and helpful advice and interesting facts in the various departments, and the illustrations are conspicuously attractive. By the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. Ten cents a copy; $1.00 a year.

—The Rev. Dr. McKenzie, of San Francisco, (a Pictonian), who is coming to this city, was once calling on a new parishoner who had a 'limb' of a boy. She had invited the doctor to dine. "Willie" she said to her hopful, "pass Dr. McKenzie a potato." Willie seized the potato between his thumb and finger and before his mother could offer a remonstrance, he had tossed it across the table and squarely into the good man's lap. "Judgment!" cried Willie. "One strike" quoted the quick-witted clergyman. "Willie, leave the table," stormed the mother. "Madam," said the minister, "do not judge him harshly. See how beautifully he put the sphere over the plate." And from that time there wasn't a more earnest worker in all the big Sunday school than that same Willie.

Premature Cure for Neuralgia.
Experienced sufferers state that no remedy relieves neuralgia so quickly as a hot application of Polson's Nerviline, the strongest liniment made. Nerviline is certainly very penetrating and has a powerful influence over neuralgic pains, which it destroys almost at once. Nerviline is highly recommended for rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and toothache. Better try a 25c. bottle. It's all right.
No pills like Dr. Hamilton's.

A parliamentary paper just published in London shows a total estimated charge on account of the war in Africa to March 31, 1902, £222,970,000, and in respect of operations in China a total of £6,010,000.

A pipeful of "Amber" Plug Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes.
"Test it?"
Save the tags, they are valuable.

Minard's Liniment cures burns, etc.