# The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1904. NO. 50



### Professional Cards

**J. M. OWEN,**
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis opposite Revelson Hotel
—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*
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**Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.**
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

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SHAFNER BUILDING,
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Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

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

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

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

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

**Fine Watch Repairing.**

**THOS. BIRD,**
Practical Watchmaker,
Begs to inform the people of Bridgetown and surrounding country that he has permanently located next to Dr. DeBlois' office on Granville Street, where he is prepared to clean and repair all kinds of watches and clocks, and trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a fair share of public patronage.

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WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL on retail trade and agents for manufacturing house having well established business; local territory; straight salary $20 paid weekly and expense money advanced; previous experience unnecessary; position permanent; business successful. Enclose self addressed envelope Superintendent Travelers, 605 Monon Bldg., Chicago.


## CHURCH SERVICES.

### Parish of Bridgetown.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—Rev. E. Underwood, Rector.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, BRIDGETOWN.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9.45 a. m.
Sunday Services: 1st Sunday in the month 7.00 p. m. All other Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m.
Holy Communion: 3rd and 5th Sundays at 8 a. m.; 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m.
Week day service in Schoolroom consisting Litany and Bible Class, Friday 7.30 p. m.; other times according to notice.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BELLEISLE.
1st Sunday in month, 10.30 a. m. (The Holy Communion is administered at this service.) All other Sundays at 3 p. m.
Sunday School and Bible Class: 1st Sunday in month at 9.45 a. m. All other Sundays at 3.45 p. m.
Week day service, Thursday 7.30 p. m., other times according to notice.

YORK'S COVE.
1st Sunday in the month at 2.30 p. m.
All seats free and unappropriated.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. E. E. Daley, pastor. Bible Class and Sabbath-school at 10 a. m.; preaching service at 11 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday and Friday evenings of every week.

PROVIDENCE METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Benj. Hills, pastor. Sunday services at 11 a.m. and 7.00 p.m., Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30; Epworth League every Friday evening at 7.30. Strangers always welcome.
Granville: Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m and 3 p.m., alternately. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.
Bentville: Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., alternately. Prayer-meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.


# Union Bank of Halifax.

INCORPORATED 1856.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capital Authorized, | $3,000,000 |
| Capital Subscribed, | 1,336,150 |
| Capital paid up, | 1,326,295 |
| Reserve Fund, | 925,000 |

**DIRECTORS.**

WM. ROBERTSON, President. WM. ROCHE, M.P., Vice-President.
C. C. BLACKADAR. GEORGE MITCHELL, M.P.P.
E. G. SMITH. A. E. JONES.
GEORGE STAIRS.

**HEAD OFFICE. - HALIFAX, N. S.**

E. L. THORNE, - - - General Manager.
C. N. S. STRICKLAND, - - Asst. Genl. Manager.
W. C. HARVEY, - - - Inspector.

**BRANCHES.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Annapolis, | E. D. Arnaud, Manager. |
| Arichat, | L. W. Lyons, Act. Mgr. |
| Baddeck | W. L. Wright, Manager. |
| Barrington Passage, | C. Robertson, " |
| Bear River, | J. L. Strothard, Act. Mgr. |
| Berwick, | H. E. Mosher, Manager. |
| Bridgetown, | R. W. Elliott. |
| Clarke's Harbor, | C. K. Hogg, Act. Mgr. |
| Dartmouth, | J. P. L. Stewart, Manager. |
| Digby, | J. A. Irving, " |
| Glace Bay | J. W. Ryan, " |
| Granville Ferry, | W. E. Tupper, Act. Mgr. |
| Halifax, | C. W. Frazee, Manager. |
| Inverness, | F. G. D. Cameron, Manager |
| Kentville, | F. O. Robertson, " |
| Lawrencetown | F. G. Palfrey, " |
| Liverpool, | E. R. Mulhall, " |
| Lockeport, | F. St. C. Harris, Act. Mgr. |
| Mahou, | R. S. Gates, " |
| Middleton, | C. E. Jubien, Manager. |
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| North Sydney, | J. D. Leavitt, " |
| Parrsboro, | E. R. Reid, " |
| Sherbrooke, | T. Clarke, Act Mgr |
| Springhill, | J. W Murray, Manager. |
| Sydney, | H. W. Jubien, " |
| Sydeny Mines, | R Creighton, " |
| St Peter's, | A. S Creighton, " |
| Truro, | C. A Armstrong, " |
| Windsor, | C. A Gray, " |
| Wolfville, | A F. Little, " |
| Yarmouth, | R. C. Wright, " |
| Port of Spain, Trinidad, | A. D. McRae, " |
| St John, N B., | N. R. Burrows, " |

**CORRESPONDENTS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Bank of Toronto and Branches, | Dominion of Canada. |
| National Bank of Commerce, | New York. |
| Merchants' National Bank, | Boston |
| London and Westminster Bank, Limited. | London, England. |


## General Statement.

30th January, 1904.

### Liabilities

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Circulation | | $1,134,902.08 |
| Deposits on Demand | | 1,040,215.37 |
| Deposits payable after notice | $4,752,405.58 | |
| Add Accrued Interest | 42,800.41 | |
| | | 4,795,205.99 |
| | | 99,042.46 |
| Balance due to other Banks in Canada | | 183,698.74 |
| Balance due to other Banks not in Canada | | |
| Outstanding Drafts between Head Office and Branches | | 64,734.70 |
| | | 16,739.82 |
| Balance due to Dominion Government | | 645,320.12 |
| Balance due to London Agents | | |
| | | $7,979,859.28 |
| Capital | | 1,326,295.00 |
| Reserve Fund | | 925,000.00 |
| Profit and Loss Account | | 6,504.33 |
| Dividend No. 94, payable 29th February, 1904 | | 46,085.57 |
| Dividends Unclaimed | | 338.50 |
| Unmatured Drafts on London | | 68,368.66 |
| Other Liabilities | | 21,198.66 |
| | | $10,373,650.00 |

### Assets

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Specie | $ 204,493.31 | |
| Dominion Notes | 726,210.25 | |
| Notes and Cheques of other Banks | 205,094.72 | |
| | | $1,135,798.28 |
| Balances due from other Banks in Canada | | 106,301.50 |
| Balances due from other Banks not in Canada | | 41,951.58 |
| Balance due from Provincial Government | | 26,939.53 |
| Dominion and Provincial Debentures | | 634,937.41 |
| British Consols, Municipal and other Bonds | | 545,011.62 |
| | | $2,490,939.92 |
| Bank Circulation Redemption Fund | | 67,124.10 |
| Call Loans secured by Bonds, Debentures and Stocks | | 381,918.27 |
| Current Loans | $7,356,734.76 | |
| Less Rebate of Interest | 41,043.62 | |
| | | $7,315,691.14 |
| Overdue Debts | | 1,346.62 |
| Bank Premises | | 112,158.75 |
| Real Estate other than Bank Premises | | 4,471.80 |
| | | $10,373,650.00 |

### Profit and Loss Account

CREDIT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1903—Jan. 31. | By Balance | | $ 2,167.11 |
| 1904—Jan. 30. | By Net Profits, after providing for bad and doubtful debts | | 150,744.79 |
| | | | $152,911.90 |

DEBIT.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1903—July 31. | To Dividend No. 93 | $43,078.75 | |
| 1904—Jan. 30. | " Dividend No. 94 | 46,083.57 | |
| | | | $ 89,164.32 |
| | " Cost of Building at Parrsboro, Safes and Fitting-up Branches, Written off | | 10,500.00 |
| | " Consols, Dominion and Provincial Bonds, written down to present market value | | 25,000.00 |
| | " Transferred to Reserve Fund | | 21,743.25 |
| | " Balance to New Account | | 6,504.33 |
| | | | $152,911.90 |

### Reserve Fund

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1903—Jan. 31. | By Balance | $825,000.00 |
| 1904 Jan. 30. | " Premium on New Stock | 78,256.75 |
| | " Transferred from Profit and Loss Acct. | 21,743.25 |
| | | $925,000.00 |
| 1904—Jan. 30. | To Balance Carried Forward | $925,000.00 |

## Poetry.

### Impulse.

A hollow on the verge of May,
Thick strewn with drift of leaves.
Beneath
The densest drift a thrusting sheath
Of sharp green striving toward the day!
I mused—"So dull Obstruction sets
A bar to even violets,
When these would go their nobler way!"

My feet again, some days gone by,
The self-same spot sought idly.
Thro',
Obstruction foiled, the adorning air
Caressed a blossom woven of sky
And dew, whose misty petals blue,
With bliss of being thrilled athrough,
Dilated like a timorous eye.

Reck well this rede, my soul! The good
The blossom craved was near, tho' hid
Fret not that thou must doubt, but rid
Thy sky-path of obstructions strewed
By winds of folly. Then, do thou
The Godward impulse room allow
To reach its perfect air and food!
—Chas. R. Roberts.

## Select Literature.

### "The Name was Called Marah."

People has come and gone all the week and Anita had seen the most of them. It was kind of them to come, she felt, and she choked back her dread of sympathetic eyes and long handclasps, taking the consolation offered with a gentle passivity that covered an unsuspected sea of bitterness. When Mary came, at the end of the week, she knew the first touch of real comfort. They sat silently together for a long while, Anita on the couch with one black sleeve across her eyes, but the other on her friend's knee. Then Mary talked of Arthur, quite simply and naturally, without the hushed tones and awed looks that had so racked Anita all the week. He might have been in the next room, by their voices, and several times they laughed a little. Then, as the day light faded, they fell silent again, unable to keep the dreariness of loss at bay any longer.

"Well, there will be the child, anyway; you have that to be glad of," Mary said at last. Anita moved restlessly.

"Oh, why should I be glad of it!" she exclaimed. Mary turned to her in wonder. "Oh, I know! They have been saying it to me all the week," Anita went on bitterly. "'You will have your child—you have that to be thankful for!' I am not thankful for it. We didn't want it, in the first place—and now, what do I want of it, all alone?" She rose excitedly on one elbow. "I know I shock you, but I am worn to death playing a part—let me be honest with you, Mary, or I shall go mad!"

"Say anything you like; I shall understand." Mary pressed her gently down again and kept a hand on her shoulder.

"I have never cared much or children; someway, I have never known any," Anita went on more quietly "And then Arthur and I were so wholly everything to each other, we didn't want any one else. I made the best of this for his sake, and he pretended he was pleased for mine. But we both knew. Now I have to go on pretending because every woman is supposed to be born a mother. But I don't want it. I shall do everything I can for its safety; but, Mary, I pray it dosen't live—I pray it every night of my life!"

Mary stroked her shoulder in silence.

"You ought to say I am both unwomanly and wicked," said Anita.

"Ah, my dear——" Mary's voice faltered and stoped abruptly. Anita turned with a little gasp and buried her face in the cushions.

Six weeks later, Anita came reluctantly back to life, to a bleak prospect of years that could not be evaded or hurried and to an immediate duty that bound her to thought and feeling. But for the boy, she might have gone out and found work, work that claimed every power she possessed and left her mercifully numb, heart and brain, at night. But the child chained her to inaction as inexorably as he did to life. She must sit at home and contrive to make her little income cover their needs, just as that small presence would have to suffice the needs of her own being. "At least you have your child!"—she turned bitterly from the universal phrase.

The door was opened, and Mary came in with the baby on one arm.

"We're awake, for a wonder, and we thought we'd like a look at our mother," she announced, and laid the little roll of blanket on the pillow beside Anita. "He is really a most intelligent baby for his age," she added. "He has all the necessary features—you can see his nose quite distinctly in a good light, and his eyes seem to be mates. He's very remarkable, that man!" And Mary buried her face in baby's clothes for a luxurious moment. Anita looked at the little red being with a curious air of detachment.

"He seems to be a healthy baby," she said listlessly.

"Yes, bless him. We must settle his name soon."

Mary rose to lower a shade for the comfort of the blinking eyes. "Is it to be Arthur?"

"No!" Anita spoke with sudden sharpness, adding half apologetically, "I don't believe I want to name him that. He can have my father's name, or something. There is no hurry."

Mary put her hand for a moment on the other's shoulder. "Aren't you the least little bit glad of him?" she asked wistfully.

"Oh, I suppose I shall be, in time," said Anita, avoiding her eyes. When Mary had left the room she turned back to the baby. For a moment she had an impulse to see how he would feel in her arms, then she shrugged and let her hands fall again. Presently the boy began to show signs of whimpering.

"If I let him cry they will come and take him away," she thought, and watched the tiny storm gather without making a movement to prevent it. At the first wail Mary came hurrying back.

"Well, well! That wasn't the way to entertain his little mover," she protested, gathering him up with a little warm laugh.

"I let him cry," said Anita. "I wanted you to take him away." Her eyes met Mary's defiantly, but fell before the grave pity they encountered.

"My dear, don't harden yourself, don't shut him out on purpose," Mary said. Anita turned restlessly.

"It is no use, Mary. I don't want him—not a bit more than I did. Don't

Mary left the room without answering.

As soon as Anita was up again she sent away the nurse, but Mary stayed on to help her until her strength should be fully regained. Anita tended the baby scrupulously, but always mechanically; she had no smiles for him. Mary said nothing more on the subject, but a little resentment grew up within her and hardened into condemnation. Anita felt the failure of sympathy, and met it with defiant reserve. In her bitterness nothing seemed to her worth keeping, not even the deepest friendship of her life.

Spring had never been more full of frail beauty. Anita bore the days stoically, and kept the door shut on her nights until her endurance was worn to a shred. And then, one night, when the lilacs under the window had thrust up their dreaded blossoms, something within her seemed to break, and she cried out blindly for help.

"I can't go on—I've got to be helped," she gasped flinging herself out of bed and pacing about the room. "If I could feel his hand for a moment—oh, if I could just see his face, I could go on. I must see him, I must, I tell you! I've got to have help." She lit a candle with shaking fingers and turned to the door with a blurred sense that she could find him by the very force of her longing. "I have to see him. I can't go on another hour," she whispered desperately. A little sound from the corner made her turn back, white and breathless, holding her candle high, for the moment she had forgotten her baby.

She came slowly back to him. He was opening sleepy blue eyes which turned from the candle to her face with grave wonder. A faint smile of recognition followed, and then the little mouth drew down at the corner, reflectively, drily,—Arthur's own gesture. Through the child's face for that instant shone the face of his father, line by line, the grave eyes, and the amused mouth, with that little individual twist at the corner. Anita stood motionless till the mouth relaxed and the miracle was over, leaving only a sleepy baby face on the pillow. But she had seen. Gathering him in her arms, she crept back to her own bed with him, and cried softly, with a new sense of healing peace.

In the days that followed she still held aloof, and Mary, not divining the new struggle under the old defiance, gave up trying to pass the barriers when they might have crumbled at a touch.

"I must go away," she decided. Anita heard the announcement with perfunctory regret.

"Will you do something for me first?" she added presently. "Give me one day of freedom. I don't know where I shall go—to town, probably—but I want to get away from this house and everything about it for one day. And this will be my last chance—until the baby is at school," she added with a faint sigh. Mary agreed gladly.

Spring was pouring in at every window as Anita tied on her widow's bonnet. The baby, lying on the bed, seemed to find everything enchanting and kept up a steady flow of conversation. When his mother paused beside him he broke into a wide smile, so human, so full of cheer and good will that Anita laughed and kissed him impulsively. Then, hearing Mary coming she turned away. The tacit reproach of her friend's tenderness to the boy hardened her into perversity. When he was held up at the window for a last good-by, she hurried away, pretending not to see.

The tulips were out in the squares and the whole city seemed to be smiling at the day's perfection. It was impossible not to catch a little of the exhilaration. Anita went about with a new step, doing her small errands, and at noon felt herself deliciously hungry, a forgotten sensation. When she had finished her luncheon, she lingered contentedly at her table by the open window, staring at the sidewalk throng.

"I wonder if he's asleep now," she thought.

"And I was just about to write to you!" said a voice at her elbow. One of her husband's associates stood looking down on her fresh mourning with kind eyes. "I have only three minutes, but——" He drew out the chair opposite and plunged into his subject. It was work for her, work that would take all her thoughts and her energies, and that she could do well. The pay would not be high; it was the chance to get away from her present life that held her attention. The door that she had believed shut was held open to her, and she accepted eagerly.

When he had turned away, she sat facing the idea, wondering vaguely why she was not more uplifted. It was what she had longed for; why should her heart be suddenly heavy? With a responsible person to take charge of the boy—— A woman passed in the street below with a baby against her shoulder, and then all at once Anita felt a little head in her own neck. Involuntarily she bent her cheek down, and her arms tightened, as though they held something. A warm tide of feeling crept up through her, bringing quick tears to her eyes. Why, she could not do it, give her baby up absolutely, never see him all day Her little boy—how sould she shut him out? Why had she done it for so long? Oh, she did want him—she wanted him that very moment! There was a new heaven and a new earth, and all the bitterness, all that was cold and resentful, was swept away in an overmastering rush of tenderness. She knew now what he meant, her little Arthur; in her inmost soul she had known it weeks ago, but her rebellious spirit had stood aloof and denied the comfort. And now it was hers, all hers.

She had meant to stay until evening, but she scribbled a note explaining that she could not accept the offered work, and took the next train home. The trip seemed hours long to her eagerness, and she almost ran from the cars to her house. He would be asleep—little man! But she wanted to be near him. She wanted, too, to apologize to Mary, to go back on her knees and gather up the friendship she had been willing to throw aside. By the opening of the door she had learned that she did not wish to escape. The day had broken, and the shadows had fled away.

Mary met her in silence and drew her into the living room, closing the door. Anita dropped into a chair and waited, not daring to speak. The baby had been taken ill—very ill. There was a trained nurse with him, and the doctor had been there nearly all day. Mary told it very gently and courageously, but her hands trembled visibly. Anita took the pins out of her veil and disentangled it from her bonnet.

"What does the doctor say?" she asked. Her voice sounded dry and perfunctory, and Mary's blinded eyes could not see her face. The stifled anger of weeks broke out.

"He thinks your prayer will be answered," she said sternly, and left the room.

Anita sat motionless, lifting a white drawn face. So her perverse heart had opened too late. She had prayed that her child might not live, and now it was to be remembered. She lifted her clenched hands high above her head, straining up.

"Don't take me at my word!" she gasped. "Oh, don't!" She fell on her knees before a chair, burying her face in her arms. "Don't, don't!" she sobbed, over and over. "Forgive me—let me keep him! Oh, don't remember—don't, don't! Oh, Lord God!"

Then she started up, dried her eyes, clenched her shaking hands, and went upstairs. Mary and the nurse were beside the crib, and Anita stood humbly at the foot, waiting to serve. When the doctor came he turned to Mary with his questions and comments and she bore it silently. But when night fell and Mary urged her to go to bed, the new motherhood within her flamed up.

"He's my baby!" she whispered passionately. Mary, looking at her for the first time, saw and understood.

"Oh, my dear!" she breathed, opening her arms.

In that night Anita learned her lesson to the uttermost. At dawn the little life strengthened and steadied. The doctor turned away with a sigh of weariness and relief.

"We're all right, now," he announced. Then he took Anita's hand, with a passionate glance at her black dress. "This is a baby that couldn't be spared," he added. She nodded, with trembling lips.

"Yes—I have him to be thankful for," she said.—The Criterion.


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Pleasant Bay, C. B.

**Ayer's**
One dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral at bedtime prevents night coughs of children. No croup. No bronchitis. A
**Cherry Pectoral**
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Keep the bowels open, with one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime, just one.

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Perfectly Reliable.
We are having a very large trade on fine soaps It is a fact that nowhere else in the town is there a more select stock of soaps than ours
We know the soap buisiness. That's why you will never get an unsatisfactory soap in our store unless you insist on having some particular kind of soap that we cannot recommend.
The standard brands are sold as low in our store as anywhere.
There are no prices lower than ours.

**Royal Pharmacy**
W. A. WARREN, Phm. B.,
Bridgetown, N. S.


### Feeble Minded Nova Scotians.

Halifax, Feb. 23.—A meeting of citizens tonight, called for the purpose of considering Attorney-General Longley's scheme for the establishment of a central institution by the government for the care of "Defectives," passed the following resolution:

"That this meeting humbly request the government of Nova Scotia to examine into the condition of those included under the names of "Feeble Minded" and young criminals, and also to examine into the matters of treatment of these classes in other places with a view to recommend some method for supplying the existing want."


### The Hardest Pain to Endure

Is the pain of a tender corn, but experience proves that corns are cured quickest by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which acts in twenty-four hours. Putnam's never burns or causes sores. The only painless cure is Putnam's. Use no other.


### The Weather.

Mr. W. T. Foster, the U. S. weather forecaster, issues the following bulletin, dated Washington, D. C., Feb. 27:

"Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent 26 to March 1, warm wave 25 to 29, cool wave 28 to March 3. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 4, cross west of Rockies by close of 5, great central valleys 6 to 8, eastern states 9. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 4, great central valleys 6, eastern states 8. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 7, great central valleys 9, eastern states 11.

This disturbance will belong to a period of low temperatures. The warm wave will be moderate, preceded and followed by severe cold waves, heavy rains in the great central valleys west of the Mississippi.

Third disturbance of March will reach Pacific coast about 10, cross west of Rockies by close of 11, great central valleys 12 to 14, eastern states 15. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 10, great central valleys 12, eastern states 14. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 13, great central valleys 5, eastern states 17.

This will be a cold storm. The warm waves will be very moderate, while the cold waves preceding and following it will go to low temperatures. The great lakes and the Ohio valley will get the worst of this storm, particularly of the two cold waves, but the whole continent will be affected by them.


### For a Disordered Stomach.

"I have been troubled for some time with indigestion and sour stomach," says Mrs. Sarah W. Curtis, of Lee, Mass., "and have been taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets which have helped me very much, so that now I can eat many things that before I could not." If you have any trouble with your stomach why not take these tablets and get well? For sale by S. N. Weare.


—"John, dear," said the sick man's wife, "I'll have to run away from you for an hour or so today. I have to get the material for a new dress that the dressmaker—" "But," complained the sick man, "do you think it is right for you to be thinking of a new dress while I am so sick?" "Why, John, it will be all right, no matter what happens. It's a black dress."


**Loss of Flesh**

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

We will send you a free sample.
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario.
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### A Chance for a Hero.

Several accidents have happened recently to Uncle Sam's submarine torpedo boats. One now being stranded high and dry on the North Carolina coast, it became advisable to settle once for all the much-mooted question as to the possibility of the crew's escape in the event of one of these boats meeting with a mishap while submerged that would prevent its rising to the surface. Because of the practical impossibility of egress through the conning tower when it is subjected to an enormous pressure of water, as it would be at the bottom of the sea, it was thought that all in the boat would be lost in a contingency such as has been presented; but experiments made with dogs have proved conclusively to naval officers that the members of the crew could be shot out of the torpedo tube without injury—that is, all could with the exception of one. There is no doubt about it. One man would have to stay behind to work the mechanism in order that his fellows might escape, and thus the question arises, what would become of the last man? In the opinion of the submarine boat builders, there can be only one answer—the last man would have to submit to being buried alive.

It is clear from this that some time an opportunity to display a new form of heroism may be presented to a naval man, an opportunity to save his fellows by rising superior to the terrors of a death that would creep upon him with maddening slowness. It would take a long time for the air in the boat to be exhausted, and then would come the lingering torture of suffocation. The torpedo firing tubes are situated in the bow of the submarine boats and are about 11 feet long. At both the inner and outer ends there are water-tight doors. When a torpedo is to be fired it is inserted in the tube by opening the inner door while the outer door is kept closed. The inner door is then shut, the outer is opened, a man turns a lever that releases 50 pounds of compressed air, and whiz! out goes the torpedo. After that the outer door is closed, the water in the tube is drained out, and the tube is ready for another charge.

The experiment of firing dogs through the tube was made on the submarine boat "Shark," in Narragansett Bay. Two large animals were used for the test. One at a time they were placed in the tube and a block of wood inserted behind them to make the charge fit snugly. The animals and the block were then expelled precisely as if they had been torpedoes. It was thought by some naval officers that the force of the compressed air charge would kill the dogs, but after their violent exits from the tubes they promptly arose to the surface and began swimming around as if nothing had happened. They were picked up and taken to the station, where they are now capering around as lively as ever. A reporter who called at the New York office of the Holland torpedo boat company, which designed the nine submarine craft that the United States has in commission, was told by the manager that it would be perfectly practicable to expel men without injury from the torpedo tubes, just as the dogs had been "fired out." Previous to the Narragansett Bay test, he said, a dog had been discharged from the tube of a submarine boat at Annapolis, and this animal also escaped injury, except that his feelings seem to have been badly hurt, for after rising to the surface and swimming ashore, he lit out for the next county, and may be running yet for all that anyone knows.

The manager said that after a man had crawled into the tube and the outer door had been opened, letting in the water, only a fraction of a second of a second would elapse before he would be expelled, so that the time during which he would have to hold his breath would be infinitesimal. If the bow of the boat were pointed downward, however, it would be possible to fill the tube with enough compressed air to keep out the water entirely when the outer door was opened. It would be necessary to insert a block of wood in the tube with the man, as was done with the dogs. The Holland folk think there is little danger of one of their boats ever meeting with an accident that would prevent its return to the surface. In fact, they assert that such a thing could happen only in the event of the boat running afoul of a cable in a harbor, getting entangled in a wreck or wedged in between rocks. They concede that if such a mishap should happen, at least one of the six men who usuallly compose the crew of a submarine boat, must die. One man would have to stay behind to pull the lever that connects with the compressed air valve. The code of ethics that obtains on the sea holds that the commander should be the last man to leave the ship, but it is asserted that this would not hold good when to remain behind means certain death. It is more likely that lots would be drawn, the loser to shoot all his fellows out of the torpedo tube and then face death as much equanimity as he could command.—(From the American Inventor.)


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—"An abstract noun," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "is the name of something you can think of but cannot touch. Now, Harry, can you give an example?"

"Yes, ma'am; a red-hot poker," promptly answered the boy.


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