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NEW CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

Marked progress is being made in the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway, and a large quantity of grain is this season finding an outlet from the west to the Great Lakes over this new highway. It is hoped that ere long a satisfactory arrangement can be made for the operation of the finished portions of the line, pending the completion of the road from Moncton to Winnipeg.

The construction of a line of railway to Hudson Bay, which has occupied the attention of the people for many years, has assumed a practical shape. Already a contract has been awarded for the construction of a bridge forming part of this railway across the Saskatchewan River at Pas Mission, and the work is now in progress. During the present session a measure will be adopted providing for the prosecution and completion of this work with all possible speed. The connection of the great west with the eastern portions of Canada and also with the overseas markets by this new rail and ocean route will not only open up a new section of Canada, but will greatly assist in the development of trade, and thus benefit both producers and consumers. Earl Grey, in speech from the Throne.

TUBERCULOSIS.

The legislature of Massachusetts appointed a commission to report on a system of caring for persons suffering from tuberculosis. It finds there are 35,000 cases of this disease in the state, and only 2,773 beds available in hospitals and sanitariums. It recommends that 5,000 to 6,000 more beds be provided, the state to pay \$5 per week for each non-paying patient.

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The Weekly Monitor and Western Annapolis Sentinel the paper that goes into more homes than any other Annapolis County paper. The paper that reaches the homes is the Guide to Household Buyers.

Confession of Dr. Cook

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Brooklyn explorer, in an article which will be published in Hampton's Magazine, confesses that he does not know whether he reached the North Pole or not. Dr. Cook, who has been in hiding for over a year, has informed the editor of the magazine publishing his story that he will return to the United States with his wife and children on Dec. 2nd, in order to spend Christmas here.

Dr. Cook in his story deals with the physiology of his adventures, and says: "Did I get to the North Pole? Perhaps I made a mistake in thinking that I did. Perhaps I did not make a mistake. After mature thought I confess that I do not know absolutely whether I reached the North Pole or not. This may come as an amazing statement, but I am willing to startle the whole world, if by so doing I can get an opportunity to present my case. By my case I mean not my case as an explorer and discoverer, but my case as a man. Much as the attainment of the North Pole once meant to me, the sympathy and confidence of my fellow men mean more."

"Fully, freely and frankly, I shall tell you everything, and leave the decision with you. If, after reading my story you say, 'Cook is sincere and honest; half crazed by months of isolation and hunger, he believed he had reached the Pole, he is not a fakir,' then shall I be satisfied."

Dr. Cook tells the story of his life and pictures what he calls the overpowering ambition for exploration that beset him, until finally culminated in his effort to reach the Pole. Dr. Cook declares that at the time he convinced himself that he had discovered the pole he was half mad. He spent two years in his quest, and during that time he endured hunger and privation that, he says, would unbalance any mind. The explorer states that it would be impossible for any man to demonstrate beyond question that he had been to the North Pole. He characterized the region as a region of insanity, where one cannot believe the evidence gathered by one's own eyes. He says that he has always looked upon the discovery of the Pole as an achievement for his own personal satisfaction, for the satisfaction of a craving and desire that was greater than any other factor in his life. When he found how tremendous a statement this statement that he had attained the Pole created, he was overcome with bewilderment.

Dr. Cook then tells the story of the days in Copenhagen, and later in New York, and of the crisis in his life that led to his flight from New York, and his voluntary exile from the United States. The explorer said that notwithstanding the shrewd newspaper men in the society that day, and that among ranging up to several thousands of dollars were offered for a clue to his whereabouts, he has never won a disguise nor has even taken any unusual precaution to conceal his identity. Part of the time, he says, his wife has been with him and part of the time his children.

Dr. Cook and his wife are now in London and his children are in a convent in France. Most of the time of his exile he has been in London. He says he has gone about among Americans there with the utmost freedom, and at the time has registered under his own name, and that only a few have guessed his identity. Those who did guess it, Dr. Cook says, were turned away with ease by the remark, "why, yes, I have been told that before."

With the opportunities for thought that his exile afforded him, Dr. Cook said he never had time to sleep more than three or four hours at a stretch between his arrival at Copenhagen and his disappearance in New York. He has found growing stronger the desire to return to his own country, to be understood by his own people.

"I have been called the greatest liar in the world, the most monumental impostor in history," says Dr. Cook. "I believe that in an undeniable way I stand unique, the object of such suspicion and vituperation as have assailed few men."

LAME BACK

To have a lame back or painful stitches, means disordered kidneys, and the sooner you have the kidneys and bladder in a perfectly healthy condition, the sooner you will enjoy life. As far as we know there is only one remedy that is guaranteed to cure you, and that is FROG PILLS. If they don't make you a strong, healthy person in two weeks, your money will be refunded. 25c. a box, at all leading drug stores.

Brilliant Banquet on The Royal Edward

In Honor of the Arrival of the Imperial Boat, Making Halifax Its Winter Port Terminus.

(Halifax Herald Dec. 14th.)

On board the splendid Mackenzie and Mann steamship, Royal Edward there gathered last night, at the invitation of the great railway builders, a company representative of the business, professional, railway, shipping and newspaper interests of the maritime provinces. No fewer than 100 guests were present. Invitations were accepted by officers of the army and navy, presidents of boards of trade, mayors of cities, bankers, lawyers and merchants.

It was a brilliant affair in the magnificent saloon of the steamship. Third Vice-President D. B. Hanna was at the head of the chief table and president. At the head of the other tables were W. D. Burchy, general manager of the eastern lines; Captain W. Roberts, commander of the Royal Edward; William Phillips, P. Mooney, Arthur Hawkes, Guy Tombs, J. Bain and G. C. Farish. Union Jacks were draped behind the president's chair and the Maple Leaf was prominent in the decorations.

THE GROWTH OF FOURTEEN YEARS.

Mr. Hanna's sketch of the growth of the Mackenzie and Mann system as a graphic and interesting as he showed its development from the first miles fourteen years ago to 7,100 today. "Link Halifax to Winnipeg and make it 10,000 miles," he said.

Standing out prominently among the good speeches of the evening were those of Mr. Hanna, H. J. Logan and Hon. A. K. Maclean.

THE SPEECHES AND REMARKS BY GOVERNOR MACGREGOR.

The menu was excellent and the dinner well served. Barker's orchestra played a fine program. Grace was said by Bishop Worrell shortly after 7:30, and the post-prandial proceedings, consisted of toasts to the King, the government, the Dominion and provincial and civic rulers, trade and shipping, the press and then a volunteer toast to the Royal Edward and the Mackenzie and Mann system. An incident of the proceedings came in cries from the company in favor of the extension of the C. N. R. to Halifax and it sounded as if people were willing even to "wipe the map" of the map as a government road to secure it.

The governor spoke of his pleasure at seeing this great steamer in Halifax as its terminal port. He congratulated Mackenzie and Mann, two of the greatest men of Canada, masters as they were of over 7,000 miles of railway. The governor thanked the company for the cordial way the toast to his health had been received.

Shiloh's Cure

The death of Mrs. Lanvin, wife of V. A. Landry, formerly a publisher of Moncton, took place at her residence on Tuesday last, aged sixty-eight years.

The remains were brought to Canada and service at the grave was conducted by Rev. F. H. Deas.

Mrs. Landry was a daughter of the late Mayhew Beckwith, of Upper Dyke and was one of a large family. The only ones surviving are two brothers, Messrs. Robert Beckwith, of Halifax and G. M. Beckwith, of Canning and one sister, Mrs. Wentworth E. Shefield, who has been in Calgary with her son and is now on her way to Vancouver, B. C. Mrs. Landry was a lady most highly esteemed. She had always maintained her connection with the first Cornwallis Baptist church.

Mr. Landry will have much sympathy in his bereavement. He was formerly editor of L'Evangeline, a French paper at Weymouth, N. S.—Kentville Advertiser.

GLASS FRONT OF STORE SHATTERED BY EXPLOSION.

Amherst, Dec. 9.—While charging his acetylene gas plant this afternoon, James G. Reid, tailor, narrowly escaped serious injury by the explosion of the generator. There were three distinct explosions and the large plate glass front of the store was completely shattered. Mr. Reid and others standing near were slightly scorched.

A NARRUM ESCAPE.

An Englishman's Adventures in British Columbia.

A London magazine publishes the following thrilling story of adventure in British Columbia. It is vented for its true:

A bright, crisp morning at the end of March, 1900, found me standing at the door of my log cabin gazing down the valley of Hat Creek, in British Columbia, some 6,000 miles away from England. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a band of wild horses, which I saw outside my fence, about half a mile away, near a meadow in which my horses were grazing. As I looked, the lead animal of the band, a fine black stallion, leapt the fence. I ran down the hill to the meadow, but too late; the horse had jumped back, followed by a valuable grey mare of mine, and, regaining the band, galloped away with them.

I knew that if I did not cut my mare out from the rest of the horses there was small chance of my ever seeing her again. I ran down the hill in minutes I was in the saddle galloping madly after the fast retreating lead horse. In one and a half minutes I was in the saddle galloping madly after the fast retreating lead horse. In one and a half minutes I was in the saddle galloping madly after the fast retreating lead horse.

At present the strong, rough-hewn, low walls still stand staunchly, though many going wounds bear testimony to the severity of time's assaults. Doorways and windows yawn vacantly, the roof and the main chimney of country-rock, have fallen in and moss and creeping vines strive with a pitiful bravery to veil and even make beautiful the hideousness of ruin and forgetfulness.

In one and a half minutes I was in the saddle galloping madly after the fast retreating lead horse. In one and a half minutes I was in the saddle galloping madly after the fast retreating lead horse.

At the pace we were traveling it was impossible to pull up, so, hunching up my back, my horse prepared for the leap, made a tremendous bound in the air, then came a crash, a thousand lights danced before my eyes, and I was hurled to the ground. My right hand up, for my left arm was under my body, I found my hair was frozen to the ice, through which I had fallen from a wound on my head. I gradually released myself, and, looking about, found that I was pinned down by my dead horse, who was lying on my left leg. With the greatest difficulty I extricated myself from under his dead weight, and, looking about, found that I was pinned down by my dead horse, who was lying on my left leg.

It was ultimately found that my left cheekbone was smashed, my arm was broken in three places, my elbow fractured, and my ribs broken. I had to lie in my bed for three weeks; all this time heavy snowstorms were raging, and it was impossible for anyone to go either up or down the creek. Then I was taken down in a sledge, when I saw Dr. Williams, who could do nothing for me as my arm had become so painful that I could scarcely breathe.

I picked my way along the trail, and, to make a long story short, after a very trying journey, walking the whole of the time in a heavy snowstorm, I arrived at my cabin utterly exhausted. It was ultimately found that my left cheekbone was smashed, my arm was broken in three places, my elbow fractured, and my ribs broken. I had to lie in my bed for three weeks; all this time heavy snowstorms were raging, and it was impossible for anyone to go either up or down the creek.

Chased by a Bear. Moody McLeod, son of John McLeod, seventh concession of Foxborough, near Chesterville, Ont., is telling of a thrilling experience which recalls like a tale of wonder days.

Hearing his dogs barking in the woods, McLeod took his gun. Suddenly he came upon a huge black bear. McLeod fired both barrels, the second hitting down Mr. Brain. He drew his knife and was blessing his game, when a second, but smaller bear arrived on the scene. McLeod's gun was empty and as the bear showed fight, he struck out for the house with brain a good second. He tripped and fell, breaking the stock of his gun, but just then the bear was attacked by one of the dogs that had been wounded and thrown under a stump by the big bear. The smaller bear climbed a tree and was kept there by the dogs till McLeod secured another gun and ended its career. The little dog was so badly wounded that he died the next day, and the other dog is badly disabled.

Lucky for Gilbert.

During a recent speech Sir Gilbert Parker told an amusing story of his boyhood days. He had a fight with another boy, and was duly reprimanded by his father, who inquired how the other boy had fared. "I just licked him," young Gilbert replied. Upon which his father remarked, somewhat sternly, "If you had not, I would have licked you."

Ask for MINARD'S and take no other

IS NOW IN RUINS.

B. C.'s First Government House is Fast Disappearing.

Scarcely twenty miles from Victoria, British Columbia, as the crow flies, but almost as far removed as the Pole for all the acquaintance which residents of this Provincial Capital have with it, or with the circumstances of its erection and occupancy, one of the truly historic buildings of British Columbia is fast crumbling with decay.

Unless action is soon directed toward the preservation of this landmark of pioneering days and of the infancy of popular Government on Vancouver Island, the obliteration of the first Government House erected and occupied as such in this westernmost colony of the British Empire, must within a few short succeeding years be made complete.

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