The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1903. NO. 18.

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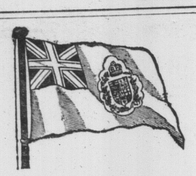

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Poetry.

Life and Death.

So he dies for his faith. That is fine;
More than most of us do;
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth;
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died—
Was it harder for him?
From bravado or passion or pride,
From a wish or a whim.

But to live every day, to live out
All truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he led
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby.

A Lullaby.

(The Portland Oregonian.)

You go to sleep, young feller,
This ain't no time of day
To set up straight and solemn,
An' stare around that way.
Them moonbeams on the carpet
Ain't nothing you can git,
Them's just to show the angels
Has got their candles lit.
You want 'em? Well, to-morrow
I'll get 'em of they keep,
But now it's nearly mornin',
So you jus' go to sleep.

No, sir! You can't be hungry.
You needn't jerk and fret,
I'm certain sure it wasn't
An hour sence you et.
There, now, I ketched you smilin',
You little rascal. Shame!
To try to work your daddy
With such a low-down game.
No, never mind explorin',
You ain't no call to creep;
You stay here an' be quiet,
An' try an' go to sleep.

You see them stars out yonder?
Well, all o' them is eyes
That belongs to little angels
'Way up there in the skies.
An' all them little angels
Ain't got a thing to do
But jes' set up in heaven
An' keep them eyes on you;
They'll see your eyes wide open
An' starin' when they peep
In through the window at you—
You better go to sleep.

I don't know what you're sayin,
Your lingo's Greek to me
But you know what I tell you
That's easy fur to see;
An'I'm jus' gettin' tired
O' rockin' you all night,
An' talkin' while you listen,
A'smilin', with delight.
I got to work to-morrow,
An' tain't for you to keep
Me up all night a-tryin'
To make you go to sleep.

There, there, don't feel that way,
I jus' soon do it. See!
I know there ain't nobody
To love you, 'cept'in' me.
You set up all you want to,
You needn't close an eye,
Fur dad is mighty sorry
He made his baby cry.
You need your ma, poor feller,
But she's a-lyin' deep
Beneath the trees out yonder—
There, there, now go to sleep.

Select Literature.

The Woman Who Was Willing.

(Miss Elizabeth Robbins in New York 'Observer.')

In nearly every church society there is one woman on whom the others depend in any society work. As a rule, she is one who has had to work all her life, and so she has learned to do all many things economically and well. She is generally gentle, obliging and unassertive, and she is quite likely to be a person of limited means and not strong physically.

In the thriving manufacturing town of Pitomy, and in the leading church, this one woman was Isabel Willis, or, as she was usually called, Mrs. "Ed." Willis. Edward, her husband, was a man of sterling qualities, his one fault was his inability to make money, but this was hardly all, for he, too, had had to work from boyhood, supporting himself and helping in the support of younger brothers and sisters, and so had had neither time nor money to invest in the acquiring of a money-making trade or profession.

Consequently, Isabel did her own housework, weekly washing and all, and made the clothes for all the family excepting Edward, while for him she did much repairing and had even ripped and 'turned' an overcoat, making it look as good as new. On their slender income she managed to keep an attractive, orderly home, with books and flowers and magazines, to have herself and husband and three children look always well dressed and neat, and to be a good neighbor. In addition to this, the the Willises gave more, in proportion to their income, than many more wealthy people, in support of the church.

An impartial observer would have thought that, accomplishing all this, and bringing up her children 'in the fear of the Lord,' Mrs. Ed. Willis did her full share of the world's work, with something left over. But such apparently was not the opinion of her fellow church members—indeed, from their actions, one would have inferred that she fell far short of her duty if this was all she did.

It was in the spring when Eddie, the oldest, was ten, that the Willis children had scarlet fever. Isabel had a long siege of it nursing them, and a lonely siege, for nobody dared to come and help her for fear of the disease.

It was well on into July when it was over and she felt entirely safe about the children. She was tired out, and the hot weather was so debilitating that she made up her mind that she would favor herself all she could through the remaining weeks of summer.

She was forcing herself to do the odds and ends of left over work, preparatory to this favoring of herself, when she was interrupted by a call from Mrs. Aslop. Mrs. Aslop was one of the wealthy members of the church, large and stout and florid, with a passion for vicarious philanthrophy. She had now discovered an impecunious young woman tottering on the brink of chronic invalidism and only to be rescued by a sojourn in the country. To be sure, the Willises were not exactly in the country, but they lived a little to one side of the centre of the town, and the house was set back from the street, and had a flower garden in front, and a vegetable garden in the rear, and so would answer for country very well. Would Isabel take Miss Imogene for three weeks? Her employer had consented to let her go for that length of time. She would be no trouble atall, and no expense, for she ate hardly more than a bird, poor thing. Mrs. Alsop thought 't was our duty to seize all the opportubities for doing good that came to us. She herself would be overjoyed to take the poor child, but she was going to the mountains in a week or two, and would be so busy getting ready that she could not have her, possibly. And Mrs. Willis had such a motherly way.

So Imogene came to the Willises. She was an empty-headed, anaemic young woman, with an eighteen inch waist, whose diet had consisted chiefly of confectionery and tea. She earned a fair salary type-writing, and could easily have saved enough from it to pay her own way for three weeks at any summer resort in the land, had she been so minded. She wore her hair in an untidy extreme of the prevailing fashion, and sat around and listlessly watched Isabel work, when she was not sitting out in the sun trying to acquire a coat of tan. "They won't believe you've been out of the city if you don't come back tanned," she explained, with a silly laugh. It was impossible to hold rational converse with her, and she was a veritable nightmare to the whole family.

She took her departure one Friday night, and Isabel drew a long, long breath of relief. "I will not try to clear up her room till next week," she said. "I will get my work done early to-morrow, and then sit and fold my hands and rest."

But she reckoned without her host, or rather without Mrs. Dillingworth; that lady, another corpulent member the 'First' Church, riding by the next afternoon, spied the three Willis children playing in the yard and called them out to her carriage, where she told them impressively that she wanted them all to come to her house at two o'clock that afternoon.

Isabel sighed when they ran in and told her, for she thought she would let them play out all day and not have them change their clothes. Now there was nothing for it but to take them in hand immediately after dinner and tub them and comb them and array them in their best bibs and tuckers.

She had to work fast to get them ready at the appointed time. As she was curling Elsie's hair, Annie, noticing the uncleated table and the sinkful of cooking dishes, exclaimed: "There, mamma, Eddie and I were going to wipe all your dishes and put them away, weren't we, Eddie?"

"We'll do 'em anyway, if you'll wait till we get home," Eddie proposed.

"It will be so late," Isabel told him; "I will let you do them some other day instead." Then she gave Eddie the car fares, and charged him to be careful of his sisters, and they started.

They returned in a surprisingly short time, just as she was putting away the last dish, in fact.

"All she wanted was to tell us she's going to give a pink lawn party, and wants Annie and me to be pink angels," Eddie explained disgustedly.

"Pink fairies," Annie corrected, "and she's coming next week to tell you how she wants our cas—costumes made."

"But she might have told you that this morning," Isabel said incredulously.

"Course she might," Eddie assented. "She just wanted to make you a lot of trouble, that's all—I wish you'd help me get off this necktie so I can put on my old things and get back to my tunnel."

"I'll stay at home from church tomorrow and rest," Isabel told herself as she helped the children change back into their old clothes.

She continued in this determination till late in the evening when the superintendent of the Sunday-school came to the door and asked her, in the assured tone of one expecting an affirmative answer, if she would be so kind as to take Miss Wesley's class of boys in Sunday-school on the morrow. He added that she might have to teach it regularly, as Miss Wesley seemed to wish to give it up. Miss Wesley, by the way, did book-keeping in her uncle's office forenoons, and had the rest of her time to do with as she pleased.

Isabel sat up till eleven o'clock studying the lesson, and lay awake for nearly an hour after that, thinking how to make the application.

Heretofore, the hour or more after church when the children were at Sunday-school and the house quiet, had been the one restful spot in the day, and Isabel had depended upon it. Now that she had a class, Sunday somehow seemed the hardest day of the seven. And then there was an evening each week to be given to the teachers' meeting, to say nothing of the extra time to be spent in preparing the lesson.

After the third Sunday she summoned courage to tell the superintendent that she thought she would have to give up the class. "But I shan't let you, Mrs. Willis," he reurned genially. "You're just the teacher we've long wanted for that particular class of boys, and now we have found you we propose to keep you."

The minister coming up at that moment added his protest. They could not think of sparing Mrs. Willis from their corps of teachers. There was a hint of reproof in his tone when he said that 'we should all be willing to make slight personal sacrifices for the cause of Christ.' She could take her rest hour on Monday, while the children were at school.

Isabel thought of the big Monday 'wash,' and of the ceaseless activity of her youngest born, who did not yet go to school, but it seemed as if she should cry if she tried to explain further, and so she was silent—and did not give up the class.

It was at about this time that Nellie Langley's church wedding was celebrated. Nellie had come to Isabel the week after the departure of 'Miss Imogen,' and asked her if she would be willing to help decorate the church the day of the wedding. Two of the girls had offered to do it, but they were rather lacking in taste; if dear Mrs. Willis would just direct them a little she wouldn't have to do any of the real work.

Isabel said sincerely that she would be delighted. And so she might have been if the programme had been carried out. But—the two girls left the procuring of the flowers entirely to Isabel, who knew so many people who had flowers. Then, the evening before the wedding, one of the girls called to say that she had an invitation to go on an excursion to a place she had always wanted to see, and she felt it a duty she owed herself to accept, for the same opportunity might never again present itself.

The next morning early, came a note from the other girl. She was so sorry but she had a headache and couldn't come.

"You have a headache, too," Ed. Willis commented a little indignantly, for he was just sitting down to breakfast when the note came in. "I'd go and help you myself, if it wasn't that we're rushed at the factory," he said regretfully. "I'd get myself turned off if I stayed away now. Can't you think of anybody who would come?"

Isabel mentioned three women who had more leisure than most, and Ed. bolted his breakfast and hurried off on his wheel to ask them on his way to work.

When he came home at night he stopped in at the church. Isabel was on a high step-ladder giving the finishing touch to a large cross of flowers beside the pulpit. There was no one with her.

"Been here all day?" Ed. asked.

"Yes; there was such an immense quantity of flowers," she answered.

"Has no one helped you?"

"Only the children, since school; they have just gone home with Elsie."

She descended from the ladder and came to stand beside him. "How does it look," she asked anxiously, with a comprehensive wave of her hand.

"Fine!" he returned heartily. "It couldn't be better."

"It must be beautiful to be married in church," she said thoughtfully, after a pause.

His arm stole about her waist. "It does seem more sacred, somehow. But we couldn't be any more truly married, even if it had been in church instead of just at the minister's, could we, dear?"

"No," she agreed, resting her head against his shoulder.

"We know absolutely that we belong to each other; I wonder how many can say that." He bent his head to lay his face against hers, then kissed her. "Why, you're crying!" he exclaimed.

"Because I'm so happy—and so tired."

"Of course you're tired—and I've been keeping you standing here," he said self-reproachfully, and they walked up the broad aisle, his arm still encircling her.

As he walked beside her on the street, trundling his bicycle, he noticed how her steps dragged. "You will not try to go this evening," he said.

"Yes, I must; Nellie would feel hurt if I stayed away."

"Well, then, you must lie down till it is time to get ready. I will get supper and put the children to bed."

The shabbiness of the church carpet was so apparent at the wedding that everybody said there must be a new one, and a fair was suggested as a means of obtaining the necessary money for it. Notice was given, after the Sunday service, that all interested in the matter were requested to meet in the church parlors on the following Thursday evening.

At this meeting there was an unusual sprinkling of men, and Ed. Willis, with a slightly conscious air, arose as early in the proceedings as might be and said that as a fair seemed to be a very unfair way of raising money, the burden of work and expense resting heavily on a few, and hardly at all on the many, he moved that the money for the carpet be raised by subscription.

The husband of one of the 'few' promptly seconded the motion, and it was put to vote and carried.

"How much did you subscribe?" Isabel asked her husband later.

"Ten dollars."

"It seems a good deal—for us," she said.

"I'd give twice as much rather than have you get as used up as you did over that fair last winter," he declared.

The 'many' who had stayed away from the meeting because of the weather, and who had to open their pocketbooks because of Ed. Willis's bit of manoeuvring, were not pleased at the outcome. It would have been so much better to have had a fair, they averred discontentedly.

At about this time the Ladies' Sewing Circle began to hold semi-weekly sessions; a poor family that for several years had been its charge was to be fitted out for the winter. The father of the family was an habitual drunkard, who never did a day's work—or an hour's work—if he could by any possibility avoid it. In a certain stage of intoxication he would beat his wife and throw things at her, but he was 'so handsome, and sometimes so pleasant,' that she could not be persuaded to leave him. There were nine children, and it took a good many clothes for them, for they and the mother had grown fastidious, and when a garment began to fade or show other signs of wear it was thrown away.

Now, who was there in the society who had as sensible ideas about what a family of children needed as Mrs. Willis? Who else was as capable in buying to advantage, cutting out economically, and making up expeditiously? Obviously, then, she was the one to take the lead in all this work.

And Mrs. Willis—who ever found her shirking anything that was given her to do? She went into the neighboring city and bought the material; she did the chief of the planning and procured the patterns; she cut out the larger part of the garments; she was first at the sewing meetings, and the last to leave them, and when she was not busy in other ways she was plying her needle and accomplishing more in the same time than almost anyone present; several days she took home work that had been wrongly put together by some unskilful hand, and did it over.

The sewing was hardly out of the way, when some enthusiastic soul suggested that the Society give a Thanksgiving dinner to all the poor children in the town. The suggestion was eagerly taken up by other enthusiastic souls, and it was forthwith decided that the thing should be done.

"Don't you have anything to do with it," Ed. Willis admonished his wife, looking at her anxiously.

"I'd be glad not to, but I somehow can't help it," she sighed wearily. "They have put me on the committee, in spite of my protests, and they seem to expect me to pick out the turkeys, and buy the candy and fruit, and see about the milk for the ice cream, and make the mince for the pies—because they say I know how to make good ones and yet have them hygienic—and tell who shall bake them and the puddings and cook the vegetables, and I think they will want me to be at the dinner and oversee the setting of the tables and the serving."

The other members of the committee and the society in general, were not disappointed in their expectations; Mrs. Willis did all that they had laid out for her, and more, and the dinner was a grand success. Miss Audrey had offered to stay after the dinner and see that the women hired to do the cleaning up did not waste the food left over, or nick the church crockery, or set anything afire; or slop water around, but a friend appeared before the women did, and Miss Audrey asked Mrs. Willis as a great favor, to attend to the cleaning up. So it was that Isabel did not get home till after dark on Thanksgiving night.

When the Thanksgiving dinner was a thing of the past, it was time to begin thinking of the great festival of the year The newly appointed superintendent of the Sunday-school intended that it should eclipse all former celebrations of Christmas. There should be all the usual features, and, to crown them, a cantata—a cantata in which every child could join. He came to Mrs. Willis. The time was comparatively short, and he had but little leisure; could she look up a suitable cantata?

She corresponded with music dealers and finally found something that would do. The, would she help him assign the parts?

She assigned them.

Then, regretting that she was not musical, he asked her to see that the children learned the words of their parts—they could come to her house nights after school, and rehearse. When the time came to rehearse the music he wanted her present to help drill the children in the stage business.

The young people who were to trim the church parlors with evergreen learned that Mrs. Willis had once lived in the country, and insisted on her going with them to look for their 'greens,' and after that they must have her advice in the decorating. She was also given to understand that her assistance was absolutely necessary in receiving the presents and putting them on the tree.

It must not be forgotten that in all these months Isabel Willis had her own work to do, and did it, no one knew when. She somehow managed to clean house unaided, and to make the children's winter suits and dresses, and to cook and wash and sweep and mend; and moreover, she read to the children and taught them by precept and example to be unselfish and helpful and kind.

During the first week of the new year the ladies of the society met to discuss ways and means of raising money for church uses. They finally decided on a Candlemas party, with a farce as one of the leading features. One lady had even come provided with a farce she thought appropriate for such an occasion, with Mrs. Ed. Willis already cast for one of the parts.

"It seems strange that Mrs. Willis should not be here," some one observed, in a little lull in the conversation. "I thought she understood that it was quite necessary that everybody should attend."

"She wasn't at the teachers' meeting, either," another remarked. "I never knew her to be absent before."

On the further comparing of notes if was found that she had not been seen by any one since Sunday—and now it was Friday.

Mrs. Wiggan pursed her lips. She was a well-to-do-widow whose family consisted of a hired girl and a pug dog, and who was so over-worked in caring for the one and directing the labors of the other that she very seldom had time or strength left for any church work. "I fear that Mrs. Willis doesn't take the interest she might," she said with a severely virtuous air. "I thought she appeared very listless and self-absorbed at the Christmas festival."

Miss Sanderson, on the other side of the room, flushed suddenly. She was a young woman greatly disliked because of an occasional indulgence in extreme plainness of speech. "I think the way this society treats Mrs. Willis is perfectly outrageous," she burst forth now. "A woman who does all the home work she does, and brings up children so well, and is such a lovely neighbor, fulfills her duty to society and ought not to be expected or allowed to lift her finger or spend a moment of her time on church work. But she is willing, and so we load her down till one wonders how flesh and blood and nerves can stand so much. We see her growing thin and pale and nervous before our eyes, but that doesn't move us; as long as she isn't ill in bed we continue to shirk our work and put it on her—and there isn't one of us but has either more time or strength or money than Mrs. Willis. But it seems to be a rule with us that giving shall be in inverse ratio to what one is able to give. She is so sweet and gentle, one would think we might have a tiny bit of consideration, but we seem to care only for what we can get out of her. Some day she will break down or die, and we shall not be guiltless."

There was a great silence when Miss Sanderson ceased speaking.

A woman over in the corner, one of the few who had worked nearly as hard as Isabel herself, was thinking of the last time she had seen Mrs. Ed. Willis and of something that had happened then—something she had mentioned to no one, though she had been wholly unable to dismiss it from her own mind or to worry about it. She had referred to this meeting and had supposed she should see Mrs. Willis there. Isabel had answered soberly that she should go if her wings did not come before then. "Your wings?" the woman had repeated, with a creepy sensation along her spine. The reply had been a little impatient: "Yes, the wings of a dove, don't you know—to fly away and be at rest. I've been expecting them for a long time now. I can't understand why he hasn't sent them," with an anxious expression. "Sometimes I don't know but he means for me to make them myself. Don't you think he does mean us to, ever?" Then, seeing the wonder in her auditor's face she had seemed to come to herself and had put her hand to her head confusedly. "I have such strange thoughts lately. I think it must be because I am tired—so tired. Perhaps after the Candlemas party they will let me rest a little."

The woman was recalling this incident in the silence that had befallen, when the door opened and little Miss Tenny, who lived next to the Willises, appeared. Her face was swollen with weeping.

"You haven't heard?" she demanded looking about the room.

Some one said no, they had heard nothing and asked what had happened.

"Mrs. Willis—" she covered her face, and it was a moment before she could proceed. "Mrs. Willis is gone, they have carried her off."

"Carried her off? Where?"

"To the insane asylum. They took her away this noon. She tried to—to kill herself. The doctor said it has been coming on for some time, and that she was worn out, in mind and body. He says it was the—the "severe church work" that did it and that—that we need missionaries more than the heathen do—"

Here she stopped, unable to say more for her sobbing.

Are Halifax Women Profane?

Remarkable news that, from Halifax where the clergyman of a fashionable flock preached last Sunday on profanity among golf-playing women. This reverend gentleman may know his Halifax, but the charitable will hope he is mistaken. There is, as we know, a theory among cartoonists and writers for the comic newspapers that golf tends to profanity, but here is a clergyman who says the ladies of his flock are apparently devout in church on Sunday, and swear "like troopers" on the links on Monday.

This is an indictment calculated to raise a storm in any community, for "swearing like a trooper" is understood to imply the use of certain words and phrases such as men—not to speak of women—in peaceful walks of life shun as they would fire, and which it is supposed the army used when it "swore terribly in Flanders."

St. John will be slow to believe this accusation against the daughters of Halifax. Here, we know, there is no profanity on the links, and that it is the rule among the fair sex in the sister city, passes belief.

There is one possible explanation If the clergyman is not a golf player himself and does not understand the language in which the play is described, he may have mistaken some of the terms which he has overheard for complicated and inexcusable swearing. It is not improbable that he will be asked to explain how he came to make an allegation so surprising. And woe to himself if he sticks stoutly to his guns.—The Telegraph.

Lipton's Challenger.

On Tuesday, after her narrow margin of victory the day before, Sir. Thomas Lipton's new Challenger for the nautical blue ribbon was again in racing form and beat her immediate rival by 33 minutes. Much of her victory was due to a fluke in which she covered miles of water while Shamrock I hung idle in a calm. The race was to have been for forty miles, but a shift of wind spoiled this plan. A smart south-west wind was blowing when the captains jockeyed heading for the line. The yachts broke out spinnakers as they crossed the line, but had not run 100 yards before the wind dropped to a flat calm and then a gentle air came from the south. Spinnakers were quickly smothered and sheets trimmed in to catch the new breeze.

They hung there for several minutes. Then the new boat's sails filled and she drew away, finally going at a fast clip while Shamrock I tacked vainly trying to get the wind. The Challenger put miles of water between herself and the old boat before the latter caught the wind and began to move off at a racing clip at 12.45. Even after she caught the wind the old boat was simply outclassed by the new one.

The victory was a decisive one on each point of sailing. Sir Thomas was highly pleased.

Green Goods Man Arrested.

There was more or less excitement in Kentville last week over the fact that a gentleman had been arrested, charged with attempting to place on the market about ten thousand dollars worth of counterfeit American money. The man in question had two friends with him who, when trouble began, quickly left town, thus leaving their friend to overcome the difficulties which seemed to beset him. He was arrested on information of Mr. James Rooney, proprietor of the station restaurant; and came up for examination before Recorder Webster on Saturday afternoon, H. H. Wickwire prosecutor and W. E. Roscoe for the defence. A number of witnesses, of whom the principal was Mr. Rooney, testified that the man attempted to sell counterfeit one and five dollar bills, offering $10,000 for $800 of good money.

Mr. Rooney was cross-examined by Mr. Roscoe and told the same story. The boy Willis Coleman was then examined, but gave no more light on the subject other than that the men had left the box on the counter for awhile.

On the prisoner being arrested he was searched, but nothing was found on his person that could throw any light as to his occupation. The box which he carried around with him was produced in court, but contained nothing incriminating.

The prisoner was sent up for trial by Recorder Webster, and will probably be given a chance this week or next to explain what he was doing in town.

Turning Down the Doctors.

The marvelous cures of Catarrhozone are much talked of. Thousands are daily recognizing the exceptional merit of this simple inhaler treatment, and instead of running to the doctor with their winter ills they protect themselves with Catarrhozone; it kills cold in the head in ten minutes, quickly relieves Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Troubles, and cures even though all other remedies have failed. Catarrhozone is very pleasant, safe and convenient to use. Its best recommendation is its enormous sale; try it today. Price $1.00, small size, 25c., at druggists.

—"I hear Jines, the sea'captain, is in hard luck. He married a girl and she ran away from him."

"Yes, he took her for a mate, and she was a skipper."

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.

Disease takes no summer vacation.
If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
summer as in winter.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

General News.

Seven killed and fourteen wounded. This is not a report from Somaliland telling the result of an engagement between Tommy Atkins and the Mad Mullah. It is a report from Evansville, Indiana, telling the result of a conflict between the soldiers guarding a prison containing sixteen negroes, and a mob thirsting for negro blood. Glorious land of freedom!—Ex.

The report of the Irish land bill was completed in the house of commons Friday afternoon after a number of technical amendments in fulfilment of Irish Secretary Wyndham's promise while the bill was in committee. The measure will pass its third reading Tuesday and will then be sent to the House of Lords where no serious difficulties are anticipated.

A Toronto commercial traveller, named Taylor, had his pocket picked last week on a Sydney and Glace Bay car, to the tune of one hundred dollars. The man was travelling from Glace Bay to Sydney and did not miss his wallet until near town. When he complained of the theft the car was immediately stopped and the passengers searched, but no trace of the missing money could be found. The police are investigating the theft.

What might have been a fatal accident occurred at Alberton South, P. E. I., during the thunderstorm on Tuesday night. While little Irene Matthews, a niece of Mrs. John Lewis, was returning to her home, she was struck by lightning, and lay unconscious all through the storm of wind and rain. After a time she recovered sufficiently to find her way home, but the little one is still suffering from the effects of the shock. The storm was unusually severe in Alberton.

A report was current about the house of commons Wednesday that at a conference last night between Sir. W. Laurier and Mr. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk, important contract were agreed to by the representatives of the Grand Trunk Pacific. The story further went that so modifications of the trans-continental radical were the changes that there was a possibility of Mr. Blair's objection to the scheme being removed, and of his re-entry into the cabinet in consequence.

Hotel men in St. John report that so far this year the tourist traffic has hardly been up to that of last year. This they account for by the backward season and the cool weather which has prevailed everywhere. Americans have not felt the heat to be so oppressive so far this year as to compel them to seek cooler climes, and so have remained at their homes more than is usual. However, a big rush is looked for from now on. August is expected to be ahead of any month for some years back and the hotels are preparing to handle crowds of rest seekers.

The 63rd Rifles, under whose auspices the boxing bouts were to be held at the Empire Rink Wednesday evening, extended an invitation to the Evangelical Alliance to send two representatives to witness the show. This was merely done they state for the object of demonstrating to the representatives of the Alliance that there is nothing brutal or disorderly about such a class of a show, so that the representatives can see for themselves what actually occurs and then make a report to their association on the same. The Alliance declined the invitation.

O'Neill Bros. of the St. John market, purchased yesterday from a resident in the vicinity of Spruce Lake a black bear. The man who sold the bear to the well known concern reports that for a long time it was found that some animal was every night entering a place on his farm where he kept his milk and cream. To prevent any further intrusions the man located a gun in the place which would explode whenever any person or thing would enter the place. The bear seems to have been the first thing to have gone in, for the other morning the bear was discovered in the space. The man brought the bear up to St. John and disposed of it. Messrs. O'Neill shipped the carcass to Boston and still have the skin.

The steamer Monterey, stranded on July 15th at Point Plate, is still in the same position as when first she struck the reef. The weather has been unusually calm, but very foggy considering the wildness of the coast at this point. The efforts at the salving of the cargo have been carried through most successfully. Captain Williams has landed a part of his crew and cattlemen, and had tents erected on the side of the mountain facing the ship. These men have been landed for the purpose of the herding of cattle which are being landed as rapidly as possible. The cattle are plunged from their stalls on the ship's topsides to the water, a fall of twenty feet, and on coming to the surface are captured by men in dories and swim to the shore, guided by their captors. Some 850 magnificent head of cattle have now been landed in this way.

St. Martin's, Que., May 16, 1895.
C. C. Richards & Co.
Gentlemen.—Last November my child stuck a nail in its knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.
A neighbor advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.
LOUIS GAGNIER.

Burglars at Sydney.

For the past week a gang of burglars has operated successfully at the different mining towns in Cape Breton, Sydney Mines was the first place attacked, and now the gang has entered about every place of business at Bridgeport with varied success. Their operations indicate good organization, but their identity is unknown. It is understood that the services of a detective will be secured shortly in order to locate the burglars.

Ordinary Corn Cures are Dangerous,
because they contain acids, but Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is entirely vegetable in composition. Refuse a substitute for "Putnam's;" it's the only safe and painless cure for corns and warts.

High Speed on C. A. R.

It is announced that a Canada Atlantic train has just run at the rate of 100 miles an hour between Vaudreil and Montreal. The special was bringing General Manager Hay, of the G. T. R. and Hon. Geo. A. Cox to Montreal.

—Minard's Liniment cures diphtheria.