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MONITOR OFFICE

AMONG PROUD RAJPUTS

BRITISH LABOR M.P. TELLS OF VISIT TO FEUDAL INDIA.

Old-Fashioned Warrior People of Rajputana Are Proud of Their Medieval Customs and Have No Wish to Change—Chivalry Reigns There as in Europe Five Hundred Years Ago—Swords Everywhere.

North from Baroda the country becomes a great grassy plain, very much like the South African veldt, particularly between the Modder River and Magersfontein. The men change. They come more jaunty in their carriage. They part their boards in the middle, and comb back the sides to their ears. They carry ancient guns and old-world scimitars. When the sun sinks in the evening a thousand herds of cattle wander home over innumerable tracks converging on the villages. This is Rajputana, the home of proud warriors and brave women.

Baroda, with a smile, says, "I am modern"; Rajputana, with a haughty sniff, says, "I keep the old ways." Commerce and politics have both invaded parts of it; some of its chiefs hanker after English Philistinism. But these degeneracies are still exceptions. The first Rajput chief I met, says J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., in The London Chronicle, the well-known Sir Pertab Singh, of whom so many romantic tales are told, was deploring the fact that the hand of age was upon him, that there was no chance of another war, and that the probability therefore was that he would have to die on a bed.

Pax Britannica was nothing to him except an evidence that the Golden Age had passed. He was praying to be allowed to lead his polo team against Bengal politicians, and was promising to do the necessary damage with the mallets of the sticks. Two or three days under the same roof as Sir Pertab made me understand his spirit of Chitor.

Whoever comes to India and does not sit down on the plain below Chitor with a history at his elbow and a plan on his lap, and then go up the hill—on an elephant if possible—to the ruined temples, palaces, bazaars, tanks, and the still almost perfect towers, might as well have stayed at home. My friends are dining it into my ears that there is no India. I do not know, but Chitor gives me something to go upon.

Round these walls tradition has woven most sacred garlands. Wending one's way up the long zig-zag road, which is flanked all along by massive walls and spanned every now and again by a frowning gate, one may still imagine that he hears the tramp of the Rajput cavalry going out to die, and it is easy to translate the hum of voices and other sounds which come down and go up from the villages at the top and bottom of the hill as the bridal song of the women going to their awful death by fire in the cavern of the palace rather than become prisoners in the hands of the Moguls.

The whole place is a vast temple of chivalry. Through these narrow lanes and over these ruined walls one should go bare of head and foot. The sun set whilst we lingered there. Suddenly the land was filled with the beating of tom-toms; lights flickered from the temples; the hum of prayers rose on every hand; queer forms moved in the gathering gloom. The spell of the Mighty Past fell upon us. At Chitor the past is dead, and only comes from its grave at nightfall. But not far off, in the new capital of the state, Udaipur, the Old Time still lives in the light of day.

The railway steps far out from the compass of Udaipur as an uncleaner at the threshold of a temple, and you have to drive for a mile or so to get to the city. Towering over the city are great white palaces and temple domes. The hills around are capped by palaces and forts, and temples. Holy men wander unkempt, ash covered, almost naked, in its streets, or sit beneath its trees, contemplating the Eternal and the all-comprehending Void.

Hardly had we arrived when we were told that a religious procession had started from the palace. Then they came blowing horns, beating drums and cymbals, on foot on horses, on elephants, the Maharana under a golden umbrella near the rear.

The rains were over, and the time had come when the chiefs gathered round their ruler and prepared to go out with him to give battle. But before they went they had to propitiate the gods, therefore a holy man came and sat for ten days in a temple without food or sleep holding a sword on his knees, and every evening before the sunset the Maharana and his warriors went to do homage before him. They used to chant sacred songs and recite sacred verses on the way.

The sword of a long dead ancestor had been sent from the palace the day before, and the Yogi sat with it in the temple as though peace had not been declared, and as though other sounds than those of seeping still followed the rains.

Next morning the Maharana sent for us. Inside the palace all was Oriental bustle. Camels, horses, fowls, elephants wandered in the courtyards, the white walls of which simply flared with purity in the sun. A perfect maze of moving humanity, from whining babes to the decrepit, aged moved about.

Suitors with their petitions sat at the doorways, soldiers paced up and down in the arches, with swords on their thighs, scribes and courtiers lounged against pillars, and stretched themselves on marble benches. Through endless passages, up innumerable stairs we were taken, and at length were ushered into the presence of a small, keen-eyed, grey-bearded, dignified man. He explained that he had been busy with his devotions. He toyed with a sword which lay across his knees.

We were away back in the Middle

Ages in the presence of a man whose greatest boast was that no Moslem blood ever tainted his own, and that he had been true to the Rajput motto, "He who keeps the faith is preserved by God." He stood for the old ways, he told us. When he goes out into his domain 3,000 retainers follow him.

He sacrifices every morning to his gods; he sits on his judgment seat and hears the petitions of his people; he keeps his sword drawn and ready, ready by hewing at clay images. Even his clocks decline to bow the knee to Calcutta, as his ancestors declined to accept the yoke of the Mogul—so he lives half an hour behind official time. I do not know to what enormities of headhunting I committed myself, but I said it was well that the old should not die.

He smiled approvingly, murmured that some of his chiefs were not so faithful as himself, shifted his sword, held out his hand, and we returned through the courtiers, the soldiers and the suitors into the noisy and the crowded courtyards far below.

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For sale at all first-class drug stores. 25c. a box, or five for one dollar. Warren's Drug Store, special agent.

Suspended Commiseration.
My creed of compassion has slowly stood for the fellow who couldn't make good if he would. But my sympathies cease, as all sympathies do, when I see a fellow who would not make good if he could. —Puck.

Exactness.
"So your little gift objects to saying 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"
"Yes; she is a truthful child, and we have been living in a room near an elevated railway in New York where nobody could sleep." —Washington Star.

Your Rising Chance.
If you're wanting to climb high in life at any time. Don't you let the trouble be a bar. Get an arseup sight. An' get a season of eight in the region where the trusty prices are. —Lodge's Institution.

The **quest** of Ripon is finely descended from a line of worthy tradesmen of York whose name he bears, and it was behind the counter that the foundations of his family were laid. One who does not remember the romantic story, the rakish Lord Compton, who carried off the heiress of "Rich" Spencer, the quondam London apprentice, under her father's nose, and thus built up, on her father's money-bags, the noble house of Northampton?—Tit-Bits.

Was Mahoney Murdered?
It was the custom in the good old days, especially in Ireland, to hang condemned men for half an hour, and then hand them over to their friends. A man named Mahoney was hanged in this way. At the end of half an hour his body was given to his friends, who put him in a coffin they had brought with them, and galloped off with him on a cart. But before they were out of sight of the gallows authorities the corpse, in the exuberance of his joy sat up in the coffin and shouted, "Hooroo!" A "dial" terrified lest this exhibition of vitality should cause the executioner to come after them, hit the hanged man playfully on the head with his stick, remarking, "Kape quiet, ye spalpeen." The silencing was so effectual that the victim of it never woke again, but was well and truly "waked" that same evening.

There was no doubt that the blow on the head killed him. The facts came to the knowledge of the authorities, and a justice was appealed to for a warrant for the culprit's arrest on a charge of murder. But the justice refused it, explaining that as the man was dead, having been hanged for half an hour and given up to his friends legally a corpse, it was impossible that he could have been murdered.

The Thermometer in Sickness.
Currie of Edinburgh employed a thermometer in the treatment of typhoid fever patients with the cold douche as early as 1797. He was ridiculed by his German contemporaries as an instance of medical decay in English medicine. The first clinical application of the thermometer was made by Santorius of Padua. He invented a thermometer open at the end. After being held by the patient it was plunged into cold water. Boerhave taught the importance of the thermometer. De Haen (1704-1776) must be given the honor of introducing the thermometer into current use at the bedside. It was not until 1850 to 1870 that it came into general use.

Hit Both Ways.
First Artist—Congratulate me, old man. I've just sold my masterpiece to Banker Parvenu and have received his check for \$5,000.
Second Artist—Glad to hear it. The miserable skinflint deserves to be swindled.

Honoring Motherhood

The month of May is chosen appropriately for celebrating the virtues of motherhood, since it was dedicated long ago to the most favored of the mothers of the race. "The month of Mary," the last month of spring, is marked by celebrations in honor of the Virgin, and one does not need to belong to any particular church or profess any especial creed, to understand the homage of Christendom.

The world has always wondered at and revered the amazing devotion of mothers. There is no suffering too great, no toil too arduous for the mother to endure or undertake in behalf of the son or daughter. It is the most unselfish devotion in the world, and it asks so little in return, it persists so patiently in the face of carelessness and even cruelty.

Yet, deep in the heart of most men, however low they may fall, is left a reverence for the mother, a longing for her care and tenderness. It is the last touch of humanity which lingers in the depraved nature and is often the redeeming grace through which an appeal is made to higher things. How often has the man who has fallen upon evil days exclaimed: "Don't let my mother know!" How often has a man remained in exile rather than let his mother see what life has written on his face!

The boyish trust in a mother's word was voiced amusingly by the child who insisted: "If my mother says so, it's so, even if it isn't so." This abiding belief in what a mother says, this trust in her truth and honor are the greatest tribute which womanhood received. Should this belief be scattered, this trust be destroyed, the world seems dark indeed.

It was Napoleon who declared that the world's great need is good mothers. It may occur to the reader of history that Napoleon's own mother could not have taught him the lessons of unselfishness and honor, or his career of unheeding ambition would have been different. However, the saying is true and will always be in force. While woman has the power of moulding the early thought and character of the race, she need never complain of the narrowness or insignificance of her sphere. It is world-wide and everlasting.

The declaration was made recently that woman has been neglected in the matter of monuments and memorials, that her work receives little public recognition. However, woman has cared very little through the ages for the monument or the tablet. They may commemorate public work or civic virtues, but she knows that her best work is more enduring than either brass or marble.

Three years ago the thought came into the mind of a daughter who desired to commemorate the anniversary of her mother's death that it would be a beautiful tribute to all mothers, the living as well as the dead, if their children, on a given day, would unite in the simple wearing of a white flower and thus make "Mothers' Day" universal. The authorship of "Mothers' Day" belongs to a Philadelphia woman.—Miss Anna Jarvis.

MISSIONARY GIRL LEAPS INTO RIVER.
(Boston Post, April 30.)
Miss Philena DeLong, 36, formerly a missionary to China, tried to commit suicide early last evening by jumping off Harvard bridge.

She was rescued by Dr. Andrew Patrick Buckley and William West, and taken unconscious to the Cambridge Relief Hospital, where she later revived and was found to be suffering from an unbalanced mind.

Miss DeLong left the house where she roomed about six o'clock, saying she was going to keep her appointment with her friend. Instead of going to Warren avenue she wandered over the rail into the water.

Miss DeLong graduated from the Gordon Training School for Missionaries, connected with the Newton Theological School, in 1899. After a term as local missionary for the Clarendon Street Baptist church she was sent to China, where she remained two years.

During her stay in China Miss DeLong is said to have tried to commit suicide by drowning.

She returned to this country about five years ago, and has been recently employed as a dressmaker. She came originally from the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia.

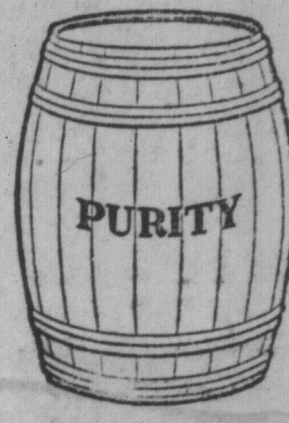
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"More Bread and better Bread"

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.

THE COMPENSATION ACT

The Workmen's Compensation Act was before the house of assembly Wednesday afternoon in committee, and was reported up for a third reading.

Several changes are made in the bill as compared with the measure when first introduced.

The act shall not apply in establishments where less than ten men are employed.

It is made to apply to men engaged in loading and unloading vessels.

"Workmen" under the act are limited to those whose remuneration does not exceed \$1,200 a year.

"Drunkness" is added to "serious and willful misconduct" as a bar to the demand for compensation in case of disability.

The act shall not apply to miners, relief societies till approved by the governor-in-council.

The time for coming into force of the act was fixed for January 1911.

Fishermen, farmers and ship-builders are exempt from the provisions of the act.

Dependent on compensation granted under the act must reside within the Dominion of Canada.

The total compensation, in case of death or disability shall not exceed \$1,500.

SKIPPING KILLS GIRL.

Port Arthur, Ont. despatch.—Florence Smith, the ten year old daughter of E. L. Smith, is dead from over exertion in an endurance skipping contest with other children in the street.

DOG'S BITE CAUSED FREDERICTON MAN'S DEATH

J. O. Smith, C. P. R. baggage master at Fredericton Junction, died on Sunday from blood poisoning. Some weeks ago Mr. Smith cut his finger on his right hand and a few days later while playing with a pet dog that animal bit him on the same finger. Blood poisoning developed, and despite efforts of several physicians continued to grow worse until death relieved him of his sufferings. The deceased was about fifty-five years of age.

There is one hat so light you'd hardly know you had it on; stylish to the minute; made quite as well as high-priced hats; so dyed as to be fade-proof; silky napped, finely finished—a smart, satisfying hat in every way. A. A. Allan & Co., of Toronto, are wholesale distributors for Canada, and the best hatter in your town will show it to you if you will ask for



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gives woodwork a surface glass-hard, mirror-bright, beautiful, lasting. Fine for floors, because M L Floorglaze can't be marred by boot-heels, castors, nor chair-legs. M L Floorglaze stays glossy; you can wash it with soap and water as you'd wash a window; it doesn't fade; it stays new and bright longer than anything else you get. Easy to put on M L Floorglaze—do it yourself—it dries hard overnight. Renovate with M L Floorglaze. Recommended and for Sale by all Reliable Dealers Including

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