The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1904. NO. 48

Professional Cards

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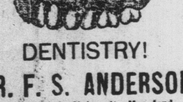

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON
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Crown and Bridge Work a specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

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. 28 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. DeWolf' 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.

CABLE ADDRESS: WALLFRUIT, LONDON. } Established over a quarter of a century
JOHN FOX & CO.
Auctioneers and Fruit Brokers,
Spitalfields and Stratford Market,
LONDON, G. B.
We are in a position to guarantee highest market returns for all consignments entrusted to us. Cash draft forwarded immediately goods are sold. Current prices and market reports forwarded with pleasure.
Nova Scotia Apples a Specialty.
Our facilities for disposing of apples at highest prices is better than ever.
Represented by
Abram Young,
BRIDGETOWN,
who will give shippers any information required. 6m

Fashionable Millinery.
Designed after the latest models. Special attention given to quality and style.
A beautiful assortment of Ostrich Plumes at special value.
MISS ANNIE CHUTE.
Bridgetown, November 1st, 1903.

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Poetry.

Talk Happiness.

Talk happiness!
Not now and then, but every blessed day.
Even if you don't believe
The half of what
You say;
There's no room here for him
Who whines as on his
Way he goes;
Remember, son, the world is
Sad enough without
Your woes.

Talk happiness each chance
You get—and
Talk it good and strong!
Look for it in
The byways as you grimly
Plod along;
Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never
Comes;
But talk it! Soon you'll find
That you and Happiness
Are chums.

When Himself Comes Back.

(Puck.)

An' it's he that's coming back again—
I've got the letter read—
(O, Mary, send the sea be still and see the ship is sound!)
He's coming from America, me fine, black curly head,
An' I thought before this day would dawn 'twas I'd be under ground.
I'm laughin' like, and cryin' like, and never a stroke I do—
The neighbors troopin' through the door have left the green a track;
It's good morning, Mary Murphy; it's great news we have for you—
You'll be proud, old woman, when Himself comes back."

O' the little, barefoot, bold gossoon, he's comin' back again—
(O, lad I almost raised the ken the day I watched you go.)
An' he's coming back a six-foot man to me that's like a wren,
With pound notes in the hand of him and linen like the snow,
It's I've put out his father's chair and scrubbed it till it shone;
An' his father's pipe (God save us) lying filled upon the rack;
There'll be no poor widow woman sittin' here at night alone
And cryin' in her tea cup when Himself comes back,

I'm sleepin' none, and eatin' none, and countin' up the days—
(O, just to hear the foot of him come sound a' on the floor!)
I'm shakin' with the joy of it, to set the turf ablaze!
And lay the table decent and be waitin' at the door,
O' it's I'm the old fool woman, but it's this I'm bold to do;
It's twenty years, come Hallowmas, I'm walkin' in the black,
And I've bought myself a 'kerchief and the color of it's blue;
(Sure his father wouldn't mind it when Himself comes back.)

Select Literature.

Miss Margaret's Valentine.

(By Hattie Hunting Pierson.)

It was a lonely life that Miss Margaret lived, and there were times when the sense of its dreariness settled down upon her heavily; but she never acknowledged this to anyone; indeed, she hardly admitted it even to herself. It annoyed her to have anyone comment on her manner of life as at all unusual, or to express sympathy for her loneliness in any way.

"Oh, I'm not a bit afraid," she would declare, "not the least bit. What is there to be afraid of in a quiet place like Woodbury?" as though the fear of bodily harm were the only possible unpleasantness that could arise from living alone.

But, as the years passed, Miss Margaret's so-called eccentricities gradually ceased to be a subject of remark in Woodbury, and came to be accepted as quite a matter of course. It was all right, the neighbors decided, if she wished to stay on at the old place after her father and mother had passed away, and her older sisters and brother had married and gone, one to Vermont, one to Massachusetts, and another to the Far West; it was perfectly natural that she would object to leaving her home; the only home she had ever known. To be sure, it had seemed a little singular that she, a young woman of twenty-five, should insist upon carrying on the farm without advice or suggestion from anyone, and that she should choose to live alone in the great house, when she might just as well rent part of it. Besides everybody knew that Susan's husband would be willing to give up his business, bring his family to Woodbury, and take charge of the farm; and, moreover, everybody guessed that John Forrest would be more than willing to cast in his lot with the independent young woman who had been the object of his devotion since they were boy and girl together, and to relieve her of all care and responsibility.

But Margaret had apparently chosen to accept none of these alternatives, and the why and wherefore of her choice had long since ceased to be a matter for speculation.

It could not be denied that she had made a success of farming. No better crops were raised in Woodbury than those on the old Olmstead farm; no one sold produce to better advantage or paid bills more promptly than did Miss Margaret. The whole appearance of the place, after ten years of her management, was one of thrift and of prosperity. The buildings and fences were in good repair and freshly painted, and the neatly kept lawn was brightened in summer time by beds of verbenas and scarlet geraniums.

It was winter now, but even the February snow, which lay in irregular patches on the lawn, and hid the star shaped foliage bed under an unsightly drift, could not counteract the general impression of care and tidiness.

Miss Margaret herself, bustling about her spotless kitchen in the early morning, with a fresh gingham apron over her dark dress and her abundant hair arranged in a smooth, lustrious coil, seemed perfectly in harmony with her surroundings. She felt the necessity of making rather more noise than usual this morning. Her little niece from Vermont had been visiting her for three weeks, and now that the child was gone the old house seemed more empty and solitary than than.

'It does seem lonely without Susie,' Miss Margaret said, talking to herself after the manner of those who are much alone. "The child was really lots of company. I would not mind having her here all the time; it gives a body something to think of and somebody to work for besides one's self. Sometimes I almost wish—but there! It's only my foolishness. I'll feel different after a few days. I wonder if Norris has fixed the door to the sheep-barn as I told him? He needs constant looking after. If he doesn't do better—"

Miss Margaret's soliloquy was interrupted by a knock on the back kitchen door. She opened it to find a little girl in red cap and coat, with yellow hair flying in the wind, holding in her hand a letter.

"Here'th thomthing for you, Mith Marg'ret,' she lisped, as she slipped the letter into Miss Margaret's hand and darted away.

"Come back, Amy; wait a minute," Miss Margaret called after the flying figure, but there was no response.

"I only wanted to give the child a cookie," she said, as she closed the door and came back to the fire. "It's growing colder, and there's a snow chill in the air; we'll have a storm before night. I wonder what this is? Susie's hardly had time to write yet, and besides it wouldn't come that that way. Looks like a child's writing, too."

She cut the envelope carefully and drew out a large sheet of paper. Near the top was drawn the picture of a woman standing in a threatening attitude, near a high fence, a stick held aloft in one hand, the other holding a chain to which was attached a ferocious looking dog. Below were written these lines:

"This woman lives not far away;
She stands and watches night and day
For fear some luckless pupil may
Climb o'er her precious fence.
If one should pick a spear of grass,
Or crack a tiny pane of glass,
Or climb an apple tree, alas!
His life's not worth 2 cts.
This woman may grow old and grey,
But luck will never come her way;
And though she lives till '99,
She'll be nobody's Valentine.

It did not need the names written underneath to tell Miss Margaret that the really clever caricature represented herself and her dog, "Rexford," guarding her property against the depredations of the children of the Woodbury district school. Because she had objected to having her neatly painted fences hacked to pieces with jackknives, or her fine fruit appropriated in wholesale quantities, or her choicest meadow-land used as a base-ball field, these young Philistines chose to resent what they regarded as 'stinginess,' and this production of genius was their revenge.

Miss Margaret looked first puzzled, then a little angry, then amused.

"I'd quite forgotten it was Valentine's Day; it's so long since I had a Valentine; not since——" she did not finish the sentence aloud; but turned to the light and studied the picture carefully.

"I shouldn't at all wonder if Roy Forrest drew that. They say he's wonderful at drawing, for a boy of his age—like his father, I suppose, he could draw anything. I wonder if Roy ever hears from him? He's never been home since Annie died; I guess they think he's dead. Poor little Roy! I'm afraid he has a pretty hard time of it, for Rena always had a bad disposition, and she never liked Annie; so of course she doesn't care much for the child. Too bad there isn't somebody to take an interest in him, and give him a chance to make something of himself."

After this somewhat ambiguous speech, Miss Margaret rose and set herself vigorously at work. The sky grew darker and darker, and by noon the snow was falling heavily. Miss Margaret's sense of isolation deepened as the day wore on, and she wandered about the house in an unusual state of restless discontent.

The early twilight found her at the old secretary in the sitting room, examining the contents of a secret drawer—some faded trinkets, a few old letters, and a square flat box. Evidently this was the shrine where Miss Margaret kept her cherished mementoes of the past. She sat down in the low rocker with the drawer in her lap, and opened the box. It contained drawings, simple pencil sketches, each one of which recalled to the lonely woman a scene of days gone by. The old Woodbury school house, the pretentious academy on Newton Hill, the little country church with its ambitious spire rising above the encircling maples; the old elm tree in the pasture, the rustic bridge over the little brook, the old Olmstead farmhouse, with Miss Margaret herself standing on the wide piazza—she looked at each one with eyes that saw not the drawing only, but the pictured scene in all its reality. In the corner of each picture were the initials "J. F." The last one was done in colored inks, an elaborate scroll-like border, enclosing a design of hearts with verses underneath—verses that no eye but Miss Margaret's had ever seen. She sighed a little as she laid the papers back inthe box, then her lip curled scornfully.

"It shows how much a man's vows are worth; but, after all, he has been sufficiently punished."

The bell rang sharply and Miss Margaret hastily replaced her treasures in the secretary, locked it, and hurried to open the door. The wind was blowing furiously, driving the snow before it in blinding sheets. A small figure in a shabby brown overcoat, covered with snow, stumbled up the steps and pushed the door too quickly. Only a pair of big brown eyes was visible between cap and muffler.

"Why, Roy! what are you doing out in this storm?" cried Miss Margaret. But the boy did not heed her question.

"I tried both doors, but I couldn't get in," he began breathlessly. "I just come from the Corners, an' I saw Norris coming out of Bailey's drunk, an' when I come by your sheep-barn the door was wide open an' the sheep out in the yard. So I worked till I got 'em all in an' the door shut, but it needs to be nailed up or it won't stay. Can you let me have a hammer an' some nails?"

"Just what I expected," was Miss Margaret's reply; "yes, I'll go with you."

Together they went to the barn and made the door secure, fighting their way step by step through the storm.

"Now, come in by the fire, Roy; oh, yes, you must," Miss Margaret insisted. "Take off your wet boots and sit right down here till you get good and warm. Why your hands are fairly blue. Then you must stay and have some supper with me."

She chatted away as she went on with her preparation for supper, telling about the little niece who had been with her, of the good times they had together, and how much she missed her, until Roy felt his awe of the dignified Miss Margaret disappearing. The fire gave him a happy sense of warmth and comfort; the supper looked most alluring; yet, when his hostess said, "Come now, sit right up, I shall be very glad to have company," the boy hung back.

"No; I hadn't ought to," he said, looking down at his ragged stockings.

"Hadn't ought to! Why not? Are you afraid your aunt will be worried about you?"

"Oh, no; Aunt Rene wouldn't care," he replied bitterly, and a cloud came over his face. "She'd be glad to get rid o' me; she said so. She thinks I'm only a bother."

There was an ominous flash in Miss Margaret's eyes. She opened her mouth to speak, then shut it again, gave the fire a poke, and finally asked:

"What then? Why oughn't you to stay?"

Roy glued his eyes to the patch on his trousers, as he replied:

"'Cause that valentine—the picture, you know; I made it, an' it would be mean——"

"Oh, nonsense!" Mis Margaret interrupted, "never mind that valentine. I didn't care the least bit. Anyway, I suppose the others put you up to it, didn't they?"

Roy admitted that they did.

"And Dean Williams made the verses didn't he?"

"Yes; but how did you know?"

"Oh, I only guessed it. Now, don't think any more about that. You've done me a great favor to-night, my boy. Don't you know those sheep might all of died before morning if it hadn't been for you? Now come right along and eat your supper without another word."

It was while Roy was wiping the dishes that Miss Margaret made a proposition which fairly took his breath away.

"How would you like to come and live with me, Roy?"

"Oh, I'd like it, you bet I would!" was the emphatic reply, "Do you want me, sure?"

"Yes, I want you. You must stay to-night, anyway, and we'll see what your aunt says to-morrow."

The tired boy was soon sound asleep in the little room next Miss Margaret's, while she sat at the table with her work-basket beside her, carefully darning the gaping holes in his stockings and patching his torn coat.

"Poor, neglected child!" she was saying to herself, when suddenly the door opened, and John Forrest stood before her.

"Pardon me; I knocked twice, but you did not hear. I could see you sitting here, so I ventured to come in. Is my boy here, Margaret?"

Margaret had arisen and was standing before him, proud and cold.

"Yes," she said quietly; "he is asleep."

She led the way to the little room, shut the door noiselessly, and returned to her work; but the hand that held the stocking trembled violently, and the movements of the needle were strangely erratic.

There had been only hard and bitter thoughts in her heart toward John Forrest all these years; but, looking in his face to-night, she had seen the marks of suffering, and quite against her will, pity came creeping in where contempt had been before.

It seemed a long time before the door opened and the object of her thought stood once more before her.

"Margaret," he said, "will you listen to me a few minutes?"

She pushed the chair toward him, but dared not trust herself to reply.

"I haven't seen my boy in six years," he went on. "I couldn't expect him to remember me, though he seems to have heard enough about me, from Rena, probably, and his ideas were strangely mixed. But he understands now, for he has forgiven me for leaving him so long, although I did it for his sake, and I supposed that he was being well cared for. Poor little chap! I fear he has had a sorry time of it. But I am going to keep him with me now, always. There is one other person whose forgiveness I must ask. Can you guess who? Don't look so hard, Margaret. I sent you a letter—it was on Valentine's Day, ten years ago, but no answer came, and I thought you did not care. I married soon after in a foolish spirit of revenge. Four years later when my wife died, she confessed to me that the letter was never delivered. I resolved not to betray her faithlessness, and went away to try to make a home for the boy. Now I have come for him to find him here, and he insists that he has promised to live with you always, and that he will not go with me unless I take Miss Margaret too. So I ask you, not for his sake alone, but also for my own—will you come, Margaret?"

Five minutes later the bedroom door opened slightly, and a voice called, "Papa, have you asked her, and what did she say?"

"Yes, Roy," was the answer; "I have asked her and she said 'Yes.'"—Ledger Monthly.

Ayer's

Give nature three helps, and nearly every case of consumption will recover. Fresh air, most important of all.

Cherry Pectoral

Nourishing food comes next. Then, a medicine to control the cough and heal the lungs. Ask any good doctor.

"I spit much purulent matter of long standing. I was much troubled with night sweats. I am now without them."
ANDREW G. HAMILTON, Marietta, Ohio.

Prepared by J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Consumption

Health demands daily action of the bowels. Aid nature with Ayer's Pills.

Signalling Under Water.

The cause of three-fourths of the ship-wrecks and loss of life at sea seems about to be removed. It is not a wire or even the air, but the water this time that is used to transmit sound vibrations. For some months there has been installed on the steamers of the Metropolitan Company of Boston, an apparatus which may yet make it possible for the vessel beating about the coast in a storm to know where the rocks and shoals are when the fog will not permit the light to be seen and the noise of the wind drowns the sound of the bell buoy or the siren; for a battleship to know of the approach of a submarine, and a fishing smack of the approach of a liner off the Banks of Newfoundland.

The apparatus is extremely simple. It amounts to nothing more or less than ringing a bell under water, which the pilot or captain can hear telephonically. Screwed on both sides of the vessel's hull are two receivers, which are connected by wires with the wheel house. These receive the vibrations from the bell hanging in the water on the side of the lightship. The navigator has only to put the ear piece to his ear and ascertain on which side the vibrations are the louder in order to know the direction of the lighthouse and his own position in the fog with comparative accuracy.

For fishing vessels a bell receiver has been provided, and this is used also to get more delicate intonations aboard a steam vessel. The value of the apparatus was put to a good test recently when the steamer James S. Whitney was approaching the Boston lighthouse on her return from New York. The lighthouse was obscured by rain and fog. Thanks to the signal apparatus the captain immediately heard the bell and got his direction. It was not until five minutes after that he heard the lightship's whistle for the first time.—Collier's Weekly.

Return of Jews to Palestine.

The fulfilment of prophecy is at hand. Because of persecution in the lands of their adoption many Jews are turning their faces toward Jerusalem. It will be an immense undertaking to restore Jerusalem to its former beauty, grandeur and utility. Perhaps the greatest achievement of its former days was the supply of the city with pure water. It was brought many miles through a continuous mass of rock and stored in immense reservoirs of rock within the walls of the city at untold cost. One of these reservoirs made in the solid rock still remains. It is an oblong quadrangular tank, 240 feet in length and 150 feet in breadth. Many of the millions of dollars for a pure water supply, many times without success.

The medical world recognizes the fact that the greatest health necessity is an abundant supply and a liberal use of pure water. There are sections of our country where the supply of pure water is unlimited and comes "without money and without price." Unfortunately the cities are not located in these sections. The most noteworthy of these is the pine-clad sand-hills of North Carolina. In the most desirable location in this section is Pinebluff, where from every hillside springs forth the purest water. Here, too, is the pure, dry, soft, balmy pine-laden air, abundant sunshine, perfect drainage, freedom from mud or dust; the best place in the world for health, recuperation and rest.

Danger of Living with Consumptives

Is real danger, because the sputum of affected persons diffuses itself through the air and finds lodgment in the systems of others. If exposed to consumption use fragrant healing Catarrhozone, the most efficient germicide known. No case of catarrh can withstand Catarrhozone which cures this loathsome disease thoroughly. Cold in the head is cured in a few minutes, and bronchitis, asthma, and lung trouble are cured to stay cured if Catarrhozone is employed. "I don't know any remedy so good for Catarrh and bronchitis as Catarrhozone," writes N. T. Eaton of Knowlton. "It cured me after years of suffering and saved me from consumption. Two months' treatment $1.00; trial size 25c.

—"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook.

"I don't know exactly," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are real tender."

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.

Report of the Representatives of the Annapolis County Farmers' Association to the Nova Scotia Farmers' Association in Annual Session at Truro, Feb'y 2nd, 3rd and 4th, 1904.

The Annapolis County Farmers' Association to the Nova Scotia Fermers' Association,

Greeting:—

This Association met in annual sessionin January of last year at Annapolis Royal, with a good representative attendance. Mr. F. Miles Chipman, the very efficient President, with his staff of officers, were re-elected, and addresses were had from the following gentlemen: Mr. Robertson of the Experimental Farm, Nappan, on "The Growing of Clover to Enrich the Soil;" Mr. Cox of the Outlook, Middleton, on "Exhibitions as Educators;" Mr. Elderkin, of the Maritime Stock Breeders Association, on "Dairying;" Mr. John Donaldson, of Port Williams, on "Stock Raising;" and Mr. W. H. Weatherspoon, of Granville Ferry, on the same subject.

Mr. B. W. Chipman, the Secretary of Agriculture, gave a very interesting account of his work.

These very excellent papers and addresses called for a good deal of discussion, engaged in by very many of those present, and was the means of creating new interest all along the different lines of farm work under discussion.

An effort was made in June to hold a picnic at the Government Farm at Truro, but as the D. A. Railway management could not or would not give us the accommodation asked for, we were obliged to abandon this project, a matter we very much regretted, as at the growing season we hoped to be able to get some good object lessons in farm methods.

As at our meeting at Annapolis in January the subjects under discussion were largely along the lines of stock-raising and general farm culture, we thought it best at our meeting in June at Lawrencetown, to take up the live question, with us, of fruit culture, and particularly the value of spraying and the time and methods by which the spray should be applied. With this object in view, Prof. Sears, of the Horticultural School at Wolfville, gave an object lesson in spraying in the afternoon and a lecture inthe evening on pruning, calling forth many questions and much discussion on the methods and merits of spraying, and as a result spraying was undertaken by our orchardists more than ever before, and more clover and such like cover crops, were sown.

The interest aroused at the Farmers' annual meeting, and the Fruit Growers' Association meeting at Middleton, together with the fact of little or no interest being taken in the Provincial Exhibition due to its being held at a time when our fruit can only be shown at a great disadvantage, inspired our people to seek for the holding of an exhibition for the first time in Annapolis County, and having obtained assurance from the government of aid towards the undertaking, and a guarantee from the Town of Bridgetown and the Municipality of Annapolis that they would meet any deficit that might accrue, also assurance from the neighboring county of Kings to render all assistance possible to make the exhibitions a success, and from Mr. Gifkins, of the D. A. Railway to give us such train accommodation as we needed, we entered upon the undertaking. Our work was largely initiative, but was attended with a fair amount of success. A prize list of over $1100 was put out, and a show was held at Bridgetown of fruit, vegetables, flowers, grain and seeds, dairy produce and poultry. The show of fruit has been said by those who ought to know, to have been "the finest ever shown anywhere." This exhibition was held on Oct. 6, 7 and 8, and was a success in every particular, leaving a surplus of $117.50, after paying all expenses, and this without any side attractions of any kind, not even horse racing.

Through some misunderstanding with Mr. Bryan, secretary of the Nova Scotia Farmers' Association, we failed to make connection with him when making his trip among the associations in December last, a matter which we very much regret.

Our annual meeting was called for the 4th of January, and Prof. Smith, Prof. of Agriculture, Truro, Mr. Saxby Blair of the Experimental Farm, Dr. J. B. Hall of the Provincial Normal School, and Mr. Geo. B. McGill, of the Consolidated School, Middleton, were invited to give addresses. The elements at this time disarranged our plans, blocking the roads so that the Association could not get together. A small meeting was held at Lawrencetown. Prof. Smith gave an address on "Rotation of Crops;" Mr. Blair on "The first ten years in a young orchard," and Mr. McGill on "Education." All of these addresses were received with great interest.

We finally got together in annual meeting on Jan'y 15th, at Lawrencetown. After routine business, the Rev. How of Annapolis Royal, gave a very excellent paper on the education of out young farmers. Much of the time of this meeting was spent in discussing the new act and by-laws of the County Farmers' Association, which was finally adopted, and our officers re-elected for the remainder of the year, ending May 31st, the association to be called together the first of June to appoint its officers under the new act. Resolutions were also passed suggesting changes in the by-laws as follows:

"That clause 6 of Rules and Regulations be amended to make membership year close with annual meeting. Also that clause 14 of annual meeting be amended and time for holding meeting be extended to thirty days instead of twenty, as now."

Respectfully submitted.
EDWIN J. ELLIOTT,
H. F. WILLIAMS,
Representatives.

Birthday Celebration of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The proposal to celebrate the hundredth birthday of the Bible Society by observing the first Sunday in March as Universal Bible Sunday, has met with a most rematkable response. Nearly every Bishop of the Anglican Communion, at home and abroad, has written commending it to his diocesan clergy. All the great Non-Conformist Assemblies and Conferences have heartily agreed to unite in this common festival. In Scotland, both the Established Church and the United Free Church have recommended their ministers to join in the celebration. In the British Colonies the idea has been welcomed with even greater readiness by all denominations, including the Dutch Reformed Church in South Africa. Our great missionary societies, without exception, have joined hands in this common thanksgiving. Many of them including the C. M. S., the L. M. S., and the W. M. S., have generously arranged to forego their own sermons and meetings on March 6th in favor of the Bible Sunday. Foreign Mission churches and stations innumerable, scattered all the world round, will unite to keep the feast. The Reformed Churches of the Continent are not backward in practical sympathy. The Lutheran Bishops of Sweden and Denmark, the protestant synods in France, and Holland and Belgium, the Waldensian Synod in Italy, the Consistory of the Protestant Church in Saxony, and the Conventus of both the Lutheran and the Calvinistic Church in Hungary have each and all agreed to share in the celebration; while in the United States both the great Presbyterian Churches, the two Methodist Episcopal Churches, and the Protestant Episcopal Church, are pledged to the same course. Many civic dignitaries and public bodies have already arranged to recognize the national significance of such a festival. Their Majesties the King and Queen, have promised to be present at a special service on that day in St. Paul's Cathedral, when the Archbishop of Canterbury will preach.—The British Weekly.

The Cause of Piles.

Is invariably constipation, which is quickly remedied by Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sure relief, and no griping pains. For a remedy that never fails, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.

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Agent for Lingard's Cough and Dyspepsia Remedies.

WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

SUMMARY OF THE WAR NEWS.

It is gravely asserted that the Japanese strategists intend to land one hundred thousand men on the coasts of Liao Tung, between the Yalu and Port Arthur.

There are farther intimations from Port Arthur that the Russian fleet is ready for an offensive movement.

A skirmish between torpedo boats in the Gulf of Pechili is reported.

The Japanese fleet is said to have established a base on Elliot Island, near Port Arthur.

The Russians have heavily reinforced Kinchow and Niu Chwang.

Port Arthur seems to have been panic-stricken during the bombardment but is again tranquil.

There were four hundred torpedoes on the Variag, two-thirds of Russia's entire store in those waters.

Six hundred Russian soldiers are said to have perished in crossing Lake Baikal.

The two cruisers purchased by Japan from Italy have reached Yokohama.

The Bayarin, a Russian cruiser, was reported destroyed through accidentally striking a mine; 197 officers and men, all on board, perishing.

Russia's minister to Korea has left the country by order of the Japanese. The latter are in full control of the peninsula.

New York, Feb. 19.—A cable from the World's correspondent in Berlin says: "Viceroy Alexieff has determined to fall back to Harbin, leaving Port Arthur to work out its own salvation. Alexieff takes this step in view of the utter impossibility of maintaining and protecting a line of communication 1200 miles long and as vulnerable to attack as the railway through Manchuria. The Viceroy is fully confident that Port Arthur can withstand a long siege. He is now fortifying Harbin, and will use it as the base of the great array.

The announcement that Harbin and not the "impregnable" Port Arthur will be the base of future operations has been received with consternation in Russian military circles. It has caused a sensation more painful than the calamities which have befallen the Russian fleet, as more clearly than any event that has occurred. It reveals the formidable nature of the enemy to whom Russia is opposed. The feeling of alarm and despondency grows deeper at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

The police have good reason to believe that the revolutionists are taking part in the so-called patriotic manifestations.

A representative of the Paris Matin, who has reached the centre of the Russian military concentration at Harbin, after great hardships, due to the trans-Siberian railway trains being crowded with thousands of soldiers, in a despatch dated from Harbin yesterday, confirms the announcement that that place will be the main base of the Russian land operations. Thus far the base has succeeded in maintaining its communication with Port Arthur.

The concentration of troops, the correspondent says, proceeds systematically, and provision has been made for the speedy arrival of 12,000 men from the divisions of Moscow, Kieff and Varsovie. Before twelve days shall have elapsed, the Russians will have disposed of an army of 400,000 men through Manchuria.

Intense demoralization exists among the populace, and the people of the surrounding villages are flocking into the town, seeking to reach western Russia. The railway trains, however, are blocked, and over two thousand voyagers are thus held up. The intense cold prevailing increases the suffering and adds to the difficulty of bringing forward troops.

The newly selected base of operations is situated at the junction of the two branches of the Russian railway. From Harbin one branch of the line continues on to Port Arthur, the other goes further north to Vladivostock. As a point of concentration its advantages are very evident.

London, February 22.—The cables are still absolutely silent with regard to the progress of the war, but there are vague rumors of land fighting. As an instance, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Paris edition of the new York Herald talks of a Russian repulse on the Yalu River, with a loss of 2,500 lives. The rumors are unconfirmed. From a reliable quarter the Morning Post's Che Foo correspondent says he learns tens of thousands of Japanese are advancing by forced marches from various parts of Korea on the Yalu, and that severe fighting is expected shortly.

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Dear Sirs'—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

JOHN A. MACDONALD.
Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

Lost Her Life While Thawing Pipe.

Boston, Feb. 13.—Mrs. Maud Enghaben, 45 years old, was fatally burned in Lynn, yesterday afternoon, while trying to thaw a frozen water pipe. The circumstances of her death were tragic, as it appears that she was literally burned alive before her shrieks attracted assistance. She was a domestic in the home of Alfred Allard, 2 Stephen street, and was alone in the house when the accident happened. She undertook to thaw out a water pipe in the cellar with a kerosene lamp, which upset, igniting her dress, and she was quickly enveloped in flames.