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SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32.

BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1904.

NO. 28

Professional Cards

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STATEMENT 1887 1993 1994 \$500,000 \$1,205,900 \$1,286,295 40,000 \$25,000 \$25,000 472,401 5,115,618 5,835,421 184,42 1,143,806 5,835,421 1,134,902 789,890 6,534,220 7,607,609 54,139 10,754 \$04,426 7,137,176 \$,115,850 1,385,209 9,170,284 10,573,650

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

poetry.

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypross tree. Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet,
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget!

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain;
And dreaming through the twilight, That doth not rise nor set,

-Christian Rossetti

Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts, Given to redeem the human mind from

against a brother, on its

own the dark future, through long generations, through long in the maple tree and sounded so hot, The echoing sounds grow fainter and

portals
The blast of War's great organ
shakes the skics!

-H. W. Longfellow.

The Gentleman From Indiana By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER VI.

HEY walked slowly back along the pike toward the brick house. He was stooping very much as they walked. He wanted to be told that he could look at face was rarely and exquisitely mod-eled, but perhaps just now the sallent characteristic of her beauty (for the salient characteristic seemed to be a different thing at different times) was the coloring, a delicate glow under the in its seeming to reflect the rich beneliction of the noonday sun that blazed

overhead. Once he had thought the way to the Briscoe homestead rather a long walk, but now the distance sped malignantly. Strolled they never so slow, it was less than a "young bird's flutter from a wood." With her acquiescence he rolled a cigarette, and she began to hum lightly the air of a song, a song of ineffably

gentle, slow movement.

That, and a reference of the morning and perhaps the smell of his tobacco mingling with the fragrance of her roses, awoke again the old reminiscence of the night before. A clearly outlined picture rose before high green slopes and cool cliff walls of the coast of Maine and the sharp little estuary waves he lazily watched through half closed lids while the pale smoke of his cigarette blew out under the rail of a waxen deck where he lay cushioned. And again a woman pelted his face with handfuls of rose petals and cried: "Up, lad, and at 'em! You der is Winter Harbor!" Again he sat in the oak raftered casino, breathless with pleasure, and heard a young girl sing the "Angel's Serenade," a young girl who looked so bravely unconscio

of the big, hushed crowd that listened, and good, that he had spoken of her as "Sir Galahad's little sister." He had been much taken with this child, but he had not thought of her from that Capital Authorized, - \$3,000,000

Capital Subscribed, - 1,336,150

Capital Paid Up. - 1.336.150 eye, a sweet and vivacious child's face, 931,405 with light brown hair and gray eyes

and a short upper lip like a curled rose leaf. And the voice—
He stopped short. "You are Tom Meredith's little cousin."
"The great Harkless," she answered and stretched out her hand to him. "I remember you."

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager,
C. N S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr.,
W. C. Harvey, - Inspector.

BRANCHES:

"Isn't it time?"
"Ah, but I never forgot you!" he cried. "I thought I had. I didn't know who it was I was remembering. I thought it was fancy, and it was memory. I never forgot your voice, singing, and I remembered your face, too, though I thought I didn't." He drew a deep breath. "That was why"—
"Tom has not forgotten you," she said as he paused.

said as he paused.
"Would you mind shaking hands once more?" he asked. nce more?" he asked. She gave him her hand again. "With

all my heart. Why?"

"I'm making a record of it; that's
all. Thank you."

"They called me 'Sir Galahad's little sister all one summer because the great John Harkless called me that.

You danced with me in the evening." "Did I?"
"Ah," she said, shaking her head, "you were too busy being in love with pretty Mrs. Van Skuyt to remember a waltz with only me! I was allowed to meet you as a reward for singing my very best, and you—you bowed with the indulgence of a grandfather and

"Like a grandfather! How young I was then! How time changes us!"
"I'm afraid my conversation did not make a great impression upon you,"

Orange Meat

Ask Your Grocer

she continued,

"But it did. I am remembering very fast. If you will wait a moment I will tell you some of the things you said." The girl laughed merrily. Whenever The girl laughed merrly. Whenever she laughed he realized that it was becoming terribly difficult not to tell her how adorable she was. "I wouldn't risk it if I were you," she warned him,

"because I didn't speak to you at all. I shut my lips tight and trembled all over every bit of the time I was dancover every bit of the time I was dancing with you. I did not sleep that night, and I was unhappy, wondering what the great Harkless would think of me. I knew he thought me unutterably stupid because I couldn't talk for grateful pirate, cruising with Mrs. Van

"How time does change us!" said "How time does change us?" said John. "You are wrong, though. I did think of you. I have a!"— "Yes," she interrupted, tossing her head in airy travesty of the stage coquette, "you think so—I mean, you say so—now. Away with you and your And so they went through the warm

noontide, and little he cared for the heat that wilted the fat mullein leaves and made the barefoot boy who passed forchead Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

by skip gingerly through the burning by skip gingerly through the burning dust with anguished mouth and watery eye. Little he knew of the katydid that hot, hot; or that other that railed at the country quiet from the dim, cool shade around the brick house, or even the rain noon dinner—chicken wing and young roas'n ear, hot rolls as light as the fluft milk and apple butter flavored like spices of Arabia and fragrant, flaky cherry pie and cool, rich, yellow cream. Lige Willetts was a lover, yet he said he asked no better than to just go on eating that cherry pie till a sweet death overtook him; but railroad sand-

> At no other time is a man's feeling of added to Lige Willetts. "Some one companionship with a woman so strong as when he sits at table with her, not at a "decorated" and becatered and be-waitered table, but at a homely, appetizing, wholesome, home table like old Judge Briscoe's. The very essence of the thing is domesticity, and the implication is utter confidence and liking. There are few greater dangers for a bachelor. An insinuating imp perches on his shoulder and, softly tickling the bachelor's ear with the feathers of an arrow shaft, whispers: "Pretty gay, isn't it, eh? Rather pleasant to have that girl sitting there, don't you think? Enjoy having her notice your butter plate was empty? Think it exhilarat-

would it seem to have such pleasant company all the rest of your life? Pretty cheerful, eh? It's my conviction that your one need in life is to pleas a tup in your arms and run away with her, not anywhere in particular, but "Hain't that fool shet up yit?" snarl-After dinner they went out to the He was sitting near the young couple,

that your one need in life is to pick her just run and run and run away!" weranda, and the gentlemen smoked.

The judge set his chair down on the was distinctly audible to them and The judge set his chair down on the ground, tilted back in it with his feet on the steps and blew a wavery, domwith his sweetheart!"

"The both of 'em says they're going to do fer ye," bleated Mr. Bardlock; others moved their others."

"with his sweetheart!"

"The both of 'em says they're going to do fer ye," bleated Mr. Bardlock; "swears they'll ketch their ovens with join in the celestial vision. A feath-ery thin cloud or two had been fanned across it, but save for these there was nothing but glorious and tender brilclose one marveled the little church spire in the distance did not pierce it. Yet at the same time the eye ascended miles and miles into warm, shimmering ether. Far away two buzzards

swung slowly at anchor halfway to the "O bright, translucent, cerulean hue, Let my wide wings drift on in you," Harkless quoted, pointing them out to "You seem to get a good deal of fun out of this kind of weather," observed Lige as he wiped his brow and shifted

his chair into the shade. "I expect you don't get such skies as this up in Rouen," said the judge, looking at the girl from between his lazily half closed eyelids. "It's the same Indiana sky, I think," she answered.
"I guess maybe in the city you don't see as much of it or think as much about it, then. Yes, they're the In-

diana skies." the old man went on. "Skies as blue
As the eyes of children when they smile "There aren't any others anywhere that ever seemed much like them to me. They've been company for me all my life. I don't think there are any others half as beautiful, and I know there aren't any as sociable. They were always so." He sighed gently, and Miss Sherwood fancied his wife must have found the Indiana skies as lovely as he had in the days of long "Seems to me they are the softest ago. "Seems to me they are the softes and bluest and kindest in the world." "I think they are," said Helen, "and

they are more beautiful than the Italian skies, though I doubt if many of us Hoosiers realize it, and certainly no one else does."

The old man leaned over and patted her hand. Harkless gasped. Hoosiers!" chuckled the judge, "You're a great Hoosler, young lady!

much of your life have you spent in the state? 'Us Hoosiers!' "But I'm going to be a good one," she answered gayly, "and if I'm good enough when I grow up maybe I'll be a great one."

The buckboard had been brought

around, and the four young people climbed in, Harkless driving. Before they started the judge, standing on the horse block in front of the gate, leaned over and patted Miss Sherwood's hand again. Harkless gathered up the reins.
"You'll make a great Hoosier, all
right," said the old man, beaming upon the girl. "You needn't worry about that, I guess, my dear." When he said "my dear," Harkless spoke to the horses.
"Wait," said the judge, still holding

the little hand. "You'll make a great

already a very beautiful one." Then be bent his white head and kissed her

Hoosier some day; don't fret. You're

"Good afternoon, judge," said John.
The whip cracked, and the buckboard
dashed off in a cloud of dust.
"Every once in awhile, Harkless," the protective as he wished to feel. old fellow called after them, "you must remember to look at the team." The enormous white tent was filled with a hazy, yellow light, the warm, dusty, mellow light that thrills the rejoicing heart because it is found no-

what the great Harkless would think of me. I knew he thought me unutter ably stupid because I couldn't talk to him. I wanted to send him word that I knew I had bored him. I couldn't endure that he shouldn't know that I knew I had. But he was not thinking of me in any way. He had gone to sea again in his white boat, the ungrateful pirate, cruising with Mrs. Van meeting the elephant; here marched sturdy yeomen and stout wives; here came William Todd and his true love, the good William hushed with the embarrassments of love, but looking out warily with the white of his eye for Mr. Martin and determined not to sit within a hundred yards of him; here rolled in the orbit of habit the town bacchanal, Mr. Wilkerson, who politely answered in kind all the uncouth road

heart the population of Carlow and part of Amo.

Helen had found a true word; it was a big family. Jim Bardlock, broadly smiling and rejuvenated, shorn of de-pression, paused in front of the "reserve" seats, with Mrs. Bardlock on around the brick house, or even the rain crow that sat on the fence and swore to them in the face of a sunny sky that they should see rain ere the day were done. Little the young man recked of what he ate at Judge Briscoe's good noon dinner—chicken wing and young ery one within hearing, turned to look at Jim, but the gentleman addressed was engaged in conversation with of a summer cloudlet, and honey and milk and apple butter flavored like "Hi! Hi, there! Say! Mr. Harkless!" bellowed Jim informally. The people

turned to look at Harkless. His atten-tion was arrested, and his cheek grew red. "What is it?" he asked, a little confused and a good deal annoyed. "I don't hear what ye say," shouted wiches and restaurant chops might have been set before Harkless for all the difference it would have made to "What is it?" repeated the "What is it?" repeated the young man. "I'll kill that fellow tonight," he

ought to have done it long ago." "What?"
"I said, What is it?" "I jest wanted to say me and you certainly did fool these here Hoosiers this morning. Hustled them two fellers through the courthouse, and no-body thought to slip round to the other door and head us off. Ha, ha! We were jest a leetle too many fer 'em, huh?"

ber that moment. She knew it too, She put her hand to her cheek and From an upper tier of seats the rusty

length of Mr. Martin erected itself joint by joint, like an extension ladder, and he peered down over the gaping faces at the town marshal. "Excuse plate was empty? Think it exhilarating to hand her those rolls? Looks nice, doesn't she? Says 'Thank you' rather prettily? Makes your lonely breakfast seem mighty dull, doesn't it? How would you like to have her pour your would it seem to have such pleasant the following the faces at the town marshal. "Excuse the," he said sadly to those behind him, but his dry voice penetrated everywhere. "I got up to hear Jim say 'we' again."

Mr. Bardlock joined in the laugh against himself and proceeded with his wife to some seats forty or fifty

Mr. Martin rose again. "Don't git scared and leave town, Mr. Harkless!" he called out. "Jim 'll protect you." Vastly to the young man's relief the and equestriennes capered out from the dressing tent for the "grand en-

musicians blatted inspiringly through it all, only pausing long enough to allow that riotous jester, the clown, to ask the ringmaster what he would do if a young lady came up and kissed him on the street, and to explode his witticisms during short intervals of rest for the athletes.
When it was over, John and Helen

found themselves in the midst of a densely packed crowd and separated from Miss Briscoe and Lige. People were pushing and shoving, and he saw her face grow pale. He realized with a pang of sympathy how helpless he would feel if he were as small as she and at his utmost height could only see big, suffocating backs and huge see big, sunceating backs and hole shoulders pressing down from above. He was keeping them from crowding heavily upon her with all his strength, and a royal feeling of protectiveness came over him. She was so little. And yet, without the remotest hint of hardness, she gave him such a distinct impression of poise and equilibrium. She seemed so able to meet anything that might come, to understand it—even to laugh at it—so Americanly capable and sure of the event that, in spite of her

You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood— Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted

Sarsaparilla it. Their doctors trusted it.
Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.

"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles perma-nently cured me."

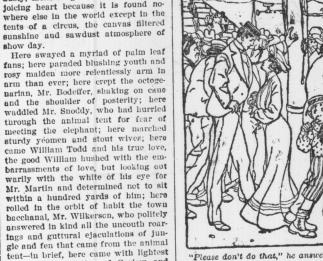
MRS. F. R. HART, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. SI.00 a bottle.

All druggists.

for

J. C. ATER CO.,
Lowell, Mass, Rich Blood

pale cheek, he could not feel quite so He managed to get her to one of the tent poles and placed her with her back to it. Then he set one of his own hands against it, over her head, braced himself and stood keeping a little space about her and ruggedly letting



"Please don't do that," he answered. the crowd surge against him as it rough carelessness.
"Thank you. It was rather trying in there," she said and looked up into his eyes with a divine gratitude. "Please don't do that," he answered

"Do what? "Look like that." She not only looked like that, but more so. "Young man, young man," she said, "I fear you're wishful of turn-

ing a girl's head." The throng was thick around them, garrulous and noisy, but they two were more richly alone together, to his appre-ciation, than if they stood on some far satellite of Mars. He was not to for-get that moment, and he kept the pic-ture of her, as she leaned against the big blue tent pole there, in his heart; the clear, gray eyes lifted to his, the piquant face with the delicate flush stealing back to her cheeks and the brave little figure that had run s straight to him out of the night shadows. There was something about her and in the moment that suddenly fouched him with a saddening sweet-ness too keen to be borne. The forgetmenot finger of the flying hour that could not come again was laid on his

turned away from him a little tremulously. Both were silent. They had been together since early They had been together since early morning. Plattville was proud of him. Many a friendly glance from the folk who jostled about them favored his suit and wished both of them well, and

times"—
"Do you see that tall old man up
there?" said Helen, nodding her head
toward Martin. "I think I should like
to know him. I'm sure I like him."
"The to ald Tom Martin."
"The total Tom Martin." "That is old Tom Martin." "I know."
"I was sorry and ashamed about an she might have kept affoat and re-

the dressing tent for the "grand entrance," and the performance commenced. Through the long summer afternoon it went on—wonders of horsemanship and of horsewomanship, hair raising exploits on wires tight and slack, giddy tricks on the high trapeze, feats of leaping and tumbling in the rings, while the tireless musicians blatted inspiringly through At that a wild exhilaration possessed him. He wanted to shake hands with every soul in the tent, to tell them all that he loved them with his whole heart; but, what was vastly more im-

> bomeward drive, and once, bomeward drive, and once, told him that she had read a good many of his political columns in the Herald, he ran them into a fence. After this it occurred to him that they were near ing their destination and had come at a perversely sharp gait, so be held the rans down to a snall's pace (if it be true that a snall's natural gait is not a true that other. A menian bands are preparation to the Imperial Limitor, william. The man, who is supposed to the Imperial Limitor, william. The man, who is supposed to the Imperial Limitor, william. The man, who is supposed to the Imperial Limitor, william. The man, who is supposed to the Imperial Limitor, william. The man, who is supposed to the Imperial Limitor, william. The man, who is supposed to be James Walker, of Nova Scotia, has not been seen since. The incident observed that observed that observed that observed the balance of the Imperial Limitor.
>
> -A timi destruction and homeward drive, and once, when she told him that she had read a good many

fered widely about Ibsen.

They found Mr. Fisbee in the yard, talking to Judge Briscoe. As they drove up and before the horses had quite stopped Helen leaped to the ground and ran to the old scholar with both her hands outstretched to him. He looked timidly at her and took the hands she gave him; then he produced from his pocket a yellow telegraph envelope, watching her anxiously as she received it. However, she seemed t attach no particular importance to it, and instead of opening it leaned to-ward him, still holding one of his

"These awful old men!" Harkless groaned inwardly as he handed the horses over to the judge. "I dare say he'll kiss her too." But when the editor and Mr. Willetts had gone it was Helen who kissed Fisbee.
"They're coming out to spend the

evening, aren't they?" asked Briscoe, nodding to the young men as they set off down the road.
"Lige has to come whether he wants to or not," Minnie laughed rather con-sciously. "It's his turn tonight to look after Mr. Harkless."

"I guess he won't mind coming," said

the judge.
"Well," returned his daughter, glancwell, returned all adupter, glanding at Helen, who stood apart reading the telegram to Fisbee, "I know if he follows Mr. Harkless he'll get here pretty soon after supper—as soon as the more account." the moon comes up, anyway."

The editor of the Herald was late to his evening meal that night. It was dusk when he reached the hotel, and for the first time in history a gentle-

man sat down to meat in that house of entertainment in evening dress. of entertainment in evening dress. There was no one in the dining room when he went in—the other boarders had finished, and it was Cynthia's "evening out"—but the landlord, Columbus Landis, came and attended to his wants himself and chatted with him while he ato. him while he ate. "There's a picture of Henry Clay,"

remarked Landis in obvious relevancy to his companion's attire—"there's a picture of Henry Clay somewheres about the house in a swallow tail. Governor Ray spoke here in one, Bodeffer says; always wore one, except it was higher built up 'n yourn about the col-lar and had brass buttons, I think. Ole man Wimby was here again tonight," the landlord continued, changnight," the landlord continued, thanging the subject. "He waited around fer ye a good while, but last he had to go. He's be'n mighty wrought up sence the trouble this morning an' wanted to see ye bad. I don't know if you seen it, but that feller 't knocked your hat off with a club got mighty near tore to pieces in the crowd before he got away. Seems some of the boys re-cog-nized him as one of the Crossroads Skillets and sicked the dogs on him, and he had a pretty mean time of it. Wimby says the Crossroads folks 'll be worse 'n ever, and, says he, 'Tell him to stick ose to town,' says he. 'They'll do anything to git him now,' says he, 'and anything to git him how, says anything; I told him you wouldn't take no stock in what any one says, and I knowed well enough you'd laugh and I knowed well enough you'd laugh and I knowed well enough you'd laugh any says and I knowed well enough you'd laugh any says and anything to git him how, says and anything to git him how, says and the s that a-way. But, see here, we don't put nothin' too mean for them folks. I tell ye, Mr. Harkless, all of us are

scared for ye."

The good fellow was so earnest that when the editor's supper was finished and he would have departed, Landis detained him almost by force until the arrival of Mr. Willetts, who, the landlord knew, was his allotted escort for the evening. When Lige came (wear-ing a new tie, a pink one he had has-tened to buy as soon as his engagements had given opportunity) the land-lord hissed a savage word of reproach for his tardiness in his ear and whisperingly bade him not let the other out of

the darkness. (To be continued.)

Which Died First ? Outcome of the Digby Drowning Tragedy.

Halifax Herald: An interesting and Horton Bluff, where he has dwelt since have passed through the Mukden hosdifficult legal question promises to on a small farm. He was well known arise in connection with the descent of and highly respected by all. At the the property of Vera Mowry, one of time of the visit of the Duke of York the victims of the Bear River Loating to Halifax, he visited the city and ecident of the 4th August. As will was kindly received by His Royal be recalled, Vera Mowry was the Highness. He is said to have been daughter of Mrs. O'Eiley, by her first the only colored man who ever held marriage, and both were drowned, the coveted Victoria Cross. He was where, "I got up to hear Jim say "we' again."

Mr. Bardlock joined in the laugh right feet distant. When he had settled himself comfortably he shouted over cheers fully to the unhappy editor, "Them shelf men got it in fer you, Mr. Harkless!"

"Hain't that fool shet up yit?" snarled the aged Mr. Bodefer indignantly. He was sitting near the young couple, and the expression of his sympathy was distinctly audible to them and many others. "Got no more regards than a brazing calf—disturbin' a feller in the special passing, closed when their owners, closed when their owners, and many these special to speak to Harkless in passing, closed when their owners, and which, in the event of her death prior to that of her mother, was to go to the latter. It is now to be decided which of the two died first, as, if Mrs. O'Riley outlived her daughter, the property would pass through her to the husband, Colonel O'Riley, and the expression of his sympathy was distinctly audible to them and many others. "Got no more regards than a brazing calf—disturbin' a feller in trust, and which, in the event of her death prior to that of her mother, was to go to the latter. It is now to be decided which of the two died first, as, if Mrs. O'Riley outlived her daughter, the property would pass through her to the husband, Colonel O'Riley, if Miss Vera Mowry was the last to succumb, her step-father would not inherit, but the Mowry heirs would be entitled to the estate. Colonel O'Riley, was here a few days ago, and interviewed several who were present when the obdies were recovered, and some of the bodies were recovered, and some

in' for me. It's be'n lonesome some the bodies were recovered, and some of those who assisted in the attempts to until the following day, but even so,

"But I liked it. It was 'all in the family,' and it was so jolly and good natured, and that dear old man was so bright. Do you know," she went on in a low voice, "I don't believe I'm so yen, August 31st, in which more than a score were killed. Armeniens to the body in two and killing him instantly. number of 150 raided the town, captured four houses and barricaded them-selves. Troops attacked the houses, and in the fight which followed two sad event was witnessed by a number try this week. He asked them to stay soldiers and twenty other persons were of people, and the stoutest hearts were out for eight weeks longer and victory portant, she loved them a great deal-killed. The authorities set fire to a deeply fouched. portant, she loved them a great deal-in spite of having known them only two days.

The data of adjoining houses so that the troops might be better enabled to betwo days.

He made the horses prance on the homeward drive, and once, when she homeward drive, and once, when she homeward drive, and once, when she had once had o

red blood that flows through

somewhere. The springs of red blood are found in the soft core of the bones called the marrow and

are full of fat. Scott's Emulsion makes new

they call a "good fellow," but they call and invalids and for all whose blood is thin and pale, Scott's Emulsion is a pleasant and rich blood food. It not only feeds they call a she appears bright and interested she will get on well blood food. It not only feeds

headache?

Perhaps it comes from eye-strain, or defective vision PROPER GLASSES

will remedy the trouble, it such be the cause. Better let us test your eyes we can tell strained in any way.

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B., Graduate Optician.

Royal Pharmacy

He Won the Victoria Cross.

Death of the Only Colored Man Who Received the Decoration.

Horton Bluff, the colored man who on the Victoria Cross during the Indian rebellion, died Thursday of last week, aged 78 years. Mr. Hall entered the British navy at an early age, left to the Japanese, who were forced and served his country faithfully for to attempt the task as a matter of reach that night. Mr. Willetts replied many years. At the relief of Lucknow with a nod implying his trustworthi- he was one of a squad of marines who impossible. The awful rains handiness, and the young men went out into volunteered for a very difficult service, and he received the cross for standing to his gun while the company was engaged in blowing open a gate to make an entrance into the city. He and another man were alone to work the gun, Difficult Legal Question That Will Be their comrades having been killed, and by their pluck and perseverance succeeded in effecting an entrance for the British troops. Twenty years ago | the hospitals to the utmost. One cor-

Glamis, Ont. R. W. HARRISON.

Killed by Train.

that conspicuousness and shouting. It must have been very unpleasant for you. It must have been so for a strange. ger. Please try to forgive me for letting you in for it."

"But I liked it. It was 'all in the Turks.

A Hot Fight Between Armenians and motive, in doing some shunting, struck a waggon driven by Mr. Horace Swain, a waggon driven by Mr. Horace Swain, city will have no material effect upon

of the unfortunate man.

—Advertising death is generally brought about through the existence all druggists.

Handle Hollow, Bullow and the existence all druggists.

Handle Hollow, Bullow and the existence all druggists. of one or more of three distinct causes: 1, failure to maintain adver-tising long enough; 2, failure to take space enough and tell your story pro-Like the running brook, the perly; 3, failure to give much attention to results to such results as are the veins has to come from brought to your notice through your

advertisers.—Thomas Balmer. They Make You Feel Good.

The pleasant purgative effect experi-

blood by feeding the bone who is very witty at other people's er if you reply to the place the name marrow and the spleen with the richest of all fats, the pure with the richest of all fats, the pure who is very witty at other people's er if you reply to the place the name of which is printed in the postcard. Greetings to my family and friends."

The Russian Army Has Arrived at Mukden, after Floundering in

The Men Lav Down in the Mud and Slept in the Drenching Rain With-Shelter-The Dead Were

Left for the Japs to Eury-Hospitals Crowded With St. Petersburg, Sept. 10-1i50 a.m.that Field Marshal Oyama's tired troops practically abandoned on Wednesday the attempt to head off Generhas arrived safely at Mukden after a frightful experience in floundering

darian road. Some descriptions along the line of retreat are almost incredible. They tell how the men lay down in the mud and slept in a drenching rain without shelter. It is evident that the last determined effort of the Japanese to bring Kuropatkin to bay was made on Tuesday, but the Russian commander-in-

artillery beat off the Japanese, while the remainder of the troops continued the march to Mukden. After that the Japanese could only hang on to the flanks and try to shell the retreating columns from the hills. The outposts are still in contact, but They are not even exchanging shots.

A late Associated Press despatch sent tonight from Mukden describes the horribie plight of the tentless and shelterless soldiers. The detailed statement of the Russian losses, which it promised will be issued on Saturday, is awaited with intense interest. It is expected that the losses will reach 20,000 and 30,000 for the Japan

capped the work of cremation on which the Japanese relied, and only shallow trench burials were possible under the circumstances. Not only is this work one of the greatest difficulty, but it is almost valueless from a sanitary point of view, the storms un The care of the wounded has taxed pitals up to Sunday, and only the most severe cases could be attended to therefore, had to be left to the rough but well-meant care of their comrades

POSITION OF THE ARMIES. London, Sept. 10.-The Daily Express claims to have trustworthy i has reached Tie Pass, (40 miles north of Mukden) and is preparing to defend that place against the Japanese.
The second one is midway between Mukden. The fourth, consisting of 45,000 men under General Meyendorff, hard fighting twelve miles south of Mukden. The fifth of about 12,000 men is further south, exhausted by inessant fighting, and is surrounded on three sides by the Japanese, its position being one of extreme danger from which it can hardly hope to escape. "Everything now depends," says the paper, "on Mcyendorff's ability to hold Kuroki in check, which so far has

been successfully done.

Says Butchers Will Win in Two Months. Chicago, Sept. 4.-The return to ork of the 3500 strikers in New York

would follow.

-The Japanese government postcards. Realizing that, for various reasons, the soldier on campaign may write home to his family, the military authorities have supplied to each army a sufficient number of postcards, ready printed, to which the soldier has only to affix his name, or, more exactly, his seal, each Japanese soldier carry-ing one with him as part of his outfit. some say red blood also comes from the spleen. Healthy bone marrow and healthy spleen marrow and -Men always fight shy of the girl letters will reach me sometime or oth-

the blood-making organs but gives them strength to do their proper work.

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