Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 26. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1898. NO. 18.

Professional Cards.

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Capt A T Mahan's "The American Navy in the Revolution," to be illustrated by Carlton T. Chapman, the marine artist; Henry Fenn, and others.

Thomas Nelson Page's First Long Novel. "Red Rock—A Chronicle of Reconstruction." Mr. Page has devoted four years to the story, and he considers it his best work. (Illustrated by B. West Clinedinst.)

Rudyard Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, Joel Chandler Harris, Geo. W. Cable, and others, are under engagement to contribute stories during 1898.

Robert Grant's "Search-Light Letters"—replies to various letters that come in consequence of his "Reflections of a Married Man" and "The Opinions of a Philosopher."

"The Workers" in a new field—Walter A. Wyckoff, the college man who became a laborer, will tell his experience with sweatshop laborers and anarchists in Chicago. (Illustrated from life by W. R. Leigh.)

The Theatre, The Music, etc., will be treated in "The Conduct of Great Business" series (as were "The Wheat Farm," "The Newspaper," etc., in '97), with numerous illustrations.

Life at Girls' College—like the articles on "Undergraduate Life at Harvard, Princeton and Yale," and as richly illustrated.

Political Reminiscences by Senator Hoar, who has been in public life for forty-five years.

C. D. Gibson will contribute two serial sets of drawings during '98, "A New York Day," and "The Seven Ages of American Woman."

☞*The full prospectus for '98 in small book form (24 pages), printed in two colors, with numerous illustrations (cover and decorations by Maxfield Parrish), will be sent upon application, postage paid.*

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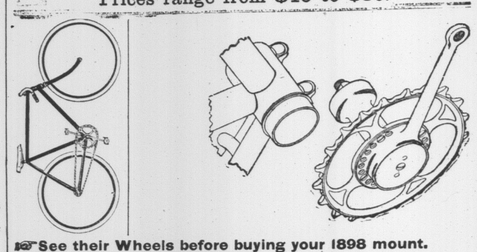

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Poetry.

Brilliants.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother;
For where love dwells the peace of God is there.
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer. *[Whittier.*

With the resistless might of Spring
That from dark Winter's bondage breaks,
Through fear and doubting let us wing
Into the light God's service makes!
The words were easy to redeem,
Would Faith dare do what Love dare dream! *[E. B. Betham.*

Shall we know in the hereafter
The reasons that are hid?
Does the butterfly remember
What the caterpiller did?
How he waited, toiled and struggled
And became a chrysalid?
When we creep so slowly upward,
When each day new burden brings,
When we strive in vain to conquer
Hindering sublunary things;
When we wait and toil and struggle—
We are working for our wings. *[Anon.*

O Earth, thy carpet is so green to-day,
I would forget the graves it hides away!
I would not hear the sighs of grief and care
That tremble in thy balmy, sunlit air.
But Nature's touch upon the soul within
Is as the master hand on violin;
And through thy music's softest, sweetest strain
There throbs an endless undertone of pain. *[Carrie Blake Morgan.*

I sent my soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, "I myself am Heaven and Hell."
Heaven is but the vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire. *[Fitz Gerald's "Omar Khayam."*

Select Literature.

In a Tunnel.

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice! will ye be afthur comin' upstairs? An' sure she's dead entirely this time?" cried the frightened servant girl, rushing out on the piazza, where Alice Austin stood looking anxiously down the road.

Alice hurried upstairs and found her sister-in-law lying still and white on the floor.

"Bring me some water and the salts from the bureau, Betty; she has only fainted," said Alice, kneeling beside the prostrate form.

In a few minutes Mrs. Austin opened her eyes and said feebly:

"Has Edward come home yet? I feel so strangely sick!"

"We will send for the doctor presently, Margaret, when we get you to bed. Ned will be home soon, I hope," and with Betty's assistance Alice lifted the slight form on the bed.

Three weeks before Eddie Austin, the two-year-old idol of the household, had disappeared, and all search for him had proved fruitless. As the days passed on hope gave way to despair, and the heart-broken mother, weighed down by anxiety and the cruel torture caused by false reports of the discovery of her boy, sank into a state of apathy bordering on insanity. Daily was the cry heard through the streets of the little village of Fairfield: "Child lost! Child lost! Large rewards offered!" till all hearts sickened at the sound.

Mothers kept their little ones within doors, dreading far less the entrance of the Dark Angel than that fiends in human form should steal their household treasure to gratify a merciless passion of avarice.

"Betty, you will have to take one of the girls and go for the doctor," whispered Alice, in alarm, as she noticed a gray pallor creeping over the wan face on the pillow.

"An' shure, miss, none of 'em be home but meself. And oh, Miss Alice, I niver can walk alone to Fairfield this dark, dark night."

The girl looked so frightened at the bare prospect of going that Alice said, after a pause:

"Well, Betty, then I shall have to go, and you must stay with Mrs. Austin. If Mr. Austin returns before I do, tell him I have gone by way of the tunnel," she added, putting on her hat and walking jacket.

"The saints deliver us! For Hiven's sake, don't ye be goin' be the tunnel, Miss Alice!" exclaimed Betty, imploringly.

"Don't be frightened," replied Alice smiling. "No train will pass for an hour, and it shortens my walk nearly a mile. It is just six o'clock now, and I shall be home a little after seven," and, giving the girl some parting injunctions about her sister, Alice ran downstairs. Opening her brother's escritoire in the library, she took from a private drawer a small pocket revolver and, opening the front door, stepped out into the darkness.

It was a damp, cold night in November. The wind moaned drearily through the leafless trees and heavy clouds chased each other across the heavens, obscuring the moon. Crossing the road, Alice walked a short distance and, clambering over a stone wall, found herself in the narrow strip of wood which bordered the railroad cut. Following the narrow, beaten path through the trees, she soon reached the edge of the ravine, 15 or 20 feet above the track. The path continued its windings down the side of the cut, but the way was stony and in many places dangerous. The darkness, too, prevented anything like rapid progress.

She finally reached the bottom of the ravine and had crossed to the right hand track, when a low sound among the bushes above her caused the cold drops to spring out on her forehead and almost stopped her heart's beating. Quickly crouching down under an overhanging rock she listened. Nothing was heard save the soughing of the wind and the faint ripple of a tiny rill running down among the bushes near her. Suddenly the bushes overhead were stirred, and a stone fell directly in front of her. She scarcely dared to breathe, but crouched under the rock with her hand clasped tightly in her breast. The tunnel was but a few rods beyond her, but she dared not move.

"I'd like to know how much longer yer going to keep up this confounded tramp, Pete Johnson. It's been nothin' but marchin' and counter-marchin' this whole cursed day," said a low, coarse voice among the bushes.

"Why did yer enter into the bargain if yer goin' to back out so soon?"

"Well, I'd be satisfied with half the ten thousand, for I'm nigh done up with these three weeks' work," said the first one.

"An' I tell ye I'll niver give him up till I git the whole twinty thousand. The father's rich, and it's twinty thousand dollars or the mother'll never see her swate darlin' agin."

A brutal laugh grated upon the girl's ears; then the first speaker whispered:

"I reckon she'll niver know her boy in this little bag of bones, though me arms is worn out wid carrying him the last three hours."

Alice could scarcely believe what her ears had heard. Her brain reeled, and she nearly fell from the rocky ledge on which she sat as the truth dawned upon her. Her brother's child, her golden-haired little pet, was just within her grasp, but two brutal men kept watch over him. As she began to realize the danger of her position, her mind became clearer, and she resolved, at all hazards, to rescue him. She heard the men step back some distance from the bushes and then all was still. She waited a few minutes, and then with a pistol grasped tightly in her hand, she crept stealthily out of her hiding-place and struck a narrow path which led to the top of the bluff. She knew the way, and the darkness favored her ascent. Reaching the summit, she looked cautiously around. The clouds had parted, and the faint shimmer of moonlight through the trees enabled her to observe her surroundings distinctly. A few feet beyond were the two men stretched out on the ground, their figures partially concealed by the trunks of two large trees and a clump of bushes. Between them Alice saw a little baby form with its golden head pillowed on the cold, damp grass.

Creeping along behind the bushes she reached one of the trees, and, standing behind it, she waited for some minutes, hesitating what to do. The stentorous breathings of the men convinced her that fatigue had steeped their senses and that they would not readily awaken. If she should be successful in seizing the child, she could not return by the way she came. With Eddie in her arms she never could scale the precipitous side of the cut, followed, as she probably would be, by two relentless pursuers.

Again, if she should seek the shelter of the tunnel, the down express train would soon pass through, and an up train would follow but 10 or 15 minutes later. She resolved, nevertheless, to take the latter course, and, with this decision made she prepared to carry out her plans. Passing swiftly round the bushes, she stood before the sleeping group. The moon at that instant shone out brightly and fell upon the white, pinched face of the child. Not a moment was to be lost. Grasping the pistol more firmly, she glided between the men and seizing Eddie, she sprang past them, but in so doing struck the foot of one of the ruffians. Darting up, he saw the slight figure running swiftly down the path. He sprang forward, awakening his companion, and, with muttered curses, they followed in hot pursuit. With the child clasped closely to her heart, Alice sped down the rocky pathway. She heard the men close behind her; stones were hurled at her, and one struck her shoulder. Terror lent wings to her feet, and she soon reached the track, along which she flew and entered the tunnel. On—on she sped, but her breath came quick and short, for her strength was failing. She heard the heavy pantings of one close behind her. She almost felt his hot breath. Hugging the little form more tightly to her breast and with a despairing prayer for help, she ran on. A rude hand clutched her shoulder, and, with a shriek that ran through the tunnel, she turned and faced her pursuer like a wounded animal at bay, raised her pistol and fired. With a yell of rage and pain, the man leaped into the air and then fell with a heavy thud on the track beside her. Alice breathed more freely and ran on, though with feebler steps, through the darkness. Suddenly a low, rumbling sound smote upon her ear, and toward the opening of the tunnel she saw a faint light glimmer in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and then the horrible truth flashed upon her. It was the headlight of a locomotive, and she knew that the 7 o'clock express train was thundering down the track.

Faint and bewildered, the horror stricken girl had lost her reckoning. She knew not on which track she was and stood staring with terror-strained eyes as the thundering mass came tearing down the rail. It's great red eye lit up the black walls of the tunnel with a fearful glare. Still the girl moved not; fright had chained her to the spot. The monster was close upon her; she heard its horrible breathings. Was she on the right track? The roar of a Niagara deafened her and, with a shriek of despair, she fell senseless to the ground.

Mrs. Austin fell asleep soon after Alice's departure. Seven o'clock came and Betty began to be alarmed. At that instant the bell rang. Rushing down stairs she opened the door and Mr. Austin stepped into the hall accompanied by a stranger.

"How is Mrs. Austin?" asked the former, anxiously.

"An' sure, she's asleep, sir. But, oh! Miss Alice—hiv ye seen Miss Alice?"

"No; where is she?"

"An' oh! she wint afthur the docthur, sir, an' she wint be the tunnel; an' I'm sure she's kilt, for the train's just afthur goin' by!" cried Betty, excitedly.

"Good heavens! the tunnel!" exclaimed Austin, turning white.

"Yes, sir; she said it was shorter that way," sobbed the girl.

"Hush! Get my lantern, Betty, while I run upstairs. I'll be down directly, Dana," turning to the fine looking man he had brought with him.

He hurried to his wife's room, pressed a kiss upon her white brow, and returning to the hall took the lantern from Becky, saying:

"Don't leave Mrs. Austin an instant. We may be absent some time, but you need not be alarmed."

The two gentlemen did not utter a word as they left the house, but following the path through the woods, clambered down the cut and entered the tunnel, swinging the lantern right and left as they walked on. Suddenly Dana stopped. Directly in his path lay a dark heap. Throwing the light of the lantern upon it, the gentleman stooped and then started back with an exclamation of horror, for before them lay a bleeding, mangled mass of human flesh and bones.

"Some poor fellow has gone to his doom," muttered Dana, striding away from the sickening spectacle.

They had walked some distance further when a deep groan broke the ghastly silence of the tunnel. Flashing the lantern on the other side of the track, Dana discerned another man's form close to the dripping wall. As he was about to raise him, Austin uttered a hoarse cry, and, springing forward, the two men stood over the prostrate form of a woman between the tracks. A pistol lay on the ground beside her, which Austin instantly recognized as his own. He trembled so violently that Dana pushed him aside and raised the slight form. As he did so his companion bounded past him, and in a voice in which joy, pain and incredulity were blended, cried out:

"Oh, my boy!—my precious boy! She has found my Eddie!" and he caught the little form to his heart and fairly sobbed aloud.

"Oh, heaven, he is dead! Gerald, look at him!" and the father's eyes burned with anguish as he looked at the white, baby face pillowed upon his breast.

Dana laid Alice on the ground and looked earnestly at the child.

"Cheer up, Ned, the little fellow has been drugged. Listen! His heart beats!" and putting his ear down he heard the faint flutterings which told of the spark of life still remaining in the wasted form.

"And Alice, is she—"

"She is in a swoon, and the sooner we get her to the doctor's the better. It is quite evident that she was pursued by those scoundrels while rescuing your child, and that fellow yonder has somewhere in his body a ball from this pistol," picking it up as he spoke.

Lifting the insensible girl in his strong arms, Dana strode down the track, followed closely by Austin, who held his boy wrapped warmly under his coat. After some minutes' walk they were out of the tunnel and reached the depot, where they drove directly to a doctor's. For an hour Alice lay insensible in the doctor's office, and when she opened her eyes Austin whispered in alarm:

"Why does she talk so strangely, doctor?"

There has been such a terrible strain on her nervous system that I fear she may have an attack of brain fever unless a reaction takes place," he replied with some anxiety. "A good hearty cry would do her more good than any of my remedies."

"Let her see the child. That baby's face ought to be enough to melt a heart of adamant," said Dana compassionately.

Austin laid Eddie beside her. She looked at the little white emaciated face with a troubled, sorrowful expression for a instant, and then, clasping her arms tightly around the child, burst into a passionate, uncontrollable flood of tears.

By this time the news of the child's rescue had spread like wildfire through the town. Bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and men, women and children rushed to the doctor's house, crowding the street and sidewalks. The entire village had turned out, and yards, doorways and stoops were alive with an excited populace. The crowd was clamoring to see the hero of the hour, and cries of "Eddie Austin!" filled the air.

"Ned, you will have to take him on the stoop to satisfy them," said Dana, as the shouts and cries were redoubled.

Austin took the child out on the steps, and as the bright light of the torches fell upon them, cheer after cheer rent the air. When the father raised the little inanimate form so that all could see it, the excitement and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Women cried aloud for joy, boys shrieked and hurrahed, and many a tear coursed down the hard, weather-beaten cheeks of stalwart men in the crowd. Alice stood beside her brother, leaning on Dana's arm, but overcome with agitation, was led back fainting to the sofa.

Roused to indignation by the sight, some one shouted out: "Death to the child-stealer!" In an instant the cry was caught up by the excited crowd, who rushed in frantic haste toward the railroad. Dragging the wounded man from the tunnel, they would have lynched him on the spot had not Dana, with the sheriff and one or two others, arrived to prevent them.

The wretch was grovelling on the ground in an agony of pain and terror. With haggard face and bloodshot eyes he looked up and cried aloud for mercy; but he saw no pity in the white, inexorable faces around him. A rope was placed around his neck, he was dragged to a tree, when Dana hurried to the spot.

"Untie that rope!" he demanded sternly. "We'll string him up to high heaven first!" answered an angry voice near him.

"However deserving the fellow may be of death, it is not for you to take the law into your own hands," replied Dana.

"The deuce take the law and you, too! What right have you to interfere between that man and justice?" said the fellow, clinching his fists threateningly. The excitement had now reached a fever heat. The crowd had quickly gathered around Dana, who stood beside the wounded man; threats and curses were freely hurled against both, and the state of affairs began to look alarming.

"If the man is guilty he has a right to be tried, and I'll shoot the first one of you who dares to touch him!" said Dana coolly.

His quiet, commanding tone—and, still more, the menacing gleam of the pistol he made no effort to conceal, quelled the tumult, and the miserable man was carried to the village jail, followed by an angry, hooting crowd, clamorous for his death.

An hour later Eddie Austin was in his mother's arms. For days death hovered over the darkened home, threatening to carry away first one and then the other. But when over the little village of Fairfield the sun shone brightly, it smiled, too upon the happiest home in all the land. For a golden-haired boy, with rosy cheeks, was playing near his mother's chair, and Margaret looked up with a proud, happy smile to her husband's face as the little fellow laughed in baby glee and rolled and tumbled over the good natured hound who lay stretched on the rug before the blazing wood fire.

—Explosive bullets are not used on either side in this war, excited correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding. Surgeon La Garde explains that when the Mauser or any other small caliber bullet fired with great velocity pierces any vessel or organ within the body that contains fluid, the fluid is scattered with such force as to convey to uninitiated who see the wounds the impression that the bullet itself exploded. The use of explosive bullets is forbidden by international understaning as something atrocious, like poisoning well water. The Spaniards are said to cut their bullets so as to make them mushroom on striking. If they do they keep within the laws of war. The modern bullet which is better described as a bolt and has about the circumferense of a small lead pencil, does not stop men who are wounded in the fleshy portions of the body. It goes right through and wounded men frequently go on. To counteract this effect the British cut off the points of their bullets, thereby "stopping" men who are hit. The experiments that led to the adoption of this device were carried on at Dum-Dum, a military station in India, hence the term "Dum Dum bullets."

At the Port Said entrance to Suez Canal two busts are to be placed on lofty pedestals—one of Queen Victoria, by the English in Egypt, and one of Ferdinand de Lesseps, by the French in Egypt.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

THE BLACKWALL DISASTER.

It is fortunately very seldom that a scene of pleasure and rejoicing becomes in an instant one of mourning and disaster; and yet this is precisely what occurred at the Thames Ironworks, Blackwall, London, on Tuesday, June 22, last, on the occasion of the launch of the new battleship Albion. As has by this time been chronicled at length in the daily press, a temporary staging on which were stationed some hundreds of persons watching the launch, was both displaced and demolished in the sweeping back-wave made by the vessel as she entered the river from the slip. No less than two hundred people were immersed in the water, of whom, so far as could be ascertained, only thirty-four were drowned. They were nearly all of the poorer class of the population, and resident in Blackwall and Canning Town.

The Duchess of York, who performed the christening ceremony, was not apprised of the sad calamity until some time after the occurrence. Both the Duke and Duchess at once sent a telegram to the officials who had informed their Royal Highnesses of the unhappy fact, expressing their profound regret at the disaster and their heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of the victims.

The following account of the accident, written by an eye-witness, appears in the London *Daily Telegraph*:

"I was sitting with my legs hanging over the quayside, at a spot facing the bows of the great battleship. I had a perfect view of the basin and of the stands, crowded with people, lining its shores. Six feet below me, floating on the water, were huge baulks of timber chained together, to serve, as I imagined, as a kind of 'fender' for the stone quay. Not that in the present case they would have been of more service than brown paper, for the huge mass of the sliding warship would, if the restraining cables had parted, most assuredly cut deep into the solid masonry on which we were seated. We were late in arriving, and consequently had not long to wait for the launch. Guns were being fired, and a faint shout was heard; then a voice behind me cried, 'Here she comes!' But how slowly! The moving mass was end on to me, and for some minutes I did not realize that the great vessel had started on her way. Then something fell away underneath her, and with rapidly gathering momentum she struck the water. In the next minute it was all over. From the point where she cut the water two white lines of foam, cresting two towering waves, moved angrily from her gigantic sides. It was my first launch, so my eyes moved backward and forward over the whole splendid spectacle and did not remain fixed on any special feature of the scene. She was coming at me—that I felt as well as saw. But what was that in the corner of the bay, and why was the solid phalanx of watching faces moving so strangely? The logs at my feet were rising, rising, and the great ship was coming nearer. Then a shout from on board the battleship broke in upon the cheering. The logs are level with the parapet. We are standing now and backing away from the edge in fear; but no, it is all right—the logs sink again, the great ship comes no nearer. The wave she has crested is passing away.

"But over in that corner there is a great gap in the ring of people. The wave that moved our logs had got under some staging erected partly over the water, in that corner of the basin, and lifted it, platform, fence and people, bodily up; and then, as it receded, had carried the treacherous timbers and their human freight out into deep water. Scores of people were struggling for life in a mass of wreckage and broken water, for the launch had made the still basin like a stormy sea. There are splashes—one, two, three, six, too many to count—men are leaping to the rescue—but where are the boats? With painful slowness, as it seemed to our anxious gaze, some boats are rowing to the rescue. "Go on!" we cry. "Hurry up!" The police launches make their appearance, and yet more boats, until, to us looking on, the crowding of these craft seems as dangerous as the river itself to those in peril of their lives. Then we see them lifting helpless forms from the water. Presently a boat returns with a woman supported by loving hands, looking very pale, but alive, thank God! And the crowd gives a cheer, and then others, and we cheer them all. We ask for news. 'Are there any drowned?' 'There must be,' say the watermen; 'there are a lot under the staging.' And we have no heart to cheer for the rescued. A boatman scrambled up on the quay where we were watching, 'Are there any doctors here? We want doctors.' Quickly enough—though it seems too cruelly slow—a boatload of medical men is under way. I jump down from the parapet on to the floating logs, hail a boat and in two minutes arrive at the scene of the catastrophe. The water was studded with the 'cradles' used for the launching of the ship, but in this corner of the basin, under the shadow of the great cruiser being built for Japan, there was other flotsam, the ugly black timber of the fatal platform, and a fence half in and half out of the water. They had recovered several bodies when I arrived.

"Only a few minutes had passed since that terrible wave had done its work. So, surely there was hope. Here in a boat was the body of a woman, and people working devotedly to recover the life not yet pronounced extinct. There on the stone quay is another anxious group working over another prostrate form—also a woman. A shout from the crowd. They found another body under the submerged fence. A young girl this time. Two men and a woman instantly work with failing hopes to call back life. 'How are they getting on there?' I ask. 'The doctor thinks there's still a chance.' 'How is the child?' I ask, after half an hour's patient movement of the little arms—forward, backward, forward, backward, forward, backward, in the vain attempt to cheat death of at least one victim. 'The child is dead,' comes back after a few minutes the sad answer. Later they recover two more bodies from under that fence—and then another—a poor old woman. 'Quite dead,' said the doctor. And so the sorrowful afternoon wore on. Before I left—a little more than an hour after the accident, I counted seven dead bodies—all women and children.

"'How did the disaster happen?' was the question asked again and again on board the steamer that brought us back to London. I had questioned boatmen before I left, and so far as my information goes, two main points stand out. In the first place, I was told that the spot where the staging gave way was not intended for the use of spectators—was, in fact, marked 'dangerous'—but that the public had gone there against the order of the authorities. In the second place I was told that at these very works, in this very place, a similar accident had happened at a launch eight or nine years ago—fortunately, on that occasion, unattended with loss of life."

The transactions at the St. John branch of the Savings Bank and agencies during June were as follows: Deposits, $35,086.00; withdrawals, $96,093 44.

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Australian Federation.

The final returns of voting in New South Wales on the federation question show 70,990 votes for the bill and 65,619 against. The majority in favor of the bill is, therefore 5,371. The contest continues, and an agitation is being raised to repeal the amending Act which raised the necessary minimum of votes in favor of the federation to 80,000. The federalists maintain the majority must rule.

In Victoria 93,473 votes have been given for and 20,579 against; in Tasmania 13,406 for and 2,900 against; and in South Australia, where the voting took place on Saturday, the returns show 25,659 for and 15,121 against the bill.

The total number of electors entitled to vote on the question of federation was: Victoria 252,000; New South Wales 293,000; and Tasmania 31,000.

Before the poll Sir W. Laurier, the Canadian Premier, cabled to Sir George Turner, the Premier of Victoria as follows:—"Confederated Canada sends greetings and heartfelt wishes for the success of the cause of the Federated Australia."

Sir George Turner, Premier of Victoria, replying to a suggestion of Mr. G. H. Reid that a conference should be held to consider a modification of the Commonwealth Bill so as to make it acceptable to New South Wales, said that, while anxious to do anything to secure federation on reasonable terms, he doubted whether Victoria would accept the suggestion for a conference of Premiers. He added, however, that, if Mr. Reid submitted the proposed amendments, he would carefully consider them, after consulting with his colleagues and the leading Federationists.

British Preference.

Ottawa, July 8.—At a Cabinet meeting to be held this afternoon, new customs regulations will be considered for the working of the British preferential tariff which comes into operation on Aug. 1, restricted to the United Kingdom, and colonies. They will be very simple, but nevertheless as stringent as it is possible to make them. The British exporter will be required to send a special separate invoice for goods claimed to have the preference; that is if goods are being sent to Canada partly British and partly foreign they may, of course, be sent in the same case, but two invoices will be required by the Canadian customs authorities. On the back of the invoice for the British goods a certificate will have to be made by one of the principals of the firm of exporters that the goods are entitled to the preference as being of British or Colonial origin, or that being of foreign origin they have been further manufactured in the United Kingdom to the extent of such percentage as may be required by Canadian law.

The preference being given to British labor, it will be sufficient to enable goods coming from the United Kingdom securing the preference if a considerable percentage of the total labor on an article is British, although the major portion may be foreign. Whether that percentage is to be twenty-five or fifty is for the council to determine, but it is thought by some that if the percentage of labor equalled the amount of the preference it would meet the case. For the present month the preference, of course, extends to all the countries which have been receiving it for the last number of months, but on Aug. 1, by special act of last session, the preference is confined to British goods from Aug. 1.

Wants Freer Trade.

The Portland, Me., Board of Trade Journal for July has the following: "Not since long before the abrogation of the Canadian reciprocity treaty with the United States have we heard such a spontaneous growing sentiment of friendliness and desire for closer trade relations with the Canadian provinces, as is evidenced in the past two months, inspired by a grateful and hearty appreciation of our people at the friendly attitude of the mother country towards this nation in the present war—a wide contrast from the sentiments and feeling of the representatives to the commercial convention that convened at Detroit in 1865, comprised of delegates from forty-five boards of trade and chambers of commerce, convened for the purpose of urging our government to abrogate the old treaty of '54 which soon after followed. We hope that the closest trade relations with our Canadian neighbors will be brought about at the earliest possible day. Portland has always been in favor of intimate trade relations with Canada, and has several times urged the president and members of congress to take action in establishing the freest reciprocity."

Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

London, July 9.—The house of lords yesterday, by a vote of 129 to 56, passed the second reading of the bill of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal (better known as Sir Donald Smith, the former high commissioner of Canada), making marriage with a deceased wife's sister lawfully contracted in the colonies valid in the United Kingdom.

The leading feature of the bill is that it allows the children of those domiciled in the colonies where such marriages are lawful to succeed to real property in the United Kingdom.

How She Was Troubled.

"I was afflicted with that tired feeling and had no appetite. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and in a short time my appetite was better and the tired feeling was gone. Since then we always take Hood's when we need a blood purifier." MRS. S. KINCH, Beatrice, Ont.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, concedes the right of Newfoundland to insist upon a revision of French claims on the west coast of the island and upon enforcing a strict observance by the French of their treaty agreements. Mr. Chamberlain also agrees that Newfoundland is entitled to a membership in the commission appointed to adjust the differences between the United States and Canada. The British Government will insist upon the presence of a British consul at St. Pierre.

A few weeks ago Merritt Bros. & Co., of St. John, landed 900 chests of tea in Eastport, Me., in anticipation of the passage of the war revenue bill which imposed an increased duty of ten cents per pound on the article. The importation comprised about 45,000 pounds, and the new duty alone added to cost would net a profit of $4,500.

Thomas Carroll, of San Francisco, recently broke the world's record for throwing the 16 pound hammer, held by himself, making a new one of 165 feet. He also broke the record of 220 feet with the light hammer, throwing it 242 feet.

A reliable estimate places the number of British investors interested in British Columbia mines at 15,000 to 20,000, and their total investments at $30,000,000.