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UNION BANK OF HALIFAX,
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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 28. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1901. NO. 46

In the Night

Sudden disease, like a thief in the night, is apt to strike confusion into a household. Croup chooses the hours of darkness for its deadly visitations. Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, cramps and colic come frequently in the night. Are you prepared for midnight emergencies? A bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT gives security, eases pain and saves life. The real danger from a large number of ailments is inflammation. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is the remedy for inflammation and, whether used internally or externally, it subdues it, gives relief from pain and cures the disease.

Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT
A FOE TO INFLAMMATION

is just the same as it was ninety years ago. At all seasons of the year it is in daily demand for curing colic, cramps, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafings. In fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, la grippe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Get it from your dealer. Two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. The larger size is more economical.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON, MASS.
Write for free copy "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room."

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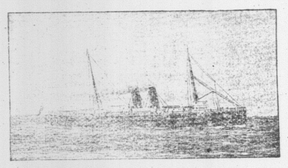
Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.



THE YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO'Y, LTD.

On and after October 6th, this Company will make

Two Trips per week between Yarmouth and Boston as follows, viz:

Steamer "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening; after arrival of trains from Halifax.

LOCAL RATE: Yarmouth to Boston, $1.50. Return, $3.00.

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D. McPHERSON, Gen. Mgr. W. A. CHASE, Sec. and Treas.
Yarmouth, N. S., October 1st, 1900.

Bridgetown Boot and Shoe Store

FALL STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL LINES!

MEN'S LEG BOOTS, Grain and Wax.
MEN'S HEAVY GRAIN BELLOWS TONGUE. Five different lines to pick from.
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BOOTS FOR WEAK ANKLES. I have got a line of Boots with stayed ankles for children with weak ankles
HALF SOLES AND TOP LIFTS, WOOL SOLES.
LEATHER AND RUBBER CEMENT.
RUBBER BOOTS for Men, Women, Boys and Children.

MURDOCH'S BLOCK, - E. A. COCHRAN.

Poetry.

No stream from
Its source flows seaward,
How lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened.
No star ever rose and set
Without influence somewhere,
And no life can be pure in its purpose,
And strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
—*Owen Meredith.*

Ah, friends! how soon, how very soon, our loved ones pass
Beyond the reach of human handed ministries!
Oh, then, by word and deed, make manifest to day
The promptings of a heart compassionate and kind!
Keep not endearing names and meed of praise
For death closed ears and chiselled monument!
Keep not the warmest kisses for the cold brow
And the rarest flowers for the coffined dead,
But give them to the living, give them to-day,
Lest those whom they would bless should die to night

A Worker's Prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know through Thee the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all eternity's offence;
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Brings Eden to the craftsman's brain,
God-like to muse o'er his own trade
And man-like stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who has made the fire,
Thou knowest who has made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread temple of Thy worth;
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my kin;
Or, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need.
—*Rudyard Kipling.*

A Legend.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing
I half forgot,
And whether I read or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not.
It is said that in heaven at twilight a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and harken to the wonderful music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain and strife,
Heartaches and weary longings that throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrusts from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angel rings.
And I think there is in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me;
Let us look in our hearts and question, "Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul, if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?"
So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for—you and me.
—*Household*

Select Literature.

How the Mortgage Was Paid.

John Burgess had been out all day hiring men for the woods. He and his two younger brothers, Hugh and Peter, had resolved to "go in" again on a small scale anyway. Farm produce was low in the market; in fact, it was almost impossible to sell at any price the pork, hay, oats, butter and other things that were really not needed on the farm.

The Burgess boys had lumbered the winter before, but they hadn't done very well. There had been too much snow in the winter and too little rain in the spring. They had got their drive out and their lumber to market; but when they got their savvy bills and came to settle up at the great country store, they weren't sure whether they had made money or a debt. But there is a fascination about lumbering and the woods. So the Burgess boys, as fall drew on, began to prepare for another winter's operations, notwithstanding their former season's questionable success.

Of the brothers, John was the eldest, but he was only 28. The whole family consisted of the mother, the three sons and two daughters. Since the death of Alexander Burgess, his wife and family had worked hard, and they had succeeded fairly well. The boys were steady—not a rover among them—and when they worked out they had always come home and brought their wages with them. They had improved the farm some, and had worked up, the neighbors said, "from oxen to horses." The efforts of the boys had been supplemented by those of the girls. Mary, who was next in age to John, had, by weaving and such work, been a constant contributor to the fund which, sometimes more, sometimes less, went each year to lessen the mortgage that had been contracted during the father's long sickness. This debt, once a thousand, now stood at a hundred dollars. But it had been that for almost two years.

All were anxious to have it paid; but it was to Mary that thoughts concerning it came oftenest. "We must do our best to clear it off next year," she often said to John, "for it worries mother." Mary had often done her best to devise some means by which she herself could pay the debt, or make it a good deal less, anyway. As she heard John and Hugh talk on the night in question, it occurred to her that her opportunity had come.

John, as stated, was out all day engaging men for the winter's operations. "We'll want," he said to Hugh, "about nine besides ourselves. I've got seven. All we want now is a boy to drive the one horse an' a cook. I've been lookin' all day for a cook, an' I can't find anyone but Langin' an' he wants wages—bigger'n we can give."

"Langin's a good cook, an' I s'pose he knows it," Hugh said; "but," he went on, "how much is he askin'?"

"Why, he's wantin' $26."

"Twenty six dollars! 'Tis high, isn't it? Let me see, $26 a month, and for, say six months and a half, that'd be—" but Hugh wasn't good at even simple mental work, and went for a pencil.

"That would be just $169." Mary said, looking up from her knitting; then, laying down her work and speaking earnestly, she added, "and I'll do it for just $69 dollars less!" The hundred dollars would clear the farm of debt, she knew.

"You! Go to the woods and cook?" came rom both the brothers at once; Hugh turning in amazement from the shelf where he was seeking in vain for the pencil by the aid of which he was to make some mathematical calculations.

"Yes, I, go to the woods to cook. I have cooked for twelve men before now, and can do it again."

"Not in the woods, Mary, you know; not in the woods," John began with a significant shake of his head.

"No, I guess not," added Peter, the youngest of the brothers, with a free open laugh. "I'd like to see you in the camp, sittin' on the deacon seat listenin' to stories and songs, an' the camp chuck full o' smoke."

This racy picture raised a laugh in which all joined but Mary. The color pulsed up to her cheeks and she fixed her eyes on her mother. "I could go, mother, nicely," she said. "They wouldn't act that way if I was there. And then see what would be saved to the boys. They would surely be able to pay off the mortgage then, and if they couldn't it would save from adding to it, which would be just as good."

The mention of the mortgage checked at once the flow of mirth that Peter's picture of Mary in camp had started. "It's true, Mary," John said at length. "It would be nice to save what we could, but we never could think of seeing you in camp with a crew of men. "We know what it's like."

If John Burgess ever felt proud of his sister it was then, as he looked across the table to where she sat. He had often heard it remarked by others that she was nice looking, but he had never fully realized the truth of the remark till now. The crimson of her cheek that had come with the laugh, the quiver on her lip and the approach to a tear showed her in a new light. And then what she had volunteered to do! That had moved him him most. His sister was more earnest in the struggle for freedom than he was. He dropped his head to his hands that he had clasped on the table. He sat for some time while the others talked. Then he got up, lit the barn lamp and went to the stable. As he came in again he overheard Mary saying, "I am going, mother, whether John and Hugh want me to or not. You and Sue can do all that's to be done here."

When John entered he found all had gone to bed but his mother and sister. The three talked some time, then John took the candle and went upstairs. It took Mary a full week to convince her mother and brothers that there would be nothing out of place in her going to the woods to cook. The fact that Langin still held to his unusually high rate, and that John, after hunting a week could get no other cook, made it somewhat easier for Mary to succeed in bringing the other members of the family to her way of thinking. Anyway, it was definitely arranged that she should go.

The announcement caused considerable stir in the neighborhood. Both men and women were unanimous at first in saying the report was false. When, however, the report was confirmed, there were many, especially of the men, who shook their heads knowingly but maintained a silence that meant, "We know, but she doesn't." One man who spoke said, "Two days'll do her, now you'll see," while another remarked it was "a shame for John Burgess to allow his sister to go to the woods."

Lumber camps are as a rule rough. It often happens that here the riff-raff of the country, and, what is far worse, of the town, meet. Now and then an old soldier or sailor drifts into camp. Frequently a considerable portion of the crew are unmarried men sometimes of middle age, who work in the woods, and spend summer and their winters's pay in drink and dissipation at some low hotels in the cities. In crews such as these, there is generally considerable profanity, but, of course, all crews are not alike, nor are all nearly so bad as that described above. Yet it is rare that a crew of even twelve men is found in a camp where there are not two or three who are as bad as the worst.

Mary from the first threw off all false modesty, acting not in the least timid, nor, on the other hand, over-free. She acted the womanly woman she was. That secured her ears from vulgarity, even in surroundings that had always been synonymous with what was worst in that respect. So it was not the presence of the men that gave Mary concern; it was their absence. She dreaded the long, lonely days. As the fall advanced the men took their dinners with them, and she was often left alone from daylight till dark. Bears, she knew, were common in the woods near the camp, for she overheard remarks to the effect. Anyway, she had no real grounds for fear until one afternoon near the first of December. It was always Mary's custom to climb to her small elevated berth in the corner of the camp, and take a short sleep in the afternoons. She had got comfortably settled one day when she heard a gnawing at the moose-hide hinges of the door. She had hooked the chain as usual and had felt quite secure. That the hinges might be gnawed away had never occurred to her—not till she was sure it was being done. By and by the door went down. Mary drew back, expecting some giant animal to spring into the camp. She lifted the curtain and peeped out. There was nothing to be seen but a black snuffing nose, then a long, pointed head, and finally a great, brown body. It was a bear, and he stood for some time with his paws on the doorstep. He sniffed as high as he could reach, then on every side and finally discovered a batch of doughnuts that had lately been made. Having devoured these, he turned his attention to a barrel in which there was a quantity of pork. In his efforts to obtain it he upset the barrel which rolled almost to Mary's berth. After recovering himself the animal cautiously stepped in to enjoy his prize. It occurred to Mary of a sudden, that she had an excellent opportunity to confine her visitor to close quarter. She gripped the chimb of the barrel, then with a quick jerk, she stood it on end. She pressed down with both hands; but a moment taught her that more than this was necessary, and so she seated herself on the bottom of the upturned barrel. The entrapped bear made some efforts to free himself, but finally became quiet. The narrowness of quarters gave him little chance to use his strength. But later the captive got more restless. He scratched, snorted violently, threw himself about, and blew his breath through the bung-hole. More than once Mary's uneasy seat swayed and rocked but she clung to the side of the berth, and kept firmly seated.

How she wished for dark and the return of the men! How she shuddered as she heard the steady gnawing at the bung-hole. Finally a sound came. She was sure she heard, "Hello, what does this mean?" in the further corner of the yard. The men had caught sight of the prostrate door.

A deep growl from the barrel beneath, and at that instant John and two of the men appeared at the door. In a burst of joy at her sure deliverance, Mary sprang from the barrel and toward the door and the next moment she was quivering in John's arms, and Dave Johnson was planting his 200 pound body where Mary had managed to stay the greater part of that long afternoon.

The next time that the bear showed his nose at the bung-hole, he received a blow that stunned him. Mary kept outside till the bear was killed. The color didn't come to her cheeks for over an hour; when it did she smiled and said to John, "I'm sure I couldn't have kept him under another ten minutes if some of you hadn't come."

If Mary had been respected in the camp before, she was now almost worshipped. She was not only modest and good; she was brave. He is a low man indeed who will not restrain even his tongue in the presence of these virtues, especially when displayed by a woman. So from fall to spring Mary persisted in staying the winter out—not a word was uttered that would offend the most delicate ear. Mary's presence shamed the rough men of the crew into virtue. "I've told you before," Dave said near spring to another of the crew, "if a woman was right, she'd be used right, no matter where she was."

When the Burgess boys settled up that summer, they had just $600 clear of all expenses. They had paid off the mortgages, paid Mary the same wages they would have to pay Langin, plus $18, the sum realized for the bear. "She deserves it all," John said to his mother one night, "for if she hadn't gone and worked the way she did, we wouldn't have worked so hard nor done half so well."

How Alta Put Pride in Her Pocket.

Alta Newcombe was proud. It was pride that made her go into debt when her father died, so that his funeral might be "as good as the best." It was pride that made her send her little crippled brother to live with an aunt. It Alta would have consented to stay at home, she might have supported Teddie and herself quite comfortably. But she was too proud to let the neighbors see her "come-down," for there had been a day when no one in the Newcombe home worked but father. Poor father! Perhaps if some of the others had worked he would not have tired out so soon. However, bit by bit, the home-nest was broken into, and one gray autumn day Alta turned the key in the door of the cottage and handed it to a neighbor-friend, good old Mrs. Peters.

"You'll come back, Alty, mark my words. 'Taint every one's got a tight little home like that and a brother, to leave behind. Have you got a good job in the city, child? Well! well! I wish you'd put your pride in your pocket and stay home. But you'll come back, Alty! Home's best—'East, west hame's best,' you know. Good-bye Alty! Good luck to ye!"

It was harder parting from Teddie.

"Oh, Alt! Can't you take me with you? I don't eat much. I can sleep in any little corner, you know. And I'll be just as good! Aunt Tildy isn't nice like you, and she just hates my crutches. Please, Alt!"

Alta choked.

"No, Teddie boy, no. But I'll write often. By and by when I get rich, you shall come. Aunt Tildy won't mind the crutches when she gets used to them. They get rich quick in the cities. Good bye, dear! It won't be long."

She put away the boy's thin, clinging fingers and hurried to the train. For the first time in her life Alta Newcombe felt just a little bit ashamed of her vaunted "family pride."

In all the great city whither she had gone to get rich, no one knew of that family pride—or cared. Alta was less than an atom in the human maelstrom. Its mad whirl made her dizzy and ill. She did not get rich. The weeks came and the weeks went. She stood behind the counter and hated the people who asked her so many needless questions. She ate her greasy meals in the cheap boarding house and hated everything about her. She laid down at night and cried on her comfortless pillow, and hated her pride and her weakness. The weeks hurried into months. The months were stretching out into the third quarter of the year since she left home, and the calendar told her spring had come. The doctor told her something else—for she had to take her few hoarded bits of silver and ask him why she was so dizzy and tired every morning, why she was so thin, why she could not choke down ham and eggs on a warm May morning, why she cried so easily, why she wished she could die.

Little by little the bluff doctor found out the true state of the case.

"Tut! Tut! Die? Guess not. Put your pride in your pocket, child. Go home and find some honest work away from this city. The city isn't meant for frail girls. You're homesick—that's all. Go home and love Teddie. Take in washing. Spread the sheets out on the grass—think of it, child, on the grass!—and get hungry until you could eat a carrot. . . . Put up your money. I can't charge folks for being homesick: Got enough to get home? No? Well, here—I've got a girl about your age in that Country you're not going to yet awhile. I can't spend my dollars on her. They don't need dollars Up There. Take this and hurry away to that cottage and make Teddie happy. Put your pride in your pocket, child! Good bye. God bless you!"

As Alta's nervous fingers closed over the generous gift, she shed the first happy tears since her father had died.

Mrs. Peters had the cottage all ready. Teddie stood on the steps sending his heart down the long, shady country road to meet the slow omnibus. It came at last. Alta's heart smote her when she saw how thin the boy had grown, and there had never been a sweeter sound in her ears than the tap-tap of the crutches, as he hurried to meet her. There were no words spoken. Tears and smiles had possession.

"Well, well, Alty! You're a sight for sore eyes. For mercy's sake, what is the matter? You're thin's a sprat," said Mrs. Peters anxiously, bustling about with plates of lettuce and cheese and fruit and home-made bread and cream. Alta began to feel hungry.

"Set up, now, set up. I guess you'll find everything all right. Teddie gathered the greens. First time he's had energy enough to move since you went away. Ask a blessing! Sure!" The good woman reverently bowed her head. "For these mercies we thank Thee, Father! Give us grateful hearts. Amen."

To her own heart Alta whispered, "East, west, hame's best," while Teddie reached out his thin fingers, thinner than ever, and rapturously pinched a fold of her dress.

They sat long in the door-yard that night telling each other the story of the nine hard months, this brother and sister who had no wealth save the "family pride."

"We'll never be parted again," said Alta, taking away the crutches and gathering the slight form in her arms. "We may be poor, Teddie, but we'll not be proud any more—not wrong proud. Do you know what I'm going to do, Teddie boy? I'm going to take in fine washing. Real fine, you know. Pretty lace, dear little babies' soft flannels, lovely curtains, soft pieces of silk—all the things that washerwomen spoil with their big hands. I'm going to put my pride in my pocket."

"In dollars?"

"Why, yes. I hadn't thought of that. I'll be proud. So proud I'll do what's right and earn big, shining, honest dollars. I'll put them in your pocket, Teddie boy—all my pride in your pocket! What a lovely plan!"

The sweet summer was fast turning to grave, stately autumn when a traveler climbed out of the clumsy omnibus and walked up the path to the cottage. Soft, snowy pieces of linen flapped against his cheeks from the lines stretched across the door-yard and he smiled as he dodged them.

"Miss Alta Newcombe? Remember me?"

Alta did not remember just at first. Then as she looked more closely at the good face, her own lighted up, and she laughed in happy memory, stretching out eager hands of welcome.

"I guess I do remember! It's my doctor. Oh, do come in!"

"Guess you don't need me, Miss Alta, by the token of those roses and plump arms. Put your pride in your pocket, child, didn't you?"

Alta nodded joyously. "My pocket was always empty until I did. Now there's enough in it to go around."

The doctor laughed with enjoyment.

"Well, Miss Alta, I've come on business, and I've only got an hour between trains, so here goes."

It was the most delightful business in the world. The doctor wanted his mother to have a taste of country air and live in a quiet home where she could have the privilege of her advancing years to take daytime naps, retire early, and be as leisurely, if she would, as a busy life of sixty years deserved. If Alta could put away her "tubs and things" for a few months, she would lose nothing and might gain a mother. So said the doctor, for he knew how the gentle, white-haired saint "mothered" every lonely chick and child who fluttered near her protecting wing.

The doctor went on his way smiling and chuckling to himself. "Best prescription I ever gave," he said. "Mother's homesick for just such an armful as that boy and his sister will make. Ah, little girl, Up There where no one gets homesick, I wonder if you know all about these things?"

As the omnibus vanished at the bend of the road, Alta hugged Teddie boy, saying with a catch in her throat: "What an awful lot of pride I had, Ted, and how it does fill our pockets! But, O Teddie boy, best of all, we'll have a real, live mother in the house, and 'East, west, hame's best!'"—*Zion's Herald.*

Financial Effects.

London, Jan. 25.—The financial effects of the Queen's death are widespread and in the aggregate enormous. The most direct penalty falls on the insurance companies, nearly all of which suffer. They have, however, no real reason to complain, because, owing to the Queen's advanced age, they received much more in premiums during the past half century than they must now disburse as principal. The Queen's life was never insured in American fashion, for the benefit of her children. It was, however, insured by hundreds, probably thousands, of persons in no way connected with her, but whose business would suffer by her death. It is possible to insure against almost any imaginable contingency in England if sufficient premium is paid. The current rate on the Queen's life a month ago was eleven percent for one year. Most of the theatrical and other amusement managers and proprietors of fashionable shops were accustomed to insure the Queen's life at the outset of the season in order that they might recoup the heavy loss her death would entail.

The Australian Tariff.

Mr. Barton, prime minister of the Australian commonwealth, in a recent speech detailed the policy of the federal ministry regarding tariff. He said the policy would be protective, but not prohibitive, because it must be revenue-producing. It would aim to give Australia a tariff that would produce a revenue. Free trade under the constitution was practically impossible, but there would be inter-state free trade. It would be necessary to give the most serious consideration to the question of making a perferential tariff for British goods before finally deciding the matter.

Russia Arming.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 24.—An officer of the steamer "Tosa Maru," which arrived at the outer wharf from the Far East this afternoon, stated that every steamer leaving Hongkong carries supplies for Russia's stronghold of the Pacific, the port of Vladivostock. Quantities of this line of freight are continually being sent north, he said. And there are rumors of some very important movements of the Czar's forces in the early spring. It is believed that fine weather will see 200,000 men of the Russian army stationed at Vladivostock.

Who Comes Dancing o'er the Snow?

Who comes dancing o'er the snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow.
Take the child in and make him cosy,
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart be it sad or gay.
Welcome him there and treat him kindly;
For you must carry him yea or nay,
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly.
Whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him, God sends him, this good New Year.
—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

Acute and Cronic Rheumatism
are equally influenced by the almost magical pain-subduing power of Nerviline—equal in medicinal value to five times the quantity of any other Rheumatic remedy. Penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of the disease and drives it out. Nerviline is undoubtedly the king of pain, for it is unequalled by any remedy in the world. Your money back if you do not find it so. Druggists sell it.

—Potash is now the problem that agriculture must face. All the potash of the world is now supplied by a mine at Stassfurt, Saxony, Germany. This was discovered by accident, while salt was being bored for.

ROYAL Baking Powder
Made from pure cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food against alum.
Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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BARRISTER,
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Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate. 44 1y

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The rate of taxation in New York is 2 1 4 per cent.

Two Boer leaders, have arrived in Berlin on a secret mission.

Miles of gold-bearing sand have been discovered in New Zealand.

Emperor William has been appointed a Field Marshal of the British army.

Insurance rates in Montreal have advanced seventy per cent since the late fire.

During the year 1900 the rice crop of Japan is estimated at 220,460,000, bushels.

Five Chinese girls were recently sold by public auction in San Francisco, at from $1700 to $2500 each.

The legislative council of Victoria, Australia, has for the sixth time rejected the woman's suffrage bill.

The length of the new Pacific cable will be 7,986 nautical miles, and the cost of construction over nine million dollars.

There has been one Dutch, one English, one Swiss and one Portuguese Pope. Two hundred and one have been Italians.

The Ontario Legislature will be asked at the coming session to authorize the erection of a statue of Queen Victoria in Toronto.

Rev. Dr. Potts, announces that the Methodist 20th Century Fund has passed the million dollar mark. The fund now amounts to $1,051,000.

Julian Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold, charged with misappropriation of trust funds, has been sentenced to ten years penal servitude.

Thirty-five persons perished in a hurricane at Herrojan, Norway, Jan. 22. Sixty boats were sunk in the harbor and eight houses blown away.

The squadron of German warships, commanded by Prince Henry of Prussia, has been ordered to Spithead upon the occasion of the Queen's funeral.

A despatch from St. Johns says: The frozen herring fishery in Placentia Bay will be a total failure, owing to the soft weather and a succession of rain storms.

Lord Wolseley is to receive a special pension of $10,000 a year as retired commander in chief, over and above his pay of $6,000 a year as a field marshal of the army.

The German Foreign Office confirms the report that twenty five thousand Chinese troops have appeared before the French sphere, but it is asserted that thus far they have shown no signs of hostility.

Eighteen of the most modern field guns of German manufacture, with their carriages, ammunition wagons and equipment, have been sent from Germany for service with the British army in South Africa.

Despatches report a civil war going on in Abyssinia between two of the native tribe chiefs. A battle has taken place between the opposing forces, in which on both sides 60,000 men were engaged, the number of killed and wounded reaching 7,000.

Washington authorities have been requested to send federal troops into the Creek country, Indian Territory, to quell the uprising of full-blooded Indians known as the Snake bands, who are threatening the lives of both the whites and the neutral Indians.

The agitation in Chicago against the bill board nuisance has resulted in the passage by the city council of a prohibitory ordinance. The penalty is a fine of $100 for the first offence, and for each succeeding offence the same fine and three months' imprisonment.

British Army Reforms.

London, Jan. 26.—The army reforms, the Associated *Press* learns, will consist chiefly of an endeavor to improve the existing methods of general military training rather than any attempt to eradicate individual defects. With a more fully developed home army, the administration believes many of the drawbacks existing at present will gradually disappear; whereas ruthless reforms would only result in disorganization and chaos. With this end in view, a manœuvres bill will be introduced, giving the government power to select large tracts of country, especially in Ireland and Scotland, where the home army will have the opportunity of manœuvring in large numbers over a rough and unknown country, where the Generals will have the opportunity of learning to handle divisions.

Many other changes are likely to come in force in course of time. The board of army organization is sitting day in and day out dealing with the immense problem, but the cardinal point of the deliberations, on which public opinion is unanimous, is the necessity of the new manœuvres bill. To use the words of Lord Raglan: "You might as well criticise the admiral who is always obliged to keep his fleet in harbor as to criticise the army for which the country provides no manœuvring facilities."

Invitation to Canadian Riflemen.

Lieutenant A. S. Jones, secretary of the National Rifle Association of the United States, has sent to Col. Hodgins, secretary of the Dominion Rifle Association, an invitation to the crack shots of the Dominion to participate in an international rifle shooting competition in September on the range of the National Guard, situated at Sea Girt, N. J. Visiting teams are to be supplied with tents, blankets and camp equipage by the military authorities of New Jersey without cost. The centennial trophy 'Palma' emblematical of the world's championship, will be put up for competition, along with many other prizes. Lieut. Jones suggests that the Canadian Bisley team could attend the tournament on their way back from England. Some time ago a few leading Toronto riflemen advocated sending a team to the United States and now that an invitation has come it is more than probable it will be accepted and acted on.

Cape Breton Coal Fields.

Sydney, C. B., Jan. 23.—Sydney is on the eve of unprecedented development. Another coal company, rivalling the Dominion Coal Company in magnitude of operations, is about being formed. Senator David McKeen, vice-president of the Royal Bank of Canada, representing the Dominion Coal Co., director of the wealthy capitalists, has effected a consolidation of the coal interests in this county known as the Moseley, McVey, White, Hickey and Keefe interests. These areas adjoin those of the Dominion Coal Company, and cover an extent of over ten miles, reaching from Cochrane Lake almost to Sydney Harbor. A large and extensive plant for experimental work has been secured.

It is understood that application will be made to the Nova Scotia Legislature this winter for a charter incorporating this new company.

Kitchener's Movements.

Capetown, Jan. 23.—Lord Kitchener is disposing great forces semi-circularly, his extreme left resting on the sea, to circumvent the Boers. The columns move simultaneously and in touch with each other. The danger of the situation is the possibility of General De Wet's appearance in Cape Colony. It is believed that none of the Dutch will resist his personal call to arms. They think the fame of Napoleon and Wellington pales in the presence of his military genius. Among a number of captured letters is one from General Hertzog to President Steyn, asking for 1,000 unmarried young men to enter Cape Colony and beat up recruits.

Scrofula the Cause.

Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white swelling, and even consumption have their origin in scrofulous conditions. With the slightest taint of scrofula in the blood, there is no safety. The remedy for this disease in all its forms is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the root of the trouble and expels all impurities and disease germs from the blood.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

—When the Queen came to the throne there was no such thing as a postage stamp in use. The first of these were only brought into use three or four years later, and down till the early fifties the postmasters in Canada were paid direct for the mailing of letters and stamped on the envelope a two or three, or whatever the figure happened to be, signifying that the charges had been paid.

—Empire Liniment delights everybody.