Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 29. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. - - - - WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1902. NO. 41

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Now in Annapolis, opposite Garrison gate
—WILL BE AT HIS—
OFFICE IN MIDDLETON,
(Over Roop's Grocery Store.)
Every Thursday.

Consular Agent of the United States.
Agent Nova Scotia Building Society.
—AGENT FOR—
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.
Money to loan at five per cent on Real Estate security.

O. T. DANIELS
BARRISTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)
Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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Real Estate Agent, etc.
RANDOLPH'S BLOCK,
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Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

JOHN ERVIN,
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Commissioner and Master Supreme Court.
Solicitor International Brick and Tile Co.
OFFICE:
Cox Building, - Bridgetown, N. S.

DENTISTRY!
DR. F. S. ANDERSON.
Graduate of the University Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Union Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

FRED W. HARRIS,
Barrister, - - Solicitor,
Notary Public, etc.
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, NOVA SCOTIA.
Fire, Life and Marine Insurance, Agent.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

J. B. WHITMAN,
Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

CABLE ADDRESS: WALLFRUIT, London. } Established over a quarter of a century.

JOHN FOX & CO.
Auctioneers and Fruit Brokers,
Spitalfield and Stratford Market,
LONDON, G. B.
We are in a position to guarantee highest market return for all consignements entrusted to us. Cash draft forwarded immediately goods are sold. Current prices and marked reports forwarded with pleasure.
Nova Scotia Apples a specialty.
Compare our prices with other firms and you will see more money.
Represented by Abram Young, Bridgetown, who will give shippers any information required. Aug. 28th—6m

ESTABLISHED 1910.
W. HIEATT & SON,
Fruit Brokers,
Covent Garden Market, London.
Mr. E. W. Hieatt, of the above firm, is now in travelling the valley soliciting consignments in apples to his firm.
REFERENCES:—London and County Bank London.
Bank of Nova Scotia, Kentville
J. E. LLOYD, Agent, - Bridgetown

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER
OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.
BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.
T. J. EAGLESON.
36 tf QUEEN ST. BRIDGETOWN

NOTICE
ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of F. WILLIAM BISHOP, late of Clarence, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within six months from date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to
ANNIE LAURA BISHOP, *Administratrix*
Clarence, Sept. 24th, 1901. 3m

WANTED
Old brass Andirons, Candlesticks, Trays and Snuffers; old Mahogany Furniture. Also old Postage Stamps used before 1870—worth most on the envelope; old blue Dishes and China. Grandfather clocks. Good prices paid.
Address W. A. KAIN,
116 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

TO LET
The Brick House belonging to the estate of late Robt. E. Randolph.
April 3rd, 1901.

ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

There is nothing like ASTHMALENE. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER,
Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3rd, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS'. MEDICINE CO.,
GENTLEMEN,—Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.
After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that ASTHMALENE contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether.
Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.
GENTLEMEN,—I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your ASTHMALENE for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
Yours respectfully,
O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Feb. 5, 1901.
GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with Asthama for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.
S. RAPHAEL,
Home address: 235 Rivington St. 67 East 129th St., New York City.

Trial bottle sent absolutely free on receipt of postal

DO NOT DELAY. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS.' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., New York City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

If You Are A Business Man

You will soon need a new stock of Commercial Stationery or some special order from the Printer. In the hour of your need don't forget that the

Weekly Monitor Job Department

is fully equipped for all kinds of Job Work. Work done promptly, neatly and tastefully. Nothing but good stock is used.

WE PRINT

Billheads, Letterheads,
Statements, Memoranda,
Envelopes, Post Cards,
Dodgers, Posters,
Booklets, Books,
Visiting Cards, Business Cards,

or any Special Order that may be required.

We make a specialty of Church Work, Legal Forms, Appeal Cases, etc.

Weekly Monitor, Bridgetown, N. S.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING
—AT—
MISS CHUTE'S
Oct. 9th and 10th.

NOTICE!
We still keep in stock as formerly,
Cedar Shingles, Lime, and Salt
The subscribers also intend to handle Coal this season, both Hard and Soft (best grades) which they will sell right.
J. H. LONGMIRE & SON.
Bridgetown, June 11, 1901.

Poetry.

THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over, the songs of
our life are sung,
The same today as in ages grew when
first the lute was strung,
The same today as in ages grey, the
singer's highest art
Is to sing of man and the soul of man
from the depths of the human
heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his
heart from that far day,
When men were brave and women fair
and life was in its May,
Is the singer's part of gladness when
he gives his soul to man
In a song that lived because sweet
Pain had changed his earlier plan.

The husk, the harvest and the bin and
all life's spreading plain,
To the singer must be singing if he
man's soul would gain,
Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for
what cannot be;
He grasps at a star and holds in his
hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the
towers of Time were old,
Over and over and over, since the
cloud gave the sun its gold,
Over and over and over since the lines
of our lives began,
Has man gone out from the marching
host to sing to the soul of man.

The singer who sang in the pyramid's
prime has gone the ways of men;
But the sun and moon and the human
heart are just the same as then,
The heart of man is a restless sea of
varied star and clime,
And only when its depths are stirred
comes song on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since Wrong
had realm and state,
Over and over and over, since the
shades on the living wait,
Over and over and over, singing of
sun in the rain,
The chosen of God are bringing the
voice of song from pain.

Select Literature.

The Force of Example.

(By Viola Roseboro.)

It was in the old time and it was the old story. A man and a maid sat under a tree, a little stream at their feet and the lush summer all around. The land was wild and beautiful. The cultivated fields to be seen by a little bird above their heads were only little, irregular islands grouped through the sea of forest. Near the pair—that is not more than half a mile away—stood the largest and best farmhouse within many miles. It had a frame addition built in front of the older log structure, a big, rough, grassy yard, and at one side a garden equally divided between vegetables and flowers.

Two stout dames sat on the back gallery, one knitting, one with folded hands.

"I tell you, Betty," said the idle one, "I don't give my approval to the way you're a-lettin Lucindy carry on. That gal is the talk of the country."

"Now sist' Emmy," replied the other in an aggrieved, long suffering tone "that's a terrible way to talk. Its onjust. The talk of the country, she repeated, flaring into a little unusual vigor of utterance, "sounds as if the poor child had done somethin disrespectable, and goodness knows I don't know sence when there was a law in the land that a girul's got to marry afore she's ready."

"The trouble with that gal," said sist' Emmy, "pears to be that she to be made to drop him or take him."

"Seems as if it's more Ethan's business than y—than anybody else's and he 'pears mighty anxious not to be dropped, whether he's taken or not."

"Humph! Ethan's a plumb sojer—far be any denyin of that from me—but Lucindy is full as eager about keepin him danglin as he is, and you don't lift your finger about it. I don't know why the Lord sends families to women with no government, but he most certainly do."

Of course her own caprices were also being discussed by Lucinda and her lover under the walnut tree. Truth to tell, these caprices had always furnished them with conversational material, a commodity which otherwise they often must have lacked.

For four years they had been courtin' and three times a wedding day had been set. The last time, only three months before, the usual retreat by the unstable Lucinda had been played, as we have already learned, until publicity and general condemnation were its well merited portion.

Lucinda now stood under the walnut tree a lamentably attractive and appealing figure of a culprit. She was only a slip of a thing, though 19 years were warningly quoted to her. There were few unmarried girls in the settlement so old.

Little, tricksy brown curls had slipped from the bands and knots she tried so hard to keep smooth. Her brown eyes were swimming in tears, which were falling one by one over brown cheeks as round as a child's. She knotted her hands in her apron though it was her best one and just ironed, as she said:

"I do care about you Ethan; you know I do. I want to marry you some time; you know I do. But—but I don't seem ready to settle down right off. It looks sort of dreadful—everything all fixed one way then for the rest of your life. I like being a girul." On this last word this frivolous young person caught her breath and began to sob.

"You wouldn't think that a-way if you cared for me," said the seated Ethan gloomily, prudently keeping his honest, dust colored head turned from the melting sight beside him.

"I would, too-oo. A girul ain't like a man."

"No'm; you're right, they ain't. It says in all the books that women is withouten no heart and man's destroyer. That's the 'pinion of the wise man."

It was sunset before the two could abandon the delights of quarreling and return to the house. There the stir of getting a company supper made a picture of kaleidoscopic activity, half homely, half wierd, against the soft twilight of the woods and fields. From the kitchen a broad shifting flare of firelight shone forth, through which dark, turbaned figures flitted deftly back and forth, carrying covered dishes, while children and dogs of all colors and sizes appeared and disappeared on every side. Mrs. Todd, Lucinda's mother, greeted Ethan with an effusive hospitality intended to atone for what we might call the heated indifference shown by her sister.

It shows how absorbing and delightful a topic was Lucinda's misconduct that this afternoon it had displaced the natural theme of the hour, and that a good one too. Mrs. Simms and Ethan were stopping overnight with the Todds on their way to a wedding. Lucinda was to go with them, and on the morrow the three were to set out. A horseback journey of 35 miles more was the price, or the premium, for this social experience.

"If you had any proper shame," said Mrs. Simms that night after the candle was out, taking an unfair advantage of the fact that she was sharing Lucinda's bed, "you'd be too humbled to show your face at a weddin, and with Ethan too! I'd never show my face with you if Milly Anson warn't my own cousin's stepdaughter and her mammy's family all bein so dreadful thin skinned about the way Sarah's kin treats her. Now, praise the Lord, this is the last upsettin botheration Sarah'll have to have with Milly, and she's been trial enough for a more addle pated fly-up-the-creek than that pasty faced gal this settlement ain't never seed. Howsomever," Mrs. Simms quickly added, remembering her text, "'tain't becomin in me to talk, long's she ain't never done nothin to ekal my own flesh and blood niece. I tried hard enough yesterday to get that fool of a boy to go with me to old Squire Hunt's for the night, but he just vowed he'd come here or nary a step to no weddin would he stir. He ain't no respect for hisself. I can't see what use a waman's got for such a soft mush of a man."

This bate failed of a bite. Mindful of the morning's early start, Lucinda was successfully giving her exclusive attention to the business of getting to sleep. She was not going to disturb herself. She might shed tears of repentance when with Ethan. She had none to spend for Aunt Emmy's delectation. Probably she comprehended that Aunt Emmy was well pleased at the worst. She adored Lucinda and loved dearly to see her have her own way. Her vanity was gratified for the whole sex at the daring with which the girl risked the loss of a lover and kept him, and she had an unsurpassed opportunity for the dear joy of hectoring her younger sister, the poor lady without "gover'ment." In fact she was never better pleased in her life.

The sun was just rising next day when the three horses were brought up to the great wooden block by the front gate. And such a day as it was all gold lighted blue and gold steeped dewy greenness!

"What's keepin Lucindy? Does the gal think we're jest a-goin to the fork of the road and that she's got halfen the day to spend puttin a ridin skert over her head?" fussed Mrs. Simms as she gathered up the coperas dyed cotton folds of her own travelling costume and gave a final adjusting punch to the saddle-bags.

"Lucindy! Lucindy! Come out here called her mother, sharply, desiring to demonstrate her denied powers of family discipline. "What air you doin keepin everybody waitin? Put down that baby. You're only gettin him ready to cry when he sees you're a-goin in. You, Rose, take the baby roun' to the kitchen. Now, pick up that snack basket and come along."

"She ought to be goin to her own weddin, oughtn't she?" said Ethan to the sympathetic mother as he lifted his bright-faces, springing sweetheart into the saddle. No horse blocks for them, if you please.

"I wouldn't be goin if it was my own. I'd be stayin, and I'd have to lose all this yere blessed ridin," said she. That small saying was afterward remembered and was quoted for many years among the Todds as if it were a witticism, but now it passed without more notice than an irrelevant speech.

"Well, bless you, honey," said her mother as she settled her skirts for her. Surely it was not to be expected that government should always prevail and crossness be the rule of life.

Lucinda was not without a show of reason in reckoning this ride as a pleasure overbalancing the pomp and pride of matrimony. All day they ambled on, with only woods and fields about them, and were oftenest and longest in the depths of the sun threaded, fragrant forest twilight, everything but the road beneath their feet untouched, pristine, primal, as if man had never been. Ah, who has such journeys now?

Aunt Emmy was as softly accommodating as poor Mrs. Todd herself and often covered mile after mile, riding on ahead, without once directing her tunnel of a sunbonnet behind her. Lucinda's bonnet was generally hanging behind her. Poor Lucinda's reputation was sadly injured by her brown skin—milky whiteness was of all things admired in her world—but she took the sweet with the bitter and absolved herself from the elaborate swathings and bleachings which were the community's tribute to aesthetic interests.

"A little more or a little less don't matter when one dip more would have sent me to the kitchen anyhow," she declared when entreated to return from the light of heaven into the cavernous depths of the prevailing sunbonnet. Even Ethan did not know she was a beauty, but thought it was by some special warping of perception that she seemed so to him.

It was not only in the matter of complexion that Lucinda was out of joint with her lot in life. She had a touch of imagination; had vague desires to see beyond her world, to try something beyond, to have some chance at the unknown—desires which seemed all unshared by any other being. She was a world away from unhappiness. It was only by some obscure movement of soul that she was frightened when she saw the opportunities of the future about to narrow down to the familiar lot of Ethan's wife. That was the root of all this extravagant coquetry that looked so haughty. She could not have told why, but she was frightened.

Certainly she did not much consider Ethan. As Mrs. Simms complained, she would not leave him any more than she would take him; but, truly, with the world as it is and a bit of a girl with her life to shape with such a load of biddings and forbiddings upon her, who expects her to rise to fair dealing with free and sovereign man? Certainly Lucinda did not expect it of herself. She never dreamed of such a thing. She vaguely intended to marry. Ethan some time if—maybe—but—In the meantime she had no notion of permitting him to discover that there was any other woman in the world, not while she had eyes and such long lashes as well and was really very fond of the good Ethan. Pity him? What affectation! He was the most entertained man in seven counties. Moreover, he won the game. But this is anticipating.

The travellers went 25 miles the first day and then, all unannounced, descended upon a 'neighbor' for the night. Returned prodigals could not have been more heartily welcomed. Much squaking and fluttering among the chickens roosting in the apple trees in the back yard followed their arrival and testified eloquently as to the supper that they were to enjoy. But our business lies now at the end of the journey.

Truly Mrs. Simms had expressed self with exactness and customary insight when she called Milly Anson a pasty faced, addle pated fly-up-the-creek.

On all sides it was felt as an especial evidence of providential consideration that Milly got a husband—or the promise of one. Here, again, I see strange evidence of the absence of just consideration for the masculine part of the race. No one could regard it as good fortune for a man to have Milly Anson as a wife, but his immediate female relatives alone were occupied with his fate.

Milly was now swimming in all the importance of the occasion—an importance which too often unduly elates the most pleasing woman and which affected Milly in a way and degree well fitted to madden any observer, especially if she were an unmarried woman.

The most famous cakemaker of the county who had been lording it in the kitchen for a week, was by no means unmarried, and she had the toleration born of a large experience of brides elect, yet even she found Milly unendurable.

"I have been asked to bake the cake at eleben weddins sence I married my first husband," she said afterwards, "not only for my own kin, but among the Gileses and Simmonses and down to Strathboro' and over the Ridge, and I've seen a heap of girul fools, but I'll gin up that Milly Anson that week was a notch beyond any on 'em. I stood her jest as long as I could, and at last I broke out on her. It was jest the day before the thing was to come off, and she kep' testerin and titterin in and out, a-jarrin the floor and making my heart come in my mouth for fear my last big pound cake in the oven would fall, and I'd told her more'n a dozen times that very day to stay in the house; but, no sir, she would keep comin in to say how strange her feelin's was and that she knew she never could larn Tummas' ways and she never could a' done it if Tummas hadn't pestered her into it. Tom Simmons—bless you! And lastly she bounced in on me, catchin hold of me, and me with my hands all in the flour, and says she: 'Oh, cousin Liz, I'm as skeered! I'm gettin so skeered!'" says she.

Now it's my conviction that she'd made up her mind then as to what she was goin to do and was sure enough gettin a little fidgety, but in course I never had no such reflection then, and I'd had all I could stomach. 'Milly Anson,' says I, 'there's no need of your bein any bigger sojer than the Lord made you. Stop a-clutchin on to me! I'm worn out with your pertness. If Tom Simmons'll marry you, more fool he, but you better have a thankful heart, and I reckon you have. As for bein skeered, I wish you was skeered enough to break your appetite and stop you from eatin them snowballs as fast as I git the frostin on 'em. You're a livin example of the truth of the Bible and the wisdom of King Soloman,' says I, 'for he tells how the earth is disquieted for three things—yea, four—which it cannot bear,' says I, for I seen that quotin the Bible ag'in her was strikin her more'n anything else—'a servant when he reigneth,' I went on, 'a fool when he's filled with meat, an handmaiden that's heir to her mistress and an ojeous woman when she's married or thinks she's goin' to be. It's the same thing. And, now, if you think I made that up outen my head, you go and read your bible long enough and you'll larn better. At any rate git back to the house, and don't you step your foot into this kitchen ag'in' says I, 'for,' says I, hollerin after her she'd done started, tryin to keep laff-fin like 'twas a jokeH'if you does,' says I, 'nary a table will I set for you. I'm tellin the truth, and you know what things is likely to be withouten me,' says I.

The famous cakemaker had relieved herself, but truth and scripture still failed to make a new Milly, as a little time was to show. It was the afternoon of the wedding day when Lucinda arrived. The ceremony was to be performed that evening. The house was already full of guests and was like a hive of scurrying bees, such a buzzing and harrying and scurrying there were, for toilets were in the making, and many a white dress, brought, like Lucinda's own, in saddlebags, must now be ironed out, be the kitchen quarters filled with never so much anxiety and turmoil of their own.

The men, more or less unhappy and stranded, tried to keep out of the way and staid chiefly out of doors. Despite intermittent, decorous efforts to save himself for the great moment, the bridegroom was painfully conspicuous among them, being a marked and solitary man by reason of his 'store' clothes.

Ethan Simms was exactly the sort of male creature that looks upon such eminence as a hard thing to bear, but now, as he gazed at that long tailed brass buttoned blue coat with heavy hearted envy, he was sadly depressed about his love affair. He was an excellent fellow, and there is evidence of it in the fact that he had moments of sympathizing with Lucinda's reluctance to marry him.

(Concluded on fourth page.)

Poisons accumulate in the system when the kidneys are sluggish—blotches and bad complexion result—take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ANENT NEWSPAPERS.

It is quite natural that a fire in a neighbor's house should interest us more than the burning of a whole village in some country, of the geography and people of which we know little or nothing. That is why the local paper has such a firm hold on its subscribers. One must take it because one is interested in the news it gives.

But most people take several publications to meet the varied needs and tastes of an intelligent family. Probably along with their local paper one of the big metropolitan daily or weekly newspapers comes next in circulation. Large metropolitan papers such as the Montreal Witness, Daily edition at $3 and Weekly for $1, for example lay out to supply every interest of a family, the news and editorial being backed up by many interesting features such as stories, cookery, dressmaking, fancy work, Boys' Children's, Home Departments, Agricultural, Legal, Medical and many other special departments.

The Dougalls also publish the Northern Messenger" at 20 cents per annum which like the Witness has become a household word all over the Dominion. It seems to meet its own sort of need well, as it claims a standing circulation of over fifty thousand copies a week.

But what has interested us of late, is a new departure in journalism on the part of the same house. About a year ago they hit, as results have proved, on another need in special journalism. It was the need of a good electric which, for a dollar a year, and within the compass of the business man's time for reading, would supply the best articles that appear during a week in the great publications of the world in general. The newest publication is called "World Wide." It has surprised a great many people to find how much they can get in such small compass and for so small a price. There is probably no other electric published that would give the ordinary reader whose time for reading is limited the same satisfaction. We see it stated that ever since it was started it has grown at the astonishing rate of nearly a thousand new subscribers a month. The price is only seventy-five cents to Jan. 1st, 1903, if paid before the end of January. It is sixteen pages and is issued every Friday.

Though, of course we do not agree with everything in them we take a certain pleasure in referring to the publications of the 'Witness' office as we cannot but acknowledge that they deserve the esteem in which they are held throughout the Dominion. The publishers have had their ways and they have held to them through thick and thin. Their publications are perhaps as clean and dignified as is possible to make them.

IS SHE THE OLDEST SHIP?

A ship dating back to the time of Christopher Columbus, yet still sailing the seas, may well be considered a curiosity after a life of several centuries, says the Liverpool Post. The Anita, as the caravel is called, is, oddly-enough, engaged in the carrying trade between Spain and the United States. She recently went to Baltimore with a cargo of Spanish wine and other articles of a non-perishable character, and has started on her return voyage to Spain. It goes without saying that she has been frequently repaired during the course of her life, but the original style has always been preserved, and she presents the high bow and stern and elaborate carvings of the old days.

TAKE NOTICE

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well known people. From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of household remedies.

C. C. Richards & Co,

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF CEDAR.

The resistance of cedar wood to decay has long been famous, and cedar fence-posts often last for generations. A remarkable instance of the indestructibility of cedar has been noted in the State of Washington, where a forest of hemlocks, near Acme, has grown up over an ancient forest of cedars. The trunks of cedar, although lying in a moist soil, have been almost perfectly preserved for at least 150 years, the length of time that the rings of growth show the hemlocks to have been growing above their fallen predecessors.

POISONS NERVILINE CURES RHEUMATISM.

The remarkable strength and marvellous soothing power of Nerviline renders it quite infallible in rheumatism. Five times stronger than any other remedy, its penetrating power enables it to reach the source of the pain and drive out the disease. Nerviline is stronger, more penetrating, more highly pain subduing in its action than any other medicine heretofore devised for the cure of rheumatism. Sold in large 25c bottles everywhere.

—Steaming veils by winding them evenly around a broom handle or roller and laying them across a saucepan of boiling water to steam for three-quarters of an hour is said to be an effective method of renovation. Leave the veils on the wood until dry.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

The way a five-year-old girl spelled "TEA" R-E-D R-O-S-E