The Weekly Monitor

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 31. BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA. WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1903. NO. 16.

Professional Cards.

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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, - N. S.
April 1st, 1903.—1y

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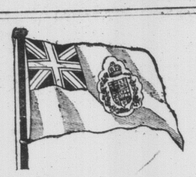

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Poetry.

Let Us Believe.

I.

Let us believe
That there is hope for all the hearts
that grieve—

II.

That somewhere Night
Drifts to a Morning beautiful with
light!

III.

And that the Past
Unites us to God's future, splendid—
vast!

—Atlanta Constitution.

"I Shall Not Go as Others Do."

I shall not go as others do
To seek the quiet spot
In which they laid the last of you;
There, all I loved is not!
It would not help me, who have known
That all that life could die,
To read the record on the stone
Recording where you lie.

I do not seek you in the grave
Hard by the ivied tower;
But when the sun is on the wave,
The dew is on the flower,
When morning sings and swallows
dart
Across the blue above,
I feel your spirit stir the heart
In which I buried love.

—Rennell Rodd, in Century Magazine.

Select Literature.

WOOED BY PROXY.

Cyril Holcroft went to the dinner engagement at Tara Lodge with mixed feelings. The memory of that absurd affair of the morning stung him whenever it occurred. What sort of a reception would Ada give him—kindly, satirical? Yet, no matter how she looked at him it would be a joy, as it was ever, to see her sweet face. In the hall of Tara Lodge he straightened his spectacles, but forgot the other details, and went manfully to his fate in the drawing room.

The elfish urchin, Ada's young brother Gwyn, grinned at him the moment he appeared. He was too conscious of his sister, Dr. Granby, Ada's father, clasped his hand warmly enough, with a real welcoming smile; and Ada herself startled him briefly with an expression in her sunny eyes that seemed new to him—bewilderingly adorable besides. The others did not matter. At first, that is.

But just before the pairing time, young Gwyn sidled up to Cyril and asked if he was dry yet.

"I hope so," said Cyril, forcing a laugh.

"I—didn't know," the lad whispered on. "I've got to cut it till you're at dessert. Do hurry up to it, won't you? And I say, Cyril, old man, see that fellow with the shiny bald head? It's Peter Weston, Esquire, from the country; he's very sweet on Ada. He's got thousands a year. She likes him awfully, and he's promised me a pony when she says, 'Yes.' Nuts for me, isn't it?"

He had still more to say, but his father suddenly gripped him by the ear and expelled him.

"Will you take Ada in, Mr. Holcroft?" said Dr. Granby. "You're none the worse for your escapade of this morning, I hope?"

"Not in the least," said Cyril.

Ada herself put the same question to him on the way to the dining-room. He did this with characteristic inefficiency; trod on the gown of a lady in front, and bumped Ada against the dining-room doorway. He felt worse about it than he need have felt when Ada laughed at Miss Braycombe's little joke on behalf of the gown, and exclaimed, "It's all right, Mr. Weston, it wasn't your fault." Weston was escorting Miss Braycombe. Those two gave Cyril a look wholly free from amiability. At the soup Ada repeated her question.

"You didn't tell me how you were," she said, "unless pulling up Miss Braycombe like that was an answer."

"Oh," said Cyril, "you know I'm all right. Don't I look it?"

She viewed him quickly, and a formidable ironic twitch came to her lips.

"You—don't," she said, softly. "You've got a church steeple to your hair. Comes of getting it wet out of due season, I suppose."

Other discomfitures followed when Cyril had flattened that church steeple with unobstructive vigor. Ada gave Mr. Weston, her neighbor to the right, two-thirds of the conversation. She was chatty with him, too. Tom Russell, the stock-broker, inquired loudly across the table about the heroism people were saying he (Cyril) had been guilty of; and the general pause that ensued was gall and wormwood to Cyril. He blushed and replied that he hadn't a notion of what Mr. Russell meant. Like the good fellow he was, Dr. Granby broke the inquisitive silence for him.

And then what must Ada do but whisper to him:

"What a coward you are!"

"I know!" he assented; and he had little appetite after that. Her emphasis upon the words was horribly convincing. Never had her blue eyes lured him more fatally. And she called him coward—and meant it!

As soon as the ladies had gone, that young imp Gwyn showed in the doorway. He slipped into a chair next to Cyril and helped himself to a banana.

"What is this about your saving a poor creature from a watery grave, Holcroft?" now asked Tom Russell impatiently.

"It didn't happen to be a poor creature at all!" said Cyril. "I was the poor creature. I got wet for nothing—that's all!"

"Really! What was it, then?"

Young Gwyn popped in his oar.

"I'll tell you," he said, "Mr. Holcroft was taking his constitutional along the canal side when some chap threw a scarecrow into the water from the bridge. It had petticoats and other things on, you know, and looked just like a woman when it spread out. And, being shortsighted, old Cyril—Mr. Holcroft, I mean—took a header after it. And—he can't swim a hang, that's the joke of it. But our Newfoundland dog, Hector, and me—all right, dad, and I—we were close by, and Hector hauled him out by the neck. That's all. He swallowed a of canal water and went home, just as he was. He looked—ripping."

"And drinking, I wager!" said Tom amid the prevalent laughter.

"It was due to my short sight," explained, with amusing gravity.

"Well," said Peter Weston, checking his mirth, "I call it a thoroughly plucky thing to do. It was heroic."

Cyril felt particularly annoyed with Peter Weston's mirth.

Dr. Granby again turned the conversation. He appreciated the danger signal in Cyril's red cheeks.

"He's chaffing you, Cyril," whispered Gwyn, "and pass the sweets, will you?"

Afterwards, in the drawing room Cyril did little except talk anthemics with a young lady from Cardbridge. He astonished her by his effectiveness. But he watched Ada and Mr. Weston all the time. Even when Ada came up to him and said smilingly, "Do give Miss Carter a rest, Mr. Holcroft. I'm sure she gets enough binomial theorem at college"—even even then he saw nothing but contempt for him in the suggestion. He gave Miss Carter a rest, and was thankful when the earrings were announced. It chanced that Ada was alone when he said 'Good-night' to her. Impulse, disappointment, bitterness and several other emotions produced a curious corollary to his farewell.

"May I venture to congratulate Mr. Weston?" he said, with dimmed glasses. She started and decided not to understand him.

"I call that cowardly of you, too!" she said, with a lovely rush of color to her cheeks. "Good-night."

Two days later young Gwyn rang the bell of Cyril's snug little house while Cyril was at breakfast, meditating about his literature since the dinner party.

"What's the matter?" Cyril asked when the boy bounced into the room, cap on head.

"Something ghastly!" said Gwyn, looking it. "What do you think? We're ruined. I wasn't to say a thing about it to anyone, but we are. Dad's been speculating—you know, and he's lost."

Cyril pushed away from the table. He readjusted his glasses. His thoughts were all upon Ada Granby.

"Your sister——" he began.

"Oh, it's just about squashed her flat, though you wouldn't think so to look at her."

"Has it?" said Cyril feebly, but with a glowing soul.

"Yes; of course it has. No one knows what men are. And Weston's not the chap to marry a girl who—"

"I see," exclaimed Cyril. "The scoundrel!"

"Yes; I know. But I can't wait. I'll be too late. And don't split on me."

The lad ran off, and Cyril dropped into an arm-chair and thought rapidly. He possessed that great blessing known as ample means. It was dreadful to think that Ada's happiness might thus be wrecked, and very soon he was writing a strange, unworldly letter to Dr. Granby, offering him his purse to any extent. With his own hand he put the letter in the box at Dr. Granby's house, trembling lest he should see Ada herself. Though he imagined he had lost all chance of her, she was still too much to him.

But instead of Ada he met Peter Weston. That gentleman was coming down the road with a consequential air that impressed Cyril unfavorably even before he recognized him.

"Good-morning," he said with a smile, which seemed to Cyril offensively reminiscent of his smiles at the dinner party. Cyril stopped in a quick fever.

"Good-morning!" he said. "I—Excuse me, but I would be glad to be assured about something. My interest in the Granbys urges me to speak."

"What do you mean?" Mr. Weston asked.

"I refer," said Cyril, "to Miss Granby and yourself. I—"

But Mr. Weston showed impatience.

"That is my business!" he exclaimed. "Miss Granby is nothing to me."

"Ah," said Cyril, hot with righteous wrath, "then you are no better than a scoundrel, a fair-weather acquaintance who—Hands off, sir!"

He not only flung off the hand of the astonished Mr. Weston, but struck him—even knocked him down. In falling he hit his head against the wall, and now he lay as if stunned. And it was thus that Dr. Granby himself came upon them, his victim's head supported in the arms of the distressed Cyril.

"Give me a hand with him," said the doctor after a brief examination of him; and together they carried Mr. Weston into the house. And then Cyril just fled away.

"The man's mad!" said Dr. Granby looking after him.

By and by when he had read Cyril's letter, he said, "He must be mad!" Ada coming into the room, he gave her the letter, and asked her what she thought of it.

"It—it's just like him, father," said the girl quietly. "I hope Mr. Weston is not really hurt—and I'm going out."

But she waitell first her brotner Gwyn. She caught that subtle youth by the ear, and held on until she had the truth out of him.

"What if I have been ragging him!" exclaimed the boy. "He is such an old softy!"

"Very well," said Ada. "You'll come right along to his house and tell him everything, or else papa shall make it warm for you."

"I don't care, only I must be sharp about it," said the boy.

Again he bounced in upon Cyril, now in the midst of the depression that had followed his attack upon Mr. Weston.

"I say, old man!" he exclaimed, "I've been cramming you a bit. Sorry, but I have. And—that's all." It had to be more before he went.

"If you'll tell a lie like that, Gwyn, lad," said Cyril, "you'd tell others. Mr. Weston—er—no doubt—still—your sister Ada and he, I mean—"

"Oh, bother!" cried the boy. "It's all a made up tale from the first. She refused him. She brought me here this minute to tell you so. You are such a thick head, Cyril. For a chap of your age, you're awful ridiculous. Anyone can see she's sweet on you, though it's a thing no fellow can understand."

He went off laughing. His sister was outside with a pained face. And it was thus that Cyril found her when he snatched up his hat to pursue Gwyn to ask some more questions. The lad took to his heels, laughing, and only Ada was left to him.

And now for the first time the girl's heart spoke out for her, as she gave Cyril her hand and looked him full and tenderly in the eyes.

"How could you?" she said. "You ought to know me—better—and my little wretch of a brother."

"Really!" he whispered, as if he were out of breath, gazing at her. "You love me?" His hand tightened on hers.

"Well, yes, I do," said she. And then she, too, laughed like Gwyn himself. "I'm sorry to say I can't help it. And now do come and apologize to poor Mr. Weston."—London Answers.

serve him closely. He was up-to-date as to clothes and travelling accessories, and appeared alert and capable. He still seemed absorbed, and the Girl, who had no brothers and admired all men for her good father's sake, began to speculate about him. First she gave him a name, a high-sounding one. Next she made him rich and well-bred. Then she would have him educated, intellectual and successful. He was probably on a business trip now which involved large interests. Finally, she made him high-principled and noble—in short, a Christian gentleman. But just then her wandering thoughts were interrupted, for "the gentleman" looked up suddenly, caught the Girl's eye, and raised his hat. It was done so courteously, so deferentially, that the Girl did not like to resent the liberty, and indeed, she was confused, and, well, she bowed in return.

Instantly she was ashamed and frightened, and she turned her head away to look out of the window. Reproachful, agitated thoughts crowded her brain. Why did she bow? She had done wrong. How grieved, how shocked, her mother would be! She must be more careful in the future and not stare at strange men. And now the first flush of surprise at herself was over. Presently the Girl began to excuse her conduct. She had really done no harm, she reflected, and, besides, she knew several nice girls who attracted attentions from strangers, "just for fun." But she had no intention of doing such a thing. Certainly not. But she was sure, oh, vanity of vanities! she was sure that she had seen admiration in the man's eyes. A smile crept over the Girl's face, and she fell to day-dreaming. She recalled romantic situations she had read of, in which charming girls had captivated the fancy of disguised princes and dukes. And "the gentleman" looked swell enough to be a prince at the very least. She was entranced in her tenth-rate novel plot when somebody took the vacant seat beside her. It was "the gentleman."

Who shall reckon with the powers of evil Who can write the full history of one vagrant thought? The Girl was so interested that she did not even know when they reached Springfield. She had intended to notice when the train stopped there, for a certain reason. But it now happened that she did not see a young man on the platform, or know that he stepped aboard her car and walked down the aisle and took a seat behind her. She did not know that he sat there looking at her and at "the gentleman" mystified. That he grew provoked, scornful, and that when he overheard a bit of their forced and foolish conversation he arose, muttering a shameful word under his breath. It was "Flirt."

For weeks he had planned this little surprise for the Girl. He had known her in her home, in her church, in the quiet social life of the pleasant town, and he had admired her and believed her to be all that a girl should be. When business caused him to remove to Springfield, he had sincere regret at leaving this girl, and he had cherished the thought of her as a pure and very precious thing. New he went down the aisle, and dropped his box of chocolates into the lap of a fretful child, and laid his roses by the side of an old lady with a draggled widow's veil over her bonnet.

At Pittsfield he swung off the train, lonely and litterly disappointed. In his heart he put many savage adjectives before the name of the Girl. For he did not know that the Girl had learned her lesson; that her high-woven fabrication of princes and princesses, of coronets and castles had suddenly tumbled to pieces when "the gentleman" asked her to leave the train with him and go to the theatre. That with the reasserted dignity of pure girlhood she had turned sternly upon "the gentleman" and bidden him leave the seat and never, never dare speak to her again. He did not know that the Girl, in deepest mortification, resolved never again to give any strange man the right to insult her. He did not know that in sincerest repentance she asked God to forgive her error. He never knew that her heart went out from that day to other vain girls as it never had before, or that her warning voice stopped many a silly one on the brink of entanglement.

As for the Girl, she often wondered why the young man for whom she had such a sincere friendship did not answer the letter she wrote him from Iowa. She never knew that for the "fun" of a few minutes she had sacrificed the respect of an honorable man.

The breaking of a shaft on the first floor of the H. J. Heintz plant at Pittsburgh on June the 29th, released the ropes supporting a large freight elevator in which twenty-three persons were crowded. The cage fell from the fifth floor into the cellar, a distance of forty-five feet, and every one on the elevator was injured. It is thought that at least two will die. When the accident occurred the elevator was evidently overcrowded.

Minard's Liniment cures diphtheria.

Dr. Rainsford's Failure.

IT WAS WOFUL, BUT IT DID HIM GOOD.

"As I look back upon my own ministry, I know the reason why I succeeded was because, so far as God gave me light, I was willing to give up everything that stood in my way in order to be free," says the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, writing of his work in "The Outlook." "There is no downing a man who will get down on his knees and say from his heart, 'Almighty God, I am willing to fail, if failure means the advancement of the kingdom of God.' I should like to give a specific instance of illustration of failure. I can look back now and see that God's hand was in it, but then it was nothing but bitterness."

"How could you?" she said. "You ought to know me—better—and my little wretch of a brother."

"Really!" he whispered, as if he were out of breath, gazing at her. "You love me?" His hand tightened on hers.

"Well, yes, I do," said she. And then she, too, laughed like Gwyn himself. "I'm sorry to say I can't help it. And now do come and apologize to poor Mr. Weston."—London Answers.

"I had been conducting a series of missions in different parts of the country, and I had been preaching some pretty good sermons—it is very easy to turn out some good sermons when you preach ten or fifteen over and over, repeating them as you visit each church. A call came to speak on missions at the Church Congress in Boston. This was in 1877. I was so ignorant of ecclesiastical matters that I did not know what a church congress was—I had an idea that a few clergymen met together to discuss clerical matters. I had to speak at this Church Congress, I think, on Wednesday or Thursday. I had been holding mission services at the Church of the Holy Trinity, one hundred and twenty fifth st. and Fifth ave., New York on the very morning I had to leave for Boston. I arrived in that city at 6.30, if I remember rightly, and I had to speak at 8.30. I went to the Music Hall about 8, and saw an audience of quite two thousand people—the place jammed, and two hundred and fifty clergymen and bishops on the platform. Cold shudders ran down my back. However, I knew my subject, or thought I did, and I was going to speak without notes—something I have never done since.

"My turn came after Father Benson of Oxford. The whole place looked black to me. I got up, stammered and sputtered for five or six minutes—my time was twenty-five minutes—and sat down. I am not exaggerating in this; I did not say one clear sentence that would parse in that time. I sat down in darkness, and the meeting went on. At last people began to go, the men began to leave the platform; I did not know a soul. I sat there utterly cast down—a lonely youth indeed. All at once a large hand was laid on my shoulder, and a big, kind voice said: 'Mr. Rainsford, will you preach for me in Trinity Church next Sunday morning?'

"That was my first meeting with Phillips Brooks. Was it any wonder I loved him? I did not know until afterward that Brooks had heard of my preaching, that he knew that a certain vestry of an important church were looking for a rector, and that he had engineered my speaking at the Church Congress in Boston. Naturally, after the display I made, the vestry did not want anything of me, and Brooks, out of his big heart, felt that his green boy had lost his head and failed, and determined to give him another chance at Trinity the next Sunday morning. I preached there, and did nearly as badly; Brooks sat listening to me, and he was a very terrifying man to preach before; but after that I saw a good deal of Phillips Brooks until he died.

"That failure was one of the best things that could have happened to me. I was entirely unprepared to take charge of a church in Boston. Had I got it, I should have had an early and cheap success, and then nothing.

"I do not think it is an easy thing to be a clergyman. It is an easy thing to draw a salary and make a fair success; but to make your mark among men, to do anything more than simply march in the ranks, that is a pretty hard thing to do."

He Was a "Good Fellow."

(Journal, St. Thomas, Ont.)

A young man stood in a tailor's shop the other day looking well and prosperous in a new suit of clothes he had just put on. He was a young man of the town, a man of brains and ability. He had been one of the good fellows of the town for years.

Another good fellow entered. Greetings were exchanged and conversation ensued. Finally the last comer reached that hill in conversation which sometimes prompts a man to suggest that all go and have a drink.

"I'll buy," he said. "Come on; let's go get a drink."

"Ain't drinking a thing," was the reply of the well-dressed good fellow. "Haven't drank a drop in a year."

"You don't mean it," said the other fellow.

"You bet I do," was the response. "That's why I've got these clothes on. A year ago I couldn't have got them without laying down the cash in advance, and I couldn't very well do that, then, for I was making a record as agood fellow."

What's the answer?

Pleasant Cure for Weak Lungs.

The best remedy for sore, weak lungs is the soothing vapor of Catarrhozone, which traverses every air cell and passage of the breathing organs. It treats remote parts that cough mixtures and sprays can't approach, and kills thousands of germs at every breath. Catarrhozone drives away pain, congestion and inflammation; it makes breathing easy and regular, and exerts a marvelous influence on Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Deafness and Lung Trouble. Catarrhozone cures at once, is delightful to inhale, and simple to use. Price $1.00; small size 25c. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure constipation.

Wasted Money.

(Exchange.)

If the money spent annually for liquor, and most of it by the laboring man, was to go next year for bread, meat, boots, shoes, clothing, furniture, books, pictures and education, there would be such a revival of business throughout the land that we should think the millenium had dawned upon us; not overproduction, but under consumption is our trouble now. Men cannot spend their money in the saloons and in stores also.

CONTINUE
Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with
Scott's Emulsion
should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.
Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Drowning Dangers.

BULLETIN ISSUED BY THE U. S. LIFE SAVING CORPS.

There are so many lives lost every year by drowning that might be saved by a knowledge of how to act in cases of emergency, that the U. S. Volunteer Life Savings corps has issued a regular summer bulletin to all persons who may be attracted to disport themselves upon the water the coming summer in any way.

Do not go out in any pleasure boat of small or large dimensions without being assured that there are life saving buoys or cushions aboard sufficient to float all on board in case of an upset or collision.

With a party, be sure you are all properly and satisfactorily seated before you leave the shore—particularly so with girls on board. Let no one attempt to exchange seats in midstream, or put a foot on the edge or gunwhale of the boat to change seats or to rock the boat for fun. This, by rollicking young people, has upturned many a boat and lost very many lives every year. When the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamers, never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, and keep cool until the rocking danger is past.. If overturned a woman's skirt, if held out by her extended arms while she uses her feet as climbing up stairs, will often hold her up while a boat may be pulled out from the shore and save her. A non-swimmer, by drawing his arms up to his sides and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair-climbing, or treading water with his feet, may hold himself up several minutes, often when a single minute means his life, or throwing out his arms, dog fashion, forward overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something—that may bring him help, may at least keep him afloat until help comes.

In rescuing drowning persons, seize them by the hair or collar, back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around your neck or arms. If unmanageable, do not strike them, but let them drop under a moment until quiet, then tow them into the shore. If unconscious, do not wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once; first get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or towel to let the water run out; get a buoy, box or barrel under the stomach, or hold them over your knee, head down, and jolt the water out, then turn them over side to side four or five times, then on the back, and with a pump movement keep their arms going from pit of stomach overhead or a straight out and back fourteen or sixteen times a minute until signs of returning life are shown. Of course you will at first loosen collar and all binding clothing. Let some one at once remove shoes and stockings, and at the same time rub the lower limbs with an upward movement, from foot to knee, occasionally slapping the soles of the feet with the open hand. Working on these lines our Volunteer life savers have been successful after two hours of incessant manipulation, but are generally successful inside of thirty minutes.

Spirits of ammonia to the nostrils, or a feather tickling in the throat often helps to quicken, but we rarely need anything more than the above mechanical means. No spirits internally until after breathing and circulation are restored, then a moderate use of stimulants or hot tea and a warm blanket or bed is of the first importance.

The Mining of Arsenical Ore.

In connection with the proposed development of the mine of arsenical ore at Cheticamp, Cape Breton, referred to in The Herald a few days ago, the following article of the mining of arsenic will be found of considerable interest:

"Gold miners in Hastings county, Ontario, for years sought for some means to rid the ore of the arsenic deposit which in that region is found in combination with the gold. They offered rewards, tried numberless experiments, and did everything they could to get rid of the poisonous, troublesome stuff that lay between them and their precious gold. But now a wonderful transformation has taken place. Instead of separating the gold from the arsenic, the miners are working to get the arsenic away from the gold. It is much the same thing, but different. The difference is that the arsenic and not the gold is what the miners are after. They do not throw away the gold, but the arsenic is the prize.

"The miners were still swearing vainly at the arsenical deposits that buried their gold from them when a party of scientists came over from England. They asked the miners how much gold a ton they took out of their rough ore. The miners replied that the ore ran all the way from $4 to $60 worth of gold. They said the trouble was that it had so much arsenical pyrites in it. The scientists investigated and informed the miners that the arsenic in one ton of their ore was worth something like $90. Then the miners quit swearing at the arsenic.

"This strange turn of the wheel of fortune has been caused by the virtual exhaustion of the former chief source of supply of arsenic in Germany and England, together with the superior quality and purity of the Canadian product.

"The companies in the Hastings county gold fields have successfully introduced the bromo-cyanogen process in treating the previously refractory mispickel, as the ore in which arsenic is contained is called, and are now turning out eighty tons of arsenic a month. The arsenic can be placed on the cars at Marmora, in Hastings county, at a cost of $200 a ton. It sells at $70 and frequently as high as $90 a ton. This arsenical ore also carries from $4 to $60 worth of gold in each ton, which is a handsome profit in itself.

"Arsenic is a metallic substance, extremely brittle, of steel gray shade, and is one of the most poisonous of substances. It is used for mixing with lead in the manufacture of shot and is also added to iron and steel in the manufacture of chains and ornaments. It is indispensable in the manufacture of glass, being used for reducing the iron oxide contained in the sand."

The great profit in arsenic can be seen from the above article, and, as is mentioned here, the fact that Ontario mine is practically exhausted shows the chance for the Cape Breton mine.

A Wonderful Tonic and Strengthener.

Said a druggist to-day, "No doubt about it, the tonic that gives best results is the biggest seller, and that is Ferrozone. It enriches and purifies the blood, restores strength and energy to the feeble, and is a scientific reconstructor that was always popular. In Chlorosis, Anæmia, Tiredness, Languor, Brain Fag, Indigestion and Dyspepsia its action is prompt, and satisfactory cures always follow. Yes, I recommend Ferrozone to my customers because I believe it is the best tonic and strengthening medicine that money can buy." Large boxes cost 50c.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Ira D. Sankey, the singing evangelist, has been pronounced by ocalists totally and permanently blind.

By an explosion in the Las Esperanzas coal mine, Mexico, twenty-four miners were killed and fifty injured.

Mr. George Sadler, of Glen Margaret, who found the body of his son, lost last autumn in the woods about two miles from his home, has declined to accept the reward offered by the Provincial Government.

The indications are that the present season will result disastrously to the farmers of Cape Breton Island. Reports from all parts are to the effect that the long, dry season has stunted vegetation and that crops of all kinds will be a complete failure.

Shamrock III covered a thirty-mile course off Sandy Hook on Friday in 5 minutes and 18 seconds faster than Shamrock I. It was a broad reach of 15 miles to the outer mark and a long leg close hauled back to the finish line.

As a result of the breaking of the Oxford dam in Pa. on July 5th, 20 persons are known to be dead and 16 missing. The property loss in the valley will reach $1,500,000, and the distress is so great that outside relief will have to be asked for. The number of lives was not so great as estimated, but the list is long enough to be appalling.

Charles Crombs, a highly respected farmer of Shubenacadie, aged 61, was found dead sitting in his chair on Saturday night, by his wife and four children on their return from a picnic. The deceased was working all the forenoon and drove from the farm to the station to ship milk to Halifax. He had dinner alone, and it is supposed died while sitting in his chair after dinner.

A despatch from Glace Bay, C. B., says things are proceeding better in the flooded mines of the Dominion Coal Company than was at first expected. Twelve pumps are taking out water at the rate of 5,000 gallons a minute and the water has receded more than 350 feet down the slope in Dominion No. 1 pit. Places temporarily vacated in Reserve pit for fear of water breaking the barriers are now being worked.

A fatal accident occurred at Woodside refinery, Dartmouth, during the storm Thursday night, the victim being Joseph Hines, who was employed on the night shift, and was attending a large vat of hot syrup. While the lightning was flashing he attempted to walk on a plank across the vat, and it is thought that his sight was affected by a bright flash of lightning as he fell off the plank into the vat and disappeared quickly. His body was got out as soon as possible, but life was extinct.

—Quite a notable tide of tourist travel has set in towards Canada this summer, and in the ranks of visitors a number of journalists will be found. Two State press associations—those of Kentucky and Alabama—have made arrangements to visit the country during the coming month, and it is not improbable that other associations will follow them. The significance of their visit is to be found in the fact that hitherto Canada has scarcely been deemed of sufficient importance to merit a visit. Indeed, Canada must have been regarded by Southerners much as the people of Ontario now look on Labrador or Baffin's Land. During the time that the journalists are in the country, no opportunity must be omitted to impress them with our personality. The idea has become much too prevalent among the people of the United States that Canada is merely a prospective state of the Union, ready at any moment to cast in its lot with New York, Pennsylvania and the rest. This erroneous idea must be obliterated from the minds of visiting journalists, if it has obtained any root there. On the other hand, there must be no concealing of the fact that Canadians are anxious for the maintenance of the friendliest of relations between the two countries. This can be shown by treating the visitors royally, and giving the hand of welcome. The result of it all will doubtless redound to the mutual benefit of both nations.—Canadian Printer and Publisher.

Windsor Gets $20,000.

An important decision in the estate of Godfrey Payzant was filed by Judge Graham in the Supreme Court yesterday. Testator left $20,000 to the town of Windsor to assist in the building and maintaining a hospital for all classes on condition that the corporation should procure a like sum by a tax on the citizens or from private donations or otherwise, to be added to the bequest. There is a provision in the will by which the gift is to be paid over to another legatee if the corporation within seven years after decease of testator, fails to raise such additional sum. $6,000 was raised by the town and the remaining amount of $14,000 supplied by a grant from the Provincial legislation. This raised the question just decided, it being contended that this grant did not come within the requirements. The Judge decided otherwise and Windsor has now a fund of $26,000, minus cost of litigation, for hospital purposes.

St. Martin's, Que., May 16, 1895.
C. C. Richards & Co.
Gentlemen.—Last November my child stuck a nail in its knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.
A neighbor advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.
LOUIS GAGNIER.

Only Half Imagined.

(Colonist, Victoria, B. C.)

In a few months it will be possible to travel round the earth in 40 days. The route will be as follows: Paris to Vladinostock, thirteen days; to Nagasaki, two days; to Yokohoma, two days; to Vancouver, twelve days; to New York, via the Canadian Pacific Railway, four days; to Cherbourg, six days; to Paris, less than half a day. A generation ago Jules Verne wrote a book called "Round the World in Eighty Days," which was looked on as an ingenious mixture of science and romance.

Corns Between the Toes

Or between the soles of the feet can be cured by a few applications of Putnam's Corn Extractor, which has been successfully used for 30 years. Putnam's is sure, safe and painless, and much better than any substitute.

—A shoemaker has this card in his window: "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop."—Printer's Ink.

—Minard's Liniment cures distemper.