

The Weekly Monitor

BRIDGETOWN, ANnapolis COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1917

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The Weekly Monitor

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THE RECKONING

Ye who reckon with England—Ye who sweep the seas—Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft And Nelson tore to shreds, Count well your ships and your men, Count well your horse and your guns For they who reckon with England Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who shall challenge England—Ye who will break the might Of the little tale in the foggy sea, And the lion-heart in the fight—Count well your horse and your weapons, Count well your valor and your guns For they who ride against England Must stab her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare—Your hordes of peasants and slaves, To crush the pride of an empire And sink her fame in the waves—Count well your blood and your mettle, Count well your troops and your guns For they who battle with England Must war with a Mother's sons.

War Briefs

Extensive strikes are reported to be in progress in the Silesian and Rhine coal fields of Germany. The trouble has arisen over the food restrictions and objections to the labor service law.

The Russians are nearer to Lemberg now on one side of Przemysl than on the other side, and if they keep on pushing as they have been doing, before long we may be trying to spell and pronounce Przemysl again.

It is officially announced that 8,805 artificial limbs have been made for soldiers by private firms in England at a cost of \$636,000, and that more than 7,000 additional men who have limbs are waiting to be supplied.

If Germany ever abandons her submarine warfare it will be only because of its costliness and its failure. The Germans naturally favored submarine warfare upon hospital ships and merchant vessels because to the German mind a policy of frightfulness is always commendable.

The United States in order to construct a steel and wood merchant fleet of some 5,000,000 tons to assist in breaking the German blockade, plans in carrying out this program, to divert for the use of the government products of every steel mill in the country and to cancel contracts already existing between the steel mills and private consumers.

Hints that compulsion and price fixing might be necessary to conserve Canada's food supply in order that there would be sufficient food for the home population and for necessary exportation to the Allies to save them from losing the war through hunger were thrown out by W. J. Hana, Federal Food Controller, at Montreal, yesterday, in his address before the Canadian Club. He said if everybody would reduce their food consumption by a third, the problems facing Canada would be solved.

Germany is approaching the verge of at least a parliamentary revolution. Whether the surging waves of that revolution will undermine the throne is doubted at the present, but the throne is precarious in autocratic countries these days. It is intimated that a parliamentary majority has been formed in the German Reichstag which demands the institution of a parliamentary government and also the declaration of a new peace program without annexations or indemnities with a present abandonment of the submarine campaign.

Many Germans have become faint hearted, says General Von Stejneger, Prussian Minister, as quoted by the General Anstatter of Dusseldorf. The General, replying to a telegram from the German national union, expressing confidence in him, gave the following advice: "Everyone should possess confidence in the future greatness of Germany, but an excessive anxiety and faint heartedness is still troubling many persons. Everyone should endeavor to give an example of self-renunciation and sacrifice, and to make selfish, faint hearted persons ashamed of themselves."

London, July 19.—Summarizing the military events of the past week, Major-General F. B. Maurice, chief director of military operations at the War Office, said today to the Associated Press: "The British front has been noteworthy for the fact that it has been the heaviest fighting in his history of the war, with the losses on the German side generally favorable to the British. On land there was only minor fighting without material change."

Ottawa, July 18.—Total enlistments for the first two weeks of July were 2,855 for the last half of June. The shadow of conscription which stimulated recruitment to some extent during the latter part of May and early in June, is apparently not having the same influence now. It may be noted however, that the consistent call for farm labor and the fact that there has been no special effort made to stimulate voluntary recruiting since the conscription policy was announced, explain to some extent at least the falling off in recruits this month.

Saving the Home

Never had Pleasant Plains, the home of the Dunaways, looked more truly pleasant than on the morning of that day in September—the day that was to mark the doom of the old home. In the early sunlight the big white house basked among the level fields as complacently as if it were not going to pass at noon forever out of Dunaway hands. A thin column of smoke arose peacefully from the kitchen chimney, pigeons preened themselves gaily on the gray roof of the stable. The garden, bright with late flowers, opened on its lower side into the south cornfield, where little end-less whispers went up and down the russet rows. Michael, the hired man, and Mary Dunaway, the youngest of her line, stood in the barn door and surveyed the fair scene gloomily.

Down by the pasture bars stood Christopher, the safe horse remaining of a goodly stable; his angular form was sharply outlined against the blue horizon. Christopher had spent a busy summer; the corn crop, now almost ready to be harvested, was the result of his efforts, and the garden, too, had yielded its fruit to his patient labors. Outsiders called him balky, and said that people ought not to expect anything better of an animal so absurdly named; but to his owners Christopher's will was something more than balkiness. It was somehow an evidence of the most appalling strength of character. From bitter experience they had learned that when Christopher once planned his four feet firmly on the ground, and switched his tail sharply from left to right there was nothing for them to do but fold their hands and wait.

When they finally learned that lesson, life at Pleasant Plains became more even.

On this particular morning Grandfather Dunaway had as usual risen before sunrise; when Michael and Mary came out of the barn at nine o'clock, he was patrolling the cornfield with his head bowed and his hands in his pockets. Michael regarded him somewhat grimly. "Struttin' still," he observed with a note of pride in his mournful tones. "First to last, struttin' still!"

Mary quirted through a sudden midst of childish tears to see if she could make out any movement of the old bowd figure that could be possibly be termed a strut, but she failed. Ordinarily, she would have laughed at Michael's words, but today a sense of imminent loss and grief, was heavy upon her.

Pleasant Plains was going to be sold. After struggling against fate for years, the Dunaways had been obliged to acknowledge at last that no other course lay open to them. In spite of the gallant efforts of Michael and Christopher, in spite of selling a slice of land here and a corner there, in spite of care and watchfulness and economy, things would not hold together; the one solution of the sad problem was, it seemed, to sell out, buy a more compact place, and settle down to life on a smaller scale. Grandfather was old, Aunt Luella was a woman, Mary was a child, and Michael, for all of his resourcefulness, was only one man; the land was poor from much tilling, and the hired man, labor and teams came high; the best timber and the choicest lowlands had been sold long ago. Pleasant Plains would have to pass out of the hands of the Dunaways, who had held it from time immemorial.

A keen, sharp-witted fellow named Shane had long had his eye turned covetously on the old farm; and he had come out frequently from town to nose around among the peaceful meadows. Once in awhile he made stinging offers for the place to Grandfather Dunaway. Michael knew by some reason of his own told to no one except Mary, that Shane was thoroughly convinced that there was valuable land there.

Hitherto, Grandfather had turned a deaf ear to Shane's advances; but finally affairs reached a pass, where, at the old gentleman ruefully said, "deafness wouldn't do any longer." He had shut himself into his study and written to Shane, who a few days before had made a tolerably good offer. Grandfather had accepted it.

Miss Alice Patterson, spending her vacation with Miss and Mrs. W. E. Paton, was with him on Thursday to him.

Shane was away at the time he received the letter. However, he promptly telegraphed: "Shall come with lawyer on Wednesday morning September 15th, which will be within the time you specify. Have us met at the ten-thirty train."

On the Monday before the fatal Wednesday Uncle Thomas Dunaway's letter exploded in the gloomy household. Shane was a half-brother of Uncle Thomas was a half-brother of the grand-father, a great deal his junior; and for the last twenty years he had been a wanderer in parts unknown. Home and family ties had never bound him; once in a great while a post card with a foreign name would tell his relations that he still lived; beyond that they knew little of him. He had long ago disposed of his share in the farm, and it was with the jocular, sprawling message read the jocular, sprawling message that he sent.

Plains has got to stay with the Dunaways." Aunt Luella and Mary were jubilant; but grandfather brought them up with a sudden check.

"I hope," he said, gently and soberly, peering over his spectacles, "that Thomas will reach here before noon of Wednesday."

When the meaning of his words dawned upon them they broke into loud protest.

"But surely, father," cried Aunt Luella, "under these peculiar circumstances the man will let you off! You didn't say a 'week to the very minute,' anyway. Why, nobody but a shark would hold on to the ragged edge of a bargain like that!"

But Grandfather shook his white head. No Dunaway had fallen short of even the letter of the bond. "I shall appeal to his generosity," he decided hopefully, and shut himself again in his study, in order to write to Shane.

Shane's answer came back without delay; it was short and curt and small as the man himself. "A bargain's a bargain," it said.

Wednesday the 15th dawned, and still Uncle Thomas had not arrived. At a quarter to ten o'clock Aunt Luella, who had been standing at her bedroom window for a full hour, gazing out in unaccustomed idleness, called to Mary: "Tell Michael that you and I'll go to the station; tell him to hitch Christopher to the spring wagon. I am afraid to let Michael go," she added, "in such a sulky state there's no telling what he might do."

Shane leaned far out of the window in order to see whether a cloud of dust in the distant highway was a drove of cattle or Uncle Thomas, and sighed heavily when she found that it was a drove of cattle. Mary went downstairs with the message.

Michael listened in silence, and in silence Mary went into the kitchen, took up his shafts and strap him into the shabby harness. Aunt Luella climbed painfully into the wagon. "Is everything buckled?" she asked distrustfully. "Why don't you shine up the bridle a bit when we've got to meet city folks?"

Michael sniffed sulkily. "These riggings is plenty good enough for city folks or any other kind of folks that go narrow. Plated to hire a livery team for their mean purposes. If Christopher only behaves to-day as well as he looks, I'm asking no more of him. Get up, Christopher!"

The train was on time, and Mr. Shane hurried with Mr. Beale, his lawyer, toward the spring wagon. When he untied Christopher from the hitching post he gave the light a vigorous shake. "No time to lose," he said briskly. "Want you to step lively, to-day, Chris, my boy!"

Christopher flattened his ears slightly at the insult, but he started off quietly enough. The two guests were stowed away on the back seat, and Aunt Luella, who would never yield the reins to anyone, drove. There was little talk. Aunt Luella gave herself up entirely to the clucks and chirps of the chickens which she encouraged, Christopher, and Mr. Shane had little to say beyond an occasional word to his companion. When they reached the top of Hazel Creek Hill, he pointed westward.

"That's the property," he said briefly. Neither of the two on the front seat turned their eyes. They knew without words that Shane's finger was "the property" looked from this particular elevation on a clear fall day—the old, rolling, sunny farm, with the dear homestead nestling at its heart. A large tear splashed down on the worn out reins; Aunt Luella's mingled rage and anguish had temporarily overcome her.

a mere figurehead, carried because everyone else carried a whip. The Dunaways would almost as soon have thought of striking Grandfather as of using the whip on Christopher. Before Aunt Luella could protest, however, the lash descended, and from Christopher's venerable back with a sickening swish.

"Now will you go on?" cried Mr. Shane, shrilly, "Get up, get up here." Christopher's tail descended with a swift arc, and then was still. At each blow the gray tail swung with a twist that meant outraged surprise as well as obstinacy. When Mr. Shane's hand went up for the fourth time, Christopher turned his head slowly. Until then he had evidently attributed the whipping to Aunt Luella. When he perceived the real state of affairs his behavior changed in an instant. With an airy toss of his head he began to dance. Without rearing or plunging, his hoofs beat a lively tattoo under the water; a shower of flying drops sprayed the occupant of the wagon.

Again the whip sang through the air. "Take that, you ash-colored idiot!" cried Shane.

Christopher performed a graceful polka that drenched his castigator thoroughly, and Mr. Shane sat down gasping. Suddenly Mary felt the seat begin to shake, and glanced up. Aunt Luella was very large, and she was laughing, as loudly and helplessly and so hard that the loose springs of the wagon squeaked beneath her mirth.

She knew there was no danger. In all his well ordered life Christopher had never run away, and he was not going to begin now. But that last epithet had proved too much for her; she was over-powered by an emotion as uncontrollable as Mr. Shane's.

Aunt Luella gradually got the better of her mirth. Hazel Creek flowed monotonously along. Christopher stood like a statue, with his gaze fixed afar off. Mr. Shane sat bolt upright with his watch in his hand.

Fifteen minutes passed, and then Mr. Beale offered a suggestion. "How about vading ashore," he said, "and getting a—er—a wisp of grass, or a bit of corn, or perhaps something like that to tempt him out with?"

Mr. Shane looked from his watch to the swift waters that frothed Christopher's knees. It was fully five yards from the tip of the horse's nose to the shore.

"Suppose you tell up your pants and wade it!" he snapped, and silence fell again on the little company. Fifteen minutes more went by, measured off spitefully by Mr. Shane's watch, and still they sat high and figuratively, dry—although in reality they were drenched to the skin.

Finally, distant but clear, from across the fields came the sound of the Peasant Plains farm bell ringing for twelve o'clock—an old custom of more prosperous days that the Dunaways had never had the heart to forego. Christopher's ears shot forward; his tail quivered. Then, without further ado, he marched out of the stable.

He took the up slope at a steady trot and the next level stretch of road at a gallop. The scent of hay and bran was in his nostrils. Presently, the tall red chimneys of the house appeared above the trees.

Michael shuffled around the corner as they drove up. Mary had expected to see him surly and dumb, but his manner was cordial almost to offensiveness. As the occupants of the spring wagon descended, Grandfather and suddenly another figure loomed Dunaway appeared in the front door behind him—big Uncle Thomas Dunaway, who had come in his turn out by another road. Christopher, who had looked at Grandfather when at Mr. Beale's command, "Well, gentlemen," he said, "shall we settle our little affair now?"

Before Grandfather could speak, Uncle Thomas turned from the window. "I didn't bring up the subject during dinner," he remarked, "because I don't believe in mixing business and pleasure—but, as it turns out, it's this way. When Michael's letter found me, some weeks ago, with the news that it looked as if the old place had soon to go, I made up my mind that it shouldn't for its own sake and not because it held anything diggling for. My brother insisted that until noon you had the right of purchase. We waited until twelve o'clock; then I saw no reason why I shouldn't buy in my old home—and I bought it."

He did not add that he had also immediately turned it over to its former owner, but grandfather's happy old face told that for him.

Mr. Shane behaved better than any one thought he would. Perhaps Uncle Thomas overrode him; or perhaps he felt a bit of honest, if belated, shame. At any rate he simply snapped his fingers and announced that he must immediately get back to town.

"But not," he added, "behind the animal that brought me. I'll telephone for a livery team from the station."

Half an hour later, Michael, with a smile, watched the livery vehicle depart in a cloud of dust. He had a halter around, Christopher's neck halter around, and was grasping him in a forbidden spot under the apple tree.

"There go all our fallen whispers," he murmured.

Life without laughter is a machine without oil.

Life without laughter is a machine without oil.

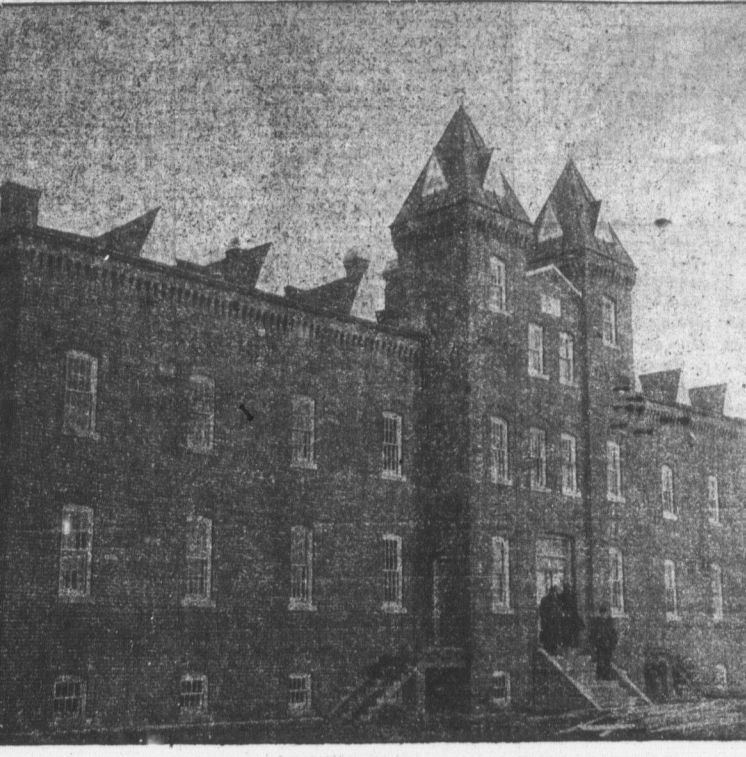
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MOTHER HAD SENT AWAY TO BUY, AND WENT TO SEE BROWN. "MY BOY," SAID BROWN, "IT WOULD BE A GREAT PERSONAL PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU WITH ME, BUT THERE IS NO PLACE FOR YOU. A FEW YEARS AGO WE WERE DOING A BIG BUSINESS AND IT WAS ONE OF MY GREATEST DELIGHTS TO GATHER YOUNG LADS LIKE YOU ABOUT ME, TRAIN 'EM, AND SEE THEM GROW INTO KEEN, SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN. THIS STORE AND SEVERAL OTHERS HERE HAVE BEEN A UNIVERSITY TO WHICH OUR BOYS HAVE GONE FROM THE SCHOOLS TO RECEIVE THEIR HIGHER EDUCATION."

"BUT THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS HAS KILLED ALL THAT. THERE IS NO GETTING AROUND IT. IT HAS KILLED BUSINESS IN THIS TOWN, ONE BY ONE, IN COMMON WITH OTHER MERCHANTS. I HAVE HAD TO CUT DOWN MY STAFF. I AM TRULY SORRY FOR YOU, MY BOY, FOR I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU WITH ME. I WOULD LIKE TO SEE KEEN, AMBITIOUS YOUNG MEN LIKE YOU REMAIN IN NOVA SCOTIA, BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO UNTIL PEOPLE REALIZE THE FOLLY OF BRINGING STAGNATION TO LOCAL BUSINESS ENTERPRISES. THE BOY HAD NOTHING TO SAY. HE FLEW BY THE PRINCIPLE OF SPENDING THE SUIT HIS MOTHER HAD SENT GOOD MONEY AWAY TO BUY, AND WENT TO SEE JONES.

IT WAS THE SAME STORY WITH JONES, AND WITH EVERY OTHER MERCHANT IN TOWN. BUSINESS WAS DEAD. SO THAT BOY HAD TO GO AWAY WHEN THE MONEY AND THE OPPORTUNITIES WERE TO BE FOUND. THE PARTING BETWEEN THE MOTHER AND THE BOY WAS A SAD ONE, BUT SHE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT. HOW MANY HUNDREDS OF YOUNG MEN CAN TELL A STORY LIKE THIS

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SO HE POLISHED THE SHOES HIS MOTHER

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THRIFT IN FOREST FIRES

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About six million dollars worth of property disappeared from the same cause. The easiest and best-paying Thrift

This is the Programme

If you are a settler—Guard well your clearing fires. If a hunter, fisherman, camper, prospector—Put that Camp Fire out before you leave it. Put it DEAD OUT. Try a couple of extra pails of water, or shovels of earth. Never build a fire except in rocks, or gravel, or other safe spot. Keep your fire small. It cools better and is safer. Please do not throw away lighted tobacco or matches. It is the trick of the amateur, no veteran, no good citizen, looks with fire. All the big Conflagrations have started with a wisp of flame. Your lighted match, your cigarette, your camp fire are exactly what is needed to ignite the fuse.

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