



Joker's Corner

NAMED ALL BUT ONE.

A freckle-faced girl stopped at the post office and yelled out: "Anything for the Murphys?"

"No, there is not," said the postmaster.

"Anything for James Murphy?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Ann Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Tom Murphy?"

"No."

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"

"Not a bit."

"Anything for Jerry Murphy?"

"Nothing at all."

"Anything for Lisa Murphy?"

"No, nor Pat Murphy, nor Dennis Murphy, nor Peter Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor John, Jack nor Jim Murphy, nor any Murphy, dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized, savage, or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or misfranchised, natural or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing individually, jointly, severally, now and forever."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said: "Please see if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

A maiden lady, Miss Corker by name, and her niece, who bears the same name, went one evening to a reception at the house of a friend.

"What name, please?" inquired the hostess.

"Miss Corker," answered the elder lady.

"Miss Corker, too," joined in the niece, hurriedly.

Whereupon the man of plush and furbans opened the drawing room door, and with all the dignity of his profession, ushered them into the midst of the company with the convulsing announcement:

"Miss Corker and Miss Cockatoo!"

We were discussing a fellow-traveler and I said she was "clever at repartee." "Is that so?" asked Mrs. M. "I'm thinking of taking it up myself. I'm a great believer in these athletic games for ladies!"

The same dame says her husband is an archaeologist, "and I never knew it until we were packing up to come on this trip. I found some queer-looking tickets in one of his trunks with 'Mudhorse 8 to 1' printed on them, and when I asked him what they were he said they were relics of a lost race. Ain't that interesting?"

"It is true," said a woman lecturer, "that some girls, marrying men to reform them, succeed. Some girls, too, fail."

"The hostess at a tea once said to a beautiful sad-eyed woman:

"Are you fond of sports, Mrs. Blank?"

"Mrs. Blank smiled. Her sad eyes twinkled a moment. Then she sighed and answered:

"Well, I suppose I ought to be. I married one."

Judge Ben B. Lindsay, defending woman's suffrage at Albany, said of an opponent:

"He objects because he misunderstands. His description of woman's suffrage is about as wise and accurate as the little boy's description of the Easter circus elephant."

"This little boy, seeing an elephant for the first time on Easter Monday, shouted:

"Oh, pop, look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth, eating hay with her tail!"

Two Irishmen met one day and referred to the illness of a third.

"Poor Michael! I'm afraid he's going to die," said one.

"And why should he die?" asked the other.

"Oh, he's so thin!"

"Enough and I'm thin—but you're thinner than both of us!"

"So you want to give me a present?"

"Yes, I'd like to give you the other day."

"Mamma—like I had what made you so ill?"

"Tommy, that was you so ill."

"See—now I know it was."

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE

"Fruit-a-lives" saved my Life

RIVERBANK, PIERRE, Q., May 9, 1910. "I look upon my recovery as nothing short of a miracle. I was for eleven years, constantly suffering from Chronic Dyspepsia and Indigestion."

I was treated by several doctors and they simply did me no good. During the latter part of my illness, I was so thin that I weighed only 90 pounds, and I vomited everything I ate.



The doctors gave me up to die as the stomach trouble produced heart weakness and I was frequently unconscious. I received the Last Rites of The Church. At this time, a lady strongly urged me to try "Fruit-a-lives."

When I had taken one box, I was much better and after three boxes, I was practically well again, and had gained 20 pounds. I have taken 13 boxes in all and now weigh 150 pounds and am well.

Madame ARTHUR TOURANGEAU.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of intensified fruit juices and always cures Indigestion, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

The True Test of Friendship

There was, there could be little question of his old friend's guilt. Eric Clarke frowned as that fact was borne in upon him. If it had been anything else, he thought to himself bitterly. But a bribe-taker!

He called his wife to the front porch, where the disturbing daily paper had found him. His finger trembled as he pointed to the glaring headlines. She read it through without comment. Then she turned to her husband with a question in her eyes.

"I've finished with him," he answered, as if she had spoken, striking his hands passionately together, "finished with him once and for all. Anything else—anything else but a thief! I—it doesn't seem possible to believe it. Still there it is in black and white. And I've done with him—done. There's no man'll ever be able to connect the name of Clarke with dishonesty."

His wife did not answer. She folded the paper carefully over the page that had secrets to tell. Her hands trembled a little and her lips, Mr. Clark pulled savagely at his grey mustache.

"I suppose," he said, "you're thinking I'm wrong?"

"I was thinking of what this will mean to Mary. And of an old verse."

"Well, you women certainly beat me. Thinking of poetry when your best friend—one who was your best friend—is openly disgraced. Couldn't be that callous myself."

Breakfast was a silent, uncomfortable meal. Towards its close Mr. Clarke found his wife furtively wiping her eyes and his own were open.

"Sarah," he said, "you do care. What was the poetry that you were thinking of?"

"I said a verse—a verse from the Bible. But you wouldn't care to hear it. It has no bearing on this case."

"A friend loveth at all times and a brother is born for adversity."

"No," he said, "you were right. It has no bearing on this case. I want to hear his name again."

And yet he mentioned it many times. The newsboys drummed it into his unwilling ears.

"What's the matter with you, Seldon?" they queried. "I always thought you was straight. Friend of yours, wasn't he?"

"What now," he answered.

"The next he heard with Seldon had been indicted. That night when darkness fell, he went out of his way to pass the house. Where was not a glimmer of light. He pictured it as he had last seen it—a blaze of light and festivity—the brave little front they had placed between themselves and a prying world. Then he went slowly home.

The next day he did not go down to his office. He wandered forlornly around the house all day. But when he told his feet turned irresistibly to the silent house. He saw a slight figure just ahead of him. Something oddly familiar about it made him pause and wait till an

Bitten by 2000 Dogs. Still He Laughs

(New York Herald.)

Two thousand dogs have now had luncheons off Herman Carn, the official dog catcher of this city, the last to take advantage of his generous girth being a hungry Newfoundland dog which embroiled his initials on Carn's back recently. Laughing heartily as he removed the animal's teeth from his anatomy, Carn informed his friends that in being bitten by a Newfoundland dog one of the chief ambitions of his official career had been realized.

Following his usual custom, Carn bathed the wound with carbolic acid, and then started off to provide a banquet for some other dog.

Carn has been in charge of the bow wow bureau for years and picks up an average of ten thousand stray dogs every year. If there is a dog in Denver that has not used him for a meal ticket it is the animal's own fault. He has got so accustomed to being bitten that it takes the teeth of an extremely large animal to attract his attention.

Small dogs have been known to nibble at his trousers for hours without being discovered. At first he tried to keep track of his bites by making an entry in a book, but they came so fast he had to buy an adding machine. Save for a couple of serious punctures in his nose, inflicted by a peevish pup, Carn's exterior appearance does not differ from that of the ordinary dog catcher.

It is not until he disrobes, as he did one day recently at the request of the city officials, that the extent of his patriotic services became apparent. His exquisitely carved anatomy is a splendid tribute to the artistic marksmanship of the canine family. His legs look like perforated music rolls, while his back resembles a cane bottom chair. There is no estimating just what he has saved the taxpayers in the way of dogmat expense.

"Do I worry about them?" he repeated with a laugh. "I should say not. Dog bites are nothing. Hydrophobia never enters my mind. I would sooner be bitten by a dog than by a flea. When a dog attacks you, you have no trouble finding the spot; it's different with a flea. I've been bitten by every kind of a dog there is with one exception. I've been waiting for a Newfoundland bite, and now I got it. If I could only get an Eskimo dog to bite me the record would be complete. I intend to stay in the business until one comes along."

"How do you account for being bitten so much?"

"I don't know, unless it is that most dogs are fond of a Dutch lunch."

More Than 55,000 Japanese Died in War With Russia

Wounded Numbered More Than 133,000—Figures Just Given Out Officially Tell of Awful Cost of Victory.

Berlin, Sept. 15—Details of Japanese casualties in the war with Russia which have hitherto been withheld from public knowledge, are furnished to the "Militar Wochenblatt" by Surgeon-General Dr. Akiyama, a professor at the Army Medical Academy in Tokyo, who is now in Berlin.

The tables have been drawn up by Dr. Mori, the head of the medical department in the Japanese war ministry, and are thus absolutely authentic.

The first tables gives the numbers of killed and wounded in the seven important engagements and battles of the war. In the battle of Kintachiu, which lasted two days, there were killed thirty-five officers and six hundred and sixty-three men, and wounded one hundred and eleven officers and three thousand, five hundred and fifty men.

In the battle of Vafanku, which lasted two days, there were killed eight officers and two hundred and two men, and wounded forty-four officers and eight hundred and ninety-two men. In the battle of Toshiyau, which lasted three days, there were killed thirteen officers and one hundred and eighty-two men, and wounded fifty-one officers and nine hundred and thirteen men.

The names of the remaining four battles are not given, so they must be distinguished by numbers. In battle No. 4, which lasted twelve days, there were killed two hundred and twenty-two officers and five thousand, three hundred and fifty-five men, and wounded six hundred and eight officers and seventeen thousand, five hundred and twenty-nine men. In battle No. 5, which lasted thirteen days, there were killed one hundred and seventy-nine officers and three thousand, nine hundred and seventeen men, and wounded six hundred and fifty officers and seven thousand, eight hundred and thirty-three men. In battle No. 6, which lasted five days, there were killed eighty officers and one thousand, seven hundred and fifty-four men, and wounded two hundred and forty-nine officers and seven thousand, and twenty-eight men. In battle No. 7, there were killed five hundred and forty-four officers and fifteen thousand, eight hundred and fifty men, and wounded one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine officers and fifty-one thousand, eight hundred and fifty-six men.

A second table gives the number of killed and wounded in the most important engagements before Port Arthur. In the engagements of July 26th, to July 31st there were killed twenty-four officers and six hundred and sixty-seven men, and wounded one hundred and nineteen officers and three thousand, two hundred and seventy-eight men. In the engagement of August 19th to Aug. 24th, there were killed one hundred and sixty-six officers and five thousand, eight hundred and five men, and wounded three hundred and eighty-six officers and ten thousand, four hundred and four men. In the engagement of September 10th to September 22nd, there were killed forty-nine officers and eight hundred and seventy-four men, and wounded one hundred and thirty officers and five thousand, seven hundred and eight men. In the engagement of Oct. 26th to Oct. 31st there were killed thirty-four officers and seven hundred and eighty-three men, and wounded eighty-seven officers and two thousand, seven hundred men. In the engagement of November 26th to December 6th there were killed two hundred and four officers and four thousand, eight hundred and thirty-four men, and wounded four hundred and thirty officers and eleven thousand, two hundred and ninety-nine men.

These figures total 1568 officers and 40,881 killed and 4,619 officers and one hundred and twenty-nine thousand, one hundred and four men wounded.

Farm and Garden

GROW SWEET POTATOES.

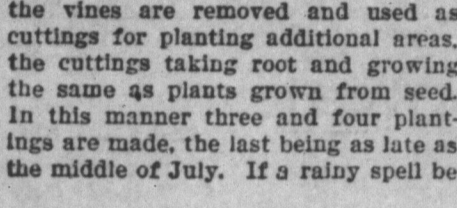
That They Thrive Only in the South is Now an Exploded Fallacy. While the sweet potato is of a tropical nature and is generally considered a vegetable to be grown only in the south, experiments by the department of agriculture show that it will grow, and grow well, as far north as Michigan.

The ridges for planting sweet potatoes should be three to five feet apart and the plants about fourteen inches apart in the row. Cultivate sufficiently to keep the surface soil loose and free from weeds, and the vines will soon cover the ground, after which no cultivation will be necessary. In the warmer parts of the country the seed is not bedded, but is cut in small pieces and planted in the ridges instead of plants. After the plants come up and begin to make vines freely pieces of the vines are removed and used as cuttings for planting additional areas.

The cuttings taking root and growing the same as plants grown from seed. In this manner three and four plantings are made, the last being as late as the middle of July. If a rainy spell be selected for making and planting the cuttings very few will fail to grow and an excellent crop may be produced.

In the north sweet potatoes are dug as soon as the vines are nipped by frost. In the south the potatoes are allowed to remain in the ground until a convenient time for handling them, and in Florida or Texas they are frequently left until required for use. Sweet potatoes should be dug on a bright, drying day, when the soil is not too wet.

On a small scale they may be dug with a spading fork, and great care should be taken that the roots do not become bruised or injured in the process of handling. It is desirable that the roots should be exposed for two or three hours to dry thoroughly, after which they may be placed in a warm, well ventilated room to cure for several days. The proper temperature for curing sweet potatoes is from 80 to 90 degrees F. and 45 or 55 degrees F. afterward. A small crop may be cured around the kitchen stove and later stored in a dry room where there will be no danger of their becoming too cold. Sweet potatoes should be handled as little as possible, especially after they have been cured.



HOW SWEET POTATOES GROW

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Hum of the Hive. Remember that bees crawl up instead of down.

Send your honey to the market in as attractive a form as possible. Stand at the side of the hive and not in front of it while handling your bees.

By siring that your bees have a good prolific Italian queen, and the ants will not bother them.

The honey extractor saves the bees much time in comb building, and thus the beekeeper can secure more honey.

Improve your bees by always testing queens and increasing from colonies that have gathered the most honey.

A large number of farmers are engaged extensively in honey production. Some of them ship over a car of honey each season.

Zealotry was formerly not worth considering as a honey plant because of its scarcity, but of late years it has become plentiful, and now it is worth many dollars; same with dandelion.

Honey and wax are never in greater demand than at the present time, and beekeeping bids fair to take a higher rank among the productive industries than has hitherto been accorded it.

The present improved system of management requires that hives should not stand too near each other. There should be at least six feet between them, and ten would be a preferable distance.

A bee expert gives away this little secret: If bees are kept in a shed the crossness of them can be handled without fear of being stung. A bee shed ought to be long enough to give at least two feet to each hive and sufficiently wide and high, so that one can work comfortably back of the row of hives. It should open preferably to the east, so as to get the morning air.

Cleaning and casing honey must be done in a well lighted place and a large bench or table provided for it. The shipping cases to receive the honey should be placed so as to face the packer and should be arranged so no propolis from scraping will fly into them. It is desirable to have several cases for each grade on the bench, so that honey of the same shade and label may go into the same case.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.



Electric Beans Are a Natural Remedy for Nerve, Stomach and Liver Disorders.

Once upon a time disease was thought to be due to direct influence of evil spirit and magic was invoked to cast it out.

Science has taught us wisdom. The evil spirits still exist we call them "Disease Germs," and they must also be cast out. Once lodged in the stomach or intestines biliousness with its aches and pains, or in fact seventy-five per cent of the ills that affect the human race, is the result.

Electric Beans are the approved remedy for driving out disease germs. Their action is quick and thorough, they clear the intestines, rouse the torpid liver to new life, stimulate mucous membranes to healthy action and cleanse and invigorate the whole digestive tract. Be prepared for emergencies by always keeping a box in the home.

See our booklet of remarkable, true testimonials. Test this remedy at our risk, if it is not satisfactory we will cheerfully refund the money paid for it.

Electric Beans can be had from the Royal Pharmacy, W.A. Warren, prop., or direct from us at 50c. a box. THE ELECTRIC BEAN CHEMICAL COMPANY, LTD. Ottawa, Ont.

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If you make good butter you will profit if the purchaser recognizes your package by the imprint on the wrapper.

Send us a Trial Order

Printed Butter Wrappers

500 sheets, 2 lb. size 2.50 1000 " 2 " " 3.25

500 sheets, 1 lb. size 2.00 1000 " 1 " " 2.50

Unprinted Parchment

250 sheets, 2 lb. size .50 600 " 2 " " 1.00 1000 " 2 " " 1.50

300 sheets, 1 lb. size .50 800 " 1 " " 1.00 1000 " 1 " " 1.25

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Advertisement for 'WELL, WELL!' dye, featuring an illustration of a woman and the text 'THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use' and 'DYOLA ONE DYE - ALL KINDS OF GOODS'.