# The Weekly Monitor

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## The Weekly Monitor

**Established 1873**

O. S. DUNHAM, Editor and Manager

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### CANADA

From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far
mColumbia's shore,
She wakes—a band of scattered homes
and colonies no more;
But a young nation, with her life full
beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West
Hers be the noble task to fill untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins.
The English honor, nerve and pluck—
the Scotsman's love of right—
The grace and courtesy of France—
the Irish fancy bright—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and
home's affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith—of
all our treasures best.
A people poor in pomp and state, but
rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the
people that it leads;
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the
opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now
to leave their impress there—
The stamp of pure nobility; high
honor; stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the
generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far
through nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God—
a nation's highest praise.
So, in the long hereafter, this Canada
shall be
The worthy heir of British power and
British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway
to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name,
a continent resounds.
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in
deathless story;
Strong in the liberty and truth, to
shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations
are no more.

### NEW MINERAL FINDS

**Several Valuable Deposits are Reported in This Province**

Nova Scotia mining and oil circles are much interested in some new finds made during the past winter, among [illegible] one of schelite at L'Abierne Inverness [illegible] large deposit of copper has be[illegible] Oregon, North River, Victoria [illegible] property is owned by John Kline, of Halifax and N McMillan, of Stewiake.

A large area containing iron deposits at Grand Mira, C. B., owned by Sydney Parties, is reported as being in process of sale to the Dominion Steel Co.

A number of farms on Boularderie Island have been leased for the purpose of boring for oil.

Galena areas held by James Nolan, of Glace Bay, have been bonded by a Chicago concern.

### A Railroad Man's Prayer

An old railroad man was converted, as the story goes, and was asked to lead in prayer. This is the way he worded it: "O Lord, now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of Thy love, and let my hand-lamp be the bible. And, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope, that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, Lord, give us the ten commandments for a schedule; and when I have finished the run on schedule time, and pulled into the great, dark station of Death, may Thou, the Superintendent of the Universe say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay-roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"

### Vaccination Recommended

In view of the fact that smallpox has been reported from various parts of the Province, and as vaccination has proven to be an almost certain preventative, the Association of Medical Health Officers of Nova Scotia, at its annual meeting in Halifax on July 3rd, passed a resolution strongly urging that every unprotected person be at once vaccinated.

The attention of school boards is especially called to the good which would result if vaccination were made a condition to the entrance of children into the public schools.

### He Knew

"Human natur'" in this one.

"Any rags? Any old iron?" chanted the dealer, as he knocked at the suburban villa.

"No; go away," snapped the man of the house, irritably, "there's nothing for you. My wife is away!"

The itinerant merchant hesitated a moment and then inquired: "Any old bottles?"

### Why the Editor Skipped

An editor of a small American paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper next month. In two weeks the circulation of his paper doubled. But when he gave the name of his wife he had to leave town.

## Capt. Beckwith's Gold

Capt. Antony Beckwith had been a sea-faring man, and during the war of 1812 he commanded the privateer, Sally Ann. At the close of the war he abandoned the sea and came to Waynor, where he had two brothers living. He and his son Abel built a large two-story farm house, the Beckwith homestead.

It was a very large house and had a huge old-fashioned brick chimney at the centre. On the foundation in the cellar, that chimney was sixteen feet square. There were seven large fire places, as many capacious "air-holes," and two such large ovens were not needed, and the one in the front room was afterward bricked up.

Odd stories were told of the old sailor's farming. He had a kind of quarter-deck built on his ox cart, and standing up there, was accustomed to shout, "Starboard, ye lubber!" to the nigh ox, or, "Port!" and sometimes "Luff, ye rascal" or, "Avast,! Avast!"

He never took readily to bucolic phrases or to the ways of farmers; and after three or four years of it, he left the farm to Abel and went to sea again, this time as master of a trading brig, out of Salem harbor, on long voyages "round the Horn" to the west coast of America, trafficking in furs with the Indians. These were lucrative ventures, and it was from them that the old captain made his money. He was then said to have a half-bushel measure full of gold coins.

By 1829, however, being now sixty-six years of age, he again gave up the sea, and came back to Waynor to live on the farm with Abel and his wife. He kept his money in a heavy brass-bound sea-chest, under his bed, and the front room was an arsenal of cutlasses, pistols, carbines and boarding pikes. Abel's wife, Eunice, was a mild little woman, suffering agonies of fear when caring for the old man's room.

To the last year of his life he insisted on having breakfast at five in the morning, winter and sumer alike. At fouro'clock he would stalk forth from his room and bawl, "all hands on deck, and a rope's end for the last one."

He drank an inordinate quantity of rum, and waxed correspondingly red and stout, but lived till 1859, to the age of ninety-six. He never troubled himself much about the farm, but left that to Abel. He took a great interest in town affairs, however, and always wished to be one of the selectmen.

He attended all town mettings, particularly the March meeting, and invariably had a barrel of rum in his pung. Nothing suited him better than to be called on for a speech, and his speeches would set everyone laughing. After he had spoken he would broach the barrel of rum. This practice grew to be a scandalous nuisance. Several town meetings were called on frivolous pretexts, for no better reason than to bring out the old captain with his barrel. Eight voters of the town, could, after due notice, call a town meeting, and there were numbers of thirsty fellows who thus abused their privileges as citizens.

Every Thanksgiving day the captain held an orgy, which he called a "blowout." When he had grown mellow with drink, he would show his money to his cronies. "I've got plenty of shot in the locker," he used to say to them.

He was not on the best of terms with his two brothers, Sinclair and James, and their families, for they were constantly importuning him to aid them, arguing that it was his duty to do so, especially as Abel was accidently killed by a falling tree about 1843. "Let every tub stand on its own bottom," was all the satisfaction they could get out of him.

Sinclair and James had numerous children, and after Abel's death, all these nephews and nieces entertained great expectations from Uncle Tony, for Abel had left no children. They were very jealous of Abel's wife, however. The old captain was rather fond of his daughter-in-law, a submissive little woman, who never gainsaid him in anything. In truth, she stood in great fear of the old man, but kept house for him, and as he became infirm, waited upon him dutifully—no light task.

At last, in 1850, a distant cousin of the family, named Robinson Lovegood, who had come there on a visit, took a great fancy to Eunice, and married her—with the old captain's blessing. This carried consternation among the nephews and nieces and there was some hard feeling.

All this tickled the old captain, who was not a man of great sensativeness and he had a great deal of fun with his relatives—fun of a rough kind.

He would sometimes send for the children. In the hope of learning something definite about a legacy, they would accept the invitation. The old captain would pour two big glasses of rum and then lead them on to talk. At last he would say, "you do love your old uncle, don't you?"

The children would profess undying affection. Then the old man would laugh. "Oh, I've got a will," he would say. "You go on loving me just like that. I shan't live forever. And when I'm gone you keep your ear to the ground, you may hear something that will please you."

"Or,"—after he had watched their faces for a few moments,—"or you may not, but have a glass of rum."

That was as much as they could ever get out of him.

When the Waynor Savings bank was opened, the trustees prevailed on the old captain to deposit his money in it, but after the attemp to rob the bank in 1857, he drew everything out, changed it into gold again, and put it back into his sea-chest—or at least it was supposed that he did.

He remained the same rough, hard-headed old sea-dog up to the last, and one cold January morning in 1859, he was found dead in bed, with the sea-chest under it. Eunice remembered afterward that he had said to her the night before, that there was something he wanted to say to her.

Robinson Lovegood and Eunice were the ouly persons in the house at the time of the captain's death. The tidings went abroad, but the nephews and nieces did not reach the house till afternoon. They came then in force, with a lawyer; and without stopping for ceremony, or even for decency, they hauled the sea-chest out from under the bed where the body lay, found the key and opened it. A disagreeable surprise awaited them. The only thing in the chest was an old brass sextant.

They turned then on Lovegood and Eunice and accused them of robbing the chest, all the more vehemently since Eunice had not denied that she knew where the old captain kept the key. In the squabble that followed they almost forgot to bury the old man. It was bitter, snowy weather. Lovegood and Eunice were the only ones who went to the funeral.

And this was only the beginning. The day after the funeral they all came with their lawyer, and began searching the house. Already they had set spies to watch Lovegood and Eunice. There was no doubt that the old captain had money in gold; and he had said to them all that he had a will. At last they procured a warrant and had Lovegood and Eunice arrested but could prove nothing against them. James Beckwith had called on the old man two days before his death, and now they began to suspect him of looting the chest.

In April the heirs drove Lovegood and Eunice away from the place. The house now stood empty; but after every few weeks, or months, some one of the relatives would think of some new place to search, and then more wall boards, or floor boards would be torn up. During the spring they took down the cellar wall and lid considerable digging.

Eunice and Lovegood had bought a farm in an adjoining town. The heirs watched all their expenditures.

That sumer, in August, Adelbert Beckwith went to the old place and got a basket of pippins, and a waggish neighbor told James and Sinclair that he had seen Adelbert carrying away something heavy in a basket. The two brothers made a descent on Adelbert's house and searched it. They actually came to blows, and Adelbert had his cousin James put in jail for entering his house and assaulting him.

By this time the whole town was interested. Many and various were the opinions held as to where the money had gone. But nothing came of all the digging and searching. The old house stood there deserted. James would not let the other relatives sell it. None of them would pay the taxes, and in the end the selectmen sold a part of the land for taxes.

From 1866 to 1875 several French-Canadian families occupied the old mansion, which was now in a lamentable state of disrepair. Of the six nephews, Sinclair was killed in the Civil war, and James died in 1874.

By 1881, all the land except ten acres had been sold for taxes; and that spring the old house and the remaining land was in turn advertised for sale. Robinson Lovegood and Eunice had a son, named Antony, after the old captain, whom they had liked in spite of his eccentricities. Tony was a fine fellow; was captain of the base-ball team, which on several occasions came over to play with the Waynor nine. There was never any trouble when Tony was captain; he played a "straight" game and was good natured in defeat.

In 1881 he was twenty-two years old. His father died that year, and Eunice had always wished to come back to Waynor to live. Tony therefore attended the tax sale and bid off the old Beckwith place at four hundred dollars. In September he set to work to repair the house. He and his mother had planned to come here to live and sell the other farm.

The old house was in such a bad state that they were compelled to take out nearly all the inside of it; and concluded to tear down the chimney. Tony hired a mason and several men, but led the work himself; and on the second day they had removed the chimney down to the first floor, where were the oven and ash holes.

Quite unexpectedly he broke into the top of another oven, which had been closed up so long ago that everybody then living had forgotten about it. When Tony thrust his crowbar through the top of this old oven, he was merely surprised at first; but on enlarging the hole, he was much astonished to see several dusty packeges of paper with strings attached to them, and a long, slim leather bag that looked like a big black sausage. For a moment he stared into the cavity. Then came a recollection of what he had so often heard his mother say of the search for the old captain's money and will. He set the men, who had seen nothing as yet, to work on the other side of the chimney, then brought a basket and cleared out the oven.

There were seven packages of yellow papers, attached to all of which, as also to the long leather bag, or belt, were strong linen strings, that extended up to a spike driven into the brick of the oven wall. Directly over the spike was a loose brick in the partition work between the oven and the flue of the chimney, a brick that could be removed by hand. That gave the clue. This forgotten oven was the old captain's secret place. The former mouth of it was solidly bricked up, two bricks thick, and the front room had been carried over it. When he wished to go to his cache, the cunning old mariner must have put on come rough garments, his oilskins, perhaps, and stood up inside the smutty fireplace, with his head up the chimney flue. Standing erect there, he could reach that loose brick in the wall, between the oven and the chimney, and by removing it he could reach the strings attached to the spike. It would have been easy then to pull out any or all of the packages.

In fact, it was a most cunningly devised safe place. No thief would ever have thought of looking there; and if the house had burned, neither flames or heat would have penetrated the thick brickwork.

The leather bag, or belt, was heavy, and clinked in a way that made Tony's heart beat fast; but he took everything out, put the basket away and went on with his work. As soon as the workmen had gone that evening, he and his mother examined the strange find with a curiosity that can be better imagined than described. Beyond doubt it was the old captain's money. The leather bag contained fully two quarts of gold coins: English guineas, American eagles and half eagles, and Spanish doubloons, probably obtained at the South American and Cuban ports on voyages to the north-west coast. One end of the bag contained silver coins, and in an old manilla envelope there was a package of state bank bills. The other bundles were chiefly marine insurance policies, old contract papers and invoices of cargos. Tied up by itself, was the will, drawn and witnessed in New London, Conn., in 1851. It was a very brief document, and after bequeathing the homestead and five thousand dollars to Eunice, directed that the remainder be divided according to the law of the state among the Beckwith's of Waynor.

The old man understood his nephews and he appears not to have made a more definite will in their favor. The law might divide it among them, for aught he cared, but he wished to remember little Eunice, his son's widow. And after all there was not so much money; not much, judged by modern standards. Altogether the gold, silver and bank-bills amounted to a little more than seventeen thousand three hundred dollars.

There are those who, if they had found the money under the circumstances, would have kept it all and said nothing. But Tony Lovegood and his mother were not of that sort. Tony himself wished to call in two neighbors, as witnesses, and put it all in the hands of the probate judge at once. But his mother said, "No, the Beckwith's have waited twenty-two years and they can wait a little longer. We will say nothing till we get our house done, then we will invite them all to a Thanksgiving dinner. After dinner we will bring on the will and the money, and let them see it and read the will. Perhaps then they will believe that we are not so dishonest after all."

The Beckwith's were a little surprised then to receive an invitation to that Thanksgiving dinner, and some of them did not go, did not even reply. But many of the younger generation had grown ashamed of the quarrel; and, moreover, these young people liked Tony Lovegood, so about thirty or more of the grand-nephews, nieces and cousins appeared and had a good time.

After the dinner, when Eunice had brought on the treasure-trove, and the will had been read, Tony made a little speech, alluding lightly and deprecatingly to the old quarrel over Capt. Beckwith's money, and said now that it had come to light, he hoped all hard feelings would be a thing of the past. He then gave a standing invitation to make the old homestead the family headquarters from that time on. The young people shook hands on it, and the hatchet was buried forever.

The will and the money was turned over to the probate judge, and in due course of time—more than twenty-three years after his death—the legacies were distributed among his relatives as the old captain had directed.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

### The Fourth Spray

Time. Ten days to two weeks after the third spray.

Material. First choice; Bordeaux 7-7-100, adding paste lead arsenate, 5 lbs. to 100 gals., or powdered arsenate of lime, 2 lbs. to 100 gallons.

Second choice; Lime sulphur 1.005 sp. gr. or 1 2-3 gals. to 100 gals. water (1-60) adding 1¼ lbs. powdered arsenate of lime to 100 gals. water.

Application. Use 200 lbs. pressure and a calyx nozzle or a spray gun.

Pests destroyed; Apple scab, pit rot, fruit worms, coddling moth, tussock, moth, fall webworm, red-humped and yellow-necked caterpillars and fall feeding browntails.

Ordinary Bordeaux mixture, somewhat weaker than ordinarily used is recommended for the fourth spray on account of the fact of its better sticking qualities, as well as on account of the fact that the ordnary **Bordeaux does not cause dropping of the young fruit when used at this time.** 7 pounds of copper sulphate and 7 pounds of lime (stone) to 100 gals. of water is practically harmless as far as the foliage and fruit are concerned, when used two weeks after the blossoms fall and later. The use of Bordeaux immediately after the blossoms fall will result in severe russetting, while its use before the blossoms fall will result in slight russetting of the fruit.

Arsenate of lime, two pounds to 100 gallons with Bordeaux mixture, is good but the best poison for use on the apple is probably paste arsenate of lead. The fresher and cleaner the stone lime the better the results.

In a cask or tank dissolve 1 lb. copper sulphate to each gallon of water the tank contains. Seven gallons of this stock solution should be placed in the spray tank for every 100 gallons capacity. The tank should then be filled up and 1 lb. or more, of hydrated lime added for each gallon of stock copper sulphate solution contained, the solution being rapidly agitated as the lime is added. **All Bordeaux should be tested with litmus paper before being applied.** If the paper turns blue on being applied to the solution the mixture is right, if not add more lime until it does turn blue. Add the poison and the spray is now ready to go on the trees.

**The longer the spray can be deferred the less russetting will result.** After the down has fallen from the young apples there is practically no danger.

The Thompson-Buchanan Bordeaux consisting of four pounds of bluestone and twenty pounds of lime, used thruout the season of 1916, resulted in the best crop of fruit produced in Nova Scotia during that season; what it will do in an adverse season remains to be seen.

### ST. CROIX COVE

July 3rd.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Hall spent Thursday with relatives in Outram.

Mr. W. Whitman and son Lee were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hall Saturday night.

Mrs. Harold Kinnear and family, Halifax, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Susanne Poole.

Mrs. M. C. Foster and two children visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Brinton last week.

Miss Alice Beardsley attended the Provincial Examinations held at Bridgetown last week.

Miss Eva Whitman has returned to her home in North Williamston after one year's successful teaching in this section.

Mr. Ira Brinton was called to Halifax a short time ago for medical examination. He returned home last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Banks and family, and Mrs. Naomi Banks were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Hal, Sunday.

The pie sale at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Poole passed off very pleasantly. Mr. E. B. Foster, Hampton, was present and entertained the company with gramophone music

### Nobody Injured

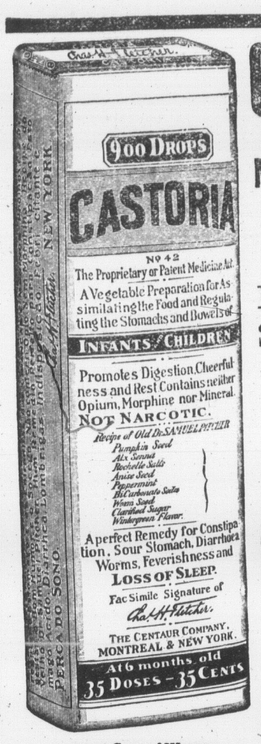
A man came into the police court at Ottawa the other day carrying a friend on his back. The judge said, "What's the trouble?"

The man said: "Judge, this man is a friend of mine, and his name is Gun. Now, judge, Gun is loaded, and I know it is against the law to carry a loaded gun on the streets, so I brought him here."

The judge said: "Gun, you are discharged." And the next day the report was in the papers.

### The Guyed Guide

The guide was guiding a guy. As the guide guided the guy, the guide guyed the guy, until the guy would no longer be guided by the guide whom he had hired not to guy, but to guide. No wonder every one guyed the guyed guide guiding the guyed guy.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# BUY-AT-HOME CAMPAIGN

BUY AT HOME — BUY-AT-HOME—BUY and BOOST — BUY AT HOME

This is Great Buy-at-Home-Campaign

**DOES MR. CIVIC PRIDE LIVE IN BRIDGETOWN?**

**HIS STEP IS LIGHT, HIS MANNER IS EASY and CONFIDENT, HE HAS THAT LOOK OF CONFIDENCE THAT RADIATES CONFIDENCE. MR. CIVIC PRIDE IS A TONIC. : : : : : :**

**THERE HE GOES DOWN THE STREET BRIGHT, ALERT, FULL OF VIM and OPTOMISM. HE IS MR. CIVIC PRIDE. : : : : : : :**

**THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS GROUCHES IN HIS MAKE-UP—"HAVEN'T TIME FOR 'EM," HE LAUGHINGLY SAYS, and BIDS A CHEERY GOOD MORNING HERE and WAVES A HEARTY HAND THERE. PEOPLE CHEER UP UNDER THE WARMING TOUCH OF MR. CIVIC PRIDE. LOOK AFTER HIM and FEEL A GLOW THAT WAS NOT THERE BEFORE. : : : : : : :**

This is Great Buy-at-Home-Campaign

BUY-AT-HOME—BUY and BOOST

Do You Believe in Civic Pride?

**STRIDING DOWN THE STREET TO WORK, DRAWING DEEP OF THE FRESH MORNING AIR, LIFE and HIS TOWN LOOKS GOOD TO HIM. HE NOTICES NEIGHBOR BROWN RUNNING THE LAWN MOWER OVER HIS LAWN and STOPS TO CONGRATULATE HIM ON THE SMOOTH, VELVETY GREEN OF IT.**

**"THAT LAWN OF YOURS IS THE REAL THING, JOHN—SAY, THIS IS SOME TOWN ISN'T IT" CIVIC PRIDE CALLS IN PARTING, and LEAVES BROWN IN A GLOW. : : : : :**

**"MUST DROP IN and SEE JIM," SAYS CIVIC PRIDE TO HIMSELF, and SWINGS INTO THE SHOP OF SMITH, THE CLOTHING MERCHANT. IN A MOMENT HE HAS MADE HIS SELECTION. "IT IS THE HOME TOWN MERCHANT FOR ME EVERY TIME, JIM. YOU SEE IT IS LIKE THIS—IF THIS TOWN IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME TO LIVE IN and TO GET MY LIVING OUT OF, IT IS GOOD ENOUGH TO GET MY MONEY. THAT IS THE WAY I LOOK AT IT and A WHOLE LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE ARE COMING AROUND TO THE THE SAME VIEW. I BELIEVE IN THIS TOWN and I AM GOING TO GIVE IT MY BEST," SAID CIVIC PRIDE. : : : : : : :**

Buy From the Home Town Merchants

Buy From the Home Town Merchants

**DOWN THE STREET HE WENT AGAIN. "MUST GET THOSE SHOES FOR THE BOY TODAY," HE SAID and BLITHELY CALLS ON WILLIAMS THE SHOE MAN. "JOHN," HE SAID, "THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO SEND AWAY FOR EVERYTHING THEY BUY. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU JUST WHAT I TAKE EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO TELL EVERYONE ELSE—I HAVE TRAVELLED A GOOD DEAL, BUT YOU HAVE JUST AS GOOD A SELECTION OF SHOES AS CAN BE FOUND ANYWHERE. AND IT IS JUST THE SAME WITH ALL OF OUR MERCHANTS—THEY HAVE THE GOODS, IF THE PEOPLE WILL COME IN and ASK FOR 'EM. BY THE WAY, JOHN, I SUPPOSE YOU WILL SUBSCRIBE TO THE BAND?" : : : :**

Do You Believe in Civic Pride?

BUY-AT-HOME—BUY and BOOST

**"ANYTHING TO HELP OUT THE TOWN," SAYS WILLIAMS, MARKING HIMSELF FOR A GENEROUS AMOUNT. "THAT'S THE SPIRIT I FIND AMONG ALL THE MERCHANTS" SAYS CIVIC PRIDE, "and IT SURE DOES MEAN A LOT TO THE TOWN." : : : : : : :**

**CIVIC PRIDE IS OFF AGAIN DOWN THE STREET, HEAD IN THE AIR, PROUD TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH MEN LIKE BROWN, SMITH and WILLIAMS. "HOLD UP THERE," HE LAUGHED TO HIMSELF, "I WAS FEELING SO GOOD I NEARLY FORGOT THAT CHAIR I WANTED," and HE DASHED INTO THE SHOP OF HENDERSON, THE FURNITURE MAN. : : : : : : :**

This is Great Buy-at-Home Campaign

This is Great Buy-at-Home-Campaign

**"DAN," HE SAID IF EVERYBODY WOULD COME IN HERE and GIVE YOU A CHANCE, THEY WOULD FIND THAT YOU CAN'T BE BEATEN IN EITHER QUALITY OR PRICE. I KNOW THAT, BECAUSE I VISITED SOME OF THE STORES IN THE BIGGER CITIES JUST TO FIND OUT. OF COURSE, EVEN IF YOU ASKED A TRIFLE MORE FOR YOUR GOODS I WOULD BUY HERE, BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN KEEPING MY MONEY HERE TO BUILD UP THE TOWN and BECAUSE I KNOW IT IS BETTER BUSINESS IN THE END. FOR SPOT CASH, DAN, THEY CAN'T BEAT YOU." : : : : :**

**WHAT A WONDERFUL FORCE IS CIVIC PRIDE, ALWAYS OPTOMISTIC CHEERY, EAGER TO PRAISE and ADVANCE HIS OWN TOWN. HE BELIEVES IN HIS OWN HOME TOWN MERCHANTS, REALIZES THE TOWN CANNOT PROSPER UNLESS THE MONEY EARNED THERE IS LARGELY PUT BACK INTO IT. THINK IT OVER. : : :**

BUY AT HOME — BUY-AT-HOME—BUY and BOOST — BUY AT HOME

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