

"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding

Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting

Costs little but always effective

MURINE EYES

IRRITATED BY SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS

RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS

HERE AND THERE

This year's receipts from motor vehicles licenses in New Brunswick already amount to \$422,000. This amount is larger than the total for any year, except last year when the gross receipts for the whole twelve months were \$452,489. The estimate for the present year is half a million.

The mines and quarries of the Province of Quebec produced to the value of \$18,952,896 during 1924, according to the final report issued by the Provincial Department of Mines. Building materials account for \$11,380,977; other non-metallic minerals \$7,191; and metallic minerals \$380,804.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" - Insist!

For Colds Headache
Neuralgia Rheumatism
Lumbago Pain

Safe Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monachweil, Germany.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the home may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets relieve these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child they will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely harmless even to the new born babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

A Study in International Manners.

By A. R.

(From the Manchester Guardian)

The American press has been hailing us democrats because our King shakes hands with a tourist from the States. The French have been dismissing us as aristocrats because our King rides on a toy railway at Wimley. What a slap in the face is here for the pessimists who say that the world is standardized and that the Babbitts of London and Paris have just the same ideas as their brother in New York!

For, reading the American and the French comments on these two incidents, one finds it impossible to decide whether the praise or the blame gives the false picture of English ideas. The American papers talk as though King George's handshake was a self-conscious, demagogic gesture—a recognition that all men are the same whether they wear crowns or Stetson hats. Whereas the truth is, as all Englishmen and apparently no Americans realize, that the King was polite, not because he is a doctrinaire democrat but because he is a gentleman and dislikes scenes in public. Had he snubbed his handshaker there might have been a scene, so his subjects, who would rather die than be guilty of a pushiness that in the English view is appalling bad manners, feel that he did the right thing, while feeling at the same time no particular resentment against the American, who is excused as intending no offense and as acting up to a quite intelligible code accepted in his country but not in ours.

So much for our being democrats as the term is understood across the Atlantic. We must refuse to be decked with that particular laurel wreath. Are we to accept instead the cap fitted to us by our critics across the Channel?

They say that the King may wander about the Exhibition and Admiral Jellicoe slide down a spiral toboggan because we are a caste-ridden nation. The gulf between our classes is so deep that nothing our leaders do can lower them in the eyes of the people. Our officers can play football with their men, but when the game is over the gulf remains. Marshal Foch, if he whisked down a water-chute, would find that he had left his hat on at the top. His dignity would have been lost, and in a democracy like France a great man dare not compromise his dignity without running the risk of losing his office.

Our classes, it is true, strike the eye even of a foreign visitor. There are no institutions in France that stamp a man so obviously as do public schools. But when one has granted that, one has stated the only accurate thing in the French analysis of the Wimley episode. The real reason why Admiral Jellicoe mounts a toboggan and Marshal Foch mounts nothing less impressive than a war horse is that the English sailor enjoys fooling while the French soldier does not understand it. If M. Poincaré knew that he could increase his popularity by disporting himself at Neully Fair he would do so only as a painful political necessity. If Mr. Baldwin knew that his Ministry would fall if he were seen amusing himself in a frivolous manner he might very well slip off innocent and chance being found out by the photographers. Apart altogether from how their antics appeal to their countrymen, most middle-aged Englishmen are fond of a rag, and all middle-aged Frenchmen have never heard of such a thing. Like dogs, Englishmen keep young at heart when they are old in years, but like cats, Frenchmen give to each age and rank the behavior to which it is entitled. While they are kittens they gambol, and when they are mature they keep up an appropriate dignity.

But this difference between us and our neighbors is not to be explained away as a class distinction. It goes far deeper than that—it has its roots in the beginnings of our two histories, and it accounts for more important matters than the Amusement Park at Wimley.

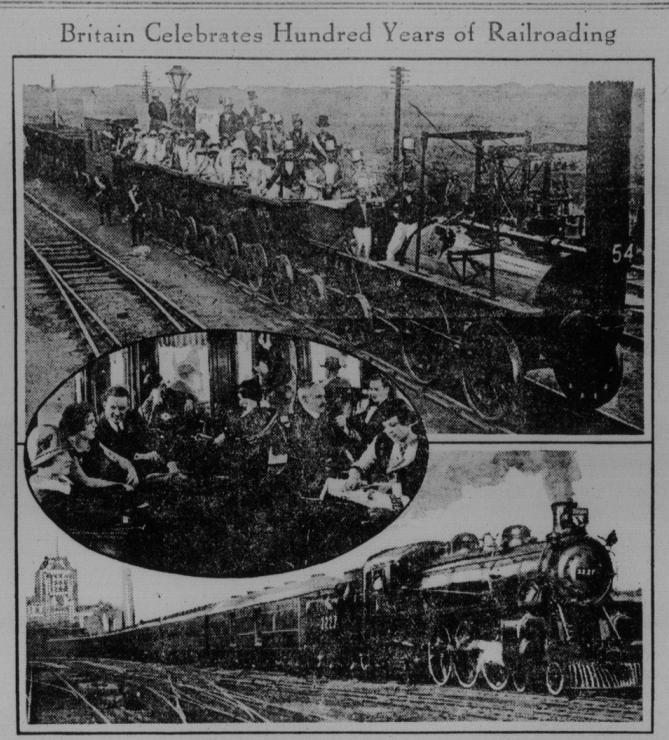
The shortest cut to making this clear is a flat reversal of the French verdict, a declaration that we have never had a caste system and that the French have always had one. Up to the Revolution—only five generations ago—they supported a rigid caste which had come down to them without a break from the Middle Ages, which was hedged about by the sternest formalities, and to which we have experienced no parallel. Our ruling caste has always been fluid and open to new blood. At no time in our history was it not being enriched by the sinking of some of its members and the addition of others from below.

Even in normal periods this process was at work, and crises like the Tudor Reformation and the Industrial Revolution acted as social earthquakes. So our classes were too much subject to a 'circulation of the elite' for them to become static and to have their privileges legally recognized as happened in France. The oddity that French critics have just noticed about him has traditionally puzzled Europe. The relations between our officers and men in Armada days perplexed the Spanish dons, and the Georgian squire of the West-ern type who could get drunk with his farmers without losing 'face' was unique outside, perhaps, Germany.

As soon as the Revolution swept away their aristocrats the French fell instantly under another caste-system—that of the bureaucracy which the Republic set up and which remains to this day meticulously tenacious of its privileges to an extent that in England would provoke a revolution. But the fact that France has always acknowledged a caste and that we have never done so is a symptom and not a cause of our attitude towards personal dignity. The French are the oldest civilized people in the West. Their culture traces an unbroken descent from Rome. And this settled way of life has flourished in a stable agricultural land where comfort was easily accessible, but sudden prosperity was out of reach. The French therefore, have traditionally been accustomed to making the most out of what they had without gambling to increase it. Each one of them has always been perpetually conscious of the status he possessed. Honors have sat gracefully but not lightly upon them.

Our own experience has been precisely opposite. We had hardly finished assimilating our various stocks and clearing our island of its primitive forests and adventuring on the Continent when the New World was discovered and geography had rushed us into a fresh adventure. Circumstances have necessarily led us to tackle new tasks. We have never sat down to sip the flavor of our achievement and to regulate our lives on a systematic pattern. Looking back regretfully toward the past and distrustful of ourselves and of the future, we have nevertheless hurried forward. Had we the French past behind us, we might have their decorum. But we have gambled through the centuries and have had no leisure to pick up a single fixed theory. Our rulers are not ashamed to join in ordinary amusements, because they have no theory of the dignity of rank. The seize indeed, all the practical advantages they can from it. They are proud, but they do not stop to analyze or to decide just what are all the theoretical implications of their pride.

On the whole this seems the wiser plan. Rightly such as is bred out of an ancient, stable society, like the French needs a shock to make it move with the times. Our fluidity moves naturally. So before a French caste can be moved a revolution has to be staged, while we have never had a real revolution. It is because they shun water-chutes that the rulers of France have sometimes to face barricades. It is for the same reason that France stands today a lonely, dignified figure seeking to revive a settlement of the world that we with our indifference to formality know to be dead. It explains why Paris and not Oxford is the true home of lost causes.



Upper—Stephenson's first engine on the Stockton & Darlington Railway. Inset—The interior of the observation car on the Canadian Pacific Trans-Canada. Lower—The Trans-Canada leaving Montreal.

Britain Celebrates Hundred Years of Railroading

The old Stockton and Darlington Railway, in England, is a matter of history now. Its board of directors is no more; its inventor has passed to his reward; its rolling stock, or what survives of it, rests in peace in museums—having served its day and been left behind in the march of progress.

But this year—a century since the time when the Stockton and Darlington Railway was regarded as a marvellous engineering achievement and threatened the supremacy of the stage coach as a means of long-distance transportation—the ancient engines have been taken down from their pedestals, the wheels oiled, the rust removed and once again high hat gentlemen and bonneted maidens have been bumped along from Stockton to Darlington behind the first real locomotive England ever had.

Thus the people of Great Britain celebrated its railway centenary. Processions of defunct rolling stock, and rolling stock that is almost defunct illustrated the evolution of railway transportation and gave to the rising generation an insight into the agonies our grandparents had to endure if they wished to go from one place to another by train. The Duke and Duchess of York attended the celebrations and, watching the parades, became thoroughly infected with the spirit of the occasion. All those who took part in the processions, and some of those who didn't, dressed in the costumes of the period, giving to the celebrations an atmosphere altogether in keeping with the nature of the celebration.

By way of showing the wonderful development that has taken place in railroading since the first engine painfully puffed its way from Darlington to Stockton there is shown above one of the engines used in the centenary celebrations pulling a replica of the original train contrasted with the ultra-modern Trans-Canada, the all-steel Canadian Pacific Train, which nowadays conveys its passengers from one part of the Dominion to another, three thousand miles at a speed considered unattainable by our forefathers, and in greater comfort and security than many of them enjoyed at home.

while it is not yet definite he hoped to rebuild on the same site and open the works to the public within twelve months from the beginning of reconstruction.

THOSE ERRORS

Next time you hear a citizen talking about typographical errors in his home paper, or in any other paper, just hand him these figures, says an exchange:

In an ordinary column there are 10,000 pieces of type; there are seven possible wrong positions for each letter; there are 70,000 chances to make an error, and millions of possible transpositions.

In this one sentence, To be or not to be, by transpositions alone, it has been figured out, 2,759,022 errors can be made. Newspaper people from the "devil" up to the boss are only human, and are liable to err. Don't be nosing around for errors, but read for information and the good you can get; you'll find errors in your daily walk of life without having to hunt for them in your newspaper.

Work the Trade

sales in satisfactory volume build up confidence in service.

The WEEKLY MONITOR publication of such confidence does the spade work of sales. It will tell folks its service. It will tell goods you have to offer.

publishing in The WEEKLY sending invitation to the As a rule,

Being exceeded only by Mexico and the United States, Canada now ranks third among the silver producing countries of the world. Records of Canadian production have been kept since 1858 and show a total recovery of 451,000,000 fine ounces to the end of 1923. In 1924 production was slightly in excess of 20,000,000 ounces. During 1858-1923 the value of production totalled \$290,705,532, while for last year it amounted to \$19,519,043.

The first lot of Buffalo, numbering some 200, to be transferred from the Wainwright Park to the new Buffalo Park, north of Edmonton, left Wainwright, Alberta, recently. For some time past the herd at Wainwright had been growing too rapidly and the Federal authorities decided to ship a number to the Buffalo Park to determine whether or not they can acclimate themselves in the new district as they did in the southern area. Altogether two thousand buffalo, in lots of two hundred each, will be shipped to the Buffalo Park.

es, Bacon Breakfast Ham, delicacies—this is the place and at a reasonable price.

IN STOCK. For mincing, Beef, Pork, Veal, d goods and groceries.

EARLY

Meat Market

Bridgetown

Keatings Kills Mosquitoes and Flies

BURN IT TO KILL MOSQUITOES AND FLIES

Mrs. L. W. Chipman and family and Mr. Frank Chipman and party, attended the Berwick Camp Meeting on Sunday.

Mr. Owen Armstrong and party also attended Camp Meeting Sunday.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A NARROW MIND?

How Much Broader is The Woman's Outlook on Life Than That Which She Criticizes?

(By Winifred Black)

The woman of the world took out her lipstick and painted her lips a deep and rather startling crimson. Then she attended to her eyebrows and then she put a nice fresh blush on her cheeks and then she dusted her face with powder and then she leaned back in her seat and said:

"This play bores me awfully—it's all about common people. Narrow-minded things without an interest in life, outside their little old narrow walls."

"Me and my husband, Julie and his doings, sister and her tonsils, mama and her rheumatism—Church and the Missionary Society. The new minister and the gossip about the soprano and the tenor in the church

PARKERS COVE

Service in the Baptist Church on Sunday at 3 o'clock, by Mr. Howard Martin, Lic.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kelley and baby of Annapolis Royal were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Robinson the 9th.

Miss Bernice Rice has gone to Lower Granville for a little while, in the employ of Harry Anthony.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, Mrs. Lea Grant, Mrs. Grace McGarvie and Elinor returned to their home in Lynn, Mass., very recently. They were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Rollins Robinson while here.

Mr. Charles Campbell, of Granville, visited his mother, Mrs. R. E. Hudson the 9th. Charles left for the West on the harvest excursion, August, 11th.

Very recent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Milner were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Longmire and children of Hillsburn; Mr. Longmire of Stony Beach and Capt. and Mrs. Milton Rice and baby of Clements-port.

Picnics and motor parties seem to be very much in vogue at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonnell and family of Boston, Mass., are tenting on the grounds of Mr. Curtis Halliday, and enjoying themselves on their vacation very much.

Mr. Carmen Milner and a party of friends motored from Bridgetown and called on the former's sister, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGarvie very recently.

Mr. Leander Hudson visited his sister, Mrs. Cecelia Sproule of Litchfield the 9th.

Capt. and Mrs. Milton Rice were the guests of Mrs. Joseph Rice several days this week.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts.

For Your Printing Requirements --

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THE WEEKLY MONITOR

Bridgetown, - Nova Scotia