

THE HOME

VALUE OF THE MEMORY BOOK.

If she were to lose her "memory book" then life would indeed be a blank, is the opinion of one girl. It is not a journal, this volume, but instead it contains those infinite matters that she wishes to remember, and is by no means sure she would without it.

Wide indeed is its scope, including as it does books, recipes, bridge, and what not.

She likes to read, this girl, and makes a habit of keeping track of reviews of new books. When she finds a review that attracts her she puts it down in her memory book, and so she has an endless list to which to refer when she wishes to select a volume. Her list includes fiction, history, letters and indeed, any title which appears to her.

Recipes she rarely writes in that book in exact terms. But when she goes to a luncheon, or dines with a school friend, and has a dish that is new and attractive, a description of and its head of entree or sweet, is quickly written in her memory book. Then when the time comes to try the dish at home she has her memory jogged by the written description, which she can give the cook, who has worked out many a gastronomic novelty in this way. The exact recipe is later copied into another book.

When the girl sees an odd bit of lace or a quaint embroidery, or anything one of the common, down it goes in her book, with the address of where it was bought, if she is so the latter, if not, the article itself serves as a suggestion for gifts at Christmas or on birthdays, and has had much to do with her being able to make presents which are not common-places in choice.

The name of a particularly good laundry and one of a lace-maker and mender are in the memory book, and one section contains the names of certain flowers she has seen in the gardens of friends during the summer previous. When their own country place is being planted in the spring the girl always consults her "memory flower list" with such success that there is a wider range than usual in the garden, and the variety is being increased constantly.

This same memory book is in a fair way to become the household oracle for all members of the family and something to be treasured. The book is self an ordinary blank one, with stiff covers, about eight by twelve inches. The entries are always made in ink, that they shall be permanent. The contents are divided under the heads of "Books," "Addresses," "Gifts," etc.

FOR WASH DAY.

Brax water will restore the gloss to sateen in washing.

Fine gingham and percales will emerge from the tub with the gloss and crissing of new material if dipped in sweet milk instead of starch.

To erase all traces of starch stain wet the soiled place, rub with soap and bleach in the sun.

Use warm water to scum stained clothes and the effect will be twice as satisfactory.

Iron rust stains yield to the following treatment: Soak the stain in lemon juice, sprinkle with salt and bleach several hours in the sun.

VINEGAR FOR BURNS.

A medical correspondent referring to a case where a woman lost her eyesight by mistaking carbolic acid for alcohol, and using it to bathe her face, states that vinegar will almost immediately relieve the effect of a burn, by carbolic acid or otherwise. He also states that if administered internally, immediately after the drinking of carbolic acid, practically no bad effects will be felt, as it neutralizes the acid. In case of external burns the part should be wrapped in cotton lint, or cotton soaked in vinegar.

To remove stains from furniture—Towel the stains lightly with a feather dipped in spirits of nire. Hold a wet rag in the other hand, and as soon as the stains disappear wipe over the spot or the spirits will injure the polish. Lemon juice can be substituted for the spirits of nire, but must be well rubbed in if the stains are of long standing.

USING COAL DUST

Coal dust is used by the servants of the household to burn it. Yet it makes fine fires. Have a galvanized iron (ant) for coal to make it moist. When a fire is burn brightly bank it up with this dust, and you will have a clear fire which will last for hours.

WHEN YOU MAKE CAKE.

The most common errors in cake-making and their evidences are: Too much flour causes a cake to crack and be coarse. Too cool an oven causes the cake to rise too high, then to settle back. Too hot an oven at the start results in a crust forming before the batter has fully risen, and it is likely to burst through the top. Too much butter makes the batter "runny" and more difficult to bake properly. Too much leavening powder results in a coarse, dry texture.

Many professional cooks say that they can't place butter with lard at half the cost, and that those who taste the finished cake can not detect the difference in favor. Use less lard than butter and add a pinch of salt. A sheet of heavy glazed writing paper rolled and pinned into a coruocopia with a small open end, may be filled with frosting, after which the big end is folded and fastened. A professional decorator of cakes uses this to replace a pastry tube when spreading ornamental icing.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Butter a dish well, cut cold boiled potatoes in small pieces (do not slice them); place a layer of potatoes then sprinkle with cracked crumbs, bits of butter, pepper and salt. Then potatoes, cracked crumbs, butter and salt, and so on until your dish is full, make the top and bake brown. Very nice for a Sunday dinner as it can be prepared ready for the oven the day before if more convenient.

WHEN WEARY AND DEPRESSED.

The question is often asked how to fight against physical ailment, and mental anxiety that tends to nervous exhaustion, and leaves us weakened by the struggle, without strength to play the game.

Yet, if we would conquer we must resist the tendency to seeing only the gloomy side, as we would the temptations of a personal devil.

Interest in others, the love and service for those who are helpless or in need, will be found a panacea for many ailments. Over us all at times come heavy troubles and bitter disappointments that must be faced, the waves and billows of the weary years break over us, and we cannot see the way out. But, there is comfort here.

"Why not take them all to the Helper Who has never failed us yet?" The physical ills that oppress us are often the result of mental worry that affects digestion and so deranges the system, and a notable physician once remarked that he thought "Job" suffered from malassimilation, wrought on by his brooding and often warned his patients against the folly of fretting or worry as being the cause of much of the indigestion that affects the weak—and that no tablets can cure. "Job," a model of patience, endurance, and gloom, had real cause for complaint, yet the Lord called to him—"Gird up now thy loins like a man"—and the command still holds.

When weary and depressed it is well to remember that others suffer more, and to be grateful for what is left, perhaps, even before the sunshine comes back to our lives we may—"Forget that we bore the burden and carry away the song."

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IF IT IS EACH-OTHERNESS.

Nothing is of real value in the world except people. Never hurt a person by a wrong thought, or by a word, or by an act. Never hurt each other. Then go on a big discovering expedition and find each other. Never say, "That person has nothing in him," for that only means that you haven't found it yet. Then, last of all, never think you are the only person. You are just a part of "each other." You are not somebody, and the rest of it everybody else. We are each other. Life is each-otherness, not everybody-ness.

THE KID GLOVE CONDEMNED.

Dr. Isaac W. Brewer, of New York has written an article on kid gloves in which the subject is handled with-out gloves. In the first place they afford no protection from cold, he says, and in the next place the animal tissue from which they are made and the moisture of the hand, facilitate the culture of germs.

The C.P.R. will expend \$20,000,000 this year to perfect and extend their great rail way system west of the Great Lakes.

THOUGHT IT WAS CANCER

"Fruit-a-lives" completely restored me. Suffering from N.S., Jan. 25th, 1910. For many years, I suffered tortures from indigestion and dyspepsia. Two years ago, I was so bad that I vomited my food constantly. I also suffered with Constipation. I consulted physicians, but was afraid the disease was cancer. Medicine gave only temporary relief.

The winter of 1909 was one to be long remembered by Winnipeggers. It was the first after the break of the great land boom. The city was full of strangers, most of them out of work and "broke." Houses were flimsy, few of them having furnaces, and they were also crowded. Coal was \$16.50 a ton. The boarding-houses, as a rule, had one base-burner in the hall, which was supposed to heat the whole house. The thermometer ranged from 30 to 57 degrees below zero. Bookies' bets and vicious lying that prevailed during the boom, and the moral tone of the community was not high. There was work and plenty of it for a conscientious clergyman.

Rev. J. E. Starr was then pastor of Grace Church, and I recently saw the book held of the situation is still gratefully remembered by old residents of Winnipeg. He and Mrs. Starr threw open their home to the young people of the city once a week, and how to welcome them, the blind shouting not be withdrawn. Help was scarce and expensive, and Mrs. Starr had to do her own housework the greater part of that winter, yet she made nothing of providing refreshments for the young people. The pastor preached many eloquent sermons that winter, but none of them equalled in force the hearty welcome of that home.

Starr organized a Young People's Society also. Senator Lougheed, then a young lawyer, was secretary, and many men and women, now well-known throughout the west, and east, were members. That memorable winter employment that memorable winter, to make the young people of the city as happy as possible, and to keep them from becoming demoralized by the abnormal conditions existing in the pioneer city, his work is still talked about as striking evidence of his success.

All his life, you see, Mr. Starr has been specially interested in young people, and has encouraged and helped them, whatever the circumstances. No wonder his appointment to take charge of Toronto's Children Court has been generally approved.

Winter Walks in Winnipeg. "The West is a great country, all right," said an Ontario man, who recently returned from Manitoba, according to Toronto Saturday Night. "That is, it's a great country for three parts of the year, but little old Ontario is good enough for me in the winter time."

One twenty-two below zero day last February, in walking three blocks on Portage Avenue in Winnipeg, I met seven persons who had told me the date of the following Winnipeg etiquette. I stopped the first man and said, "Your nose is frozen." "Go to blazes!" was his answer. He must have been one of those vesit-speltig-oid-but-the-air-is-so-dry-you-don't notice it. "Next I met a young lady, and I said, 'Lady, your ear is freezing.' She couldn't have scowled at me more fiercely if I had offered her my seat in a street car. These two, however, were good enough for me from further courtesies of the kind, but my next attempt had its own reward. I noticed a white spot on the face of a pedestrian, and I said, 'Your cheek is freezing.' 'So is yours,' he replied, and we both laughed and grabbed handfuls of snow.

Two days later I had to take a three-mile walk from one of the suburbs, and I had both hands frozen. I escaped with two months in the hospitals and a good deal of money. I concluded that after harvest I would make for the East, where the air is damp, and you feel the cold before hard frosts sets in. So here I am."

The Romance of Song. The bosoms of the papers throughout Ontario have been agitated during the last few days by the matrimonial adventures of Julius McVicar, one-time editor of The Sarnia Canadian. About a dozen years ago he took a train for New York. He landed on the stage. In Gotham he made quite a reputation as a musical comedy singer. The romance came.

It happened that one day the widow of the late Abram Clumber, of magazine, attended one of McVicar's performances. The lady was thrilled by the vocal strains of the Canadian singer. At the residence of a common friend she met the boy. As the country wedding is putting it: "It was a case of love at first sight."

A marriage took place the other afternoon at the "Little Church Around the Corner."

And Julius McVicar, who not so long ago was knocking round Sarnia in knickerbockers, has to-day a wife worth \$15,000,000.

A Chinese-Canadian Scout. The only Chinese Scout in Ontario and probably in Canada is in Fred Taylor's troop of Dominion Scouts, Ottawa, and the scoutmaster says that the lad is one of the best scouts in his troop. The boy's name is Chin Wang, a son of the Chinese Consul. He joined the troop in October, putting aside his native clothes and adopting the scout togs, in which he looks as well as any Canadian lad.

STARR IN WEST.

Adventures of Children's Judge in the Early Days.

The daily papers have noted the fact that Rev. J. E. Starr, recently appointed Commissioner of the Juvenile Court, Toronto, was in charge of a church in Winnipeg in the early days of that city's development. Recently a Winnipeg citizen has been recalling some of the details of Mr. Starr's work in the west, when it was wild and woolly, and the facts are very interesting indeed.

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TOBACCO CROP GROWS.

No Farming Industry Is Proving a Real Mint. In certain favored sections of the Dominion there is springing up a comparatively new farming industry that is becoming an important factor in the agricultural development of the country. This is the production of tobacco.

The traveler in the counties of Essex and Kent, at the extreme southwestern part of Ontario, and in some portions of the Province of Quebec, will find farmers who enthusiastically assert that tobacco is the best-paying crop they can grow. So profitable has the industry become that the domestic production increased from 550,000 pounds in 1896 to over eight million pounds for the last fiscal year.

Where a farmer can grow a ton of tobacco to the acre and get 16 cents a pound for it, as he did last year, he is long-headed enough to figure out that few other crops will yield him \$320 an acre.

It used to be said in Essex County that corn was king there, but there has been an agricultural insurrection and King Tobacco reigns on the throne in the place of King Corn.

In the Province of Quebec members of "L'Association des Planteurs de Tabac de la Vallée de Yamaska" will tell you that tobacco is a veritable gold mine for them.

Across on Pelly Island, the most southern point of Canada, there arises a chorus of praise for tobacco, which was the means of "pulling through" many a farmer who would otherwise have suffered a slim financial year on account of this and that. The weather that prevailed last summer. Nearly every farmer on the island planted from five to a dozen acres of tobacco as a measure of self-protection. And it was a good thing they did, because it has been their salvation—speaking in an agricultural sense.

Tobacco is such a rich crop and requires so much attention that small individual acreage is the rule. One authority has claimed that five acres will make as much as one farmer should grow, but in Mersea Township of the County of Essex there are fields of ten, twenty, thirty, and as high as forty acres being grown on one farm. In the vicinity of Blenheim, in the County of Kent, there are forty and fifty acre farms of tobacco. Large fields are also encountered all the way along the shore of Lake Erie as far as Elgin County.

Messrs. Walker Brothers, of Walkerville have the unique distinction of cultivating in one field the largest crop of tobacco in the world. It is a plantation of 250 acres, containing one million two hundred and fifty thousand plants.

The tobacco plants are set out in May, sprayed and cultivated until September or October, when the tops are cut off, which widens and lengthens the leaf. The sprouts are "sucked" once or twice, and along in October the harvesting begins. This operation consists in cutting the leaves, placing them upside down in the sun for half a day or so to wilt, after which they are stacked in piles, "lathered" and then follows the curing process.

Quite often the tobacco buyers will purchase the crop in the field. Recently agents of Canadian firms went over Essex and Kent, spending hundreds of thousands of dollars, paying 12 to 15 cents a pound for immediate delivery. Quite a considerable part of the crop will remain until spring in tobacco barns, and be then shipped to the manufacturers.

The Dominion Government has fostered the tobacco industry by the establishment of a special branch, which is known as the tobacco division of the Department of Agriculture. In other words the Government have rendered assistance from time to time, as, for instance, the placing of the almost prohibitive duty of 28 cents a pound on the use of foreign leaf in Canadian manufacture.—Saturday Globe.

A CANADIAN IMPERIALIST.

Capt. D. F. Campbell Now Sits in the British Commons as a Unionist.

Another Canadian has made a hit in British politics. He is Capt. D. F. Campbell, formerly of Toronto, who has won a seat for the Unionists at North Ayrshire, Scotland.

It is not very long since Campbell left Toronto. He was born there about thirty-five years ago, and was educated in Toronto. Campbell was a football star in his college days, punting the piskin at Trinity College School and Trinity College. After he had taken on beef on the gridiron, he went to England to take a post-graduate course in a military school. He liked the clank of sabres and the rattle of guns, and decided to join the regular army. Becoming attached to the Lancashire Fusiliers, he soon got a taste of real warfare in Malta. There he covered himself with glory, and when the South African war cloud loomed up, Campbell got a commission. In South Africa he had the misfortune to have his foot knocked a trifle awry by a Mauser bullet.

After the war, the gallant captain linked up with the Black Watch Highland Regiment, and for some time has been living in barracks at Bermuda. This duty is as good as a furlough, and the captain took advantage of his leisure by reading up on politics. He got somewhat of a reputation for discussing eloquently at mess table on corn taxes, the navy and that sort of thing, until, first thing he knew, the Conservative party in England began to write him appeals to run for Parliament in England.

"No," said the Campbell, "Scotland forever." By which he just meant to say that he wouldn't run in Malta. A few weeks ago, Mr. A. M. Anderson, K.C., got an appointment as Solicitor-General for Scotland. That meant he had to contest his seat again. Here was a chance for Campbell. But it looked mighty slim, for Anderson, K.C. is a cracking good debater and platform orator, while Campbell has nothing more to say than a soldier should. However, the general, who is a Scotchman, and Campbell, who is a Scotchman, decided to try his luck at the polls, the captain warring the prospective Solicitor-General by 271 votes.

Capt. Campbell got Christmas cables of congratulation from Mr. J. Lorrie Campbell, the Toronto stock broker, Barclay Cumberland, publicist, and others of his relatives over here.

The Mayor and the Censor.

Those Toronto policemen who act as play and poster censors have stepped into the limelight lately by reason of some rather absurd directions concerning the covering up of cards and cigarettes shown on posters.

This recalls a rather amusing experience that Mayor Geary, who happens also to be chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners, had with those same censors shortly after his return from his coronation trip to England.

While in London, Mayor Geary met a bright and literary-minded Montreal girl, who talked with him about literary matters, and advised him to read H. G. Wells' recent book, "The New Machievelli," which deals with problems of social and political life. The mayor is not an admirer of Wells, but he read the book. He found it interesting.

Soon after he returned to Toronto he was asked to address the Business Women's Club, a flourishing organization of some four hundred members. He found himself drifting in his speech along the line of Wells' doctrines, and then he frankly told the feminine audience to read the book.

For a week or two thereafter his worship was bothered by frequent requests from women who had heard his speech and who wanted to know where they could buy the book. The mayor made some investigation, and found that some three weeks before the police had put the book under the ban. They had discovered some little incident in it which described a fall from grace on the part of the hero, and they decided it was immoral. And so was presented the amusing spectacle of the chairman of the police commissioners recommending to women the book his subordinates had banned.—Courier.

Amusing Election Incident.

The recent municipal election in Hamilton was not without its amusing incidents. One of the most relished stories around the city hall involves Mayor Lees and Harry Kent, who is a son of the city clerk and who was an officer in the polling booth where the mayor voted. His worship entered the voting place and intimidated that he would like to exercise his right of suffrage. "What's the name?" demanded the young man. He was told, "Where do you live?" dutifully continued Mr. Kent. This information was also supplied with becoming modesty. "Are you a tenant or owner?" was the next question the mayor answered with a smile. At this juncture the officer recollected that Geo. H. Lees happened to be the name of the mayor of the city, and with an abashed air, he hurriedly passed out the required voting blanks amid a burst of laughter from the other occupants of the booth.

Earl Grey a Peace-Maker.

Earl Grey has not forgotten Canada since going back to England. At this moment the earl is prominent in the movement to celebrate the centenary of peace between Canada, England and the United States, dating from the signing of the peace of Ghent in 1814. Earl Grey has been elected president of a society which will organize celebrations in the three above countries during the years 1913, 1914 and 1915.

Growing Pains of Fredericton.

Fredericton, N.B., has been hitherto known as the capital of New Brunswick, and a quiet college and residential town. Recently the commercial spirit has got hold of Fredericton. In the town there is now a well-directed movement of business men which aims to hasten the population of Fredericton from eight to fifteen thousand in 1916.

THE PRAIRIE "COPS."

Tales of the Daring and Laconic Reports of the R.N.W.M.P.

Stories are constantly being told of the Canadian Mounted Police, and a few have recently appeared in a London paper which are of interest. Mention has often been made of the way in which the police, amid the pressure of sterner duties, come to the help of any isolated settlers who require assistance. A typical instance occurs in a recent report, in which the superintendent commanding the Battleford district writes:

"On Dec. 17, 1907, Inspector Genereux and Constable Tasker, with guide, left for the south of Tramping Lake to investigate the reported shortage of fuel and destitution. On the trip he found a family of J. T. wife and sister and seven children, without food or firewood. They were actually starving, and we supplied them with what provisions could be spared. On this being reported to me I sent a party from here on Dec. 27—Constables Burke, Townsend, and Easter—with provisions and clothing. On arriving at T. they found the family entirely out of food and firing. They had given up on the 23, and were huddled together in the middle of the floor, trying to keep one another warm. There was wood to be got three miles off, but they had no means of hauling it, and the snow was too deep to get at it. Constables Burke and party hauled them a supply of firewood."

The modest matter-of-fact way in which the police report on their characteristics. Take, for instance, the crisp little narrative sent in by Corp. Hogg, who was sent to quell a fight at an hotel in North Portal. "I found the room full of cowboys," he reported. "One, Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack,' was carrying a gun, against Sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor. To the doctor Monaghan said if I hadn't grappled his gun there'd be another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honor to report."

The corporal's superior officer added the following illuminating note to the report: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following Government property was damaged: Door broken. Screen smashed. Chair broken. Field jacket belonging to Corp. Hogg spoiled by being covered with blood."

One last story, as I had it from Major Cuthbert, which well illustrates the "faithfulness unto death" which is a mark of the force. A constable had been sent out in the snow to round up some stray horses. Overtaken by a blizzard, he wandered in circles till, overcome by cold and hunger, he fell from his horse. Some weeks later a search patrol found his dead body. In his pocket-book he had written: "Am trying to push on. Have done my best. That is no novel story. It illustrates the spirit that makes the Royal Northwest Mounted Police the most effective body in the world, having regard to their numbers and their huge district."

Superintendent Cuthbert, who formerly commanded a division in the Klondike region, can tell some good stories of the work of the police in that wild district. It was in 1895, at the first hint of a gold rush, that the police first established a post in the Yukon, and a busy time they had. To keep law and order was only a part of the duty that they undertook. They acted as customs officers on each trail through the passes, ran the mail with dog teams, settled quarrels over mining claims, and acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to all and sundry.

Their reputation served them in good stead, and what the police said had to be done. The sum of the matter was that the men who went to the Pacific coast, who rushed themselves up goldfields, found themselves obeyed, and were obeyed, even if the odds were hundreds to one, and the red-coats "made good."

Canadian Meal in Demand.

J. E. Ray, Canadian trade commissioner at Birmingham, reports that there is an increasing demand in Great Britain for cereal breakfast foods, but that the heavy initial expenditures on the advertising appear to deter many Canadian millers.

The total imports of oatmeal last year amounted to \$23,610, of which \$724,835 came from Canada, being an increase of \$23,640. The purchasers of rolled oats amounted to \$1,971,130. Canada's share being \$1,076,130, an increase of \$345,322.

The report states that imports of Canadian peas and beans have fallen off in the last two years although the total imports from British possessions increased in five years by over \$500,000, Canada being beaten by Australia, New Zealand and British India. No Canadian rye was sold in England last year, although there is an annual market for it from Great Britain of \$1,000,000.

Swaps Farm For Ranch.

A somewhat curious exchange of property has just taken place in Nova Scotia. Not since an English gentleman who made good on a ranch near Medicine Hat, visited Brookfield, eight miles from Truro. In conversation one day with Mr. Benjamin, a merchant of that place, he expressed himself as tired of the west and declared his desire to settle down in the east.

"I have a good farm I will trade for your ranch," said Mr. Benjamin, with the result that the Englishman said he was willing to make the exchange. Mr. Benjamin sent his son west to look over the property, with the result that the trade has been made.

Cow Had Triplets.

A farmer in Trafalgar, had a cow give birth to triplet calves recently and they are doing nicely. This is something unusual among cattle. Minard's Linctant cures Diphtheria.

Real Estate

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

Situated on Granville St., Bridge- and pantry on first flat. Six bedrooms and bath room on second flat. Basement contains summer kitchen, laundry and cold storage room. Heated by furnace. Hot and cold water.

Apply to JOHN IRVIN, Agents

FARM FOR SALE.

Medium size Farm, fine large buildings, large young bearing orchard, marsh, pasture, wood. Situated at Granville Centre. Apply to SOMERS McCALL.

FARM FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers his valuable farm for sale, situated in Clarence, four miles from Bridgetown, consisting of a splendid orchard, good hay farm. Plenty of wood and water, good buildings.

Part of purchase money can remain on mortgage if desired.

ADONIRAM RUMSEY, Clarence, Jan. 29th, 1908.

FARM FOR SALE.

At a sacrifice, in North Williamston, formerly owned by the late Simpson Charlton. Is in prime condition. A young orchard yielding 700 to 1000 barrels of apples. A good hard-wood lot attached. Two good pastures. Has a good house and barn.

Apply to the owner T. NEELY, Bridgetown, Jan. 29th, 1908.

To Let

The Hall over Monitor Office, formerly occupied by the Posters. Audience room with two side rooms. Wired for electric lighting. Heated if desired.

Suitable for business offices.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

According to the postal law now in force newspaper publishers can hold for fraud anyone who takes a paper from the post office and refuses payment, and the man who allows subscriptions to remain unpaid and then orders a postmaster to send notification of discontinuance to the publishers lays himself liable to arrest and fine. Postmasters are also liable under the law for the cost of papers delivered to other persons after the death or removal from their office district of the persons to whom the paper was first addressed.

WANTED

A LARGE QUANTITY OF HIDES, PELTS, CALF SKINS & TALLOW

CASH PAID AT THE HIGHEST-MARKET PRICES

McKENZIE CROWE & Co., Ltd.

500 Barrels Kerosene Oil

TO COME FORWARD

We have one carload a week arriving. There is a slight change in price. Write for quotations.

QUALITY

Our customers say it is the best that has been sold in the Annapolis Valley.

Hilsley & Harvey Co., Limited, PORT WILLIAMS

COSTS LITTLE

Accomplishes Much

A two cent stamp does a lot for very little money, but it would require thousands of two cent stamps and personal letters to make your wants known to as many people as a 25c. investment in our Classified Want Ads.