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The Great Cities of the World

Follow the Scheldt River sixty miles from where it empties into the sea and you come upon a city almost surrounded by docks. Not only are they found along miles of the waterfront, but vessels can go far into the interior of the city by way of canals which lead from the river. These in turn have smaller branches of their own, so that in the very heart of the city you may come upon boats and quays. The place is Antwerp, the chief port of Belgium. Here are crowds of people who make their homes on canal boats, on which they may live and yet be right in the midst of the city. Sometimes a dock is so crowded with vessels of one variety or another that a person could walk from one end to the other upon their decks.

This city of about 300,000 people has been called the hub of Europe. On one side the spokes leading from Antwerp are steamship lines going to all ports of the world, on the other side they are railways which are closely connected with the trunk lines of Europe. For its size, Belgium has more miles of railroads than any other country, so the shipping carried on from the docks of its chief port is very extensive. The most modern appliances are used to facilitate the handling of freight and working the sluices, locks and swinging bridges. Into the quays run many railway tracks, and hundreds of hydraulic cranes transfer freight from the trains to waiting ships, or lift it from the boats and deposit upon cars. The war has had the effect of lessening the activity of this scene for a time at least, even though, at the time of writing, the most serious physical menace the city has had was the exploding of several bombs that were dropped upon it.

Although during the sixteenth century Antwerp was the richest city and the largest seaport in the north-west of Europe, it lost its high standing during the years that followed, and it was during another war that the foundations of its present prosperity were laid. Napoleon Bonaparte founded the docks which nearly surround the city, for naval purposes. Later, these were, of course, turned into commercial docks lined with capacious warehouses, and the trade which came to the splendid harbor has steadily increased.

As one goes up the river, the city itself beyond its miles of busy docks, is a picturesque sight. The yellow and reds of its ancient buildings stand out distinctly against the vivid green of the surrounding dyked lowlands. Above all the lace-like stonework of the beautiful cathedral tower is outlined against the sky. This tower is a conspicuous feature of the landscape, no matter whether the city is approached from the river or from any part of the flat country round about. This cathedral, unfortunately, is surrounded by other buildings, so that its beauty is not fully revealed to the passer-by, but there are few ecclesiastical buildings in Europe that surpass it. The chime of forty bells in the tower render the most delightful music, and once heard can never be forgotten. There is nothing finer of the kind in all the world.

Looking at the many ingenious mechanical contrivances at the docks would lead you to call Antwerp a very modern metropolis, but it is a city of contrasts. The old and the new are curiously mingled. As the electric cars run along the street they pass little carts drawn by women and dogs. The laundress going from door to door pushes her hand barrow from behind, but to make her task easier she has a dog hitched to the front of it. She wears a characteristic Flemish cap and wooden shoes, such as are also worn by the milk woman, who, with her dog, is pulling a milk cart laden with huge copper cans. Flemish horses are famous for their size and strength, but in the older part of Antwerp they have not a greater share of the burden-bearing than have the Flemish women and the little Flemish dogs.

Newspapers and notices are printed in both ancient Flemish and modern French—again the contrast. And as you leave the older part of the city

the narrow lanes, so winding that you could almost imagine that they had originally been cowpaths going in and out among forest trees, and curious shops, give place to broad avenues and beautiful buildings.

Antwerp was the home of Rubens and Van Dyck, and the influence of these great artists is everywhere. In cathedrals and museums many of their paintings may be seen. In the public squares are statues of them and of other famous artists. In the great cathedral are three of Rubens' best-known pictures, "The Descent from the Cross," "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Assumption." Every tourist who visits Antwerp goes to see "The Descent from the Cross," as it is regarded as one of the greatest pictures in the world. It is kept covered most of the time, but on certain hours it may be viewed on the payment of a small fee.

There is a story told of two small boys who stood for hours gazing at this masterpiece. When asked why they were waiting so long, one of them replied:

"We are waiting until those holy men finish their work." Certainly the picture is wonderfully life-like.

Of the two towers planned for this cathedral, which was finished in 1592, only one was completed, the North Tower, the open stone work of which was mentioned before, and which has been compared to the finest point lace.

Near the cathedral is a reminder of another artist of bygone days. This is Quentin Matsys' Well, which is ornamented with iron work representing dark foliage. This work is supposed to have been done by Matsys, of whose introduction into the artistic world there are several stories told. It is said that until he was twenty he knew nothing of any work but blacksmithing, by which he made a living for himself and his feeble old mother. A serious illness made it impossible for him to do such strenuous manual labor, and a friend suggested that he try to carve small images in wood for sale. Evidently this brought out latent ability, and he later became a painter. A more romantic explanation of his change of occupation is that he wished to marry a maiden of Antwerp, whose father said that she should marry no one but an artist. He conformed to the requirement and won the lady. On Matsys' tomb is a reference to this story. However, it is probable that even during his days spent by his forge he took an interest in some form of art.

Among the other splendid buildings is the Palace of Justice, a colossal red brick building, relieved by blue freestone. There is a dignity about it quite in keeping with its mission of giving impartial judgments. The Bourse, or Exchange, is a fine new building, erected in 1872. The people of the city claim that the old exchange, which was built about four centuries ago, was the first place of the kind to which the term "Bourse" was applied.

One of the most interesting places in Antwerp is the ancient printing house that belonged to Christopher Plantin, who lived and worked in the sixteenth century, and who was one of the pioneers in the art of printing. Once inside the house, you could almost imagine that the world came to a full stop in 1650. It is just as if the workmen had dropped whatever they happened to be doing and rushed out to meet their death in a flood of lava, such as rolled over Pompeii long ago, while the things in the house remained as undisturbed as did the bread in the ovens of the Pompeii bakers. There are forms in the presses, type in the cases, proofs on the table. The rooms used by Plantin and his family are also left as if the inmates had merely gone out for a walk. This effect is, however, the result of a clever restoration. The work of Plantin was carried on by his son-in-law, Moretus. In fact, for three centuries the same family carried on the business continuously. From the now silent rooms have issued many folios and quartos printed with magnificent type and probably illustrated with wood cuts or copper-plate engravings. There are glass cases in the house in which specimens of different

kinds of printing are displayed, along with various mechanical appliances of the work, ranging from wooden block letters to metal type. While looking, some years ago, at the crude wooden pieces of type and the simple hand press that were used by Plantin, the editor of this paper happened to hear a young man exclaim:

"I wonder what that man Plantin would have done if he had been called upon to get out a great city daily."

It was a silly remark, and yet it started a somewhat suggestive train of thought. Of course, this pioneer printer would have been unable to cope with a modern city daily, or weekly either, but because such men as he worked so faithfully long ago and experimented with such skill and we have the big daily paper today and the splendid magazines that are such a marvel of printer's art. "Other men labored," and we have entered upon their labors."

Among the many links which bind Antwerp to the past is its name. To ancient folk-lore we owe the story of a robber who lived in his castle on the banks of the Scheldt. From the captains of ships that came up the river he demanded heavy toll—usually half of their cargo. If anyone refused to turn this over to him, and we can imagine that there were many who did not comply meekly, he cut off his hands and threw them into the Scheldt. From the words, "hand warpen" (hand throwing) the name "Antwerp" is said to be derived. There are prosaic people who scoff at this derivation, but it is a significant fact that the coat-of-arms of the city are two hands and a castle. There must have been some good reason for recognizing this as its armorial bearings, for the heralds were very careful in such matters. Then, too, hand-cutting was not an uncommon practice in Europe in the days long gone by, and in these times, when war machinery is being brought to such deadly perfection, it hardly behooves us to hold up our hands in righteous horror at the atrocities of the past.

Red Acre Farm, Home of Rest for Horses

(Our Dumb Animals.)

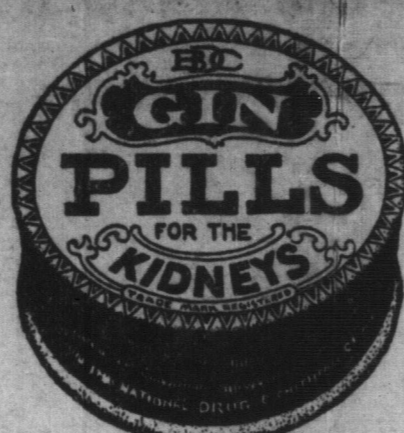
The first person to undertake the humane work of providing a sanatorium for over-worked, broken-down and worn-out horses in this country was Miss Harriet C. Bird, who in May, 1903, started her Red Acre Farm at Stow, Massachusetts. As it was the first of its kind in America, Miss Bird was very naturally encouraged and aided in her enterprise by President Angell of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. With only limited means at her command, however, and not knowing whence financial assistance would come, Miss Bird has conducted for eleven years, with splendid success, one of the most worthy charities in behalf of animals in the State.

Red Acre Farm has grown in size, accommodations and efficiency each year of its existence. Fifty-nine equine patients were received during the first year and the number increased to three hundred and forty for the year 1913. Many additions and improvements have had to be made to keep pace with the growing needs. New buildings have been erected and others enlarged; field and pasture shelters have been constructed, paddocks fenced in and an adequate water plant installed. Much has been done to make the Farm self-sustaining. Land has been acquired for the raising of hay and grain and the Farm is now equipped with such implements and wagons as are necessary to carry on this work. Of the total amount of hay, corn and carrots fed to the horses one-half is now raised on the Farm or on land which is given for this purpose by Miss Bird.

Five men are employed to care for the patients, pensioners and rescued animals. An ambulance is used to transport from the railway station (South Acton) to the Farm—a distance of one and a quarter miles—such horses as are too weak or sick to be moved otherwise. An automobile was acquired by gift the past year for use in inspecting horses fit for light work that are loaned out by the Farm. A Field Day is held annually in the spring which brings out a large attendance, though visitors are welcome at all times.

The officers of the corporation are: Edward W. Emerson, M. D., president; Miss Annie E. Fisher and Mrs. Josephine S. Gay, vice-presidents; Miss Harriet C. Bird, treasurer and manager; Henry C. Merwin, secretary; Lewis A. Armistead, auditor. The principle objects of Red Acre Farm may be stated as follows: To provide hospital treatment, rest and veterinary oversight for horses belonging to poor men. To provide rest and opportunity for recuperation for cab horses, express and teaming horses. To treat sick and injured horses as out-patients when necessary. To rescue old, worn-out and abused horses.

To make comfortable, or cure, horses taken away from cruel owners. To offer an asylum to old favorites. To find good homes for horses limited in usefulness, coming from private owners.



If you are having trouble with your bladder—with incontinence or suppression of urine—burning pain—weakness or pain in the back—or Stone in the bladder—take Gin Pills. They cure—50c.—\$ for \$2.50. At dealers everywhere.

To assume custody and provide a comfortable old age for fire engine horses and horses from the police, street and other city departments.

To hold a field day and a neighborhood "Horse Show," annually, displaying well-cared-for horses, especially old horses that have belonged to one owner for a number of years, and colts that have been raised and used by owner.

To send an agent when requested to examine horses that are of uncertain condition.

To take charge of disposing of pet horses when it becomes necessary to have them painlessly killed and buried.

To release by death suffering horses that are rescued in a sad and painfully hopeless condition.

Not only does the farm afford a place of refuge for friendless horses, but family pets also may be boarded here for a small sum and many such cases have been received.

Red Acre Farm was established as a rendezvous for weary, worn and friendless horses. It is a home of rest for the horse whose faithfulness in the hard service of man entitles him, as his earthly reward, to a few days of quiet and comfort amid pleasant surroundings. It is also a place where the exhausted or broken-down horse may be given an outing of a few weeks and then re-enter the ranks of usefulness and service.

By an act passed a few years ago making it unlawful for the cities and towns of the Commonwealth to dispose of their worn-out horses at public or private sale, many retired fire department horses as well as debilitated work horses have been turned over to Red Acre Farm.

The movement to provide for friendless horses, originated by Miss Bird, has attracted much attention and the result has been that other homes of rest for horses have been established in various places, similar to this widely known and highly organized institution.

Alcohol and Metal Disease

"A recent report from one of the Glasgow District Mental Hospitals gives the usual testimony as to the influence of alcohol in producing mental instability and deterioration. On this point it says: In 49 cases alcohol was put down as the determining cause of insanity out of 263 admissions and in combination with other diseases in ten other cases made 22.4 per cent of the admissions. As usual the indirect influence of alcohol in causing insanity was very striking. The cases in which a history of the abuse or non-abuse of alcohol by the parents was obtained gave a percentage of parental abuse of alcohol of 51.6 per cent. But when these cases were separated into two groups, namely those who were not above the age of 26 years on their first attack of mental illness they found a history of parental abuse of alcohol of 80.6 per cent. Of those whose first breakdown took place before they had completed 26 years of age, while of those whose first breakdown took place after the age of 26 years there was a history of parental abuse of alcohol in only 36.6 per cent.—The Presbyterian. The evidence is now beyond dispute that more insanity is caused by alcohol than by all other causes put together and saddest of all, as the above article shows that it is not so often the drinker that suffers as his innocent offspring.

H. ARNOTT, M. B., M.C.P.S.



DR. C. B. SIMS
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
—Graduate of—
Nova Scotia Agricultural College
Ontario Veterinary College
University of Toronto
PARADISE, N. S.
Sept. 30 L.F. Page 15

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