

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher...

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

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Write us your requirements and let us make up an estimate of the cost.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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MRS. M. P. FARNSWORTH OF PHINNEY COVE, RECEIVED FOLLOWING LETTER FROM HER SON FRED

Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps, Longmoor Camp, Hants, England. July 7th, 1915.

Dear Mother:-

As you already know, we are in Old England, and have been kept very busy since our arrival here. This is an exceedingly beautiful country, so vastly different from our own that a description of it so that you could picture it yourself, would be difficult, but I shall give you a rough sketch.

The whole country, or what I have seen, presents a gorgeous panorama of rolling wooded hills, wooded with great oak trees standing apart from each other and similar in shape to the large willow which used to stand and perhaps still does, near the site of the old Katherine house. The valleys are cleared and used for hay lands and pastures. Old fashioned thatched roofed cottages with low farm buildings standing near, are shaded by spreading oak and elm trees.

Few fences are to be seen, but in their stead beautiful trimmed hedges run criss cross dividing portions of estates. In front of every house, beautiful gardens of rose and hyacinth give off fragrant perfumes and the whole setting seems too beautiful for reality. It is difficult to realize that within a very few miles from here a country as beautiful as this is being devastated by war.

So why should we not fight for such a country as this. It is surely too beautiful to lose. I have not told you of our trip across the Atlantic, in fact there is not much to tell. Ours was a typical troop ship, and as we brought all our engineering equipment with us our accommodations could not be complained of. We had beautiful weather all the way over and very few were sick. A destroyer met us out at sea and everything seems to have been done by the admiralty to ensure our absolute safety. We do not know how long we shall be here but I imagine our efficiency in the art of soldiering is not such as to permit our leaving very soon. We were very comfortably quartered in wooden huts, buildings accommodating 32 men, are pretty well fed, and al-

though shower baths have not yet been erected for use, we have the use of a large swimming pool and therefore have no real kick on any grounds. The weather is somewhat similar to that in Nova Scotia, with perhaps less extremes, though at certain seasons, I believe, the rain is rather heavy and prolonged. As yet, however, we have seen little. I am contemplating a trip to London and hope to have a great deal of interest to tell you of the great Capital.

Write and tell me how you all are. Lovingly, FRED.

SNOW CURE FOR CANCER

Boston Post.—Snow, frozen so hard that its temperature registers 250 degrees below zero, is being used at the Boston City Hospital with success as a cure for cancer of the skin. Another disease, the cure of which is being brought about by snow, is tuberculosis of the skin, or lupus.

The use of snow for the cure of these diseases was begun at the hospital about three years ago. Since that time hundreds of cases of skin cancer and lupus have been cured.

The snow is made by spraying the gas from a water charging cylinder, such as is used to make soda water into a chamois bag. The moisture forms snow which is made into pencils. These pencils of snow are held close to the cancer for a moment or two every few days until the skin becomes healthy. The operation is painless and does not make a scar.

According to Dr. James W. Mannary executive superintendent of the hospital, the snow cures the cancer by virtue of the tremendous cold that it contains. "A cancer," said the doctor "is an overgrowth of new tissue, for which the body has no use and which will, of course, cause death if not removed. This extreme cold of the snow pencil, 250 degrees below zero, destroys this new tissue.

REZISYOL—A safe and sure remedy in all cases of overstimulation, also indicated in all cases of Brain Fatigue, Nervous Exhaustion caused by overwork or malnutrition, unequalled for nausea or general depression. A general tonic and body builder. Mail orders filled by Rezistol Chemical Co, Boston, Mass.

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL

"Jesus lover of my soul," Sang a sentinel one night, As he paced his lonely beat In the pale moon's waning light.

"Cover my defenceless head" Softly on the still night air—"With the shadow of Thy wing," Sang he thus his sad heart's prayer, Trustingly he sang the words, Thinking only God would hear, But the night winds wafted them To the hidden foe-man's ear.

Through the murky shades of night From a reconnoitering band, There had crept a daring scout To that picket's lonely stand. And with sure unerring aim, On his foe had drawn a bead, When his suppliant tones he heard "Cover my defenceless head."

Down his deadly rifle came; He, himself a man of prayer, Could not take the life of one Trusting in His Saviour's care. Softly from his covert then In the shadow he withdrew; Leaving still that heart to beat, Which he knew was brave and true.

"Jesus lover of my soul," In life's tempest be Thou nigh; And amid its gathering gloom "Let me to thy bosom fly," When the day of wrath has come—"When Thou shalt to judgement bring—" "Cover my defenceless head "With the shadow of Thy wing"

The Sequel to the Song

A number of northern tourists formed part of a large company on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the historic Potomac one evening in 1881. A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with his happy rendering of many familiar hymns, the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian heart, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling and a peculiar emphasis on the concluding lines, that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners that was not broken for several seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?" "Yes sir," the man of song answered courteously, "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side, and think, indeed I am quite sure, I was near you one bright night 18 years ago this very month. It was about such a night as this, if I am not mistaken, you were doing duty as guard. We of the South had sharp business on hand. You were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty, my murderous weapon in my hand. The shadow hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart; and I had been selected by our commander because I was a sure shot. Then out upon the night rang:

"Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing," "Your prayer was answered, I could not fire after that, and there was no attack made on you that night. I felt sure when I heard you sing this evening that you were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said with much emotion: "I remember the night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to do my duty as I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remembered to have been at any time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends and every thing life holds dear. Then the thought of God's care for all that He has created came to me with a peculiar force. If He so cared for the sparrow, how much more for man created in His own image and I sang the prayer of my heart and ceased to feel alone. Just how the prayer was answered I never knew until this evening. My Heavenly Father thought it best to keep the knowledge from me 18 years. How much of His goodness we shall be ignorant of until it is revealed to us by the light of eternity! "Jesus lover of my soul" has been a favorite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

The incident related in the above sketch is a true one and was told me by a lady who was one of the party on the steamer.—Carman Banks, Lake Jolly, N. S.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Middleton

Miss Flora Morse is home from Montreal.

Mrs. O. P. Goucher and Gordon, are spending a few weeks at Port Lorne.

Miss Floria Roop left Saturday for her home in Springfield to spend a few weeks.

Lt. H. S. Marshall went to Halifax last week where he is taking a machine gun course.

Herman Morse of Edmonton, arrived on Tuesday last, and is visiting his mother, Mrs. D. J. Morse.

Miss Alida Young, of Providence, R. I., is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Young, Main Street.

Principal Ruggles, and son Walter, are taking a course of training in the operation of machine guns in Halifax.

Mrs. B. E. Hatt of Annapolis Royal, and Mrs. O. R. Corkum of Chester Basin, spent the week end in Middleton, guests of Mrs. C. A. Young.

MELVERN SQUARE

Wedding bells in the near future. Miss Annie Webster, and Miss Cox, are the guests of Mrs. E. E. Phinney.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Forest McNeil back again after his summer outing at Bedford.

Mr. Leslie H. Banks, and sister Josie, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Brown over Sunday.

Miss Emma Demons, of Mass., is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Demons.

Mr. Russell Watson of Boston, Mass., is the guest of his friend, Mr. Kenneth McNeil this week.

Master Douglas Campbell of Halifax, is spending a part of his vacation with his grandfather, Mr. Pryor Spinney.

Mrs. E. R. Power and little daughter, Florence, of Kingston, spent last week with her parents, Col. and Mrs. McNeil, of Pleasant Street.

Miss Olive Oakes, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Fales for the past few weeks, left on Saturday for her home in Bridgewater.

Mrs. Harry McNeil has been suffering for the past week from a painful felon on her hand, which has caused her much inconvenience.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Phinney, and little daughter Irene, of Lawrence town, were the guests of their sister-in-law, Mrs. Timothy Phinney last Sabbath.

Quite a number of our people are attending Camp Meeting this year, and several of our young people will attend the Summer Sabbath School services held in Berwick at the close of the Camp Meeting.

The Rev. Thomas McCall, of Somerset, conducted divine worship in the Presbyterian Church here, on Sabbath afternoon, last, preaching very acceptably to a somewhat small, but very attentive congregation.

A year has passed since the war began, and, at the present time, the outlook is more serious than it was a year ago. We hardly dare think of what may happen during the next year, but hope for the best.

Owing to the Camp Meeting services no doubt, the attendance was rather small in all the churches on last Sabbath, but the Rev. Mr. Beck gave a very interesting address on the Lord's Day Alliance in the Methodist Church in the evening. It is a pity so few were there to hear it.

The death of Fenwick Pearson occurred at his home on Tuesday of last week, after a brief illness. Young Pearson was an exceptionally fine young man, of great intellectual attainments, and of studious habits, such as the world can ill afford to lose, and much sympathy is felt for the family in their affliction. The funeral service was held on Thursday afternoon in the Baptist Church, the Rev. Mr. Wheeler officiating, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Brown of Auburn. Interment in the Presbyterian cemetery. To rob the grave of its gloom, the young friends of the deceased had lined it with evergreen, ferns and flowers, thus making the burial a beautiful and peaceful scene under the bright summer sunshine.

A soft snap is apt to be found to be having a great many people sticking to it.

A WORD FOR MOTHERS

It is a grave mistake for mothers to neglect their aches and pains and suffer in silence—this only leads to chronic sickness and often shortens life.

If your work is tiring; if your nerves are excitable; if you feel languid, weary or depressed, you should know that Scott's Emulsion overcomes just such conditions.

It possesses in concentrated form the very elements to invigorate the blood, strengthen the tissues, nourish the nerves and build strength.

Scott's is strengthening thousands of mothers—and will help you. Try it. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

ALBANY

August 7 Miss Carrie McKeown expects to occupy her new house soon.

Miss Jameson of Bridgeport, Conn., is the guest of Mrs. Frank Whitman.

Miss Blanche Merry has returned from visiting friends at Springfield and Falkland Ridge.

Messrs. Herbert and Dudley Merry of Mass., are visiting their brothers, John H. and Edward Merry.

Mr. Blossom is falling quite rapidly. Mr. A. R. Fairn is improving very slowly. Mr. McLeod very low.

Mrs. Arthur Scelviur and son Cedric, and Miss Mildred Starratt, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Albert Oakes.

Miss Julia Fairn obtained her Grade "B" certificate, with an aggregate of 402, leading her class at the Lawrence town High School.

Miss Kohl of Swampscott, Mass., is nursing Mr. McGinnis, who is still confined to his bed by an injury received by falling.

Rev. and Mrs. M. B. Whitman gave a vocal duet at the close of last Sunday morning service, which was much appreciated.

Rev. Arthur Whitman and family of Billtown, are now spending their vacation in Albany previous to going to Amherst, N. S., where he is to be assistant pastor.

The anniversary of the beginning of the present war was observed on Wednesday evening, 4th, by a musical and literary entertainment in the church. The program consisted of four readings, beautifully rendered, by Mrs. W. B. Whitman. Violin duet by Miss Hettie Fairn and Almon Oikle, accompanied by Julia Fairn. Quartette by Rev. W. B. Whitman, Almon Oakes, Misses Hettie and Julia Fairn, accompanied by Mrs. E. J. Whitman. Several organ solos by Miss Stella Whitman of Billtown, after which fifteen minutes were given to conversation. Mr. Blakney conducted the evening's entertainment.

FALKLAND RIDGE

August 7 Miss Mildred Starratt is visiting friends in the Valley.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, a son, August 5th, congratulations.

Miss Lizzie Jadis of Windsor, is the guest of Mrs. Robel. Swallow.

Mrs. McAuliffe, of the U. S. A., is visiting her father, Mr. Jacob Stoddart.

Mr. Rupert Weaver and son Norman, drove to Port George on Thursday last.

Miss Winnifred Chute of Clements vale, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. A. Marshall.

The Ladies of the Red Cross Sewing Circle met with Mrs. Robert Stoddart on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. E. P. Charlton returned on Tuesday from visiting her daughter, Mrs. Young, of Aylesford.

HISTORY OF THE POTATO

Four hundred years ago, before the white man ever heard of the plant, highly intelligent Indians (Incas, they called themselves), were cultivating potatoes in the mountain valleys of Peru. These Indians had developed a system of writing, and had erected great buildings, and had many other things of which any race of people 400 years ago might have been proud. They did not know anything about gunpowder, however, and when the Spaniards found them, the poor Incas were easily conquered, and the Spaniards took from them large quantities of gold and other treasure, and incidentally the tubers of the potato. These potatoes were evidently a form which had been developed by the Incas by selection from the wild type which may be found in the mountains of Peru, Chili, Mexico and southern Colorado to this day. In the hands of the Spaniards, the potato found its way to southern Europe, and to the first American colony in Virginia.

One of the most interesting men who lived in England 300 years ago was Sir Walter Raleigh. He was always looking for something new, and had considerable money and was a friend of Queen Elizabeth. At the time all the leading nations of the earth were sailing forth to investigate the new world which Columbus had discovered a hundred years before, Sir Walter Raleigh—being placed as he was—also sailed forth. He hoped to find gold, but instead found the potato and tobacco plants. The potato plant had been introduced into Virginia a short time before from Peru and Sir Walter Raleigh took it from Virginia to his estate, near Cork, in Ireland. He tried to get the English people to like the potato, but they would have nothing to do with it, fearing, because of its relationship to the deadly nightshade, that it was poison. The Irish peasants, however, recognized its value, and during the large part of its early history the plant was cultivated more in Ireland than in any other country. That is the reason why we call it the "Irish" potato,

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Business as Usual PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION HALIFAX September 8th to 16th Prize Lists are now ready. If you have not yet received one, write M. McF. HALL Manager and Secretary Halifax, N. S.

when it is by right of origin the Peruvian potato or American potato. During the sixteenth century and the early part of the seventeenth, the potato was very little grown outside of Ireland. Gradually people began to see that it was possible to grow a large amount of food on a small acreage by using the potato, and so the peasant people of Ireland, Germany, France and Russia grew the potatoes more and more. Drawings of the plant made in the early days indicate that it was very much the same then as it is now. The varieties, however, were very much different. In 1840, a disease appeared causing blight and rot, which is now common everywhere, but at that time the potato plants as commonly cultivated had never before been attacked by it. For several years potato crops failed all over Europe. In Ireland, the trouble was especially serious, and thousands of people died from famine, and thousands of others came to the United States to avoid the scant food supply. Something had to be done. A variety had to be secured that could withstand to some extent at least, this new disease. New varieties were grown from the seed balls. These new varieties seemed to do alright for a time, and then they deteriorated and became diseased. It now seems as though it is necessary to start new varieties about every ten or fifteen years. Many of our good varieties, however, have lasted for thirty or forty years. A little over forty years ago, Luther Burbank, a young man of twenty-three years, planted a lot of potato seeds which he had secured from the seed balls, which look like little green tomatoes. One of these seedlings stood head and shoulders above the rest, and he called it the Burbank. It soon became the leading American potato, and to this day ranks quite high. Mr. Carman, who a number of years ago, was editor of the Rural New Yorker, a farm paper which is still published in New York, became much interested in potatoes. He got his subscribers to send in seed balls. He planted thousands of these seeds, and secured two or three seedlings, which to this day are well known over the entire United States. The most famous is the Rural New Yorker. The Carman and the Raleigh are also well known. The Peachblow, an old-fashioned American variety, was crossed with the Hebron. The resultant seed ball was planted, and one of the seedlings was the Early Ohio. Since the potato plant passed out of the hands of the South American Indians it has gone through some wonderful changes. New varieties have been continually coming up, growing old, passing away. I am not altogether sure that our potato of to-day is much better than the varieties of forty or fifty years ago. But the old-fashioned varieties were out and we had to get new ones. The final word has not yet been said in potato var-

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