

Fruit Co., Ltd.

House Open Thursday and Saturday Afternoons

offer the following lines of FEED

March Hog Feed
Dairy Feed
Soya Chop

OATS

Take (ground)
Meal
Corn & Corn Meal
Feed
Wheat
Flour
of the West Flour
Oats

Fruit Co., Ltd.

Christmas Photographs

What does anyone appreciate more than pictures of their friends? Then, too, they are convenient to mail to friends at a distance. We have a large variety of styles, and would be pleased to make your CHRISTMAS GIFTS for you. Please come early to allow time for finishing. We have a fine line of PHOTO FRAMES, also a few "CUPID" PICTURES which make excellent gifts. We would be pleased to show you these at any time.

GEORGIA H. CUNNINGHAM
Photographer in Your Town

TENDERS

FOR
Collection of County Rates

will be received by the undersigned till JANUARY 2nd, 1919, at noon, for the collection of the County Rates for the ensuing year.

All tenders must be sealed and marked "Tenders for County Rates".

All tenders must be accompanied by the names of two good and reliable Bondsmen, to be approved by the Committee.

The full amount of the Rates must be guaranteed in each case, only so much reduction for bad rates as may be approved by Council.

F. W. BISHOP,
J. C. GRIMM,
E. C. SHAFER,
Committee on Tenders and Public Property.

Bridgetown, Dec. 1st, 1918.—34

BUY YOUR Family Supplies

FROM

M. A. HOWSE

IN A CHOICE LINE OF

ATS and PROVISIONS

Groceries a Specialty

Street, one door south of the bridge.

Telephone No. 51

CATION

year except Christmas and New Year's days, any day and "carry on" till business is completed.

ON: 13 weeks \$35, or \$125

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so good as the

MARITIME

NESS' COLLEGE

HALIFAX, N. S.

E. KAULBACH, C. A.

FOR SALE

ER PAPER, printed or plain, also be supplied with name, etc., specially printed to suit. Send all orders to THE WEEKLY MONITOR, Bridgetown, N. S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

O. S. MILLER
Barrister and Solicitor
Shafner Building
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Telephone 15

Money to Loan on Real Estate Securities

J. M. OWEN, K.C. Daniel Owen, L.L.B.
OWEN & OWEN
Barristers-at-Law
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.
Office over Bank of Nova Scotia

Office in Middleton open Wednesday from 2.30 to 5.30 p.m. Thursday from 9 to 11 a.m.

Office in Bear River open the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of every month.

Money to Loan on Real Estate Securities

HERMAN C. MORSE, B.A., L.L.B.
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public

Money to Loan on First-class Real Estate

INSURANCE AGENT

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Office in Royal Bank Building

W. E. REED

Funeral Director and Embalmer

Latest styles in Caskets, etc. All orders will receive prompt attention. Hearse sent to all parts of the county. Office and showrooms in two-storey building in rear of furniture warehouse. Telephone 76-4

DR. F. S. ANDERSON

Dental Surgeon

Graduate of University of Maryland

Office: Queen St., BRIDGETOWN

Hours: 9 to 5

J. H. HICKS & SONS

Undertaking

We do undertaking in all its branches. Hearse sent to any part of the county

Queen St., BRIDGETOWN

Telephone 46 H. B. HICKS, Mgr.

G. E. BANKS

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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BRIDGETOWN, Nova Scotia.

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Combs or cut hair made into Puffs, Transformations and Switches. Terms moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mail orders promptly attended to.

MISS GEORGINA BANCROFT.

Annapolis Royal, R.F.D. No. 1.

Northern Fire Insurance Co.

Protects You Against Loss By Fire

F. E. BATH, Local Agent

Bridgetown, N. S.

CASH MARKET

Prime Beef, Fresh Pork, Lamb, Chicken, Hams and Bacon, Sausages, Headcheese, Pressed Beef, Mince Meat, Corned Beef and Pork, Salt Mackerel, Boneless Co.

Fresh Fish every Thursday.

Thomas Mack

BEST PRICES

PAID FOR

Bags and all kinds of Hides, Skins and Junk.

I. HIRSH

BRIDGETOWN, Nova Scotia

Telephone No. 81

THE LATE LIEUT. LANTZ

More Particulars Concerning this Hero's Death a Few Days Before the Fighting Ceased

Mr. Geo. W. Lantz,
Bridgetown, N. S.

Dear Sir: Just a note to tell you how deeply we sympathize with you all in the loss of a gallant son.

He was loved by all who knew him as a soldier because he was so fearless and careful for every man in his command.

But no words of mine can do justice to him or lift your load of sorrow. His death is one more bond that binds earth to heaven above.

He is buried with nineteen others in the beautifully kept cemetery of the fine old city of Valenciennes.

May God ease your sorrow and rejoin your broken family in heaven when your hours shall come.

Yours in sympathy.

K. C. MacLEOD,
Capt. and Chaplain 85th Canadians.

France 8-11-18

My Dear Mr. Lantz: Long before you receive this letter you will hear the sad news of the death of your son, Lieut. O. L. Lantz. He was killed early in the morning of Nov. 6th, about 5.30 a.m. He was just "going over the jump off" when a high explosion shell landed near him, killing three persons, Lieut. Lantz, his batman, and his Platoon Sergeant. It was costly shell for my company. The only thing we know is they were all killed instantly so did not have to suffer.

I was very fond of Mr. Lantz. He has been with the Battalion as an non-commissioned officer and had proved himself a good true brave soldier in every respect.

He won his Commission in the field and when he went for his course and returned to us as an officer we were all so pleased. He was a most efficient soldier, and knew no fear. No task was too difficult for him and danger, or thought of it, never seemed to enter his mind. He was recommended for the "Military Cross" and he certainly deserved it, if ever an officer did. Your hearts I know are sore, and your grief deep, but you have the proud knowledge that your boy died nobly leading his men to victory. His men loved and trusted him. I know on better compliment than that for an officer.

I extend to you and all his loved ones my deepest sympathy.

R. C. JACKSON
Major 55th Battalion, Canadian, B. E. F. France.

Somewhere in France, Nov. 9, 1918.

Dear Mr. Lantz: Some day, or probably weeks, before you receive this letter you will have received official notification of the death of your son Orrin Lantz.

For me to say I sympathize with you and your family is commonplace and sounds hollow, but I assure you I can realize your loss as I realize my own as I can say that by his death I have lost one of my best friends and certainly the one of whom I thought the most.

I never knew your son until he came to our Bn. and then not very well until we went to Bexhill for our commissions at about the same time, later when we got through we came to France and were posted to the same company. Altho that is only a short six weeks ago we have lived during that time, and he and I have slept, ate, and fought together, and I can only say to you and yours that to know your son was an honor and one that I will hold dear to my dying day.

It might interest you to know that he was recommended for conspicuous bravery at Passendale. Well it is only a few weeks ago that we saw in the "Canada" where he had been awarded the "Croix de Guerre." Since the last month I know he has been recommended for the M. C. and I hope it comes through as I know that never was it more deserved.

Perhaps at some time in the not far distant future I may have the privilege of telling you personally of the action for which he was recommended. You will be glad to know that it was at the head of his men and without suffering he died in the Canadian soldiers' grave yard at Valenciennes he lies, in the centre of that beautiful city which he laid down his life that the Hun might be driven back to his own borders.

I have seen that his kit is sent home and should reach you sometime within two months, also I will settle any loose ends he has left here and if there is anything at anytime I can do to give you any information or in any way aid you be sure to let me know and I will be honoured.

In his Bedroll you will find his revolver. This is more or less bent from shellfire, but it was with him when he died and you will value it for that. His Military brushes were also in his pack when he was killed, the rest is the equipment an officer leaves out of the line.

On behalf of "D" Company and of

the officers and men of the entire Battalion I tender my sincere sympathies to you all in the hope that time may soften your sorrow and give you all strength to bear it. I remain Sir, very sincerely yours,
G. M. McDONALD,
Lieut. 55th Canadians, France.

TEN SONS HAVE DIED IN THE WAR

Quebec Woman Has Helped Recruits and Herself Has Slain Two Huns

Ten sons she has given to her country and every one has been killed. Three hundred men she has recruited for the Canadian overseas service and two Huns she has slain with her own hands. She has served the British and Canadian forces as an ambulance worker and driver and has been honorably discharged from service. And now, regardless of all personal danger, she is acting as a cook on board the tug Warrior, out of Seattle, that she may thus release another man for service. What woman has done more for her country than Mrs. Emma Wilkins, of Quebec, Canada, who has done all these things?

Six of the sons that Mrs. Wilkins lost in the service were her own flesh and blood. The other four were sons of her husband by a former marriage, but she had mothered them and cared for them with a love equal to that which she gave her own. Her husband himself was killed in the South African war, and because of the shock of his death the baby she had, died soon after. Her brother-in-law was killed fighting in this war, and his wife, Mrs. Wilkins' sister, went insane when she heard of the death.

Husbandless, childless, relationless, Mrs. Wilkins, fifty-one years old, is determined to be of service so long as the war rages. Her creed is the gospel of war as she has learned it, and her one prayer is that the Huns may be beaten back and back until, fighting upon their own ground, they are crushed by the righteous wrath of the peoples they sought to destroy. Her one appeal as a woman who has truly given her all that right may not perish is that Americans and Canadians fight until their dying gasp rather than yield one inch to the Germans through any kind of peace save a peace brought about by relentless victory. The 300 men who recruited in Winnipeg, Canada, recently, joined the service when simply, sincerely she related the stories of her own adventures on the battlefields of France. When she told how one by one her boys died fighting for their country she did not break down. She did not even weep. Her eyes were dull with pain as she spoke, and there was only the faintest hint of a falter in her voice. Of her own adventure in sending two Germans to the place where all Germans go, Mrs. Wilkins does not care to speak in detail.

She shot them when they attempted to enter a hospital where she was an ambulance worker. It was in 1916. The Huns had raided an English base supply and had broken through the lines and were swarming down upon the hospital and the buildings surrounding it. Mrs. Wilkins seized a dead soldier's rifle and refused to flee as some of the other nurses and ambulance workers did. She waited in the doorway of the shack that had been converted into a temporary hospital, and let the first Hun that came within range have it in the stomach. He staggered and crumbled. Another Hun appeared. A bullet from the woman's rifle spun him like the flick of a whip lash will spin a top. He fell but scrambled to his feet and began to run. Another bullet broke his backbone. Then the English reserves came up and the Germans were driven from the field.

"It was us or the Germans, so I shot and they fell," said Mrs. Wilkins. "When I was on the way to England with three of my sons, said Mrs. Wilkins when in Detroit a short time ago to boom recruiting and Liberty Loan bond selling, "we passed the spot where the Lusitania went down, and my boys said to me then, "Mother, if we die and the United States ever comes into the war, the first thing you do when you get back to Canada is to cross the border and kiss the first American flag you see."

"I did that in Seattle," continued

Mrs. Wilkins. "There was a big American flag, drooping almost into the street from the upper windows of a building. I knelt down and cried into the folds of that banner the story my boys wanted it to know, that they had died for what it represented, and that they had died fighting hard."

When the war came Emma Wilkins and her six sons were living in Quebec, and were "getting along fine," as she phrases it. "We had a boarding house there and I was proud of my six stalwart, handsome boys," she said. "They bought me a little chicken farm among the Laurentian Hills, and I was happy very happy. My husband had been killed in the South African war and my little baby had died soon after it was born, but time had erased some of that bitterness, and in the love of my six sons I was surely rich in those things more precious than silver or gold. Life was peaceful and the remainder of my days seemed to stretch ahead in quiet and content. Then war burst. England needed her sons, and none of my boys would refuse to answer that call. They all know how their father had fallen, and duty to the Union Jack had become a religion in the family."

"When they grew old enough I let three of my big boys go into the naval school at Liverpool, and we had down to England. I had them home on their holidays, and we were still a happy family. One of the lads was a fitter, one a joiner in the dry docks and one a cook in a restaurant, one was in a sugar refinery, and the baby of them all, Albert James, was a clerk in a store."

"The bigger boys, as I called them, had all been in the territorial regiments, too. They had enlisted the first thing and had gone over with the second Canadian contingent. When they said goodbye to me at Montreal it was the last thing I saw of them on earth, but I was proud of them and proud they were under the same old flag their father died for. They soon went into their old regiments, the Lancashires and the Scottish Fusiliers, William and John, thirty and twenty-five years old, fell in the retreat from Mons, and Joshua, twenty-two, was killed at Tyro three months afterwards. I did not know any of this until after I had reached England. When the other boys heard of their brothers' deaths they were wild to go to France and take vengeance on the Huns. Just about this time, too I learned of the death of my brother-in-law, Lieutenant Albert King, and then news came that my sister, his wife, had gone insane from shock."

"My three youngest sons, James Alfred and Albert James, all went into the navy and were killed that year. They were on board the Defense in the battle of Jutland. As to my stepsons in the East Lancashires, I don't know how they died, but I am sure they fell fighting valiantly like the rest of the Wilkins family."

That concludes her story. Now she is cook on board the tug Warrior, beating up and down the coast of Mexico and as far north as Seattle. She took this place after doing similar work on English transports out in the Orient. She says that her work in France as an ambulance driver and hospital assistant has unfitted her for further active service, but if she can relieve one man for war she is going to remain on the job.

"I love those who go down to the deep in ships," she declares, "and then, too, I love the sea."

Discovered New Comet

The discovery of a comet by Professor Suchor, director of the Hamburg Observatory, was announced in a cablegram received at the Harvard College from Copenhagen. The comet as observed on Nov. 23 was of magnitude 14 and had a daily motion of forty seconds west and two minutes south. Its exact position on Nov. 24, 23.38 Greenwich mean time, was: Right ascension 4 hours, 12 minutes, 8.9 seconds; declination plus 11 degrees, 35 minutes, 23 seconds.

LONDON, December 12.—The corporation of the City of London today passed a resolution inviting President Wilson to accept an address of welcome in a Gold Box, and asking him to a luncheon at the Guildhall.

A CHILD MUST GROW

A child cannot choose its period of growth. Nature attends to this with laws well-nigh inalterable. A child of retarded growth or feeble vitality needs and should have help to promote healthful growth.

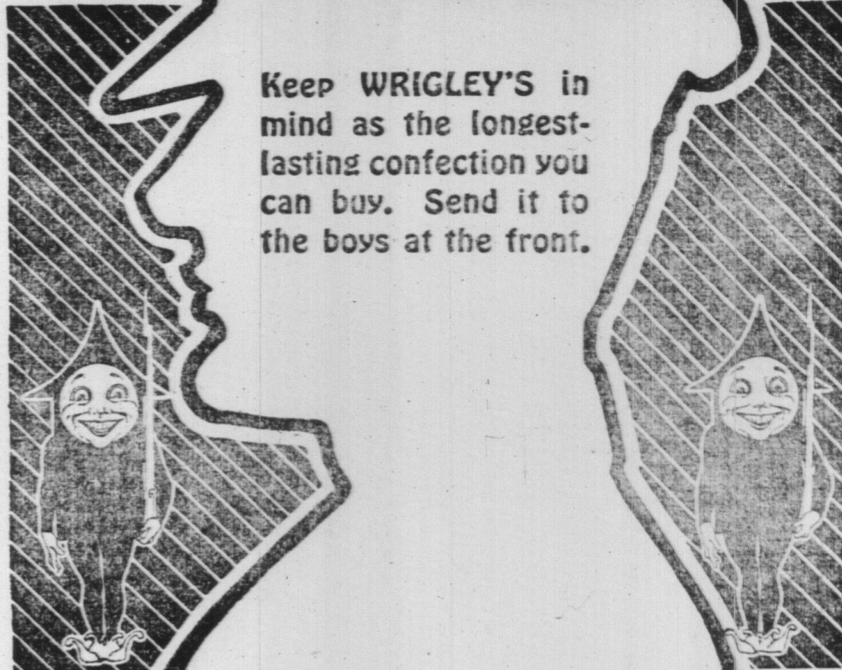
SCOTT'S EMULSION

abundant in nourishing substances that promote growth and strength, is invaluable in its help to a growing child. Scott's helps a child over the weak places.

Scott's helps a backward child develop naturally.

Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont.

WRIGLEY'S



Keep WRIGLEY'S in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can buy. Send it to the boys at the front.

War Time Economy in Sweetmeats—

a 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S will give you several days' enjoyment: it's an investment in benefit as well as pleasure, for it helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Flavour Lasts

Sealed tight—Kept right



JUST RECEIVED

1 Carload Canada Cement

1 Car Paroid Roofing and

Wall Board

1 Car British Columbia Shingles

Also New Brunswick and

Quebec Cedar Shingles

J. H. HICKS & SONS

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

BARGAINS - BARGAINS

- 1 second hand Upright Piano, in first class shape.
- 2 second hand Organs, six octave, slightly used.
- 1 five octave Organ.
- 3 second hand, up-to-date, Sewing Machines, slightly used.
- 1 second hand Phonograph, almost new.

Every article enumerated is a GENUINE BARGAIN, and will be sold on easy terms to suit purchaser.

N. H. PHINNEY
LAWRENCETOWN, N. S.