

## 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* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

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. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assuages the Pain, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Some of our Specialties

We have unsurpassed facilities for the manufacture of all kinds of Building Materials and Finishings, and being centrally located we can make prompt shipments.

### Some of our Specialties are:

Mantels in Cabinet Woods, all kinds of Hardwood Finish for Houses, Glazed Windows with Imported Glass in all styles packed securely for shipment, Front Doors solid and veneered, Silent Salesmen for up-to-date stores, Stair Work in all best Native and Foreign Hardwoods, Church Furniture, Door and Window Screens.

## A. W. ALLEN & SON

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, Building Material, &c.  
MIDDLETON, N. S.

## \$500,000

Wanted from the People of Nova Scotia  
—FOR—

## The Canadian Patriotic Fund

IN AID OF THE FAMILIES OF  
NOVA SCOTIA BOYS ON THE FIRING LINE

### What Do You Offer?

YOU KNOW that the most tremendous conflict of history is now raging. YOU KNOW that Germany's lust for conquest has brought on this war. YOU KNOW that our Empire is fighting desperately for the freedom of the world. YOU KNOW that every available man and every available dollar are needed. YOU KNOW that 250,000 Canadian women have offered their men. YOU KNOW that 250,000 men have offered their lives. Well, then, what do YOU offer? We put the question to you squarely. Remember you must either FIGHT or PAY.

A contribution from your municipality does not relieve YOU from PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY. It may be, however, that you have not been canvassed as yet. If not, before you lay this paper down, please fill out the coupon below and send it either to the treasurer of your County Branch or to one of the undersigned. In any case your subscription will be credited to the county in which you reside.

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND Index No 8  
Nova Scotia Branch

County ..... 1916

For the purpose of providing a fund to be administered by the Canadian Patriotic Fund, in accordance with its Act of incorporation and by-laws, for the assistance of the wives, children and dependent relatives of officers and men, residents of Canada, who during the present war may be on active service either in Canada or abroad with the naval and military forces of the British Empire and Great Britain's allies; and in consideration of the subscriptions of others, I promise to pay H. A. Flemming, Honorary Treasurer, or his successor in office, the sum of .....

Dollars  
in cash; or \$..... a month during the period of the war; or, as herein indicated:—

Name.....  
Street Address.....

The Canadian Patriotic Fund, Nova Scotia Branch  
H. A. FLEMMING, Treasurer, Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax  
A. S. BARNSTEAD, Secretary, Halifax

## Middleton

March 13

Miss Olga Sponagle left on Monday last for Winnipeg.

Miss Thorne and sister Lillian spent Sunday in Paradise.

Miss Laura Goddard is spending a few days at her home in Bridgewater.

Lt.-Col. Parsons, O. C. 85th Battalion, was in town last week to see his mother.

Mrs. W. H. Dodwell of Halifax is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pineo.

Mr. H. W. Rafuse of Truro was the guest of his cousin, Mrs. C. A. Young the first of the week.

Miss Daisie Corkum was in Middleton on Friday last. She attended the millinery openings at St. John.

J. A. Potter, Mrs. Potter and Jack left on Tuesday last for the West. They expect to join Miss Sponagle in St. John.

Major M. C. Parker, who is in charge of the detachment of the 112th training at Digby spent Sunday in Middleton.

The friends of Councillor Elliott were pleased to hear that he is doing so well. Mrs. Elliott expects to go to Halifax this week for a few days.

### ST. CROIX COVE

March 13

Master Gerald Charlton, Bridgetown, visited relatives here recently.

Miss Ella Beardsley returned to Port Lorne, Wednesday, after spending a week with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Zachary Hall entertained friends from Port Lorne, Saturday evening.

Mrs. Johnson Beardsley, Granville Ferry, visited her parents last week.

Sergt. Frank Poole and Pte. Elbert Brinton have enlisted for overseas service.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Poole visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Poole, Bridgetown, Saturday.

Misses Leta and Kathleen Poole spent yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Risteen, Port Lorne.

After an illness of only one week of pneumonia, Alberta, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marshall passed away Tuesday evening, 7th inst., aged 14 mos. The funeral service, conducted by Pastor Whitman was held at the home Friday afternoon. Text: Matt. 15th Chapt., 25th verse. Interment at Port Lorne.

### ARLINGTON

March 13

Preaching service here Sunday, March 13th, at 11 a. m.

Another of our boys, Lester Hines, has enlisted for the Highland Brigade.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Marshall of St. Croix were visiting at Mr. Edward Marshall's on Sunday.

Owing to the stormy weather and bad condition of the roads there was no school here last week.

Mr. Willett Eason has resumed work on his new house and expects to be moving in shortly.

### FALKLAND RIDGE

March 11

Miss A. Nichols of Hastings spent the week-end at R. W. Swallow's.

Mr. Elijah Charlton returned on Tuesday from Aylesford, where he has been visiting his daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dorey moved from Hastings this week to the home of the former's parents, Mr. Demas Dorey.

A drama, "Miss Fearless and Co.," was given in Kaulback's Hall on Friday evening by the young people of this place. Proceeds for Red Cross.

### LAWRENCETOWN RED CROSS SOCIETY

The following shipment of Field Comforts and Hospital Supplies was made in the month of February from the Lawrencetown Red Cross Society.

#### Lawrencetown

18 pairs socks, 18 hospital shirts, 8 pyjama suits, 1 night shirt, cash \$15.00.  
Junior Girls:—18 towels, 12 face cloths, 1 scarf.

#### Clarence

30 pairs socks, 7 hospital shirts, 8 pyjama suits.

#### East and Centre Ingleville

18 pairs socks, 15 hospital shirts, 7 bandages.

#### Port Lorne

13 pairs socks, 3 hospital shirts.

MRS. F. BISHOP,  
Cor. Sect'y.

Lawrencetown Red Cross Society.

### THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW

Read at the Opening of the Demonstration Building at Lawrence-town

(By Mrs. P. H. Saunders)

The years roll back. Before me pass the scenes of other days.

I see as in a dream within the fire-light's ruddy blaze,

A little lad with pensive brow, prone on the floor is he;

An open book before him lies, but the page he does not see,

For in the leaping, dancing flames, a thousand armed men

Seem marching ever onward o'er moorland, rock and fen.

While prancing horses, bears and wolves are strangely blended there.

Kris-Kingle, with his reindeer wild go leaping through the air.

The steeple tall goes crashing down, red ruin in its wake;

While the glowing coals with fiery hearts breath out their cruel hate,

The watching lad heeds not their wrath, but gazes fearlessly.

Until the picture fades and dies, and fast asleep is he.

The years roll on. This time I see a farm-house standing lone,

Tis spring-time sweet, the mating birds are seeking out their homes.

Where once the forest trees grew thick, broad fields stretch far and wide.

The tender green of growing grain, the meadow-lands beside,

And long before the stars put out their little twinkling lights

The farmer and his sons lie forth, with Dobbin, Star and Bright,

And all day long with plow and hoe, they turn the rich brown earth

Till twilight falls, when they return, too tired for song, or mirth.

Our laddie now a fair, slim youth, who looks with longing eye

Upon the shelf where rests his books relinquished with a sigh.

Thro all the long, bright summer days, he cheerfully performs

His share in all the daily tasks, begun at early morn.

The years roll on. Our laddie now a tall, strong man is grown.

Who looks out on the broad green fields, which still surround his home.

But what a change has come about; the old log house is gone.

A modern dwelling takes its place, which resounds with happy song.

The morning stars now fail to see the farmer on his way.

To till the fields, to sow the grain, and cut the fragrant hay.

The mower with its glittering knives and blades so keen and bright,

Makes play of work, where once the men did labor with their might.

And in the sweet and fragrant dusk, as twilight's mantle falls,

The family gather in the porch, while the night-bird softly calls,

While the farmer from a magazine, expounds with ardor keen

To the listening laddie at his feet, his hopes, his aims, his dreams

The years roll on. Our farmer's dream is surely coming true;

For schools and colleges now stand where once the forest grew.

Intelligence with common sense, well mixed, has brought around,

An easier and a better way, to till and plant the ground.

The water from the hillside spring now murmurs through the pipes,

All through the big, old farm-house, a comfort and delight.

The dairy room no longer sports its rows of shining pans

The separator's rapid whirl soon fills the waiting cans.

And thus it goes o'er all the place, the tasks are quickly done.

The loaded wains of fragrant hay, to stow away is fun.

With Tom and Dick to pull the rope, which guides the big hay fork.

The reaper and the thrasher makes the harvest-time but sport.

The years roll on. We have arrived; the long sought school is here.

Tonight we welcome you good friends who come our hearts to cheer.

And may success our efforts crown, the world's loud plaudits win.

And in our Province by the sea, this good work well begin.

The passing seasons prove to all the wisdom of this move.

And demonstrate beyond a doubt, these admonitions prove.

For what would be the outcome if the farmer failed to do

His part assisting nature, and no wheat and apples grew?

Ah! methinks the time is near, when his value will be known

And the German power will be by the Allies overthrown.

Now again we welcome you, one and all dear friends, tonight

And may time's swift passing years prove to all the farmer's might.

February 8, 1916.

Minard's Linmen Cures Dandruff.

### ENGLAND UNDER WAR CONDITIONS

(By Rev. William Wakinshaw in the Christian Guardian.)

The news flashed across the Atlantic from Canada during the last few days has sent a thrill of sympathy through every home in the land. Pictures of the stately pile at Ottawa that has been devoured by the ruthless flames were in every journal. Long descriptive articles on the Parliament Buildings crowded the columns of the daily press, and to these were added leaders deploring their destruction and expressing the profoundest concern for the Dominion in her heavy toll that the fire has exacted. The tidings with regard to the discovery of a supposed German plot to destroy the Welland Canal has also aroused universal sympathy with the colony. We are still awaiting confirmation of the theory that the disaster at Ottawa was the work of an incendiary. If that theory is established it must confirm our common hatred for the nefarious methods of the common foe. But apart from this aspect of the case, it is certain that as the result of the disaster Canada and the Mother Country will be more closely linked together. Moreover, just as Canada has helped us to repair the havoc wrought by the bombardment of the east coast, so I believe England will be ready in the most practical way to assist in the restoration of the fire-gnawed and smoke-stained ruins on that incomparable site in the capital of the Dominion.

In trying once more to give a faithful picture of our daily life in England under war conditions, however high we may soar, we will begin with material things. Take food and raiment. There is no doubt that the price of both is mounting upward. Certain commodities have practically doubled their cost. But the vital fact remains that there is no complaining in our streets. Look at two illuminating facts, one from a private and the other from a public source. Last week I was talking to a lady who for years has taken an active part in social and humanitarian work in one of our largest cities. She told me that their agency for finding employment for women had been dissolved. The only applicants left on the books were two attenuated relics who were rapidly graduating for old age pensions. The recently published returns of pauperism for 1915 prove that for five years we have not had such a small proportion of our population chargeable to the rates. No one can forecast what will occur when peace is declared, but in the meantime England is one big and bustling workshop. Even the tramps are swept from our highways. Perhaps for the first time in living memory there is work for everybody. If the war continues much longer beggars will become as extinct as the great Auk and the passenger pigeon, and we shall have to explain to our younger children the character and methods of the exponents of the lost art of cadging.

It is highly gratifying to us to know that in all the markets of the world the purchasing power of our English sovereign is almost undiminished. Its value stands nearly at par. Further, our satisfaction is sharpened when we contrast this with the condition of the German mark on the bourses. In the current issue of Punch the situation is hit off with the sure stroke of intuition and genius. It is a full page cartoon, and it is entitled "Sinking." The mark is represented as a dying man, with the coin taking the place of a human head. The German Chancellor, with his watch in his hand, is feeling the pulse in the skinny wrist of his shadowy patient, and the Kaiser is standing by with his brow furrowed with anxiety, waiting to hear the diagnosis of the physician. This picture is worth reams of letterpress. It suggests, and indeed reveals as by a flash-light, the unconquerable confidence of the nation in the issue of the struggle. The condition of our navy round the harbors of the enemy is at last beginning to tell on his material and financial resources.

This unbreakable assurance of our staying power is strikingly reflected in the buoyant spirit of the nation. It is true that we have had Zeppelin raids. Bombs have undoubtedly been dropped over a wide area in the land. It is undeniable that a number of nery people have been seriously perturbed. But happily they form a

microscopically small proportion of our population. There is no danger that the Kaiser and his war lords will ever intimidate us with their policy of "frightfulness." As a matter of fact they are among our most effective recruiting sergeants. Every new act of fiendishness against innocent and helpless men, women and children hurries another batch of young fellows to the enlistment office to finger the King's shilling; though now, I believe, when a recruit is sworn in the coin has expanded into two shillings and ninepence. These recent outrages by the enemy are doing much to render the new Compulsory Act a dead letter. So many young men are being attested now, and so many of them are being passed into the camps for recruits that when the measure is applied to discover the slacker and the shirker, it will be found that these unpatriotic products of our national life are practically non-existent.

All is serene in the labor world. When I sent my last sketch danger loomed from that quarter. The clouds were massed low on the horizon. They looked angry, and no one could tell whether sheet or forked lightning would leap from their bosom. We have seen a few flashes of fire, and we have heard the roll of one or two peals of thunder. But the storm has blown harmlessly away. After threatening to revolt, most of the influential labor leaders and the bulk of the masses of trade unionists behind them have decided to back the Government. In their recent congress at Bristol the delegates of the Labor party registered an emphatic verdict against conscription in the abstract. But they, with admirable common sense, and patriotism, recognized that theories must yield to the exigencies of an unprecedented crisis in our existence as an Empire. Therefore the representatives of King Demos refused to pledge themselves to agitate for the repeal of the Compulsory Service Act, and in effect gave the measure their support. These decisions have yielded unqualified satisfaction to everyone except our enemies, and the verdict of our sons of toil has afforded us another inspiring example of the unbroken unity of the nation. We all recognize that we can afford to discuss delicate and difficult problems. But we also know that with a strong and cunning and relentless foe gripping at our vitals we cannot afford to quarrel.

The question of national economy is now arousing much debate. Several journals have taken up the matter with infinite zeal. But with a sincere desire not to be cynical the subject seems to me to have more than a touch of theatricality about it. The discussions that have been provoked inevitably suggest the Saviour's phrase about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Readers of a certain organ are requested, urged, entreated, implored up through the whole gamut of emotion to save their empty bottles, and their old newspapers, and their rifle packing cases. Admirable appeals in their way if more than half a tone hysterical. But what about the foxes, the preserved sport of the rich, scampering across the country every night, mauling and devouring the poultry of the farmer and the cottager? What about the millions every year wasted on tobacco, and its accessories? Most of all, what about the almost unlimited sums squandered on drink and their prolific harvest of woe? The two first examples of national waste are comparatively unimportant. It is on the third that patriots are now concentrating their enquiries with an ever increasing keenness in their scrutiny. The restrictions of the Liquor Board of Control have undoubtedly reduced the plague, but it is still everywhere rampant. In every city and village we are increasing number of public men, many of whom in normal times would not be temperance reformers, are demanding the total prohibition of the drink trade. In this connection it is pleasing to note the Rev. Henry Carter, our connexional temperance secretary, has been placed on the Board of Control. He is a comparatively young man. He is the youngest official ever put by the Wesleyan Church in charge of a department, but he is thoroughly capable, and what Mr. Carter does not know about the drink traffic and the wiles of the brewer is not worth learning.

In my final paragraph I must again bear witness to the constancy with which all forms of religious work are being maintained. Tommy Atkins reigns among all denominations with undimmed prestige. By a sort of most favored nation clause in all ecclesiastical treaties that are now drafted and signed he receives exceptional treatment. The churches rival each other in caring for his social and spiritual welfare. Ordinary religious duties are by no means neglected. It is a joy and an inspiration to behold the multitude of laborers whom a quickened sense of duty has brought into the vineyard, toiling as never under the great Taskmaster's eye.

## REAL ESTATE

### CHOICE BUILDING LOTS

A lot of land situated on the south side of the river at Bridgetown, about three minutes walk from town. Beautifully situated and would make ideal building lots. Sufficient for three lots. Splendid drainage. Will sell whole or in lots. Price very reasonable.

Apply to

3 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

### FIRST CLASS FARM

Small farm situated about two and one half miles from Bridgetown. Ten acres of choice tillage land and five acres of excellent marsh. Capable of putting up three or four hundred barrels of first class fruit. Buildings in excellent condition. Never failing supply of splendid water.

Apply to

4 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

### PROPERTY NEAR BRIDGETOWN

Property situated about five minutes walk from Bridgetown. Fifteen acres of land with two hundred apple trees, half of which are coming into bearing. Also pear and plum trees. House contains nine rooms, large pantry and two large halls, newly painted throughout. Large dry cellar. Barn 24 x 28 sheathed inside. Water in house. Hay and pasture sufficient for two cows. An excellent opportunity for a man who wants a small place. Will be sold right.

Apply to

5 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

### CREAMERY OR FACTORY SITE

A lot of land in Bridgetown about 150 feet square with building one and one half stories, 40 x 50 front with lean-to on north and east sides. Building contains ice room, drying or curing room, churn, milk and cream vats, power separator, engine and boiler in good condition. Suitable for manufacturing cheese and butter or would make a fine cannery factory for which industry there is a good opening.

Apply to

6 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

### ROD AND GUN FOR MARCH

March Rod and Gun has an interesting table of contents for the lover of outdoor life. Bonnydale Dale contributes the leading article on "The New Sport for the Spring Duck Shooter." F. V. Williams writes of "Jim's Fox." R. J. Fraser of "The Men who can't come back." Norman Lett describes a "Three Weeks' Canoe Trip in Alagonquin Park." and E. O. Perrin contributes the story of "Blanchard's Trap," the hero in which sets out to capture a bear and succeeds in landing an even more valuable and quite unexpected prize. There are other stories as good as these and besides the regular departments devoted to Guns and Ammunition, Fishing Notes, The Trap, The Kennel, etc., are calculated to attract sportsmen who are interested in matters of this kind. Rod and Gun is published by W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont.

Elephants have been put to work in England. Horses are scarce, due to the great demand for war horses, but a Sheffield firm broke the horse famine by hiring a retired elephant from a circus which pulls as much as five horses.

It is exactly one hundred years since the First New Testament was issued in Chinese, and last year the American Bible Society and the British and Foreign Society circulated in China more than a quarter of a million copies of the Bible.

The wireless operators have not attained a success of 200 words a minute.

## 60 Years Old Today

Feels as young as ever

PEOPLE who are able to talk like this cannot possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

These diseases can be cured by

Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters

A true blood purifier containing the active principles of Dandelion, Mandrake, Burdock and other medicinal herbs.

Sold at your store 25c a bottle. Family size, five times as large \$1.00.

THE BRATLEY DRUG CO., Limited, ST. JOHN, N. S.

Dr. Wilson's Deadshot Wormstick, in candy form cures worms, Reliably, Harmless.

