

**REST—and a cup of Tea**

Of very great benefit to health, doctors tell us, is the habit of completely relaxing for a while during the afternoon even if only for a few minutes.

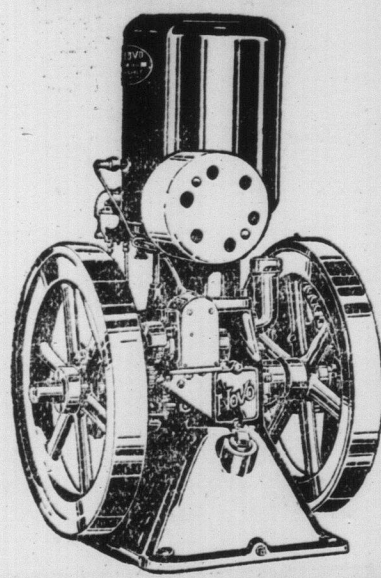


A delicious cup of tea at this time not only refreshes but makes it an event in the day to look forward to.

**KING COLE**  
Orange Pekoe is  
"the Extra" in  
Choice Tea"

**Reading The Cups**

In reading tea leaves in a cup a crown is interpreted as honor; news of misfortune, many carved lines, vexation and loss, ill omens offset by the appearance of squares which are supposed to be harbingers of peace and happiness, just like Blue Bird Tea

**Brings Happiness****"NOVO" Engines**

Built in sizes from 1½ to 15 H.P. for Contract Work, Pumping, Threshing, Running Electric Plants, etc.

also  
London Concrete Machinery

Lloyd Manufacturing Co., Ltd. Kentville, N. S. AGENTS

**Electric Light Fixtures**

Are you satisfied with your present electric light fixtures? Do they add to the beauty and comfort of your home? If not call and let us help you to select new ones.

**JUST RECEIVED**

A beautiful line of boudoir and table lamps. Do not miss getting one of these. Hot Point Electric Irons. The iron with the guarantee.

**TOASTERS AND HEATERS**

Tungsten Lamps in all sizes. Have you a Flashlight for your car? We have a full line at very reasonable prices.

**Bridgetown Electric Light, Heat & Power Co. LIMITED**

H. J. Campbell, Manager.

**Big Reduction in Cloths**

We have on hand a large assortment of GUARANTEED INDIGO BLUE SERGES

also a good range of

FANCY WORSTED AND TWEEDS

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED.

**G. O. THIES**

MERCHANT TAILOR

RALPH LANE, Manager

**EASY APPLE PACKING**

In order that apples may stand the rough handling that they are sure to get while travelling from the grower to the market, and in fact, all the way along the road until they get to the consumer, the barrels must be well packed. As an aid in getting the barrels packed in such a manner as to avoid bruising the fruit, a special apple packing table has been constructed by Fred Van Nordsall, a Michigan fruit grower.

"I worked on this table for some time," said Van Nordsall, "and after tearing it up and re-building it three or four times, I got what suits me to a T. A frame is built with two by four uprights at each corner. In the lower part and on the frame notches are cut of such a size and shape as to fit down over the axle from an old buggy. The regular buggy wheels are then put on this axle. At the top of the two by four uprights mentioned before, the packing table is bolted securely. The table is from twenty-seven to thirty inches wide and about twelve feet long. The frame work on which the canvas is nailed is made out of two by sixes. On the first tables this was made out of two by fours, but these would spring down further and when loaded with apples the canvas sagged so that the fruit would bump against the two by four stay which was nailed at the bottom of the frame. This canvas should be free of all obstacles, it protects the apples and the most important thing in packing apples that are to be kept all winter is to get them put up without bruises. Rotten spots usually start from bruises."

The wheels on the packing table make it easy for the packer to transfer the table from one tree to another with ease and rapidly. The front end is adjustable as to height. Where there is only a slight raise in the ground, the front end can be raised to the proper height above the lower end by racking the frame forward, letting the legs stand at an angle. Where the ground is too uneven, the front end of the packing table can be adjusted by changing the bolts. The idea is to get the front end just high enough so that the apples can be put in the barrel without bruising. As the fruit will gradually work its way down toward the packer.

A large door is put down on the ground under the end of the packing table and the barrel in which the apples are to be packed is placed on this. This gives the packer firm footing and enables him to settle the apples firmly into the barrel. The canvas that forms the bed of the table is left longer than the frame and the loose end is used to catch the fruit, to avoid bruising. As the apples roll down, the canvas is put over the barrel and when a peck or so roll into it, these are laid carefully down into the barrel. This arrangement of Van Nordsall's makes packing easy and fast. "Apples that are being packed for winter or spring use, should be handled like eggs," is the statement in which this fruit man summarizes the essentials of fruit packing.

**The Fall Suit Coats, Dresses and Skirts ARE HERE FOR INSPECTION**

Your individual garment. We buy from six manufacturers so as to have a different style for every customer. Prices, \$13.50 up, about half the price of last year.

**BENTLEYS LIMITED**

MIDDLETON, N. S.

**HEADQUARTERS**

FOR

**Family Groceries**

Buy your needs while our stock is complete.

**FLOUR AND FEED****ELECTRICITY WITHOUT COST**

The lost energy of water taken from a faucet varies with the amount of water passing and the pressure, but in the project brought before the Paris Academy of Sciences, E. Colardeau has contended that utilizing this waste would give every family in the French capital a useful amount of electricity without cost. At his home he has attached to the supply pipe a high-speed turbine, which drives a dynamo feeding a little battery of accumulators. Whenever water is drawn, the miniature generating station is put in operation, and the energy from the water is stored by the battery. It is claimed that twenty lamps of 15 to 20 candlepower can be lighted. The house has no other source of electric current, but the lights never fail. Wind power is suggested for country homes. This would be used for pumping the water required, which would store the wind energy ready for conversion into electrical energy with the drawing of the water for the household needs.

**There Were Others**

"Mother," said the little girl at the piano, "may I stop practicing for a while?"

"Why, dear, are your hands tired?"

"My hands aren't, but my ears are."

Owing to over-production American soft coal is being dumped into the Montreal market at \$2.00 a ton plus the freight.

**Vulcanizing**

Auto Tires and Tubes

First Class Work Guaranteed

**A. T. SPURR**

ROUND HILL

Tel 40-23

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.



YARMOUTH, N. S.

Fishermen and Campers, Quick Relief.

PUT A BOTTLE IN YOUR OUTFIT

**Prosperous Farmer's Wife Nearly Starved**

Declaring she was actually starving to keep from suffering awful misery, Mrs. Amy Peterson, wife of a prosperous farmer of Lakeville, Mass., gave out a remarkable statement, recently, in connection with her relief through the use of Tanlac.

"Sometimes I wonder how I lived through it all," she said, "I would have attacks of acute indigestion nearly every time I ate anything. These terrible cramping pains and the distress from gas and bloating were almost unbearable and I just thought there was no hope for me."

"But now I'm eating anything and I feel as strong and well as I ever felt in my life. I've gained back all the weight I lost and six pounds besides and I know from my experience what Tanlac will do. It's the best medicine in the world."

Tanlac is sold in Bridgetown by S. N. Weare, and by leading druggists everywhere.

**WEDDING BELLS**

McLELLAN-RUMSEY

A quiet home wedding took place on Wednesday morning, September 28th, when Mrs. Blanche Rumsey and Mr. Hugh McLellan, of Belmont, Col. Co., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Balcon, Lawrenceville, Rev. A. H. Whitman, pastor of the Baptist Church, performed the ceremony. The parlor was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves and cut flowers by the young girls of the Mission Band, of which the bride was president. The wedding march was played by Mrs. John Stoddard.

The bride was gowned in white satin with overdress, and carried a shower bouquet. She was attended by her little daughter, Edwinna, who carried her bouquet during the ring service.

Previous to her marriage a miscellaneous shower was given by her friends, and a sum of money from the family. The bride and groom were conveyed by auto to Middleton, en route to Halifax, where they will spend a few days before going to their home in Belmont. Mr. McLellan was accompanied to Lawrenceville by Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Belmont, who were present at the wedding. The bride will be greatly missed in the home, the church, where she was a faithful worker in the Sunday School, and Mission Band. Many friends join in wishing the bride and groom a happy and prosperous wedded life.

KAIN-CAMPBELL

A wedding was celebrated at St. Joseph's R. C. Church, Kentville, Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. Rev. A. R. Donahoe, officiating, when Miss Muriel Helen Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell, M. P., and Mrs. Campbell, Weymouth, became the bride of Thomas Kain, son of the late M. A. Kain, of Chatham. The church was decorated with pink and white flowers.

The bride wore a travelling suit of taupe with hat to match and veil with gold threads. She carried a pretty bouquet of roses and carnations. Miss Gladys Moore and J. Roy Millett were witnesses.

Many were present to witness the ceremony and to extend best wishes to the couple. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party motored to the home of Mrs. John Moore where a wedding breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Kain left on the express on a wedding trip to New York. They will also visit at Connecticut where they will be the guests of the bride's brother, John Douglas Campbell, of Pomfret. On their return they will reside at Kentville, where their new home at Main street west, awaits them. The groom is on the staff of the General Accountant's office, D. A. R.

**FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF**

"I met a young widow with a grown-up step-daughter and I married the widow. Then my father met our step-daughter and married her. That made my wife the mother-in-law of her father-in-law, and made my step-daughter my step-mother, and my father became my step-son."

Then my step-mother, the step-daughter of my wife, had a son; that boy was of course my brother because he was my father's son, but he was also the son of my wife's step-daughter and therefore her grand-son, which made me grand-ather to my brother.

Then my wife had a son. My mother-in-law, the step-sister of my son, is also his grand-mother because he is his step-son's child. My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his step-sister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son who is also the child of my grand-mother; I am my mother's brother-in-law; my wife is her own child's aunt; my son is my father's nephew, and I am my own grand-father."—Trumbull Cheer.

**SHAMROCK AND MAPLE LEAF**

On Lake Louise, Alberta  
This lake is God's best picture; that is why

He hung it on the mountains at the sky  
And set it in so beautiful a frame;  
Art galleries of heaven have none the same,  
And in the clouds the angels oft appear  
To be inspired by this creation here.

**Springtime In Ireland.**

A wavy lake of freshest green  
Drowns all the sombre of the lens,  
Pale cowslip fingers on the hills  
Give fragrance to each passing breeze,  
The pearly hammers of the showers  
Beat velvet leaves out on the trees.

**Her Pretty Hair.**

Within her hair shade had begun  
To have a dwelling made,  
But, angels brushed it with the sun  
And made it sun and shade.

**Broken Blossoms.**

Perhaps the flowers of heaven are  
Little flowers  
That here at birth were broken on  
The ground,  
Perhaps the hours of heaven are  
Happy hours  
That here we often sought, but  
Never found.

These are verses taken at random from Irish and Canadian Poems, by Michael A. Hargadon, with introduction by George H. Ham, the veteran Canadian author and historian of the C.P.R. The book which is beautifully illustrated is published by the Modern Printing Company, 29 Dowd street, Montreal, price \$1.00, post free. The volume is recommended by many literary giants, Bliss Carman, Arthur Stringer, Robert J. C. Stead, Rev. J. B. Dollard, and by the London Times. The book contains a number of poems to the Canadian heroes who lost their lives in the war.

**LOCAL DEATH ROLL**

MRS. RICHARD MASTERS

One of Kentville's best known and most highly esteemed residents, in the person of Mrs. Richard Masters, passed away Tuesday night at 9 o'clock after an illness of several weeks.

Mrs. Masters is a daughter of the late Charles Masters. She leaves a sorrowing husband, four sisters: Mrs. Thomas, Melrose, Mass.; Miss Rose Masters, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. John Publicover, Kentville; Mrs. P. R. Bentley, Middleton, and one brother, John P. Masters, of Boston, Mass., besides a large number of relatives and friends who will learn with sorrow of her death.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. G. Ross, pastor of the Baptist Church, of which Mrs. Masters was for many years a member, also of the choir of the church, and one of its helpful and energetic workers. The service took place from her late home Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, interment at the Oaks.

MRS. ROBERT HATT

Mrs. Robert Hatt, of East Inglesville, passed peacefully away at the home of her daughter, in West Paradise, Wednesday morning, aged 87 years. The deceased was a member of the Baptist Church and a regular attendant when health permitted. She leaves one son, William, of Haverhill, Mass., and three daughters, Mrs. Allan Cameron, with whom she resided; Mrs. John Merry, of Kingston, Mass., and Mrs. Leslie Ferguson, of Haverhill. She is also survived by one brother, Mr. Isaac Beals, of Inglesville, Annapolis Co. The funeral took place Friday afternoon, at 1:30, with interment in the Whitman cemetery at Lawrenceville. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. H. Whitman, pastor of the Lawrenceville Baptist Church.

Just Like The Old Man

"You look like an idiot," thundered the disgusted man to his well son, just returned from college. "You grow more and more like a conceited, hare-brained, helpless idiot." Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.

"Hello, Charlie, back, eh?" exclaimed the visitor. "You're looking more and more like your father every year."

"Yes, said Charlie, 'that's just what the governor's been telling me."

As Old As The Hills.

Registration Officer (to spinster)—Your name, please.

Spinster—Matilda Brown.

Registration Officer—Age?

Miss Brown—Have the Misses Hill, who live next door, given you their age?

Registration Officer—No.

Miss Brown—Well, then, I'm the same age as they.

Registration Officer—That will do. Proceeding to fill in all particulars, he murmured: "Miss Brown was old as the hills."

**THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER**

The Place the Local Editor Occupies in the Community in Which He Resides

The following is a portion of the address delivered at a meeting of the Massachusetts Press Association at Boston by Hon. L. A. Coolidge, treasurer of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation:

I am grateful for the opportunity to speak to the members of the Massachusetts Press Association. If my early ambition had been realized I should probably be a member of the Association myself. The first work I ever did after I left college was to write for the local weekly in my native town, and I had the feeling then, which I have never lost, that the newspaper writer who could impress his individuality on his own immediate community would, through natural processes, extend his influence until the things he had to say would be read throughout a wider territory. Each one of us has in mind local newspapers, of which this is true. I wish there were more of them. I am sorry sometimes that the facilities for speedy transportation have brought the metropolitan dailies into such close touch with distant towns and villages. I wish we had more of the local individuality which marked the earlier days—the neighborhood talk and sympathy, the sturdy independence which our fathers knew before men found how easy it is to flock in crowds.

But even now, in spite of the growing tendency toward the erasure of lines between communities, in spite of the increasing impulse toward centering power in Washington, and centering journalistic influence in the widely circulated metropolitan press, the local weekly or daily still holds a field of great potential value in which it is supreme.

The average local editor is in the place he occupies, because he loves his job, because he likes to write, because he finds contentment in meeting, week by week or day by day, the minds of neighbors, most of whom he calls his friends. The country editor is in a way much like the country doctor. He knows the gossip of his own vicinity, the joys and troubles of all sorts of men. He knows the citizen who does his best for the community, whom he can count upon in any worth-while public work. He knows the run of sentiment in politics and business and he reflects it, often times unconsciously, in what he writes. The reader and the editor react upon each other.

The local paper goes into the home. It is not read by headlines. It is read by column and by page. Its local advertisements are as closely scanned as personalities or editorials. To get the local color in your native town after a generation has elapsed, there is no better way than to get down the old files from the library and study local advertisements for callings and for names—who carried on his trade or business in this place or in that—what were the prices in the stores, and which has kept its old identity from then till now? It is a well of local history and biography.

REPLY ON EDITOR'S JUDGMENT

The local editor is everybody's confidant, just as his paper is a moving picture of his time. If I were sound-ing the opinion on any given question in any given place, the first man I would try to see would be the editor, and on his judgment, with those to whom he might refer me, I should rely.

Let me impress it on you that each one of you thus has a mission which is especially significant to-day. You are not in the business for the money you can make. If you were looking solely or chiefly for pecuniary gain you would not be in the business at all. You have it in your power, each in his own community, to neutralize the preaching of the great commercial press, which, in so many instances, has its eye first upon the advertising page, and not infrequently upon pernicious doctrines, adapted to extend the circulation by which the advertiser is impressed.

You are in constant contact with the average man, the wholesome average man who has a family, who sees a little more in labor than the living wage, who spends less than he earns, and lays by for a rainy day in order that his children may be a little better off than he; who likes things of his own—a home, a bit of land, a little money out at interest; who is at heart a capitalist in a small way perhaps, but just as truly a capitalist in thought as the head of a great bank or a great industrial corporation; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

Salmon skin is about the best water-proof material that can be worn. The Eskimos use it for both shoes and shirts.