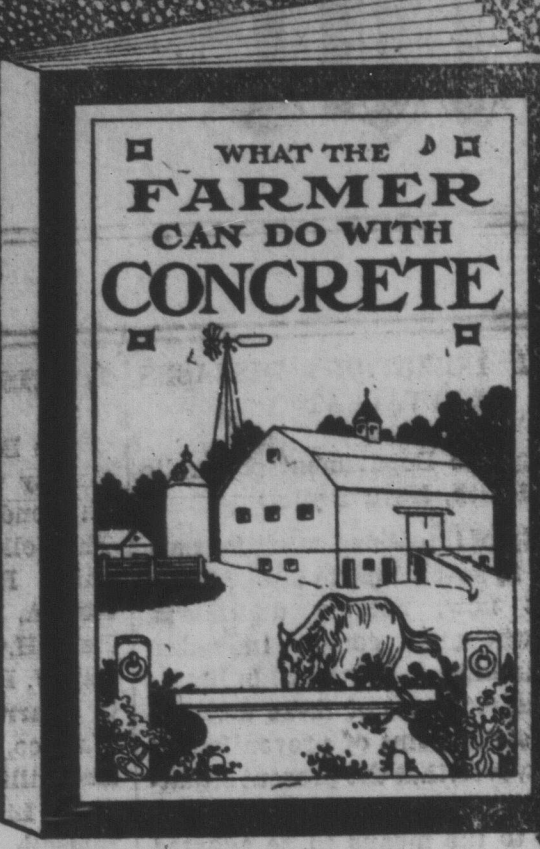


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THE CULTURE OF VEGETABLES

Our diet could often be made more attractive and wholesome by the addition to it of a few of the less common but easily grown vegetables. Sometimes the staple vegetables such as potatoes and turnips are served with so little variation, especially in boarding houses, that their use becomes monotonous. If some of the choicer kinds such as asparagus, cauliflower, celery and salsify, could be had occasionally; if green peas, string beans, green corn and tomatoes were canned in glass jars, so as to be available throughout the year and to supply such as carrots, beets and parsnips were properly stored it would be possible to have a frequent and welcome change in our bill of fare, and at the same time avoid the too commonly excessive use of meat. Such a diet would be cheaper and more wholesome than one consisting mainly of meat, and if the vegetables were properly cooked and well served would be more palatable. Dr. Arnold Lorand, says, that when well prepared and properly cooked, green vegetables may often be useful as remedial herbs and that they exert more of a curative action than almost any other substance.

Quality and Variety of Vegetables

Some people are not fond of certain kinds of vegetables, possibly they have not tried to cultivate a taste for these kinds, or the vegetables may not have been cooked or served in the best way. Quality in vegetables depends on having them fresh from the garden or the store room and gathered at the right age. Thus a person who grows his own vegetables is able to have them of better quality than the one who buys them from the store. The quality is also affected by the way in which they are grown, for instance, some kinds like radish, lettuce, and turnips may be tough, bitter and starchy if grown under favorable conditions, while under unfavorable conditions they would be sweet, tender and juicy. There is also a difference in varieties. Many of the standard varieties are good yielders, good shippers or present a good appearance, but only of indifferent quality. Varieties selected for home use or a special market, should possess the highest quality, even if they lack the characteristics of standards.

Dwellers in the Town as Well as the Country Should Grow Vegetables

Most of the vegetables are so easily grown, that anyone who owns, or has control of, even a small piece of ground, can have his table supplied with these delicacies the year round, with little expense or effort. Indeed the effort will become a pleasure if the vegetable garden is well prepared and brought into a state of good tith before the planting is done. The garden will take the sedentary man out into the fresh air, provide him with healthful exercise and an interest in nature. The farmer will find a greater variety in his garden than in his field crops, as well as a means of adding to the pleasure of his table and reducing the cost of living.

This whole subject will constitute a special feature at the Short Course to be held at the College of Agriculture, Truro, January 4-14th, next. Write Principal Cumming, Truro, for information.

Middleton

January 10

Mr. Wm. Muir was the guest of his sister, Mrs. H. E. Reed, last week.

Paymaster Henry of the 112th Battalion, was in Middleton last week.

Mr. C. L. Caine of the Royal Bank staff, Yarmouth, spent a few days in Middleton, last week.

Hugh Phinney and Brenton Harris went to Halifax last week to take a Lieutenant's course.

Miss Florie Roop and Miss Hazel Durling visited at Annapolis Royal quite recently.

Mrs. Vroom of Clementsport spent Sunday in town. She attended the funeral of her little niece, Isabella Elliott.

Miss Gwenevere Gwillim leaves on the 11th for Antigonish, where she is teaching Domestic Science in the Convent.

Mr. Thomas Elliott of Halifax was in Middleton on Saturday to attend the funeral of his little niece, Isabella Elliott.

Miss Nettie Baltzer and Miss Adelaide Baltzer, who have spent the last ten days in Boston, returned on Saturday to their schools.

Miss Grace MacKay of Brighton, Digby County, was the guest of Miss Marguerite Young last week. Miss MacKay is teaching in Brookville, Hants County.

The community was shocked on Thursday when they learned that little Isabella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Elliott had passed away. Her death was due to a sudden and fatal attack of croup. The funeral service was held on Saturday at the house and burial at Pine Grove cemetery. The floral offerings were many and beautiful.

MELVERN SQUARE

January 10

The Red Cross Society meets at the home of Mrs. E. E. Phinney on Friday next.

Miss Myrtle Morse has returned to her studies at Acadia College, Wolfville.

Miss Mabel Phinney has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Margareville.

The Misses Illsley of Berwick were recent guests at the home of Colonel and Mrs. S. Spurr.

Sorry to report Mrs. Ada Nichol's somewhat indisposed from the effects of a bad cold contracted lately.

Mrs. Harding Morse has been quite seriously ill of quinsy, but is now convalescent. Dr. Messenger has been in attendance during the past week.

A very small daughter arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Abner Phinney on December 30th, and is to all appearance a very welcome guest.

Miss Georgie Pyke of Halifax and Miss Bishop of Bridgetown, teacher at Bridgewater, were recent guests at the home of Colonel and Mrs. E. F. McNeil.

Two of our young people, Miss Edith Gates, and Mr. Percy Sproule, left the last of December for Boston, where they have positions for the winter.

Our teachers, the Misses Muriel Lantz and Georgie Brown, have gone to their respective schools, and Mr. Ralph Pearson to Pughwash, where he is principal of that school.

Mr. Forrest McNeil, third son of Lt.-Col. McNeil, of this place, left on the first of January to spend several weeks in military training in Halifax. Our friend Forrest will be much missed in Melvern, but he has our best wishes for success in military life.

Mr. Arthur Prall visited friends in Melvern during last week, and we are sorry to learn that he is in very poor health, and unable to return to Halifax for military training. Why is it that so many of our brave young men fall ill while in training and some never recover?

A large number of our Melvern people attended the dedication services at Kingston, the first Sabbath of January, thoroughly enjoying the services and special music, as well as the fine sleighing; while others have been quite ill of severe colds, a near relative of the dreaded grippie, our correspondent among the number, in affliction.

Mr. W. S. S. Kerr of Lethbridge, Alberta, is spending a few months in his native province, and is at present the guest of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Outhit. Mr. Kerr is now one of the successful men of the "Great West," and his many friends in Melvern and vicinity are always glad to see him on his annual visit.

OLDER BUT STRONGER

To be healthy at seventy, prepare at forty, is sound advice, because in the strength of middle life we too often forget that neglected colds, or careless treatment of slight aches and pains, simply undermine strength and bring chronic weakness for later years.

To be stronger when older, keep your blood pure and rich and active with the strength-building and blood-nourishing properties of Scott's Emulsion which is a food, a tonic and a medicine to keep your blood rich, alleviate rheumatism and avoid sickness. At any drug store.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

VICTORIA VALE

January 10

Messrs Edward and Albert Mosher returned on Wednesday from a very pleasant trip to New Hampshire.

Mr. Joe Hawkins returned home Saturday from Massachusetts, where he has been the guest of his brother.

Inspector Craig and two daughters, of Amherst, spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Craig.

Miss Margaret Mosher has returned to her school at Albany Cross after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mosher.

Lawrencetown

Mr. H. W. Phinney of Halifax is spending a few days with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Peters of Digby are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Vernon Shaffer.

The W. M. A. S. meets at the Baptist parsonage on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. N. Banks and children of Paradise were guests of Mrs. N. H. Phinney on Wednesday last.

Services for Sunday, 16th: Baptist 11 a. m.; Methodist 11 a. m.; Episcopal 11 a. m.; Baptist 7.30.

The annual banquet in honor of N. H. Phinney's Staff, will be given at the Elm House on Monday evening.

All the stores will be closed every night except on Saturday, during the months of January, February and March.

The League of the Methodist Church will hold a consecration service next Friday at 7.30. Subject: Consecration for Service.

Next Sunday morning the Rev. H. G. Mellick, B. D., will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist Church and Rev. S. J. Boyce, B. A., will occupy the Baptist pulpit.

Mrs. Harry Banks and little daughter, of Providence, R. I., having spent several weeks guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Banks, and Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reid, returned last week.

The following ladies were "at home" to their friends on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, namely: Mrs. S. J. Boyce, Miss Elizabeth Morgan, Mrs. Edwin Banks, and Mrs. Chas. Merry.

The annual roll call will be held in the Baptist Church on Friday next, beginning at 2 p. m., after which tea will be served in the vestry, and a public meeting in the evening, in which a number of speakers will participate. The choir will render special music.

The Christmas service which was postponed on account of stormy weather, was given in part at the Mission Band on Sunday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Reading—"The Child's Cry," Mrs. C. S. Balcom.

Recitation—"My Dolly," Marjorie Stoddart.

Exercise—"Waiting for Santa Claus," Music—Class.

Recitation—"Christmas Carols," Irene Phinney.

Exercise—"Christmas Voices," Six Little Girls.

Address—"Christmas in India," Miss Ida Newcomb.

Music—By the Children.

FALKLAND RIDGE

January 8

C. R. Marshall made a business trip to Halifax recently.

The W. M. A. S. convened in the Church on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ralph Tretheway of Riverdale visited at her son's, Mr. Harold Mason, this week.

Mr. Edwin Wiles attended the funeral of his father at Lower New Canada, this week.

The Misses Cora and Bertha Balcom of Middleton spent the week-end at Mrs. R. A. Weavers.

Mr. Lloyd Dorey left on Monday for Truro, where he expects to train for overseas service.

Mrs. Allen Lovey of Middleton, spent a few days of this week with friends here.

Mrs. Alfred Layte and Mrs. A. G. Sanford of Springfield were guests at Mrs. Robt. Swallow's on Wednesday.

Our teacher, Miss Edwina Elliott, who has been spending the holidays at her home in Clarence, returned on Saturday.

A TOWN AT SEA

(By Frank Veigh)

Three thousand human being on an ocean vessel; that is what I mean. Three thousand is a goodly number when counted one by one. When gathered in one place they make an impressive concourse; when marching as soldiers they would make a score of companies.

But three thousand souls on a transatlantic liner means a large total for such a contracted space, even though the vessel be equal in height to an eight story building.

No ocean traveller ever sees all his fellow travellers or those who serve in the hidden quarters of the leviathan. Where is the crew-army to be found—where do they spend their hours on and off duty? Later we will explore the ship to its skin and make some human discoveries.

Three thousand souls afloat on a craft that is both large and small! What a huge monster it is when viewed at close range: from the deck, say, measuring your six-foot height of humanity with the bulging riveted walls; or peering over the side from the top-lotied deck and letting the eye estimate the depth to the water line.

How small it is, far away on the outer rim of the visible world, as it comes within the line of sight, a mere bobbing chip of a speck on a limitless world of water; how insignificant in bulk over against the gigantic iceberg lying athwart our Belle Isle path and forcing a wide berth.

The week of life on the three-funnelled ship is a life unlike any week ever spent on land. There is a rule of routine, an aquatic time-table, an etiquette of existence to be found only on or between decks. There is more-over a caste system as rigid as it is marked, the social strata of being are illustrated in travellers of classes three, and in the controlling and operating forces, from his majesty the captain, to the soot-smutched stoker who hauls from the inferno down below.

Hundreds who help to run the ship are never seen by the steamer-chair loungers. The hidden life of the big ferry is greater than its revealed life.

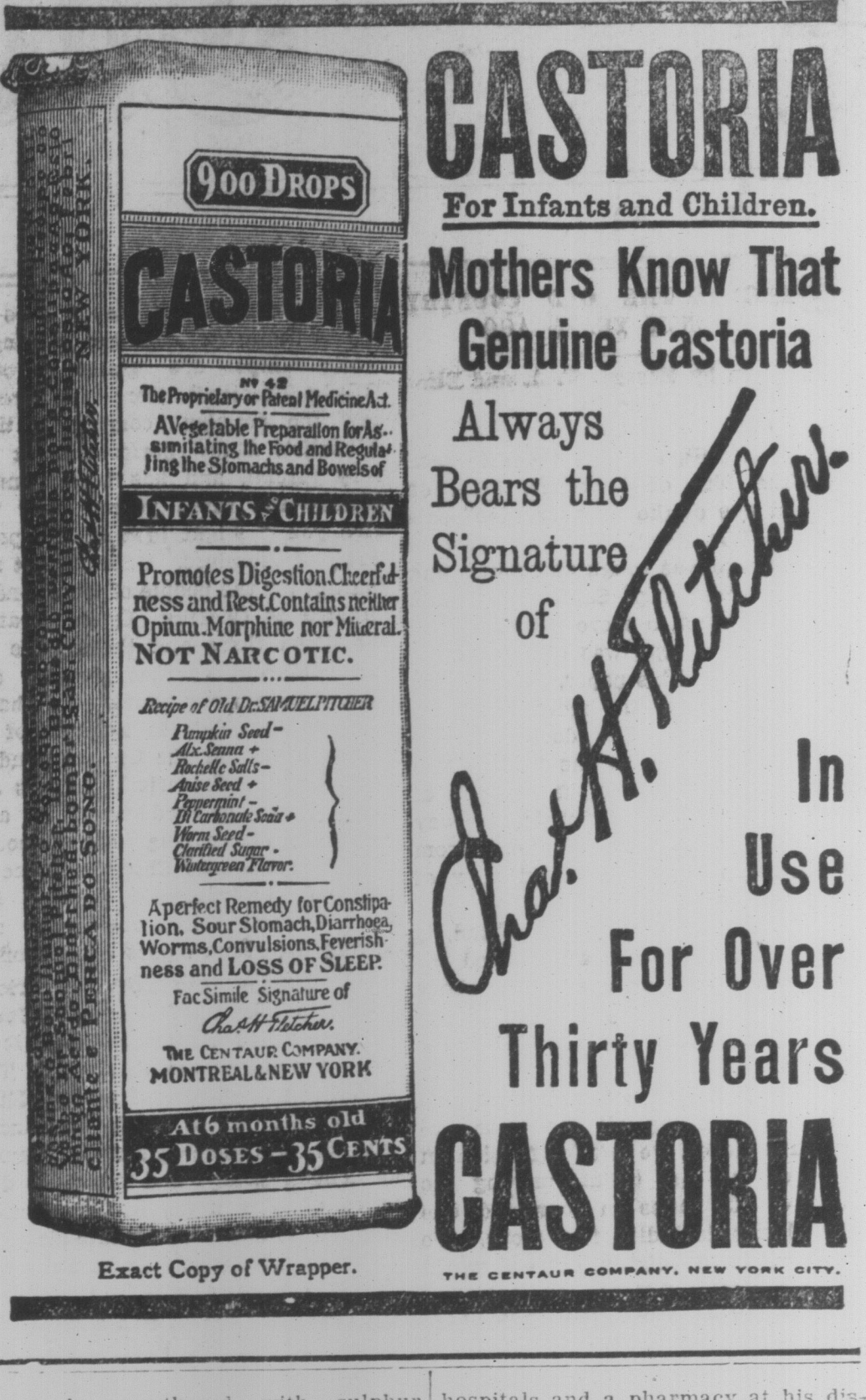
For every anemic-looking steward who cleverly balances a soup plate in harmony with roll or pitch, is a man in the gallery who labors unobserved by the journeying company. For every deck hand, swabbing decks or making taut for a coming blow, is a down below worker, tucked away forward in the narrowest of bunks. For every gold-laced officer on watch on the bridge, an engineer is on watch at the seat of propelling power, keeping a trained eye on the pulses of the machinery.

Life on saloon and steerage decks is as the life in apartment or shack. They represent the land distance between the mansion on the avenue and the shack on the lane. India is not the only land with a caste system. First-class folks—so-called—are in truth a world by themselves with differentiations many. They resolve themselves into types, or classes.

The democrat who believes in the theory of equality, even when he does not live up to it, will sometimes find it seriously tested on shipboard if he be a first-class passenger. There is to him something offensive in the railed-off sections where the different species of humans may promenade, and when both first and second class castles combine in looking down upon the steerage on the lower deck one begins to wonder what the third-class traveller thinks about it all, and how he regards the invidious sorting-up process. Possibly few trouble themselves about the class separation. As a matter of fact each finds its own level and lives its own life. Each has its own form of entertainment, and the fullest enjoyment and best program is not always found in the first-class saloon. There is a vast difference in the singing of a top-deck audience and a main-deck one; and the latter is more often the heartiest. But the decks and state-rooms which form the temporary abode of the ocean traveller, no matter what class he belongs to, is only a small part of the great vessel itself.

Long had I desired to explore and investigate every corner of an ocean steamer, and now I am plunging into the depths of one. Four decks in succession are reached ere a series of upright iron ladders lead to even lower regions, from which come oppressive waves of heat. Iron gratings take the place of floors until, at last, one stands in the bottom of a great and deep well or tank, where rests the propelling power of the vessel, with the small army of men necessary to operate it.

A miniature world of machinery, requiring a staff of eighteen engineers, whirls through its work deep in the heart of the huge craft. A maze of shaftings and screws, of tubes and pipes mingles with the trio of turbines; a quartette of dynamos for electricity whirl in their quiet rush—dynamos for electricity, dynamos for the fire fans, and air pumps do their turn as if they were the only men-servicing machines on board. Tucked away in a corner is a fumigating and fire engine in one, by which flames



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

may be smothered with sulphur fumes. Automatic pumps feed the boilers. That row of curious looking machines is for freezing and ice-making purposes.

Towering above all the mass of iron and steel are the turbines, each throbbing with its outpouring of energy; each doing its part in sending the ship through the water. Three hundred revolutions a minute, says the indicator, and that spells a furious speed. And yet all this exhibition of titanic power, forcing a 12,000-ton craft through the sea at a rate of nearly twenty knots an hour is wondrously quiet. In the midst of their throbbing I can talk with the engineer in ordinary tones.

Radiating from the turbines are the immense steel shafts pointing to the stern, each carrying its screw. So one creeps along an iron path with guarding rails to the very skin of the ship, pock-marked with rivet heads, where the glistening and revolving shaft pierces the metal. On yonder side is the churned waters of the Atlantic.

This is a strange world, thinks the exploring landlubber, as he mounts an iron staircase and views the whole scene from a vantage point. He notices the great compartment walls, with heavy doors ready to be closed on the instant of the warning signal from the bridge. He sees, too, the switchboard, giving a striking idea of the extent of the electrical system in an ocean liner. What an improvement it represents over the old dangerous swinging oil lamp of former days.

Perched in an out-of-the-way corner is a machinist with his own little electric motor, bench, lathe, grindstone and tools, and a very queer cupboard to hold them. Indeed, every inch of space is utilized in this microcosm of a community, serving for a time fifteen hundred souls. Fitting figures, in dim recesses, are greasers and painters, plumbers, and boiler-makers, carpenters and joiners, and in a totally unsuspected corner, in the deep nose of the craft, I stumbled on a middy splicing a rope, and arranging an attachment for the more speedy release of a lifeboat in case of need.

Nearly half a hundred sturdy toilers are stowed away in subterranean recesses. This one thing they do; they shovel coal, shovel coal, shovel coal, in a deep black hole reached by endless steps; shovel coal in a realm of grime; shovel coal into huge infernos ever crying for more and never satisfied until the run is ended. Four hours on, eight-hours off is their life; and the real speed of the vessel is practically determined by the fidelity with which each shift does its work.

But the busiest part of the steamer is to be found many decks below in Working Alley, a long corridor open from stem to stern. Here, far below the smokestack and lifeboats, the crew and staff, three hundred of them have their chief thoroughfare. It is still above water line, and portholes are therefore open if the sea be calm. Fore and aft are the steerage quarters, with their own serving pantries and dining rooms.

Each morning a tour of inspection is made by Captain and doctor, and keen eyes are alive to the daily situation. The ship's doctor has three

hospitals and a pharmacy at his disposal, and every precaution is taken to ensure healthy conditions during the voyage.

Now we are approaching land—on the other side of the Atlantic. The gulls and the pilot have come out to meet us, other ships are crossing our path, the Fastnet lighthouse flashes us a guiding welcome; ere a few more hours pass another journey will be over, thanks to the good ship and its watchful Captain, and the Town of Sea is dissolved.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS—CHANGE OF TIME, JANUARY 9TH

Maritime Express Daily—Ocean Limited Daily Except Sunday

On Sunday, January 9th, the Maritime Express will run daily between Halifax and Montreal, leaving Halifax at 3.00 p. m. Connection will be made at Moncton to and from St. St. John daily. The Ocean Limited will not leave Halifax Sunday, January 9th, but will leave on its present schedule time 8.00 a. m., daily except Sunday thereafter. Its continuance during the winter months will be pleasing news to thousands of travellers to whom the "Ocean" appeals as an express train of excellence in service and comfort in travel.

From Montreal the Maritime Express will leave on its present schedule, 8.15 a. m., daily and the Ocean Limited 7.25 p. m., daily except Saturday.

John D. Rockefeller has given \$9,000 to the Boy Scouts of America.

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