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NIEL OWEN, K. C., BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, Commencing May first Daniel Owen, C. Barrister and Solicitor, will be the office of V. C. Parker, Law, on the first, third and fifth Fridays of every month from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

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D. A. E. TIMEPAPER, Train service as it affects Bridgetown: No. 95—From Halifax, arrives 12:30 p.m. No. 98—From Yarmouth, arrives 12:30 p.m. No. 99—From Halifax, Tuesday, Friday and Sunday, arrives 2:35 a.m. No. 100—From Yarmouth, Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, arrives 1:30 p.m. No. 123—Bluenose from Halifax, 14 p.m. No. 124—Bluenose from Yarmouth, 5:30 a.m.

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ARE WE ASHAMED TO REMEMBER THE WAR?

By Sir Sidney Low In the old days we were proud of the old wars. Perhaps we were unduly proud. They were not always quite so glorious as we imagined, and of course they were trumpery, tin-pot affairs compared to which closed nearly seven years ago. We boasted of our hard-won and often indecisive battles and told our children and children's children about them, and we saw to it that the deeds of our little armies and wind-borne fleets were kept green in the national memory.

So it falls that Waterloo, Trafalgar, the Peninsula, Balaclava, are still names that mean something to Englishmen and Englishwomen.

Muddled Through Perhaps they have mostly forgotten the details. They do not know how often we just muddled through to victory after years of failure; how many of our leaders were incompetent; how costly and disastrous were the blunders of the Admiralty, the War Office, the Cabinets. Our strategy was frequently insane, our administration shockingly defective, and dearly did the country and its armies pay for the rash ignorance of military commanders and the intrigues of politicians.

But, looking back, the nation cared for none of these things. It fixed its gaze on the valor and endurance of the troops, the unflinching spirit and indomitable resolution which made good all the blunders of ministers and generals, and in the end prevailed over foes more numerous, more thoroughly prepared, and often better fed.

The rank-and-file and the regimental officers were accounted, and rightly accounted, the real heroes of our campaigns. Many things went wrong, but not the men from the fields and villages and back streets, and the lads from the rectories and country houses and public schools who marched with the companies. So we could not forget our wars.

Perhaps we could not have very clearly explained why British soldiers were dying in Flanders and Spain in

the reign of King George the Third, or in a remote corner of Russia under Queen Victoria. But we held a member like rocks while waves of Napoleon's horsemen surged round them; of the infantry at Albuera who would not accept defeat, though beaten by all the rules of war; of the thin red line topped by a streak of steel at Inkerman; of the wearied Highlanders forcing their way to the relief of Lucknow under the fiery Indian sun.

Such things were collected, and it was well we did so. It was not to exult and rejoice over militarism. War is terrible and barbarous, and we in Britain have never loved it; on the contrary, we regarded it with deep aversion. The panache of the military profession, its pomp and trappings, have not attracted us; the uniform with us is not seen against a background of romantic sentiment as in Continental countries. Our officers can help, and they get out of it as soon as they can.

That side of war did not appeal to Englishmen, but the other side. We did not care for its splendors and its triumphs, but we appreciate the revelation of the human soul that shines amid its horrors. We saw that our soldiers found scope in it for some of the noblest of human qualities—courage, self-control, contempt for ease and comfort and life itself; the strength to endure privation, hardship, suffering, indignity, pain and death.

How could we fail to honor those who had given all that man can give for us and for those who shall follow us? Our praises and our memories were wreaths of smoke from the offerings laid on those altars of self-sacrifice.

If there was call for these obligations it might seem to be in these years of ours that follow the greatest war of all. There is nothing in our annals to exceed, scarcely anything to equal, the heroism of those who served the peoples of the British world on land and sea between 1914 and 1918.

None of our stories of campaigns and encounters in the past can show the British soldier in finer guise than the men who lay month after month in the sodden trenches of Picardy, or sweltered on the Euphrates, or were

cast wounded and dying among the gullies of Gallipoli. The troops of Marlborough and Wellington and the Napiers had no such test of nerve and endurance as those of French and Haig, who had to lie still in the hell of high-explosive bombardment and advance under the shrieking storm of a living barrage.

World-famous verses have been made over the gallant blunder of the Balaclava Six Hundred. What was that wild, silly dash of hussars and dragoons compared with the stand of the outnumbered divisions at Mons or the charge of the Worcesters at Gheluvelt? How Sir John Moore's muddled retreat to Corunna—though here, too, the poets have been busy—sinks to insignificance beside the retirement of the "Old Continentals" from the Belgian frontier to the outskirts of Paris!

Are we grateful? Do we remember? Constantly in the newspapers we see appeals almost despairing for Lord Haig and others for the unemployed and broken survivors of the Armies. There are still many ex-officers and rankers who have never been able to get their feet firmly planted again in civil life.

These are the men who threw up their profession and commercial careers, not thinking much of anything but the job immediately before them, but yet firmly believing, and encouraged to believe, that their fellow-citizens would not let them starve or wive after the job was done.

DALHOUSIE LAKE

Mrs. Matilda Hiltz, is the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Margaret Durling, and other friends. Mrs. Hiltz, Durling, who has been working at Lawrencetown for the past three months, has returned home.

Mr. Arch. Lorne spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Durling. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, also Mrs. Harris have returned to their home after spending the past two weeks with Mrs. Spurgeon Medicraft.

Miss Alice Wilson of Paradise, is visiting her sister, Marguerite, at Dalhousie. Mrs. Hallett Hannam, who has been visiting Mrs. Sam Hannam, has returned home. Mrs. Charlotte Gillis who has been visiting friends in Bridgetown, has returned home.

GRAVES OF LOYALISTS FORMALLY TAKEN OVER BY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Burial Place of James DeLancey Whose Name Inspired Terror in Revolutionary War, Is Taken Over Near Tupperville, Annapolis County, Where He Lived and Died.

Annapolis Royal—Monday, the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal was made memorable by the formal taking possession of the DeLancey burial ground, near Tupperville, and the pathway of four hundred feet leading to it, by the Association.

Beautiful weather marked the proceedings, and enabled a large number to be present at the simple but impressive ceremony. At the entrance of the pathway, leading from the main highway, and marked by concrete posts and a tablet, a flag was placed, which on being withdrawn by Mrs. J. M. Owen, President of the Association, was raised on the flag-staff. The guests present then followed Mrs. Owen up the pathway to the burial plot, which has been thoroughly restored and surrounded by a neat fence. The monument is a square block of white marble with the following inscription, now re-cut, on one face: "In memory of the Honorable Colonel James DeLancey, who died May, 1804, anno aetatis, 58. He lived respected and died universally regretted."

The here in dust low lies the mortal part That once contained a brave and honest heart To all engagements true, the sword must rise above the plow. Where faith and virtue triumph in the skies. On another side: "Martha Tippet, wife of Colonel James DeLancey. Died 1837. Aged 73."

And on a third face: "This old family burial plot of the DeLanceys, and its memorials, were formerly taken over by the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal, A.D. 1922, for perpetual care." The Union Flag of George III., under which DeLancey served, was placed over the inscription, and removed by Mrs. Owen, with a few well chosen words.

Society's Guests Returning to town, tea was served to the especially invited guests at the home of DeLancey P. Harris, after which a motor drive was taken to Lower Granville, where on August 3, 1924, the Cairn was unveiled, which marked the site of the first stronghold of Port Royal.

The evening meeting was held in the Town Hall, with the President, Mrs. J. M. Owen, in the chair. A paper was read by L. M. Fortier, in which he explained that the acquisition and rehabilitation of the DeLancey burial plot resulted, from a suggestion made by Maj. J. P. Edwards in a letter to Mr. Fortier, in March, 1922.

Mr. Fortier's paper then went on to give the following sketch of the DeLanceys: "James DeLancey was a notable figure in the American Revolutionary War. He was a Tory of the Tories, and acquired the nickname of 'Commander of the Cowboys' and 'Outlaw of the Bronx'."

Name Inspired Terror. "The terror his name inspired is alluded to in the incident in Fenimore Cooper's story, 'The Spy' where an American officer is upbraiding his men for a hasty retreat on a false alarm. The officer is made to exclaim, 'What in the name of fury seized your coward hearts? From your right I thought a party of DeLancey's men were upon us!'"

"There are many references to him also in Stephens' 'The Continental Dragon', and in one of the notes at the end of this book the author states that 'No Tory family did more for the King's cause in America, or lost more than the DeLancey family, and further that the troop commanded by James DeLancey 'raided and fought for the King untiringly, until it was almost entirely killed off.' The members of this corps, Stephens explains, were called 'Cowboys' because in their duty of procuring supplies for the British Army they made free with the farmers' cattle."

"James DeLancey was antipathetic by the new State Government, his property confiscated, and historians draw a picture of his departing alone from his estate by the Bronx, turning for a last look, from the back of his horse, at the fair mansion and broad lands that were to be his no more, and riding away with a heavy heart."

"Not long afterwards we find him joined by his fair wife and children and settled on the farm where now his body lies, and where today we have done honor to his memory.

DeLancey Pine Tree. "There is a famous 'DeLancey Pine Tree' in the New York Zoological Park, with respect to which this

story was told in a letter to The New York Tribune in 1912:

"To the Editor of the Tribune: 'Sir:—May I give you a little romance connected with the old DeLancey pine tree?'"

"Colonel James DeLancey took refuge in that old tree when the federal troops took up their quarters in that vicinity. For two weeks each evening after nightfall his sweethearts, Martha Tippet, took provisions to him and eventually helped him to escape. After the war they were married, and in company with other Loyalists migrated to N. S., where they took up a permanent residence. My grandmother, Martha Ryer, was named for Martha Tippet, her mother's sister, and I am giving this little bit of colonial history to you as my grandmother gave it to me."

"I am happy to know that part of the old tree will remain, and I hope the Ivy will encircle it so securely that for many years to come we may look upon the spot where stood the DeLancey pine."

(Sgd.) ISABEL H. CROMBIE. "New York, July 25th, 1922."

Trunk of Tree Stands. "Twenty-four (24) feet of the trunk of that old tree still remains standing, and two feet from the ground it measures fourteen (14) feet in circumference. The tree had been dead for several years before it was partially cut down. Its height was 109 feet, and its age when it died, as ascertained by expert examination, was 205 years. A photograph of this historic tree, taken in 1898, has been found and sent to me by the Zoological Society, and a piece of one of its main branches has been most kindly sent forward by the same Society, to be placed in the museum of Port Anne."

Stephen Jenkins in "The Story of The Bronx" has a poem beginning: "Where gentle Bronx clear winding flows The shadowy banks between, Where blossomed bell or wilding rose Adorns the brightest green, Memorial of the fallen great, The rich and honored line, Stands high in solitary state, DeLancey's ancient pine."

DeLancey Descendant We know little of Mrs. DeLancey beyond her name and the entry of her burial in 1837, aged 73. Stephens, in "The Continental Dragon" uses the place names "Tippet's Vale" and "Tippet's Brook" and I presume we may infer from this that the Tippetts were people of some consequence in the old Colony in New York.

A grandson of James and Martha DeLancey, Mr. Unacke DeLancey, is still living in this country, and I had the pleasure of meeting and conversing with him not many days ago. He lost a son, a distinguished soldier in the late war, and other bereavements have left him much alone in the world, but he carries his weight of years and carries most cheerfully and I greatly enjoyed my visit to him.

I have brought here to exhibit to you tonight the piece of the "DeLancey pine" referred to above; two photographs, a shoe buckle which belonged to Colonel James DeLancey and a button from the uniform of his great grandson, Major James Arnold DeLancey, who fought and died so nobly in the late Great War."

General Cruickshank's Paper. S Brig. Gen. Cruickshank was unable to be present, his interesting paper on "James DeLancey and his Times" was read by F. W. Harris, Vice President of the Association. The Honorable Colonel James DeLancey was born in Westchester County, New York, and after taking a leading part in the Revolutionary struggle from 1777 to 1781, came to Nova Scotia in 1783, and settled on the farm where he was afterwards buried, and where the monument which has been honored today, was erected to his memory. He was the father of ten children—the descendants of some of them being able to attend today's ceremony.

After a vote of thanks had been passed to General Cruickshank, and to the reader, it was moved, seconded and passed that L. M. Fortier, the founder and first President of the Association, be made a Life Director.

At the regular quarterly meeting in November, the election of officers will take place when, to the regret of all, Mrs. Owen will retire, having served her three years of office, with great efficiency, and arranged an especially interesting series of papers.

Wife (in back seat): Henry, dear! You mustn't drive so fast! Husband: Why not? Wife: The motor policeman who has been following us won't like it.

Minard's Linnæus for Aches. and Palma.



OLD CHUM The Tobacco of Quality

YOUNGS COVE LABOR M. P.'S WOULD ABOLISH HONORS

Miss Lulla Guest is visiting relatives in Round Hill. Mr. Joseph Steadman of Smiths Cove, was the Sunday guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Steadman.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Kearns and two children, and Miss Redden, of Windsor, were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Guest. Mrs. Jessie Condon and little grand-son, Roland, are visiting in Bridgetown, the guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. Alfred Pheasant.

Mr. Roland Condon, employed on the Hilderlay Fruit Farm, was the Sunday guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Condon. He was accompanied by his friends, Mr. Chester Rafuse and Gordon Eaton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hudson, Upper Granville, and little baby were the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hudson. Mr. and Mrs. Dean Clayton, were the Sunday guests of his father, Mr. Charles Clayton. Austin Clayton was a guest also at the same home.

Mr. Lorne White, of Phinneys Cove, was the week end guest of Mr. Hartford Sarty. Mrs. Laron, nee Vera Guest, of Boston, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Guest.

Bill to Prevent Trafficking in Titles Read in Commons.

London.—The bill to prevent trafficking in titles which already has been passed by the House of Lords was given its second reading in the House of Commons.

In the course of the debate on the bill Labor members urged that honors and titles should be abolished altogether.

Captain Wedgwood Benn, Liberal favored the abolition of hereditary honors. He said Great Britain should follow the example of the Dominions with regard to honors. He instanced the Australian rule that no honors should be given unless a resolution in favor thereof was passed by the State Parliament concerned.

Sir Douglas Hogg, Attorney-General, in moving the second reading of the bill to prevent abuse in the conferring of honors and titles, said that even if the bill did not put an end to trafficking in honors the fact that Parliament deemed this a penal offence was calculated to make it less possible for people to engage in such traffic, dishonorable to themselves and to the country.

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