



Joker's Corner

FISHERMEN'S LUCK.

Up near Flesherston, a Toronto traveling man who was making a trip overland passed an old man who was fishing with hook and line in a small stream. As the drummer drove by in a buggy the old man never took his eyes off the bobber in the water.

When the travelling man returned late in the afternoon he was greatly surprised to see the old man still in the same position, with his eyes glued on the bobber.

"Hello, uncle," he shouted. "Any luck today?"

Without taking his gaze off the cork which rested on the surface of the placid stream, the old man replied: "Had a nibble 'long about noon."

Pat had a little brown mare, and they were both familiar sights in the town. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat just about managed to keep her to harness.

One day while leading her to water he had to pass a crowd of loafers. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense one called out: "Hallo, there's Pat! How much is that mare of your's able to draw?"

"Begorra," answered Pat, "can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to draw the attention of ivory foal in the town."

THE FORCE OF MOMENTUM.

The old mountaineer, who was standing on the corner of the main street in a certain Kentucky town had never seen an automobile. When a good-sized touring car came rushing up the street at about thirty miles an hour and slowed down just enough to take the corner on two wheels, his astonishment was great.

The old fellow watched the disappearing car with bulging eyes and open mouth. Then turning to a bystander, he remarked, solemnly: "The horses must sholy be been travelling some when they got loose from that gentleman's carriage!"

MODERN BEAUTY.

A young man the other day said to his best girl: "I visited that fashionable palmitist this afternoon and he told me I'd marry a blonde."

The girl, who was very dark, said, thoughtfully: "Did he say when the marriage would take place?"

"Yes, in three months."

"Well, I can easily be a blonde by that time, dear," said the girl with a shy smile.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

A young married couple went into a drug store the other day to use a telephone, when the young woman found that she was several inches too short to reach the mouthpiece.

"Oh, dear," she complained. "I wish this telephone was a little lower."

Whereupon her husband remarked: "Try raising your voice."

HIS PRESCRIPTION FAILED.

Doctor (after the diagnosis)—Apparently your system is run down from nervousness superinduced by loss of sleep. My advice would be for you to try sleeping on your left side awhile."

Fair Patient—"But doctor, I am slightly deaf in my right ear, and my husband talks in his sleep."

TWO OF A KIND.

"How did you ever come to marry, old man? Thought you'd determined to stay single?"

"I had, but I was introduced one day to a girl who had determined never to marry, and our thoughts seemed to harmonize so completely that—well, we married each other."

SO MUCH FOR MAMMA.

Papa—"I hear you were a bad girl today and had to be whipped."

Small Daughter—"Mamma is awful strict. If I'd 'a' known she used to be a schoolteacher I'd 'a' told you not to marry her."

A CHANGED MAN.

Mrs. Knagg—"You were a different man when I married you."

Mr. Knagg—"I sincerely hope so, for then I was a fool."

ON BEING THROWN FROM A TRAIN

A certain rich man who owned a wholesale store, and who, having sown most of his wild oats, was now pre-eminently respectable, sent his only son, a coarsely attractive young man, into the towns and villages to drum up trade, and "learn the ropes."

Ruby Fessenden lived on the edge of a stupid and narrow minded village where gossip weltered in and out like a noisome tidal slough. Flowers grew there, birds sang, babies laughed; but most of the grown-up people seemed to stagnate.

A certain find souled woman once said to her husband: "Ruby Fessenden is going to become a very beautiful woman. But she is really two girls. Sometimes she belongs to her father's line, and is a reticent, capable, self-respecting person, but occasionally the coarser Ruby willikens stock takes control, and she is merely a featherhead."

The Fessendens lived at the north end of Main Street, just where the macadam stopped and the country road began. Their house had a decent Fessenden front; it tapered off into a shanty, a pile of rocks, and then cornfields. Money was scarce, times were hard; but while Ruby, the youngest, went to school, her two brothers worked at home, and so they got along fairly well. Then the boys, who were more Willikens than Fessendens, drifted off to other districts, formed new connections, and at last "cut loose." Ruby and her mother, between whom there was little harmony, had less to do with it, as Mr. Fessenden's health failed. At last they took on the field-work as well as their household tasks.

Thus Ruby grew up a lonely, life-cager girl, full to the brim with physical vitality, innocent as a babe, ignorantly fearless. A little narrow and orthodox advice her mother occasionally furnished. Sometimes her father gave her glimpses of a larger wisdom. The old classics of the Fessenden library a little helped her piece-meal education, but did not really arm or arouse her soul.

In time, and by various roads such as young people brought up together can travel comfortably, she came to know her own social environments. She judged the young men about her with due wisdom and caution; she was somehow well enough able to recognize danger-signs. This was merely because she knew her own village and country-side types. But any woman who loved her with clear insight would have noted that she took every new sort of man from the great outside world, such as the certain rich man's travelling son, at nearly or quite his face-value. But where could this lonely village-girl have learned that supreme art of reducing diverse human equations of their true ethical values?

"Why does good judgment come so hard for girls in this village?" said one of the thinking women. "They are not fool; they laugh at Gus Naylor's soft-soap, because they know the vernacular. But when a first-rate traveling man, or a tenth-rate actor brings them a new sort of dangerous palaver veneered with one per cent. of truth, it goes home every time. I do all I can, especially with that Ruby Fessenden, who looks like a young goddess, and is just a dear little girl inside. Like all the rest, she wants to go to some city."

"Margaret," her husband replied, "we have no local industries, no specialized scientific horticulture, nothing to occupy and interest our young people. It is the fault of many generations. People are beginning to think somewhat, under economic pressure; there are better days ahead. But as things are, the young folks must leave us."

About this time Ruby's father died. Her mother sold the small farm so as to move to another country and live with a sister. Ruby knew this aunt, and the dull, treeless wastes where she lived; the prospect did not please her.

"I shall find something in San Francisco," she said, and so the girl started off, provided with a few friendly letters and a very few dollars.

When she changed cars to the main line she met the young man of this story, whom she knew slightly.

"Congratulations, Miss Fessenden. My old man has taken me into the firm. Now I'll give you a letter to the manager of one of the most fashionable drygoods stores; they want good lookers there."

She thanked him prettily. How wonderfully kind it was! Now she could save money, and surprise her mother by a present and a visit.

Suddenly there was a disturbance in the car. The train came to a

halt. Brakesmen seized a fellow who had neither money nor ticket (which last, he claimed, had been stolen) and threw him off at a cross-road.

Up sprang the young man, thrust money at the conductor, mentioned lordly men such as governors and railroad presidents, beckoned the derelict aboard, marched him up the aisle, gave him a "dollar for a good time," came back to Ruby, flushed with triumph.

"Lucky I happened to be here," he exclaimed. "A gentleman must always look after the under-dog." She thought it was chivalric.

Ruby settled into her place as a shop-girl, tried her best to make good, found it next to impossible to live on her earnings, began to wear off her bloom and freshness. The Fessenden-side of her lost ground; the Willikens side blossomed and somewhat ran to seed. One after another countless threads of old habits and conventions were stretched, strained, broken, until the cables which held her to self-respecting existence began to yield. Subtle and insidious temptations continuously surrounded her ignorance.

The young man of this tale took her to theaters, invited her to supper, drove her out to the beach Sunday afternoons. The child was only seventeen, and totally ignorant of the sex laws. If you could have seen her in the park with a bunch of flowers scraping acquaintance with a baby, or if you had looked into her little-girl eyes, you would have thought that every one of her fellow-travellers through life would have gone on the warpath to save her from evil; that certainly no one would have wished to steal her ticket on the train.

But the Gods of Hate know when to strike home. A story that she had taken the last, the fatal plunge, reached her native village; the local newspaper ventured upon a "velled allusion." Ruby's mother soon wrote her a bitter and believing letter. Times were dull too, and she had been "laid off" with nothing ahead.

The Fessenden side flashed up: "Write to your mother; tell her it isn't true. Go anywhere; take any kind of honest work. If you must, then starve; women have done it."

Alone in the pitiless wilderness of the great city the two girls who dwelt in this strong country-bred body struggled with each other that night. Morning brought an invitation from the young man of this tale asking her to go to the theatre and to a supper party afterwards. Poor hungry, lonesome Ruby Willikens rose and cast Ruby Fessenden into the outer darkness. Then she began to refurbish her one presentable dress.

When she could do nothing more to her attire, Ruby slipped out just as a child might, climbed Pine Street Hill to a large, seldom watched garden she had seen. She went in, poor penniless girl, and stole a white rose bud to wear. She looked sweet, young and happy in the garden.

A woman who had once lost a daughter looked from the house, thought, "What a pretty girl!" and so thinking felt the breath of the world-spirit of fellowship. She raised a window and spoke across the little space: "I am so glad you came in, my dear; it is lonely here. Let me come down and cut you some flowers."

"I have already taken a rosebud, madam," said Ruby, flushing and pale.

"I wish you had picked a dozen!" cried the woman. "They grow here for everybody. But you really must have more. Please do wait."

In a little while, as time is counted on earth, the motherhood of the woman whose daughter was dead was enfolding Ruby slowly, steadily, surely; was leading her about the garden; was taking her into the house; was pouring tea for her into an old Colonial cup; was fairly steeping her hungry soul with love and tenderness.

At last Ruby told this new-found friend about some of her problems.

"Write him a letter, dear girl," said the elder woman. "Write one that is very gentle yet firm. Then, if he cares for you in the right way, he will come to you at once and will propose marriage; if he does not, you will have saved your soul alive."

It was Ruby Fessenden who did just this, that very afternoon, reducing Ruby Willikens to subjection, and then walked in a trembling silence, through the garden, in the twilight with her friend.

The young man, reading Ruby's letter, swore loudly; made a wager concerning her in a saloon with a boon companion, and called before she had

been home an hour. He found a new creature, a woman of strange poise and intelligence; he found Ruby Fessenden at her ancestral best. In a few minutes he saw that she was awake, that she completely understood him. Then he lost his temper. "Why should you throw me down this way?" he said. "Now you may starve!" Whereupon Ruby left him, still talking.

But the next day she told her new friend: "He was so good to the poor man they threw off the train! And yet that's just what he tried to do to me! Are all men like that?"

"No, indeed!" said the wise and sweet woman. "You will find the other sort everywhere, my dear. But now the carriage is ready and you are going to meet some of my friends and find some kind of work in which you can put your whole self."—Chas. Howard Shinn in The Publicist.

The Maritime Oil & Gas Co., Ltd

The latest reports from Lake Ainslie, relating to workings at the borings, are of the most encouraging nature.

Mr. H. C. Gould, for years head of the Oklahoma Geological Survey, read a most instructive paper before the Mineral Gas Association of America, in Kansas City, Mo., on May 21st in which, after describing the usual indications of oil, he goes on to say:

MUST BE PLACE OF ACCUMULATION.

"The reservoir, oil and gas are volatile substances and tend to rise in the rocks in which they are found. Whenever opportunity is offered they escape to the surface, in which they are dissipated into the air and disappear. In order for oil or gas to be found in paying quantities in any place, it is necessary that there be among the rocks, a reservoir, or place of accumulation. In many, perhaps most cases, this reservoir rock is a ledge of coarse-grained, porous sandstone, known to the driller as oil-sand or gas-sand. There is no virtue in the sand itself, any sand containing oil is an oil sand."

"Whatever the material forming the reservoir may be the general rule may be laid down that the thicker the beds and the more porous the rock, the greater will be the supply of oil or gas. For instance, the magnificent Glenn Pool in Oklahoma, one of the most prolific oil and gas fields the world has ever seen, owes its existence to the fact that the sand at that place is nearly one hundred feet thick.

"NEED CAP TO HOLD GAS OR OIL."

"The cap rock—unless there is something to hold the oil and gas down it, will escape."

"In many cases, however, there lies above the sandstone, limestone or conglomerate, which forms the reservoir, a layer of fine-grained impervious rock, known to the driller as the cap rock. Sometimes this cap rock is hard, as in the Beaumont field, where it is a dense dolomite very difficult to penetrate with the drill. Sometimes it is a hard limestone, or even a dense fine-grained sand stone. Perhaps more often it is a shale, usually soft and easily drilled. It is no uncommon thing for the drill to pass immediately out of the soft shale into the oil or gas sand. The essential quality of a cap rock is not its hardness but its impermeability."

THE ANTICLINE AND THE SYNCLINE.

"The fourth factor in the problem is that of the structure of the rocks. By the term structure, we mean the position of the rocks and their location with regard to one another. Stratified rocks, that is the sandstone, shales and limestones, in any among which the oil and gas are found, occur in layers or beds of varying thickness. These rocks do not always lie level but are often tilted at various angles. In many instances they have been folded and crumpled in all sorts of shapes. An upfold or arch in the rock is called an anticline; a downfold or trough a syncline."

"Now as a result of careful study, made by numerous investigators in many lands, it has been demonstrated that in many, perhaps a majority of cases, the deposits of oil and gas occur, along the anticline folds. That is to say if oil, gas and saltwater, occur in a subterranean formation, for instance a ledge of porous sandstone and this sandstone has been folded up, forming a series of anticlines, and synclines, these three substances, following the universal law of physics, will arrange themselves in the order of their specific gravities. In other words, under conditions such as I have stated, the gas being lightest, will occur at the highest point, that is along the axis or apex of the anticline, the top of the arch, the salt water, being the heaviest of the three sub-

stances, will sink to the lowest level along the trough or syncline. The oil will be found in the intervening space along the slope of the anticline."

Now, on carefully perusing this report, and comparing it with the conditions existing at Lake Ainslie, one would almost imagine that Mr. Gould's report was based upon this region in Cape Breton.

Mr. Bradish, the Field Manager at Lake Ainslie, in his latest report, says: "I have been very much interested in your extensive field here since we got the first showing of oil, and at 590 feet we got enough oil, and at 620 feet we got enough oil, that the country people when passing would stop to look at it along the roadside, and at 620 feet there was a showing of gas that threw the sediment from the top of the well when balling. The evidence of petroleum and petro gas here is much better than in many places I have been where very much larger amounts were expended than you have spent, that afterwards gave a great profit to the people who invested."

Mr. Headish has had a vast amount of experience in the oil fields of America, and is a great authority upon the subject.

There cannot be the least question of doubt, we believe, as to the ultimate success of this mine, and investors wishing to invest in a home investment would do well to consider the proportion of this Company.

The advertisement of the Company has appeared in this paper the last two weeks, and Mr. Micklewright will be only too pleased to give full information to intending investors and others.

SLACK BARRELS MADE IN CANADA WORTH MILLION AND HALF DOLLARS.

The following has been supplied by the Department of the Interior, Forestry Branch:

That Canada is fast losing her possibilities as a producer of tight cooperage is brought out by the statistics compiled by the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior. These show that, whereas 2,768,000 oak staves were cut in the Dominion in 1911, 7,293,000 were imported.

In the manufacture of slack cooperage, used for the dry rough commodities such as lime, potatoes, apples, dry fish, flour, cereals, etc., which predominate in Canada's products, Elm is the principal wood employed, forming over fifty per cent. of the total consumption. Spruce is rapidly coming into more general use as a source of stave supply, eleven million more spruce staves and nine million fewer elm staves having been used in 1911 than in 1910. When elm is exhausted birch will probably take its place, being comparatively flexible and available in great quantity.

The total value of the materials used in the slack cooperage industry in Canada for the past year was \$1,465,702. In 1910 it was \$1,595,119 or some \$130,000 more. Imports and exports of materials and finished products were, respectively, \$329,992 and \$135,468, an excess of imports over exports of \$194,529.

The total value of the materials according to an estimate of the Forestry Branch, was over 62,000,000 feet, board measure. Through checking, loose methods of manufacture, etc., etc., there is also a great deal of waste not accounted for.

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed) W. S. PINEO, "Woodlands," Middleton, N.S.

FINED FOR OVER-CHECKING HORSE.

Stipendiary Fielding convicted a young man for unnecessarily over-checking his horse's head. The evidence of the agent of the S. P. C. showed that the animal had been standing for some time outside a building with an over-draw which was very tight, and causing the animal unnecessary pain. The magistrate said he considered such acts unnecessarily cruel, and he fined the offender five dollars or imprisonment in default of payment. The fine was paid.—Halifax Herald.

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