

Sheriff's Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT 1910, A. No. 1550.

Between: Julia Ruffee, widow Plaintiff Chas. E. Phinney and Annie, his wife. Defendants.

TO BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis...

All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in Wilmot in the County of Annapolis...

Also all and singular that certain other piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in Wilmot aforesaid and bounded and described as follows...

Also all and singular all that certain other piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in Wilmot aforesaid and bounded and described as follows...

TERMS.—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale remainder on delivery of deed.

Don't

- Don't promise in your advertising what you cannot fulfil. Don't promise the earth and deliver the moon. Don't draw men and women to your store on pretense and fail to make good.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pier Extension at Kingsport, N. S." will be received at this office until 5 p. m. on Monday, June 13, 1910...

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the office of C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., District Engineer, Halifax, N. S., and on application to the Postmaster at Kingsport, N. S.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works...

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, NAPOLEON TESSIER, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, May 13, 1910.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement, if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Mail Contract.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, JUNE 24th 1910.

or the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed contract for four years three times per week each way, between DELAP'S COVE AND GRANVILLE FERRY.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Delap's Cove, Granville Ferry & route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Halifax.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, May 7th, 1910. G. L. ANDERSON, Superintendent

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IN MEMORIAM Address by Rev. E. Underwood in St. James' Church May 20th, 1910.

Text: 1 Chron. XXIX. vv. 26, 28, with 1 Kings II. 12. "Thus David, the son of Jesse, reigned over all Israel... and he died... full of days, riches, and honor; and Solomon, his son, reigned in his stead. And his Kingdom was established greatly."

It has been said that there is scarcely a phase in human life but may find its due expression in words of Holy Writ. It certainly did occur to me that the words of our text would be most fitting for the occasion bringing us together today.

The King is dead! Long live the King. Just two weeks ago today we were apprised of the fact that King Edward was ill, and within a few hours thereafter of the further fact that he had "passed away", and I think I need hardly say, the news came as a great shock, indeed, its suddenness (comparatively speaking), was startling. And now, today, we meet here in God's house to pay a tribute to his memory in this our solemn memorial service.

In all probability no wiser Monarch ever reigned over a nation. In all probability no Monarch ever reigned who was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of what is known as constitutional rule, and who was so careful to keep ever before his mind the responsibility of the Sovereign under the well understood principles on which His monarchy rested. And thus it came to pass that King Edward VII occupied an unique position among the royal rulers of the world. Never did a Sovereign extend his royal sceptre over a more united and more loyal people. Never did the crown of a great people sit more securely on human brow. Never has the British throne been rooted more deeply in the hearts and minds of the people of a world-wide empire.

Adhering strictly to the usages and traditions of a constitutional ruler, he followed in the footsteps of his revered mother, and maintained the throne upon a sound and enduring foundation—possibly making it even more secure. In his first utterance after his coronation, speaking of the death of Queen Victoria, he said: "My constant endeavor will be always to walk in her footsteps. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves upon me, I am fully determined to be a constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body, to work for the good and amelioration of my people."

That pledge he kept. He failed in nothing. He has handed down his glorious heritage unimpaired. He has won an enduring place in the affections of his subjects of both high and low estate. Almost his last words, so we are told, were: "It is all over, but I think I have done my duty." And I venture to suggest that when the history of his reign shall come to be written, posterity will declare that he spoke the truth.

But besides being a kingly King, Edward VII was, by universal consent, a manly man, and again I venture to think that this is an even much higher tribute than to say what is undoubtedly true—that he was the first gentleman in Europe.

What think you was the secret of his unremitting labors in the interests of peace? Surely that he possessed the heart of a man—a true man. Undoubtedly his unrivalled position as the supreme social head of the British Empire gave him a status in the eyes of the world, which united with charming and gracious manners, a keen intellect, a wide experience of men and the motives which rule them gave him unparalleled opportunities to work for good. But, then, he might have abused rather than used these opportunities, or, at any rate, neglected to grasp them. But, no, his heart was too manly for that, too human in the best sense of the word, and he never allowed an opportunity to slip, nay, rather, he sought on every possible occasion to promote the peace and well-being of the world at large. As one writer says (Halifax Chronicle, May 9, 1910. "His great desire was at all hazards to protect the world's peace, to avoid at whatever cost, the pitfalls to which na-

tions rush headlong. He standardized the motives of British international policies and the world trusted him fully. He became a greater conqueror than Kings who had led armies. He wielded the baton of a Master of Orchestra, with Princes and Statesmen as his fellow workers, and the whole world took direction from his hand. The Chancellors of Europe opened at his slightest touch. Oriental peoples found in him their interpreter, American homes and hearts treated him as the constant bidden and ever welcome guest."

He was also allied with the spirit of true democracy—so much so that the masses, both at home and abroad, loved him. If occasion required, his dignity and majesty was unimpeachable, but as occasion offered he also made himself simple and without ostentation one of the people, entering into their joys and sorrows, and getting an insight into the first-hand of their lives. In his view, is it any wonder, that a whole civilized world today pays homage and tribute to his memory!

THE KING IS DEAD.

"Around the earth the empires nations mourn, And half-mast high the saddened banners fling To every breeze their red-cross folds forlorn In grief for one, who every inch a King. Hath passed the portals of that unknown bourne Which men call Death. It is no light-some thing To see a realm bereft of such as he, Beneath whose hands were blood-red emblems furled, Greater in force than ironclads at Sea, Our Lord of Peace around the Anglian World."

"This master mind no diplomatic hand, Of labor knew; whose strong yet skilful hand Flicked back with tickling whip the sullen hounds That bayed for war. He passed from land to land And by that touch which makes the whole world kin Dissolved like mist the gloom of courtly rings And left a smile upon the face of Kings. Where only brooding thoughts before had been, He left a King of Kings and Men; And lasting glory crown his three score years and ten."

"In every cot, in each baronial hall, Where nations gather round the Martyr of Trade, Quiet as shadows of the evening fall, Fell on the waiting world, a world dismayed, "The King is dead." Upon us all is laid Fell sorrow's hand. And every soul shall bear, With roll of imaginative ear, The "Dead March" roll in solemn tones that bring A nation to their knees around a coffin King."

But our text gives us another thought and one which we should not miss on this occasion tho' not concerned with it primarily. "And the King died full of days, riches and honor; and Solomon his son reigned in his stead."

The King is dead; the King lives; long may he reign. As you all well know, in theory, the King of Great Britain never dies, and so it comes to pass that "The King is dead, long live the King" is uttered in almost the same breath, and the one Monarch is scarcely cold in death ere the next is proclaimed.

I allude to this because even in this solemn hour of mourning we have a duty to George V, and for this reason, by our Bishop's express direction we shall incorporate even in our service today special prayer and thanksgiving for the now reigning Monarch. But there is another point of view. The feeling has been voiced in some quarters that England could ill afford at this present time to lose her former King, and grave doubt has been expressed as to the ability of George V. to worthily succeed his father, especially in view of the very serious state of internal politics in the mother-country at the present moment.

The King himself says:—"I am deeply sensible of the heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. But is not all this simply history repeating itself? And may not history repeat itself again? Few thought that Edward VII. would ever measure up to the standard he almost immediately did. And King George V. says:—"To endeavor to follow in his footsteps and, at the same time, to uphold the constitutional government of these realms, will be the earnest object of my life." And who shall say but that he, too, by the blessing of Almighty God, in answer to a nation's prayers, shall so be able

TRIFLES ABOUT TRAINS.

Signs and Signals That Should Interest Canadian Travelers.

There are many signs and signals on the British railway that are apt to puzzle even the most seasoned of season-ticket holders. The men who reads and remembers the simple facts given below can pride himself on knowing considerably more than most people.

One point that puzzles many people is the fact that engine-drivers pass some danger signals and stop at others. Well, the ones he passes are "distant" signals. Those he stops for are "home" signals. When the driver sees the "distant" signal against him he goes right on. He knows it only means "Be careful—the home signal may be against you!" When the "home" signal is against him, it means "Stop, and quickly!"

The "distant" signal is only a caution signal. It has a "wallow-tail" even, there is a wedge-shaped piece cut out. The "home" or "stop" signal, on the other hand, has an arm with a square end. Sometimes it is necessary to have a signal on a particularly high post, in order that it may be easily seen. When a second signal on the same post, only very much nearer the ground. This second one is called the fog arm. In foggy weather it can often be made out when the higher one cannot.

A signal with the letters "S" on its arm is intended solely for the use of engines and trains engaged in shunting. A signal with the letter "O" on its arm is, at many busy stations, used for slow and local trains; while the fast-line traffic uses the ordinary signals.

On some lines signals are to be seen with two round holes in the arm. These are used to control the movements of "backing" trains, or trains that the engine pushes instead of pulling.

Perhaps you have wondered how a porter, by glancing at an approaching train, can tell whether it will stop or not, and where it is going? Well, he knows the engine code. It is a very simple one. He tells by the lamps it carries both by night and by day.

If you look at an approaching engine and you see two lamps on the platform the boiler rests on one above each buffer—the train is a passenger express. If there is one above the right hand buffer and one on top of the boiler, at the foot of the smokestack, it is a goods express. If it is a train of empty passenger coaches there will be three lights—one above each buffer, and one at the smokestack. A slow local train has only one light, and that at the smokestack. An engine running alone has only one lamp. In this case it is over the left-hand buffer.

If you remember these simple points you should not have the faintest difficulty in telling whether a train coming in the distance is yours or not. The position, by the way, of the two wooden arms sometimes to be seen at the foot of the smokestack indicates the route the train takes.

Besides the lamps on the engine there are the lamps at the other end of the train. At night the last carriage has to carry a red light. If there are two red lamps, side by side, it gives station-masters and signalmen warning that a special train is coming immediately behind. In the daytime this warning is given by a red flag beside the tail lamp, or by a red board with the words "Train following" painted conspicuously on it.

The reason of the tail-light system is to let the signalmen, as the train passes, know whether the train is complete or not. There must be no stray carriages left on the line for the next train to smash itself against. Hence the red light.

R.M.P.

Some of the Trials of Territorial Policemen in England.

The observant civilian in London and other garrison towns will have occasionally noticed, stalking in rear of an alert and grim-looking non-com in blue uniform and scarlet cap, a brace of brawny soldiers, Guardsmen or line, wearing on their right cuffs an armlet, with the mystic letters R.M.P.

The non-com. in blue is a "Red Cap"—one of the Military Police force, whose duty it is to keep order among soldiers out of barracks, and the men in rear are his "bulldozers," stout fellows, specially picked for this duty from the troops in the district.

What is sauce for Tommy is also sauce for the Territorial, and when ever the latter is under arms, in camp, or quarters, his corps is called upon, by regulation, to provide an adequate police force, to keep him in paths of virtue and righteousness.

It says much for the "Terrier" that such duty is nearly always a sinecure. But occasionally a "job" falls in the way of the Territorial R.M.P., and then his lot is no happier than the rest of his kind.

The writer has a lively recollection of one encounter. My battalion that year was brigaded with others near a certain seaside resort, and having secured unto myself the billet of provost-sergeant, I was strolling one evening, with regulation tread, along the parade, when I spied a swaying crowd just ahead of me.

I headed towards the crowd blithely. It burst asunder at sight of me, and revealed a perspiring civilian "bobby" dancing, as it seemed, a vigorous two-step with a large and ebullient Territorial, belonging to a corps encamped some three miles away.

Spotting my police badge, my comrade in blue called on me to participate. I hesitated coyly. There was a look in his partner's eye which I did not like, the look of a vicious horse. But, as the representative of military law and order I was not only bound to aid him in his capture, but had to take the large and ebullient Territorial into my own charge, and march him to camp as best I could.

I looked round for help, and, curiously enough, where there had been a dozen khaki-clad spectators a minute before, there was not a sign of one now to be seen.

In early days I had been something of a boxer, and to my knowledge of the fist I attribute the fact that at the end of half an hour I had skulldragged my prisoner some forty yards across the marine parade and immured him temporarily in a building-machine. My own pugnet happened along just then, and I was able to consign my prisoner to their care.

Next night, on returning to camp, after seeing the "houses" closed, I found the guard-tent in state of siege with another ebullient specimen, crawling round on his hands and knees, trying to fight his way out under the brailing, and the guard outside frustrating his endeavors with ten-pegs and mallet handles.

I demanded to know whether the prisoner had been searched according to regulation, and deprived of his boots and belt. The corporal said he had not. He expressed an opinion, moreover, that it would be more than anyone's life was worth to attempt it, a view which the prisoner, with his head poked under the canvas, heartily endorsed.—London Answers.

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