

THE HOME

RENOVATING SILK.

Many women have dresses of taffeta and rejah silks which require only a little home cleaning and ironing to be made as good as new.

Shake the dress well. For slight grease spots rub thickly with powdered magnesia. Let remain for two or three days, then brush off. If the stain is bad rub lightly with weak ammonia water applied with a cloth. Remove egg stains with common salt. Grass stains, also coffee stains, may be removed with a little alcohol, rubbing until no trace is left. Chloroform will remove paint stains.

If stains are obstinate, place the stained spot over a hot iron, cover with chalk, rub off with a clean cloth, and repeat until it disappears.

Old fruit stains may be removed by an application of strained liquid chloride of lime. But this may injure color of goods. Perspiration stains are hard to remove. Rub with pearl-ash. Hang the dress in the sun and air for several hours.

Alterations in style may be made if desired, and new binding and white lace collar, and yoke will change an old gown's entire appearance. Friss the dress well, using a good hot iron, but beware of scorching. Press on the wrong side always, placing each plait in position as one proceeds with ironing. Press the sleeves last. Hang carefully on closet hooks until worn.

TO THE GUEST AT MEAT.

Sit down at the table, friend, and be certain that we are happy to have you with us.

We can assure you that you have been invited for refreshment and not by compunction, for joy, and not for worldly reasons.

Give us yourself in greeting, in return to our most hearty welcome.

We make no apologies for what may be on the table nor for those others who may be gathered around it. We are content that you take us on our own merits as they may seem to you.

Nor do we fear criticism, for criticism can never permanently hurt those who strive to offer their best.

We shall not explain ourselves, for we are sure that we shall be understood by our own.

If you are at one with us we be long to you, and our hearts must follow our extended hands.

If you are not at one with us, you are loosed from all holds and obligations. We do not wish to be sought save in friendliness.

But, friend, this home is holy, as holy as your own home, and to enter a home is to stand on the threshold of souls with a key in hand.

Enter gently, friend, joyfully, and in love. For we are glad to see you.—Marguerite Ogden Bigelow, in Harper's Bazaar.

HOW TO KEEP MILK COOL.

Miss Kerr Brown, of 59 Park Avenue, has brought to the attention of Dr. Louis Loberge a device for keeping milk cool during the hot days of summer. It is simply a framed box without sides surrounded with matting. Shelves can be placed in it. The idea is to have a tin can with holes at the bottom which are stopped by wooden pegs. The can is filled with water and the pegs loosened sufficient to allow the water to drop slowly from the tin after it is placed on top of the box and to wet the matting. The continued evaporation thus produced will keep the milk clean and sweet. Nearly anyone can find the materials at hand to make such a box without expense, and where a person is too poor to buy ice even that expense is saved. Only a little trouble is required to keep the can on top of the improvised box full of water.—Montreal Witness.

Poetry is essential to a complete life. A mind without poetry does not live, it merely exists. Cultivate a taste for poetry; it gives sweetness and light to life. Beauty and truth, patriotism and religion it turns to forms that can be comprehended, and gives them "a local habitation and name." Let a man take the songs of Shelley and Keats and Tennyson to

the woods and meadow with him and nature will have new meaning for his brain, new beauty for his eyes, new music for his ears. Let him gather lessons of life from the pages of Shakespeare and Burns, of Hugo and Goethe, and take them with him into the haunts of men and he will be better able to sustain the weak, sympathize with the suffering and help the erring. Poetry is not of man, but of God; drink deep at the spiritual fountains of the gifted sons of song.

THE CHARM OF BOYHOOD.

Amid the item in last issue re the King George's review of the Boy Scouts the English "Church Times" has the following:—"If the good Bishop of Winchester, who left to his Wykehamists for all time their great motto, "Manners maketh man" could have been present in Windsor Great Park on Tuesday last, when the King held a review of Boy Scouts, his heart would indeed have rejoiced.

Some three years ago a dozen boys were gathered together by General, now Sir Robert, Baden Powell, and taught the arts of scouting and woodcraft and the simple principles of chivalry. On Tuesday His Majesty had under review a force of thirty-five thousand, and these only a fraction of the whole number of boys who are now voluntarily and enthusiastically undergoing the discipline of a magnificently ordered system. Nothing in our modern life is more remarkable than the astonishing growth of this movement for reviving the tradition of chivalry in a form adapted to present day conditions, and enforcing the ideals of courage, obedience, service, honour, cheerfulness, courtesy and kindness.

The creation of this system was a real work of genius, and, if the movement continues to spread at the rate of advance to which it has already attained, we shall have a transformed society. We shall have a nation of gentlemen yet. All of us have known from instances rarer than they might be the charm of boyhood; it is no new discovery. But to make it possible for those instances to be common is a marvellous achievement, but this is what the Boy Scouts movement is in a fair way of achieving."

FASHIONS

A fashion authority says:—The new skirt is to be straight and narrow but not the "hobble."

The new coats will be three-quarter length. Fringe is to be widely worn. All the tailor suits and any gowns which will permit of it will be thus trimmed.

All the waists are still high, quite as high in fact, as they ever were.

Among the new materials, of which there are many, are fancy velvets that look like corduroys.

The harem skirt is now admitted to be a complete failure. Even Poiret, who invented them, no longer attempts to make them up.

Most of the sleeves are elbow length.

FANCY DROP CAKES.

Almond macaroons are made by beating the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, then stirring in half a pound of confectioner's sugar and the strained juice of half a lemon and last half a pound of ground almonds. Put paper on a flat baking sheet, drop the mixture on by teaspoonfuls and bake in a quick oven until a light brown.

Little German caraway cakes are made by mixing two cups of flour a cup of butter, a cup and a half of sugar, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of rosewater and half a cup of caraway seed. Drop in baking sheet and bake in a slow oven from twenty minutes to half an hour.

A moist blutner will be much more effective than a dry one for removing ink spots from fabrics. If repeatedly applied it will frequently take out the entire spot.

A well-known Des Moines woman, after suffering miserably for two days from bowel complaint, was cured by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, all dealers.

PURIFIED HIS BLOOD

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills Healed Mr. Wilson's Sores

When the sewers of the body—bowels, kidneys and skin ducts—get clogged up, the blood quickly becomes impure and frequently sores break out over the body. The way to heal them, as Mr. Richard Wilson, who lives near London, Ont., found, is to purify the blood. He writes:

"For some time I had been in a low, depressed condition. My appetite left me and I soon began to suffer from indigestion. Quite a number of small sores and blotches formed all over my skin. I tried medicine for the blood and used many kinds of ointments, but without satisfactory results. What was wanted was a thorough cleansing of the blood, and I looked about in vain for some medicine that would accomplish this. At last Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills were brought to my notice, and they are one of the most wonderful medicines I have ever known. My blood was purified in a very short time, sores healed up, my indigestion vanished. They always have a place in my home and are looked upon as the family remedy."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cleanse the system thoroughly. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box.

The Prohibition of Pelagic Sealing in Behring Sea

If the London Market is Taken Away as Dispatches Indicate Our Vessels' Calling is Gone.

The announcement that, by the treaty signed at Washington, pelagic sealing is to be prohibited, was read with keen interest by many in this city, says the Halifax Herald.

Halifax is more deeply interested in the pelagic seal fisheries than any other port of the British Empire. England is only interested in so far as that country buys, cures and sells the seal.

Halifax capital fits out the vessels and Halifax hunters catch them.

The signing of the treaty therefore wipes out important Halifax industry off the face of the waters.

Nearly one million dollars of Halifax money is annually invested in the enterprise. About one hundred and fifty men are employed as sailors, boat steersmen and hunters.

THE MARKET MAY BE GONE

By the terms of the treaty as set forth in the Washington dispatch the vessels cannot again go after the seals. They will have to be used in other lines of trade and the men who have made seal hunting a special line of livelihood will have to seek employment in other lines.

British Columbia is interested in the seal business and during the past year South African capitalists have been dabbling in the business. No other British possession sends out vessels.

Halifax will be the greatest loser. A fleet of seven vessels sails each spring for the far-away islands to hunt the seal. After a trip of about nine months they return home. Several of them returned recently.

DEADLY MONOTONY

Aunt Sophy lives ten miles from a railroad. The hill farm to which she went when she was married, thirty years ago, slopes up from a beautiful lake, and the western horizon is set about with a noble range of mountains. But the nearest town is two hours' drive away, with the safe farm horse.

Aunt Sophy has been spending a fortnight in New York with her niece. She has been taken to hear good music, to see some great pictures, and to worship in stately churches, and to walk up the famous Fifth Avenue and look at the men and women who, to use Aunt Sophy's generous phrase, "have the advantage of life in the city."

Now that Aunt Sophy is at home again, she expresses herself vigorously about the two ways of living, as exemplified by her niece and herself. What she complains of in New York life is its monotony.

"It seems to be the same thing right over and over again," says Aunt Sophy. "The streets and the shows and the food and the talk are all dressed a little different each day; but they are really just the same. Now I've been watching the sun set behind the mountains night after night for thirty years, and there have never been two sunsets alike. In New York the sun goes down into a heap of smoke every night, and that's the end of it."

"As for the coming of spring, summer, autumn and winter, they are as different at home, year by year as the hats of 1911 are from the bonnets of 1860. The particular shade of pink in the blossoms of the apple tree hasn't been three times the same in fifteen years. It is certainly a comfort to get home, where there isn't so much deadening sameness. I should soon want a change if I lived in New York—just as all the New Yorkers do."

So it appears that there is everything in the point of view—even when the point of view is ten miles from a railroad.—Youth's Companion

Human Mothers and Children Have Value To The Country

The government is very much excited when any disease breaks out among the sows that produce the little pigs. There are swift manuevers of relief, generous spending of money, careful quarantine, that other cows and other little pigs may not suffer. Remedies are supplied, information given, special sow doctors are sent from Washington at government expense. No sow or cow need lie neglected with helpless pigs or calves beside her.

It is not so with human mothers. Infantile paralysis may carry on their children, consumption may—and does—carry the mothers and children away by the tens of thousands yearly. The government of the United States says, "That is not my business. I am a fatherly government to cows and sows, for four-legged but not for two-legged mothers."

Don't you think it would be reasonable to ask the government to show in the mothers of human children the same interest that the government now shows in the mothers of calves and pigs? It is an excellent thing, of course, that the animals should be taken care of, and that the wealth of the nation should be increased by wise investigation of animal disease, and by all possible help to the farmers.

But while it is true that a human child, unlike the child of Chief Joseph, cannot be sold for three thousand dollars, and while it is true that a group of human children cannot be changed into cash in the market place, like a litter of pigs—yet the children have some value, surely.

The prosperity of the country is really produced by human beings, not by cows and sows and horses. The farmer at the head of the farm is the man to whom the nation owes its agricultural wealth. The man at the head of the factory, the man with the tool in his hand are wealth producers. They have their value.

The mothers make all of these children that become creators of wealth. Leaving out decency and the various religious beliefs that are supposed to be entertained in this country, wouldn't it be even a paying investment if the government of the United States should interest itself in human mothers and their children?

It is suggested now that there should be established a bureau of health, to be entertained in this country, wouldn't it be even a paying investment if the government of the United States should interest itself in human mothers and their children?

No more important suggestion has been made in this country since the government was established.—Boston American.

OUR HABITS: GOOD OR BAD

All men are slaves to habit—see that your habits are good masters. As you walk today, you walk tomorrow. As you perform your daily task now, you will be performing it next week. As you think now, you will continue to think—yet you may not hold the same views, but you will reach your conclusions in the same manner. The boy who is left-handed in his youth is left-handed in his old age. He who dallies, shrinks or slights his work now is likely to keep on in his shiftness way until the end.

When you learned to take your first steps and began to look out for yourself, your habits began to form. If you are old they are irrevocably fixed. If you are young, there is still time to break the bad habits and more firmly fix the good ones.

The wrinkle in your coat sleeve at the elbow deepens from day to day. Unless you correct the tendency by frequent pressing, the wrinkle becomes permanent. That's habit.

Mental habits are even harder to change than physical ones. The habit of jumping at conclusions is well-nigh incurable. The habit of dismissing difficult problems without thought as almost as hopeless. A taste for trashy or unclear reading matter is only another evil habit. Lack of application to the task in hand, shirking and neglect are habits that grow stronger daily.

So, too, on the opposite side, method is the best and strongest of all habits because it enables one to perform many things perfunctorily without undue expenditure of nervous energy. The habit of being prompt in all things relieves one of a world of troubles and makes easy that which has been difficult. Habits of clean thought, of quick thought, of accuracy, of sureness of touch—all these simplify life and made the human brain and body a compact, harmonious machine.

As you will readily see, you cannot not escape habit. You are bound to it by an unbreakable natural law. It is inevitable that you do certain things always in certain ways, and highly desirable that you do so. The only question is, shall your habits be good or bad? Shall you fit yourself into a groove of method, cleanliness and efficiency, or shall you choose to be careless, unclear and incompetent?

Men are made or broken by their habits. To habit all men are slaves. See that your habits are good masters.—Uncle Gav.

Canada Honors Heroine.

Monument Unveiled in Memory of Laura Secord, Whose Bravery at Beaver Dams Enabled Canadian Troops to Prevent Invasion by Americans at Queenston.

At St. Catharines, Ontario, on July fifth of this year, Sir George Ross unveiled the monument on Queenston Heights, in memory of Laura Secord, the heroic Canadian who a hundred years ago, risked her life to save her country from the American invaders. Mr. J. W. Langmuir officially received the monument on behalf of the Victoria Park Commission, in whose possession it will remain forever. An interesting participant in the unveiling ceremonies was Mrs. Coburn, of Winnipeg, a granddaughter of Laura Secord.

It was on July 14, 1813, that Laura Secord made the courageous trip to warn the British General Fitzgibbon at Beaverdams that the Americans contemplated a surprise attack on his position. The American general in command of the United States troops and another officer were billeted at the Secord home in Queenston, and on the day in question, Laura Secord and her husband heard the two officers talking at dinner, boasting of what they intended to do. Both were under the influence of liquor.

"If we get Beaverdams we'll have all of Upper Canada," the Secords heard the American general remark. Secord was too ill to leave his bed, so his wife said she would creep out and go to some relatives at St. David's, a couple of miles distant, and some of the men could go and warn the British.

Mrs. Secord took her niece with her but when they got to St. David's they found the place deserted. The people had fled, fearing the Americans were coming. Laura Secord saw nothing to do but go on and warn Gen. Fitzgibbon herself. Her niece's feet had become so sore that she had to be left behind, and Mrs. Secord set out alone on the dangerous mission. The forests were overrun with guerrilla bands and bad Indians, and the risk she ran can better be imagined than described. At one place she was compelled to creep across a creek on a log. Reaching Shipman's Corners, now the city of St. Catharines, she took off her shoes to bathe her aching feet in a stream. They were so swollen that she was unable to get them on again, and she was perforce compelled to make the rest of the journey to Thorold on foot, carrying her shoes over her shoulders.

Near Thorold she had the good luck to encounter a band of friendly Indians, who cared for her until Gen. Fitzgibbon came along opportunely, and she told him about the contented surprise attack of the Americans. This put Fitzgibbon on his guard, and he was able to repulse the attack when it came, and thus save Upper Canada. During her whole trip of thirteen miles, Laura Secord did not meet an American soldier.

REAL ESTATE

House For Sale

The undersigned offers modern house for sale. Situated on the corner of Rink and School Streets. House contains eight rooms and an excellent bathroom, double parlors with a good tile grate, large scullery with set tubs, large pantry with china closet. Hall finished in oak, hardwood floors, Good large attic, clothes presses in all bedrooms. Wired for electric light, Good cellar with concrete floor, outside cellar-way, hot air furnace.

This house is only three years old. A snap for anyone wanting a good home. A good garden in connection.

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Residence of Harry J. Crowe, situated on Granville St. opposite the Baptist Church.

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