

Railway & S. S. Lines

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

AND Steamship Lines TO St. John via Digby AND Boston via Yarmouth "Land of Evangelists" Route.

On and after November 9th, 1912 train service of this railway is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Express for Yarmouth 12.04 p.m., Express for Halifax 2.00 p.m., Accom. for Halifax 7.50 a.m., Accom. for Yarmouth 5.50 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.50 a.m. 5.35 p.m. and 7.45 a.m. and from Truro at 6.50 a.m. 1.20 p.m. and 12.45 noon connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

S.S. "YARMOUTH"

leaves St. John, daily except Sunday at 7.00 a.m., returning, leaves Digby at 1.55 p.m. making connection at Digby with express trains east and west and at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Western points.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co. sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival Express train from Halifax and Truro on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

P. GIPKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD

STEAMSHIP LINERS

LONDON, HALIFAX & ST. JOHN, N. B. SERVICE.

Table with 4 columns: From London, From Halifax, Steamer, and Dates. Dec. 7th - Shenandoah Jan. 4, Dec. 22nd - Rappahannock Jan. 17, Jan. 3rd - Durango, Jan. 19th - Kanawha Jan. 31

From Liverpool, From Halifax

Table with 4 columns: Steamer, Dates, and Destinations. Jan. 1st - Almeriana Jan. 21, Jan. 15th - Tabasco Feb. 4

FURNESS WITBY & CO., LTD., Agents, Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with 4 columns: Accon. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect October 7th, 1912, Accon. Mon. & Fri., Stations. Read down: 11.30 Lv. Middleton A.R. 16.25, 12.01 \*Clarence 15.54, 12.59 Bridgetown 15.38, 12.50 \*Granville Centre 15.07, 13.07 Granville Ferry 14.50, 13.26 \*Karsdale 14.34, 13.45 A.R. Port Wade L.V. 14.10

Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal. CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL P.O.N'S ON H. & S.W.R.Y. NOD. A.R.Y.

P. MOONEY General Freight and Passenger Agent.

Bear River

Bear River, Jan. 8.—On Wednesday last Mr. I. J. Dunn met with a painful accident. While using the planer his thumb and finger came in contact with the joiner and were badly cut.

There are a number of cases of scarlet fever at Victory Settlement, a little child of Doris Huey having died with the disease.

Miss Hazel Harris and Viola Rice left for Boston on Saturday last where they will take a course in a Business College.

Sch. Valdare arrived from Boston on Friday last, this being her last trip for the season.

Mr. T. G. Bishop, Lawrencetown, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Croscup, for a few days last week.

Mr. LeMert Daniel returned to his duties at Dalhousie on Saturday last. Mr. Earl Phinney, after spending his holidays at home, returned to Halifax on Saturday to resume his studies at Dalhousie.

Miss Arnie Clarke returned to Sackville on Monday to resume her studies.

Mr. Geo. Alexander, who has been visiting his grandmother, Mrs. J. Vroom, returned to Sackville on Monday.

S.S. Bear River arrived from Port John on Saturday last, sailing on that port again on Wednesday.

Oakdene schools opened on Monday. Miss Harriet Wade and sister, Miss M. Iam are spending the week in Greenville.

The Baptist and Methodist churches are holding united meetings this week. Mr. Richard Clarke and Miss Ruth Reade returned to Wolfville on Saturday to resume their studies at Acadia.

We are sorry to hear that Oakdene school is to lose one of its popular teachers. Through illness at home, Miss Walker, teacher of the preparatory department, has been compelled to give up her school duties and return home. This means that the section will lose a good and efficient teacher.

Miss Jennie Phinney, who has been visiting friends in Kentville, returned on Monday and resumed her teaching on Tuesday.

Mr. W. H. Smith was in town on Monday in the interest of his firm.

Port Wade

Port Wade, Jan. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood returned last Friday to their home at Port George.

Mrs. Thomas Wood, of Annapolis Royal, has been visiting friends here through the holidays.

Miss Jennie and Ralph Apt. visited at Annapolis last week.

The severe storm of Saturday was such as to defy the boatmen of the Ferry to reach the Port Wade at her mooring, consequently there was no trip to Digby.

Misses Lena Keans and Helen Snow went away to their respective schools at Springfield and Port George East, last Friday.

On New Year Eve the ladies of the Baptist church held a 10c. tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Hayden. A good time and collector of \$6.50 was the result.

People of this vicinity are trying in vain to get their wood cut in the woods, for there are only two fine days per week.

West Paradise

West Paradise, Jan. 8.—Our relatives and friends from abroad, who have been spending the Christmas holidays in this vicinity, have all returned to their respective homes.

We noticed among the Hampton items of last week's issue of the Monitor, an account of a cactus, owned by Mrs. John Titus, on which was counted one hundred blossoms. This no doubt, is a fine specimen and hard to find its equal. We are proud to say that we have one in this vicinity, owned by Mrs. A. T. Morse, on which was counted one hundred and thirty large, beautiful blossoms. The "flowers of Paradise" are hard to beat.

The weather of 1913, so far, beats anything recorded before. The number "13" being an unlucky one may have something to do with it. However, we hope that it may not prove so in our business affairs, but be the most successful year of our lives.

Our school teacher, Miss Florence Longmire, has arrived and taken up her duties again, with a full attendance of scholars, imparting to them the useful knowledge that shall make of them intelligent men and women of the future.

Misard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Parker's Cove

Parker's Cove, Jan. 8.—A memorial service was preached in the Methodist church last Sunday, by the Rev. Mr. Davis, for Mr. Stewart Robinson, son of Mr. Daniel Robinson, of this place. Stewart was one of the victims of the drowning accident which occurred on board of the Sch. Dorothy M. Smart, commanded by Capt. Arthur Longmire, of Yarmouth. Stewart is survived by father, four brothers and three sisters to mourn the loss of a son and brother. His mother pre-deceased him several years ago.

Mrs. Judson and Mrs. Chas. Longmire, of Hillsburn, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David Milner on Jan. the 2nd.

Mr. Eugene Robinson took a load of fresh haddock to Digby in his motor boat today, for D. and O. Sprout.

The boatmen landed a nice lot of fish, Jan. 2nd—the best ones of the season.

The Misses Cora and Abbie Longmire, of Hillsburn, spent the week end with their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. David Milner.

Mrs. Dinah Campbell was home for a few days quite recently to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hutton.

Miss Etienne Cayton, of Young's Cove, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Curtis Halliday, over Sunday. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Archie McFarvey on the arrival of a little stranger on Dec. 29th.

Miss Minnie Weir has returned from Bridgetown, where she has been for the past summer and fall.

Inglesville

Inglesville, Jan. 7th.—Miss Gladys Mailman, of Albany, spent a few days last week the guest of her friend, Miss May Naugler.

Miss Flossie Young, of Lake Pleasant, spent the Christmas holidays with her friend, Miss Mildred Beals.

Mr. Stanley Whitman has returned from Massachusetts, where he has been for some time.

Mrs. L. M. Beals, who has been ill with la grippe, is convalescing.

Mr. Andrew Hatt has sold his place to Mr. Asa Beals, of Lawrencetown, but will remain here during the winter.

The W. M. A. S. will meet at the home of Mrs. R. P. Best, on the afternoon of the 9th. A lesson given each meeting from "China's New Day."

Mr. Arch Beals, who has been laid by with a sore hand, is around again.

Mr. Vernon Beals spent a few days with friends at Springfield last week. Deacon E. R. Whitman and wife spent Monday with their son, Frank Whitman, at Lawrencetown.

Miss Viola McGill, who has been quite ill for several weeks, is improving.

Mr. John Naugler has gone to East Dalhousie, in the employ of Mr. H. Harnish.

Clarence

Clarence, Jan. 8.—The holiday season brought the following home to enjoy the festive board: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Banks, Samuel Williams, of Halifax, Mrs. E. C. VanTassel, of Digby, Dr. T. A. Crace and family, of Middleton, Deacon H. D. Woodbury and family of Kingston, Miss Primrose Elliott, of Annapolis.

The W. M. A. S. held their annual service on the evening of the 29th. Readings were given by various members. Also two excellent papers entitled "Ye are the Light of the World" by Miss Emma Jackson, and one on "Gratitude," by Mrs. L. W. Elliott. On the 16th inst. the Society intends to celebrate its 40th anniversary in the church. An excellent program is being prepared for the occasion.

Our teachers and students have all returned to their work.

Councillor Fitch recently made a trip to St. John.

Mrs. Susan Norton of Granville Ferry, is visiting friends here.

Arnold Burdige, who has been with his sister, Mrs. N. B. Foster, for some time, has purchased a farm at Granville Ferry.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., Ltd.

Gentlemen.—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON

The Eyes That See the Titanic.

Two miles deep in the North Atlantic lies what was once the greatest ship in the world. She lies, the great Titanic, with those who were in her when she sank, far beyond the depths that man can reach, and no power, save perhaps a great earthquake, uplifting the bed of the ocean, could bring her again to the eyes of men.

The only eyes that see her are those weird uncanny fishes and strange sea creatures which the eye of man has never beheld, alive or dead, and never will. The pressure of the water is so enormous that we cannot bring many of these fishes alive to the surface. A diamond, released from the unthinkable strain through which it has passed while forming in the blazing furnace, or in the fiery earth, or in a falling meteor, often bursts when brought into the open air; and these fishes freed from the pressure of the water, explode on the ship to which some net may bring them.

One of the denizens of these depths is an ally of our inshore friend the angler fish. The angler fish of shallower water has a tangle above its head decorated with bright filaments which attract its prey; its cousin in the abyss has a row of phosphorescent bulbs at the end of the tangle. These strange natives of the depths have as neighbors grotesque fishes with large mouths and powerful teeth for tearing and grasping, but they are not armed with heavy plates to withstand pressure, as perhaps we might expect; several species have not even scales. They may have large eyes and some have long feelers as well.

Down at the depth in which the Titanic lies all is dark. Not a ray of light reaches beyond 1200 feet, and the Titanic is 9000 feet deeper than that. Some of the fishes, therefore, light the sea with lamps of their own, like a newly discovered octopus that carries an organ of vision which is half lamp, half eye. But here comes a mystery: Some of the fishes which are able to give off phosphorescent light, which can throw a light on to the dark decks of the ship that will be seen no more—are themselves blind. We can only imagine that they light up to attract unwary fishes to them, detecting their presence by sensitive feelers and their beizing them.

All the deep-sea fishes have big mouths and enormous elastic stomachs, so that many of them can swallow fishes actually larger than themselves. This is because the sea life down below is not abundant, and they must make a good deal when they can. Food is constantly raining down from above for the smaller fishes, dead shellfish and plant life, and the fishes needing this form of food have no lamps to attract their meals. As if to make up for this neglect, another fish has a row of lamps on each side which it lights up like a small ocean liner. As we have deep-sea angler fishes, so we have deep-sea devil fishes and deep-sea eels, all of which may be gliding over and through the wreck of the Titanic. They are sea where she is crushed, for the sea cannot crush them.

Their flesh is full of fluid which cannot be compressed. A tablespoonful of water in the flesh of a fish two or three inches long is a better protection against the pressure of the terrible deep sea than the best steel armour.

While these little fish swim in safety, the Titanic must be a tangled mass. Where she lies the pressure of the water is two tons to the square inch. At that depth a thick glass tube, wrapped in flannel and enclosed in a stout copper cylinder, was lit down. When it was withdrawn the copper cylinder had bulged as though gunpowder had been wrecked it, while the glass tube was reduced to powder fine as snow.

The fishes in the abysses will therefore not see a stately beautiful Titanic, but only a crushed and tangled mass of metal. The ship lies in a cemetery of ooze formed by the dead bodies of millions of shellfish and plants, by dust flung from distant volcanoes, or blown from far and sunny deserts, or washed from the coasts of countries far away.

And all around her lies the dust of fallen stars, with a diamond here and there illuminating for an instant under the lamp of some strange fish, a little fragment of the ship which carried nearly 1,500 people to their deaths.—"Children's Magazine."

SKELTON, DEFINED.

A schoolboy definition from America. "What is a skeleton?" was the question. The answer came swiftly: "Bones, with the people rubbed off."

Shiloh The family remedy for Coughs and Colds. Shiloh costs so little and does so much!

Life. What is it?

(Written for the Monitor-Sentinel). How often we hear the questions, "What is Life? What are we here for, and where does it end?"

Shakespeare has said "Life is a dream." When we reach Life's summit, where we will have a broader view, and look down upon the winding path that led us home, it may seem like a dream then, but while living it seems too great a reality to class with dreams.

Just why this old world was made, and people created to fill it, and then suffer and struggle for a living, we cannot tell, and why "Sink the stream of thought into the fathomless. Who asks errs, who answers errs." We are here by God's plans for some Divine purpose, and if we all lived up to the best that is in us, it would indeed be a joy to live, for if we only realized the possibilities and power within us, we could attain to heights above and beyond what we have ever dreamed.

We are so content just to work on the surface and judge so much by the external? How often we misjudge another by thinking them proud or old, because they are quiet or reserved. But some (as you had the power to bring out the best in all they came in contact with had found a soul there which proved to be a mine of great richness. We know the best things of life are hidden deep, and we must dig, as it were, to find them.

One way to get the best out of life is to help others. By doing this we will be helped, for, as the poet says, "Give to the world the best you have and the best will come back to you." Sometimes we look at one who is nearing the sunset of life, and they have such a peaceful look that it almost seems like a benediction. Why is it? Because they have lived not for self, but for others, and as they look down the long aisles of the years that are past, memory's art gallery is full of beautiful pictures, not only of what they have done, but what others have done to brighten their life. They can see the results of a kind word and thoughtful act, of a smile that seemed like a ray of sunshine, of a silent hand-clasp, but the look of love and sympathy that accompanied it, seemed to touch a chord that filled that sorrowful soul with music, and the melody has gone on and on through the years, and who knows where it will end.

I know we grow weary at times, for the way seems so long and rough and steep. Loved ones are taken from us, our hearts are made sad by one whom we thought a friend, but proved otherwise, our acts and words are misunderstood when we had the purest of motives, and then the burden seems greater than we can bear, but in our despair a message comes flashing along the wires of thought, that He who has trodden the path before will surely lead us onward to the goal of victory, and once more we take heart and press on. But down in the depths of our being there seems to flow an undercurrent of sadness. We wonder sometimes why such trials come to us, but just as a sculptor chooses the best pieces of marble for his best work or masterpiece, so the Great Sculptor looks down into your souls, sees what can be wrought from the noblest and finest, and the chisel is used as it were, unceasingly, until the Master is satisfied.

Where this life ends we cannot tell. We come from God, and when life is done, we go out into the vastness—out into the silence of Eternity whose beginning and end we know not. But I hear some one say, "This life ends all." Do they believe it? Can they truly feel: there is not a life beyond this? How can it be when the soul is immortal, for it is the breath of God. And our souls are ever reaching upward and outward with longings that cannot be satisfied. Must all this die with us? No, a thousand times, no. Sometimes in the vast forever our soul longings shall be satisfied, the divine within us will find its home, and our ideals shall be made real. Somewhere beyond the skyline the veil will be lifted, and the dark things shall be made light, and we shall enter into our inheritance.

So the real life is the life of the soul. Do we realize our power? Think of being linked with the Infinite. One by a tie which no earthly power can sever. Surely we should make the life pattern of rare design. Each hour is a strand in the web of life. But what a tangle we make of them sometimes, and at the close of day we feel so discouraged. Then we whisper a prayer which goes winging its way up to the ear of the All-Wise, All-loving Father, and methinks in the night hour, the tangled threads will be straightened, and the design which we tried so hard to do will be made perfect, by the hand of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

A. H.

Something about Pneumonia.

This name is applied to several distinct acute diseases of the lungs, but commonly to that caused by the poison of a particular microbe, the pneumococcus. "Lobar" or croupous pneumonia is so named because it attacks one or both lobes, and involves the whole of the lobe or lobes affected. In "lobular" pneumonia smaller parts of the lung, called lobules, are invaded, and the patches of disease scattered here and there over one or both lobes.

The air-cells of the infected lung become inflamed, and are filled with an exudation of fibrin and blood. Thus the lobe becomes a solid mass, impervious to air. At the same time the poison is absorbed by the blood and causes the symptoms most characteristic of the disease.

Lobar pneumonia begins suddenly, with a severe chill and usually with a sharp pain in the side. Sometimes there are no premonitory symptoms, and the transition from health to serious illness occupies only a few hours. Fever begins with the chill, and quickly attains its full height. It remains high with little variation for several days. The patient's breathing is labored, rapid and shallow. There is an almost constant cough, with an expectoration of thick mucous tinged with blood. The pulse is very rapid.

This condition persists for several days—from three or four to nine or ten—and then, in favorable cases, relief comes almost as suddenly as the disease began. The fever begins to fall rapidly; the breathing becomes easier; the pulse drops nearly to normal; the cough grows less troublesome; the dusky tinge of the face disappears; delirium, if there was any, ceases, and the patient seems almost well. He is not yet well, however, for the lung is still filled, but the system has got the upper hand of the invading germs.

This sudden change, called the "crisis," is the usual turning-point in pneumonia, but often the remission of the symptoms and the return to comfort are more gradual. In many cases, too, the patient succumbs to the poison, and the heart gives way under its burden.

Physicians are divided in their views as to treatment, but all agree on the value of good nursing, quiet, fresh air, and measures to sustain the heart in its struggle. Some hospitals keep their pneumonia patients on the roof, well covered and protected from rain and snow. That seems heroic treatment, but they get well.

A Simple Treatment That Will Make Hair Grow Now Sold in Canada

Every up-to-date woman should have radiant hair. There are thousands of women with harsh, faded, characterless hair, who do not try to improve it. In England and Paris women take pride in having beautiful hair. Every Canadian woman can have lustrous and luxuriant hair by using SALVIA, the Great American Sage Hair Tonic. Every reader of The Monitor can have an attractive head of hair in a few weeks by using SALVIA. All first-class druggists sell a large bottle for fifty cents, and guarantee it to banish dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in ten days, or money back. SALVIA is a beautiful, pleasant, non-sticky Hair Tonic.

SAW HIS FOUR SONS DROWN.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 3.—Daniel Kahler, of Croghan, near here, was on his way to join his four boys skating on Beaver River yesterday, when he heard cries for help and ran to the bank in time to see his four sons, between seven and sixteen years of age, through the ice and drown.

While a considerable distance from the river he saw two of the boys go through an ice hole which they had been trying to avoid when he heard their cries for aid. A moment later the two remaining boys plunged through the ice in an effort to save their brothers. Kahler ran out on the ice and leaped into the water where the ice had broken, and would have lost his own life had not another boy shoved a plank out to him.

Biliousness

is certainly one of the most disagreeable ailments which flesh is heir to. Costed tongue—bitter taste in the mouth—nausea—dizziness—these combine to make life a burden. The cause is a disordered liver—the cure Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They go straight to the root of the trouble, put the liver right, cleanse the stomach and bowels, clear the tongue and take away the bitter taste from the mouth. At the first sign of biliousness take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

First in Equipment

means we have 75 typewriters of which 45 are brand new ones. No where in Eastern Canada can you find equal opportunity to become an expert operator. All our other appointments are on a par with this department. Send for free booklet to

Maritime Business College Halifax, N. S. E. Kaulbach, C. A. PRINCIPAL

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A LARGE QUANTITY OF HIDES, PELTS, CALF SKINS & TALLOW

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YOU WILL GET Good Printing

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The Monitor Press.

BRIDGETOWN



Find the Finder

If you found a purse your first impulse would be to look in the "Lost and Found" columns of our paper. If you have lost a purse don't you think the finder would do the same. If you wish to find the finder use our Classified Want Ads.

EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING

From my books I learn that out of 1000 watches repaired in my establishment last year there were less than 5 per cent. of these returned for adjustment. This is a fact worth remembering when your watch needs attention. My jewelry and clock repairs give excellent satisfaction.

ROSS A. BISHOP Lockett Block.

"Lustre Loom" Underskirts. Feather light. Silken bright, Fashion's height and Prices right.