Only 10 Days Left

TO DO YOUR

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

AS usual we have a well assorted stock in our different departments and hope to be favored again with your esteemed patronage. Whilst prices are soaring, yet by placing our orders early, buying direct for cash, YOUR DOLLAR WILL GO AS FAR IN VERY MANY CASES AS LAST YEAR. Considering the great advance in all farm produce, we should have no kick coming.

You can see by the following that we are selling about the same as last Christmas.

14 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	$1.00	2 cans Tomatoes - -	30c
Molasses, extra fancy, per gallon	.58	3 packages Spices - -	25c
2 lbs. Choice Seeded Raisins	.25	3 cans Corn - - -	25c
5 lbs. Choice Onions - -	.25	all Spices, per quarter -	10c

On our counters you will find Cups and Saucers direct from Japan for 10, 15, 18, 20 and 25c

We have not forgotten the little folks and have tables loaded dowa with presents from 10c up

IN OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

you can find useful presents for each member of the family. What about a Suit of Clothes or an Overcoat? Do you know we can supply you with either, made from clothes that were manufactured before the war and at the old price? We can save you $5.00 on a Suit of Clothes and give you better quality than can be purchased in the open market to.day. Why not look them over. No trouble to show the goods.

WE WANT ALL KINDS OF PRODUCE. Will pay for strictly fresh laid Eggs 45c per dozen. Print Butter 40c per lb. Yellow Eye Beans $6.00 per bushel.

We have an order placed for Calendars and hope to have one for each of our customers.

Wishing you the Compliments of the Season, we are,

Yours very truly,

SHAFFNERS LIMITED

P. S. Our long looked for car of Flour and Feed arrived last week, and have two cars on the way. S.Ltd

In selecting your Christmas Gifts

GO TO THE

LAWRENCETOWN DRUG STORE

where you will find a good line of Books for Boys and Girls and the "grown-ups" as well, by Gilbert Parker and other popular authors. **Boys' Books for 25c.**

We take subscriptions for all the standard Magazines.
These make most acceptable Christmas Gifts

Christmas Stationery, Cards and Booklets
Nyal's Chocolates in bulk and boxes
Xmas Candies, Perfumes and Soap

Holly Boxes and all kinds of Decorations for the Xmas Tree

REMEMBER THE PLACE

Lawrencetown Drug Store

CHRISTMAS POULTRY

THAT MAKES POETRY

Don't forget the Old Middleton Meat Market, where is the best assortment of:—

Turkeys young and Turkeys cold,
And good fat Geese that are not old;
Our dear little Dackies will take your eye,
And the Chickens that hopped around so spry:
Good mother Hens will sell for less,
The prices are right you will confess;
We have nice Fresh Pork, Beef and Lamb,
Fresh Canned Goods, Bacon and Ham;
All goods delivered on the spot,
May a Merry Christmas be you lot.

J. H. CHARLTON & CO. - - Phone 8

HAZARD AMONG THE CAGES

Some of the Perils Met by Keepers of Wild Animals

(By Walter K. Putney in Onward)

We have all been to the menagerie. We see the animals handled in an apparently hap-hazard manner of bravado, and yet one cannot help noticing the underlying care that is used. With all their rough appearance circus-trainers have to keep their ears, eyes, and all their senses alert.

Animals in captivity are the most sentitive, and have the longest memories for recalling and avenging wrongs when they are within the confines of the circus. Often what appears to the spectators as treachery on the part of an animal under exhibition—is nothing in the world but revenge on the part of the incorrigible scamp."

The cat family is, as one would guess, the most dangerous to deal with. Quiet, quick, fearless when confronting danger, the feline is a veritable tempest. A blow at the wrong time, a prod of a feeding-iron, even a slight or omitted favor, will turn friendship to bitterest hatred.

A story is told of one of the bears in the New York Zoological Park which had been under the same trainer since he was a cub unweaned. This bear was a beauty, a perfect specimen of a Rocky Mountain grizzly, and up to the time of the tragedy had never shown the least symptom of becoming bad.

One day, however, the trainer, somewhat in a hurry, passed by his pupil without the customary caressing pat When the bear's cue came to do his turn, he refused to get up on his big ball and stand on one leg. As his trainer approached in a coaxing way to urge him to do his turn, he slipped— a fatal error; and in an instant the bear was upon him, crushing out the life of his former friend so that the latter died a short time afterward.

Another tale comes to us of a bear that was being shown at a colliery town. Before the eyes of a mob of excited and partly intoxicated rough coal miners a trainer named Daniels was "worried" to death by "Shabby," a heretofore docile animal. The cause of it was a slip and a fall within the bear's cage. A frost had left the ground soggy when trampled upon by the crowd, and Daniels' shoes became slippery. He fell, and before he could arise Shaggy had shaken him like a dog.

And yet it had not been two years since this same bear killed a striped hyena that had attacked his trainer. Nobody could explain this sudden change of heart on bruin's part except that the bear probably thought that his trainer should have protected him from the insults, proddings and plague of the riotous crowd, and therefore held him acountable for loss of sleep and consequent ill temper.

One of the saddest mistakes ever made was that by a young doctor who accidentally entered a hyenas' den in the winter quarters of the circus at Bridgeport, Conn. This doctor was very anxious over the condition of a young lion cub which he was treating. Being late one night and in a hurry, he thought that he would visit his charge. So he took a lantern, and entered the wrong cage. No sooner had he stepped inside than he realized that something was wrong. Here he made his second mistake. Instead of backing out of the door, as he could have done, he turned and made a run for it. In an instant the hyenas were at him. Hyenas always strike low. They seek to pull down their prey, for they are rank cowards, and dare not face a standing enemy.

The doctor yelled for help, and suffered tortures while the night men ran to his assistance. His legs, arms, hands, and ankles were badly torn; but he should have been thankful that he had not entered a panther's cage.

One would hardly expect a bird to come within the classification of dangerous animals, but a case is on record where a severe punishment was given a keeper who carelessly pricked a crabbed old ostrich with a fork with which he was sprinkling straw in the cage. Like a shot down came the bird, and his claws ripped open shirt, undershirt, skin and flesh clear to the bone. Had those vicious claws struck two inches farther down, the man would have been disembowelled An ostrich is a very heavy bird. This one weighed nearly three hundred pounds; and, when the man fell prostrate, it tried to pound the life out of him by jumping up and down on his body.

We hear more about the destructive work of the elephant than that of any other animal. Here is a beast that goes crazy. He is actually likely at any time to go wild and rave, tearing to atoms things and persons within reach. Yet nine times out of ten it is some carelessness that is the cause. A thoughtless tweak of the trunk, playfully though it may be intended, something not good to eat given in a spirit of joke, a harsh word, or a cruel blow, may cause an elephant to start on a rampage. Then beware! When it is least expected, the great beast does the damage. Mandarin, one of the show elephants of Barnum and Bailey's circus, once went wild just as he was about to go through his act of stepping over a prostrate man. The elephant killed the man on the ground with one step on his chest, and then ran his tusks through and through the man, broke loose, and killed a mule by breaking its back with a single blow of his trunk, and smashed a hyenas' cage as a side line.

Careless tying of a rhinoceros in Central Park menagerie came near causing the death of the keeper, who was forking over the straw in her stall. A slip of a knot, and the rhinoceros headed off the keeper from exit by means of the door. By an almost superhuman leap the man caught the top of the eight-foot wall, and drew himself up, just as her horned snout ripped up overalls, uniform leg and drawers clear to the waist. The happy part of it was that the keeper did not sustain even a scratch, but doubtless would not care to run the same risk again.

The camel is generally considered the most docile of beasts; yet in the Adam Forepaugh circus one of these creatures, maddened by abuse by the careless handling of a saddle where her back was half-scabbed, became so vicious that she had to be muzzled, and was allowed on the street only when accompanied by an elephant on each side to keep her within bounds.

And so one might go on, telling tale after tale of harm and death cause: by nothing else in the wide, wide world but some mistake that often is not discovered until too late, because it is so trivial.

Animals are not our enemies until we make them so; then look out! "I didn't mean to do that," can never be said to a friendly beast, for he wouldn't understand it that way if he could understand your language.—Christian Endeavor World.

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN—IT'S YOU

If you want to live in the kind of a town,
Like the kind of a town you'd like,
You don't need to slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long long hike.
You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town,
It isn't your town—it's you.

Real towns aren't made by men afraid
Lest someone else gets ahead.
When everyone works, and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbors can make one too,
Your town will be what you want to see.
It isn't your town—it's you.

JAPANESE TEA CULTURE

(By Kate Thompson Connolly in Onward)

Because the beverage known as tea is used by at least half the population of the world, it is perhaps not uninteresting to study something of the growth and manufacture of the tea plant. Outside of India, where practically all the tea shipped is black, probably the largest tea country is Japan; and in Japan, the largest tea-growing district is that of Shidzuoka in the middle south.

Going through the country in Japan the first thing that strikes one is the thrift of the people, as evidenced in the cultivation of almost every inch of available land. On the low lands rice is, of course, everywhere, but on the sides of the hills, and even on the mountains, there are orange groves and tea gardens in great numbers.

The tea plants are rounded in shape—great collections of dark green, inanimate beehives. They grow as high as five feet, but are usually not so tall. The plant must be three years old before its leaves are fit for picking.

In spring and early summer—during the latter part of May and the first of June—the young leaves of the tea plant begin to sprout, and every man, woman and child turns out to pick the first crop, which is by far the best of any gathered. Later on in the summer there is a second picking, and in September a third, but both of these are of a very inferior quality. However, little, it is said, of the first crop tea finds its way to this side of the water. We are not willing to pay the price. Japanese middle class families think nothing of paying seven yen ($3.50) a pound for their choicest teas, so no wonder little of that grade journeys abroad.

In the district of Shidzuoka over 60,000 families are engaged in the cultivation of tea; and it is generally conceded that this is the reason of the air of prosperity throughout the province. In purely agricultural parts the poverty is intense; the bare necessities of life are lacking, and the position of the women is deplorable; but so much of the work of picking and drying the leaves of the tea plant depends on the women that in tea districts they are quite independent, and not at all the meek, overridden slaves of their lords and masters that they are in communities where only farming is done.

Before the tea is taken to the factory the natives dry the leaves in a primitive way of their own, by shaking them in shallow straw baskets in the sun or over the fire.

The difference in the color of green and black tea is not due to the different kinds of plant, as so many people think, nor yet does the black tea get its color from being dried in iron kettles, as some perfectly reliable school book of my youth positively stated; but it is due to the difference in the way the teas are manufactured. The same plant may be made to produce several grades of both green and black tea, by grading and by different ways of manufacture. The color of the green tea is entirely due to the rapid drying of the fresh leaves which prevents the chlorophyll in them from undergoing any change. The leaves are not allowed to wither, but as soon as they are gathered they are put over a hot fire and sweated and softened for rolling. After being rolled, they are put in a hot pan, beaten, and let stand over night. Next day they are fired, beginning at an intense heat and gradually lessening.

Gren tea is the most commonly used, and is shipped in the largest quantities to the United States and Canada. In Japan it is presented to you on all occasions—whether you are making a social call or getting a shave. You are no sooner seated than a slip-slap-sandalled servant comes shuffling in with her tray of tea; and although at first it is like drinking poison, curiously enough, after a short time one grows very fond of the taste of the clear, green beverage—for neither cream nor sugar is ever used for "trimmings."

There is a ceremonial method of pouring tea which is as old as the country itself, and school girls spend many years trying to learn just how to hold the earthen cups and how to pass them. To a foreigner it seems inexpressibly tiresome and silly, but as one writer has said, "The old-fashioned Japanese warrior had an almost veneration for the ceremony. During it he was taught always to be on the alert and ready to spring to arms at a moment's notice. It was like the Passover, to be taken 'with loins girded' and 'with staff in your hand.'"

From May to September the busiest places in Shidzuoka and other tea districts are the tea factories. Until very recently, most of the curing of the tea was done entirely by hand; but lately a Japanese gentleman, Mr. Harazzaki, has invented several machines for the curing and firing of the leaves, and so has done away with the exclusive hand culture, which has always been the rule in Japan.

Girls and women are employed in the packing rooms, for their fingers seem to be more deft than the men's. Great precaution is taken in buying the raw leaves. Expert tasters come from America, and work in collaboration with Japanese specialists to choose the best of what the farmers bring in, and to grade it all properly. The utmost care must be taken in the packing also, for if the least bit of dampness gets into a chest, a mouldy flavor permeates the whole, and the tea is ruined. One of the queer things about tea is that it seems to absorb the perfume of any odoroferous flower that is near—such as orange or cherry flowers—and have its own odor completely changed. Altogether, a tea factory in summer is about the most interesting place in Japan to visit.

THE EMPEROR'S TABLECLOTH

The mighty Emperor Charlemagne sat one day in the hall of his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, surrounded by his courtiers, when a mysterious visitor was announced.

"Who is he?" asked the Emperor. "And what does he want?"

"He says he is a magician," replied a courtier, "and he wants to see your Majesty. To no one will he tell what his business may be."

"Then he must go as he came," said the Emperor, "for if I see every rogue who comes begging at my doors I shall have time for nought else and the empire will very quickly go to ruin."

The courtier retired, and the Emperor continued to carry on the business of State, giving a command here, receiving a report there.

Presently the courtier returned to say that the mysterious visitor would not be dismissed. He had so far told his business as to say that he wished to present to the Emperor a miraculous piece of cloth such as was to be found nowhere else in the wide world.

"If you will give him audience," continued the courtier, "the miracle may be seen here and now."

"Bring the fellow in," said the Emperor, whose curiosity was aroused; "but woe betide him if he fails to justify his claim!"

Accordingly the self-styled magician was brought into the great hall and led up to the Emperor's seat. His clothing indicated that he came from Italy, and he carried with him a bundle which had an outer covering of silk.

"I have travelled far," said the man to the monarch, "and have learned many mysteries that it is not given to the sons of men to know, except by sore travail. Here beneath this wrapper of silk, is the most wonderful covering that any king ever had upon his board or bed."

"And what is this wonderful covering, the like of which the world has never seen?"

The stranger undid the parcel, and, having turned back the wrapper of silk, exposed to view what appeared to be a piece of canvas, neither brilliant in colour nor unusual in design.

The Emperor laughed boisterously, and his courtiers followed suit.

"A pretty present for the ruler of a mighty empire," said Charlemagne. "But look ye here, Sir Magician; if you do not justify your words so boldly spoken, you shall be taken to the courtyard and there made to feel the lash upon your shoulders and back. Now prove to us that this rag is worthy of a place on my table."

"Sire," said the man, apparently quite unmoved by the Emperor's threatenings, "this cloth is made of salamander's wool and all your Court may try to burn it in the fire, and they shall not succeed."

Again the Emperor laughed uproariously

"We will soon see," said he, 'how much truth there is in this story of yours, Sir Magician."

And, ordering a courtier to put the cloth into the fire burning on the hearth, he watched to see the result.

The cloth was thrown into the fire, the flames enveloped it, and in a moment it was white with the heat.

"Now," said the Emperor, 'draw out the ashes."

And an attendant with a brazen hook obeyed. But they were no ashes that were drawn from the fire. The cloth came out, the light faded from it, and there it lay upon the ground in appearance precisely as before.

The magician continued to stand with stolid expression, but he was the only man unmoved in the great throng. The Emperor rose from his seat, and the courtiers pressed forward to see this wonder. Charlemagne stooped and handled the cloth, and sure enough, although it had been through the fire in the sight of all, it was unhurt nor had a film of the fabric been scorched.

"You are indeed a magician," exclaimed the Emperor, "and this is a miracle. The cloth must truly be made from the wool of the salamander. Often have I heard it said that the creature is born in heat, but I have never believed the story. Now you have proved it to me by this cloth of salamander's wool, which cannot be burned."

Charlemagne ordered his mysterious visitor to receive refreshments and a bag of money, and to be allowed to live in the palace precincts.

The wonderful cloth was used as a covering for the Emperor's table, and whenever it became soiled it was cleansed by being thrown into the fire, when it came out purified and unsinged.

But although the men at the great Emperor's court believed the story of the mysterious visitor, there was no really no magic in the cloth at all. It was woven from asbestos, that fibrous mineral that few people knew in those days, but whose fire-resisting properties have led to its use in various forms in almost all our homes.

QUEEREST LAMPS IN THE WORLD

So accustomed are we to the electric lights and gas that even a lamp seems strange and oldfashioned in these days, and a tallow candle is regarded almost as a curiosity, to be looked at but never used.

But all places are not so well supplied with lights as we are, and in out-of-the way places there are strange things used for lights.

Away up in the northwestern coast of North America the natives have the queerest lamps in the world, so say the wise folks who know about such things. This lamp is nothing more nor less than a lamp by applying a match to his oil that as soon as he gets and is properly 'smoked" he can be lighted as easily as the wick of a kerosene lamp by aplying a match to his mouth:

The candle-fish as this queer living lamp is called, can be very easily caught and as those fish come along the coasts at certain seasons of the year in shoals that number hundreds of thousands, there is no reason why the natives of that section should not have all the light they need and be able to supply their neighbors.

The candle-fish is "combed" out of the shallow water with the great wooden rakes or "combers", which have teeth set close enough together to keep the slim little fish from escaping. Men, women and even little children help in these combing bees, the older people going out some distance from the shore in the boats and driving the fish in. Then the little boys will run into the waves, and with their great combs haul the fish on to the shore by the thousands.

The women and the children dry the little candle-fish, removing the oil from those that are to be used for food and leaving it in the ones that will be used as lamps.

When the little candle-fish is to be used as a lamp, he is fastened by his tail to a block of wood, with his tiny nose sticking straight up. Several other candle-fish are nailed around him if a bright light is wanted. Then a match is applied to each little mouth, and a grand illumination results. So full of oil are the little creatures that they burn brightly, without any smoke, until the very tips of the tails are consumed.—Apples of God.

If you desire to do your Christmas shopping in comfort do it now. All the shops are making extensive displays in holiday goods. If you purchase now you will have the advantage of unhandled articles and you can secure the undivided attention of the sales people, who can aid materially in your selections.

OUR SOLDIER'S MOTHERS

O mothers brave! and true as brave!
With loyal hearts and true,
To fight for Freedom's righteous cause
We raise this song to you;
The God who answers faithful prayers
Will answer yours will answer theirs.

O mothers brave! and true as brave!
Naught nobler heaven can see
Than mother souls that pay the price
Of world-wide liberty.
Perchance the angels up above
Stoop down and wonder at your love.

O mothers brave! your valiant sons
The world can ne'er forget
Nor can the world, with all its wealth,
Repay to you its debt.
'Tis through the lives the mothers give
That Right and Truth outthroned shall live.

O mothers brave! what hopes and fears
Within your bosoms swell!
what high rewards shall yet be yours
Is not in speech to tell.
The hero's bright enduring fame
Sheds lustre on the mother's name.

O mothers brave! in worthy deeds
Your sons will bear their part;
Your hearts and theirs beat warm and true
To Britain's mighty heart
Your noble gifts, by thought unpriced,
Make you and them more one with Christ.

O mothers brave! who hide away
The bitter pangs you feel,
The ache your faithful hearts must know
The Lord above can heal.
But He who died on Calvary
Your Friend and Comforter will be.

PASTOR J. CLARK

Selma, Hants, N. S.

"PRINCE OF ROGUES" AGAIN LOCKED UP

American College Graduate Still at his Old Game of Beating the Law

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 8:—Alonzo J. Whiteman, known as the "Prince of Rogues,' is again behind lock and key. The use of the mails in an attempt to defraud the Amelia State Bank, of Amelia Ohio, is the charge lodged against him.

The police believed they have evidence sufficient to keep him bhind the bars for a long time to come. But they have thought the same thing before many a time, and this king of confidence men has made good his escape from the meshes of the law or from either from the hands of the officers. He is both wily and desperate when brought to bay and stops at nothing.

'Fooled the Pinks'

Whiteman, a college graduate, of excellent family and at one time a man of wealth, has for years been rated as one of the cleverest crooks that ever made bankers feel uneasy for the safety of their money. The Pinkertons wrote a book about him. He has been arrested time after time which prevents him from coming out successful with his tilts with the law.

Whiteman is now about 55 years oid. He was born in Dansville, N. Y. where his father was president of two banks and the owner of several large factories. The son graduated from Hamilton College in 1881, and then entered Columbia law school, from which institution he was graduated with honors. After being admitted to the bar, he went to Duluth, where his father owned large property interests, and rapidly made friends. In 1884 he was nominated for the Minnesota legislature and carried the City of Duluth by the largest majority ever given to any candidate for an elective office at that place. As a member of the legislature he drafted and secured the passage of an election law which was known by his own name and which has served as a model for several states.

At the age of 24 he was elected Mayor of Duluth. Later he was made chairman of the state Democratic committee and was a delegate to the Democratic committee national convention in 1888. The following year he was a unsuccessful candidate for Congress from the Fifth Minnesota district. By this time he had accumulated a fortune of over $1,000,000.

Then came the turning point in his picturesque career. After his wife had secured a separation Whiteman rapidly plunged into a fast life, flinging away his money recklessly and engaging in several very questionable deals. He started to frequent race tracks—not to wager on horse, but with the deliberate intention of swindling bookmakers— and while engaged in this work got in with a set of forgers and cheque raisers who were engaged in the manufacture of counterfeit pool tickets. Within a few months, his legal knowledge and activity made him the leader of this gang, and, although still possessed of a large sum of money, he showed no hesitation in swindling bankers as well as bookmakers. Within a few years his name was a familiar one to the police throughout America and Europe.

Doesn't Stay in Jail

Whiteman has been arrested more than 100 times in the last 25 years, has been indicted probably 20 times, with penalties more than 50 years in the penitentiary, and during all this period has served but two short sentences, one in Chicago and one in New York State.

The man has raised hundreds of cheques from insignificant to large amounts, but has never yet been known by the police to attempt to cash any cheques or drafts himself, always employing for this purpose a man who had no previous criminal record.

Here's 'Nerve'

He is temperate as to liquor, a constant rader of good books, with carries on his criminal work with an utter disregard of consequences, believing himself to be practically immune from punishment. He is a church goer and has been known to attend services while the police of the city he was in at the time were searching for him high and low.

Once, after a conviction in Binghamton, N. Y., he appealed to the courts to suspend sentence, announcing that he was about to begin a series of evangelical services, that the passing of the particular cheque for which he had been arrested was "an error in judgment," and that if he were locked up, his Christian work would be seriously interfered with. The court suspended sentence, and Whiteman actually did start in on an evangelical tour in various small towns of New York State and converted a number of people. It was proved afterward that in the middle of this work he got away with the bank account of a Presbyterian church amounting to over $4,000.

BELGIAN HEROES IN GERMANY

(From Everyman)

When we hear of prisoners of war refusing to work in the mines and munition works in Germany, it is difficult always to realize what that refusal has cost them and the martyrdom that the men are subjected to in order toforce them to yield. The following are one or two of the facts related by Belgian prisoners in the German prison camp of X—. We do not feel justified in giving the name. "These statements," says "Andre Hozay," who was present, and to whom we are indebted for the information, "were made in the camp of X—inZ—before a number of French and Belgian prisoners; among them many advocates, engineers, professors, all anxious to learn the truth and bring it before the public that something might be done to put an end to such outrages."

Although still limping badly— his leg was fractured when he was picked up and taken prisoner—Corporal X—was among those selected on the 26th October, 1915, to go and work in the mines at Dortmund. "When we left the camp," said Corporal X—, "they told us we would not be asked either to go into the mines or to make munitions. It was not till we actually reached Dortmund that we were told we had to work as miners, and although the week before some Russians had been shamefully maltreated to force them to work, we decided to refuse. Next morning they handed us safety lamps and told us to go into the waiting cages. We all refused, and were struck mercilessly in presence of the chief officer in command.

"A German came up to me and held out a lamp. I shock my head. Then he kicked me on the legs and in the stomach. I backed away from him till I reached the wall, when he redoubled his fury. I fell on my knees and he dragged me up by the ears. A sentry tried to make me take a lamp, digging the hook into the flesh of my hands. I was next dragged to the refectory and made stand at attention facing the wall while my two comrades underwent the treatment I had received.

"It was not till the following day they allowed me to see a doctor, and though I was limping painfully they would not allow me a stick to walk with."

A soldier who had lost one eye was sent, in spite of his infirmity, to the mines at Barop.

"I refused to work, and was therefore shut up for a week in a small cellar with thirty of my comrades. We were lying in water. Privation and hardships at last forced us to our way, but after a few days' work I refused point blank to continue, for the coal dust going into my eye hurt it terribly. I was struck, before witnesses, by an officer and three sentries. Several times they picked me up by my arms and legs and flung me on the ground on my back."

These statements, examples taken at random from the long list all in the same strain, need no commentary. "When these facts," says Andre Hozay, "had been made known to the prisoners at X—they all decided with one accord to refuse to leave the camp if ordered—as very often happened—to an unknown destination.

"On the 27th February, 1916, at half-past eight in the morning, sixteen French soldiers ordered to leave the camp 'with a work party' presented themselves in the office of Lieut. M., the German officer in charge of the work in the camp. When the non-commissioned officer ordered them to start they refused and the noise of the altercation brought Lieut. M. to the spot to find out what was the matter. 'We do not refuse to work,' said the prisoners, 'provided that we are not asked to work either in a mine or in a munition factory. We wish to know where we are going.' In reply, the officer ordered the sentries to take away the prisoners 'by force.' And the poor wretches were driven out of the camp with blows and kicks. I was one of the witnesses of this revolting scene. And one of my friends working on the road outside the camp told me he had seen them pass with their clothes in rags and blood on their faces.

"Four days later the same thing happened again. This time eight Russians refused to start, and flung themselves full length on the ground. At a sign from the same officer the sentris flung themselves on them, striking them with the butts of their rifles and dragging them by their arms and legs out of the camp.

"Three of these martyrs had to be brought hurriedly to the camp hospital, where one of them died the same night.

"Next day, when a French adjutant respectfully asked the colonel in command of the camp to put an end to these outrages, the answer was:

"'I can do nothing in the matter. I have received my orders. At any cost the prisoners must be made to obey.'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria...

It is acknowledged that MRS. BURTON'S Teas, Coffees and Cocoas

are superior to any others on the market and having bought pretty largely can sell at a very slight advance of the old price.

5 per cent. of all order of one dollar

She also has

Candies, Biscuits, Cigars, Tobacco

and a lot of other articles too numerous to mention.

Lingard's Cough Balsam is splendid for Bronchitis and Lung trouble.

Lingard's Dyspepsia Cure is a positive cure.

MRS. BURTON
QUEEN STREET

We wish Mrs. Burton every success in her business

Real Estate for Sale

CHOICE BUILDING LOTS

A lot of land situated on the south side of the river at Bridgetown, about three minutes walk from town. Beautifully situated and would make ideal building lots. Sufficient for three lots. Splendid drainage. Will sell whole or in lots. Price very reasonable.

Apply to

3 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

FIRST CLASS FARM

Small farm situated about two and one half miles from Bridgetown. Ten acres of choice tillage land and five acres of excellent marsh. Capable of putting up three or four hundred barrels of first class fruit. Buildings in excellent condition. Never failing supply of splendid water.

Apply to

4 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

PROPERTY NEAR BRIDGETOWN

Property situated about five minutes walk from Bridgetown. Fifteen acres of land with two hundred apple trees, half of which are coming into bearing. Also pear and plum trees. House contains nine rooms, large pantry and two large halls, newly painted throughout. Large dry cellar. Barn 24 x 28 sheathed inside. Water in house. Hay and pasture sufficient for two cows. An excellent opportunity for a man who wants a small place. Will be sold right.

Apply to

5 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

CREAMERY OR FACTORY SITE

A lot of land in Bridgetown about 150 feet square with building one and one half stories, 40 x 50 front with lean-to on north and east sides. Building contains ice room, drying or curing room, churn, milk and cream vats, power separator, engine and boiler in good condition. Suitable for manufacturing cheese and butter or would make a fine canning factory for which industry there is a good opening.

Apply to

6 The Monitor Publishing Co., Ltd.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

Property just outside Annapolis Royal consisting of seven and one half acres of land. Large house with good rooms; size of house 36 x 48 with ell 14 x 21 and porch, ice house, wood house and wagon house attached. Good size barn with stable, hen house and shed for storing machinery. Approximately 160 apple trees on the place a few of which pick early varieties and the remainder hard or winter fruit. Cuts 9 tons of hay at present and can be made to double this quantity. Price on application.

7 The Monitor Publishing Co. Ltd.

SMALL PROPERTY FOR SALE

A small place in Bridgetown, containing about one acre of land with cottage house of eight rooms and pantry. Large verandah across front, and town water in house. A number of apple, pear, plum, and other small fruit trees. New barn 28 x 38, and carriage house. Will be sold at a bargain to a quick purchaser.

Apply to,

8. The Monitor Publishing Co. Ltd.

FRUIT AND DAIRY FARM

Valuable Fruit and Dairy Farm for sale. Contains 40 acres of cultivated land, 90 acres of woods, and 90 acres of pasture. Cuts about 125 tons of hay and yields from three to six hundred barrels of apples. House of 14 rooms, suitable for two families. Two barns, wood house, and other outbuildings. All in good repair. Farm is situated in good locality about five miles from Bridgetown. Near church and school house. Property will be divided to suit purchaser. Apply to

8...The Monitor Publishing Co. Ltd.

We are Headquarters

for the Eastern part of the County for Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Carriages, Sleighs, and Harnesses. Furnaces, Plumbing and Heating Goods, Stoves and Ranges.

Give us a chance to quote before buying

CROWE & ELLIOTT, LIMITED

MIDDLETON, N. S.