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**Demand**

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years for

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Recent "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada of Bayer Manufacture of Monocarbonyl-diethyl-ester of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

All changes of copy for ads. MUST be in by 12 noon on Monday's, each week.

**NICTAUX**

Mrs. Agnes FitzRandolph is spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Chipman. She spent Sunday in Middleton with her sister, Mrs. Owen Wheelock.

Kenneth Dargie left on Tuesday for Boston to stay for an indefinite time. Leland Pancy gave the younger set a pleasant evening the 15th inst., at his home.

Mrs. N. M. Beckwith and mother, Mrs. Wm. Morse, spent the 15th with Mrs. Burton Parker.

Mr. C. R. Rogers has quite a crew in camp working in his lumber woods and a large number of logs have been hauled to the river bank awaiting stream driving in the Spring.

Miss Kathleen Smith, who came home from the West in the Fall to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Smith, has returned to Alberta again to resume her teaching.

The young men entertained the young women at an ice cream party at the home of Miss Nina Nelly, the 21st.

A sleighing party from Torbrook was entertained at the parsonage recently.

Mr. Zebert Morse and Mrs. Hettie Beals, of Middleton, were married on Monday evening, the 25th inst. The following evening they were royally serenaded by the young men of the place, the young women assisting Mrs. Morse with the refreshments.

The men employed by the Fruit Co. finished packing on Tuesday, about 11,000 barrels having passed through their hands.

**AMHERST COUNCIL APPROVES BILL TO BORROW \$117,000**

Money Intended For Hydro Transmission Lines—New Yeandar is Appointed, Also An Inspector.

Amherst.—At the regular meeting of the Town Council a resolution was unanimously passed that a bill prepared by Recorder Mackenzie, authorizing the Town of Amherst to borrow the sum of \$117,000, for the purpose of purchasing or constructing transmission lines to carry power furnished by the Nova Scotia Hydro Commission, be approved and that the bill be forwarded to the Legislature at once.

**WELSH CHILDREN IN FEBRUARY**

Children! Would you like to know what your little cousins in the Old Country are doing in February? When they come out of school at 4 o'clock—and that is only noon here—because you remember our big ball of a world is always spinning round towards the East, and so England greets the sun four hours ahead of Nova Scotia—well, when at four o'clock in their afternoon, they come out of school—there is no snow, no sleas, no skis, no snowshoes for them, in fact they have only had one day's snow this Winter, and most of them have never seen the other three joys, and hardly ever any skating. But I will tell you of the children from the school nearest to where I lived in Glamorgan county, South Wales.

Why they are still amongst the green fields, beautifully green—and in the long golden beams of the setting sun—and it sets earlier than with us, because they are farther North—in those golden rays, all the colors are ten times as brilliant. As the boys come over the fields—little fields, you would think them—with grassy banks and high hawthorn and black-berry brambles at the top of the banks all round them, and a gate or a stile to climb over, and they stooped to gather some of the bright little daisies that star the grass. There is hardly any time in all the year when you cannot find those little daisies. They grow from a white tassel of a root and spread out little green leaves like flat spoons, all round in a rosette, and then up comes the funny little round green heads, with stems when full, grown no higher than your fingers, but generally shorter. The children, with their sharp little nails, make a slit in the stem, like the eye of a darning needle, and slip another daisy stem through it, and do the same with that, till they have daisy chains long enough to wind round their hats or their necks. The boys get a thorn stick and put a daisy head on each thorn, making it look as though it were a piece of black thorn in blossom. But that does not bloom till later, when the nightingales have come and are singing for joy—most of the night—and much of the day time.

The boys will go up by the Tynnyth Wood—that is Welsh, and is pronounced Tim-money-th, and it means House of the Mountain. They are finding the first primroses in sheltered places and the blue dog-violets and sweet-scented white ones. Nests, they are ever on the watch for, as they go quietly among the old oaks and beeches, and all the undergrowth of nut-hazel with its long lambtail catkins, shaking out its golden pollen to the little crimson tiny flowers nestling against the stems. There they find the green leaves of the wild daffodil, their national emblem, coming up thickly—and the first scented leaves of the garlic, which might easily be mistaken for lily-of-the-valley leaves. Crowds of green dogs-mercury already carpet the ground, and the wild arums leaves are unfurling.

The girls and little children stream along the road with its high banks through the cutting, full of green loveliness. The first little wild strawberry flowers and golden celandines and bushes of prickly golden gorse.

On their right is a wide view in one place. They linger to look out over the fields and the Taff River, and the Spire of Llandaff Cathedral, which has stood there for nearly a thousand years, and beyond the elm trees the white gleaming Town Hall, law courts and other buildings of Cardiff. The ships on the sea beyond are quite plainly to be seen ten miles off and on a clear February day the coast of Somerset—the Summer seats or saeters, as the Norwegians call their farms, of the Welshmen of long ago, who left their mountain fastnesses when Spring came, to come back to the peaceful art of farming.

How strange the village of little thatched houses all huddled together would look to you—but see, the little garden patches inside their walls or palings are already bright with yellow crocuses, clumps of snow drops polyanthus and wall flower, and the pink flowering currant bushes and scarlet japonica flowers. Overhead there is shining holly, still bright with crimson berries—and the almond trees are full of pink blossom like pale peach flowers.

The boys and girls bowl wooden and iron hoops along the roads and

**THE SPREAD IN PRICES**

The consuming public has been thoroughly familiarized in recent years with many of the pioneering projects that go to make up the by no means small spread between the prices paid by consumers and those received by producers. A recent illustration of this kind shows a spread from 16 cents to \$1.55. This was in Oregon, where a number of farmers with a practical turn of mind had a banquet. They live around a place called Imbler. At their spread they furnished and prepared the food themselves, and it cost exactly 16 cents per plate. The same menu, served in Portland, Oregon, just 250 miles away, is billed at \$1.55. Between the farmers' price and the Portland price there was a spread of \$1.39 in a single meal. In that \$1.39 there is taken up freight or express charges, probably commissions, may be cold storage, wholesale or retail profits—perhaps both—restaurant rent, the cost of preparing and serving the meal, and a certain profit to the man running the business. There is a long line of people in the space between the farmer of Imbler and the man who pays a cheque at the Portland restaurant. There is more than the mere 250 miles of space separating them. As a Toronto exchange says in commenting upon this instance of spread between producer and consumer:—

"The people themselves are not without blame in this matter. In many cases they are calling for service, more service and quicker service. There is a response to the call, and they get more and quicker service, more attention, more deliveries, and each time producer and consumer move farther apart. It will be interesting to see what use the producers of foodstuffs at Imbler, in Oregon, make of the experiment they have been conducting. If they can close up the gap that separates them from the man who eats the meals made from their products they will be blazing a trail that has been prospected by wishers but untraveled by doers."

**CANADA HAS GAINED 129,022 IMMIGRANTS**

In The First Ten Months Of Last Year.

Ottawa.—An increase of 105 per cent. in the immigration to Canada is reported during the ten months ending January, 1924, as compared with the corresponding ten months ending January, 1923.

During the past ten months 129,022 immigrants of all nationalities have entered Canada. In the same period in 1923-24, only 62,849 persons entered the country as immigrants. Of the immigrants coming to this country during the past ten months, 65,171 were British, 18,129 were Americans, and 45,721 were from other countries. August was the busiest month in the immigration department, the influx of nearly fifteen thousand British harvesters swelling the figures, while the total for the month was over 25,000.

A comparison of the two periods of ten months from April to January shows an increase of 120 per cent. in British immigrants, a decrease of 8 per cent. in the immigration from the United States and an increase of 235 per cent. from other countries.

**FACT-FOUNDED OPTIMISM WAS TONIC QUALITY OF ADDRESS BY DR. CUMMING**

Variety Of Resources, Dependability Of Crops, Unique Orcharding Record, And Rich Possibility Of Dairy-Ing Given As Sound Reasons For Confidence In Future.

Lawrencetown.—Dr. Cumming, of the Agricultural College, Truro, and S. J. Moore, were speakers at the public meeting held in connection with the Lawrencetown Extension School, on Tuesday evening. The address of Dr. Cumming on "The Resources of Nova Scotia" was a notable one. His optimism was a real tonic, and it was an optimism grounded on solid fact.

Confidence in the future of Nova Scotia, reflected in the terms our Government can get in the money market, is based largely on the variety of our resources and interests. Coal mining, steel manufacture, lumbering, and fishing were instanced. The fifth is agriculture. Is it generally known that, over a term of years, the yield in hay, oats, potatoes, and turnips in Nova Scotia is well above the average for Canada? The reason is we have no real bad years. We have no total crop failure. In the Winter of 1914 and 1915 the people in some sections of the West almost went on their knees to the Government for financial aid to tide them over the Winter. It is said that in some farmers' homes a soup was made of Russian Thistles, so great was their extremity. We always have a fair crop. Our soil may not be so rich, but we have the moisture precipitation without which the richest soil cannot produce a crop. Hail insurance is unknown in Nova Scotia. We have 5,000,000 acres available for cultivation, and, of this, only about 1,500,000 acres has been brought under the plough.

The speaker devoted some time to dairying and showed the wonderful possibilities in that line, and the marked progress made in the last few years.

In competition with the rest of Canada, Nova Scotia butter and Nova Scotia Dairy Cattle had more than hold their own.

Coming to the fruit growing, Dr. Cumming declared this Province was the biggest producer of commercial apples in Canada, and the Province had established an absolutely unique record in that the farmers of the Annapolis Valley had found the secret of producing a bumper crop five years in succession. This fact, with the advantage of a short haul to the markets of Europe, promised a wonderful development for the apple industry in Nova Scotia. New forms of industry are coming into being that will use the inferior grades of fruit. Rounds of applause greeted Dr. Cumming at the close of his inspiring address.

Mr. Moore's address on "Seeds" was also listened to with great interest, and the information he gave was new and helpful.

**SYDNEY SCANDAL**

Mayor FitzGerald Announces Civic Shortage of \$1,000—City Clerk Suspended.

Sydney.—Mayor FitzGerald issued the following statement:—

"Mr. Wood (auditing city books) has reported to me that there is a shortage of \$1,000 between January 1st and May 31st, 1923. I have suspended Mr. Curry, the City Clerk, and called a special meeting of Council for Thursday at 3 o'clock.

## High Quality "SALADA" TEA

has distinguished

for over three decades. Pure and Delicious Always. — Try it.

**A PROBLEM TO SOLVE**

The Legislature of this Province is in Session. As it appears to us a crucial question is awaiting in answer, viz., are Roy Wolvin in Montreal, and John Lewis in Indianapolis to continue to control the coal and steel industry in Nova Scotia? How long is the living of many of the people of this much abused Province to be at the mercy of these two men? It is not for outsiders to suggest remedies, but they may advise; remedies are for the statesmen who are in the Legislature; and they may be assured that an effort should be made to provide a remedy.

No good will come from protesting against existing methods; but the star chamber meetings being held in Cape Breton by satellites of Kings Wolvin and Lewis, are not very complimentary to the principle of freedom of speech and open diplomacy. At the least the Legislature can establish a court before which such problems as now tie up the chief industries can be threshed out in the sight of all men. This is not suggesting a remedy for strikes; it is that the grievances that causes them must be aired in a competent court. And it does not mean that such a court can order men to go to work—but it can order that a mine, or shop, may work if men can be got to work it—a court under the jurisdiction of which a man that wants to work may work, and a man that wants to loaf may loaf.—Eastern Chronicle.

## SHAFFNERS Limited

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Men's Good Assortment Hardware  
Furnishings Always on Hand  
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than ever to serve you in the line of Building Material the coming season. In our new Warehouse on Church St. we will carry a full line of everything used in the construction of buildings, including:

CEMENT—LIME—SHINGLES—LUMBER—LATHS  
DOORS—SASHES—ROOFING—NAILS—MOULDINGS  
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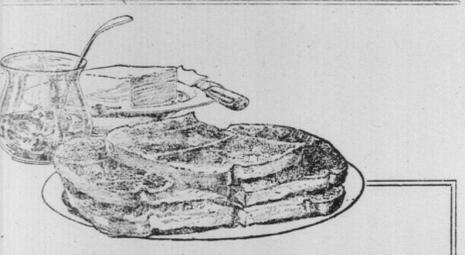
## Annapolis Valley

Annapolis Valley: for the man who wants a happier, healthier, home, where orchards, fields and pastures bring him dependable returns.

We furnish information; do you want to buy, sell, or exchange.

### Lloyd's Real Estate Agency

Bridgetown, Annapolis Valley, N. S.



**the tastiest tit-bit**

No breakfast is complete without those tasty morsels of flaky, even grained bread toasted to a delightful nut brown. The most delicious toast is made from bread baked with Robin Hood Flour as from it you get the fullest and finest flavor of selected Western Hard Spring Wheat. There's a "Money Back" Guarantee in every bag of

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**Robin - Hood - Flour**  
Barrels, 98, 49, and 24 lb. bags

**ROLLED OATS**  
90, 40 and 20 lb. bags

Bran, Shorts, White Middlings, Feed Flour, Oats, Corn Meal, Cracked Corn, etc.

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on dry days whip tops. They fetch wood from the Little Garth Mountain, as steep as your North Mountain, and on holidays climb the grassy steeps of the Big Garth, a real mountain, over a thousand feet high.

Overlooking their village stands Castle Coch, like a German castle, with its massive walls and towers and three spires—its moat and its draw-bridge, its deep dungeon and its marvelously decorated reception rooms. The Marquis of Bute, one of the old royal family of Stuarts, owns it, and a year or two ago, when our Prince of Wales was staying with him at Cardiff Castle, they had a wonderful party at Castle Coch and they sang Welsh songs to the Prince. The boys and girls stand by the roadside to watch the Prince go by in his car, and he waves back to them and smiles as happily as they.

A cough is a warning that you need **SCOTT'S EMULSION**

## YOUR = HOME = PAPER

IS A MIGHTY GOOD

## All The Year Round Gift

For your Boy or Girl away at School or at work. For your Brother, Sister, Cousin, Uncle, Aunt, or any friend or relative who knows us folks Back Home.

Unless you've been in their position, you have no idea how they crave the news from back home—how eagerly they scan every line of THE HOME PAPER. Really they're far more interested in the paper from BACK HOME than the folks here at home are.

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