

The Railways of Canada Draw to Your Attention NEW RAILWAY RATES!

FOR PASSENGERS

The advance on sleeping and parlor car tickets authorized in 1920 has been cut in half—the advance made on ordinary fares at that time having been completely taken off many months ago.

FOR SHIPPERS

The percentage of advance granted to the Railways in 1920 has been reduced ten points. In addition to a five point drop at the first of the year.

These changes became effective December 1st.

Your cost of Living

YOUR cost of living should be directly affected. If it is not it is because (1) as the railways have pointed out before, the actual money paid for their services is an almost negligible factor in making prices, and because (2), even the huge sum now cut out of the railways' revenues and amounting to approximately—

\$25,000,000.00 *

annually—becomes a very small fraction of a cent when split up among the billions upon billions of small and large articles which constitute the freight traffic of Canada during a year. And because

(3) the Court which has the power to control railway rates is not able to direct who is or is not to get the benefit of reductions. In other words, whether these savings in railway charges are passed on to you—or whether they are absorbed in marketing, cannot be controlled either by the railways or the public.

But this fact remains: a very great sum of money—enough to build every year a small city, or a Quebec Bridge, or four hundred and fifty of the newest and most powerful locomotives—is now removed from the revenues of the Canadian Railways and should be reflected, at least to some extent, in the family budgets of all Canadians!

WHETHER your railways can continue to function without the revenue thus lost to them, is an experimental problem facing the various managements. It depends largely on whether traffic keeps up or falls off—and whether costs rise or decline. But the managements are attempting the problem cheerfully and with determination to keep Canada's railway service the cheapest, mile for mile, and among the most efficient in the world!

The RAILWAY ASSOCIATION of Canada

233 St. James Street, Montreal, P.Q.

336 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

REV. R. F. ALLEN ACCEPTS CALL TO NICTAUX

Glouce Bay, December 29—Rev. R. F. Allen, pastor of the Glauce Bay Baptist Church, has accepted a call from the congregation at Nictaux, Annapolis County, N.S., and will be leaving Glauce Bay early in the New Year. His last service in his present church will be on Sunday, January 8th. He is due at Nictaux on the following Sunday.

Mr. Allen came to Glauce Bay in 1918 from Chester, N.S., and has been in charge of the local Baptist congregation for going on four years.

Nothing in It

Father—What's this wild story I hear about your bank account being flat?

Son—Tut, tut, dad, it's overdrawn.

England uses nearly twice as much coal per head of the population as any other country.

A Calgary paper asks: "Well, what does the church element think of Prohibition by this time? Has it worked to their satisfaction or has it not? If it has, they are certainly easily pleased."

BORN

LOWE—At Bridgetown, December 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Lowe, a daughter.

BENT—At West Paradise, December 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bent, a son.

MARRIED

BANKS-COREY—At Upper Clements, December 27th, 1921, by Rev. A. Gibson, Gordon Havelock Banks, son of Rupert Banks, of Clarence, and Gladys Marie Corey, of Framingham, Mass.

HAYES-HINES—At Port George, December 28th, by Rev. H. T. Jones, Lawrence Hayes, of Worcester, Mass., to Elsie Hines, of Port George. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes left for Boston.

DIED

MARSHALL—At Granville, December 21st, Muriel E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Herbert Marshall, aged 16 months. Interment took place January 2nd.

AT THE END OF A ROPE

(Hugh F. Grinstead in Youth's Companion.)

"There's just one way it can be done," Joe McCall, chief engineer of the Blue Mountains & Southern Railway, remarked. He was gazing at the bare face of the peak in front of him. "We'll each get at one end of this rope. Then if either of us misses his footing, the other will perhaps save him from a fall. Think you are man enough for it, boy, or shall I wait and get one of the men from the camp?"

"I'll try it," replied Dan Purdy, the chief's sixteen-year-old assistant. "Try is a good word, son, but it's success or nothing this time," McCall responded with a grim smile. "Once you slip off one of those ledges, it's a fall that will break three or four limbs and maybe neck."

Busy with the preliminary survey of a new branch railway, the chief engineer wanted to reach the top of the rocky peak in order to get a comprehensive view of the valley and the ridges beyond. The top of the peak was two hundred feet above the surrounding country; and there was no easy way of climbing it. The face of it was a succession of broken ledges with slopes of bare rock between them.

McCall and Dan did not need the rope until they were halfway to the top and had come to a place where the rock sloped steep and bare for twenty feet to the next secure footing. "You stay here and hold the rope, Dan," said McCall, when they had reached the narrow shelf. "Don't tie it around your waist yet but take a turn round that dwarf cedar—and draw in the slack if I take a slide."

Having tied one end of the rope to his belt, McCall cautiously worked his way along the narrowing shelf of rock and then up to the next ledge. "All right, Dan!" he called down, a few moments later. "Tie the rope round your waist and tie it tight; then help yourself all you can, and I'll do the rest."

Three minutes later, Dan, pale and perspiring, climbed up beside McCall on the ledge. With a shudder he looked back over the path; what if he had fallen!

"Huh! Scared of a little climb like that?" McCall asked with a quick glance at the nervous boy. "Maybe you'd better go back?"

Dan shook his head decisively. "No; I'm going on up; but it did make me a bit jumpy when I looked down."

"Now, look here, young man," the chief engineer said with gruff earnestness, "you don't want to go losing your nerve on a job like this when the lives of both of us may depend on your keeping it. Just one more ticklish climb and we'll be where the going is safe. I'll let you go first this time. There doesn't seem to be anything on this rock to tie the rope to, and I don't want to risk jerking you off the ledge. I'm about sixty pounds heavier than you are and can easily hold you if you slip."

With the rope still tied securely round his waist, Dan crept bravely out upon the smooth slope. He crawled obliquely upward along the steep surface toward a wide ledge twenty feet to the left and a little higher than the one he was leaving. With difficulty he mastered the impulse to look down. He no longer felt dizzy.

rattle of loose stones and an involuntary shout of fear he knew that McCall had lost his footing. The next instant the rope in his hands jerked taut; the engineer was swinging helplessly twenty feet below the ledge. With a ripping sound the slender roots of the mountain ash tore from the pocket of soil in the rock.

Tan had been jerked forward a foot or so and only escaped being dragged over the edge by placing his elbows against the rough rock and catching his toes on a sharp projection. Even then the hundred and eighty pounds at the other end of the rope threatened to pull him over!

"Have you still got a good hold on the rope, Dan?" came McCall's voice unsteadily from below.

"Yes," Dan replied bravely. Though he knew how little would be required either to break his hold or to carry him over the edge, he knew also that he must not discourage the man who hung helpless and unnerved below the ledge.

"Say, I'm going to climb up hand over hand," McCall cried. "There isn't a thing under me for thirty feet, and no chance to swing to anything. Get a good grip and hold on, because if you let go—"

McCall did not need to finish the sentence; Dan knew well enough what would happen if he should lose his hold. Before he had time to ask the engineer to wait until he could brace himself he felt a tug on the rope and knew that McCall was climbing.

Lying flat on the rocky ledge, with his hands drawn forward until they were within a foot of the edge, Dan felt as if he were being pulled in two. Every tug that McCall gave the rope brought new misery to his body and limbs. He was sure that his toes could retain their hold no more than a second or two longer.

His arms ached, and his legs trembled with the almost unbearable strain; his toes and fingers grew numb; every sinew in his body drew tense. A dull pain caught him a little above the hips. And McCall was not yet half-way up!

How easy it would be to release the rope and take the strain from his aching body! But the life of a man depended on his puny strength—and on his nerve.

In desperation Dan looked for some means to delay the apparently inevitable plunge. Beside the rope six inches in front of his hand the smooth rock was broken into several rough notches round a saucerlike depression. There Dan saw a chance, slim though it was.

The strength was gone from his aching ankles. When he felt himself being dragged toward the brink he threw his body far to one side. He was jerked forward nearly a foot—he feared for an instant that he should be pulled over if he did not release his hold on the rope. Then his bare knuckles struck against the jagged rock and stopped him. He suppressed a cry of pain.

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to all

We wish to thank our customers and friends for past favors.

We hope to merit a fair share of your trade in 1922.

KARL FREEMAN
Hardware and Building Supplies
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

Your Business Appreciated

I wish to extend heartiest thanks to the patrons of both my stores at Bridgetown and Annapolis who have given me their business during the year just closing and can assure them that I will be better prepared than ever to supply them with footwear during 1922.

C. B. Longmire
THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES
Bridgetown and Annapolis



SOIL AND SUN

India is many times the size of Nova Scotia, and Ceylon many times the Annapolis Valley.

It is not enough to know that it is India or Ceylon Tea. Cape Breton apples don't compare with Annapolis Apples, nor does ordinary India or Ceylon Tea compare with Blue Bird which is grown where sun and soil unite to make the most fragrant and flavorful of teas.

Blue Bird Tea Brings Happiness!

THANKS

We wish to thank the general public for the large patronage which has been extended to us during the past year and solicit a continuance of the same for 1922.

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