

## DIFFIN ON THE HAY QUESTION

(Carleton Sentinel)  
Florenceville, Dec. 8.

Dear Sentinel:

I have been here several days and last night I met a bunch of pious souls and every day grafters in Frank Smith's back office. They were all there when I came in.

B. Frank had just got home from Fredericton, where he went to see Crockett about writing the hay letter to Carvell, and they were all there to see him and hear him talk.

Ed. Teed was there, of course, and Donald Munro, J. B. M. Baxter, Harry Wood, J. L. White, Titus Carter, Rev. Daggett, and some others.

When I came in and introduced myself they more than made me at home and B. Frank says:

"How are the people in your district on this hay question, Mr. Diffin?"

"Well," I says kind of diplomatic like, "I don't know Mr. Smith." "Call me Frank," says he interrupting me.

"Sure," says I, smiling at him, "I'll call you Deacon if it will make you feel any better, but as to the hay question, most of the Tories I have met are in it for revenue only, with perhaps incidental graft in case they need it."

"Hear, hear," says Teed, "when it comes to graft we're in it from soup to nuts."

"Hold on," said White. "Wait a minute. Let's get the lay of the land before we make to big a haul."

I thought I'd dip in a little so I says, "Frank, how is this hay business going?" He looked kind of pained.

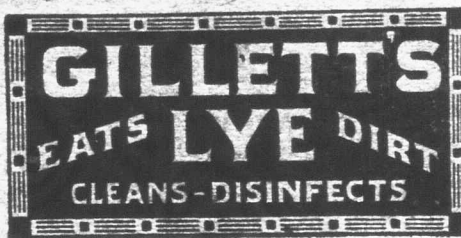
"This hay business is tough business," he says. "I tell you a man don't know where he'll land when he starts in it. There's hay graft and potato graft and it's hard to tell them apart and if you get them mixed then think how you would feel."

"And there ain't no way to tell the patriotic graft where a mixup like this occurs, except by asking John Morrissey and he and I ain't on very good terms; so there you are."

"Leave the hay and potatoes alone, Frank," says Daggett, "stick to the exercise of religion and temperance speeches. That's your long suit."

From that the conversation became general and everybody talked about the different varieties of graft. Teed claimed the timberland graft was successful from many points of view. Titus Carter modestly referred to his connection with the Pinder investigation which netted him \$900 without any visible effort to get it. Daggett didn't care to go into details but said that success depended, in a large measure, on your nerve. "I don't care at this time," said his reverence, "to tell what I know about the patriotic potato deal as I am not well, besides it only amounted to \$150,000 anyway."

"Did Smith get all that money?" I asked, because that is more money than I am used to hear



spoken of in a careless and disrespectful way.

"You can search me," says he. And I made up my mind that would be the right way to hunt up some of it.

"It means," said Donald Munro, "that while we can't get by in any thing we came pretty close and are fast catching on to all of the new fashions in up-to-date grafting."

J. B. M. Baxter when asked his opinion said in a most sorrowful tone. "Don't ask me, you all know what became of part of my \$400 and if we can't block that libel suit now I'm in danger of losing again."

At this point Harry Wood started in by telling me what he was.

"I'm Harry Wood, the organizer and pie social hero," says he.

"I'm glad of it," says I, feeling somewhat relieved. But am I to blame for it?"

"Certainly not," he says, which soothed me some for there is much that I do not wish to be accountable for.

I released my hold on my pocket book, still all the time observing a certain distance in case the crowd might act in accordance with their reputation and with the way their looks impressed me.

B. Frank came over to where I was sitting and said: "Mr. Diffin I'm a man of note and at the present time am well known to the people of New Brunswick. I'm a Tory and have always contended for my rights."

"Do you often win?" I asked. "Yes, except when Frank Carvell gets wise to my moves."

"I am an honest man," says he. "You don't look it," says I.

"I know it," says he. "Lots of people have told me that, but I am. That look I've got came from looking for a seat in the government."

"As I was saying I'm honest and this mixed up position of mine is telling on me. It's knocking my conscience all out of gear. Sometimes when I am explaining the Sunday School lesson I wish I had never taken up piety as one of my side issues."

Just then Daggett looked up and he says:

"Frank I'll tell you what the trouble is with you. You think too much. Look at me. I never thought in my life."

"I could run my department, promote the Canada West India Company, get in on the patriotic potatoes and not bother half as much as you do. Stop thinking."

"That's all right Daggett, some all around fakirs don't have to think. In your business all you have to do is sign your name, in buying hay it is different."

"I know better," Daggett says. "Didn't I preach, didn't I run a store, didn't I run a poultry farm, didn't I promote the Canada West India Company before I went into present day politics and I didn't think then."

"No," says Teed, "I know it,

but your victims did, I've heard a lot of them speak of it."

I can't tell you all the rest of the conversation, but there seemed to be a tinge of sadness in the gathering and Smith complained bitterly of those who didn't know him well enough to appreciate him, and those who knew him too well to trust him.

J. L. White claims the proud title of being a patriot and I can say he richly deserves it. The old flag is on his mind so much, that, like Donald Munro, he can't help speaking about it.

On every occasion he talks about the flag.

I don't mean that just mentions it. Lots of speakers do that but he always devotes a lot of time to it, making the rest of his discourse sort of incidental and casual.

I asked him if he was going to the war.

"I am ready," says he, "to bare my breast to the storm of battle and, like J. B. M. Baxter, spring to the defense of that glorious emblem of right, justice and freedom, the flag of old."

"I know you will," says I, "and it is very creditable of you, but the call isn't so loud as all that is it?"

"I don't think so," says he. "And still who is there to go but me, when the time comes?"

"Well," says I, "There's a whole lot of men old enough. There is Teed, Col. Baxter, Berry, Wood, Dr. Landry, Daggett, B. Frank Smith and other noble patriots to whom the old flag has been confided for two or three elections. They could easily go to Halifax to learn to tell men how to keep the old flag staff from falling from their hands."

"Why don't you go yourself?" says he, kind of sarcastically. "You seem to know so much about it. Let me tell you," says he, "that I have already served the people and I am the man that moved that famous white-wash resolution that cleaned up the timber steal."

"Lots of people didn't know I was in legislature till then."

I looked at my watch and found I must be going as I did not care to go into more history, so says I thinking to close the conversation.

"Will you give me your opinion on the price of hay, Mr. White?"

"It will be worth \$15.00," says he.

"Why?" says I. "Carvell," says he.

Which answer was brief but expressive.

I left the crowd with more regret than I have left many men and as I went out Mr. Smith hastened over and shook hands with me and said "Good-bye" in such a way that if I had any hay I would sell it to him at \$12 a ton.

Before leaving he told me of some challenges he was getting ready to spring and many other things—too many to put in this letter.

Yours truly,  
CYRUS A. DIFFIN.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH.

### HE GETS THERE.

DON'T jeer about the self made man Or on him use a hammer Because in making known his wants He uses self made grammar. Though at the college on the hill He did not take a course full, He always can make known his wants In language plain and forceful.

He may not know just how to act When he gets up in meeting, He may not juggle with his fork When he is busy eating, But when the dinner bell resounds You find that he is able To have the best the market holds Load up his groaning table.

In making love to some sweet girl He cannot sing her praises, Although his feelings are intense, In fine and fancy phrases, But when it comes to leading off The sweetest little treasure You bet you'll find him on the job Where you can take his measure.

He is not versed in Greek and French, With art he does not dally, But in a business deal it's hard To chase him up an alley, Without advantages from books The world alone he faces, But, oh, he makes the money dance And puts it through the paces!



## For the GIRL WHO is THIN

It is all very well for fleshy people to admire a slim figure, but no girl likes to be referred to as "thin as a match" or "flat as an ironing-board."

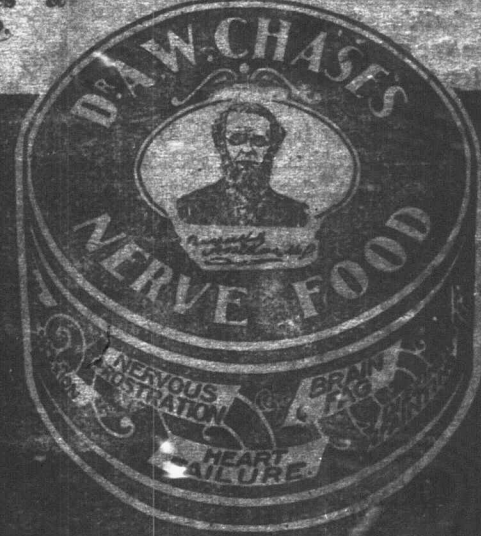
Thinness means that the tissues are not properly fed and nourished. It indicates a tendency towards anaemia, which must be overcome in its early stages. You may eat plenty of food, but you are losing weight, and with it reserve force. The blood has got thin and watery.

It is usually the nervously energetic girl or woman who wears herself down by worry and anxiety, until the nerves become irritable and the form emaciated.

This condition never rights itself, and for this reason you must seek external assistance, such as is found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This treatment should not be confused with fattening, oil-composed preparations. It is rather a true tonic, which sharpens the appetite, improves digestion and restores richness to the blood. Through the medium of the blood it feeds and nourishes the starved cells and tissues back to health.

Under this restorative, upbuilding treatment the angles disappear, and the form is rounded out to healthful proportions. The new tissues formed are strong and firm, and give to the body the buoyancy and vigor which makes you look well and feel well. Nervous headaches and indigestion disappear, and you feel again the joy of living. You can prove the benefit obtained by noting each week your increase in weight.

50 cents a box, 4 for \$2.50. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.



## Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this page.

**Job For Him.**  
"Percy, I understand you are a vegetable."  
"Yes, ma'am. That is the way I live."

"Would you mind gnawing off the grass in the front yard? The lawn mower is broken, and the grass needs a hair cut."

**SOUR, ACID STOMACHS, GASES OR INDIGESTION**  
Each "Pape's Diapain" digests 3000 grains food, ending all stomach misery in five minutes.

Time fit in five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapain is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest stomach remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Put an end to stomach trouble, forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapain from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.

**Coming to a Choice.**  
"Yes, sir," said the street orator, "the trusts are a menace to the common man."

"Think so?" asked the flippant one.

"Think so? I know it. We must destroy the trusts or they will destroy us."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Yes, and worse."

"Now, candidly, as a fair man who has given much thought to this subject, which do you think the country could get along the best without—the trusts or us?"

**TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING**  
Save your Hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scourge. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not removed causes the hair to fall out. Dandruff, therefore, is a hair enemy that must be destroyed. Danderine is the only hair restorer that will do this. It kills the dandruff, restores the hair to its natural color and growth, and saves your hair from falling out. Get a bottle of Danderine today. It will save your hair and your scalp. Danderine is the only hair restorer that will do this. It kills the dandruff, restores the hair to its natural color and growth, and saves your hair from falling out. Get a bottle of Danderine today. It will save your hair and your scalp.

**Plenty of Company.**  
"There are a lot of fools on this earth."  
"Are there?"  
"Yes; I meet 'em every day."  
"Seems sociable, doesn't it?"

**Mr. Easy Mark.**  
"Who is your favorite friend?"  
"My favorite friend?"  
"Yes."  
"The chap who is present and will lend me a dollar."



## Practical Gifts for Men!

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is very easy. Nothing more acceptable for Father, Brother or Sweetheart than a Tie, Gloves, Arm Bands, Garters, Real Good Collar Buttons, Hose, Suspenders, Cap, Sweater—a big array of articles, all of which are as pleasing as useful.

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