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Capital Paid Up \$ 16,000,000.00
Reserve 16,000,000.00
Undivided Profits 1,784,979.64
Total Assets (April 30th) 426,322,096.98

Branches throughout Canada and Newfoundland—also in London, England, New York, Chicago, Spokane and Mexico City.

C. S. Baker, Manager, Hartland Branch.

Make Sure of Your New Suit Now

A few weeks later you may not be able to get it. Just now we are showing Fall and Winter Samples of Clothes at prices much less than they will be before the end of the year.

T. B. THISTLE

Jeweler, Optician, Agent for Crown Tailoring Co.

YOU want to sell Your FARM!

I want to help you!

I have made a careful study of the problem of bringing the man who wants to buy into communication with the man who wants to sell, and the results attained are a guarantee of the success of my system of operation. During the eight years of my experience in the Real Estate business nearly Two hundred Farms have been sold through my agency, representing values aggregating over Half a Million Dollars. I have at present thirty-two applications for farms in Carleton County for the Spring 1918. If you want to sell your farm at a fair value, communicate with me at once.

Don't Waste Your Time and Mine if You Are Looking For More Than Your Farm is Worth.

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JUST IN TIME

My Winter Stock contains a full line of

Dry Goods
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Fortunately I bought just right and am pleased to offer my goods at very low prices. I have an especially big and attractive line of

All Wool Sweaters, Bannockburn Pants, Mackinaw Jackets, Shoes, Shoe Packs.

You will save time and money in patronizing me.

The War-Bargain Store

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Now Open and Ready For You

YOUR FUTURE is what you make it. If you are ambitious, you can make it. A SUCCESS by taking a course of study with us. Write or phone. O. A. HODGINS, Prin., Houlton, Me.

For FIRE, ACCIDENT and LIFE

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CALL AND SEE

R. W. CAMERON

Wanted: A Wife

By OSBORN JONES

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As Paul Bolton glanced at the dozen or so freshly typed letters on his desk toward five in the afternoon on New Year's eve he reflected that they were the last letters dated 1917 that he would ever sign. Therefore the mechanical act of affixing his signature would be somewhat more momentous than that performance usually was—it would be in some slight measure epochal, because it registered the passing of another year. Therefore he took the pen from the pen tray with the heavy glass ink bottle that lay before him on his monster mahogany desk. Drawing the top letter on the pile to him he started to sign, but the pen made no mark. Irritation immediately supplanted any interest that he may have felt in the signing. It was intensely exasperating. The ink bottle had been allowed to go dry and only a gummy mass of metallic black showed in the bottom of the inkwell. It was really almost pathetic, he reflected, that he, the president of the great concern of Blank & Bridges—he whose time was worth to that concern some twenty thousand dollars a year—should have to waste that precious time fretting over empty ink wells. Every modern convenience of efficiency in business methods had been installed in his office—there were efficient typewriters and automatic letter openers and a girls' lunch room and employees' insurance and annual bonuses—all the result of his desire to show consideration for his employees—and yet he—Paul Bolton—had to fret himself day after day about such things as empty ink bottles, undated checks and chairs, unwashed drinking glasses and unfilled water bottles. He was tired from an extremely trying week and so instead of rising in wrath and storming at office boys, secretaries, stenographers and every one else within reach of his voice—and Paul Bolton was quite capable of having expressed his feelings in that way—he was filled with self-pity. No one really cared enough for him to spare him those annoyances. He went to a stenographer's desk, found an inkwell that happened to be filled and signed the letters dejectedly.

Then he went to his nearby apartments where he resided in bachelor splendor, and his experience there showed him again that no one really cared. There were no fresh flowers. Bolton especially liked to have yellow daffodils and jonquils in his rooms on cold, raw winter nights and he had told his Jap so on more than one occasion. The Jap explained that so coal could be got. Well, the Jap ought to have got a skunktail somewhere. If he had cared for him as much as he seemed he would have got a skunktail somewhere. And dinner wasn't exactly what he wanted, and his slippers hadn't been warmed and the water was too cold. The Jap ought to have known by that time that he didn't like ice water.

So it was that the next day, when Bolton began to think about New Year's resolutions, he registered two resolves, brief yet important. To get a really efficient private secretary—a young woman who would care enough to see that the inkwells were filled, and to get a wife. A wife would see to the jonquils and the slippers he was sure.

Before a month had passed Bolton had achieved one of his resolutions. He had obtained from an exclusive agency a young woman of unusual merit—Alice Blair—who had proved herself to be working considerably more than the forty dollars a week that she had demanded. So Bolton's days were passed with an absence of confusion and irritation. Miss Blair seemed to get inside his mind and find out just what he wanted done before he had time to formulate it even to his own knowledge and she always did things with perfect ease. She didn't have to fill the inkwells or dust the desk, but—what showed her forty-dollars-a-week value—she saw to it that the office boys did. It was always that way with her. She never seemed to be especially busy and yet everything was done.

But Bolton still had no wife and the Jap did not improve. Another Jap would have been no better. Bolton was sure it was only a wife who could make his cup of happiness complete. And yet there were wives and wives. The wife he wanted was not like those of any of his men friends. In the first place she would have to be companionable and sympathetic and stimulating when he was weary from the office grind and then she would have to regard her task of being his wife and home maker as seriously as he regarded his business of being president of Blank & Bridges. Bolton began accepting invitations to dinners and dances in the hope of finding his paragon but he was always unsuccessful. He was discouraged in the accomplishment of his second resolution, so, revelling in the achievement of the first, he got into the habit of spending more and more time in his office, going home to his apartment and his Jap only for hurried meals and short sleep. As time went on he sometimes imagined he was completely happy, so rejoiced was he in Alice Blair. But in time the extra hours at the office be-

gan to tell on his health. He really needed the home life if he was to keep up his mental vigor and good health. He sometimes wondered whether the extra hours that Miss Blair had to work—for she always stayed at her post whenever he was at the office—were not telling on her, too. But she never murmured and she seemed always in the pink of condition.

One day Bolton began wondering about Alice Blair. He wondered why she did all this for him—whether it was just the result of her training plus a keen mind—was it induced entirely by the forty dollars a week that she had demanded? Perhaps it was. But the effect it produced was the same—it really did seem as if some one cared now and then, after all, Bolton concluded, was what made the big difference. Still he kept asking himself, did Miss Blair care? How did she keep up her strength and courage for the long hours? There were a hundred petty home and social duties that usually distracted his women employees—had Miss Blair none of those?

Mr. Bolton's last question was answered one day when he chanced to look through the carbons for the outgoing mail of the day, when he had returned unknown to her, after the close of a letter of a personal nature, yet before he had realized what he was doing he read it. It was simply an order to one of the morning papers for the insertion of a "help wanted" advertisement. This was the advertisement:

"Wanted: A young business woman wants to get in touch with a young woman whose duties will be similar to those of a wife to a busy man. That is, she must be an educated, agreeable young woman with the willingness to take seriously the task of making a small apartment a real home. She need not do the actual housework but she must see that it is done without confusion and without complaint. She must have the fastidious knack of attending to the little things, combined with the ability to be interested in the really big things. For such a young woman a good home and a fair remuneration will be given."

Mr. Bolton read then re-read the paragraph. What occurred to him first was that it contained a perfect description of his own ideal of what a wife should be—and it was Alice Blair's ideal. Only it was Alice Blair's idea of the companion she wanted, not the companion she wanted to be. Still, she understood. She at least realized that with such an ideal woman at home a man or woman either might endure the strain of business work, that would otherwise be insupportable. Apparently the ideal advertising for which a companion had gone out. Bolton wondered what results would come of it. He almost wished that he, too, might secure the wife he was looking for in some such quick-courtesy manner. Then he decided to speak to Alice about it—perhaps, perhaps, she cared enough.

Bolton came to the point rather abruptly. "I had thought the most important thing in the world was to have a perfect secretary," he told her the next day when he had called her to his office. "Now I have decided that a perfect wife is much more important. Pardon me for reading your advertisement—I see you understand part of my own ideal for such a companion. You must be a real companion, Alice," he said, changing from his abrupt business manner to a boyish, pleading tone that Alice had never observed before.

Alice blushed and the blush seemed to tell Bolton that she really did care for something beside the forty dollars a week.

"Is it only because I would be a congenial companion, and a good housewife—only because I'd keep the wheels running smoothly in your home as I have in your office, is that all?" Then suddenly Bolton wondered how it had ever seemed as though those things could really have been paramount. All he could see was the shadow that lurked beneath Alice's downcast eye, the delicious curve of her lips and the graceful lines of the small, determined little chin.

"Alice," he said a little huskily, "I'd want you to marry me if you were the worst housewife in the world. Somehow I see now why so many men do marry the women they do—I suppose they love them as I love you."

And so in spite of the first developments of the year Bolton filled the second half of his resolution instead of the first.

More Always Hungry. The little mole has recently been recommended for membership in the society of big eaters. It is so very voracious, even in captivity, that it will sometimes eat more than its own weight of earthworms in 24 hours. One little glutton, weighing four ounces, devoured 7½ pounds of worms in one month. When the diet changed to raw beef, mutton, chicken heads and rabbit liver, its appetite was unchanged. Cheese, when mixed with either worms or beef, was the most toothsome bit of all.—Popular Science Monthly.

Marines Have Proud Record. The records of the marine corps show that it took part in practically all the operations of the Mexican war; and in the great assault at Chapultepec the storming party was led by Majors Twigg and Reynolds of the marine corps. Later we find these same marines which fought in Mexico marching through the capital of Japan under Commodore Perry when he opened up that ancient empire to modern civilization.

BEDRIDDEN WITH RHEUMATISM

Felt That He Would Never Walk Again "FRUIT-A-LIVES" Brought Relief.



MR. LORENZO LEDUO

8 Ottawa St., Hull, P.Q.

"Fruit-a-lives" is certainly a wonder. For a year, I suffered with rheumatism; being forced to stay in bed for five months. I tried all kinds of medicine but without getting better; and thought I would never be able to walk again.

"One day while lying in bed, I read about 'Fruit-a-lives' the great fruit medicine; and it seemed just what I needed, so I decided to try it. The first box helped me, and I took the tablets regularly until every trace of the rheumatism left me. I have every confidence in 'Fruit-a-lives' and strongly recommend them to every sufferer from rheumatism."

LORENZO LEDUO.

50c. a box, \$ for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Chesterly Hanscom of Tilley, Dead

The death of Chesterly Hanscom, aged 30 years, occurred at his home at Tilley on November 7, after a few days illness of pneumonia. He leaves to mourn their sad loss, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hanscom, five brothers, Louis, Lea and Percy of Tilley, William of Aronstock Jet and Douglas in the American army; also two sisters, Mrs. Herbert Hanson of Perth and Hazel at home, beside a large circle of friends especially among the young folks where he was a general favorite. Services at the house and grave were conducted by Rev. A. Hatfield of Perth. The pall bearers were Stephen, Abram and Frank Plant and Mr. O'Connors. A memorial service will be held at a later date as several members of the family were unable to be present owing to illness. The deepest sympathy of their many friends go out to the family in their great sorrow.

Your Child's Cough

Is it nothing? Is it to be neglected until it leads to that terrible scourge—consumption? Peps stand between winter coughs and colds, and serious consequences. Peps are tablets made up of Pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed and down to the stomach, which is not ailing.

Try a 50c. box of Peps for your cold, your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All druggists and stores of Peps Co., Toronto, will supply.

Peps

After the Fire

is too late to consider if "the company" carrying your insurance is financially able to pay. You have other worries at such a time.

No Need to Worry

Advise me at once. It receives my PERSONAL ATTENTION. And note how promptly adjustment is made and the loss paid.

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WITH PERLEY S. MARSTEN WOODSTOCK, N. B.

\$50,000 TO LOAN

on Real Estate.

M. L. HAYWARD,

Box 248

Hartland, N. B.

N. B. Phone 25-31

Farmers' 20-2

Following the removal of the bin against public gatherings by the Provincial Public Health Department, classes will be resumed at the

Fredericton Business College

on November, 20th, 1918

We trust that all our old students will be able to return at that date. Information regarding our courses of study will be furnished on request.

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal

Fredericton, N. B.

P. R. SEMPLÉ

East Florenceville, N. B.

Hardware, Plumbing, Tinware, Furnaces and Stoves

The New Enpress Range

manufactured by the National Mfg. Co., of Ottawa and Brockville, is the best on the market today. Come and see it. Ask us to prove the assertion.



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BATH, N. B.

Dental Surgery in all its branches. Artificial Teeth, Gold Fillings, bridge and Crown Work. Painless extraction. Office hours: 9 to 12; 1 to 5.

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PIANO-ORGAN LESSONS. New England Conservatory Method.

Teacher of 10 years experience. Beginners or advanced. Lessons given at pupil's home or at residence in Hartland. For further information, call Hartland 30-5, 44-15.

Shave?

The best work in Hartland or, in fact, north of St. John is done in our shop on depot street. Razors Honed. Cigars and Pipes.

W. E. THORNTON

FOR SALE

Farm of 150 acres in Bridgewater, Me. Good neighborhood. Conveniently situated. Possession at once. For particulars inquire of,

Dr. W. W. White, or Maurice A. Bartt, Boundary, Me.

DR. DEVAN'S FEMALE PILLS. Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25c a box, or three for \$1.00, at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. THE SCORRILL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN

Restores Vitality; for Nerve and Brain; increases "grey matter." A Tonic—will build you up. 25c a box, or two for \$1.00, at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. THE SCORRILL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

Dr. R. W. Perkins

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist. Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College and a member of the Royal Society of Veterinary Medicine. Immediate response made by auto to all calls. Office at residence, Main St., Centreville. Phone 30-21. Day and night service.