

BUTTER WRAPPERS!

The cost of Vegetable Parchment from which Butter Wrappers are made has more than doubled in price since the war started. Previous to August all this paper used in America was imported from France and Germany, where it was made by secret process. Since the war the source of supply is completely cut off and the only imported butter paper available since has been the stock that was in hand at the time.

An inferior quality of parchment is now made in the States and imported into Canada under a duty of 37½%. Needlers to say the price of Butter Wrappers has gone away up. Plain wrappers today cost only a mere trifle less than the printed ones the law requires.

Fortunately we have still on hand a good supply of the imported stock. This is 8x11 inches in size and will wrap a flat or a square brick. The American wrappers are 8x11 and not large enough to wrap a flat brick.

Our prices are as follows:

100 printed "Dairy Butter,"	30
500 " " " "	\$1.20
100 printed "Dairy Butter," and with maker's name and address,	.50
250 ditto,	1.00
500 ditto,	1.50
1000 ditto,	2.50

Wrappers will be sent prepaid anywhere within Carleton or Victoria Co. on receipt of price.

We can also supply the trade with imported wrappers at less cost than wholesale grocers are doing.

The Observer Ltd
Printers of Everything
Hartland, N. B.

Canadian Pacific Homeseekers Excursions

FROM MARITIME PROVINCES TO WESTERN CANADA

TICKETS ON SALE EVERY WEDNESDAY March 8th to October 25th

TO WINNIPEG, REGINA SASKATOON, CALGARY EDMONTON, ETC.

Tickets Good for Two Months from date of issue

TOURIST SLEEPERS FROM MONTREAL

For full particulars apply to Agent or write M. G. Murphy, D.P.A., C.P.R. St. John, N. B.

Remember The Observer for Office Stationery

The price of paper and of envelopes has nearly doubled and is going to unheard of figures. Better to order now for future requirements.

THE LOST YEARS

By Edna Deane Merriam
(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman)

"You can't do better. I've handled dozens of men in your fix. Look here, you owe society a grudge. The world has robbed you of name, fortune, the best years of your life. Pay them back. I offer you the chance."

"Thank you, no," said John Thurston, simply and turned on his heel. The tempter, a man who financed criminals and made them his slaves, sneered decidedly. John Thurston went on his way, dejected, unhappy, hopeless.

A month to a day he had been released from the penitentiary after serving a five-year sentence. The man he had just left had sought him out, had tried to induce him to join his colony of burglars and petty thieves whose services he would repay with money and protection.

It was the injustice of his punishment that had galloped the proud spirit of John Thurston, clerk in a country bank, all but engaged to sweet Alice Lisle, life all before him, the abstraction of a package of money had been laid to his charge. He had been arrested and sentenced.

When he came out of prison he found that a relative had left him a small legacy. He secured this and came to the city to begin life all over again. He had learned that Alice Lisle had long since left the little village where they had once both resided. Of course she had forgotten him. Even if not, what would she have to do with a convicted thief?

And now, wherever he had applied for work his record had come to the front. Even the criminals had located him and strove to influence him as one of their hateful guild.

"I am a marked man!" breathed Thurston bitterly. "I give up the struggle."

Dark thoughts came into his mind and they ended in the resolve of suicide. He reached a pawnshop and



"Thank you, no," said John Thurston simply, and turned on his heels.

viewed with grimness its array of weapons. A velled woman was bawling at the counter inside. He waited until she had left. Then he entered the place.

Thurston was about to state his intended purchase of a revolver, when he happened to notice the article upon which the pawnbroker had just made a loan. He started. His whole being thrilled.

It was a locket. It bore two portraits. One was himself, the other of the only woman he had ever loved. Six years since he had given that keepsake to Alice Lisle.

The pawnbroker started strangely as he noticed his emotion, for Thurston had reached out and had seized the locket and was inspecting the initials upon its outer case.

"Tell me," he spoke, his voice in a tremor, "did the woman I noticed just leave this here?"

"She did," responded the pawnbroker. "What is your interest in knowing?"

"Because—because—did you see her face? It is not curiosity. It is vital that I should know."

"Yes, I noticed that she resembles her picture there. Mine is a hard business, my friend, but we money leeches, as they call us, have a heart—sometimes. I pitied the poor girl, for she looked poor and sad, and she kissed the locket at leaving, weeping and begging of me not to sell it if she could not redeem it soon."

"Did you get her address?"

"I always ask that. You are interested and you look straight. There it is."

Hurriedly John Thurston copied the name and address on the pawn-ticket. "Miss Lisle." Then she had not married! He thanked the pawnbroker, forgetting all about suicide now, and hastened from the place.

The address he had received led him to a poor tenement building about a mile distant. He made cautious inquiries to learn that Miss Lisle occupied a rear attic of the building. Five minutes later, standing on a roof stairway, Thurston looked through an open transom into a wretched room.

A fire was burning, evidently just started, and some parcels on a table indicated that they had just been purchased, probably with the proceeds of the loan made from the pawnbroker.

Upon a bed lay the wasted form of a woman. She was weeping, while her hands were outstretched in love and gratitude towards Alice Lisle, who was bustling about the room and cheerily making it more comfortable. "Oh, you are so good to me!" sobbed the woman on the bed. "Here for a month

you have cared for me, a stranger, half-starving myself, and at last parting with a lost love memento, the locket."

"Better times will come, dear," interrupted Alice comfortingly. "I shall surely get work, and you, too, when you are well. We shall redeem my poor cherished token of a happy past," she added sadly, "for I would not lose it for anything. Be brave, dear, there will yet come to your patient soul showers of blessings."

Two discoveries overwhelmed the mind of the watching Thurston at that moment. The first was that Alice Lisle was loyal to his memory. The next was that she was sacrificing herself for a poor invalid fellow creature. He reached within an inner pocket and drew forth a dozen or more bank bills that represented part of his legacy. It was a vivid, irrational impulse that caused him to fling the precious money through the transom—a shower of blessings indeed!

Somehow a rare joy took possession of his soul as he fled from the spot. He wandered about the streets, thinking, thinking. Ah! here was an object in life at last to watch over in secret this devoted first love, to see that she did not suffer. He would never become known to her—ah, no! with the convict stain upon his life!

A hand touched his shoulder and Thurston turned to confront a policeman. The latter held a photograph in his hand. Thurston recognized it as one of himself, taken when he entered prison.

"I believe you are Mr. Thurston?" spoke the officer, quite respectfully.

"Yes," answered Thurston, his heart sinking. On the threshold of new hopes, was he to be hunted down by the police as he had been by criminals? Would you step to headquarters with me, sir?" pursued the officer. "It is something important—had orders to locate you for a week."

Dejected, anticipating all kinds of dreadful trouble, Thurston entered the presence of the chief of police a few minutes later.

"I have some strange news to impart to you. The son of the banker who sent you to prison has just confessed, dying, that he, and not you, was the guilty criminal. His father has written a statement exonerating you. He has also placed in my charge thirty thousand dollars, which is the amount you would have earned during your ten years' unjust imprisonment."

"Give me the statement!" cried Thurston excitedly. "At last, at last, light, hope, happiness."

There was nothing to hide from his love now! Back to the poor attic room and its bewildered inmates John Thurston hastened. Its bare walls seemed those of a palace as her lost lover renewed with sweet patient, Alice Lisle the broken troth of the dreary years ago.

DON'T WASTE TIME

Many Men Have Accomplished Wonders in Their Spare Moments

Great men are economical in their use of time. They not only work hard for hours together, but they also save the spare minutes which most persons waste in profitless employment.

As the distinguished naturalist Cuvier rode from place to place he read and thought, and the results of his saving these odd quarter hours are seen in his books.

Napoleon, as he hurried over Europe in his camp carriage, was busy in planning for the government of conquered countries and in contriving new conquests.

Milhu Burritt learned no less than eighteen languages and twenty-one dialects by the economical use of time. While he worked fourteen hours a day at his trade of a blacksmith he found a few minutes to study Latin or French.

His Greek grammar would fit into the crown of his straw hat, and as he stood at his furnace, waiting for the fusing of the metal, he would catch it up and commit to memory a part of a Greek verb.

Sir William Jones, the Oriental scholar and a judge in the supreme court of India, had so well improved his time that before he reached the age of twenty-one he knew Greek, Latin, several modern languages and the Persian. His use of the spare minutes made him both learned and famous.

John Webster said: "Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed; never while away time."

Be careful of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.

RUBBER FROM STEEL

Its Manufacture From Coke Oven Gases a Possibility

At a recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in London, the president read a paper on by-products in steel manufacture. He discussed the utilization of blast furnace gases for operating gas engines and for illumination and heating, and the later developments in making nitric acid from these gases, and also the manufacture of bricks and cement from slags. A new idea was presented looking toward the synthetic production of India rubber from coke oven gases. The president's words were: "It was being sought to obtain from the hydrocarbons, the derivatives of which were found in India rubber, and experiments that had been made permitted the foreshadowing of the manufacture of artificial rubber."

Making a Path at Sea

Buoys that make a flapping noise as they pass through the water and leave a wake that is plainly seen are towed behind British warships to guide following vessels in time of fog.

Single Runner Sled

Capable of high speed is a new sled mounted on a single runner and with an auxiliary runner at one side to support it when stationary, but which is lifted for coasting.

UNLESS BRITAIN AND UNITED STATES UNITE

No Hope in the World Without Alliance Urges Famous Editor—Praise For Canada

Walter Lippmann, of the New Republic, strongly urged the United States to unite with Great Britain as the best bulwark for the peace of the world in a speech in Philadelphia at a session of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The break-up of British sea power, he said, would plunge the world into endless conflict. This power, he urged, was beneficially wielded and it is to the interest of the United States to support it, neither taking up a policy of isolation nor trying to build a fleet equally formidable.

He said in part: "Though there will be competition between American and British merchants and capitalists, the imperial interests of Great Britain are not concerned with conquest in Latin America. The Empire is almost as much concerned as we are in the successful reform of Central and South America. On all vital issues there the United States and Great Britain are in a position to cooperate; a fact which ought to prejudice our policy in a decidedly pro-British way."

The German Choice

"We have reached a point where we are emerging from our isolation. Foreign trade is drawing us into the outer world; we are lending capital abroad, planning a merchant marine and naval program. Wherever we go, we cannot help meeting that organization of one-quarter of the human race which is known as the British Empire. We cannot ignore it—no world power can. And we have got to choose, and choose soon, between antagonism and friendship. Germany made the choice about twenty years ago. She chose to challenge the mistress of the seas and brought down upon the world an unthinkable calamity. We have to make the same choice. Surely if there is any wisdom and humanity in us we shall seek a self-respecting friendship with the British Commonwealth."

"I do not need to remind you of Canada, touching us at the noblest and longest frontier in the world, or of Australia and New Zealand, so like ourselves in democratic hope, subject to the same fears about the Orient. It seems to me that if two states so parallel in interest as America and England cannot find the way of co-operation then there is little hope in the world. I realize the prejudices which fight against it—prejudices fastened upon us in school where children are taught to regard Indians and Red Coats as their natural enemies; prejudices cultivated not a little by trade competition, and kept alive as a political issue by fanatical Irish and German politicians. But our future, and I think the future of the Empire, depends upon the conquest of that prejudice, and it is altogether intolerable that racial memories should be permitted to thwart and distort our efforts to come to an understanding with the British."

"Conspire Against Liberty"

"Are we to follow the advice of our militarists, and build a navy to compete with theirs? If we do, we are preparing a disaster and conspiring against liberty. A scheme of the English-speaking world would leave all its parts exposed to attack. It would leave us in a state of armed and terrified isolation. It would drive the British either to misalliances with the conquering empires of the East, or lay them open to destruction. For if liberalism divides its forces in the next generation it will be cutting its own throat. England cannot alone continue to pay the financial and human cost of defending the Empire. We cannot pay the cost of isolation in a world where we have no ally. Whether we desire merely the safety of our own territory, or the safety of this hemisphere, there is, it seems to me, no choice but to come to a definite agreement with Great Britain."

Men Got Own Chaplain

If the 99th Essex Battalion is fortunate in the type of men in its ranks, it is also especially favored in its officers. The chaplain Capt. G. W. Flew, is an Englishman and a graduate of English universities, but who after preaching in Methodist parsonages in the State of Michigan for some time, enlisted as a private in the Essex Battalion, and so endeared himself to the men that they insisted upon him being their chaplain.

Yale Graduate a Hero

Second Lieut. Arnold Whitridge, of Yale 1914, son of F. W. Whitridge, of New York, was among those receiving the Military Cross for gallantry in continuing to direct the fire of his battery in the face of some of the hottest fighting experienced, and with the enemy trenches but a few hundred yards away. Whitridge is one of a group of young American college men who joined the British artillery early in the war.

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To the Merchants of New Brunswick

We are having many enquiries from enterprising merchants throughout the province who are anxious to handle our special line of non-intoxicating beverages.

We have a proposition that will interest all merchants, and would like to hear from dealers in this county.

These beverages differ from the ordinary soft drinks. They are not insipid, but contain health-giving properties, and are highly refreshing.

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P. O. Box 309 ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Sugar, Preserving Goods, Cracked Corn Middlings, Wheat Bran and Corn Meal Shelf Groceries of all kinds

I can give you a good trade. I need money as much as any man in this county, particularly at this time, and I believe, if you pause a minute to think, you will make it a point to give me a call when you require any kind of groceries.

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When you have taken this treatment in the privacy of your own home for three days you are just as good a man mentally and physically as you were before you commenced to drink and you will have no desire, appetite or craving for liquor in any form. Each treatment is specially prepared for each case under supervision of a registered physician. Send for interesting literature etc.

The Home Treatment Co., - Grand Falls, N. B.

Farm For Sale

Situated at River Bank, within five minutes walk of post office, store, school and church. Eighty acres, fronting 35 rods on the river, 70 of which are cleared and under cultivation, well fenced, spring within 10 rods of house. Ten acres partly cleared, but has 1200 or 1500 maple trees. House 18x45, five finished rooms on ground floor; barn 30x55, with shed attached. All will be sold with or without our machinery and stock. A mile from railway siding, three stores, saw and grist mill. This is the best farm bargain on the St. John river. Ask of GIDEON HOLMES

River Bank, N. B.

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