

Andover and Perth

Judson C. Manzer of Havana, a former partner of the Porter-Manzer Co., arrived in town Saturday. He with his wife leave Wednesday for St. John and Nova Scotia. From there they will go to New York where they expect to sail for Cuba July 24.

A very pretty wedding took place in Trinity church, Andover, Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, when Miss Florence Marion Hawkes of Plaster Rock, formerly of Fredericton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hawkes became the wife of Frederick Enoch Petchey of Plaster Rock, late of Ipswich, England. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Belyea in the presence of a few intimate friends. The bride looked very pretty in a travelling suit of blue tulle, small blue hat and marabou cape. After the ceremony the young couple left by auto for Fort Fairfield and Houlton.

The marriage of William Thomas Tatlock to Miss Jean Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Anderson, took place in Trinity church, Andover, on Wednesday evening, July 7, at 8 o'clock, Rev. J. R. Belyea officiating. The bride wore a dainty dress of white voile. The ceremony was performed in the presence of several relatives and friends. The young couple will reside in Perth.

Several friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Hutchinson of Perth on Thursday evening, July 8, to witness the marriage of Miss Reta Adella Christina DeLoe of Boston, to William Patrick Callahan of Winchester, Mass. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. J. Robinson Belyea.

Sunday evening a bad automobile accident happened a short distance below Perth, which, however, resulted in no fatalities, but O. C. Johnson's new car was badly damaged by a car from Fort Fairfield driven by Joe Ayoub, accompanied by a young man friend and two young ladies from Andover. Both cars were going at a low rate of speed or the loss of life or lives would have been inevitable. Ayoub claimed he did not see the Johnson car but later contradicted himself saying that he saw the car coming and gave all the room that he possibly could. Just at that point the road is very narrow and Mr. Johnson was close to the bank. Many of our American friends come over here and act as if they "owned the whole town". The majority of Americans who drive through Andover exceed the speed limit and think the faster they can drive the better. The young men were arrested and taken to the Court house and allowed to go after leaving a deposit of \$500.

Helen, little daughter of Mrs. Harvey Clowes, met with an accident Sunday afternoon which may prove fatal. She in company with another little girl, was crossing the team bridge when she was struck by an auto driven by a chauffeur of M. L. Wright's. One leg was broken, and an arm and her jaw hurt. She was hurried to the Fort Fairfield hospital. Her recovery is doubtful.

Silk Hats Not Popular.

Although silk hats have made their reappearance since the armistice brought about a partial return to evening dress in Paris theaters and restaurants, there is a growing feeling among well-dressed men that a substitute for the ancient and ugly stovepipe must be found.

Today a correspondent of the aristocratic Gauls suggests that a soft felt hat to match the color of the evening waistcoat and ornamented with an artistic buckle should be adopted. This, it is suggested, would be "discreet and distinguished" but the newspaper asks with anguish: "What can be worn with the frock coat or morning jacket?"

The Impossible.

"Every man should attend strictly to his own business."

"Too much to ask," said Mr. Dustin Stax, after a moment's reflection. "Nearly every man I know was obliged to call in an expert to help him with his income tax return."

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are now packed in square packages. Each package contains five cakes, which are equal in quantity to six round cakes. All dealers are authorized to guarantee that the quality of the round and square cakes are identical in every respect.

PICKWICK'S PAPER

By HELEN A. HOLDEN

It was a busy time of the day. The crowd, hurrying to and fro, was too intent on minding its own affairs to bother about the erratic behavior of any particular individual.

Carliotta Smith was one of the throng surging past the Stanwix building. When she came opposite the wide-open door she hesitated, walked toward the entrance, but again turned and passed on down the street.

Coming back, she paused once more, then hurried on.

The third time there was no hesitation. With grim determination she approached the entrance and walked boldly in.

There were three or four men who left the elevator at the thirteenth floor with Miss Smith. She envied them their knowledge of where they wanted to go.

Opening off the hall, there were no less than five doors, each with the name of "Bolton Company" in gold letters.

"My mother told me to take this one," counted Carliotta.

Inside Carliotta found a girl seated behind a desk. She invited Carliotta to wait while she went in search of Mr. Thomas Doyle.

"This isn't so bad," mused Carliotta. "I'm beginning to think I'll like it."

"Mr. Doyle?" she inquired, as a young man appeared with her card in his hand. "I am Miss Carliotta Smith."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Smith."

Her tones had convinced him that there was much behind the name.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Doyle," interrupted the girl from behind the desk. "I forgot to deliver a message this morning. Mr. Bolton wished you to call him up."

"Did he say when?" asked Carliotta.

"No," the girl admitted reluctantly. "Then he can wait," which was hardly respectful to the president of the company. "Please be seated, Miss Smith."

"I came to see you—" began Carliotta.

"I say, Tom, I've been hunting everywhere for you." Like a hurricane a young man burst in with this announcement. "I beg pardon. I didn't know you were busy, but you forgot to tell me where that guaranty would most likely be found."

Explanations were brief, for in a few moments Doyle returned.

"I won't take you to my room, for I've been moved upstairs. A number of us have been changed about lately. We can go into Miss Glyn's room. There is no one there, so I trust we can continue uninterrupted."

"Did you say 'Miss Glyn'?" inquired Carliotta.

Doyle's glance followed Carliotta's to the hat-rack, on which hung a man's derby.

"Oh, that might mean the general mixed-up state we're in just now. Possibly a caller for Miss Glyn. That's probably it," Doyle spoke confidently. "She has just taken him somewhere to meet some one. Take this chair, Miss Smith; you'll find it more comfortable."

"But," protested Carliotta, "I know from the way it looks—"

"You mean the way it's worn," suggested Doyle.

"Anyway," continued Carliotta, "it's Miss Glyn's pet, particular chair. It would never do to have her find me using it."

"Even her shoes are distinguished looking," he told himself. "It seems as if I have heard her name before. Undoubtedly, a society girl; it probably figures daily in the papers."

"I think," said Carliotta, "that what people say about odious agents and the way they are treated is all nonsense."

"Have you had the good fortune to meet any unodious ones?" inquired Doyle lightly.

"I mean the way you have treated me," said Carliotta.

"I don't quite follow," Doyle sat down suddenly, because he had understood. "What would need a part?"

"From what I've heard, I always thought agents had doors slammed in their faces, and were sometimes—of course, in extreme cases—thrown downstairs," continued Miss Smith.

"Now, I consider I've been treated royally."

Carliotta waved majestically toward the footstool.

While she was speaking a man had quietly entered the room. As Doyle's attention was not again claimed, Carliotta did not mind.

Doyle was so stunned at what he had just heard that he forgot completely his previous threats of vengeance against the next intruder.

"I am an agent," continued Carliotta. "For Pickwick's Superior Typewriting Paper."

"Never would have guessed it." The irony in Tom Doyle's voice was lost on Carliotta, who continued volubly:

"You probably use Tryon's, don't you, Mr. Doyle? Really a very inferior grade. If you would once try Pickwick's, I am sure you would never use anything else. Its advantages over others in ordinary use are legion. Do you use Tryon's or Black's Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't know."

Doyle felt as if he had been knocked down, and now was being walked on.

This girl did not want him to lead the German at the coming charity ball—she did not even want a subscription

to something else, anything—she was only a plain, ordinary agent.

"I hoped you would be able to help me," continued Carliotta. "I so much want to make a success of it. You don't know what it means to me."

"I've a sick husband and five children to support," quoted Doyle absent-mindedly.

"It's not as bad as that," replied Carliotta. "But if I could make my poor mother comfortable—"

"I'll do what I can for you," broke in Doyle hastily. "Mr. Crulshank is the man you ought to see."

"But I don't want to see him," said Carliotta. "He is sure to be cross. Even his name sounds so."

"I don't know about that. I don't even know the man. I mean, he's head of that department."

"I shouldn't like to see him," Carliotta spoke decidedly. "I thought you could help me. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Smith gave me your name—Mr. Morton Smith. He is a distant relative, and is interested in helping me."

"You are related to Morton Smith?" To himself Doyle added: "How in thunder does he let you do a thing like this?"

"Yes; he is most anxious to see me succeed," replied Carliotta.

"I'll do what I can."

Doyle felt like a criminal. To aid and abet a girl of Miss Smith's stamp make of herself a successful agent of Pickwick's Superior Paper, was unpardonable. Yet, considering the poor old mother, he must do what he could.

"I'll see the cranky Crulshank, as you call him. If I can't urge him, I'll beat him into accepting your paper. In one way or another, you see, I am sure to succeed."

"When shall I call again?" inquired Carliotta.

"What part of the city do you canvass tomorrow?" asked Doyle.

"Around State and Pearl, I think," Carliotta spoke with some hesitation.

"I get my luncheon near there," said Doyle. "I could meet you at Lincoln park, and it would save your coming 'way up here.'"

"Very well," said Carliotta. "You see, I've never been an agent before, so I hardly know what is customary."

As Doyle made Carliotta good-bye, he felt a deep thrill of sympathy.

"Ten minutes later," was Mr. Doyle's greeting when he met Miss Smith the next day. "I hope that means you have had a successful morning."

Carliotta slowly shook her head.

"I'm so sorry. There was a world of sympathy in Doyle's voice. "And I have had news, too."

How he hated to make Carliotta look less happy than she did when she came to meet him across the park!

"Did Mr. Crulshank live up to the reputation of his name?" Carliotta asked bravely as she asked the question.

"Taking time by the forelock," answered Doyle. "I inquired for Crulshank as soon as you left yesterday. I was directed to the room that used to be Miss Glyn's. There, sitting at his own desk, and with his feet on his own footstool, was Hon. James Gordon Crulshank!"

"Oh!" gasped Carliotta. "He was the man who came in while we were talking. He must have heard me say he was a crank, and you said you would beat him. Is there anything left of you, Mr. Doyle?"

"I am old Crulshank's firm friend for life," replied Doyle. "You bet I didn't think it was funny, but he seemed to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. He was such a brick in overlooking the names we called him. We actually parted friends, even though he refused to take the Pickwick paper. Says he has nothing against what we are now using."

"What trials there are for agents. I am glad I am not a real one," murmured Carliotta.

"Was that agent business a joke?" demanded Doyle wrathfully.

"Far from it," replied Carliotta. "I was never more serious in my life. To begin at the beginning—two nights ago, at dinner, my father called me names. He said I was simply a butterfly without more serious thoughts of the future than what frock I should wear to the next assembly."

"I replied that it was all the fault of circumstances. That I could even earn my own living, if it were necessary. Of course, my father hooted at that. To make a long story short, it ended in a wager. I was to prove to him that I could be self-supporting. He bet I couldn't."

"I decided that becoming an agent would be quicker than anything else. From my unsuspecting cousin I got the name of Bolton company, an employing large numbers of typewriters. You can guess how glad I was when he casually mentioned you as a classmate. Then I went to a store and asked the name of the least used typewriting paper."

"The least used?" broke in Doyle.

"Of course," said Carliotta, "if I had taken the most popular, the chances were that you would already be stocked up with it."

"That is one way of doing business," commented Doyle.

"When I reported my success last night," continued Carliotta, "my father was not at all pleased. In fact, he was quite—otherwise, I was so disappointed, for I was really very proud of myself."

"Then all that about your poor old mother was—" began Doyle.

"Purely fiction," replied Carliotta. "What must you think of me, Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't want you to cut my acquaintance by telling me it is too sudden," said Tom; "but I will gladly tell you as soon as you give me permission."

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JIM'S GOOD TRADE

Paid Youngster to Swap His Pig for the Bear.

Bruin's Eagerness for a Pork Dinner Proved His Undoing When Old Muzzle-Loader Really Got Into Action.

In return for helping his grandfather one summer and fall on his bush farm, Jim Holland had received a pig which he had taken special pains to fatten. One day when he was alone he heard a great squealing and came out just in time to see a bear carrying his pig into the bush. Rushing back, he seized his grandfather's muzzle-loader and hurried out. He picked up his hand-axe and stuck it in his belt, and as he ran to the bush his dog joined him.

The porker, which weighed about one hundred pounds, was making a kick for his life and objecting so strenuously to the manner of his removal that the bear was not making very rapid progress. When Jim was near enough he stopped, took aim and pulled. But the old gun did not go off; either the cap was useless or the powder was damp. Sending his dog after the bear, Jim dropped the gun, seized the fix and hurried on to see what he could do. The dog rushed in and nipped a hind leg. The bear swung round and snapped at the dog, then hurried on, clinging tightly to his prize. At that moment Jim ran up and hit the robber with his ax. At the same time the dog rushed in on the farther side and nipped the bear again in the tender part of his leg. As the bear swung round upon his little tormentor, Jim saw his chance and got in another blow with his ax, which caused the beast to shake his head savagely.

Apparently the bear was determined that, even if he had to give up his booty, he would see that it was of no service to Jim, for with one blow of his powerful paw he disemboweled the pig. He then threw it from him and made off through the woods.

In great disappointment and anger at the loss of his pig, Jim called his dog, got the gun and went home. When his grandfather returned that evening he told him what had happened.

"That old bear will be back for the pig tomorrow," said his grandfather. "You better be on hand and get him."

"How?" asked Jim.

"Why with the gun, of course," said the old gentleman barely.

"I tried your gun on him today, but it wouldn't go off," said Jim.

"That is one of the best guns in this country, even if it is an old-timer," said his grandfather sharply. "This was not the first time his ancient gun had been condemned by a new generation."

The old gentleman pulled out the charge, carefully re-loaded the gun and told Jim that it was all right.

Early the next morning Jim climbed a tree near his dead pig and waited. The morning passed and there was no sign of the bear, but at about the time when he had appeared on the day before he came cautiously through the woods and approached the pig. Jim took careful aim at the spot just behind the fore shoulder and fired. The old gun did its work faithfully this time.

When his grandfather heard the gun go off he hurried to the spot. He found Jim dancing around his bear.

"Here's a big one, Jim! Bigger than I thought," said the old gentleman. "You were lucky to get him at one crack. Meat and fat and hide, he's worth more than four pigs."

It required a team and a stone boat to get Jim's prize home—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Easy.

Fastidious Country Boarder—Great Scott! Can't you do something to keep the flies out of this dining room?

Farmer—Well, yes, I could set the table in the kitchen.—Boston Evening

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