

TROTTER STALLION "RED PAINT"

(34904)

Out of the great Race Mare "Red Cherry," 2:14 1/2. Bred by the late Marcus L. Daly, Bitter Root Farm, Mo. Seal Brown; Standard Registered; Stands 16 1/2 hands high; Weighs 1150 lbs.

Red Paint, 34904, by Ponce de Leon, record 2:13; sire of 15 in list. Ponce de Leon was by Ponce de Leon, record 2:13 1/2; sire of 26 in list, including Cuyler-coast, 2:11, Ponce de Leon, 2:13; dam Elvira (4) 2:18 1/2, with 2 in the list. Dam-coast, 1439, was by Woodford Mambrino, 345, 2:21 1/2, sire of 13 in list, etc.; dam Bicara, by Harold, 413, dam of 16 in list, etc. Elvira was sired by Culver, 100, sire of 17 in list; dam Mary Mambrino by Mambrino Patchen, 58, great brood mare.

Red Paint's dam was Red Cherry, record 2:14 1/2, by Red Wilkes, 1749, record 2:22, dam Queen Dido by Mambrino Chief 11. Sire of Madam Herr by Mambrino Patchen, 58, dam Becky by Edwin Forrest, 49, dam of 2 in list, etc. 4th dam, Dixie by Moore's Mambrino, Prince, 5th dam Miss Webster, by Webster's Highlander.

SEASON OF 1916

Leave owner's stable Monday morning and go through Ashland, Windsor to Knowlsville, and reach Glassville Wednesday noon, where he will stand at Miller's stable until Thursday noon.

Friday will be at Bath by way of Bristol. Saturday afternoon at owner's stable.

Mares coming from a distance will be kept over night free of charge.

He has some of the best and fastest colts of any horse. His colts are large and fine ones. The Moore's colts won her race at Houlton, and had she been pushed could have gone much faster.

RED PAINT has raced some himself, and has never been behind the money in his life.

He has got ninety per cent. of mares served last year in foal.

You will see by this record that he is one of the best bred stallions that ever came to this country; had a great sire and dam, both fast race horses. He is a large horse and his colts are fit for any kind of road work. Will meet anyone.

Can get me by Farmers' telephone.

Terms: \$10 to insure, \$2 at time of first service. Single service \$5.

A. H. GREER.

Mount Pleasant, N. B.

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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 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

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MARITIME PROVINCES

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March 8th to October 25th

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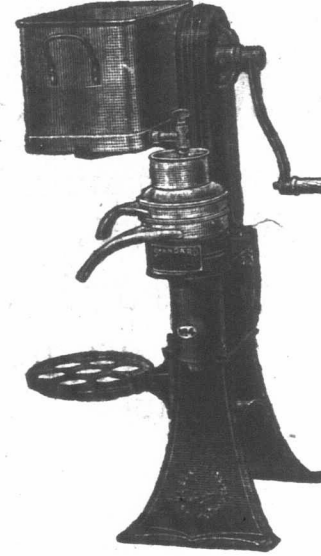
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Carriages, Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines

WATERVILLE, N. B.

Farmer phone 28-14

JOE BEDELL

(Continued from first page)

l, and a sweeping line under the name.

"Now," he explained, "if any fellow wants his note backed, I'll do it and tell him I'm mighty glad of the privilege, for his good will may be worth something later; but if I don't want it discounted, I'll sign my name that way, so you'll know what to do and turn him down. That saves me from getting 'stuck' and also keeps me from losing my friends."

"That's one way of doing it where anybody else would turn them down cold," I laughed, "but what you say goes, so I'll not discount anything signed that way if it will help you any."

"You're certainly a brick," declared Joe, as he rushed out to accost a 'binder prospect' on the other side of the street.

I turned to the work of the day and promptly forgot about the matter; but before two o'clock that afternoon a noted "hard ticket" from "Skedaddle Ridge" who had "sworn out" of jail a dozen times presented a note with Bedell's special signature and coolly asked me to give him the proceeds in cash.

I turned him down as per arrangement, and during the next few weeks Bedell certainly refused no requests for financial assistance; for I must have declined to discount over thirty notes of various parties, all endorsed by Bedell with the long flourish of the pen under the name.

Then the Germans swept through Belgium and Joe and I decided to go. I got a commission with the Kent Engineers, and before we left Valcartier Sergeant Joseph Bedell was the most efficient non-commissioned officer under my command. He was a noted daredevil even for the First Contingent, and two weeks after we went into the trenches he begged permission to make a midnight examination of the German entanglements in front of their trench opposite our section.

"I'd like to see just how they're put together," he urged, "and we might take a little 'hike' out of them with some dynamite."

I allowed him to go, for he would probably have gone anyway, and about one o'clock on a foggy April morning Joe and five picked men climbed over the parapet of our trench and wriggled a way into the darkness.

"This is way ahead of the machinery and banking business," he whispered as he climbed past me, and I replied in as careless a tone as I could assume; but we both realized fully the risk he was running. Up and down the German trenches the flares blinked unceasingly. There was a lively rattle of rifle fire on the right, and over our heads the big shells whistled the tune of death.

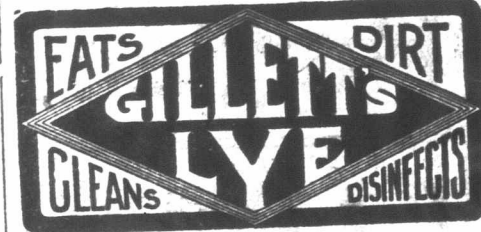
Five minutes, ten minutes passed; then there came a sputter of rifle fire from the German trench followed by the clashing sounds of a fierce hand to hand conflict, and a flare revealed our men struggling with eight or ten husky Germans close up to their entanglements.

It was against orders to go out and assist them, but I think I was saved from transgressing by the sound of a patter of rushing feet, and three of our men tumbled into the trench, each with a German prisoner held tightly by the collar and three revolvers pressed into their broad backs.

"Our other men were killed the first volley and the Germans got away with Bedell," was the laconic report.

The next morning a German bomb was thrown over into our trench and took a big surprise out of us, not by exploding, but by failing to do so. As I stopped to pick it up and tase it out of the trench I noticed a folded paper tied to it, and opening it up I found a note in Bedell's familiar handwriting.

"You will no doubt be surprised



to hear from me," it read, "but the most amazing things do happen in this little world. You've probably heard me speak of Dohlmann, the travelling inspector of agencies of the Imperial Company. He used to have his headquarters at Brantville, and was to Rockport and checked up my books a dozen times. We were the best of friends, and you can imagine my surprise after the Germans 'gaffed' on to me and bundled me into their trench to find that Dohlmann was the Lieutenant in charge. It seems that he had gone back to Germany for a little visit last summer, and found himself right in the center of things."

"Now, Dohlmenn is a good sort and don't want to send me back to a German prison camp, so he has arranged to give me a chance to sly out of the trench to-night at 11 o'clock and escape if I can. It will be necessary, though, for you to send three of our men to meet me, so see that they are at the old stump about twenty feet from the German lines at eleven sharp. Trusting you will do this for old time's sake: for I don't relish the idea of German cooking in a prison camp. Then his signature."

"P. S.—If our plan fails for any reason, and you ever see New Brunswick again, tell the little milliner in the Rockport Emporium that I send her my love. I was always a bashful chap, but she will understand." Then another of his signatures. I studied them. I thought hard. Then I remembered something and made a plan.

It was a big responsibility, as I dared not consult any of my senior officers and we had some first hand knowledge of German methods that the correspondents never reported, but I could not resist the subtle appeal in Joe's letter, and that night at five minutes to eleven I sent out the three men and awaited the outcome.

As the hands of my watch crawled up to eleven I could scarcely control myself; as I realized that I had risked my own military standing as well as the lives of my men. At eleven o'clock sharp a flare went up from the German trench revealing the shattered stump and the three men already at the rendezvous. Before the light died out there came an explosion that seemed to shake half of Flanders; the three waiting men disappeared as if conjured out of sight by a magic wand, and a yawning hole in the earth marked the spot where they had stood.

"Some more Hun treachery," I muttered to myself.

The next morning we were moved to Verdun front. I never saw or heard from Bedell again, and after the capture of Berlin a thorough search of the records at the German headquarters revealed no trace of him. As I smoke my pipe of an evening in sight of the old St. John River I often wonder what became of him, and whether he knew, knew I noticed his signature to the letter tossed into the trench with the conspicuous flourish under the name, governed myself accordingly, fitted up the three German

prisoners with khaki uniforms and sent them out, comforted and sustained by my positive assurance that they would certainly be looked after by their friends. They were.

I faithfully delivered the message to the little milliner—still unmarried—for the signature to the postscript of the letter was signed just as poor old Joe used to endorse a note when he really intended for me to discount it.

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

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SHAW BROS., Victoria, Farmers' Telephone.

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