

The Carleton Observer

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HARTLAND, N. B., OCTOBER 11, 1916.

Whole No. 379

IF YOU PATRONIZE
The Everyday Bargain Store
YOU LEARN TO SAVE MONEY.

DON'T PUT OFF

Buying until the Best
Bargains are gone.
Come while the as-
sortment is complete.
Join the happy throng
of pleased buyers here
TODAY!

(Read the Big Ad.)

(The Mrs. C. A. Phillips stand)

A. W. PHILLIPS

BRISTOL N. B.

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

If Insured

WITH
PERLEY S. MARSTEN
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

For FIRE, ACCIDENT and LIFE

Insurance
CALL AND SEE
R. W. CAMERON
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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

**\$50,000
TO LOAN**
on Real Estate.

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Farmers' 29-4

A SPLENDID LINE
AND BIG VALUES IN
MEN'S AND BOYS'

Overcoats

New Fall Goods:

Mackinaws, Sweaters, Oxford All-wool Pants
Heavy Boots, Gum Rubbers, Shoe Rubbers
Underwear of all weights, Outings
Shakers, etc., etc.

POTATO BASKETS

The best value in baskets we ever offered

A Bargain in a Second-Hand Auto
McLaughlin-Buick, in good order; all new tires. You will be surprised at the price if you will only call me up or write me.

S. W. SMITH

East Florenceville

Western Assurance Co.

(INCORPORATED 1851)

ASSETS - - - - \$3,213,438.25

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Woodstock, N. B.

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A Home Away from Home

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Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

BUTTER WRAPPERS Printed to legal requirements, with your name and address, pound size, 100 for 20 cents, 250 for \$1, sent postpaid. Maple Leaf Co., Hartland, N. B.

FARMERS SHOULD BE PRAYING MEN

Should Have Spent Thanksgiving on Their Knees Praising God for His Good Gifts—Not a Sermon

"Never saw so many turnips in my life." "Where do they all come from?" Such are common ejaculations these days. This may not go into history as "the year of the big turnip," but it will go on record as a year of lots of them. The general public was not aware that Carleton and Victoria counties had become a turnip producing section until the market opened and they commenced to come—thousands of barrels a day! One day four carloads were hauled to Hartland, and at every siding from Debec to Grand Falls they were loading as fast as an army of men could work. Probably the two counties are shipping an average of ten carloads a day, by far the most of them going to the American market for table use. The Potato Products Co., of which H. H. Hatfield is chief push, will soon commence evaporating turnips at their Woodstock plant—that is, if ever the price falls low enough to make it profitable.

Today turnips bring 75 cents a barrel, and a fair piece of land produce 350 barrels to the acre. Don't have to hoe 'em, weed 'em or sprinkle 'em. Only use 500 pounds of fertilizer to the acre. Plant the seed and when the plants appear too thick pull out the weakest ones and feed them to the hogs and cattle—great stuff for stock. In the fall pull the turnips, top 'em and haul 'em to market. The stock fatten on the tops and the farmer fatten on the easy money. Sure easier than swinging a sledgehammer, or piling lumber, or adding figures in a stuffy office, or standing behind a counter whistling for trade. Just as easy money as running a newspaper—and a great deal more of it.

But what of the hogs that fat on turnip tops? Last week James McIsaac of East Florenceville loaded into a refrigerator car at Hartland the dressed carcasses of more than 160 hogs for which the farmer got 13½ cents a pound. The hogs went to Halifax and goodness knows what Jim got. Round pork at 13½ cents is some price, all right. A few years ago this journal quoted it at 3½ cents and the farmers hauled it over frozen roads all the way to Florenceville. There is big money in hogs and they enrich the farm.

There are probably 100 carloads of potatoes passing through and out of the two counties every day. While most of these are en route from Aroostook county, a large portion of them were grown in the St. John Valley. The price hangs at \$2 a barrel while there would be good money in them for half that price. A large proportion of this crop is being shipped direct from the field than

ever before. Most farmers consider the price good enough, although all are housing a part of their crop, for potatoes are sure to be higher later on.

There seems to be no activity in the oat market in spite of the alluring price of 45 cents. If, as it appears, less oats are being sold and more grain fed, the sign is a good one.

Buckwheat meal, the one-time staff of life in this section, and which used to bring 80 cents a hundred weight, is today quoted at \$3, which brings pancakes to somewhere around a cent apiece.

What of the humble hen? Years ago eggs commonly dropped to 6 cents in summer, and it was a rare season when at Christmas time the price was high as 25c. Farmers' wives used to commence in August to "pack eggs down to hold for 20c." Now the price doesn't go down to 20 cents and this week you've got to pay 30 for them—and later on 35 and 40 cents, or go without. The old hen herself brings a big price. Chickens sold for 18 cents a pound early in the season, but the price is getting down to where people can afford to use them for food—about 13 to 15 cents a pound. Used to sell, years ago, for 7 cents.

This country doesn't produce as much butter as it should, but the quality is pay excellence, as a rule. The price nowadays never goes below 22 cents, and the farmers have no difficulty in contracting with city customers at the year-round price of 27 cents. The price today is 27 to 30 cents. Most customers are willing to pay a higher price for prints that bear the maker's name. Less than 20 years ago a local merchant bought tons of packed butter for 12 to 14 cents a pound and the quality was so vile that he was glad to sell it to a soap maker at the same price he bought it for.

The big stir has not yet commenced in hay. There will be twice the quantity shipped than there was last year and the price is likely to be good.

Beef cattle are scarce and high. The farmers should produce more of this commodity.

The season for lambs is about over. The live animals brought \$5 to \$10, a marked contrast to the old price of \$1.50 to \$2. An unsolved mystery is why all our farmers, instead of comparatively a few, do not raise sheep.

Beans are bringing \$5 a bushel! There is a good market for anything that can be grown if the article can be furnished so as to fill a car. Carrots are being shipped.

So busy were the farmers with their potatoes, turnips and hogs that many neglected to plant pumpkins and cabbage, so that it is not unusual to see a farmer drive home with these in his wagon—bought from a grocer.

In spite of the war—possibly because of the war—times for the farmer were never better. He is getting prices "beyond his wildest dream of avarice." True, commodities he has to buy are high, also, but not higher in proportion

LETTERS FROM WOUNDED BOYS

Ed. Hanning Unable to Write, Captain Writes for Him

Following are letters from Ed. Hanning and Ed. Downey, both Hartland boys who were recently wounded in battle.

Canadian Corps H. Q.

Dear Mrs. Hanning: At the request of your son Pte. E. G. Hanning No. 69402 I am writing to tell you that he was wounded in the side about Sept. 15. It was impossible to get him out from the trenches immediately, but on Sept. 19 we took up a party of ninety men and carried him and nine of his wounded comrades out to the Field Ambulance where the Medical officers gave them every possible attention. They described his condition as wonderfully good. I hope you will hear from time to time of his constant progress towards recovery, and I congratulate you on the magnificent work he has done in the great struggle in which the Canadian Troops are now engaged.

Yours Sincerely,
(Capt.) A. H. McGreer.

France, Sept. 23.

Dear Mother: Just a few lines to let you know how I am making out. I am in the hospital at present, getting along fine. I am in the hospital but able to be up around. I was buried up by a shell and got a bad shake but not hurt very bad. I don't know how the rest of the boys came out. All the boys you know were all right when I left the trench. It was a rough spot, the worst that I have been in yet. One thing about it, we could get back at them for what shells that they fired at us. This is all for this time. Goodby,

Ed. Downey.

Senator Stephenson Visits Old Scenes

Senator Isaac Stephenson and party consisting of his daughter, Mrs. Joshua Hodgins, his niece, Miss Bertha Baker, his grandson, I. Watson Stephenson and Mr. Fred Hutchinson of Marinette, Wis., who have been visiting Mrs. T. J. Boyer and other relatives in town, were taken to Presque Isle on Saturday by Geo. W. Boryer in his automobile where they visited Mr. and Mrs. John Seeley. They came to Florenceville on Sunday and were the guests of Mrs. Andrew Stephenson. They returned to Woodstock on Monday and left for Montreal on Tuesday on their return home.—Dispatch.

to what he is getting. Two years ago he sold 18 barrels of potatoes for the price of a barrel of flour. Today he can trade five barrels of potatoes for a barrel of flour. Two years ago he got a pound of cream of tartar for a barrel of potatoes that will today bring him five pounds.

Living under such beneficence the farmers should all be praying men and Christians.



Just Home

and tired after the day's work. That cup of KING COLE TEA, ready and waiting, will refresh as nothing else can quite do. In its warm, generous glow, weariness will be forgotten.



KING COLE TEA

"You'll like the flavor"