

THE OBSERVER

OTHERWISE

"COTTON'S WEEKLY"

The Leading Weekly of the Eastern Townships.

Is issued every Thursday from the office of publication,

MAIN STREET - COWANSVILLE

WILLIAM ULRIC COTTON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

H. A. WEBB, MANAGER

Telephone.....No. 45

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions payable in advance.

Canada, one year\$1.00

United States and foreign countries\$1.50

ADVERTISEMENTS

LOCAL READERS—First insertion—3 lines 25c, 6 lines 50c, 8 lines 70c, 10 lines 90c, 12 lines \$1.00. Subsequent insertions 50 per cent. off.

SPECIAL RATE ON WED. For Sale and other small ads.—1 insertion 50c, 2 ins. 65c, 3 ins. 80c, 4 ins. \$1.00.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1908

SHAMES FRANCE

Hardships Under Which the Agricultural Labor are Indescribable.

Conditions approximating the terrible time of the Jacquerie, when the peasants of France rose and massacred landlords, men-at-arms and even priests indiscriminately, have just been revealed in a letter to L'Humanite by a prominent social leader, who has been making a tour of the provinces looking into the agricultural situation.

According to the report the days of the "brushwood men" of the thirteenth century are upon France again this year, under the benevolent "radical rule" of M. Clemenceau and his colleagues.

That this situation is not overdrawn is shown by the fact that the old song of the Jacquerie has been revived in the province of Cantal in old Auvergne, the song which ran

Cease men-at-arms and priestly clan To eat and torture John Goodman, Who since the beginning John Goodman, is recalled.

It was from this song of John Goodman (Jacques Bonhomme) that the terrible massacres of the Jacquerie took their name.

The conditions of living among French farmers are simply indescribable. The men are living in brushwood huts much the same as in the middle ages in Brittany, Auvergne, Creuse and Ardeche, on account of the evictions of landlords. Their half starved families crawl from the beastly brushwood covers and gaze with half-starved faces at the passerby in the hope of obtaining "un sou," a penny.

In some cases where a few swine and a cow have been saved from the family wreck at the eviction the cattle are sharing the brushwood huts with the peasants. Starvation is stalking broad through the land and it is feared that unless something is done at once to ameliorate the conditions of the evicted farmers the plague will mark a trail through the country governed by M. Clemenceau, "radical" and friend of the workman.

The farmer's who have been so fortunate as to maintain their rented holdings are almost in as bad plight as the brushwood men. In summing the report describes the condition of the farmer all over France as follows: "Black, black misery, black as the bread they eat, black as the rocks upon which the evicted men search for a few leaves of succulent grasses which they may eat."

The report says in part: "Cantal is a country of the farmer, par excellence. Here is what I saw in company with Tourtoulou when I penetrated the utmost recesses of the department. From Champaigac we went to Maturac; from Maturac to Aurillac, from Aurillac to Murat a St. Fleur and thence to Massiac. I have climbed the utmost recesses of the mountains where the little mountain villages are situated; I have walked through the once fertile valleys Loran and Allagonon; I have followed the Ceze river for miles; and everywhere, mountain and plain, the tale is the same; misery, nothing but black misery.

"In Brittany the same tale is told. Cattle are he-d in the same room with the farmers, who are compelled to use one room in order to house their evicted neighbors. Between the pig pen and the beds there is nothing but a slight fence. The farmer is disturbed

at breakfast by the grunting of the pigs in the sty. For heating purposes in the bitter Breton winter there is the chimney.

"The ordinary land of one of these farmers is about as big as a pocket handkerchief.

"The hardships under which French farmers labor shame the world.

FOREST ENGINEERS

Courses of Training Already Established in Canada.

Trained foresters, or forest engineers, are now badly needed in Canada to assist in the establishing of a better system of forest management in the public forests. To meet this need, two forestry schools have been established by two of the Canadian universities, namely the University of Toronto and the University of New Brunswick.

The Faculty of Forestry of the University of Toronto has now entered on its second year of work. Its staff consists of its dean, or head, two lecturers and an assistant. Its course of study covers four years and leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Forestry (B.S.F.). A post-graduate degree of Forest Engineer (F. E.) is granted after two years, at least, of practical work.

The head, or dean, of the faculty of forestry is Dr. B. E. Fernow, one of the foremost living authorities on the forestry of North America. A German by birth, Dr. Fernow received his professional training at the Forest Academy of Muenchen, (Germany), and also studied at the University of Koenigsberg. In 1876 he came to the United States and from 1886 to 1898, was chief of the Bureau of Forestry in the United States Dept. of Agriculture. He then became head of the New York State College of Forestry in connection with Cornell University, a position which he occupied for some five years. After some years spent in private work as consulting forest engineer, he organized the department of forestry at the Pennsylvania State College, and from there came in 1907 to Toronto to organize the Faculty of Forestry at that university.

The University of New Brunswick opened its department of forestry in September last. Here, too, the course is an undergraduate one of four years; the degree conferred is Bachelor of Science in Forestry (B.S.F.). The professor in charge of the department is Mr. R. B. Miller, M.A., M.F., a graduate of the Yale Forest School, one of the foremost schools of Forestry on this continent.

A third school will soon be in full operation in the Province of Quebec, and courses in forestry, or preparatory thereto, are given in a number of other Canadian universities and agricultural colleges.

Tenants Carry Off Farms

The modern farmer was applying electrical massage to a cart horse's sprained knee. During the intervals of rest he talked farm talk.

"There are tenants," he said, "who, when they move, carry their farms with them as the tortoise does his house. These people are the Norman French, the world's best farmers.

"Where you or I would require 20 or 30 acres of land to keep one family, the French farmer will keep a family on a quarter of an acre. If he chose to cultivate 20 or 30 acres, he would become a millionaire.

"His secret lies in the perfection to which he brings his top soil. What with fertilizing and watering and clearing, his top soil is the blackest, finest, richest soil on earth. His top soil is to the French farmer what her voice is to the prima donna.

"And when he rents he contracts that on the termination of the lease he may carry off 18 inches of the top soil with him.

"When you see a French farmer moving, one small cart carries his household goods; and in seven or eight enormous drays his top soil lumbars behind."

Lady of uncertain age—"Ah, Major, we're none of us as young as we were."

Major (absent-minded, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated)—"My dear lady, I'm sure you don't look it!"

Advertisement for STAG CHEWING TOBACCO. Text: Lasts Longer—STAG BRIGHT FLAVOR CHEWING TOBACCO. The new increased size is the same excellent quality.

Equality

What strange ideas we hear expressed from time to time by various people in regard to the relative merits of persons and things. What fears are shown lest some person or persons climb to equal or greater heights than others in life's endeavors toward expression.

Some fret over imaginary slights and some are handicapped with a desire to be what they are not, and what, in the very nature of things they cannot be.

All of this proves over and over again that life to each of us is simply a matter of the state of our own consciousness.

From time to time we enjoy an "expansion of consciousness," and, behold, "all things are made new"; we live in a different universe, surrounded by different people, yet the real universe and the real people are the same, yesterday, today and forever. The only change is in our viewpoint.

I am a woman. Have I ever wished I had been born a man? No! "The fact that I am her certainly shows me that the soul has need of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post?" Yes.

Shall I belittle that post by lamenting because it is not a different post? No! I shall proceed to make my womanhood as worthy and powerful for good as any manhood can possibly be.

Nor do I discount your manhood. Let it reach the noblest heights, and lo, there will I be also with my womanhood.

"I do not call one greater and one smaller. That which fills its period and place is equal to any."

Do we fill our period and place? There only lies our concern, not in what others may think about it.

We set our own rate. We take our own place. Until recently we have put that rate and place too low. It is a natural result of centuries of teaching that we were "poor woman of the dust." Some of us have evolved from the "worm consciousness," and are rapidly wakening to the God-consciousness. We are at least realizing our own importance in the scheme of the universe.

In this awakening we see that equality reigns supreme.

Not equality in the sense of sameness, but equality in the sense of service—of ability of each person and thing to "fill its own period and place," and thereby be "the equal of any."

In this sense the tiniest blade of grass is equal to the mightiest orb that sails the skies.

When we get this broad view of life, all petty discontent, all longing to be what we are not, all fears that a black skin may become equal to a white skin, or a man become greater than a woman, drops from us as simply as a bird moults her feathers, and we arrive at the point where we understand what the poet means when he sings "To You."

"Painters have painted their swarming groups and the center figure of all, From the head of the center-figure spreading a nimbus of gold-color'd light, But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head without its nimbus of gold-color'd light.

From my hand from the brain of every man and woman it streams, effulgently flowing forever.

O, I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you!

"You have not known what you are, you have slumbered upon yourself all your life;

Your eyelids have been the same as closed most of the time.

There is no endowment in man or woman that is not tallied in you.

There is no virtue, no beauty in man or woman, but as good is in you; No pluck, no endurance in others, but as good is in you;

No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleasure waits for you.

"As for me, I give nothing to any one except I give the like carefully to you;

I sing the songs of the glory of none, not God, sooner than I sing the songs of the glory of you."

"Whoever you are, claim your own at any hazard!"

And your own is equal to any.

—Carrie Johnson Triller.

Punishing His Donkey

Not very long ago there lived near Halifax an old man who always rode on a donkey to his daily work, and tethered him while he labored on the roads or wherever else he might be. It had been pretty plainly hinted to him by one of the local landowners that he was suspected of putting it in the field, to graze at other people's expense.

thing, for my donkey wean't ait (eat) owt bud nettles an' thistles."

One day the gentleman was riding along the road, when he saw the old fellow at work and the donkey up to its knees in one of his clover fields, feeding luxuriously.

"Halloa, John!" said he, "I understood you to say your donkey would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Aye," said John, "but he's bin misbehavin' hissen, sir. He nearly kicked me 't' chest just now, soa aw put him theer to punish him!"

NORTH SUTTON

Miss Amelia Grimes is quite ill. Mrs. J. H. Taylor is caring for her. Mrs. Jackson Strong, of Concord, N. H., is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs M.—Darbe for a week.

Mr and Mrs Marvin Hawley of Sutton, and Mr Chas. Pettes and family were at H. E. Fuller's for Thanksgiving.

The "Xmas Tree" men are cutting trees on Mr H. French's at present.

Mr Fred Barker, late of the White Mountains, was calling on friends in town on Sunday.

Mrs Henry is away nursing. Mrs Fanny Drew, of Greenfield, Mass., was here for her father's funeral, the late Mr. Harry Hawley.

Mr and Mrs Rockwell visited at Mr W. Durkee's on Saturday.

Mr. Edward Peters, of Brome, was at J. H. Taylor's on Monday.

Mrs Jas. Strong, of West Sutton, spent Sunday at M. E. Darbe's.

Miss Bell McIntosh and Miss Grace Macfarlane of Cowansville, were in town on Sunday.

Lennox factory closed on the 5th inst. for the winter.

Signs of Old English Inns

There was one thing about the old-fashioned inn to which much attention was paid, and that was the signboard.

At a time when few people could read or write house signs were indispensable in everyday life, especially in the towns and as inns and taverns were always common, their distinctions gave the name to many a street, for not infrequently they were the first buildings to be erected. Many of the combinations read whimsically, and a writer in the British Apollo of 1717 says:—

- I'm amused at the signs As I pass through the town, To see the odd mixture— A magpie and Crown, The Whale and the Crow, The Razor and Hen, The Leg and Seven Stars, The Scissors and Pen, The Axe and the Bottle, The Tun and the Lute, The Eagle and Child, The Shovel and Boot.

Cedar Shingles

High Grade 16 Inch N. B. Cedar Shingles

We have the largest and best equipped Shingle Mill in the Province, with a yearly capacity of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS, and are always in a position to ship promptly all orders entrusted to us.

We also make a specialty of Planed and Matched SPRUCE LUMBER.

The best of Raw Material, combined with careful attention to details of manufacture and milling, ensure perfect satisfaction to our customers.

Address

The Metis Lumber Co. PRICE, RIMOUSKI CO., P. Q. FIERI FACIAS DE BONIS ET DE TERRIS.

SUPERIOR COURT DISTRICT OF BEDFORD

Province of Quebec. DAMEIDA District of Bedford. ROY, Plaintiff. No. 8005. vs. the good and lands of EUSEBE AUDET, Defendant.

That certain piece of land situated in the town of Farnham and district of Bedford, and now known on the official plan and book of reference of the said town of Farnham, as number four hundred and seventy-four (474), with all improvements thereon; being sixty feet in front by one hundred feet in depth.

To be sold at the parochial church door of the parish of Saint Romuald de Farnham, in the town of Farnham, and district of Bedford, on the TWENTY-EIGHTH day of NOVEMBER next, at the hour of TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

CHAS. S. COTTON, Sheriff's Office, Sheriff.

Sweetsburg, 14th October, 1908.

CHILDREN!

Vinol is the only preparation of Cod Liver Oil that children will take and which is easily assimilated by their delicate digestive organs. It builds up firm, healthy flesh, and makes little limbs round and plump. Delicate children thrive on it and love to take it.

The body-building and strengthening properties of Cod Liver Oil—but no oil—combined with peptonate of iron, makes Vinol the ideal tonic for delicate children. It tastes good and always does good.

GROWING CHILDREN

play hard and work hard. They use up an enormous amount of energy and vitality that needs replacing. Give them Vinol regularly. It keeps them healthy, builds strong bones, sound flesh and muscle and pure rich blood.

SICKLY CHILDREN

cannot digest ordinary Cod Liver Oil on account of their greasy nature and nasty taste. It upsets their delicate little stomachs. Vinol contains all the medicinal value they do and tastes good besides.

DELICATE GIRLS

"My 9 year old daughter was weak, pale, and had no appetite. I gave her Vinol, and she began to thrive at once. She gained rapidly in weight, color and strength." — MRS. W. H. GILMORE, Durand, Mich.

"MY TWO CHILDREN,

who were puny and ailing, rapidly gained flesh and strength when I began to give them Vinol. I proved that Vinol is a splendid tonic for delicate children." — MRS. C. ALLEN, New Bedford, Mass.

VINOL QUICKLY CURES A COLD AND STOPS A COUGH



YOUR MONEY BACK IF VINOL FAILS TO HELP YOU

We Give Satisfaction

AND THAT IS THE REASON OF OUR SUCCESS. The all is here. If you intend putting in a heating system, it won't do to delay it much longer. We handle all our jobs in a first-class manner and quick. See us for

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Roofing, etc.

Canada Dairy Utensil Co., Ltd Buzzell Block, Cowansville

Advertisement for Money makes Money. Text: Money makes Money. Money will work while you sleep if based on good interest. This position Canadian government must be strong two parties. real and not. There are party which and the other divide along develop a clerical France, Germany Italy divide extent in the the logical di Protestants a ous in a coun The second omic between socialists. T ing more po their politica many individ der at the ter There's more party. Our Liberal and outworn and real difference A REPU Some of th that they hav dal among The scandal looting of Am licans of thir ama canal de that William inent lobbyi

He Took Something

As the brisk philanthropist thrust her face in to the cab-driver's hand she saw that he was wet and apparently cold after the half hour of pouring rain. "Do you ever take anything when you get soaked through?" she asked. "Yes ma'm," said the cabman, with humility and hopefulness. "I generally do." "Wait here in the vestibule," commanded the philanthropist. She inserted her house key in the lock, opened the door and vanished to reappear a moment later. "Here," she said, putting a small envelope in the man's outstretched hand.

"These are two grain quinine pills; you take one of them now and two more in half an hour."

"Remember," said the earnest inventor, "it isn't so very many years since the telephone caused laughter."

"That's true," answered the man who has troubles with central. "At first it caused laughter; now it causes profanity."

"I have such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?"