

THE OBSERVER

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Advertising Rates made known on application.
Published by The Observer Limited
Hartland, New Brunswick

Terms of Subscription: The 12 WEEK is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. No paper will be sent to subscribers until it is paid for, but each subscriber will be notified when the time to which his has paid is ended.

VOL. 4 DEC. 26 No. 28

The Observer wishes every one of its readers a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The standing of the three highest Candidates in the Observer Piano Contest is this week such that if any one of them should get just 50 more subscribers before the contest closes she would be assured of the Piano.

LIBERAL NAVAL POLICY.

This is a nutshell of the Liberal Naval Policy as given in Parliament by Sir Wilfrid Laurier last Thursday.

A Canadian fleet for each of Canada's coasts with a super-Dreadnought as the centre of each fleet.

The establishment of ship yards in Canada and the building, as far as possible of the ships in Canada.

The fleets to be manned as far as possible by Canadians.

Maintained by Canada and ever ready to go to the aid of Britain in the time of emergency.

The Borden, or Conservative policy is an immediate contribution of \$35,000,000 to the British admiralty for the construction of three dreadnoughts, which are to be owned by England, manned and equipped by England. This for the present, while, as Hon. George E. Foster has put himself on record as saying, further vast contributions would be necessary in the years to come.

The Borden Policy.

Canada's Naval Policy, Mr. Borden's plan for which was so confidently announced less than two weeks ago, is considerably unsettled as a result of the aggressive speech of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the House on Thursday last. At first the country thought, Premier Borden had made a bull's-eye with his plausible Imperialism, but a closer examination showed that the Conservative policy would result in greater expense to Britain than the now bears, and would be at the same time a humiliation to this rich young Dominion. Consequently when Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared for a Canadian navy, built, manned and maintained by this country, with units on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, there was an immediate response from many who had been carried away by the Government's proposals. Sir Wilfrid evoked the greatest enthusiasm among his followers in the House and the crowded building and the interest shown everywhere was a greater tribute than even Mr. Borden received. Since that day there have been many Conservative conferences, accompanied by slow progress in the House, and it is evident that the party leaders are trying to find some means of offsetting the popularity of the Laurier announcement. Such a strong Conservative paper as The Toronto World admits that the Liberals, from a defeated and down-and-out party, have become suddenly united on "a policy which at one and the same time was both national and Imperialistic in tone."

ONLY ONE WEEK MORE.

Who Will Own the Piano?—Will be a Close Finish. Coupons Should Be Sent in Without Delay.

There is less than a week left the candidates in our most exciting Piano Contest. These people are working hard, but if any person knows who is going to win the Piano it is no one connected with The Observer. In the few days left for the last grand effort, the whole standing of the candidates may be changed. As it is any one of them may win, and every reader should now feel it a duty to help their favorites.

Many coupons have been coming in

this week in favor of Miss Myrtle Dickinson. She is a very ambitious young musician who wants the Piano more as a business asset than as an instrument for pleasure. She is fitting herself for teaching and has made a heroic effort.

If you should feel sure that your favorite candidate is on safe ground at the finish, why not make assurance doubly sure by paying still another year in advance? The Observer will be higher in price next year, be certain of that.

Every person who has coupons in favor of any of the candidates should send them in to this office immediately. Kindly do this without fail. Don't delay.

No candidates should longer withhold subscriptions or coupons. To facilitate a speedy counting at the close they should reach us at once.

The Contest closes on the stroke of twelve, the moment the New Year is borne in. Letters containing subscriptions or coupons that bear the date of Dec. 31 will be admitted supposing they arrive two or three days later, but business that is transacted personally must be done before the old year dies.

And this is the last word to candidates: HUSTLE.

Doctors Disagree

The Patient Settles the Question

By CLARISSA MACKIE

However much or little a doctor knows, in the sickroom he is omnipotent. If we know he knows no more than we, we try to make ourselves think he does, for on him we propose to unload ourselves of a responsibility that breaks us down.

Dr. Bolster looked across the bed at his colleague. He tapped his heavy chin with a fat forefinger and pursed his lips.

"Liver," he said succinctly. "Nerves," retorted Dr. Pepper testily. "Rigid diet," said Dr. Bolster impatiently.

"Feed him up," snapped Dr. Pepper. "Exhausted nerves need plenty of good nourishing food—rare roast beef and—"

"And send for the undertaker," ended Dr. Bolster growlingly. "Not a bite to eat—merely a cup of this gruel, made as per my directions, nurse, and administered three times a day. In one week he will be—"

"Ordering a marble slab for our friend," interjected Dr. Pepper, arising and buttoning his black coat about his scrawny neck.

The pretty nurse looked from one to the other of the two rival village doctors. They had been holding a consultation on the case of Bemis Blaine, a prominent townsman. Mr. Blaine had been ill for several weeks, and he declared when the doctors were not present that nothing but the skilled nursing of Miss Folk had saved his worthless life.

"Chuck the pills and potions out of the house," he commanded fiercely a dozen times a day, but pretty Miss Folk smiled and shook her head and continued to administer the doses impartially, so that neither doctor might feel aggrieved in the matter.

Now Dr. Bolster proceeded to write down elaborate directions for the nurse to follow until his next visit, and Dr. Pepper proceeded to do the same. By

for the rival physicians to go to the sickroom in company and wrangle over the prostrate and pain-racked form of Bemis Blaine.

"If he is no better tomorrow we may operate," whispered Dr. Bolster to Miss Folk before he left.

"Operate?" Dr. Pepper fairly danced up and down. "I've always promised Bemis that so long as I lived I'd never stick a knife into him. He don't believe in operations."

"I shall perform the operation myself," returned Dr. Bolster, coolly pulling on his woolen gloves. His long chin whiskers wagged aggressively.

"Never! Bemis is my patient, and if anybody operates I shall!" Little Dr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height and glared at his burly opponent.

"Gentlemen," cried Miss Folk timidly, "shall I continue to give the spirits of niter to reduce the fever?"

"Yes," chirped Dr. Pepper quickly.

"No," vetoed Dr. Bolster.

Miss Folk looked appealingly from one to another. Tears gathered behind her thick lashes. "Something must be done," she whispered, with a sob in her throat.

The doctors confronted each other in the hall.

"Diet!" said Dr. Bolster obstinately.

"Nonsense. Feed him up!" Dr. Pepper was close at hand.

"Atlantic City for him," ordered Dr. Bolster.

"Rubbish! No place like the Adirondacks."

"Oh, doctors!" cried Miss Folk from the upper hall, and by the nurse's tone the two doctors knew that something had happened to their patient.

"I'll bet he's gone. I predicted it," puffed Dr. Bolster.

"Must have taken some of your beastly stuff, then," growled Dr. Pepper, who had known Bemis Blaine from childhood and loved him like a brother.

But there was no material evidence that Bemis Blaine was dead. In the sickroom they ranged themselves on either side of the wide bed and stared at the white counterpane.

Bemis Blaine was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared from his bed, and there only remained the indentation of his round head in the pillow and the roughly smoothed counterpane to suggest his presence.

"He cannot have gone far," remarked Dr. Bolster as he climbed into his little electric runabout and turned to the open doorway.

Dr. Pepper followed suit, his little old-fashioned car creaking along behind the rival physician's latest model machine.

The nurse returned to the sickroom, worried and anxious. She had taken great interest in the case of Bemis Blaine and a strong regard had sprung up between the sick man and the pretty nurse.

"Suppose he should never come back. Suppose something has happened to him!" groaned Nurse Folk as she made an examination of the room and house and discovered that her patient had escaped with his warmest dressing gown, a golf cap and a pair of knitted bedroom slippers.

While consternation reigned in the Blaine household, where the mother and sisters of the absent Bemis Blaine waited impatiently for the return of the doctors, those two rivals were racing each other down the shore road with apparently little heed to the disappearance of their best paying patient.

"If you'll stop signalling in front of me I can pass you easily!" roared Dr. Pepper to the physician in front.

"I'm willing to give your old mouse trap a fair chance," bellowed Dr. Bolster, turning his machine sharply to the right—a grave mistake, which he discovered too late.

Dr. Pepper turned his machine to the right. There was a clearing crash, and then the moon witnessed two angry doctors glaring at each other from the wreckage of two machines.

The first thought that leaped to the mind of each was the repair bill for his machine, the second thought was how to pay it, and the third, a comforting one, was the reflection that Bemis Blaine was a patient whose bill might be stretched indefinitely.

"Hurty?" asked Dr. Pepper reluctantly.

"No. You?" Dr. Bolster was equally loath to spend time or sympathy upon his colleague.

"No. If you'll excuse me I'll hurry on. I have a patient beyond."

"So have I," said Dr. Bolster quickly falling into step beside his rival.

"I've got to look around for Bemis Blaine, you know," protested Dr. Pepper. "He's my patient, and he has escaped from his bed in the delirium of fever."

"Delirium tremens!" snorted Dr. Bolster.

"Sir!"

"Fiddle!" snapped Dr. Bolster, thinking of his ruined machine. "I will leave you, sir. A patient suffering from an attack of exaggeration of the liver must necessarily—"

"Humph! Exhaustion of the nerves. It would be impossible for Bemis to get very far from home and, being weak from illness and injudicious dieting—"

Dr. Bolster laughed wildly. "Why, the very animals know enough to starve themselves when ill. Now, your school, doctor, believes in fattening the patient, and—what is the matter?"

For answer Dr. Pepper beckoned his rival toward a dimly lighted window.

"Look!" he said weakly.

Renwick village possessed a Chinese laundry, and part of this laundry was devoted to the savory preparation and serving of chop suey and other delectable Chinese dishes. The calico curtain was pushed aside, and within the

dimly lighted interior of the restaurant a large man was seated, eating almost ravenously of a large plate of chop suey. The man wore a red dressing gown, a golf cap, a pair of knitted bed slippers and sadly needed a shave.

Watching him enjoy this meal were several people.

The rival doctors pressed their noses against the flyspecked pane of glass. There were Bemis Blaine's mother and two sisters and the pretty nurse, the shoemaker from the corner and the village constable.

Just then Bemis Blaine pushed back his chair, paid his bill and padded toward the door in his knitted slippers.

"You're a sick man!" yelled Dr. Pepper, leaping at his late patient.

"Man, you've risked your life!" cried Dr. Bolster as he clutched Blaine's hand. He was thinking about his broken machine.

"Risked it and won it," retorted Bemis Blaine good naturedly. "It belongs to me, and Nurse Folk here has promised to look out for me the rest of my days. Oh, yes, I'm quite well, thank you, doctors! If you hadn't disagreed and gone off I'd be doing still."

"As it is I feel fine as silk. I'll send you wedding cards shortly."

As the two doctors walked down the street toward their respective homes each one was thinking of a wrecked machine and of the big bill there would be to pay. Somehow each one felt that Bemis Blaine had overreached him, had outwitted him in a manner.

"Liver!" snarled Dr. Bolster savagely.

"Nerves!" barked Dr. Pepper.

"Tremens!" they growled in unison, and for the first time in their acquaintance they were agreed.

Fruitarian Tobacco.

A fruitarian variety of tobacco has made its appearance in a few London shops. Though it would be idle to suggest that there is a tobacco flavor about the weed, it is at least pleasant to the taste, and if a correspondent who has tried it and diagnosed it as one of the ingredients proves correct in his suspicion, this fact ought to commend it, prima facie, to a big section of the public. It comes from the continent, is extremely light and rather bulky, probably costs no more than 10 cents a pound, judging by the size of the packet offered for four cents.

Had His Reasons.

"He claims that he doesn't understand a thing about women."

"Ever been married?"

"Only five times."

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Welcome The New Year

May It Bring Every One of Our Customers Health and Prosperity

We thank the Public for the patronage that has made the closing year our biggest and best. You can surely depend on our every effort to fill all demands made on us during 1913.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., LTD.

River Bank.

Rupert Long started for Vancouver on Dec. 17, intends to spend the winter there. Mrs. C. J. Smalley with Ernest went the same time to join her husband in the west. They will all be much missed.

Rev. H. C. Mullin, Reformed Baptist, held services in the Hall last week. He came with several members of the praying band from Hartland. They came again last Sunday.

and helped him. A very impressive sermon was preached.

Mrs. J. N. Bell and Mrs. Henry Bell entertained a few of their friends Saturday evening.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Riley is in very poor health.

Mrs. E. J. Waugh came down from Aroostook Junction to bid her sister, Mrs. Smalley, good bye.

Mrs. Howard Kennedy of Hartland is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. H. C. Hunter.

Accuracy }
Carefulness }

Holiday Greetings

Quality }
Reliability }

We wish you all the compliments of the season at this, the close of a year of business prosperity, never surpassed by our concern.

May the year 1913 contain three hundred and sixty-five days of Health, Happiness, Prosperity and Peace for you and yours is our wish.

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