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C.P.R. Grain Elevator, St. John, N.B. The census estimate for 1919 gave the total field crop of N.B. as nearly 11½ million bushels. St. John is the principal Eastern distributing centre of Canada's grain export trade.

PROPOSES NOVEL MODE OF TAXATION

Paris, April 12.—Proposals to initiate a novel scheme of taxation to wipe out the treasury deficit have been brought forward in the chamber of deputies by Paul Abriot, a member of the group of socialists which was read out of the party because it supported war measures during the world conflict. He urges that the total deficit be divided by the number of taxpayers, thus establishing a unit of taxation, and that each unit then be assessed on a sliding scale based upon the taxpayer's income. It is believed improbable that the idea will be adopted by the finance committee.

WILLIAMSTOWN, N. B.

Williamstown, April 14.—The last few days have been rainy and foggy. Our snow is rapidly disappearing. Death has again visited this place, on April 10th, 1920, and taken an aged resident, Mrs. Geo. Watters, aged 95 years, after a long illness of cancer of the stomach. She was a Methodist and a Christian woman. She left an aged husband and two sons, Handford at home and Allen of Hartland, three daughters (Lottie) Mrs. Alex. Strong, Bloomfield, (Hattie) Mrs. Reid Culbertson, Presque Isle, Me., (Isabel) Mrs. Geo. White, Wadland, Me., and two brothers, Samuel Woolhaupter, California, and Benjamin Woolhaupter, Oakville, Ont., and one sister, Mrs. Harriet Nye, Monticello, Me. The funeral was held at the home by her request and was attended by a large number, considering the state of the roads. Rev. Mr. Champion preached. Mr. E. A. Savage conducted.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Curvell were Sunday visitors at his daughter's, Mrs. H. Lindsay.

Leola Porter was a guest at Mr. Eldon Watters over Sunday.

Mr. Wm. McWald bought a fine pair of horses in Woodstock last week.

Mr. John Porter is in poor health this spring.

B. C. SALMON RUN.

Westminster, B. C., April 14.—Spring salmon fishing is now in full swing on the Fraser river and about 500 fishermen are at present engaged in this industry. Never in the past four years have salmon been so plentiful, and the fishermen are getting record high prices for their fish.

The greatest breadth of the Rocky mountains in the United States is 1,000 miles.



BLOUSES

We have just received a new shipment of very Pretty Blouses in Crepe de Chine and Georgette Crepe. Sizes 36 to 46. Prices \$4.00 to \$16.00. Voile blouses in high or low neck, from 36 to 44. Prices \$1.00 to \$5.00. Suits for every age and every figure, in Navy, Black, Brown, Sand, etc., sizes 16 years to 46 in. bust. Prices \$16.00 to \$60.00. Skirts, in Serge, Silk Poplin, Fancy Striped Silk, etc. Sizes 24 to 36 in. waistline. Colors, Navy, Black, Brown and Tweed Effects. Prices, \$6.00 to \$15.00. New Sweaters for Ladies and Children, just to hand. New Raincoats for Ladies, and Capes for Girls.

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HOUSE-CLEANING TIME

Is near and you will need new House Dresses, Aprons, etc. We are showing an immense line of these Useful Garments bought before the rise in prices, hence extra values:—HOUSE DRESSES in Gingham, Chambray, Percale, etc., sizes 34 to 42 bust. Prices \$2.25 to \$11.00; COVER-ALL APRONS, with elastic belt, button front or button back styles. Prices \$1.00 to \$1.75; CHILDREN'S DRESSES in Gingham, Chambray, Linen, Muslin, Etc., for all ages. Prices from \$1.00 up; BOYS' WASH SUITS, \$1.00 to \$6.00; Boys' Jersey Suits in navy, brown, cadet, white, etc., at \$1.75; OVERALLS, ROMPERS, CREEPERS, etc., in great variety at prices from 75c. up.

R. L. BLACK - York Street.

True Knights of Faith

(Continued.)

"I will not leave you, Sir William," cried Sir Simon Bury; "and yet, as an old soldier and one who hath seen much of war, I cannot but think that it is an ill thing for four hundred men to find themselves between an army of sixty thousand on the one side and a broad river on the other."

"Yet," said Sir Richard Causton, "we cannot for the honor of England go back without a blow struck."

"Not for the honor of Scotland either," cried the Earl of Angus. "My Saint Andrew! I wish that I may never set eyes upon the water of Leith again, if I pluck my horse's bridle ere I have seen this camp of theirs."

"My Saint Paul! you have spoken very well," said Sir Nigel, "and I have always heard that there were worthy gentlemen among the Scots, and fine skirmishing to be done upon their border. Betink you, Sir Simon, that we have this news from the lips of common spies who can scarce tell us as much of the enemy as I have forces as the prince would wish to hear."

"You are the leader in this venture, Sir Nigel," the other answered, "and I do but ride under your banner."

"Yet I would fain have your rede and counsel, Sir Simon. But, touching what you say of the river, we can take heed that we shall not have it at the back of us, for the prince hath now advanced to Salvaterra, and thence to Vittoria, so that if we come upon their camp from the further side we can make good our retreat."

"What then would you propose?" asked Sir Simon, shaking his grizzled head as one who is but half convinced.

"That we ride forward ere the news reach them that we have crossed the river. In this way we may have slight their army, and perchance even find occasion for some small deed against them."

"So be it, then," said Sir Simon Bury; "and the rest of the council, being approved, a scanty meal was hurriedly snatched, and the advance resumed under the cover of the darkness. All night they led their horses stumbling and groping through wild defiles and rugged valleys, following the guidance of a frightened peasant who was straggled from the count of the black Simon's stirrup-leather. With the early dawn they found themselves in a black ravine, with others sloping away from it on either side, and the bare brown crags in long bleak terraces all round them.

"If it please you, fair lord," said Black Simon, "this man hath misled us, and since there is no tree upon which we may hang him, it might be well to hurt him over yonder cliff."

The peasant, reading the soldier's meaning in his fierce eyes and harsh accents, dropped upon his knees, screaming loudly for mercy.

"How comes it, dog?" asked Sir William Felton in Spanish. "Where is this camp to which you swore that you would lead us?"

"By the sweet Virgin! By the blessed Mother of God!" cried the trembling peasant, "I swear to you that in the darkness I have myself lost the path."

"Over the cliff with him!" shouted half a dozen voices; but ere the archers could drag him "on the rocks to which he clung Sir Nigel had ridden up and called upon them to stop.

"How is this, sirs?" said he, "as long as the prince doth me the honor to entrust this venture to me, it is for me only to give orders; and, by Saint Paul! I shall be right blithe to go very deeply into the matter with any one to whom my words may give offence. How say you, Sir William? Oh you, my Lord of Angus? Or you, Sir Richard?"

"Nay, my Nigel!" cried Sir William. "This base peasant is too small a matter for old comrades to quarrel over. But he hath betrayed us, and certes he hath merited a dog's death."

"Hark ye, fellows," said Sir Nigel. "We give you one more chance to find the path. We are about to gain much honor, Sir William, in this enterprise, and it would be a sorry thing if the first blood shed were that of an unworthy peer. Let us say our morning orisons, and if it may chance that ere we finish he may strike upon the track."

With bowed heads and steep caps in hand, the archers stood at their horse heads, while Sir Simon Bury repeated the Pater, the Ave, and the Credo. Long did Alleyn hear the scene in mind—the knot of knights in their dull leaden armor, the rusty village of Sir Oliver, the crash

features of the Scottish earl, the shining scalp of Sir Nigel, with the dense ring of hard, bearded faces and the long brown heads of the horses, all topped and circled by the besting cliffs. Scarce had the last deep "amen" broken from the Company, when, in an instant, there rose the scream of a hundred bugles, with the deep rolling of drums and the clashing of cymbals, all sounding together in one deafening uproar. Knights and archers sprang to arms, convinced that some great host was upon them; but the guide dropped upon his knees and thanked Heaven for their mercies.

"We have found them, caballeros!" he cried. "This is their morning call. If ye will but deign to follow me, I will set them before you ere a man might tell his beads."

As he spoke he scrambled down one of the narrow ravines, and, climbing over a low ridge at the further end, he led them into a short valley with a stream purling down the centre of it and a very thick growth of elder and box upon either side. Pushing their way through the dense brushwood, they looked out upon a scene which made their hearts beat harder and their breaths come faster.

In front of them there lay a broad plain, watered by two winding streams and covered with grass, stretching far and wide to the furthest distance, the towers of Burgos bristled up against the light blue morning sky. Over this vast meadow there lay a great city of tens of thousands upon thousands of them, laid out in streets and squares like a well-ordered town. High silken pavilions or colored marquees, shooting up from among the crowd of meaner dwellings, marked where the great lords and barons of Leon and Castile displayed their standards, while over the white roofs, as far as eye could reach, the waving of ancient, pavalis, pensils, and banderoles, with flash of gold and glow of colors, proclaimed that all the chivalry of Iberia were mustered in the plain beneath them. Far off, in the centre of the camp, a huge pile of red and white silk, with the royal arms of Castile waving from the summit, announced that the gallant Henry lay there in the midst of his warriors.

As the English adventurers, peeping out from behind their brushwood screen, looked down upon this wondrous sight they could see that the army in front of them was already about. The first pink light of the rising sun glittered upon the steel caps and breastplates of dense masses of slingers and crossbowmen, who drilled and marched in the spaces which had been left for their exercise. A thousand columns of smoke reeked up into the pure morning air where the faggots were piled and the camp-kettles already simmering. In the open plain clouds of light horse saluted and swooped with swaying bodies and waving javelins, after the fashion which the Spanish had adopted from their Moorish enemies. All along by the sedge banks of the rivers long lines of pages led their masters chargers down to water, while the knights themselves lounged in easy-dressed groups about the doors of their pavilions, or rode out, with their falcons upon their wrists and their greyhounds behind them, in quest of quail or leveret.

(To be continued.)

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