

THE OBSERVER

No. 47.

HARTLAND, N. B., April, 26, 1911.

Vol. 2.

The DAYLIGHT

A. L. BAIRD - - Hartland, N. B.

JUST ARRIVED

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Suitable for Waists, Mantle Draperies, etc., in colors Black, Navy, Pink, Light Blue and Cardinal; 20 inches wide and only 25 cents a yard.

NEW COLLARS

Latest Styles in Dutch, Stock and Fancy

NEW BELTS

Patent Leather, Brown Suede and Wash Belts

GOOD HAIR NETS FOR 5 cents.



SHOES!

that for Quality, Style and Low Prices cannot be beaten.

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We sell repairs for all Massey-Harris and McCormick Farm Implements. What is not on hand can be procured at short notice. Repairs sold for cash only.

NEW RUBBERS

We have a complete line of first quality

Maple Leaf Rubbers

And as we were practically out when they arrived you are insured new goods when buying from us, and I am selling at REASONABLE PRICES when quality of stock is considered.

Driving Shoes and Calks

BOTH KINDS in abundance. My prices on Driving Shoes beat all competitors and I propose doing the same this year.

I am this year carrying the best quality of

MEN'S SUITS and PANTS

that ever was show around here.

Don't be tempted by small prices to buy very cheap articles. They don't pay at any price.

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS

ROCKLAND.

The most complete stock of

TOBACCOS

in this part of the country to be found

AT CHASES'

HARTLAND, N. B.

All brands to choose from. Pipes and smokers Sundries galore.

Special values in Fruit and Confectionery
Chase, Main St., Hartland.

Florenceville

Mrs. Bailey of St. John, recently spent a few days with her daughter, Miss Ida Wetmore, stenographer for Peel Lumber Co.

Fred Ross of the Normal School spent Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ross.

Mrs. Weller spent part of last week and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. McNally, at Beechwood.

Mrs. Marshall spent the Easter vacation with her mother, Mrs. Perry.

On Friday Johnston Thompson went on a short visit to his old home at Springhill.

Mrs. Clarence Kirkpatrick of Grand Falls is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wheeler.

Special services are being held each evening in East Florenceville, conducted by Rev. J. D. Wetmore. Interest good.

Mrs. William Peters who has been spending the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Boyden in Dorchester, Mass., died very suddenly Monday, 17th inst.

The remains, accompanied by her son, Allie, reached home Wednesday. The funeral service was held Thursday, conducted by Rev. H. H. Manuel.

Mrs. William Boyer still continues very ill.

Miss Annie Wetmore of Fort Kent, spent Easter and the week following visiting friends in the village and vicinity.

George Kimball of Bridge-water, called on friends Monday.

Stickney News

This seems to be a very stirring place at present, some are already building and several are making preparations.

E. W. Bell is a very busy man, with his rotary, grist and shingle mill he is kept constantly at work.

The ice in the river has gone out leaving large piles on the shores, which makes it necessary for the Peel Lumber Company's mill to close down for two or three weeks.

A. L. Stickney continues to do a thriving business.

Mrs. Stickney is quite ill, being confined to the house by an attack of bronchitis.

Report says we are to have a new station, which will greatly add to the advantages of the place.

Miss Emma White and Miss Hazel Lovely of Gordonville spent the Easter holidays at Stickney, being the guests of Mrs. J. A. Drake.

Miss Delilah Campbell spent Easter at home.

G. O. Britton of the Farmers' Telephone Co., and his assistants were recent visitors at this place, installing several telephones. This promises to be a very prosperous year for this Company, as they intend to nearly double their present mileage.

Base Ball and Town-Boosting

Hartland base ball enthusiasts are getting together. An organization meeting will be held on Friday evening. It is expected they will have a better diamond than last year. Hartland as a whole should take much interest in the team and readily respond when the small amount of cash required is called for. A weak team is a laughing-stock but an aggregation that can hold its own is not only a credit to the players but reflects the enterprise of the town—it is the best kind of advertisement. Everybody should

strive this season to boost Hartland. With the woodworking factory in operation, the post office and several other buildings going up, renewal of the water system; a boom in real estate, and a swift ball team the village should make a long stride forward this season.

The younger boys will, it is said, organize into two junior ball teams.

Boxing Match at Perth

One night last week Manfred Crabb, alias Jim Manfred of Hartford, Conn., and "Bill" Green, of Perth, met at the latter place for a sparring exhibition of 10 rounds. The referee, Maurice White of Presque Isle, called a draw at the tenth round. This report has been given considerable publicity and in one particular report the inference was that Green held the best of it. A fair-minded spectator informs the OBSERVER that Manfred delivered straight blows three to his opponents one, that he at no time showed fatigue. A cut on the cheek which he received here from a base ball started bleeding and this led the audience to believe that he was cut in the game.

Reports that came to Hartland fast as evil rumours can travel, were in effect that Green was completely knocked out on several occasions but that he put the finishing touch on Manfred in an alarming manner in the tenth round. The OBSERVER is glad to be able to correct this. It's informant states that at no time was Manfred phased, but that Green was at times dizzy from the rain of blows almost beyond knowledge of his whereabouts.

Manfred is, however, satisfied with the decision and hopes to meet Green again in the course of a few weeks.

It has been stated that if conditions had been reversed a decision would have been allowed Green. The prevailing idea was, apparently, that there being no knock-out the contest must necessarily be called a draw. There were about 150 in attendance.

Dr. Estey Becomes Health Officer at \$3,000 Salary

(Calgary Telegram)

Dr. Estey was appointed medical health officer yesterday afternoon by the health board to fill the vacancy caused by Dr. Dawson's retirement.

The board recommended to the council that Dr. Estey be given a salary of \$3000 providing that the new medical health officer will look after city employees on the street when necessary.

For six years Dr. Estey has been practising in Calgary. He came here from Hartland, N. B., and is popular among the fraternity. He is a graduate of McGill University.

There were six applications for the position to consider. Dr. Estey's was the only local one.

NOTICE

AVONDALE RIFLE CLUB:
Fellow Rifemen of the Little Presque Isle Rifle Club. Our annual meeting of the Club will be Monday evening, May 1st, in the Avondale Hall. Meeting open at 8 o'clock. Every member who intends to shoot with us during 1911 will please attend. There will be an election of officers, the choosing of our regular shoot days and other business.

Your Captain,
S. G. BARTER.

C. P. R.

St. John to Montreal

WEEK DAYS

AND

SUNDAYS

W. B. Howard, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John.

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HALIFAX

AND ALL POINTS IN THE

MARITIME PROVINCES TO

MONTREAL & WEST

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Western Assurance Co., of Toronto, Phoenix Assurance Co., of England, Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of Mass., St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of St. Paul, Minn., Northern Assurance Co., of London, British America Assurance Co., of Toronto, Guarantian Assurance Co., of England, German American Assurance Co., of New York.

Life

North American Life Assurance Co., of Toronto, also Accident and Health Insurance.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

QUEEN ST.

Spring Has Come

Your walls need a coat of Alabastine. A full line of all the different shades at the

Hardware Store

Also the old reliable English Paints now in stock. Calf Meal the great milk substitute. Poultry Meat, Oyster Shells and Grit for Hens. Sugar and Flaxseed for Horses (the best and cheapest tonic for horses.)

DUST BANE

Sap Cans and Spiles for the Honey Makers

Peavies and Boot Calks for the steam drivers

Tools of all kinds for the Carpenters

Nails, Building materials of all kinds for the Builders.

Horse Nails, Shoes, Iron and Steel for the Blacksmiths.

X-cut saws and axes for the Lumbermen.

In fact everything you need in Hardware you will find at my store. Prices always reasonable and especially low for cash.

ZIBA ORSER

GET THE BEST

During these trying times when so many light Fire Companies are going out of business would it not be well to consider your own interests and place your Fire Insurance in a Reliable Office.

We have the oldest and strongest Fire Companies on the continent, companies that are generous in their settlements, prompt in their payments, and their policies are free from technicalities.

We will call and inspect your dwelling if you will drop us a card

ASTLE & COSMAN

Queen Street
Woodstock, N. B.

SPRING FOOTWEAR



As the season is fast approaching when people will want something in the way of Spring Footwear, we take this opportunity of directing the attention of the people of Hartland to the provision we have made to fill any shoe want they may have.

The best of skilled shoemakers combine and all good points of shoe building in our shoes in order to produce shoes of style,

beauty, comfort and excellence.

We have the exclusive sale of many leading styles including Dress and Street Boots Lace and Button, high and medium heels, narrow, moderate and wide toes; swing or straight lasts; light, medium and heavy soles—all made from choicest leathers.

All kinds of Rubbers

for the Sloppy weather.

H. R. NIXON

HIGH GRADE Pianos and Organs

We sell the BEST PIANOS such as

Heintzman & Co., New

Scale Williams and the

Sweet-Toned Etnnis

Terms easy to suit all purchasers. Write us for further information, catalogues and prices.

W. H. Ross, Representative

The C. H. Townshend Piano Co.

53 Germain St.

St. John, N. B.

For tea
You can't bat
LIPTON'S TEA

ODDITIES OF MAPLE SAP

SOME THINGS THE SUGAR
MAKERS THINK THEY KNOW.

It's Sweeter At Night and Flows
Faster After Snow and a
Freeze.

"The art of maple sugar making long ago moved out of the methods applied to it in our father's days," says a man who knows.

"In the old days, we simply bored the trees, cut a sloping notch in one side of the tree a foot and a half above the roots, the bottom of the notch being cut three inches deep in the trunk. When the hewing was complete the notch was a miniature trough gouged in the tree. As it filled with the oozing sap the sap was baled out with a wooden ladle to be taken to the kettles.

"Boxing for sap wasted a good deal of it, and then an improvement came in. This was the boring of holes with a half inch auger into the trees, slanting upward, and about three inches deep. Into these were inserted spiles made from sections of elder branches, the ample pith being pouched out. Through these spiles the sap flowed into troughs hewn out of birch or other sweetwood logs cut and split into suitable dimensions.

"In the olden days the sugar making season was a gala time, looked forward to with joyful expectancy by young and old, although it meant weeks of hard drudgery to all. Then, more than under the present system, it was frequently necessary when sap was running free to keep the boiling going all night. The grove, lighted up by blazing fires and peopled by the flitting forms of merry girls and lusty farm boys, presented a picturesque scene.

"It was a most important part of the sap boiling that a close watch be kept on the sugary cauldron, for the sap was likely to boil over and some one must stand ready with tikiory paddle to prevent the threatened overflow by violent and persistent agitation of the boiling mass. Who made the discovery, or exactly what potent charm there was in the substance, are things that no one ever seemed to know, but a chunk of fat pork was the greatest aid in fact the only savior of an angry and determined kettle of boiling sap that the sugar makers of that golden age had at command.

"Proper stirring of the sap was of great importance in those rude sugar making times, and would not do to leave the sap long without stirring, for there was constant danger of its scorching and certainly of its becoming too thick. The work of stirring a kettle of boiling sap was fatiguing and required frequent change of watchers.

"Testing the boil was important. This responsible duty was always in charge of some one long experienced in sugar making, a woman generally. She went from kettle to kettle carrying a gourd dipper containing the water. Dipping a spoonful of the boiling sap from a kettle, she dropped it into the water. If there was snow on the ground, which she preferred, she would toss the spoonful of sap upon a clean spread of snow. Instantly, as it could also in the water.

IT WOULD COOL.
If it showed soft and waxy, while being then a delicious condition for pleasing the palate, it was not yet fit for turning off into sugar. That condition must be when the sap cooled brittle, or 'grained' as the term was. If it was approaching that state care had to be taken that the fire must not be increased under the kettle; in fact, it must be permitted slowly to die down. When by repeated testing the sap was found to be right for 'sugaring off,' the word was given and the syrup was turned off into pails and crocks and the sugar residuum run off into well greased shallow tins, cups, bowls and dishes of all sorts of shapes and patterns, moulds which gave to the sugar that the consumer in those days bought at the store the odd and varied forms he doubtless well remembers.

RUSSIA'S BRAND NEW NAVY

OVER \$500,000,000 BEING SPENT
ON IT.

The Russians Are Not Fond of the
Sea and Can't Build
Good Ships.

At the close of the Russo-Japanese War, Russia found herself practically without a navy, for the pick of her fleets went out to do battle with Japan—and for them, as Fate willed it, there was no return.

It was quite obvious that the Russians could not afford to let things remain in this state for any length of time, and a series of semi-official announcements by a St. Petersburg newspaper, that a gigantic naval programme is being prepared that will entail an expenditure of 1,000,000,000 roubles, or roughly, \$500,000,000.

The largest item in the estimates is expected to be an order for twelve Dreadnoughts, on which \$200,000,000 will be spent. The rest of the hundred millions will go in torpedo-boat destroyers, gunboats, submarines, and transports.

The Russians, as a general rule, have an unconquerable dislike for the sea, and for this reason they have never been, and can never expect to be, a great naval power. This aversion for the sea is rather quaintly illustrated by a story told of a high official at the Russian court, who was commanded to accompany Nicholas II. on a trip to Copenhagen.

CAN'T BUILD GOOD SHIPS.

"How will your Majesty travel?" he asked anxiously.

When the Tsar replied that the journey would be made by sea on board the Imperial yacht, the Minister humbly craved permission to go by land.

Coupled with their dislike of the sea, is the fact that the Russians have never shown any special aptitude as builders of battleships. There are, of course, a number of dockyards in Russia, the most important being near St. Petersburg, but in going through the workshops of some of these a British naval expert noticed that a good half of the machinery bore the names of British manufacturers.

A well-known British Admiral has given an amusing account of a Russian-built cruiser on its trial. The officials seemed to think it was more important that these trials should produce a good impression than that they should find out the defects of the new vessel. Accordingly, the trials were put off from day to day until the weather conditions were perfect—not a breath of wind and the sea without a ripple, and even then the coal was hand-picked and a special crew of stokers was shipped.

THE RUSSIAN TAR.

unlike our own, does not voluntarily enlist for sea. Army and Navy in Russia are fed by conscription, and having reached the age of twenty-one, the Russian is summoned to serve his country, but he never knows into which branch of the service he is to be drafted.

Under this arrangement, you will find on board the warships of Russia men who, during the first twenty-one years of their lives, never saw a sail or handled an oar. Many of them had never even seen the sea before they were summoned from their farms to fight their country's battles abroad. With the officers it is, of course, rather different, and many of these are English gentlemen, who have known and loved the sea from their boyhood.

But even the officers are not to be considered as anything like the equals of our own products. During a recent visit to Russia, an Englishman made a rather curious discovery as to Russian ideas about naval tactics. He was talking about naval affairs with a Russian admiral, and in the course of the discussion the admiral made clear the difference between the Russian and British naval tactics.

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL'S MAXIMS.

"He appears to think that the Russian navy exists to be shot at," said the Englishman afterwards; "while the British navy feels it exists to shoot."

The Russian Admiral's idea is that the warships in his squadron have cost a lot of money, and he must take care of them whatever happens. Rather than risk losing them he will run into harbor—as was done at Port Arthur—and ride there at anchor until he can venture out with a surer chance of success. This feeling amongst officers—that they must not take risks—has been described as the fatal defect of the Russian navy.

When the Russian warships visit any of our dockyard ports it has been remarked that while the British and Russian officers get on very well together, Alexis and Jack, of the lower deck, never get on very friendly terms.

To some extent this may be due to the language difficulty, which is rather less acute when the visitor is, say, a Frenchman, but one British tar who was consulted on the

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point gave another reason for his lack of comradeship for the Russian: "He ain't clean enough."

Pearson's Weekly.

BACK TO ORIGINAL TYPE.

Animals Would Soon Go Wild if Left to Themselves.

The domestication of animals has to be kept up from one generation to another, or they take on the wild nature again. It is somewhat the same with the civilization of mankind. The basis of character lies beneath all training, and it is essentially savage. We can study this principle of nature best in the case of animals. Mr. C. E. W. Bean in his recent book, "On the Wool Track," has made some important observations on this point as he has studied the conditions of sheep-farming in Australia.

Animals have an inconvenient way, if left to themselves for a generation or two, of reappearing in the form which their ancestors discarded centuries back—like the South African stock. Some tame pigs went wild, perhaps eighty years back, on the Lower Maguaria.

There is an animal there in the reed beds still. But it is a fierce, active brute, with enormous high shoulders and light hind quarters, with a hog's mane and a hump, that starts suddenly from his drink in the marshes and glares up at you, gnashing till the foam flakes away from under his long curled tusks.

Let the most carefully bred cattle run wild, and in a short time the old bridle reappear amongst them. In fact to no time there comes back to them the beautiful alert, head erect stare of real wild stock. The tameness is easy enough to rub off, but the wildness is not.

One stock-owner told us of a calf that he took from a wild cow in the milk. He hand-fed it.

"But, bless you, he'd butt the bucket about the yard for want of anything better," he said. "You could always tell him afterwards, when he grew up, and was feeding amongst the others. As you came near, his head would always come up with a jerk, nostrils wide, and he'd never take his wild, intelligent eyes off you till long after you had passed."

"Same way with sheep. I remember two Border Leicesters, imported from England on to a hill station. Soon after came a fall of snow in the paddocks. Not those rams, but their children, that had never seen snow, began to paw the snow away to get at the feed under it. None of the other cross-breeds did that."

MILK STREET, LONDON.

Milkmen Live There and Honey Dealers on Honey Street.

If some one promised to take you to a circus you would be very happy, for you would expect to see wild animals, acrobats and chariot races. In London a friend might take you to Ludgate Circus, Piccadilly Circus or Oxford Circus, yet you would see only a circle where four or five streets meet. London streets are among the best made in the world. To keep them clean they are washed every morning by a fire hose and cared for during the day by men and boys who keep them swept.

At the street crossings there is usually a sweeper, into whose hat travellers often drop pennies or half pennies to help pay for the sweeper's work. Many London streets are narrow, crooked and join one another in puzzling ways. The French people living in the city have their homes mostly in one neighborhood, the Germans in another, and so on with the people from other countries.

The milkmen live on Milk Street, and the dealers in honey are to be found on Honey street. All day and most of the night the business streets are crowded with buses, cabs, vans and motor cars, in fact, vehicles of all descriptions, which move three or four abreast. In London drivers keep to the left, instead of to the right.

To Identify.—Write your name on the cloth side of adhesive or surgeon's plaster and stick on the inside of your umbrella, raincoat, and rubbers, then you will always find them.

GUARDING KING GEORGE V.

TWO DETECTIVES ARE DETAINED FOR THE DUTY.

Fewer Persons Watch Over His Majesty Than Any Other Sovereign.

Though King George, as Prince of Wales, was continually guarded by specially appointed detectives, much more elaborate arrangements for watching over his safety have been made since his accession to the throne.

At Marlborough there were only two detectives; at Buckingham Palace there are a dozen, and it is no exaggeration to say that the sovereign is never out of sight of at least two officers, except perhaps when his Majesty is asleep in bed, and then the entrance to the personal apartments is carefully guarded by two detectives on duty for the night.

Every day at nine o'clock in the morning, two detectives are detailed for the duty of watching over the safety of the sovereign for a certain number of hours. During the time they are on duty, they must be continually near the king. When his Majesty is indoors, they remain in the passage close to the apartment in which the King may be riding, or to keep any public or private engagement, his Majesty's guardians always follow their royal charge at a distance.

ELABORATE PRECAUTIONS.

Elaborate and careful as the precautions taken to safeguard the monarch are, they are carried out so unobtrusively and secretly that those in the royal entourage, or even the King himself, seldom have the slightest idea of the whereabouts of the detectives.

The "chief" is the only member of the detective staff at the palace with whom the King comes into contact, and it is doubtful if his Majesty even knows the appearance of many of the others. The "chief" is always kept informed as far in advance as possible of the King's movements, and lays his plans accordingly. Say, for example, that his Majesty wanted to go for a drive in the afternoon, with the object, perhaps, of calling at the residence of a member of the household.

The chief detective would be informed at least an hour beforehand of the streets through which his Majesty intended to drive, both going and coming, and messages would be at once conveyed to the men on duty by one of the station sergeants, who then keep a specially watchful eye on any suspicious characters who may be loitering about.

FOLLOWING THE CARRIAGE.

The two detectives acting as personal guardians to the sovereign are also instructed by the "chief" of the King's movements, and directly his Majesty leaves the palace they follow the royal carriage, possibly in a brougham or hansom cab. The detectives are always well disguised, and their places for keeping guard over the sovereign are constantly being changed and altered, and are, of course, kept strictly secret. They manage their business very cleverly, for without always keep a close watch on the sovereign's safety from the moment his Majesty leaves Buckingham Palace until he returns.

The detectives who guard the King at night go on duty at nine o'clock in the evening; if the King dines out, one of the detectives remains on duty in the house where the King is a guest until his Majesty leaves.

This rule was not observed when the late King used to dine with Lord Knollys in St. James' Palace, but on such occasions there was always a detective on duty outside Lord Knollys residence.

When the King becomes a guest at a house party, a room is provided for the detective staff in the departments set apart for the reception of the sovereign and his suite. All the passages at Buckingham Palace are constantly being patrolled by members of the detective staff, and the present apartments

are also visited by the detectives from time to time.

Windsor Castle is, however, the most elaborately guarded royal residence. When the King is in residence at Windsor there are usually from twenty to twenty-five detectives on duty. Every entrance to the castle is watched by an armed official, and throughout the long corridors and passages there are always several detectives on duty.

These elaborate precautions are made at Windsor Castle chiefly because it can be entered more readily than Buckingham Palace. There are several secret entrances to the castle, whereas there are none to Buckingham Palace.

POSSIBLE FOES.

The King in England goes about more freely among his subjects than any other sovereign is able to do, but, nevertheless, his Majesty is at all times carefully guarded. Danger from his own subjects there is, of course, none; but there is always the possibility of attack from other quarters, and but for the fact that among those Anarchist societies with which Europe is honeycombed it is known how carefully the English sovereign is guarded, it is more than probable that his Majesty's life might be in greater danger than it is.

From time to time the chief detective at Buckingham Palace has an interview with the King, when he lays before the sovereign the various arrangements he has made for safeguarding his Majesty, for though the King never interferes in any way with the detectives' plans, he always desires to keep informed of them.

Carefully as King George is guarded, fewer persons are employed to watch over his Majesty than any other European sovereign.

The cost of guarding the King amounts to about \$60 a day. The Kaiser's personal detective staff costs nearly \$125 a day, and the cost of keeping the Czar out of the assassins' reach is at least \$250 a day.

The detectives employed in guarding the King have to be very careful to make themselves familiar with the appearances of all those who come to the royal residences, either as guests of royalty or on business, for King George would be excessively annoyed if any such person was stopped by any member of the detective staff.

DRINK PASSION AT ITS WORST.

Age at Which it is Most Likely to Overcome Man or Woman.

At what age is the drink passion most likely to overcome a man or woman? At what age may the danger of a fatal fate be said to have passed? The answers are found in a bulky blue book dealing with London (England) police statistics, issued recently. Between the ages of thirty and forty the largest number of habitual drunkards were received into inebriate reformatories, namely ninety-six, and between forty and fifty the number fell to fifty-seven.

But it must be borne in mind that these figures deal with the age on reception, and, in view of the reluctance of magistrates to commit, and the fact that several convictions must take place before the magistrate has the power to commit, it is certain that each inmate must have been an habitual drunkard for many years before entering a home. It would seem, therefore, that very few persons fall a victim to the drink habit after the age of forty-five, and practically none after fifty. The ages at which the danger of falling a victim to the drink habit is at its greatest seem to lie between thirty-five and twenty-five.

Crime figures were high in 1909, and especially noticeable was the increase in burglary and house and shopbreaking. Thus in 1899 there were 12,075 such cases, against 11,619 in 1908, 10,584 in 1907, and only 9,141 in 1906. It was estimated that there were only 4,064 habitual criminals at large in April, 1909, against 4,255 the previous year, and 4,197 in 1907, though it is pointed out, 1909 was a year of many crimes. Debtors committed to prison numbered 19,155, while persons imprisoned in default of payment of fine numbered 92,609.

Envy is ambition that has turned sour.

THE OBSERVER

Frederic H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

Published by The Observer, Limited
Hartland, New Brunswick

Terms of Subscription: The OBSERVER is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. The paper will be sent to subscribers until it is ordered stopped, but each subscriber will be notified when the time to which he has paid is ended.

VOL. 2.] APRIL, 26 No. 47

The OBSERVER will be sent a full year to any Canadian address for 50 cents, cash in advance. American subscribers must pay \$1.00 per year.

THE FALL OF THE RIGBY BILL

Parties representing F. E. Sayre—not his solicitor, however,—have come to the OBSERVER demanding retraction of a certain reference to him in the turning down of the so called Rigby bill. Mr. Sayre's emissaries claim for him that he cares not what works Mr. Rigby may contemplate nor what he may accomplish "so long as his interests on the stream are not interfered with." This is reasonable. The bill itself is claimed to be ambiguous and there is nothing to show that Mr. Sayre's interests may not suffer. The bill asked power to erect sawmills, which might seriously interfere with Mr. Sayre's business; and there is no restriction as to the locality of dams. What Mr. Sayre wants is to have laid before him definite plans of what is intended to be done. He is quoted as willing for Mr. Rigby to erect a dam on his own property provided that doing so does not impede his drive, or hinder the passage of logs to his pond. He wants to be satisfied that the bill is restricted to the evident purpose of Mr. Rigby's scheme, to manufacture electricity for general lighting, heat and power—not to construct dams promiscuously or so interfere with his operations that he shall have to purchase immunity from annoyance by the scheme of Mr. Rigby or whoever he may sell out to. That Mr. Sayre should know the exact plans of Mr. Rigby and his associates is also quite reasonable. Mr. Sayre's industry is the leading one of the village, and should in no way be hampered.

In a roundabout way Hon. J. K. Fleming also seeks to have the OBSERVER retract the same editorial. He does not want any of the onus of the defeat of the Rigby bill to rest on him. This reminds one of the rhyme of our childhood, "Patty, oh, Patty! Don't shoot me; shoot the nigger behind the tree." In another column is a communication from Mr. Rigby himself, and it is evident that he, in this, strives to give Mr. Fleming his just due. In fact he assures the editor that he does, that in doing so he says ALL that he can for him.

Noting that some Nova Scotia Conservative papers have "become hysterical over the fact that fifteen carloads of potatoes have been imported from Maine into Nova Scotia," the Guysborough Chronicle points out that these potatoes were bought for seed. "Maine farmers have become rich by selling their potatoes in the Boston market. The farmers in Cumberland and Colchester and Kings counties and in other counties of this province are now busy making plans to capture a share of this market and in order to do so they require to plant the kind of potatoes that sell best in that market."

From A. R. Rigby

Referring to your editorial in the last issue under the heading "Turned Down," I do not think it fair that the Provincial Secretary should have to bear the responsibility equal with the Premier. As one present at the proceedings I am in a position to place the matter in a different light. The best way to do this is to give a synopsis of the proceedings in the House when our bill came up for final consideration. Mr. Sayre's council opposed the measure, and as soon as he resumed his seat, in spite of the fact that there had been no reasonable excuse given in opposition, and the bill had been passed on two previous readings without a dissenting vote, Premier Hazen at once suggested that the bill be withdrawn by the promoters. Mr. J. C. Hartley proved that the amended bill was identical with the bill for the same purpose on Mel River, which was passed a few days previous, and the bill further protected the interest of Mr. Sayre more than his rights by common law. Mr. Munro made address but spoke guardedly, and Hon. Mr. Fleming said nothing particularly against the bill, aside from stating that Mr. Sayre's interests were very large and every consideration MUST be shown him. However, he was good enough to say, he believed the project set forth in the bill was good, and if properly developed would be an excellent thing for the community. The bill was referred to the committee for consideration in secret, and was "balled out" without a vote taken. On whose responsibility was it turned down?

There was no reason on the face of the evidence produced, why the bill should have been turned down. John Sayre admitted to me in St. John the other day, that they had no valid reason for opposing the amended bill, but their desire was to find out what we intended to do in the way of building sawmills, etc., by forcing us to produce our plans.

A. R. Rigby.

Mr. Carvell to Speak

Since Parliament opened F. B. Carvell, M. P., has delivered several speeches that have attracted attention in all parts of the Dominion. Independent metropolitan papers have spoken of him as one of the most brilliant members on the government side. In the House Mr. Carvell speaks his own mind, voices his own opinions. With evident conscientiousness he advocates what he deems most expedient for his riding and for his country. It is well, therefore, that he comes at this time to speak to his constituents on the very important matters that have made the session noteworthy. It is well that he come to be commended or denounced for the course that he, as a unit of the Commons, has pursued.

In company with Geo. W. Upham, M. P. P., he will address the electors at Centreville next Saturday evening, and those at Woodstock on Monday evening. If it can at all conveniently be arranged he will address a meeting at Hartland on some later date in May.

The Woodworking Factory to Start.

There is a bright outlook for the starting of the old woodworking plant. A man named Keyes, coming with good credits and some cash, from St. John, is likely to be working manager. Local business men are awakening to the spirit of progress in the air and at a recent meeting \$5000.00 capital was subscribed, besides the value of the plant which Mr. Nixon is willing to dispose of in exchange for stock, besides a cash subscription. It is desired that at least \$7000.00 cash be subscribed, and with the splendid start already made it is confidently asserted that the re-establishment of the industry will be assured.

There is going to be much building in the immediate future and more in the coming years. There can be no question of the easy disposal of the output, and with good work and capable business management a live and flourishing industry will be built up.

Easter Programs

The following was rendered in the Hartland Baptist Church: Choir, Open Gates of Gladness; Scripture Reading; Solo, Resurrection Morn; Primary Class, Easter Prayer; Choir, Early Flowers Awakening, (trio

part by Mesdames Schurman, Adams and Curtis); Exercise, The Pilgrim, (excellent, by Clyde Rideout and class of girls); Boys' Chorus, Merry Bells of Easter, (a very creditable number); Recitation, That is why, Young Ladies' Chorus, Rejoice and Sing Exercise, Easter Lilies; Choir, The Flowers are Coming; Exercise, Birds and Blossoms; Choir, Over the World so Wide; Exercise, Little Sunbeams; Choir, Sweet Easter Song; Recitation, Little Preachers; Exercise, Easter Lights, (by about 20 children each holding a taper); Choir, Resurrection Morn.

The arrangements for this splendid program were principally in the hands of Mrs. S. W. Schurman and Miss Laura Curtis, to whom much credit is due.

This was given in the church at Centreville:

Singing, Hymn, Choir; Prayer; Singing by Choir, "Rejoice the Lord is King"; Scripture; Recitation by Mary Harold; Recitation by Alice Niles; Solo by John Fogg; Recitation by Bessie Burt; Recitation by Galba Page; Recitation by Elizabeth Reid; Singing by Choir, "Hail all Hail"; Recitation by Pertis Reid; Motto Exercise by nine children; Recitation by Phillis Clarke; Duet, "I know that my Redeemer lives," by Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Hawker; Recitation by Florence Williams; Recitation by Evelyn Peppers; Recitation by Margaret Reid; Singing by children, "Tell us the Message"; Recitation by George Niles; Exercise by six little girls; Collection Speech by John Fogg; Singing by choir, "Calm of the Morn"; Address by Rev. Mr. Pierce.

CENTREVILLE.

The cattle bought by the Agriculture Society were sold Saturday afternoon in front of Tweedie & Co's store. The Shorthorn Bull was sold for \$101. to A. Hayden, Knoxford. T. C. Cain will also have an interest in him. The Ayrshire bull only brought \$40. and was bid in by A. A. H. Margisou. There was some lively bidding on the Ayrshire cow and \$108 was realized for her. Dr. MacIntosh of Hartland buying her presumably for the Hartland Poultry Yards' Stock Farm.

Rev. J. B. Dagget of Tracey Mills, we are pleased to learn, will soon be home again much restored in health. Joseph Hawker and family leave this week for St. John where they expect to live for the present.

Sherwood's Grist Mill is undergoing necessary repairs. Mr. Forsythe millwright, is superintending the job.

Correspondents of our various papers should be careful to know the facts before writing. Jokes are appreciated locally, but when read by outsiders are taken as truths. A joke in the Victoria County News concerning Dr. Pepper's was copied by a Fredericton paper and caused a lot of uneasiness to the doctor's mother.

F. B. Carvell, M. P. and Geo. Upham, M. P. P. are advertised to speak here April 29, on the political question of the day which we presume will mean St. John Valley Railway and Reciprocity.

Rev. C. W. Walden is to take Rev. J. B. Dagget's services next Sunday. F. K. McKenzie was taken violently ill Saturday night with stomach trouble. Dr. Peppers was called in. Mr. McKenzie is now reported much better.

Scott McAulay left on Wednesday for Edmonton to engage in railroad construction work.

We are much surprised that the Oddfellows are not at work building their hall: 100 members should be able to build a nice hall.

In cases of rheumatism relief from pain makes sleep and rest possible. This may be obtained by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.

UPPER BRIGHTON.

There was a social gathering at Rev. A. R. Dalbeck's on Tuesday evening, April 18.

Miss Jennie Nevers of Perth was the guest of Miss Gertrude Carr last week.

Burl Burke went to Lewiston Me. on Tuesday last.

Miss Annie McLean has returned home from New Westminster, B. C. Miss Ethel Brawn and Mrs. F. L. Blanchard were the guests of Mrs. Gordon Luskey on Sunday.

Miss Mildred Carpenter entertained a number of the young people one evening last week.

Miss Pearl Crandlemire of Somerville was calling on friends here on Sunday.

Sunday.

Gordon Luskey spent last week at Simonds.

Mrs. Charles Hurst went to Perth last week.

Mrs. William Bubar has been quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dickinson went to Newburg on Friday to attend the funeral of his uncle, Robert Dickinson.

Mrs. Scott Hallet was visiting Mrs. Henry Nevers on Sunday.

Lame Shoulder is nearly always due to rheumatism of the muscles, and quickly yields to the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby cautioned against buying or negotiating a Promissory Note dated in 1911 made by Moses Orser, Junior, in favor of the undersigned for \$100. payable on one year after date, the same having been lost or stolen.

ALBERT ORSER, Senior.

FOR SALE

10 HORSES

Good workers for farm service. Apply

ALBION R. FOSTER

MIDDLE SIMONDS, N. B.



The Two Sides Of Our Suits

The outside of a suit is for looks—the inside for wear.

Turn up the lining and look at the inside of one of our coats. Look at the thousands of little stitches put there to give the coat greater durability.

A little matter, to be sure, but these stitches cost money and they give you a coat that will go through the season and come out something at the end.

Take a look at our Suits, ask the Prices, and match them elsewhere, if you can.

You'll appreciate the goodness of our clothes for our reputation is secured right in them and our long experience in fitting will be of value to you.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK

Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

NOW Going On

Biggest Bargain Event Bristol Has Ever Seen.

\$20,000 worth of Goods Sacrificed

This will be the most important reduction sale the people within miles of Bristol have ever had the opportunity to buy from. Twenty thousand dollars worth of all kinds of merchandise will be sold at your own prices. This long established business is to be

Closed Out Fast as Low Prices Will Move the Goods.

complete lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware Furniture, etc. Sale opens April 3rd. Terms: Cash or produce.

Mrs. C. A. Phillips,
Bristol, N. B.

For the Land's
Sake Buy

PURE SEED

York Timothy
Kent
III Long Late
Clover

Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

George G. McCollom, Proprietor. The best table in Carleton county. Fine bath. Large sample rooms. First class livery in connection. Meals ready on arrival of trains. HARTLAND, N. B.

Local News and Personal Items

W. R. Gillin was in Grand Falls last week.

J. E. Stewart of Andover spent Sunday at the Exchange.

Keith & Plummer offer a large horse for sale at a low price.

Claude Estabrooks returned to Normal School on Wednesday.

If you want a nice pair of shoes go to Arthur Estabrooks.

Mrs. David Underhill is on a visit to relatives in Cambridge, Mass.

Reuben German of the C. P. operating staff at Woodstock spent Sunday here.

Miss Robin Thornton of Perth has been visiting Mrs. W. F. Thornton at the Exchange.

Miss Mary Shannon of the P. N. S. spent last week with her sister, Mrs. A. W. Kyle.

Sydney Smith, hustling salesman for R. Chestnut & Sons, Fredericton, was here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. John McLaughlin and daughter Marguerite, were here on Thursday.

Mrs. Albert Orser, sr., still remains in feeble health, following an attack of paralysis last winter.

MEN WANTED: 100 men for driving. Good wages. Apply at once by letter, phone or in person to D. H. Nixon, Hartland, N. B.

Charles Hawthorne of East Brighton was a pleasant caller at the OBSERVER office on Thursday.

For Sale: A new Massey-Harris Cream Separator and a double wagon with a new rack and potato body. Apply at the OBSERVER office.

Fred Boyd has moved into C. B. Caldwell's house. Mr. Caldwell, who is going west, has let his farm to his brother, George.

Taylor's will be headquarters for up-to-date millinery during 1911. We have a much larger stock than usual to select from.

Hon. J. K. Flemming and P. Graham have had private-line telephones put in their residences, using the N. B. service.

Miss Florence Chase, who has been attending St. John Business College, visited her uncle, Reed Chase, through the Easter holidays.

Mrs. Bertram Rideout went to Florenceville, N. B., on Wednesday to spend two weeks with her parents. —Caribou Republican.

Among others who went to Perth on Thursday to witness a sparring match between Manfred Crabb and Wm. Green, was George S. McCollom.

Henry J. Seeley of Waterville departed on Saturday for Boston and vicinity, where he will visit his brothers, Dow and Hanford, for a few weeks.

Arthur Graham, after spending two or three months with his brother, P. Graham, departed on Monday for Halifax, from which port he will in a few days set sail for England.

H. H. Smalley has bought one of the McMullin lots, the one next to the school-garden plot, and will build a dwelling house thereon. He has given up the idea of going west and will invest in Hartland real estate.

Few people can recall so cold and backward weather for the month of April. Truly "winter lingers in the lap of spring," but all will be well if spring does not linger along into summer as has been its habit the past few seasons.

Charles Carr and William Hallett of Hartland, N. B., arrived in town Saturday. Mr. Carr spent some time with his sister, Mrs. Naomi Armstrong. Mr. Hallett was visiting at the home of his uncle J. G. Cheney. —Fort Fairfield Review.

Newell Paul, an Indian whose name is familiar hereabout, was last week found dead by the railway near Watt Jet. A coroners jury found no evidence of foul play and it is believed he departed this world by reason of an overdose of fire-water.

Allen Watters has sold his farm at Rockland to William McFarlane, of East Glassville, who will take immediate possession. He has got a good farm and is selling off a portion of the wood lot—about 40 acres of virgin hardwood, fine as any that is in Carleton County. The price per acre is reasonable and arrangements may be made with McFarlane or Mr. Watters at Upper Brighton.

Friday, May 12, has been appointed Arbor Day.

C. H. Taylor has a desirable tenement to let.

WANTED, at Carr's, a capable young lady to learn the millinery business.

C. H. Taylor offers a lot of boys' suits at cost to clear. Don't miss this opportunity.

Go to Arthur Estabrooks for your Cabbage, Cauliflower and Tomato Seeds. He keeps only the BEST.

Get your choice of a building lot on McMullin's Flat at once by applying to The Carleton Real Estate Agency.

C. H. Taylor invites those desirous of Wall Paper to call and examine his large and well selected stock.

The Cheap Boot and Shoe sale is still going on at Carr's. Purchase from him now and you will save money.

Keith & Plummer have just received one car lime, one car cement and one car coarse salt, for sale cheap.

TO RENT, May 1st, the Warehouse lately occupied by Frost & Wood known as the Matheson shop. Apply to W. D. Keith.

"The law of increase" is the title of the subject to be treated in the Methodist church next Sunday at 7 p.m. You are welcome.

You can still get York Timothy Seed at Carr's at the old price, but at the rate it is going it won't last long. Next purchase will cost more money.

FOR SALE, One set rubber tired wheels, good as new. Will be sold reasonable, or exchanged for farm produce. Apply to R. B. OWENS.

Don't miss securing a lot on McMullin's Flat; the last choice building spot in Hartland. You will want one in the future. Buy now. The Carleton Real Estate Agency.

There will be Church of England service in the hall on the last Sunday in this month as follows: Morning service at 11; Sunday school at 2.45; evening service at 7 o'clock.

Arthur Estabrooks reports GRASS SEED selling quite fast, and if you want some come right away as it won't last long at this rate and as soon as all but a few are out you will pay large prices.

Misses Inez Bradley and Sadie Barnett went to Woodstock on Saturday. Miss Bradley to attend the meeting of the Carleton-Victoria Teachers' Institute Executive.

Mrs. George DeWitt of Somerville was last week seized with severe hemorrhage at the nose. Her vitality being low and the loss of blood great she is considered to be in a very critical condition.

At the time of going to press John Graham, Ashland, reported last week to be critically ill of tetanus, is lying hopelessly ill. Pneumonia has also developed, his case is indeed sad, calling the tenderest sympathy of all who know the heart-breaking circumstances.

An April drought presages a wet May. Rain is greatly needed and unless it comes within a week conditions will take on a serious aspect. Lumbermen have crews in waiting at heavy expense, and while there is still much snow, it is wasting away and the streams are very low.

The other day W. D. Keith went to the Carleton Co. Hospital and had a tumour removed from the abdomen. Dr. Rankin was the surgeon. Mr. Keith returned home the following day and while since confined to the house he has a good prospect for a speedy recovery.

The Hartland Poultry Yards have bought of the W. W. & K. Agr. Soc. the Ayershire cow "Spotty of Hickory Hill" recently imported from Ontario. The H. P. Y. now have a fine herd of seven head of Ayershires, all purebred, and one the county champion. They also have a flock of Dorset sheep, a breed new to this section, and a kind that will, it is said, breed twice in the year, and are hardy, develop early and do not stampede when a dog appears. The breeders of these sheep claim that a single dog would be speedily worsted in a brush with a Dorset ram.

Hartland Department Store.

April 19, 1911.

Many of our friends at a distance having been prevented attending the

Big Bargain Sale

last week and the week before on account of bad roads we have decided to

Continue the Sale

in many lines such as

Clothing for Men and Boys.

Coats, Pants, Suits, Overcoats, etc.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

(these we wish to close out.)

Carpets, Carpet Squares, Mats, Pictures, Picture Moulding, Graphophones, Two Sewing Machines

and a miscellaneous lot of articles too numerous to mention.

Sale Tickets Will Be Left On

so that all can see they are getting the benefit of the Low Prices.

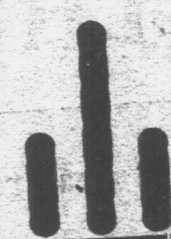
JOHN T. G. CARR

BOOM for HARTLAND

Choice Town Lots for Sale

The Carleton Real Estate Agency

Hartland, N. B.



HOW TO SAVE 25 to 35 per cent

ON YOUR

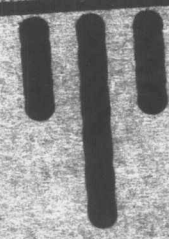
Clothing, Furnishing and Foot-wear Needs.

The answer is easy: Do your shopping at

A. FINE & CO.'s

The Leading Clothiers in Hartland.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.
The WATSON Bldg.—Hartland.



American Wall Paper

I sell it, and I'm the only merchant here selling Border same price as the roll. Largest assortment in town and prices ranging 8 to 42c. the Double Roll.

Hartland Farmers' Exchange
C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR

McMULLIN'S FLAT

We have arranged with Mr. P. McMullin to take charge of the disposal of the much desired McMullin Flat which will be divided into choice building lots and sold at once.

These lots are all facing Main street, Hartland, and include lots above and below the road. These lots have been much sought after for a number of years but never thrown on the market until secured by The Carleton Real Estate Agency. They lie above, opposite and below the superior school.

Why invest in a lot the size of your hand that you have never seen in the west when you can get a choice large lot that you can examine before buying in Hartland?

These will go quickly; get your choice at once. Call and see.

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

SELECTED RECIPES.

The virtues of certain old English dishes have been so lauded in the literature of the last century that most of us feel as if we had a speaking acquaintance with them, in spite of our ignorance as to how they are made. Here are the receipts for a few of the most celebrated ones:

Clotted Cream.—As an adjunct to stewed fruit and cereals, this has a wide popularity. In Devon and Cornwall it is even eaten with afternoon tea, spread on the bread instead of butter. Strain fresh milk into a large metal pan, put it in a cool place, and keep it unmoved for twenty-four hours in winter and twelve hours in summer. Then scald very slowly over a low fire; the slower the scalding is done the better and the thicker the clotted cream. Skim it the following day. It should be almost as thick as cream cheese.

Puddings in Haste.—An old English receipt which requires little time or labor is as follows: Chop one cup of suet and mix with an equal quantity of grated bread. Add a few dried currants, the beaten yolks of four eggs, the whites of two, and a teaspoonful of grated lemon peel and ginger. Mix the ingredients, make the mixture into egg-shaped balls, using a very little flour, and drop them into a shallow pan of boiling water. Boil them about twenty minutes—they will rise to the surface when done. Serve them with any sweet sauce.

Hot Pot.—Use two pounds of fore-quarter mutton chops, and two sheep's kidneys. Trim the chops neatly, cut off all superfluous fat, lay half of them in a well-buttered deep dish, and with them a kidney cut in slices. Sprinkle over them a little pepper and salt and a teaspoonful of finely minced onion, and place upon them a quarter of a pound of potatoes cut in slices. Put two or three lumps of butter here and there, and repeat until the meat is used and the dish nearly full. Cover the top with whole potatoes, pour a half-pint of water or stock over them, and bake in a moderate oven for two or three hours. A layer of oysters improves the flavor of the dish.

Veal Pie.—Select a pound and a half of veal cutlets a quarter of an inch thick, free from skin and bone, and half a pound of thin ham. Season the meat with a little salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, grated lemon rind and powdered mace, the quantity of salt used being regulated by the quantity of ham. Divide the meat into pieces an inch and a half square, put it in layers into a buttered dish, and pour over it a quarter of a pint of cold stock or water. Put among the pieces of veal the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs and four button mushrooms. Cover the dish with good pastry, with a hole in the center that the steam may escape, and bake the pie in a moderate oven for two hours. Have ready some nicely seasoned veal gravy, to pour into the pie after it is done. Serve it with cut lemon.

FAVORITE DISHES.

Rice.—Take as much rice as you wish to cook, wash thoroughly until the kale and glucose is removed, add just enough cold water to cover the rice; cover and put over a low gas fire and when it begins to boil add just enough hot water if necessary to keep it slightly moistened. About twenty minutes is sufficient. Let stand five minutes longer and every kernel will be dry and separate. Salt should never be added while cooking it, as it toughens rice.

Apple Cream Pie.—Make a rich, flaky pie crust, cut up two sour apples, add four tablespoons of sugar, a little cinnamon; and four small pieces of butter; put in oven and bake. Make a cream filling as follows: The yolks of two eggs, one cup of milk, one tablespoon of corn-starch, three tablespoons of sugar. Cook in a double boiler, flavor with vanilla, add a half cup cream, pour over apples; beat the whites of two eggs, two tablespoons of confectionery sugar for frosting. Bake a light brown.

Pineapple Salad.—Place on a salad dish a leaf of lettuce and a slice of pineapple and on top a few slices of red pepper; over this pour a tablespoonful of olive oil, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and pepper and salt to taste. This makes a favorite salad for luncheon.

Creamed Celery.—Cut fine a few stalks of celery, boil until tender, pepper and salt to taste; drain off water; add one quart of milk; add butter size of an egg; thicken with flour and water.

MEATS.

Beef or Veal Loaf.—Take two pounds of chopped meat, season

with salt and dash of paprika; soak half a loaf of bread in a pint of milk; make a sauce by melting two tablespoonsful of butter with two of flour; stir in pint of milk; cook until thick; mix bread and sauce with meat; make in loaf, cover with crumbs, and a little chopped onion may be added if liked.

Spiced Meat.—Two pounds of veal, two pounds of pork, and two pounds of beef, chopped fine; eight milk crackers, rolled fine; four well beaten eggs, one large tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-half putmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves. Mix thoroughly, as for veal loaf. Bake in a slow oven for four or five hours.

Garnishing Roast Pork.—To garnish a pork roast, stew six or eight apples, sweeten and put through a ricer or sieve. Dissolve one package gelatin in little cold water, add one-half cup hot water and stir into apple sauce. This can be turned into any shaped molds to harden or into a large flat dish and cut out with cookie cutter. Arrange on meat platter when ready to serve.

HOUSEWIVES GOLDEN RULES.

All busy housewives should know the following golden rules: Hang them in your kitchen; you will find them invaluable.

1. Cleanliness and punctuality are the royal roads to good cooking.
2. Leave nothing dirty; clean and clean as you go.
3. Take care of your pans, and the pots will take care of themselves.
4. Stew boiled is stew spoiled.
5. A good cook wastes nothing.
6. Boil fish quickly; boil meat slowly.
7. Strong fire for roasting; clear fire for broiling.
8. Good cakes are not cooked in poor ovens.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

There is a very important point in regard to making scallops. That is, after the scalloping is made and cut out, go all over it again with a tiny buttonhole stitch.

Place an egg in the palm of your left hand; then place a sharp knife in your right hand and give a very quick tap at the center of the egg, which will open very nicely.

Do not give uncooked fruit to children late in the day. Stewed or baked fruits at supper time are more certain to agree with them, and will insure a more restful night.

There is no question as to the value of milk as a food when taken slowly and between meals. It should not be taken in great gulps with other food, nor with any acid fruit.

A sure cure for ingrowing toe nails, and a simple one, is to cut the nail right square and thin out the top in the center of the nail with a piece of broken glass or a sharp jackknife.

In making salads do not chop your meats and celery in a chopping bowl. Cut into the desired size pieces with scissors. This is quicker, neater and cleaner than the old way.

A well-known doctor claims that a crack in the lip, when it is deep, and remains a long time, usually indicates among other things a lack of phosphates in the system, and a good tonic should be taken.

Put a good-sized lump of salt into a cup of vinegar and put into the vessel that is discolored and let it stand for half a day. Wash well with warm water and soap and sediment will come off easily.

If the soup is too salt grate a raw potato into it and the salt taste will be greatly lessened after cooking a few minutes. If the pea or bean soup is too thin add a spoonful of vinegar just before serving.

Put a deep pan or small bucket of water containing a medium-sized sponge inside your bread box. Change the water often, replacing with clean, cool water, and your bread will keep fresh as long as it is needed.

Sometimes the bread dough refuses to rise. Add another yeast cake in water and just flour enough to absorb the added moisture. Cut it well in with a silver knife, keep out of draughts and in a couple of hours you will have a fluffy mass.

Immediately pudding, cloths have been used scald them, wash them thoroughly, using soda but no soap, and hang them up to dry. A great deal of trouble is saved in this way, for if left till cold it is most difficult to wash them.

Anyway, the old bachelor has at least one advantage over a married man. Nobody cares if he does stay out till 2 a.m.

A SECRET WOOING

Paul Walton locked the door with trembling fingers, and, with a half-hysterical cry, threw himself back into an easy chair, muttering angrily to himself, reviling his stars that had adversely ruled that day.

He had succeeded in controlling his demeanor whilst his uncle's will was being read—that will which dispossessed him of an inheritance which he had reckoned upon as falling to him as soon as the old man had passed into the beyond. Vain imaginings! for that splendid inheritance had passed away from him, though his name was placed down for a legacy of five thousand pounds—a sufficient sum for the rich man to leave a nephew.

But Walton, thinking of the girl who had come into the fortune, he had counted upon as his own, could have raved against her, forgetting all decorum in that solemn company which had assembled in the dining-room, and denounced her as an adventuress who had blinded his uncle, old Mr. Walton, against his nephew.

"Lost to me!" He got up from his chair, glanced through the windows at the fair scene that lay stretched out below—the wide, green lands, whose owner he had hoped to be.

"Lost to me! Lost to me!" He repeated the words again and again, then suddenly paused. His expression changed; a subtle light came into his sombre eyes. He pulled himself upright, and something of his customary airy swagger returned to him. "I might win her for my wife! I might make her love me!" So ran the tenor of his thoughts.

He unlocked the door softly and stole out into the great hall, from which the wide, shallow staircase wound upwards.

He found Charlotte Dane in her favorite room—one that looked into a winter garden, lovely with blooms, tall lilies, and narcissi that sent forth an intoxicating perfume.

She glanced up at his entrance, and came eagerly towards him. "Oh, I am so glad you are here," she exclaimed. "I wanted to talk to you."

"But, first of all, let me congratulate you," he said, with a false smile. She drew back with a little exclamation.

"Oh, don't please! Old Mr. Walton was wonderfully good, most kind in his intentions. But—but I cannot take it; no, my mind is made up. I shall restore it to the man to whom it right belongs."

The blood began to beat in the other's veins. Was the amazing, impossible thing about to happen? Was this girl a fool—a quixotic fool—whose stupidity, however, was to his advantage, for he had no doubt that he was the person she meant!

She turned to him with a little appealing gesture. "They all tell me that I am wrong," she said. "The lawyers say that my intention is an act of madness. But you—"

He shook his head. "It will not seem madness to me, of course," he answered a little thickly. "How could it?"

She gave a grave little nod, and a touch of relief crossed her face. "I knew that I should have one sympathizer," she replied. "You will help me, then, in this matter; assist me to bring back to his home the man who left it years ago, restore Edward Walton, the true heir to his father's wealth."

He staggered a step or two away from her, bending his head quickly that she might not read the overwhelming amazement that he knew his expression must reveal.

The true heir, the prodigal who had shaken the dust of his ancestral home from the sole of his feet, had departed seven years ago—space of time unbroken by any word from him indicating that he still lived.

Why, he had forgotten his cousin, the dead man's son—quickly forgotten his very existence. He hesitated some moments, not knowing what to say; then, like an inspiration, an idea flashed into his fertile brain.

"Charlotte"—there was a grave note in his voice as he spoke her name—"you cannot carry out this project; it is impossible."

"Impossible?" She gazed at him, with rebuke in her dark eyes. "There is no such word," she said, with gentle determination.

"Did my uncle ever tell you the reason that drove Edward Walton from his home?"

"I do not want to know it," she said. "It cannot alter the fact that here, in this house, is Edward Walton's rightful place."

"But, Charlotte, you must hear what I have to say, since it affects you intimately. In the ruin which drove Edward away your father was involved."

She flushed a deep red and bent her head a little.

"Mr. Walton," she said, "you shall know what it is that makes me lenient towards your cousin. If he

is a prodigal—alas! that I should say it—is it not true that my own father was also a prodigal? I loved him dearly; yet I must admit that others would judge him harshly, condemn him for wasting his money upon the turf, though, in that last coup, the defeat of which was his death, he did hope to regain all that he had lost and leave his daughter secure from poverty."

"That coup which must have come off had the race on which it depended been run under ordinary fair conditions. My dear girl, listen to me for a moment. Your father's judgment, for once, was absolutely correct. But there was villainy at work, villainy in which my guilty cousin had a hand."

"How could that be? What do you mean?"

"The horse was what racing men term doped—that is, given some drug before the start of the race to prevent its running in its usual form. And the person who administered that dose which ruined your father's last chance was bribed to carry out his infamous work by Edward Walton."

"I have this man's confession under lock and key in my own desk."

The girl gave a low cry—a cry of disillusion and regret.

"But my father liked him," she murmured, "always spoke of him in the highest terms, wished that we two had met, though I was but a girl at school, away from home. Surely, oh, surely, he cannot have betrayed my father's friendship."

"It pains you to hear this, Charlotte. But my cousin is a stranger to you—one whom you have never seen—and it is better you should know the truth from my lips than sacrifice your fortune to one who dealt your father that secret and cruel blow."

"What you say is true," she replied, sadly. "Show me the confession that you speak of," she added; "and not alone that, but other proofs as well. There must be no error, no possible mistake."

"You shall be satisfied," he answered. "There are letters from my uncle that go into the matter, which I also have—letters that voice his regret, his intense disappointment, that Edward, his only son, should be the villain that he had proved him. I will bring them to you, not because I wish my absent cousin any ill, but you must be just, Charlotte, before you are generous."

A month had passed since Mr. Walton's death; and one afternoon Charlotte slipped away from the big house of which she was now the owner, a slim, graceful figure in her simple black gown.

She had abandoned her generous desire to see the disinherited heir reinstated in the home of his forefathers. Paul had displayed his promised proofs, and against her will Charlotte had been convinced of the absent man's villainy.

But now she was thinking of neither him nor of Paul. Her eyes were shining with a strange glow, her lips were parted in a tender smile, and she went along her way with alert steps, coming to a pause when she reached a grove where a few leaves still lingered upon boughs that were almost bare.

The muscular, well-knit figure of a man was slowly pacing there, his mind apparently lost in thought. But he turned sharply with a glad cry upon seeing the girl, a smile coming into his grave, bronzed features—a smile of intense devotion, that was reflected in her own face.

"Oh, my dearest girl!" He took her hands, and spoke to her in a low voice. "I began to fear that I should never see you again. Do you know what I thought—what I imagined? That you had become proud now that you are rich, and wanted to—to forget the man who loves you."

"How could you think that?" she murmured. "Don't you know that nothing could make any difference to my love, certainly no worldly consideration?"

He took her in his arms and reverently kissed her.

"It would have been but natural, after all, my dearest," he said, "for I am poor—a man of whom you know nothing, except that he is of no importance in the world—and you are a rich woman."

"Rich only in your love," she murmured, happily.

Yet what Bertram Wood had remarked was indeed true. All she knew of him—his past, his life, his present—was his name. A sudden shower, a courteously offered umbrella, had led to her acquaintance with this mysterious tenant of the Nest—a small house in the Manor woods—this quiet, retired man, with the weary eyes that were yet so kindly in their gaze, so true.

From that first fateful moment the flame of love had kindled between them, and the man and the woman realized that each seemed destined for the other.

Some secret in his life Charlotte knew there was, something that shadowed his days, though he was silent as to its nature; yet despite this, and even though he urged her to keep their very acquaintance secret from the world, she gave him full and complete trust.

He had even urged upon her that they should be secretly married by special licence in some neighboring church, without asking anyone's

consent, since Charlotte was alone, except for her father's old friend, Roger Walton, whose death had long been expected, though the disposition of his property had been as much of a surprise to Charlotte as it had proved to Paul Walton.

And now he spoke of it again, and listening to her lover's words, her heart overflowing with devotion, had given consent before her lips echoed it.

Yes, it would be no disrespect to the man who was dead. He would have been glad for the girl to take her happiness, but she pleaded for some weeks to pass, and Bertram Wood was ready to defer to her wish.

But the brief period of waiting sped quickly by, happy, love-filled weeks—a time of joy that was marred only by one unpleasant incident, for Paul Walton proposed to Charlotte and she had to refuse him.

She was sorry, since she cared for him in a certain sisterly fashion. He was always at hand, ready to advise, to assist; and she missed him whenever he was absent.

He lost his temper for a moment or two and demanded her reason for refusing him, and the girl felt it was but his due that he should know she cared for another man.

He heard her faltering words with frowning brows, then recovered himself, apologizing with quite a contrite expression, and Charlotte, who hated to see anyone unhappy, freely forgave him.

One day when she returned home with a glow of a wonderful happiness shining in her eyes—for was not to-morrow to witness her wedding, her secret wedding!—Paul Walton was waiting for her. His face was pale, but there was an air of ill-suppressed excitement about him, a twitching of the features, a restlessness of attitude, all repose gone.

"Charlotte!" He uttered her name huskily, following her into the drawing-room and closing the door. "I have something to tell you. I have discovered who my successful rival is—this man you care for, this man who has wooed you secretly and in disguise. He spoke slowly, striving for an appearance of calmness. He was playing for high stakes, determining his destiny and hers too upon this one throw. His true name is Edward Walton. That is your lover's name. Here is his portrait, if you doubt me, with 'My son, written in his father's hand beneath, one that was spared when all others were destroyed.'"

"It is impossible!" She gasped out the words at last, gazing at him with eyes whose light was suddenly shadowed by a mist of pain, veiled by tears.

"Charlotte, this is the truth," he spoke the words with emphasis. "But why—why should he be here, alien in name and identity, here in the place of his birth?"

"His motive!" The other shrugged his shoulders. "Does not his success in accomplishing it reveal that motive to you?"

Her head dropped, a tear fell down her pale cheek.

"Charlotte, you must act, and at once. You must make up your mind to thrust this man out of your life."

"My mind is already made up to do that," she answered, brokenly.

"But, Charlotte, it would be wiser, far wiser, not to see him unless you are very sure of yourself. Mightn't he be able to blind you with specious denials and explanations? There is a better way than seeking an interview that would be charged with bitter anguish to yourself. Recollect the injury he has sought to do you under the disguise of love—how he has befuddled you, laughed up his sleeve at you, made you his dupe. Take a woman's revenge upon him. Do not see him—write, a mere line, telling him you find you do not care for him, and, Charlotte, his eyes glittered, 'leave this neighborhood this very day.'"

She rose abruptly to her feet, and spoke in a steady tone.

"He cannot really care, so there would be no cruelty in such an action."

"Less by far than he would have shown you. He is only a clever trickster. Ah, Charlotte, had my pleading been something more than vain pleading, my love would have spared you this. And is it too late now?" he went on, seeing that she did not silence him. "Prove to this disappointed fortune-hunter that you can dupe as well as he. Go to London as you have decided, but go in my company. Let him draw from that circumstance what inference he chooses."

A chilly smile touched her cold face. She looked in that moment a woman with a dead heart.

"You suggest a remedy that would take out the sting from wounded pride," she said, giving him her hand. "And you are my friend?"

"Your true, your loyal friend—who would be more, if he dared hope."

Charlotte sat gazing into the fire, watching the dancing flames with sad eyes.

Six months had passed since she had fled from the Manor—six months in which she had buried herself in London apartments,

striving to forget the man she knew to be unworthy of her love.

And now she was going to marry Paul Walton.

His devotion had won its reward; his quiet persistence had won consent from her at last. He had saved her from a villain who, with clearer eyes than others, must have foreseen before Mr. Walton's death that the old man had named Charlotte as his heiress, and had hoped by winning her love to regain what he had forfeited.

And yet—oh, if she had never met him, never known the pain a tender-hearted woman must feel when she has wasted her love upon a rogue!

She glanced up a little, as she heard the door-handle turn; then looked down again with a smothered sigh. She knew who it would be—Paul, paying his customary visit.

But a voice speaking her name made her start up to her feet, cold and trembling, to stand face to face with Edward Walton.

For a moment she was thrilled with an insane happiness; then her face hardened.

"I have found you at last, traced you here—thank Heaven for that," he began; but before he could proceed the door opened once more, to disclose Paul.

The latter stood for a moment as if turned to stone, his face white as paper; then he cast a wild glance round, and seemed as if about to fly. But with a swift stride or two Edward barred his exit.

"I have something to say to you," he remarked grimly; "and it is better you should hear it."

"Something in my disfavor, I have no doubt," returned Paul, with a sudden assumption of boldness. "But Miss Dane will scarcely give ear to calumnies. She knows the truth with regard to your own iniquities."

There was a dangerous flash in Edward Walton's dark eyes. But he retained self-control.

"On the contrary, Miss Dane will hear the truth now for the first time," he responded, "and learn that you have reversed the position of affairs, as you did long ago, to my hurt then as now."

"It was you who, assuming my Christian name as well as the name we share in common, bribed rascals of the race-course to do your vile work, weaving a mesh of villainy in which I was caught."

Paul Walton interrupted with a sneering laugh, and threw a glance at Charlotte. But her eyes were turned away from his, were bent with a shining light in them upon his cousin. And it was to her that Edward now turned.

"Charlotte," he said gently, "my cousin made me his scapegoat, hardened my father's heart against me, placed his guilt upon my shoulders with a devilish cunning."

"I did not know it then. I fancied he was my friend. Only within the last year have I suspected his secret enmity; only within the last few months have been able to prove it."

"It is nothing but a tissue of lies," Paul Walton loudly declared. "Miss Dane knows perfectly well that your object in winning her regard was that which animates the vulgar fortune-hunter."

"Silence, or the wrongs I have endured at your hands shall be avenged here and now!"

The other's tongue was hushed, and he turned a sickly yellow.

"Miss Dane has no fortune," Edward Walton proceeded. "I knew that at the time I told her of my love, but I wanted to test her, and my father gave consent to the trial, when he knew that I cared for her."

"Your father . . . Charlotte no heiress!" gasped Paul. "You must be mad."

"I think not," responded Edward quietly. "My dear father knew me to be innocent before he died. I am more than thankful to say. Several times I secretly saw him in his room, with the connivance of an old servant, secretly at my own wish. He made a later will, putting my name down in its old place. But this I did not mean to let anyone know until I had made Miss Dane my wife. Then I intended revealing all, and standing forward with my name cleared from disgrace."

"And you have come to-day to rob me of Charlotte?" Paul Walton interposed, with his evil sneer, for he recognized his own defeat.

"Oh, welcome to her; welcome!" He cast a bitter glance at them both, then turned on his heel and vanished. For a moment Edward seemed inclined to follow, but a deader purpose than punishing his cousin had brought him there.

He turned and slowly approached Charlotte. His gaze forced her to lift her eyes to his.

"You heard what he said, Charlotte! Will you share the inheritance, I come to rob you of, share it as my wife!"

"A woman who doubted you, left you, believed another's word against you? Can you still care for me, still love me?"

Her eyes were wet, but a wonderful radiance had begun to touch her face.

"Now and always," he said, with passionate tenderness. "Now and always."—London Tit-Bits.

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Day's Hotel, East Florenceville, N. B.

Will be at the Exchange Hotel Hartland, every Monday.

Our Neighbours

EAST COLDSTREAM

Harry Sewell and wife of Lower Brighton have been visiting friends in this place for several days.

Miss Addie Hatfield, who spent Easter with her teacher at Stickney, returned home on Thursday.

Miss Viola Greer, who spent her Easter holidays at home, returned to Fredericton on Saturday.

A number of the people of this place attended the circle at the home of James Tompkins on Wednesday last.

Mrs. W. E. Crandlemire and daughter have been visiting at John Stickney's for several days.

A number of the men of Baunton have been driving logs in the Coldstream this week.

Jed Cook and son are doing a rushing business sawing wood by hand.

We are glad to hear that Ralph Estabrooks who was operated on some time ago at the Woodstock hospital for appendicitis, returned to his home on Thursday, with good prospects for recovery.

James Greer and Arthur Lund of

Thornton's Barber Shop

When you want barbering call on W. E. THORNTON. Thornton is the only up-to-date Barber in Hartland. Work done twice as quick as anywhere else.

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COLTS

Black and sorrel Percherons; pair weighs about 2,300 with room for more. Good working condition; kind disposition, sound and smooth; both geldings. Apply to

LEVERETT SHAW

AVONDALE, N. B.

this place are busy sawing wood with the machine.

Mrs. Chas. Crandlemire has been sewing at Ed Greer's this week.

Henry Sewell made a trip to Lower Brighton on Thursday.

John Stickney is wearing a smiling face. It is a boy.

Our teacher, Miss Ebbett, returned to her school on Sunday.

WINDSOR

Not seeing any items from this place for some time, thought our neighbors would like to know that the Windsorites were not dead but only sleeping.

Roads are in a terrible condition at present.

We hear that Scott Orser has rented his farm to Norman Wallace of Armond, and is going with his family to B. C.

Cleaning house and sewing seems to be the order of the day.

Grace Britton is home to spend the holidays with her parents, also Evelyn Tedford.

Mr. Young delivered a very able Easter sermon in the United Baptist Church here.

A number of our young people spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mrs. Henry Smith one evening last week.

Circle meets at the home of Mrs. Forrest this week.

Our enterprising merchant E. A. Britton seems to be doing a rushing business this spring.

Our school is progressing nicely under the skillful management of Miss Ethyl Orser.

Mrs. Fred Smith and Mrs. Sandy Thompson are planning a business trip to town next week.

Harold Britton has bought himself a new road wagon.

We hear the Farmer's Telephone Co. are talking of putting on two construction crews. We hope they will, as there are at least one thousand more of their telephones needed in Carleton County. How much better it would be for people to invest their money in this Telephone Co. where it would be safe and where they would get at least three times as much percentage as they would get in the banks. The President and General Manager, Geo. O. Britton has made the Company popular by his honest dealings with the people.

Constipation brings many ailments in its train and is the primary cause of much sickness. Keep your bowels regular, madam, and you will escape many of the ailments to which women are subject. Constipation is a very simple thing, but like most simple things, it may lead to serious consequences. Nature often needs a little assistance and when Chamberlain's Tablets are given at the first indication, much distress and suffering may be avoided. Sold by all dealers.

KNOWLESVILLE

The farmers are engaged in their spring work, which is being kept back by the late spring.

Mrs. Sanford Estabrooks and daughter Minnie of Bristol spent Easter with friends here.

J. W. Lawson has sold his farm at East Knowlesville to Arthur Jordan, who, with his family, has taken possession.

Our teacher Miss Evelyn Carten spent Easter at her home in Fredericton.

Misses Madge and Nettie Manuel spent Easter at home.

Miss Nannie MacBrine of Glassville spent Easter with friends here.

The young people spent a very pleasant time at a dance given by T. Guthrie on Monday evening.

J. W. Lawson and wife were guests at E. Manuel's Easter Sunday.

Wm. and Fred Hoppell, Fred Currie, and Jas. Hobbs visited Fredericton recently.

Clark MacBride of Williamstown was a guest at Wm. Phillips' Easter.

Principal Robert Simms of Florenceville spent Easter at his home here.

R. H. Kenney and wife visited Woodstock last week.

A business meeting was held in the church Monday evening, where it was decided to put extensive repairs on the church this summer. The work will be started at once.

A number from this place attended a very enjoyable party at Archie Robinsons, Armond, on Friday evening.

When a medicine must be given to young children it must be pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is made from loaf sugar, the roots used in its preparation give it a flavor similar to maple syrup, making it pleasant to take. It has no superior for colds, croup and whooping cough. Sold by all dealers.

WILLIAMSTOWN

The weather for the past week has been very cold and disagreeable, and the roads are in a very bad condition.

Sugar-making is the order of the day around here at present.

McWaid and Porter and Page and McEgan are all engaged in that business and the young people are looking forward to a big candy party in the near future.

Miss Grace Page has been confined to her bed the past week, but we are glad to say she is now able to be around again.

Miss Fern Page who is attending P. N. S., spent her Easter vacation at home.

Miss Sadie Jameson has returned home, after spending the past few weeks with her grand-uncle in Houlton, Me.

Scott McAuley left for the Northwest on Wednesday last.

A deep gloom was cast over this community last Monday when a telegram came containing the sad, sad news that Mrs. Daniel Callahan had passed suddenly away at her home at Murray Valley, Alberta, after a short illness of typhoid pneumonia, aged 31 years. The deceased was formerly Miss Pearl Kennedy, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kennedy of Lakeville, and last September was married to Daniel Callahan of the same place. They then went to Alberta where they have since resided. Besides a sorrowing young husband she leaves to mourn, a father and mother, five brothers and one sister. The sympathy of the whole community goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and the family, in this their great affliction, as it was only last August they were called upon to mourn the loss of a son. The body was brought home and interred in the Catholic burying ground at Williamstown, Monday, April 17th, where high mass was held by Rev. Father Bradley.

Mrs. Johnnie Gillis and daughter spent an afternoon this week the guest of Mrs. W. F. McWaid.

Mrs. Andrew Jamieson is visiting relatives and friends in Woodstock this week.

Miss Ruth Long and Miss Kathleen O'Hara of Centerville, P. N. S. students, spent Wednesday afternoon with Miss Fern Page.

Miss Bessie Smith gave a quilting this week to the most important young ladies of Florence.

Miss Mamie Emery has completed her three months course of dress-making with Mrs. Wm. Peterson at Tracey Mills and has returned to her home.

"Our baby cries for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. T. B. Kendrick, Basaca, Ga. "It is the best cough remedy on the market for coughs, colds and croup. For Sale by all dealers."

Provincial Appointments

The following appointments have been made for Carleton county: To be Justices of the peace, William C. Boyer, George F. Smith, Edward Thompson and James McCain.

Audrey B. Gaines, of East Florenceville, to be a Commissioner for taking affidavits to be read in the Supreme Court.

James McCain, to be a Commissioner of the Parish of Wicklow Civil Court in the place of John Green, resigned.

William Green, of Summerfield, to be a revisor for the Parish of Wicklow, in the place of Walter Smith, removed from the parish.

Will Make Survey for Dam.

Nothing daunted by the adverse course of events when his bill for authority to dam the St. John river at Hawkshaw came up at the end of the session, Mr. John Stewart of Andover, who is in the city again today, now makes the statement that he will have a survey made of the river there to demonstrate the feasibility of the work. Mr. Stewart says that an engineer arrived in St. John yesterday who will conduct this survey with a staff of half a dozen men, and that if the river conditions admit of it they will commence operations on the first of the next month.—Gleaner.

Obituary.

At her home, Murray Valley, Alberta, of typhoid pneumonia, Mary Pearl beloved wife of David Callahan, aged 21 years. The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kennedy of Lakeville.

She leaves besides a sorrowing husband, a father and mother, one sister, Charlotte, and five brothers, Edward, Johnny, Charles, Willie and George.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy as this is the second death in their family in the last eight months.

That Red Rose Tea is of surpassing quality is accepted everywhere it is used as an undisputed fact, but it is in the Maritime Provinces especially that it has by unvarying goodness so well earned the term "is good tea."



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Yours truly,
(Signed) E. O. SHELDON, St. Marys N. B.

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