

THE OBSERVER

Vol. 3.

HARTLAND, N. B., Sept. 27, 1911.

No. 17.

The DAYLIGHT

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

NEW

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

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

Use of Hard Wood in Maine

Had Reciprocity Become Law Such
Industries Might Have Been
Established Here

(Bangor Commercial)

Despite the fact that only about 33 per cent of usual spruce cut will be taken out of the Maine woods during the coming winter, the annual harvest of birch and other hardwoods will be fully up to last year's record. The hardwood operators are now getting their camps in readiness for the season's campaign and two weeks from now they will be actively engaged in cutting. By far the greater part of the part of the hardwood will be made into spool bars, a large proportion of which will be shipped to England and Scotland by tramp steamers next summer. Last blocks and railroad shims will also be extensively manufactured.

About the largest hardwood operators in this section of Maine are the American Thread Co. at Milo, to John McGregor Co. at South Lincoln and Foxcroft and the Perkins & Danforth Spoolwood Co. of Bangor who will operate mills at West Sebois and Ambejeus as they have for several seasons. They will discontinue their mill at Katahdin Iron Works, however, and will saw at La Grange where they have purchased the Snell & Sons mill. All of the birch manufactured here will be shipped in by rail. A considerable quantity of it will come from Katahdin Iron Works, although it will be cut by other operators and purchased by Perkins & Danforth. They expect to manufacture between 9,000 and 10,000 cords of birch into spool wood this winter and will employ between 250 and 300 men in the woods.

The work of cutting the hardwood will be commenced as soon as the camps are in readiness and some of the operators have already commenced sending their crews to the woods. The logs are sawed into four foot lengths and piled as fast as they are cut. This work continues up to the time that a sufficient amount of snow to make good hauling has fallen. Then the wood is hauled to the railroad stations or to the mills and the manufacturing of the spool bars commences.

Most of the mills run up to April 1 and some of them for several weeks longer. Night and day crews are put in in a number of them and the saws are kept going day and night until the entire season's of birch has become exhausted. The American Thread Co. manufactures its own spools at Milo but Perkins & Danforth export all of their spool bars to England and Scotland and they are manufactured into spools there. The bars are made in a number of different sizes and are put up in bundles, each of which consist about ten feet.

Less Lumber to be Cut

Reports from Eastern Maine says that the lumber cut during the coming winter will be from 25 to 40 per cent less than last year. One reason for this is the low water in early spring. During May the streams had nowhere near their usual pitch, and the result was that many millions of feet of lumber were left in the woods. This will be taken out next spring and all saved. The New York lumber is and has been dead, and this frightens many of the small operators, who say that there would be no money in the woods for them under present conditions. They are the ones who will be chiefly hit. The big companies have their own mills and yards, and in western Maine, at least, will cut their usual stumpage.—Springfield Republican.

"Killing the Goose"

A travelling salesman writes us that wherever he goes in Nova Scotia he notices in some stores and store windows, posters advertising farm laborers' excursions to the West. And then he adds this significant comment: "Seems as though the merchants were trying to encourage people to leave Nova Scotia." We cannot imagine what inducement there would be for a dealer to post such advertisements in his store. It cannot be that the railway pays for the privilege. And even if the railway were willing to pay as much as the service is worth, we think the dealer foolish who would accept the offer. If he wishes to exercise his influence in any way it should be in the direction of keeping the men at home. On purely selfish grounds it should be so; for if people are encouraged by him to go away, is the dealer killing the goose that lays the golden egg?

No doubt sheer thoughtlessness accounts for the action of the merchants mentioned by our travelling friend. Our advice then would be for every merchant to watch little actions like this and think of their possible effect on the country and ultimately on himself. If he doesn't feel prepared to argue with people about the significance of going away he can at least do a little prevention work by not helping the railways gratuitously to entice our able bodied men away the exact season when we most need them at home. But every reader of the Merchant ought by this time to be able to talk against the habit of going West. If he needs any incentive to use his efforts in this way, surely he only needs to consider his own interests. Every man enticed out of the community means just that much trade lost to the merchant. He ought to be up in arms against it.—Maritime Merchant.

When They Will Resign

If the precedent set by the governments defeated in the past is followed, it will be at least a fortnight before Sir Wilfred Laurier and his Ministers formally hand in their resignations. Sir Charles Tupper was defeated on June 23, 1896. Within a day or two after the election the members of his cabinet came to Ottawa, and held a series of cabinet meetings to clear up business which had accumulated while they were campaigning.

Sir Wilfred Laurier and his Colleagues will doubtless follow a similar course.

In 1896 Sir Charles Tupper's Government filled a number of vacancies which Lord Aberdeen, the then Governor-General, refused to sign. In view of this precedent no appointments are likely to be made.

The new ministers, when named, will, of course, have to go back to their constituencies for re-elections, but as most of the cabinet 'probabilities' have been elected by a safe majority, it would not be surprising if they are practically all returned by acclamation.

The necessary steps to bring about a change in administration will take some weeks, and it is likely to be some time in November before the Borden administration meets for organization.

In the meantime the necessary money to carry on the public service will have to be raised by the Governor-General's warrant.

WATCH THIS SPACE

AFTER OCTOBER 1st.

IF YOU DO NOT BUY FROM US WE
ARE BOTH LOSING MONEY, AND IT
IS OUR INTENTION TO PUT YOU IN
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to You Fragrant and Delicious

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THE EVENT OF A NIGHT

Through the fog came the sound of scuffling, then a loud report, a groan, and after that retreating footsteps.

Douglas Lesleigh paused and peered around him, uncertain precisely whence the noise had come. Another groan, fainter than the first, caused him to step aside to a spot near the railings, and what he saw made him catch his breath sharply.

A man lay on the pavement—a man wearing evening dress, as Lesleigh was, his covert coat was open, and a portion of the white shirt front was dyed a significant red. The refined, strong-featured face was deathly pale; the eyes were closed. For a moment Lesleigh thought the man was dead.

But the eyes opened and their gaze rested on him.

"What has happened? You are badly injured—I will get a doctor!" The stricken man made a feeble, deprecating gesture.

"I am beyond a doctor's skill, thanks all the same. There's something else you can do. There's a leather case in my inner vest pocket; in it you'll find a sealed letter ready stamped and addressed. Send it and the other contents to the person whose name you will see there. Do not mention the matter to anyone. The fog's getting thicker—I can't see. Thanks awfully—I know I can trust you." And then came a weak moan, a gasping, choking sound, and a little shudder—the man was dead.

Lesleigh bent over the body and took the leather letter-case from the breast pocket as he had been requested. At the same moment the heavy, regular tramp of a constable came through the fog. In sudden realization of the difficult situation that might be created were he to be thus found with a portion of the dead man's property in his possession, he turned in the opposite direction. Simultaneously he heard the slight click of a gate near by and a small gloved hand was laid firmly on his arm.

He was vaguely conscious of a beautiful face illuminated by a pair of wonderful eyes that looked earnestly up into his; of a voice, soft, low, and musical, that yet had in it a note of authority it was impossible for him at that moment to ignore.

"Come away at once! Don't you see it won't do for you to be seen with—what?"

Before he could quite realize what it meant, Lesleigh found himself being led down a curving, gravelled path, and through a high lattice-work gate and past the rear of the house into a spacious summer-house. He stumbled as he entered, and something fell to the floor.

"You must stay here until I come," the girl said, speaking rapidly. "Don't smoke or do anything to let anyone else know you are here; if you do you may find yourself in very grave danger!"

With these words she left him, drawing some white, floating, clinging thing more closely about her shoulders as she moved away.

Seating himself on one of the rustic seats, which he found by groping in the darkness, he waited and thought over what had happened. Who was the girl, and why had she wished to save him from the grave possibilities of being found with the dead body of the man who had been murdered? And who was the dead man, and what special reason had he had that the contents of the pocket-book should be disposed of privately? It was evident he had been possessed by a potent desire for secrecy in the matter.

He wondered how long it would be before she returned to him and released him from his strange position. If he were discovered by anyone else it would certainly be a most awkward situation. The minutes dragged on and he began to chafe at the delay. Still there was no sign of the girl with whom he had had so brief and mystifying an acquaintance.

He distinctly heard the front door open and shut; other sounds, all more or less distinct, also

reached his ears, but he listened in vain for the light footsteps which he now awaited with no little impatience. He had an appointment that evening; it was not really an important one, but he was habitually prompt in the keeping of all engagements. A sense of deep annoyance possessed him, and he was contemplating breaking out of his prison when he heard her footsteps.

A few moments later she stood vaguely outlined in the doorway. "I am sorry I have kept you a prisoner so long," she said, speaking quickly, "but it was impossible to return without attracting notice. You must get away through the house—it would not be safe to leave the way you came. If anyone sees you leave by the front door, it will be thought you are one of the guests. They are all in the ball-room now. Quick, before you run the chance of being seen by anyone but the servants; they don't matter." And she began to lead the way across the lawn.

"You are very kind, Miss—"

"Mentworth. Enid Mentworth is my name. This is my uncle's house, and there is a dance to-night."

"Mine is Douglas Lesleigh. Don't you think I had better leave at once by the same way you kindly brought me?"

"No, no!" she answered quickly. "It would be most dangerous to do so. The police are convinced that the man who committed the crime is hiding near here, and if you are seen to come actually out of the house you may be stopped and questioned."

"But why should they suspect me?"

"They have your description. You were seen by a constable on point duty a hundred yards from the gate just two minutes before the discovery was made by another policeman."

"May I ask how you know this, Miss Mentworth?"

"The police have called and asked if anything was seen or heard. They told my uncle the little they knew and they searched the front garden. The other guests know nothing of what has happened, for uncle did not wish the dance to be spoiled. I heard all they said."

"Why have you taken so much trouble, Miss Mentworth?" Lesleigh asked, after a brief pause.

"Because," she replied deliberately, "I do not wish an innocent man to run a very grave risk!"

She paused at the door of a large conservatory.

"Why are you so certain I am innocent?"

"I am certain because I saw—"

She broke off, catching her breath sharply, obviously annoyed she had said so much.

"You saw the act committed—you saw the murderer?"

"I saw it all," she said, in a low tone, and then he saw she had become very white and that she was trembling. She gave a little shudder and her eyes closed for a moment, as though to shut out some horrid memory.

"If you know all," he asked after a slight pause, "why should you fear for me, whom you can prove to be innocent?" He looked at her keenly, and saw terror in her eyes.

"Because the person who is guilty must not be caught—there are reasons."

Then it was that he understood much more than had hitherto been possible—she had witnessed the crime, and had some potent reason for desiring to shield the perpetrator; at the same time her instinctive sense of justice and honor forbade her to allow an innocent person to suffer. To clear him—Lesleigh—publicly would entail exposing the guilty party, and she had preferred to secretly save him from danger. Her resource and nerve had been marvellous; now for the first time she revealed the effects of the strain.

But her outward agitation was merely of short duration.

"Believe me, what I suggest is the only way," she said. "We must not wait here any longer." Her hand was on the fluted door-knob.

"I should like to ask just one thing, Miss Mentworth—do you know the victim's name?"

The girl's pale face underwent a swift change, and her eyes shone with angry emotion.

"Yes, I know; and, woman though I am, I say he deserved his fate! I cannot say more now!" And with these words and a gesture entreating silence she passed into

the conservatory. He was thinking of the leather case, and debating whether he was bound by the dying man's request not to mention the matter to anyone. It was evident Miss Mentworth knew nothing of this; the incident had but occupied a few moments and it had doubtless escaped her notice. Instinctively he put his hand over his breast-pocket; the case was gone! It must have slipped out when he stumbled on entering the summer house! He no longer hesitated; it was necessary to tell her. He paused as she was about to lead the way past a group of palms.

"The man who was shot handed me a leather case, and asked me to send it to a person whose name was inside," he explained, quickly. "I no longer have it—it must have dropped from my pocket when I stumbled; it must be in the summer-house. I ought to go back; it is a sacred trust to the dead and I must follow his wishes!"

A strange, new light leapt to her eyes.

"No, no!" she said fervently. "There is no time; people will be about who will see you. You must get away at once. I will look for the case and send it to you!"

A fresh thought came to him. Apart from other considerations it would be hard, very hard, never to see this girl again.

"I trust you will pardon me for my apparent boldness, Miss Mentworth," he said, in low, quick tones, "but I wonder whether you could arrange to return it to me yourself? It is a curious idea, perhaps, but I would rather it were not sent through the post. Could you possibly arrange to meet me anywhere?"

"It will be at the New Galleries, Bond Street, on Thursday afternoon, and will bring the case. It would be impossible for me to say to-morrow, as I have an engagement." This was Tuesday.

"You are very kind," he replied; and for a moment his gaze rested on her suddenly shy face in ill-concealed admiration.

By tacit consent they lapsed into silence, and Lesleigh followed Enid Mentworth into the corridor that led to the entrance hall, where, avoiding addressing him by name, she bid him adieu in an easy natural manner.

The fog had thickened, but as he left the premises he was conscious of a keen glance from a man who was strolling along the pavement at the very spot where the crime had taken place. For a moment he was beset by a sense of insecurity, but it swiftly left him.

And as he walked away in the direction where his chambers lay, the music of a soft, sweet voice lingered pleasantly in his ears.

There was a perplexing development at the inquest on the dead man. The post-mortem examination had revealed the strange fact that the bullet that had been the cause of death was of a larger calibre than that which fitted the revolver the alleged murderer had dropped as he darted away through the fog, and to the identity of the owner of which there was no clue. It did not, of course, disprove the inference that the owner had committed the act, since it was quite possible he had carried a second revolver of heavier make. But it was a point in favor of the untraced fugitive, and it was a point that puzzled both Enid Mentworth and Douglas Lesleigh not a little—particularly the former—when they read the account in the papers the following evening.

The next day the girl, true to her promise and looking charming in a neat, tailor-made costume and toque to match, entered the New Galleries with a new excitement shining in her eyes. Lesleigh approached her with a glad ejaculation, and they shook hands like old friends. Then, with a few common places, he led her to one of the quieter salons and they began their talk.

"You found the pocket-book, Miss Mentworth?" was his first question.

"Yes, Mr. Lesleigh; I found it in the summer-house, and—here it is," she replied, producing the little case from her crocodile satchel. "But I have to make a confession," she added, with a little nervous glance at him; "there was something in it that I removed."

"Something you removed?" he replied, agitated at the statement.

"Yes, and before you can understand my motive there is something I must explain. I will tell you the truth; I feel it is safe with you." She regarded him with a questioning gaze that yet was trustful, and he knew instinctively that her explanation would merit his promise.

"Whatever you say will be absolutely safe with me," he said, very earnestly.

"It is unlikely that you and I will ever meet again after to-day"—Lesleigh started, and a look came into his eyes that made her avert hers—"so after you have heard what I have to tell you I should like you to judge me and say whether you blame me for my silence in regard to what I know and for tampering with the contents of the case."

"Basset Mowbray and my brother Browning were both infatuated by the same woman, a brilliant

member of the diplomatic set in Brussels. Although at first her smiles were bestowed almost equally, it soon became clear that Browning was the more favored of the two. He and Mowbray had hitherto been good friends, and apparently they continued to be so. But secretly Mowbray set about trying to ruin my brother, and contrived by card juggling and the like to get him heavily into his debt.

"A few days ago Mowbray got to know that Browning had been entrusted with a secret mission to Berlin, and that he would be returning direct to London. He obtained leave of absence, came to London, called on Browning, and managed by a trick to drug him and secure the important document he was to deliver the next morning to the chief of his department."

"When Browning recovered sensibility and found the paper had vanished he knew what had happened, and he also knew that it meant his ruin. His card losses were no secret, and Mowbray would probably cause it to appear that he had sold the document for money to pay his debts, declaring that Browning had paid him; Mowbray was wealthy and could well afford to sacrifice the amount."

"Was it any wonder that Browning was almost mad with rage? A man named Kielberg, who deals in these things—an agent for one of the Continental Powers—lives near my uncle's house; and my brother, guessing that one of Mowbray's first acts would be to negotiate with this person, intercepted him. Mowbray had been too clever to go direct from Browning's chambers, and so there was time to overtake him. I saw Browning a few minutes before, and he told me everything. He did not say he intended to kill Mowbray, but I warned him to be careful."

"When you told me about the case I guessed that it contained the stolen document, and I did not hesitate, for my brother's sake, to search it. It was there and is now in my hands. You can see for yourself the name of the person to whom Mowbray wished it to be sent; she is the woman I mentioned. I interfered with nothing but Browning's paper. The rest you already know, Mr. Lesleigh. Can you blame me for the way in which I have acted?"

"No, Miss Mentworth; I cannot and do not blame you," was Lesleigh's ardently uttered reply. "But what did you mean when you said it was unlikely we should ever meet again?" he added.

"Why should that be, when I should so very much like you to honor me by regarding me in the light of a friend?"

"Can you wish to be the friend of a murderer's sister?" she asked. Her tone was a little bitter.

"What can it matter to me what your brother has done? Why should his act stand between our future friendship? What he did was wrong, no doubt, but it was the outcome of great provocation. Let us be friends, Miss Mentworth. Are you willing?"

"Yes, I am willing," she murmured, in a low tone that was not quite steady.

"Thank you!" he said, very earnestly.

After a short silence they went on to talk about the inquest and the mystery of the bullet.

"Browning tells me he had but one revolver, which was the one they found," Enid said. "He is as much puzzled as I am."

"Did you notice there was a very loud report, almost as though there was an immediate echo, or another report simultaneously?" Lesleigh asked, musingly.

"I did notice it," said the girl.

After a while they talked of other matters.

"Don't you think we had better let your brother into the secret, Miss Mentworth?" Lesleigh suggested. "He could effect a formal introduction, you know, and then—"

He paused and their eyes met. Did they realize in that swift mutual glance that it was fated that theirs were linked lives?

A week later, when it seemed that so far as the public were concerned the mystery of Basset Mowbray's death would have to be relegated to the long list of London's undiscovered mysteries, there was a surprising piece of news.

Otto Kielberg, the secret agent of whom Enid Mentworth had spoken, had been suddenly seized with appendicitis in an acute form. Realizing before the operation that there was little hope of his life being saved, he had confessed to having killed Basset Mowbray. His shot had been fired simultaneously with another, and being, as he believed, on the point of death, he felt it his duty to state the facts in case the owner of the revolver that had been found should be traced and accused of the crime. He had shot Mowbray in revenge for some trick he had played him in Berlin several months back.

It was only a few weeks after Kielberg's death that Enid and Douglas Lesleigh—who, on Browning Mentworth's introduction, had quickly become a recognized caller at her father's house—were alone in the dainty drawing-room.

They had seen each other a good deal of late, and something in the girl's manner told Douglas he need not fear to speak.

"Surely it is not necessary for me to keep silence any longer!" he said, very gently, as he took one small hand and held it tenderly. "I love you and—yes, I see it in your eyes—you love me!"

She did not turn away. Her mouth quivered. In an instant his arms were around her.

"Enid, my dearest, I want you! I think I have loved you from the very first hour we met. Will you be my wife?"

Shyly she raised her radiant eyes to his, and her lips formed the word he was awaiting.

It was scarcely audible, but he knew she was his from that time henceforth.—London Tit-Bits.

"RATS" AND SWITCHES.

Are Not Made of Hair Taken From the Dead.

Women who resort to "rats," switches and puffs of hair to reinforce nature need not think that they are wearing hair taken from the dead, according to the United States Consul-General at Hong Kong, China. He also contradicts the stories that have been circulated to the effect that much of the hair which goes to make up these "reinforcements" comes from

queens that have been cut off. To substantiate this, he says that although thousands of queens have been cut off in Hong Kong during the past few months, the hair has not been sold.

The hair shipped from the Chinese Empire is the combings from well-to-do people, mostly women, says the Consul-General. Combings that formerly were thrown away, he adds, now are saved and sold to the barbers by Chinese maids. Barbers also obtain considerable hair while plying their trade, selling it to hair exporters. Much of the Chinese product is sent to Paris, and is exported from there to Canada and the United States as French hair.

OPERATES UPON HIMSELF.

Exhibition of Nerve Power the Talk of Paris.

M. Alexander Fzaicon, a 26-year-old Roumanian surgeon in Paris, France, is the talk of Paris for an act of cool heroism of a unique character.

He has been studying a new anesthetic, the action of which he calls rachistyrchno-stovainisation. It leaves the patient lucid, but suppresses all sensibility, and M. Fzaicon intends to make his discovery the subject of the medical essay which he will present at his final examination, which he is to pass in a few weeks.

M. Fzaicon had been suffering from hernia, and an operation became necessary. He determined to try his new anesthetic on himself. The anesthetic was administered and the young doctor sat down at the operating table, and, after calmly performing the operation, stitched up the wound and went to bed. The operation took an hour to perform. He is now in a fair way to recovery.

Don't go too fast, young man, even if the road is smooth.

All the trains for Misfortune run express.



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HEALTH APOSTLES IN A VAN.

English Women on a Gypsying Crusade Against Tuberculosis.

A novel way of fighting tuberculosis has been introduced in England by the Women's Imperial Health Association. Two caravans, as they call the luxurious vans in which high-bred folks go gypsying around the country, have been sent out by this society to spread a knowledge of hygiene among the ignorant classes.

"The van was supplied with every thing that sufficed for the daily needs of an ordinary mortal," says a writer in the Gentlewoman in describing one of these tours, "though everything was of course as much as possible in tabloid form. A typical day was as follows: By 6 o'clock we were breakfasting in front of the caravan, our meal consisting of bacon, eggs, tea or coffee, bread and butter and marmalade."

"From 9 to 11.30 we washed-up breakfast things, tidied up caravan and prepared midday meal and supper. Eleven-thirty to one was spent in shopping, business calls and for the arrangement of future meetings. Our midday meal occupied as for an hour, including clearing away and washing up."

"From 2.30 to 4 we probably either held a meeting in some parish room illustrated by moving pictures and lantern slides and then distributed literature or held a reception at the caravan for people who cared to come and inspect and find out all about it. From 5 to 7 we wrote up reports of afternoon meetings and attended to our business correspondence generally."

"Supper occupied us until 8, when a large organized lecture by some special doctor was held in a public hall, the audience varying from 300 to 1,000."

SHOOTING BY H.M.S. NEPTUNE.

At Five Miles Shell From Big Gun Out Down Flag Pole.

Service circles are keenly interested in the progress of the gunnery experiments now being carried on in the Mediterranean by H.M.S. Neptune. The conditions under which the experiments are being conducted provide as severe a test as possible. The idea is new. H.M.S. Neptune is new, the ship's company is new, and therefore has not shaken down, as will be the case in a month or two.

On February 13 a flagstaff thirty feet high and four inches broad was dropped at a distance of nine thousand yards, or just over five miles from the ship. The flagstaff was invisible to the naked eye of any one on board the Neptune. When the button was touched by the control aloft five 12-inch shot went straight as a die to the target more than five miles off. The five shot fell in a space of a hundred and fifty yards. Such a volley would have crippled any Dreadnought afloat. The trials on February 13 were only the beginning of the experimental gunnery course, and it is expected within a few days that the big guns of the Neptune will make three times as many hits in a minute as any previous Dreadnought has done before.

CHINESE MARRIAGE SOLEMN.

No Levity and Much Weeping in Ceremony.

A Chinese marriage is all ceremony—no talk, no levity and much weeping. The solemnity of a funeral prevails. After the exchange of presents the bride is spread upon a table, to which the blushing bride is led by five of her best female friends. They are seated at the table, but no one eats, says the London Globe. The utmost silence prevails, when finally he mother leads off in a cry, the maids follow, and the bride echoes in the chorus. Then all the bridesmaids leave the table, and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the chair of state where the bride sits. The bridegroom now enters with four of his best men. The men pick up the throne on which the bride sits and, in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining parlor, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple.

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THE GOVERNMENT DEFEATED

That the Laurier administration should go down in defeat in Thursday's election was a genuine surprise to the Liberal party and equally so to the victors. Surely, never was there an overthrow so complete. The country has spoken against reciprocity and the immense campaign fund contributed by the Canadian American and English interests did its work.

Laurier was not gloriously defeated. The administration passed while in the height of its success. It sank not in retreat, as did the Tupper administration in 1896, nor was it on its defence in any way. It went to the polls on the question "Shall we have this thing, or shall we not?" Do you want this policy and us, or do you want no trade with Americans and Borden? There is much speculation as to what inspired the answers to these questions. If we judge by the means used in the attempt to defeat Mr. Carvell, we should say the victory was by good organization, and a huge campaign fund placed in constituencies where it was most needed. While the Liberal Conservatives put up a show of a slim fund before election day, they made prodigal use of money when the voters came round. This they do not deny.

But to be able to accept defeat gracefully is in itself a victory.

What Big New York Dailies Say

The Times says editorially: Again the hands of the clock have been set back. Prejudice and delusion have triumphed in Canada: the best government the Dominion has had in many years has been overthrown, and her ablest statesman has been deprived of his leadership. The opposition to reciprocity treaty was partly economical, and largely sentimental, and based on false sentiment at that.

The American, under the caption "Trust and Demagogues Triumph," says: The defeat of reciprocity in Canada is as unexpected as it is lamentable. Laurier is a constructive statesman, the ablest man in the Dominion. It is evident that he overestimated the intelligence and foresight of the people. Instead of rallying to progress and international fellowship they resorted to narrowness, prejudice and graft. The darkest shadow on the election of yesterday is the triumph of the American trust in Canadian politics. The trusts won yesterday as they won so often in the United States and by the same methods. We have routed them at last in the Republic. At the first invasion the Canadian voter goes before the money and the method of the American trusts. It will be many years before they free themselves from the shameful yoke.

The Tribune says: The Canadian voters have evidently been governed more by prejudice than by reason in rejecting a friendly trade agreement by which Canada and United States would have undoubtedly have profited. Yet the people of the Dominion are entitled to their own opinion as to the effects of a compact intended to bring the two countries into closer commercial relations and if they believe that the political dangers of such an association of interests would outweigh its admitted economic advantages it is not for the people of United States to quarrel with that decision.

Carvell Elected.

Frank B. Carvell has been declared elected by eleven majority to represent the county of Carleton in the house of commons.

Many of Mr. Smith's friends were of the opinion that when the boxes were opened it would be found that he had a majority. Rumors of every kind have been afloat since the 21st. The ballot boxes were opened by Returning Officer John Farley and after adding up the figures, as sent in by the deputy returning officers, Mr. Farley declared Frank B. Carvell elected by a majority of eleven votes. Mr. Carvell on rising to speak, received a grand ovation. He said he found himself in a peculiar position, that of a man who finds the government he supports defeated while he himself is elected. He wishes to thank his friends who worked nobly for him. He was sorry that the votes of the people had been against reciprocity, for he believed that reciprocity would have been a great boon to Canada, more especially perhaps to the maritime provinces than to the west.

Canada was a great and growing country, and he did not hesitate in saying that he firmly believed that the nation's growth had received a severe setback by the down-fall of reciprocity.

He was sorry to see the government go down, but he was especially sorry for one man, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had guided Canada's destiny for so long, and whose every motive for forty years has been in the interest of Canada and Canadians; he has been defeated, but in a noble cause.

This question is not settled; the common people of Canada have no idea of letting the trust rule them. They will continue to demand the right to buy and sell in the best markets.

He thanked the electors again for their splendid support through a strenuous contest, and assured them that he would work just as hard in the interest of Carleton, as he had in the past. While his position in the house would be different, he would do all he could for the people he represented. Mr. Carvell took his seat amid tremendous applause.

B. F. Smith, on rising, was well received. He spoke briefly and declared that it was not yet settled who had been elected. If it would not be settled until a recount of the ballots had been made, and he intended to ask for a recount on the grounds of rejected ballots.

There were, according to the official figures, forty-five ballots spoiled and thirty-four rejected, and it is on account of these that Mr. Smith is demanding a recount.

It is not thought that the recount will reduce Mr. Carvell's majority by a single vote.

The Lucky Lottery.

An old farmer one day called at a roadside public-house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there. "Well," he said, "I have bought in my pocket, or I might."

"Oh, that's a rest, John," she said. "Take the ticket and pay for it any time."

Some time later John called again and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery.

"No," he said. "Who won?"

"Well I hardly durst tell you, but our Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?"

"Ay," said John, "he was lucky. And who was second then?"

"Who would you think, now?" she said. "I couldn't say," said John.

"Well it was Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Ay, she was lucky," said John. And who was third?"

"Well," she said, "I might as well tell you, I was third. Wasn't I lucky?"

"Ay, you was. Did I ever pay you for that ticket, missus?"

"No, John, you didn't," she said, fawning upon him.

"Well," said John, "ain't I lucky?"

Carrying the Grain

Advises from the West are not encouraging respecting the phenomenal wheat crop as they were a few weeks ago. It is not expected to reach the two hundred million bushels, but will not be far short. It is interesting in this connection to note how many cars were used in the transportation of the grain for the twelve months ending August. During this period nearly a hundred thousand cars were used for the purpose, and the following shows the percentage handled by each railway.

C. P. R.—57,615 cars, 60 percent.
C. N. R.—30,677 cars, 32 percent.
G. T. P. R.—6,970 cars, 7 percent.
G. Northern—1,199 cars, 1 percent.
From this table it will be seen that the C. N. R. is yearly increasing its share of the transportation in Western Canada, and with the introduction of the G. T. P. when finally completed, it is expected that there will be further levelling up.

Houlton Suffers Again from Fire

HOULTON, ME., Sept. 10.—A fire alarm was rung in from box 34 for a fire which started in a nest of little wooden buildings back of Lane & Pierce's store. This is one of the fire traps which Houlton possesses, and which are being gradually burned down. These buildings were used as store-houses by the various firms on the south of Market square, and the spaces around and between them have for years been littered with straw and paper, making an ideal fire trap. At the time the fire started there was a brisk northwest wind blowing, and before the fireman got there the blaze had spread in and around the little buildings so that about ten minutes after the fire started it looked as if Houlton was in for another big conflagration. This nest of buildings consisting of stores occupied by the West End Drug store, Frank Blethen, Jeweller, S. Newhouse, clothing and G. A. Hall, carriages and harnesses, were grouped in such a manner that it was impossible for the fireman to get around them, but the blaze was stopped at the alley way between G. A. Hall's and Clark's hotel. The total loss of property is estimated at \$20,000 to \$30,000.

Mormons

The attention of several clergymen of St. John N. B., has been called to the distribution of a pamphlet bearing the title "A Friendly Discussion Upon Religious Subjects," which contains the articles of Mormon faith, and long arguments in favor of their doctrine. It is expected that the ministers will take up the question.

UPPER BRIGHTON

Garston Day is spending a few days with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Luskey and family spent Sunday at Simonds.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hall and son Alton of Malden, Mass., have been spending a few days with Mrs. Charles Carr.

John Nevers, who has been ill, is able to be out, and has been visiting Mrs. Chase, and Mrs. W. Williams, have been spending a few days at Perth.

Berry Nevers of Perth has been spending a few days with Chester Carr.

Miss Eddy Craig is spending a few days in Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Day spent a day in Fredericton.

Mrs. Blackie and granddaughter Anna, are visiting at Portland.

BARGAINS

every day in the week at Carr's. He is selling out.

UP STAIRS NOW

The undersigned, who has sold his store to Estey & Curtis Co., Ltd., has made arrangements to have the two upper flats for a few weeks longer in order to dispose of the Balance of his Large Stock of General Merchandise. Call and see us under the new conditions. Should we not be able to dispose of the whole of the Goods by the time given, the roof is still available. The higher up the lower the prices. Entrance at East end of Building.

JOHN T. G. CARR

The Real Reason.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the Government food expert, was discussing in Washington the fall in the price of meat.

"The reason given us for this fall are ludicrous," said Dr. Wiley. "They are as ludicrous as the young woman's reason for avoiding tight lacing."

"Is tight lacing unwise?" her teacher asked this young woman in a physiology lesson.

"Yes, it is, very unwise," was the reply.

"But why do you then see the teacher?"

"Because it laces the corsets," said the young woman.

"No Room for Doubt."

The afternoon was warm, holidays were approaching, and the teacher was almost worn out in trying to cram the elements of grammar into the wooden craniums of her pupils.

"Now, Johnny," she said wearily, "tell me—would it be proper for you to say 'You can't learn me nothing'?"

"Johnny looked thoughtful for a moment, and then replied in a tone of conviction: 'You can't learn me nothing'."

The teacher sighed.

"Why, Johnny, she asked, 'Tell me, would it be proper for you to say 'You can't learn me nothing'?"

"And now that I have said 'You can't learn me nothing'—"

"Cause you can't," said Johnny, triumphantly.

WELLY WELLY
THIS IS A HOME DYE THAT ANYONE CAN USE
I used ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME DYE
DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

BOHAN BROS.

BATH

Produce of all Kinds

at Highest Cash Prices

International Harvester Co's

Farm Machinery

BEST IN THE WORLD

M. W. CALDWELL

GENERAL MERCHANT

BRISTOL

has added to his stock

Lime, Brick, Cement and Shingles

at lowest cash prices.

special values in

Footwear and Clothing.

Fancy
Prices ?
NO!
It's not necessary to pay a fancy price to get a
GOOD SUIT
But you say
"I want a Good Style"
Of course you do and you can get it here at
A Reasonable Bargain.

Again you say "I want durability" Very well at Our Store from \$10.00 to \$20.00. You can rest assured will give entire satisfaction in this respect.

HOW ABOUT THE FIT

We have yet to hear of a Tailor that can give you a better fit at any price. Come in for a look anyway, you can try on to your hearts content and if you don't want to buy now, all right.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

Commercial Hotel

George G. McCollum, 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.

GRAND CONCERT

Forester's Hall, Hartland

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 3, 1911

Under the auspices of the congregation of the

Church of England

Mrs. Geo. W. Ross
Mrs. R. B. Holyoke
Mrs. Loggie Ross
Mrs. H. H. Lockwood
Mr. R. Allen
Mr. H. H. Lockwood
Mr. G. N. E. Burnham
Mrs. J. Norman Leane
Mr. M. L. Hayward

Admission 25c; Children 15c.

Doors open at 7.30; Concert at 8 o'clock.

Hartland Woodworking Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND, N. B.

Manufacturers of Doors, Shades, Blinds Mouldings, Stair Rails, Newells, Ballusters, Brackets.

Doors and Window Frames,

Dressed or Tongued and Grooved

Birch, Ash, Pine, Butternut, Spruce, Basswood, &c., for Flooring, Sheathing, Wainscoting, &c., Veranda Posts, Mantles, Dadoes and all kinds of interior and exterior house finish.

Let us quote you prices on large or small orders.

We can also furnish sketches and floor plans for any buildings.

POOR COPY

Local News and Personal Items

Concert next Tuesday evening. Fred Thornton went to Woodstock.

J. W. Wolverton of Woodstock was here Monday.

F. H. Birmingham of Calgary is here for three or four months sojourn.

LYVOLA Olive Oil (the best) may be obtained at Estey & Curtis.

Charles Rideout of Keegan, Me., was visiting his father, A. W. Rideout last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Williams of Woodstock were at the Exchange on Sunday.

Born, on Sept. 21, election day, to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Baker, Somerville, a daughter.

A carload of cheap shingles, just received by Keith & Plummer, will be sold low for cash.

A parlor cook and a cylinder stove, both in good condition, will be sold at low prices by the OBSERVER.

Rev. C. S. Young will preach next Sunday at Bigg's Ridge at 10:30; Knowlesville at 2:30; Windsor at 7:30.

Lee Dyer's milch cow was struck by a freight train on Sunday and was injured so that she had to be slaughtered.

Councillors E. C. Morgan and E. A. Britton have signified their intention of returning as candidates for municipal honors.

WANTED: A bright girl of at least ordinary school education to learn typesetting. Apply at once to the OBSERVER, Hartland.

Mrs. Roy W. Cameron will receive her friends on Tuesday, Oct. 3, afternoon and evening, and on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 4.

Rev. Mr. Storey, Presbyterian minister at St. Francis, Me., was last week the guest of Rev. Robert T. Smith and other friends here.

Mrs. Herbert Price is suffering from pneumonia. Dr. Curtis is the attending physician and Miss Marion W. Stevens the nurse in charge.

Armond Henderson of Armond was here on Monday, bringing to the train his cousin who started on the return journey to his home in California.

Married at Florenceville on Wednesday, Sept. 20, by Rev. M. H. Manuel, David Edward Burgess of Augusta, Me., to Isabel Phoebe Haughn, daughter of Richard Haughn of Florenceville.

C. M. Sherwood, Limited, will hold their Millinery opening Saturday, Sept. 30th and following days. Their personally selected stock, including all the choicest and most up-to-date novelties of the season, has arrived, and they are already filling orders.

A glance at the ad. concerning the Church of England concert will disclose an aggregation of Woodstock's finest musical talent. A double quartette is worth the price of admission, and every one will want to hear Mrs. Gibson sing "My Rosary."

Mrs. A. L. Baird and Mrs. Fred Boyd of Hartland and Mrs. D. T. Day and son, Wiley, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Fred L. Hart at Bangor, also attending the marriage of their sister Miss Glendora Thornton, formerly of Hartland, to H. E. Foster, Bangor.

Good

tea is the result of care and experience in blending—must be the combination of fine flavor, smooth strength and richness. Because all these elements are so generously included in Red Rose Tea it well merits the term "good tea."

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

UP STAIRS NOW! See J. T. G. Carr's ad. next page.

Mrs. Percy Graham spent yesterday in Woodstock. The woodworking factory will begin operations on Monday.

Keep Friday evening for the Temperance meeting.

Go to Arthur Estabrooks for winter clothing and horse blankets.

Church of England service next Sunday evening at 7:30. Sunday school at 2:45.

Arthur Estabrooks has on tap one of the best hogsheds of molasses he ever had.

Potatoes are bringing \$1.25; hay \$8 to \$10; oats are not in demand; eggs and butter, 20 cents.

Guy McGinley returned from Fredericton on Monday, bringing with him his family. They will occupy one of the houses owned by J. T. G. Carr.

What is wrong with having a literary and debating society for Hartland? What better can you have than an I. O. G. T. lodge. Help re-organize the lodge on Friday evening.

There is every likelihood that in Brighton there will be a three-cornered fight for seats at the county council. Woodford Craig is mentioned as a probable candidate, a great number of friends urging him to come out. Should he run he will poll a heavy vote.

Arnold G. McFarland arrived from Saskatoon on Monday and today will be united in marriage with Miss Helen Bowser, at the home of the brides father, J. B. Bowser, Victoria. They will take the afternoon train for Saskatoon.

FOR SALE: One black Percheron mare, in foal, weight between 12 and 13 cwt. Five years old. Also a yearling colt weighing close to 900. These are fine animals and will be sold at reasonable prices to quick buyers. Apply to C. H. McQuarrie, Waterville.

Among those to receive a first-class Manitoba certificate at the midsummer examinations was E. A. Ross, formerly of Florenceville. He has accepted the principalship of the Lauder, Man. school. Contracts have been let for a new school to be finished this fall, to cost \$15,000.

The death occurred at Woodstock on Sunday of Walter H. Swift, one of the best known conductors on this division of the C. P. R. He died of kidney disease. He was 50 years of age and leaves a wife and three children.

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—at once for work in your locality. Will guarantee \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day. Opportunity to advance rapidly. Will pay liberally for spare time. Work not difficult. International Bible Press, Toronto, Ont.

J. Harvey Simonson of Riverside, Calif., was the guest of H. M. Stevens this week. He visited his old friend R. A. Rideout, at Mount Pleasant on Sunday. Mr. Simonson will remain east until Oct. 15. He likes California and would not care to come back to live. He regards reciprocity as a golden opportunity missed, and advises his Carleton county friends to visit California with a view of settling.

For a number of barrels of potatoes from a single measured acre Thos. Lavoie of the Van Buren road probably has the greatest yield. On Wednesday of this week he dug 172 barrels of potatoes of the Green Mountain variety from a single acre. Mr. Lavoie has about 25 acres planted and is getting a big yield. One tuber was unearthed which weighed three pounds and two ounces—enough for a meal for an ordinary family—Caribou Republican.

On Friday W. N. Raymond, of Middle Simonds, and family, left for Vancouver, where they will remain for six months or more. These people have many friends throughout the country who regret their going, but who do not, under the dull outlook of recent political affairs, blame them for it. On the previous Sunday Mr. Raymond and his son John were recipient of a kind address by the Adventist Sunday school and presented the one with a bill-book and the other with a Bible. Mr. Raymond was also accompanied to the west by his sister Mrs. C. H. Gray, and her children, late of Caribou. Mr. Gray has been in the west for some time.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

WE like to dwell upon our neighbors' shortcomings. Probably that is the only way we have of showing that we have a regard for virtue and goodness.

A man may start looking for trouble on his own account, but he is apt to blame his wife if he finds it.

When a woman declares that her husband is an angel she is probably wanting you to help her think so, finding it a hard job to do alone and unaided.

Every man hopes to be rich and every woman hopes to be beautiful—some day.

Why doesn't some one invent a sidewalk that never gets slippery?

The man who contributes 50 cents to a charity fund gets \$50 worth of pleasure patting himself on the back. Then isn't he indebted \$49.50 to the suffering poor?

It is getting so that you can't tell whether the devoted pair at the next table are just married or just waiting for the judge to hand down the decree.

A man thinks that he is sure of a woman when he has married her, but if she agrees with him he would better look out.

Minor Items.
A fellow doesn't lose his head because of something great. His vanity is never fed.
On happenings of weight.
It is the very little things that win with him the prize.
Let him be in the air on wings and put him to the skies.

How easily he accepts his fate. When asked if he will sit upon the lofty chair of state, As though it were a pile of straw, He sits upon the outer guard and he will sweat about a yard and trolley wires dotted.

On some important business deal. He may pull down a pile. And not the least elated feel. Or hardly crack a smile. But let him make a dollar clear. On rags or odds and ends. And he will sweat about a year and weary all his friends.

It isn't on some mighty speech that he his strength bestows. Endeavoring to lead or teach. Or naked truth disclose. It's when he leads without a fee, Puts on a minstrel show. He works himself to death that he may help to make it go.

Wasteful.
"And, besides all these charms, she is a cooking school graduate."
"Help, help!"
"What do you mean?"
"The cost of living is so high now."

"What of that?"
"Would you have me add to my already heavy burdens the weight of a cooking school wife?"

Pretty Mabel.
"That girl simply has no brains."
"What girl?"
"Mabel."
"Well, there is one comfort."
"What is it?"
"She doesn't need them."

Accurate Information.
"He is a much superior person."
"Superior to what?"
"His neighbors."
"How do you know?"
"Why, he told me."

Left an impression.
"Father, I suppose you studied all of the branches when you went to school?"
"Certainly."
"Which branch do you remember the best?"
"The hickory branch."

Nothing Else to Do.
"What will you take for that horse?"
"He ain't for sale."
"But if he was for sale what would you take?"
"I'd take a walk."

Some of the Qualifications.
"You know Beth?"
"Yes."
"She isn't a gentleman."
"Maybe not, but she is an awfully good liar."

Satan Getting the Best of It.
"He could cheat the devil himself."
"Who?"
"John."
"Then why doesn't he?"

To Cinch the Bargain.
"She married him for his money."
"Well, let us hope that the money will discharge the responsibility."

No Fault of His.
An honest man will never try to beat his neighbor on the sly. But if his neighbor will insist on being on the simple list. Pray, what then is a man to do who has a horse trade to put through? What can he do but shut his eyes. And say, "I cannot make him wiser."



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging Buctouche Harbour, N.B.," will be received until 4:00 P. M. on Tuesday, October 3, 1911, for dredging required at Buctouche Harbour, N.B.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signature of the tenderer.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the work. Only dredges can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders. Contractors must be ready to begin work within thirty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for five per cent of the contract price which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for, if the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 16, 1911.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

A New Real Estate List.

24. A farm in parish of Brighton, of 300 acres. 75 cleared balance in spruce, fir, and hardwood. Seven miles from Hartland. Good new buildings, cement cellar under house.

25. A farm in parish of Simonds of 150 acres. 60 cleared balance well wooded with hemlock and hardwood. A fine new 2 1/2 story house, 13 rooms finished throughout. Good cellar with new furnace. Carriage house, well house, Summer Kitchen. A new hip-roof barn 45x75 with 24ft. posts. A good well and spring near house, spring brook across farm. Situated on St. John river. Convenient to school, Post Office, Church and station. Easy terms.

26. A farm of 150 acres within 2 1/2 miles of Fredericton. 80 acres cleared balance woodland with some timber. A good 10 room house well finished with cellar. A spring near the house. A large barn, well wooded and wagon house. Near school and church. Quite level and in a fair state of cultivation. An orchard of 50 trees. Part cash, balance with yearly payments.

27. A farm of 200 acres in parish of Simonds on St. John river. 85 acres cleared balance heavy lumber land. In fair state of cultivation and fair buildings including house and three barns. Never falling well in woodshed. A spring brook crosses the farm. Has a small orchard. Convenient to Post office, School, Church and Station. Farm Machinery included. Good terms.

28. A house and lot in centre of Perth on Main St. (lot 70x50 ft.) used for offices and tenement overhead. Yearly rental \$188.00. Water in house. In good repair and well painted. A bargain if taken at once.

29. A fine home on Main St. Hartland. Well finished large house with large lawn in one of the best locations in town. A very desirable property on easy terms.

30. A good business stand in central location in busy town. Two story building. First floor can be used for store, etc. The second floor and third finished for large dwelling flat, gets good rental. A good investment on easy terms.

31. A fine large two story house with 31 well furnished inside and out with bath room hot and cold water, in good location in village of Hartland. A fine property at a low price.

32. EIGHTEEN LOTS on Main St. Hartland on the well known and desirable location on McMullin's Flat. Price from \$200 to \$300 each. Secure one at once or write for particulars.

33. A nice home of house and stable and lot of 5 acres in country. A nice little home with a good chance for gardening in a nice location very cheap.

New Barber Shop. H. B. BOYER

Everything new, neat and clean. Ladies Massage and Shampooing a specialty. Over Gesien's Store, Main St. HARTLAND, N. B.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

Repair work neatly done. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Agent Crown Tailoring Co.

T. B. THISTLE, Hartland, N. B.

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor.

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.
Main St., Hartland, N. B.

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.

OLD FACES MADE NEW

"The Quick or the Dead"

created the biggest sensation ever caused by a novel appearing in magazine form. To this day there is an incredible demand for the story. Its author, Amélie Rives, now the Princess Troubetskoy, has written a new novel which bids fair to overtop the reputation of its famous predecessor. It is called "Hidden House" and appears in the October Lippincott's.

FREE Three good numbers—October (containing the new Amélie Rives' story) and the November and December issues with each yearly subscription to begin with the January, 1912 number. Sent \$2.50 to-day and get fifteen numbers for the price of twelve.

Lippincott's Magazine Philadelphia

Note: After January 1st the yearly subscription price to Lippincott's Magazine will be advanced to \$3.00 a year.



The Chief Seat of Foot Trouble

Nearly all foot trouble is in the toes. The fore part of the ordinary shoe is the chief mischief maker.

It is just here that the "AULTO" and "FREAK" lasts of the "ASTORIA and GOLD BOND" for men come in.

These two lasts, though altogether different in shape and appearance, are so constructed as to allow the entire five toes to lie perfectly flat as they would if the foot was bare. Then the box, the cap and lining are sewn together in such a manner as to prevent undue pressure on the toes and joints, thereby ensuring perfect comfort. All leather.

MEN'S HEAVY UNDERWEAR

Woolen Shirts and Drawers for 85c Regular price \$1.25
Woolen Shirts and Drawers 49c each

Never were better values offered you. Better come in and get them before they are gone.

H. R. NIXON
The Peoples Shoe Store.

MILLINERY Opening

Biggest and Best

ANNOUNCEMENT NEXT WEEK

Hartland Farmers' Exchange C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR

Rideout & Sipprell

proprietors of the

"Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25 cents

Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clean.

Fresh Fruits, Finest Chocolates, Canned Goods, etc.

Step in and see us. We guarantee to please.

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

MEATS.

Dried Beef Gravy.—Take a 15 cent glass of dried beef and shred the beef into small pieces. Heat two cups of milk in a spider and add the beef. Then put the shredded beef into the thickened milk and serve with mashed potatoes. This makes an excellent dish for any meal of the day.

Economy Dish.—This is a very good way to convert meat scraps into a savory dish. Beef scraps always are the best. First chop the meat medium fine and then put it in a skillet with a little hot water on it and let it simmer about fifteen minutes. Then make a rich gravy and put the meat in and cook just a few minutes more. This with hot mashed potatoes makes a good meal for either dinner or supper.

Chicken en Casserole.—Prepare chicken as for frying. Brown in hot butter. Take from frying pan and place in stone crock or porcelain pan. Add to the fat left in pan one small onion chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls carrot cut fine, one-half of a bay leaf; let brown, then add one tablespoonful of salt, one rounding tablespoonful of flour, and two cups of boiling water; add to chicken, cover tightly, and bake in oven.

Pork Chops.—Make a dressing for turkey, shape into a loaf in baking pan, take lean pork chops or shoulder sliced rather thick and lay them on top of dressing, season with pepper and salt and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and bake in moderately hot oven, turning meat so as to brown well both sides. Bake until meat is done and it is ready to serve.

SALADS.

Unusual Salad.—One-half dozen bananas diced, one cucumber diced or celery may be used, one cupful seeded white grapes, halved, one-half cupful English walnut meats, chopped fine. When just ready to use pour mayonnaise dressing over all and serve. It is very pretty and may be made to look nice by placing the grapes on top.

Japanese Rice Salad.—Wash one-half cup of rice and cook in rapidly boiling water for twenty minutes. Mix in a large bowl four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of pepper, and one shake of tabasco sauce. Toss the rice after thorough draining with this dressing and add one-half a large onion or one small one, or one tablespoon of cherries, chopped fine.

White Salad.—One cup of celery, one cup of cabbage, one 10 cent can of pimientos, one-half cup of almonds blanched. Cut the above rather fine. One-half box of gelatine soaked in one pint of cold water, when soft add one pint of hot water, one teaspoon of salt, one and one-half cups granulated sugar. When slightly cooled add the juice of three lemons. When gelatine has commenced to congeal add the other ingredients. Mold in pan, cut in squares, and serve on lettuce leaf with a good mayonnaise mixed with half whipped cream. This is delicious.

Twentieth Century Salad.—Take six oranges, peel, cover, and seed them, and cut the fruit in small pieces with a sharp scissors. Skin and seed one-half pound of white grapes and mix the fruit with one-half pound of pecan nuts and one quart of chopped celery. Mix all these ingredients well and stir in a dressing made the following way: Beat well the yolks of twelve eggs, put in an earthen bowl over a pot of hot water and stir them. After the eggs have become warm add one cupful of melted butter and one-half pint of vinegar, which may be weakened with a little warm water if too sharp. Stir the dressing until it is perfectly smooth, being careful not to let it cook too long or it will curdle. Give it time to become perfectly cold. Then add the juice of two lemons, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of paprika or red pepper. Whip one-half pint of double cream and stir it in; then put away for several hours. With the above quantities there should be enough salad for a company luncheon at a moderate cost.

THE SEWING ROOM.

Stitching.—I run a row of stitching about three-quarters of an inch from the closed edge of my pillow cases, forming a sort of tuck. It looks well on the pillow, gives me something to hold to when I'm sitting on and off the pillow, and is a great convenience when turning the case in the laundry. The corners are immediately adjusted without the customary poking, hence my

pillow cases never wear out at the corners. Mrs. W. J. L. Silk Help.—I found that when sewing silks together if one takes a strip of paper and sews it right on with the silk, then the silk will not pucker. The paper is then easily torn off again. I ask the dry goods man to save me the paper he takes off the ribbons. It is handier, as it saves cutting up the newspapers in strips, although one can use any kind of paper. Miss K. G. Sewing on Buttons.—When sewing on buttons, especially on clothing that makes frequent trips to the laundry if the knot is put on the right side of the goods under the button—the buttons will stay in their places much longer.

Buttonholes.—I have found this to be the best and quickest way of making buttonholes. Mark the size of buttonhole on material with a soft pencil, then work it, and after it is worked out open with your embroidery scissors or a sharp penknife. You will find your work smooth and even and they will not pull out of shape. This is especially good for working on material that travels easily.

B. B. Dress Help.—When making your little spring dress that requires a lining try one of the new boned corset covers and hook to just meet in the back, then build your waist over it. The arm size may be a little too large, but can easily build it out to suit. We are sure you will find that this will save you a great deal of trouble, for to cut and fit and bone a waist is no easy task.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Kettles may be thoroughly cleansed by mauling a few potato-peelings in them.

Scrubbing brushes should be kept when not in use, in an airy place, with the bristles down. Bread should always be at least a day old before it is eaten. New bread should be avoided.

When about to use a smoothing iron test the heat of the iron with a piece of paper before using. Finely powdered bathbrick cleans knives quite as well as knife polish, and is more economical.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Ten Years Will Probably See Rebuilding of World's Navies.

One Year Hence—Possibly the first transatlantic airship voyage; introduction of an equilibrator for flying machines; possible finding of the South Pole by the Scott expedition, now on its way.

Ten Years Hence—Probable solution of the remaining problems of flight and introduction of large numbers of flying machines; probable rebuilding of the world's navies; probable decision of a great European or Asiatic war; practical application of the monorail; wireless telephone, solid petrol for fuel; development of East and West Africa; probable standardization of harbor depths and consequent limitation of the size of war and merchant vessels. Possible formation of new nations.

One Hundred Years Hence—Probable shifting in the leadership of nations; possible establishment of a world peace; possible fall or reconstruction of old orders of thought; creation of atomic advance by scientific means; scientific advance to the probable solution of the mystery of electricity, discovery of the radio-active force, advance along the proto-atomic theory; possible establishment or disproving of the primal element; possible communication with another planet; solution of the mystery of Mars; revolution of the monorail by the application of the monorail and the flying machine; probable advance of Asia among the world's powers.

One Thousand Years Hence—Complete reconstruction of the nations, probable retreat of Caucasians races into America and dominance of the great continent by the Mongol; total revolution of the forms of human thought, religion and ethics; a new moral code; arrival of the height of the radio-active age and dawn of proto-atomic stage of human development; possible signs of change in human makeup, denoting approach of evolution into a slightly altered type; possible solution of the secret of life; consequent realization of the alchemists' dream, transmutation of the elements or production of all elements from the primal matter; arrival of hyper-utilitarian age in which man will destroy every-thing inutile; possible discovery of animals; possible discovery of consciousness in plant life; rebuilding of the world; recrudescence of civilization to naturalism; subversion of man's age of poetry.

CRUSHING A BRAVE NATION

WAYS OF RUSSIAN AND GERMAN POLICE OFFICIALS.

By Cruel and Vindictive Acts They Seek to Break the Polish Spirit.

Some ghastly stories of Police tortures in Poland are given in a book, "La Pologne Vivante," by Marius-Ary Leblond, a French writer well-known abroad. Some of the cruelties he accuses the Russian and German police officials of practicing in an effort to break down the Polish spirit are:

Cracking bones of human fingers with giant pinners.

Burning prisoners with white hot pokers.

Breaking arms over soldiers' knees.

Driving villagers into freezing water to remain for hours.

Crippling children and making them half-witted by blows on the head.

Gouging out eyes and cutting off hands.

The author, a traveller in many lands, went into Poland to see, and did not close his eyes. He made personal investigations. He travelled in the Czar's part of dismembered Poland; he travelled in the Kaiser's. On either side of the frontier the tragedy is the same.

Germany has determined that Poland shall forget itself and that the generation now growing up shall forget the language of its fathers. An army is on duty to aid the schoolmaster. The great educational principle is to "beat it into them." The rod is always uplifted or falling.

"It is a common occurrence for one of these German teachers to whip children with straps and rulers until their hands will not close and their backs are striped like a zebra's and then they give them ten, twenty blows on all parts of the body," writes the travel-auditor. "They hurl chairs at them, pull out the hair of the pupils, and make some of their fellow pupils hold some child on a table while he is strapped. But the children are learning how to bear pain from their elders, and they stand whipping and even burning with groans and resignation. Children who try to hide under tables are pulled out by the ear, and if a child talks Polish while at play he is imprisoned for three days.

MARTIAL LAW.

"But it is when the troops take a hand that the real atrocities begin. A company rides into a town, and the slaughter begins. Not long ago a notice was posted in a village near the frontier that it was under military rule, but that owing to illness among the people the nine o'clock rule would not be enforced. A woman with a dying child sought a physician a few minutes after nine o'clock. A soldier confronted her as she ran through the street and laid her neck open with his sabre. She fell dead at his feet. On another occasion a woman was in the street in the daytime with her infant in her arms; a soldier saw her and as the child nestled to the mother he fired, killing mother and child with one bullet. A brother and sister went to help the wounded, both were shot down on sight. In this way in Yaroslavl alone 4,000 were killed and 5,000 wounded in four days.

"A man takes his life in his hands if he is a wage earner in Lodz. Soldiers stand around the factories at whistle blow, and fog such as do not skulk there along by-paths. A body of workers foolishly resented an attack of this sort, and a score of ears were cut off by the soldiers. Several men had their eyes plucked out. Doctors do not like to be called to cases of this kind, for it is bound to make the soldiers unfriendly.

SETTLING TRADE DISPUTES.

"In a German factory soldiers were called in to settle a wage question. They did it first with the knout and then with the blade. Fourteen day-break funerals followed as a result.

"When a Pole who has influence among his fellows refuses to submit to the Germanizing methods which obtain in his town it is not long before he is talked of for exile. Exile means the frontier. Germany and Russia have the way to the dividing line marked off with signboards. Bayonets are behind the shoulders of the Poles. And then the conscription amounts to 100,000 men in time of peace and 300,000 in time of war, more like proscription than conscription. In Manchuria, in 1904, forty per cent. of the recruits were Poles, although they form but ten per cent. of the empire.

"Of 11,000 conscripts from the

single district of Plotkow only 498 ever came back home. In the war of 1904 the Poles were placed in the most dangerous positions, and more than one of the Polish regiments was annihilated by the Japanese.

"The persecutions continue mercilessly, the Cossacks exacting all they can of blood and money. One man was fined 1,000 roubles for having music at his father's funeral, and the musicians were imprisoned. Many were punished with 300 blows of the rod. Men have been found dead in their cells in the attitude of prayer. The persecution of the Roman Catholics is most severe. Children are savoured and taken to the priests of the Greek (Russian) Church to be baptized. In the village of Ousouev, the inhabitants who refused to accept the religion of the Russians were driven in early winter into a neighboring lake until they stood up to their necks in the icy water.

"With the temperature standing at 4 degrees below zero, Colonel Klemanko at Kurnik commanded all the population to remain in the open, taking the snow off the road and then bringing it back. At night they were compelled to stand with bare heads, while the troops on guard had to be changed every two hours on account of the intense cold.

"Hundreds of Catholic priests have been slain, some have fallen on their way to exile, others have been poisoned, and still others arrested and tried as spies and imprisoned.

"Torquemada's books of rules for torture offers nothing new to the keepers of prisons to which Polish prisoners are sent. Suspected political offenders and those that do not crook the knee to authority are the worst victims. Bone-cracking pinners are popular devices for punishing. The hot poker is al-ways within reach. Teeth are knocked out with small hammers or extracted with rude forceps. A favorite form of punishment is to throw a prisoner on the ground, place a thin plank on his breast and stomach and pound it with hammers. The planks prevent any marks showing, though the pain is the same.

INGENIOUS TORTURES.

"One of the prisoners showed the marks of his teeth in a wooden table where he had bitten in agony as he was beaten. They try to devise the most ingenious tortures that will leave no marks. A working man is arrested, fed on salt-herring for several days, and then water is placed in full sight, but beyond the bars of his cell.

"Political suspects are imprisoned with thieves and other reprobates. Young girls have their hair torn out, and are beaten by vicious women in their cells. At Kalisz two squadrons of soldiers were made half drunk with brandy and then taken to the prison to 'correct' political prisoners. They struck on all sides, tore out their eyes, hung up the men by ropes and beat them with straps and sticks. One soldier broke the arms of two prisoners across his knee. This amusement lasted from 7.30 p.m. to 2 a.m., June 17 and 18. Seventy-two prisoners had to be taken to the hospital afterwards.

"When the lawyers were asked why they did not defend their clients more effectively they replied that they had to look out not only for their clients but for themselves as well. If they were too eloquent they risked their own liberty. The defending of a Pole against an accuser, particularly a Russian, is no simple task.

"It is no unusual thing for prisoners to lie in jail a year or two before being examined. When in 1903 the Czar ordered greater expedition in trying prisoners, it was interpreted to mean shorter trials. In one instance, where thirty-six prisoners were to be tried, one hour was given their lawyer to consult his clients, gather witnesses, etc."

It was on this occasion that the judge commended himself for having done a good day's work. The system of spies is most elaborate, thousands being placed in the prisons to catch the unwary. When a troop of soldiers enters a town both officers and men expect the limit of hospitality and entertainment. If this is not generously provided someone must pay dearly. They found this out at a village called Czenstochwa, where they have no fondness for men in uniform. When the hoof-clatter was heard the villagers quickly sought their cottages. On a street two little girls were at play. A corporal cut off their hands. At Yaroslavl soldiers and police went about with clubs cracking forearms bones of boys and girls.

THE EDICT OF TOLERANCE.

When the so-called Edict of Tolerance was promulgated in 1905 the Russian Poles hailed their glorious deliverance. But it was all a delusion and a snare, for, as a student of conditions recently wrote: "In our twentieth century, not yet ten years old, Czarism has deserved and provoked the execration of human kind for its political attitude toward Poland. Since 1904 it has been atrocious, bestial; it has added the shame of cowardice to atrocity and stupidity to barbarity. It is not simply that one soldier has

pillaged and outraged, even murdered out of greed and lust, but of ficers, drunk and greedy, have given orders and the signal of attack themselves descending to the most brutal cruelty, pretending to gain glory from the massacre of unarmed men, women and children."

In 1908 orders were given: "Risk nothing in killing fugitives, but slay as many as you can. Make an impression upon the people. Signed, General Skalon, Warsaw, May 6, 1908."

In striking contrast to these ghastly figures of conditions in Russian and German Poland is that of Austrian Poland, where the inhabitants have all the rights of other subjects of the Emperor-King; where they are free to speak their language, to teach their children Polish. Thus Austrian Poland is one of the happiest and most prosperous provinces of the Austrian Empire, as the author of the book does not fail to point out.—Manchester Chronicle.

PLAGUE CAUSED BY MARMOTS

FACTS ABOUT THE DISEASE IN THE FAR EAST.

It Was First Communicated By Animals to Fur Hunters in Manchuria.

An interesting paper on the plague in Manchuria was read a few days ago before the French Academy of Medicine by one of the leading French medical scientists, Prof. Chantemesse, who had prepared it in collaboration with his equally famous colleague Dr. Borel, writes a London correspondent.

Prof. Chantemesse attributed the outbreak of the plague to the hunting of a species of marmot, known locally as the tarbagan, in Western Mongolia, to the east of Lake Baikal. This animal, which is found in great numbers and is sought after for its fur, is peculiarly liable to attack by the plague virus.

In their haunts along the Siberian rivers these animals infect each other constantly. In the fall of last year a number of trappers were hunting tarbagans, and toward the end of October six of them, who had killed a large number and had handled their skins, were attacked in succession by an illness that began with violent fits of coughing which were followed by expectoration of blood and then by death. This was

THE PULMONARY PLAGUE.

The malady spread with great rapidity. The Mongolian peasants, terror-stricken, fled from the villages, and many of them, making their way to Harbin, carried the disease in Manchuria. There the Chinese received the infection and suffered in enormous numbers, but they did their best to conceal the existence of the epidemic and through this precious time was lost in which it might have been possible to suppress the scourge there and then.

When at last the Russian authorities gave the alarm to the Chinese, the vigorous measures that were taken—the isolation of the infected, the burning of the dead and of contaminated dwellings, the institution of quarantine stations for those who had been liable to infection—could no longer cope with the epidemic. The Chinese peasant rebels against all attempts at isolation, and local conditions are peculiarly favorable to the spread of the epidemic.

Dr. Matignon, describing the condition of things in Manchuria recently, pointed out that in the winter the dwellings are crowded, every room accommodating a large number of people. Every door and window is kept tightly closed, and every opening is blocked with paper.

They are heated by everybody as a kind of camp bed. Amid such surroundings any complaint that can be propagated by expectoration or through the instrumentality of parasites can hardly fail to

SPREAD RAPIDLY.

Characteristic of the epidemic is the extreme virulence of the germ, and very few people who are attacked by it recover. In Manchuria, according to Dr. Paul Haffkine, pulmonary plague is produced by a bacillus that does not differ in species from that which produces bubonic plague.

Many methods of treatment have been tried, the Yersin serum, colargol, the new "606" serum and others; but none has proved effectual. Of the crowd of patients Haffkine himself has treated in the course of a fortnight not one recovered; and the majority of the sufferers are men from 20 to 40 years of age, and those who have the slightest tubercular tendency become the easiest victims of the disease.

The work is made more difficult of course by the fact that the disease cannot be detected in its early stages. The period of incubation is six or seven days, and in that time an infected person may travel far, carrying the disease

with him quite innocently. The best authorities do not think it likely that the epidemic will spread to distant countries. The danger would be greater if the epidemic worked its way stage by stage, gradually nearer. The season of the year too makes this less probable, for unlike cholera epidemics, which flourish in the summer, great epidemics of plague have always

DEVELOPED IN THE WINTER.

A diminution of an epidemic by the return of warm weather does not necessarily mean its suppression, however. It is found that in spite of every precaution plague does not entirely disappear from a locality in which it has once been seriously epidemic, as, in the case of bubonic plague, has been seen in India and Egypt.

The principal method of resistance to the infection that is being employed in Manchuria is a double inoculation with bacilli that have been subjected to intense heat, a method introduced by Dr. Haffkine, who used it in India. After the first infection several members of the medical corps died, but after the period of incubation that followed the second inoculation, the patients so inoculated of course, being kept from all contagion during this time, all the 130 people who were thus treated had remained free from infection from the last week of December, when the inoculation took place, until the tenth of this month, when the circumstances were reported, notwithstanding that they were constantly exposed to contagion in the performance of their duties.

Some curious facts about the tarbagans mentioned by Prof. Chantemesse are told in the London Journal of Tropical Medicine by Dr. James Cantlie, one of the foremost English experts on Eastern diseases. He says that the tarbagan plays the part of disease carrier in Siberia just as

THE RAT DOES IN INDIA.

The little animal is much sought after by the Siberian furriers for the sake of the fat which accumulates chiefly in the abdomen toward the tail, and just before it retires into hibernation. The tarbagan, it seems, is in some years attacked by an epizootic with the following symptoms:

The animal becomes languid and ceases to bark; its gait is unsteady and under one shoulder there sometimes appears a reddish, tense swelling; if far from its hole the animal fails to find it, and if it reaches its hole the other healthy animals refuse it admittance, when it falls a prey to wolves, who have a great liking for marmot, whether healthy or diseased.

The wolves do not contract the disease from eating the marmot, and this scavenging by the wolves is considered the chief reason why men escape so frequently from the disease as they do. Should, however, people handle a marmot dead of the disease, sickness is almost sure to follow, and death as a rule occurs in a few days.

The disease, which is epidemic in the district referred to, is now recognized locally as identical with plague, but its spread is confined to the family of the person first attacked. It would seem probable that the fleas of this animal communicate the disease to the members of the household and that only those bitten by them are attacked by the disease.

A DIPLOMATIST.

As Mr. Compton looked down at his waistcoat he discovered that it lacked a button. "And I asked my wife to sew it on more firmly, last night," he said to his commiserator neighbor. "I don't see how she forgot it."

"Don't ever ask her to mend anything," said his friend. "I learned a better way before I'd been married a year. When I want anything mended, say a shirt, for instance, I take it under my arm, all mussed up, and open the closet door, and sing out to my wife, 'Where's the rag-bag, Peggy?'"

"What do you want of the rag-bag?" she'll ask me.

"Oh, I thought I'd throw this away," I tell her, and squeeze it a little tighter under my arm.

"Let me see what you have there," she'll say, and I'll mutter something about "worn-out old thing!" while I hand it over to her. "Why, James Holland!" she'll say, when she's spread it out and looked it over in a hurry. "I am surprised at you! This is perfectly good. It doesn't need a single thing except—" And then there she sits down to mend it, looking as if I'd made her a present."

To clean soiled wall paper, dip a whitewash brush into hot vinegar and brush all over it quickly. When the paper is dry it will appear as fresh as when first hung.

To remove rust from steel articles rub them with kerosene oil and let them soak 24 hours. Make a paste of emery dust and kerosene and rub on to give a polish.

To prepare breadcrumbs most quickly, dry the bread in the oven after the crust has been removed, then run through the meat chopper, sift and out away in glass jars.

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UNDER TWO FLAGS By "OUIDA"

Gay dust of a glorious summer the guard march into Paris, while the people laughed and wept with joy, surging like the mighty sea around one pale, frail form, so young by years, so absolute by genius.

A very old man, long broken with poverty, with pain, with bereavement, with extreme old age, alone save for the little friend of the flag, who for four years had kept him on the proceeds of her wine trade in this Moorish attic, tending him himself when in town, taking heed that he should want for nothing when she was campaigning. In her sight the survivor of the army of Italy was sacred; sacred the eyes which, when full of light, had seen the sun glitter on the breastplates of the hussars of Murat, the dragons of Kellerman, the cuirassiers of Milhaud; sacred the hand which, when nervous with youth, had borne the standard of the republic victorious against the gathered Teuton in the Thermopylae of Champagne; sacred the ears which, when quick to hear, had heard the thunder of Arcola, of Lodi, of Rivoli and, above even the tempest of war, the clear voice of Napoleon.

Cigarette had a religion of her own and followed it more closely than most disciples follow other creeds.

CHAPTER X.

EARLY that morning when the snowy cloud of pigeons was circling down to take its daily alms from Cigarette where her bright brown face looked out from the lattice hole Cecil, with some of the rough riders of his regiment, was sent far into the interior to bring in a string of colts, bought of a friendly desert tribe and destined to be shipped to France, for the Imperial Harem. The mission took two days. Early on the third day they returned with the string of wild young horses, that it had taken not a little exertion and address to conduct successfully through the country into Algiers. Chateauroux was himself present when the colts were taken into the stable yard, and himself inquired, without the medium of any third person, the whole details of the sale and of the transit. It was impossible, with all his inclination, to find any fault either with the execution of the errand or with the brief, respectful answers by which the corporal replied to his rapid and impetuous cross questionings; hence the inspection passed off peaceably. As the marquis turned on his heel, however, he paused a moment.

"Victor!"

"My commander?"

"I have not forgotten your insolence with those ivory toys, but the princess herself has deigned to solicit that it shall be passed over unpunished. She cannot, of course, yield to your impetuous request to remain also unpaid for them. I charged myself with the fulfillment of her wishes. You deserve the lash, but since I find myself so lenient enough to pardon you you

are to take this instead. Hold your hand, sir!"

Cecil put out his hand. He expected to receive a heavy blow from his commander's saber that possibly might break the wrist. These little trifles were common in Africa.

Instead a handful of napoleons was laid on his open palm. Chateauroux knew the gold would sting more than the blow.

For the moment Cecil had but one impulse—to dash the pieces in the giver's face. In time to restrain the impulse he caught sight of the wild, eager hatred gleaming in the eyes of Rake, of Petit Piccon, or a score of others who loved him and cursed their colonel and would at one signal from him have sheathed their swords in the mighty frame of the marquis, though they should have been shot down the next moment themselves for the murder. The warning of Cigarette came to his memory. His hand clasped the gold. He gave the salute calmly as Chateauroux swung himself away, and, his hour of liberty being come, he went slowly out of the great court, with the handful of napoleons thrust in the folds of his sash.

Rather unconsciously than by premeditation his steps turned through the streets that led to his old familiar haunt, the As du Pique, and, dropping down on a bench under the awning, he asked for a draft of water. It was brought him at once, the hostess, a quick, brown, little woman from Paris, whom the lovers of Eugene Sue called Rigolette, adding of her own accord a lump of ice and a slice or two of lemon, for which she vivaciously refused payment, though generosity was by no means her cardinal virtue. He did not look at the newspapers she offered him, but sat gazing out from the tawny awning, like the sail of a Neapolitan felucca, down the checkerboard shadows and the many colored masses of the little, crooked, rambling, semibarbaric alley. He was thinking of the napoleons in his sash and of the promise he had pledged to Cigarette. That he would keep it he was resolved. Yet a weariness, a bitterness, he had never known in the excitement of active service came on him, brought by this sting of insult from the fair hand of an aristocrat.

There was absolutely no hope possible in his future. The uttermost that could ever come to him would be a grade something higher in the army that now enrolled him—the gift of the cross or, a post in the bureau. At genuine warfare was not like the campaign of the armies of Italy or the Rhine, and there was no Napoleon here to discern with unerring omniscience a leader's genius under the uniform of a common trooper. The heavy folds of a Bedouin's kilt, brushing the papers off the bench, broke the thread of his musings. As he stooped for them, he saw that one was an English journal some weeks old. His own name caught his eye—the name buried

so utterly, whose utterance in the shell's tent had struck him like a dagger's thrust.

THE ROYALTY SUCCESSION.
We regret to learn that the Right Hon. Viscount Royalieu, who so lately succeeded to the family title on his father's death, has expired at Mentone, whither his health had induced him to go some months previous. The late lord was unmarried. His next brother was, it will be remembered, many years ago killed on a southern railway. The title, therefore, now falls to the third and only remaining son, the Hon. Berkeley Cecil, who, having lately inherited considerable properties from a distant relative, will, we believe, revive all the old glories of this peerage, which have, from a variety of causes, lost somewhat of their ancient brilliancy.

Cecil sat quite still, as he had sat looking down on the record of his father's death when Cigarette had rallied him with her gay challenge among the Moresco ruins. His face flushed hotly under the warm golden line of the desert bronze, then lost all color as suddenly, till it was as pale as any of the ivory he carved. He



He laid on the table the gold.

a common soldier in the Algerian cavalry, knew that by every law of birthright he was now a peer of England. The vagabond, throngs—Moorish, Frank, negro, Colon—paused as they pushed their way over the uneven road and stared at him vacantly where he stood. There was something in his attitude, in his look, which swept over them, seeing none of them, in the eager lifting of his head, in the excited fire in his eyes, that arrested all, from the dullest mulattoer plodding on with his string of patient beasts to the most volatile French girl laughing on her way. He did not note them, hear them, think of them. He remembered nothing save that he, and he alone, was the rightful lord of Royalieu. Holding the journal clutched close in his hand, he went swiftly through the masses of the people out and away, he little noted where, till he had forced his road beyond the gates, beyond the town, beyond all reach of its dust and its babble and its discord, and was alone in the farther outskirts.

Reaching the heights, he stood still involuntarily and looked down once more on the words that told him of his birthright. He was Viscount Royalieu as surely as any of his fathers had been so before him and was dead forever in the world's belief. He must live and grow old and perish by shot or steel, by sickness or by age, with his name and his rights buried and his years passed as a private soldier of France. There was a passionate revolt, a bitter heartlessness on him. All the old freedom and peace and luxury and pleasure of the life he had left so long allowed him with a terrible temptation. The honors of the rank that he should now have filled were not what he remembered. What he longed for with an agonized desire was to stand once more stainless among his equals, to reach once more the liberty of unchallenged, unfettered life, to return once more to those who held him but as a dishonored memory, as one whom violent death had well snatched from the shame of a criminal career.

"But who would believe me now?" he thought. "Besides, this makes no difference. If three words spoken would rehabilitate me, I could not speak them at that cost. The beginning perhaps was folly, but for sheer justice's sake there is no drawing back now. Let him enjoy it. God knows I do not grudge him it."

The distant mellow ringing notes of a trumpet call floated to his ear from the town at his feet. It was sounding the return to camp. Old instinct, long habit, made him start and shake his harness together and listen. The trumpet blast winding cheerily from afar off recalled him to the truth, summoned him sharply back from vain regrets to the facts of daily life. It awoke him as it wakes a sleeping charger. It roused him as it rouses a wounded trooper.

He stood hearkening to the familiar music until it had died away, spirited, yet still lingering; full of fire, yet fading softly down the wind. He listened till the last echo ceased. Then he tore the paper that he held in his strips and let it float away, drifting down the yellow current of the reedy river charnel.

"So best after all perhaps," he said half aloud in the solitude of the ruined and abandoned mosque. "He cannot well come to shipwreck with such a fair wind and such a smooth sea. And I—I am just as well here. To ride with the chasseurs is more exciting than to ride with the Pygmeley. And the rules of the chambree are scarce more tedious than the rules of a court. Nature turned me out for a soldier, though fashion spoiled me for one. I can make a good campaigner. I should never make anything else."

And he let his sword drop back again into the scabbard and quarreled no more with fate. His hand touched the 30 goldpieces in his sash. He started as the recollection of the forgotten insult came back on him.

(Continued next week)

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Dated the 30th day of August A. D. 1911.

ANDREW BLACKIE,

Secretary to School Trustees

School District number 4

Upper Brighton, Carleton Co., N. B.