

THE OBSERVER

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Vol. 3.

The DAYLIGHT

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

JUST ARRIVED

60 Black Sateen Under Skirts which will be sold for

59 cents each

As we will not likely be able to get any more at this price you had better buy early

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

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

The Fruit Outlook

Mr. Tappan Adney, secretary of the Carleton Co. Fruit Growers' Assn., spent the afternoon of Thursday, 27th., in town in connection with fruit matters. To a representative of the Observer, Mr. Adney said:

I came up to consult with Mr. Miller, and Messrs Keith & Plummer, who with Mr. C. W. Dugan, of Woodstock will probably ship upwards of 7,000 barrels of apples this season, about the adoption of a uniform standard of grades for apples, and am happy to say that a very satisfactory understanding has been reached, which we hope is the beginning of a great improvement in the handling of our fruit and will benefit the producer as well as the shipper. This county now produces much more than all the rest of the Province put together in apples shipped outside the respective counties, with less than one twentieth of the number of trees according to figures of the local Department of Agriculture secured in 1909. With trees thus extraordinarily productive and with quality of the best, the crop has been handled almost as badly as possible—but this has been the case in all eastern orchard countries generally, until the last two or three years. Apples from these same orchards of ours formerly brought in the Boston market \$5 to \$7 per barrel against all competition. Only a few years ago brought much more than what it does now, and in St. John conditions are now nearly as bad as they can possibly be. Some have said the remedy lies in stricter fruit inspection, and there is something to be said about it. But it seems to me that our growers (or many of them) need first to know how they ought to pack. To this end our Assn. circulated among its members the valuable pamphlet on "Apple Packing" issued by the Fruits Division, Ottawa; also the Fruits mark Act; and now the adoption of a uniform gauge by the different buyers will ensure a better understanding on the part of the grower, and the shipper, and the merchant in St. John and elsewhere. The gauge now adopted will apply only to New Brunswick, and if found in this season's trial to be satisfactory, I believe gauges should be adopted for other principal varieties. Gauges of thin board will be prepared with three circular holes respectively 2 1/2, 2 1/4 and 2 inches diameter. An apple that will pass without pressure through the smallest hole will be a "cull", or "not merchantable"; one dropping through the second hole; and larger than the third hole will be Number Three; while one dropping through the first hole and too large for the second, is Number Two. Any apple not passing through the largest hole is Number one. The largest hole is intended to represent "medium" for the variety, and a Number One must not be below medium. But the Mark Act allows a leeway of ten percent for any slightly off size or color, but this must in no case include "culls". The number Two, being "nearly medium" is allowed twenty per cent in similar manner. But as the price a man actually gets for his fruit will be fixed by what he actually packs, it is no advantage to purposely thus undergrade, this leeway is only intended to allow for any error in fast or inexperienced packing, and if he tries running small ones in the middle, even if only ten percent, he is liable to get into serious difficulty. If apples are mixed, they must not be marked simply with the name of the variety, but he must state

what grades are inside, if there are more than one size, as certain marks and no others are allowed, and the packer must put his name and address on each sealed package. By the latest report from the Department at Ottawa, parliament has fixed the penalty for violations at a fine of ten dollars minimum for first, to a maximum of two hundred dollars for third offense, with one month jail in default. "Culls" are also defined as apples much under size, or immature, or wormy, or broken, or in any manner injured so as to cause "material waste" and this last is dangerously near to include windfalls, or shaken apples, which especially in case of New Brunswickers in a short while injures the appearance and therefore the value of the apple. It will be observed that the gauges provide for a Number Three grade. Now under the Fruits Mark Act, practically any kind of fruit may be marked "Three". But with us we have been accustomed to grade as a Three, an apple which is merely small but otherwise merchantable, particularly for an important up-river trade. If carefully graded our Three has a distinct market value. The different shippers will have copies of these gauges for their own use, and if I can do so I will prepare and send gauges to members of the Fruit Growers Association. Gauges however can be made out of cardboard. I need hardly mention it, but many years ago, when F. P. Sharp packed, our Number One was a large and practically perfect apple; much better than Number One is now required to be, because in response to the demand of British Columbia and other many growers who desire to pack a fine desert apple, demanded a grade marked "Fancy". But these must not only be well grown, well shaped, and well colored, but absolutely blemish free. It is the "Box" apple now being heard about, to which a gauge for size does not so strictly apply because the number of apples in the box is marked on the outside which indicates size sufficiently well.

I would like to add that the Fruits Division, under direction of Mr. McNeill, at Ottawa, is in hearty sympathy with our efforts to build up our important industry of fruit growing. They are now sending to this county for reports for their Monthly Bulletin, and by the way, apples are a short crop everywhere except in the Annapolis Valley. So the outlook for good prices has not been so promising for a long time. But our packers must only pack the kind of fruit they themselves would like to buy. What should also especially interest us is the fact that the Federal Government has undertaken a general fruit inquiry. The gentleman selected for the work is Mr. W. H. Bunting, a large fruit grower of St. Catharines, Ont., who has a wide personal knowledge of fruits in all parts of the United States and most of Canada. As you know, we in this county have been regulated to an inferior place as a fruit district in the Province of New Brunswick, in a way which the facts do not justify. So when the intended enquiry was first announced in the newspapers, I took the matter up with the Department at Ottawa that we might not be passed by, and in reply, under date of July 11, the Commissioner of Dairy and Cold Storage, Mr. Ruddick, said: "It will not be possible for Mr. Bunting to go everywhere during the time at his disposal, but I am sure he will not overlook such an important place as

(continued on page 4)

AT BRISTOL

New Seasonable Goods

SAMPLE SHIRT WAISTS

Beautiful designs in Lawn, Linen and Print.

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Latest styles in Voiles, Panamas and Venetians. Black and Colors.

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in genuine Bohemian, Belgian and American.

Handsome Gifts in Gold Plate, etc.

WEDDING PRESENTS A SPECIALTY.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., Ltd.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

MUSHROOMS.

In gathering mushrooms, take no chances, if a specimen looks stained, spotted or old or doubtful in any way, reject it, even if it meets the mushroom's requirements. The only ones to gather are those having flat or slightly conical caps with thin edges, and white or putty colored on top and a delicate chocolate color underneath—this last condition is imperative. Equally toothsome and safer, for it has no unpleasant relatives, is the moril. It grows only in oak openings, is dome shaped, full of small holes like a sponge, and of a pale yellow or brownish color. Both mushrooms and morils should be soaked in slightly salted water an hour or two to draw out insects, then drained, wiped dry and sautéed in butter and served either plain or with cream sauce, they are a "dish fit to set before the king." Here are some recipes for those who wish more elaborate ways of serving them.

Beefsteak and Mushrooms.—Select a steak at least two and one-half inches in thickness. Broil over a clear fire until rare, then season plentifully with creamed butter, salt, a little lemon juice, and a pinch of mace. Place on a hot plate or in a heated casserole and arrange over the top a layer of large mushrooms that have been peeled and steeped in butter for ten minutes. Season with salt and lemon juice, then place in under the broiling flame five minutes.

If desired a second and even a third layer of buttered and seasoned mushrooms may be added, each layer receiving its broiling in turn. In this way the essence of the mushrooms becomes concentrated in the steak. Serve with baked Irish potatoes or grilled sweet potatoes.

Macaroni and Mushrooms.—Four ounces macaroni, four large mushrooms, two large tomatoes, three tablespoons butter, one-half cup thick brown sauce, seasoning of salt, pepper, paprika. Boil the macaroni in plenty of salted water twenty minutes, drain and cut in small pieces, then toss in one tablespoon of the butter over the fire, adding the seasoning of salt, etc. Slice the tomatoes thickly and cook until heated through in the rest of the butter, take them out and keep hot and sauté the mushrooms in the same butter until soft; season both vegetables lightly. Arrange macaroni in a straight line down the center of a hot dish. On the top lay alternately a mushroom and a tomato slice and strain the sauce around.

Scalloped Mushrooms.—Cover the bottom of a buttered baking dish with a layer of dry bread crumbs, sprinkle over with pepper and salt and stick bits of butter all over the crumbs, then moisten with cream. Place a layer of mushrooms alternately with the bread until the dish is full. Cover with bits of butter, pour over a pint of cream, cover to keep the flavor and bake one hour, remove top and let brown.

Creamed Mushrooms.—To cook mushrooms easily and deliciously steam them and cut in thick slices. For every pound allow two tablespoons of butter. When the butter bubbles in a sauce pan over the fire turn the mushrooms in, season with salt and pepper, cover and simmer for five minutes.

Meantime put smooth a scant level tablespoonful of flour in a little cold milk, add half a cupful of cream, and turn into the pan with the mushrooms. Serve as soon as the cream is heated.

Note.—As a further test of safety always use a silver knife in preparing mushrooms, as they will not discolor silver, but other fungi will.

CHERRIES.

Cherry Sauce.—Cover a pint of cherries with a pint of water, add two cloves and simmer. When the cherries are soft rub through a sieve, return to the fire, add a teaspoonful of flour blended with a tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, and cook two minutes. Stir in the juice of one lemon. Serve hot. Two tablespoonfuls of claret makes it better.

Cherry Salad.—Wash and stone one pint of large cherries. Be careful to bruise the fruit as little as possible. Place in each cherry a hazel nut kernel to preserve the form; chill, arrange in little heart leaves of lettuce and pour over a cream mayonnaise.

Cherry Cup.—Put in a bowl one pint of cherries, stoned and bruised, the juice of three lemons and grated rind of one, add one quart of granulated sugar. Cover, let stand an hour or so, add one quart of water, strain through a vegetable press and also cheesecloth. Add one pint of claret and set on ice.

Serve in punch glasses with tiny bits of shaved ice. Put a few bright red cherries on top.

Cherry Jam.—Put cherries on to cook (unseeded) and cook to a pulp. Rub through a sieve, add one-half as much sugar as pulp and cook till thick.

Candied Cherries.—Use only perfect fruit that clings tightly to the stem. Cook a sugar syrup to a thread, set the pan in another pan of hot water. Pick up only a few cherries at a time and dip into the syrup, hold the cherries in the air a few seconds and redip into the syrup before serving. Dust a little pulverized sugar over them.

Canned Cherries.—Use only the solid fruit, adding hot water as needed, but save all juice, heat and can. Splendid for mince pies or fruit sauce to eat with baked pudding.

RHUBARB.

Apple and Rhubarb Pudding.—Soak one pint of very fine bread crumbs in one quart of milk until they are soft, then spread a buttered dish with pared and cored sour apples cut as thin as a wafer; lay over these some thin slices of rhubarb; beat three eggs with one-half pint of sugar and mix with the milk and crumbs, pouring over the fruit; set in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven to cook until the custard is firm and apples tender. Serve with meringues on top, placing a bit of apple jelly in each ring.

Rhubarb Sherbet.—Cook rhubarb without peeling, sweeten it well, add orange juice to taste and a little powdered gelatin in the proportion of one teaspoonful to three cupsful of sherbet; strain, add one beaten egg white to every two cupsful of the mixture and freeze. Serve in glasses and garnish each one with a slice of kumquat. This dish, when once eaten, will become a favorite.

May Rhubarb.—Place a layer of cooked rhubarb in a crystal dish and cover with lady fingers, moistened with rhubarb juice; sprinkle in one-quarter pound of chopped preserved ginger and over all pour a good custard and garnish with whipped cream and strips of angelica.

Rhubarb Marmalade.—Put six pounds of rhubarb, which has been peeled and cut into small cubes, in a preserving kettle; add seven pounds of granulated sugar, the grated peel and juice of two oranges and two lemons, one-half pound each of English walnuts and almond meats, chopped fine; mix all together, cover and let stand all night; boil until it begins to jelly and stir to keep it from burning.

DANDELION WINE.

One gallon dandelion blossoms (gathered when the sun is shining so they will be open). Pour over them one gallon of boiling water. Let stand in a cool place for three days, then put into porcelain kettle, with the rind of three oranges and one lemon cut fine. Boil fifteen minutes; then strain. Add three pounds of granulated sugar and the pulp and juice of the orange and lemon. When lukewarm add half yeast cake. Stand one week in a warm place. Strain again, let it stand until it stops working. Then bottle. This is the best cure for rheumatism.

ON DUTY FOR 32 HOURS.

Russian Soldier's Devotion Earns Him Sudden Promotion.

A Russian private soldier named Mednikoff owes his sudden promotion to the rank of a non-commissioned officer to the fact that he stood on sentry duty for 32 hours on end.

Mednikoff belonged to the 31st Regiment of Sappers at Gtomir, a garrison town in Western Russia, and was detailed to guard a powder magazine situated at a couple of miles distance from the town. At 1 o'clock in the morning he took up his post, expecting to be relieved at 6 o'clock, but no one came. There he stood, foodless and exposed to inclement weather, all the next day and the whole of the following night, until 9 o'clock a.m. on the second day, when through sheer exhaustion he fell down in a faint.

The explanation was that the regimental commander had committed suicide and in the ensuing confusion the sentry had been forgotten. The case was reported to the Czar, who forthwith made Mednikoff a non-commissioned officer and sent him a present of \$12.50.

The man of forty regrets he cannot do or enjoy the things he did at twenty, and most men worry over this.

GEORGE V. IS A REFORMER

WOULD BUILD UP HIS SUBJECTS IN ALL WAYS.

He Shows a Keen Interest in the Conditions Surrounding the Poorer.

King George V. has just completed a full year of active kingship and the event has drawn attention to one important characteristic in the British sovereign's make-up namely his zeal for reform as a trait which it may be truthfully said has not always or especially distinguished the sovereigns who have occupied the throne of England writes a London correspondent.

So marked has been the present monarch's predilection for all kinds of work the effects of which have tended toward making the lot of the Briton a more wholesome and promising one than vital statistics prove it to have been during the last two generations that the title of George the Reformer is beginning even at this early stage, to be mentioned as one that most becomes him. And that there has been nothing perfunctory or simply spasmodic in the activities he has displayed in seeking to bring about much wanted reforms for his subjects, seems to be indicated by the essential logic of the method that underlies his procedure. It is clear that he goes about the work in the best possible way, inasmuch as he makes physical reform among these who most require it, precede the important matter of intellectual or

MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

He was one of the very first to support the movement for an improved quality of bread, for instance. During the last twenty-five years, it is shown statistically, the physique of Englishmen has deteriorated to such an extent as to make the matter one that spells a real national peril. That deterioration has coincided, it is also shown, with the introduction of the quality of bread of which the nutrimental wheat essence has been reduced to a minimum, owing to the greed of wholesale makers. During the same time, the practice of cheap cigarette smoking has assumed, especially among the rising generation, the proportions of a national vice. For all their so-called love of sports, moreover, Britons are now allowing sport to become the monopoly of a special class of professional players, while they themselves are more than content to be spectators of the great displays of football and cricket, the principal sports of the nation.

In pursuance of his policy of making England wake up from an unwelcome torpor, the sovereign—one of the most active of men himself—has studied the needs of his subjects from the

PHYSICAL POINT OF VIEW.

He is backing the standard bread movement; he has recently appointed Eugene Sandow, the physical culture expert, to be his own body trainer; he has given his support to a campaign which seeks to eradicate, or at least to repress the vice of cigarette smoking; he has acceded to Lord Derby's request that he should become one of the active patrons of the Rugby game of football; he has provided a football ground for the youth of the Windsor municipality, and he has become one of the most ardent supporters of the boy scouts' movement. So much for matters that concern the physical welfare of his subjects who are entering cordially into the beneficent schemes of their sovereign, and are beginning to realize fully their momentous importance.

On the intellectual or moral side, the activity of King George has not been less marked, and herein one sees on more than one side, the guiding counsels of a womanly heart and mind. As a result of his ringing discourse to the archbishops and bishops of Great Britain, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the authorized version of the Bible, the directors of the public libraries in the whole kingdom decreed that all books which were of doubtful character, or which were in any way likely to pervert the minds of the young, should be removed from the shelves of their lending departments. Apart from this, the King emphasized

THE VALUE OF HOLY WRIT

from the point of view of its superlative literary quality. Again, he displayed a particular trend of mind in issuing his command for the performance of Money, the old Robertsonian comedy, during coronation tide. This comedy carries with it a moral which is particularly applicable to England, and, indeed, the world, during the present age. Its lessons hit at money madness, selfishness, inflated ambition and the heartlessness of the so-called smart set. There can be no doubt of the appositeness of the play at this juncture, following as it does, closely to the relegation of London's notoriously smart coterie to a condition of comparative obscurity. Recent visits made by King George and his consort to tenement areas, situated in the

FATE AND THE FOOTMAN

Irene Colville was discontented. It could not have been her appearance that caused this feeling, for the latter was most fascinating.

She was annoyed with herself. Several times she had said she would not be in Kensington Gardens at three o'clock in the afternoon again, but she was there, nevertheless, and, what was more, the clocks would shortly chime three.

She knew he would stroll by in a few minutes, just as he had done every day for a month past. She knew she ought to be angry with herself for being aware of his existence, and she tried her best to be so.

He was coming. From afar off she spied the tall figure with slightly bent shoulders. She wondered if his hat would be brushed; it had been badly in want of it yesterday.

He was drawing very near to her now, and she was trying desperately hard to keep her gaze fixed straight ahead. She felt that she was blushing from head to foot. She could feel her hands trembling like leaves.

Ah, he had passed by, and now she could look at him. Yes, his hat needed brushing, and he was still wearing that slightly shabby tweed suit, which also wanted brushing.

What a riddle he was, to be sure. Undoubtedly he was a gentleman; yet, judging by his appearance, he did not appear to be well off, nor, on the other hand, did he appear to do anything for a living, for she had seen him at other times in the park during the day.

All these thoughts, and a host of others that would fill pages, flashed through Irene's head as she watched the stranger disappear round a bend in the walk.

She stood up, no longer feeling any desire to remain in the garden, walked away in an opposite direction to that taken by the stranger, and went home.

Irene Colville was an orphan living with her aunt, Mrs. Denton. Her parents had left her a considerable income, which, combined with her beauty, caused her to be a much-sought-after young lady. But until she had seen the stranger in the gardens she had taken nothing beyond an ordinary interest in any man.

"I wonder what he thinks of me!" she murmured as she changed her dress.

At that moment the unknown sat in a shabby armchair puffing thoughtfully at his pipe.

"I'm a fool!" he muttered. "Just because a pretty girl looks at me I try to persuade myself that she takes an interest in me."

"But she's sweet," he continued aloud. "Who is she, I wonder? How can I get to know her? I love her! But what chance has a poor beggar like me with her?" he added bitterly.

Three days passed by, during which Irene did not see the stranger. She hardly knew what to think about it. She was sorry, and then angry with herself for feeling sorry. She was afraid in case anything might have happened to him, and this feeling annoyed her as well. Somehow, it never occurred to her that he might be married.

When she reached home on the third afternoon, her aunt met her with the words:

"You haven't forgotten that we dine with Sir James Armstrong to-night, I hope, my dear?"

"No, aunt, I haven't forgotten."

"Er—Mr. Talbot will be there," Mrs. Denton remarked.

"Both Mr. Talbot?" returned Irene petulantly. Then she hurried by her astonished relative and went upstairs to think.

Mr. Talbot was a gentleman she had never met, but her aunt had marked him out as a desirable nephew-in-law. As she had told Irene on several occasions, he was good-looking, well connected, and possessed a moderate income.

Nevertheless, Irene was young enough to experience a thrill when her maid came to dress her that evening. She had meant not to trouble about how she looked, but the natural desire to look nice, and she presented an exquisite appearance when she joined the other guests at Sir James Armstrong's.

Many admiring glances were levelled at her, but she failed to ob-

poor districts of metropolitan and suburban London indicate that his mindfulness of the needs of the poor is of no perfunctory kind. The visits and inspections were as unpretentiously made as they were thoroughly and in the most detailed manner performed. Nor has the King's interest stopped at those matters that concern the poor. Nothing flatters an Englishman of the wage-earning class as much as an interest taken by his superiors in the particular work he lives by. All matters connected with mechanical labor have their attraction for the practical sailor King, and few branches of labor have heretofore escaped his energetic survey and inspection.

serve them because she was waiting to see what Mr. Talbot was like. She had already made up her mind to dislike him.

"He doesn't seem to be here yet," said Mrs. Denton, after a scrutiny of her fellow guests.

Walter Armstrong, the baronet's son, came up at this moment.

"It's my good fortune to have to take you in to dinner, Miss Colville," he said.

"Have you seen Mr. Talbot yet, Mr. Armstrong?" asked Mrs. Denton.

"No, he's generally late, the scamp!" young Armstrong observed, and then carried Irene off.

After Irene had toyed with some highly-flavored hors d'oeuvres, a quiet voice beside her said:

"Will you have clear soup, madam?"

What caused Irene to gaze up at the footman she could never afterwards say, but some unknown force compelled her to. "Yes, please!" she said.

Then a strange, inarticulate gurgling sound left her lips. She felt a desire to scream, and with difficulty restrained herself. Words leapt to her lips but died unspoken.

The footman was none other than the stranger from the gardens.

"Miss Colville, I am sure you must be day-dreaming, or shall we say evening-dreaming?" came Walter Armstrong's voice suddenly.

"Do you know I've put a question to you four times!"

Irene managed to wear a fixed smile which veiled the anger that possessed her. Oh, she hated and loathed herself. A footman—could anything be more awful! To think she had gone into the gardens day after day so that she might see a footman!

Ugh! She longed to rush out of the room, to get somewhere and hide.

She was very glad when Lady Armstrong gave the signal, and she subsided on to a settee in the drawing-room with a sigh of relief.

The men did not sit over their wine long. In fact, they entered the drawing-room as the footmen were piling the empty coffee-cups on the trays.

Barton was standing with a tray-load of crockery in the centre of the room. Irene knew that his name was Barton, for she had heard Lady Armstrong address him.

Suddenly she heard a shout, and a man in evening dress ran towards her. Then came the crash of breaking china. Barton had dropped the tray and was also running towards her. He leapt passed the guest, caught her in his arms and swung her several feet away from her seat.

Immediately followed a dull thud as a large, heavy mirror fell on to the settee and then rebounded on to the thick carpet. Its fastenings had snapped, and but for Barton's prompt action Irene would certainly have been killed, for the guest would have been too late.

"Thank you, thank you!" exclaimed Irene.

It seemed a hollow return for her life, but what else could she say?

When she had quite recovered from the shock her feeling of gratitude towards Barton was joined by a wish that it had been anyone but him who had rescued her. Now there was a sort of link between them; the last thing in the world she desired.

In consequence of all this she was most gracious to Mr. Talbot, thereby giving her aunt considerable pleasure.

He accompanied them to their carriage later on, and as fate would have it Barton was holding the door open, standing as erect as a grenadier.

"Can't we drop you at your chambers, Mr. Talbot?" said Irene sweetly.

"Thanks ever so much!" he replied eagerly, entering the carriage and sitting by her.

Barton closed the door and stood at attention. As the carriage drove off Irene felt an irresistible impulse to look at the footman. Their gazes met, and she caught her breath sharply. Surely there was the ghost of a smile in his eyes.

"I have a box for the opera next Tuesday," said Talbot suddenly.

"Will you and your niece honor me by your company, Mrs. Denton?" Irene's aunt thought for a moment.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but we are dining with Lord Freshwell that night. But we shall be at home on Thursday. Perhaps you will call?"

"Thanks; I'll make a note of it," he rejoined.

"Exactly," said Irene afterwards, "as though he was a tradesman booking an order."

Next day she wrote the following note:

"Miss Irene Colville requests Mr. Barton to accept the inclosed as a slight memento of his assistance at Sir James Armstrong's house."

The slight memento consisted of five ten-pound notes.

She inclosed the missive in a covering one to Sir James, requesting him to hand it to his footman.

On the following day she received a reply:

"Dear Madam.—Please accept Barton's thanks for your kind gift which is much appreciated by—"

"Barton."

"Thank goodness," Irene mut-

tered, "that's over! No more romance for me of that kind."

On the following Tuesday she and her aunt went to Lord Freshwell's dinner. It was a very different affair from the Armstrong's dinner. Old oak and old plate took the place of ornate splendor, the guests were of a different type—men and women of ancient lineage.

"I am charmed to meet my old friend's daughter," said Lord Freshwell, taking Irene's hand. "You are very like your mother, my dear."

He stayed by Irene's side for some minutes, chatting to her. Suddenly he touched the arm of a passing man.

"Errington," he said, "let me introduce to you Miss Irene Colville, the daughter of my old friend, Admiral Colville."

"Miss Colville, this is Lord Errington," he added.

Irene's astonished gaze fell on Barton's face, met the kindly eyes, which now contained more than the ghost of a smile.

"We are not strangers, Freshwell," he said.

"How do you do, Miss Colville?" He bowed over her hand with a charming old-world courtesy.

Irene had not the slightest notion what reply she made. As a dream she watched Lord Freshwell lead her aunt away to introduce her to a dowager, and she realized that she and Barton, or Lord Errington, whichever he was, were alone.

"Will you have clear soup?" he asked in low tones, his mouth twitching.

"What does it all mean?" gasped Irene.

"Let us go into the conservatory," he said. "I can explain better there."

Mechanically she took his proffered arm, and he led her to a seat sheltered by a bank of lilies.

"I am one of those many unfortunate persons known as poor peers," he said, seating himself by her. "I have always had an inclination to write, particularly in a satirical vein. It occurred to me that I might write a Society novel, the hero of which is supposed to be below stairs, and in order to do the work thoroughly I arranged to spend a fortnight as a footman at Sir James Armstrong's."

"There I knew I was not likely to meet any of my friends, but I explained matters beforehand to those I did, for I knew who would be visiting there."

"Oh!" exclaimed Irene. "And I gave you money?"

He took the five notes from a pocket.

"You gave me these as a memento," he said, "and I shall keep them as a memento of the fortunate opportunity which enabled me to render a service to the most charming lady in the world. I shall keep them all my life."

Neither spoke for a few moments. "You have not been in the gardens lately. Were you afraid of meeting Barton?"

"I didn't forget Barton," replied Irene in low tones. "I-I couldn't. He saved my life you see."

"Do you know," he said after a slight pause, "the gardens have seemed very lonely and dreary without you. I managed to be there several days for a few minutes during my service. The latter is ended now, and I spent hours in the gardens on Sunday, yesterday, and to-day. But I did not see you," he concluded regretfully.

"I only want to see you," he continued. "Life has seemed very different to me since I first saw you there."

Irene felt her face and neck growing crimson, and she gazed steadily at her clasped hands in her lap, but he did not see them.

He rested his hand on her arm. "Irene," he said, "I am poor. I am ten years older than you, but I love you, dear, I love you. Is there any hope for me?"

She did not speak, but her slim, gloved hand stole out and rested on his.

"Irene," he whispered gladly. "For a wonderful moment I watched her as she lifted her head and looked at him. Then he put his arms round her.—Pearson's Weekly.

BERLIN BREAKFASTS TWICE.

Four Meals a Day at Least Jolly Dutchmen.

There was not much to be got by the Berlin citizen in the way of breakfast—simply a cup of coffee and a roll or two—but along about 11 o'clock everybody starts for the cafe for a "second breakfast," generally a meat or a cheese sandwich. He makes up for his light refreshment at the 1 o'clock "mittag-stueck" of soup, meat, vegetables, preserved fruits, pudding, and wine or beer at discretion. Then he does not hasten back to business, but plays or jokes with his children 15 or 20 minutes, rests or sleeps for 30 more, has a chat, a cup of coffee and a cigar, and returns to business at 3 o'clock again, perhaps to work till 8 or 9 in the evening. Then he comes home again to supper of cold meats, salads, cheese and beer, which will probably be followed by more beer as friends drop in to smoke the black German cigars and play skat a sixty-six.

ED. 6

ISSUE 6-7

THE OBSERVER

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

ELECTION SEPT. 21.

Parliament was dissolved on Saturday and an election is called for Sept. 21.

Tory obstructionists impeded the work of Parliament, the great question of the day—the reciprocity agreement—not being allowed to come to a vote. There was nothing left to do but put the question to the people—and for this no one is sorry except the Conservatives themselves. But, backed by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, Aroostook County, dollars, and other money interests, the Conservatives will be able to put up a strong fight. They will not talk purity this time; they will have the "load-skis" of war.

F. B. Carvell will be re-nominated next Monday. He will hold the Liberal vote and scores of voters who all their lives have been Conservatives will cast their ballot for him.

The Reciprocity agreement is the Canadian farmer's opportunity. It gives an open market for all products of the farm. Then with such nicety has the agreement been drawn up that it is possible for the Dominion Government to abrogate the whole thing at any time if it fails to operate successfully.

There is much to gain; there is nothing to lose.

THE FRUIT QUESTION

In another column we gladly gave space to an interview with Mr. Adney, Secretary of the Carleton County Fruit Growers Association as showing not only that substantial progress which is being made in the practical direction of improving the character of our orchard output, but that we are in the way of proper recognition of one of our most important industries, that of fruit growing. This county is far in the lead of all other counties in its agricultural production generally, and it would hardly be straining the truth to suggest—for the benefit of the Department of Agriculture at Fredericton for instance, that we might also be so far in the lead also in fruit growing that there is no second worth speaking about, in this Province. In the large accomplishment of enterprise, Government cannot create initiative, which remains as always the work of the individual; the most it can accomplish is to lend encouragement, while on the other hand its power to discourage is vastly great. There would seem to us to be no clearer evidence of this than in the attitude taken by the Hazen Government toward this county in respect to what has been, and ought to continue to be, one of most important and profitable products of the soil. Veritable and absolute neglect, an entire and complete letting alone, provided it were impartially extended to the whole Province, would at least not discourage individual initiative. By individual efforts alone the foundations were laid and a respectable business created, and fruit of unexcelled quality brought to the doors of homes where none existed before, and this was done by Carleton county, which has now also a creditable export. The solution of the problem of successful commercial orcharding, in this Province, was found here. But the acts of the Laundry regime, shown by exhibitions and advertisements intended to attract immigration to other parts of New Brunswick were got up in the grossest violation of the rights to this producing county to at least passing recognition, and even through the pen this "horticulturalist" pushing home and making clear the intention to ignore and deprive us of our just dues, in

the reports of the Department of Agriculture, and elsewhere, by statements grossly erroneous, is utterly discouraging. At least, this would be the tendency. Far better had the Hazen Government not undertaken to tinker with the fruit tree question at all than to antagonize the interests of a county with the record that Carleton has in fruit growing. Of course we do not know just what report the Federal Government will make, but we can be assured that we will be dealt with some attempt, at least at impartiality. It was doubtless merely accidental, just happened so, that the Commissioner of the Fruit Division at Ottawa visited Carleton County before taking in the capital and the great apple section below there. But it was of course only fit and proper that he should have started here, as he practically did. Possibly Mr. Turney, the Horticulturalist, employed by the local Government, would have found more to admire if he likewise had visited Woodstock, for instance, before settling down amid the pleasant vistas and congenial environments of the Capitol.

Controversy Continued.

DEAR EDITOR—It has never been my ambition to engage in a newspaper encounter nor do I now intend to do so, but I notice a letter from the pen of Rev. Mr. Rideout in the last issue of your paper in connection with the Orange Lodge, Simonds.

1st. I might say I have not been a member of the lodge very long but I fully believe in being governed by the Constitution and Laws of the Loyal Orange Association. According to the history of this lodge the Constitution has been broken.

2nd. Allow me to state, Mr. Editor, that the lodge was dormant when the hall was burned. If this is so according to Mr. Rideout's letter, Rule 87, Page 35 has been violated. "Any Primary Lodge which shall not meet for six consecutive months shall be considered dormant."

3rd. Every cent of the insurance of that hall should have been paid to Mr. Smith, providing we go by Rule 127, Page 44. "When a lodge becomes dormant, it shall be the duty of the Master of the next superior lodge to demand and take possession of the warrant and all other property in the name and on behalf of the lodge which he represents. Any claim for rents which may be standing against the property of the lodge shall be liquidated by the lodge which has taken possession of the property; and any member or members who shall apply for such property thereafter, shall first re-imburse said lodge in the amount paid by it. Any member who shall under any circumstances retain or refuse to give up possession of a dormant lodge shall be expelled from the Association."

4th. Supposing a church is destroyed by fire whose interest had gone down and the few members in good standing did not desire to rebuild. Now supposing this church is insured. Who could get the insurance? Would it be divided among those few members who are in good standing? No! I say if these members did not rebuild the insurance would be received by the denomination whose Home Mission board would use this amount which they received for denominational purposes. Therefore Lodge No. 57 should pay the money they received as insurance for their hall to the Master of the next superior lodge.

5th. The Rev. Mr. Rideout claims that the members of Lodge No. 57 were advised by moral and legal authority inside the order higher than Mr. S. W. Smith need ever aspire for, Mr. Smith has held some office ever since he united with the order, and at present he is County Master.

I do not know any Orangemen better versed in Orangism than Mr. Smith for the time he has been a member. I claim Mr. Rideout owes Mr. Smith an apology for the above statement. Let the spirit of brotherly love rule our Loyal Orange Association.

C. S. YOUNG.

The Fruit Outlook

Continued from first page

Woodstock and district." Consequently commencing the work at St. Stephen, the next place the Commissioner visited was Woodstock, where he spent all day of the 20th, visiting the principal orchards nearby. I had requested being notified some time in advance so as to have some fruit-growers meet him, but neither Mr. Bunting's letter nor telegram reached me. However, in view of our enviable record in

this Province, as the starting point of all the orchards that amount to very much commercially, in the whole Province, I had no hesitation in starting in with our very oldest orchards, beginning with the old Sharp orchard (now Wm. McCloskey's) of an acre and a quarter (New Brunswick) planted about 1860, and still turning out annually its 200 barrels of fine apples. Several observations of the commissioners are well worth noting and I am doubtless at liberty to repeat them. Surprised that orchards as old as these are still bearing such crops; that orchards showing so little evidence of care are doing so well; and astonishment at the great crops on the trees (N. B. and Crimson Beauty,) the like of which they do not see in Ontario. And lastly, he was especially desirous of knowing why people are not going stronger into commercial orcharding in the face of what we have to show. The orchards visited were all those planted by Sharps, the wonderful and admitted success of which has been attributed solely to their "exceptional skill" as horticulturalists, so that I particularly regretted not being able to show him other orchards equally successful that have from the start been, and still are, in the care of other people. I had the thermometrical tables to offer showing that as to temperatures the difference between this upper country and the Lower Valley does not amount to more than a hundredth of a degree, and if then our orchards, without care, so to speak, are making this splendid showing, our soil must be one of the best in the world for apples, and indeed this is the case, for besides its right mechanical character, we have the oxide of iron and lime which are essential to the highest quality—the lack of which accounts for the well known inferior quality of Western apples. Mr. Bunting expects to have his report finished in time for a convention of Canadian Fruit Growers to be held at Ottawa in the near future.

An Aroostook Opinion.

The great pro-Canada, un-American, un-republican undemocratic, unjust reciprocity bill which has been having its airing in Washington finally passed last Saturday by a vote of 58 to 27.

President Taft affixed his signature on Wednesday, and thus goes into effect, as far as our government is concerned, this travesty on fairness, this parody on right. From the start it has apparently been legislation by coercion. The members of congress did not dare to oppose the administration for fear of losing federal patronage. And this they

must have in order to "stand in" with their clientele, if they ever hope to be elected to succeed themselves. The executive has been persistent, insistent, inconsistent. Persistent in insisting that his hobby become law, and inconsistent with all republican platforms since the party was organized. The bill is rank class legislation of the ultra unfair kind. Aimed directly at the agricultural interests of our country OPENING THE FLOODGATES OF COMPETITION WITHOUT REMUNERATION, and protecting the manufacturing interests. In reality, it seems as if its main object were to favor the cities at the expense of the rural districts.

The measure now goes to the Canadian Parliament. Premier Laurier is as determined that it shall pass as was Pres. Taft. He insists that if the bill is not promptly passed that he will dissolve parliament at once. FROM A CANADIAN STANDPOINT RECIPROCITY OUGHT TO BE EFFECTIVE AS IT OPENS, WITHOUT EXPENSE, OUR VAST MARKETS TO THEIR AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

—Caribou Republican.

RIVER DE CHUTE.

Mr. and Mrs. George McPhail of Woodstock, with Master Gordon and little Miss Marion, have been guests of their brothers, the Millers, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Niles of Andover, were in River de Chute Sunday. D. B. Baird spent Sunday at Westfield, Me., with Walter and Joseph Tweedie, who formerly lived at River de Chute.

Madley Miller made a business trip to Woodstock Friday.

The people of this vicinity are looking forward to the building of the St. John Valley Railroad. It will certainly be a great convenience. Though two expresses go north and south daily, and there is a siding only a few rods from the ferry the train will not stop. In order to catch the early express one has to leave his bed sometime in the middle of the night, hustle out the poor sleepy ferryman, and drive to Upper Kent, nearly two miles away. It's a very pleasant experience.

River de Chute friends of Mrs. Donald Fraser, of Plaster Rock, were shocked to hear of her sudden death. Mrs. Fraser was well known and greatly liked in River de Chute, and much sympathy is expressed for the family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mavor of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCain, Florenceville, and Mr. and Mrs. Alex P. Ritchie of Greenfield, were here Wednesday to attend the funeral of their mother, Mrs. John Miller.

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.

MILLINERY

Should you need a New Hat Made to Order
Call Quick, My Milliner will be out of the
store from August 10 to August 25.

HATS ALLREADY MADE-UP

Will be Sold at a Much Reduced Price during August.

August Sale of Wall Paper

It may seem late to buy Wall Paper, we
stock the whole year, during August you
can get enough paper to brighten up your
home at this store for 30 to 50 cents for
each room.

Ladies Suits in Cloth Linen and Duck

At Cost to Close. Also Rain Coats, Childrens Cotton and Linen
Suits from age 3 to 10, 86 cents to \$1.68 less than cost to clear

Hartland Farmers' Exchange

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR



Boys' Wash Suits

Wear-resisting Washable Suits that will stand the frequent rubbings that lusty youngsters of the mud-pie age are sure to give them.
Large variety of styles in popular and durable materials.

Sizes 3 to 8 years.

We know a few things about dressing little fellows properly and well.
Come in and see if we can demonstrate it.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

50,000

FARM LABORERS

WANTED

IN WESTERN CANADA

IN A FEW DAYS

WATCH FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

IF YOU
WILL
COME



and try on a few Oxfords from our magnificent stock, you can learn more concerning them than in any other way.

You will discover the beauty of the style, the perfection of the fit, the goodness of the leathers and the excellence of the workmanship in a manner that will be of more benefit to us than anything we might say concerning them. Seeing is believing. Come and see.

H. R. NIXON

COLLECTORS NOTICE

The following named non-resident rate-payers of School District No. 12, in the Parishes of Aberdeen and Peel, in the county of Carleton, is hereby notified, that unless its School Rates, as below mentioned, together with the costs of this advertisement are paid, within two months from this date, proceedings will be taken as provided by law for the collection of said rates:

	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
Sussex Boot & Shoe Co.	\$13.61	\$3.28	\$3.28	\$3.29	\$3.74	\$3.42

Dated the Tenth day of July A. D. 1911.

W. F. ARNAND,

Secretary to School Trustees

School District number 12

West Glassville, Carleton Co., 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's is the only up-to-date Barber in Hartland. Work done twice as quick as anywhere else.

OLD FACES MADE NEW

Local News and Personal Items

The question is—Will it be Flemming up against Carvell?

Many will go west on the harvesters' excursion today.

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

Mrs. H. M. Stevens, Somerville, returned Tuesday from a four week's visit in St. John.

S. S. Miller and family left today for their annual outing at the Ledges.

Gentlemen's White and fancy Summer Vests just the thing for hot weather at Carr's.

Rev. S. W. Schurman and family are visiting their former home in Nova Scotia.

Go to Arthur Estabrooks for fruit of all kinds.

James McLeod of Wilnot, recently mowed 14 acres of hay and hauled in ten loads the same day.

Blacksmith Coal, Brick, Lime, Cement Hair is for sale at Carr's.

Henry Tedlie, postmaster at Lower Brighton, was a caller here today.

Just received one car best Cement in bags and barrels also expected this week one car Lime at the Department Store.

Eight rafts belonging to the Peel Lumber Co. went adrift today. A part of the lumber was saved.

If you want good clean building sand get it from A. R. Rugby, don't need screening.

A subscriber writes: "Will some reader of the OBSERVER give a recipe for tomato preserves?"

This paper from now until Jan. 1st, for only 10 cents. Subscribe now.

Miss Hatfield, of Limestone, who has been visiting Mrs. H. H. Hatfield, returned home on Tuesday.

A line of Misses Shoes 11-2. Pebble Leather, Patent Tips. Regular \$1.25 for 89 cents to close at Carr's.

N. W. Brown, expositor of the Canadian annuities plan, spoke at Mount Pleasant on Monday night.

For particulars about Bug Death drop a card to A. R. Rigby, Hartland, N. B.

I. C. Yetton of Houlton, has accepted a job on the OBSERVER. Mr. Yetton is a printer of many years' experience.

Mrs. Cheney of Arrow Head, B. C., is spending the summer with her uncle, James Scarran, at Mount Pleasant.

For Sale: A 30 horse power Cadillac Auto engine running perfectly. Price \$200. Mrs. Wm. Love, Glassville.

Miss Lillian Clark and William Crandemire of Mount Pleasant, were married on Tuesday. They took the southbound express for a wedding trip.

A. S. Estabrooks has a few 14karat solid gold wedding rings which he will dispose of at bargain prices.

Mrs. John Foulds of Lynn, Mass., and Mrs. James Hamilton, of Woodstock, have been visiting at the home of Scott Sipprell.

Lost: A black Waterman fountain pen. The finder will please leave it at the OBSERVER office. Pen was lost several weeks ago.

Herbert Aiton has gone to Benton to relieve the C. P. R. operator there and Mr. McClusky of Grand Falls, is taking his place.

Bug Death will stop the rust even during a wet season, and sure Death to the Bugs, and increases your crop more than the cost.

Young Alex Miller comes to the OBSERVER with this question: What two letters may be used to spell the word candy? The answer will be given next week.

For Sale: A fine 2 year old colt, bay, dark points, weighs 1200 pounds. Harmony stock. Apply to Smith Page, Coldstream, N. B.

A deal has been practically closed whereby Estey & Curtis Limited will acquire the brick block owned by J. T. G. Carr. Mr. Carr will retire from general merchandising and the rapid growth of trade makes it necessary that Estey & Curtis seek larger quarters. The transfer will probably be made within six weeks.

Mrs. Amelia Boyer, St. John, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

WANTED—A second or third class female teacher for School District No. 11, East Brighton. Apply to A. H. Robinson, East Brighton, Car. Co., N. B.

A letter from S. W. Smith is unavoidably left out of this issue. It concerns the Orange hall at Middle Simonds, and will be printed next week.

Dr. Jewett will return from his vacation Aug. 1st. He will be in his office at Hartland, Monday, Aug. 7th, and every Monday as formerly.

MARRIED—Woodstock, July 26, by Rev David Jenkins, surrogate, John Angus McNutt of Houlton and Kathleen Jane Collens, daughter of John and Kathleen Collens of Blissfield, N. B.

In a terrible head-on collision on the B. & A. on Friday evening eight people were killed outright and many more injured, many of whom were Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield people. George Estabrooks, a brother of Mel. Estabrooks of Hartland, received such injuries that he died on Sunday. He was a brakeman. The remains were brought to Hartland on Monday and a funeral sermon was preached in the Baptist church. Burial took place at Lakeville.

Commenting on the OBSERVER's remark that Aroostook papers are still announcing that A. R. Gould was to build an electric road from St. John to Grand Falls and operate it by electricity, the Caribou Republican says: "The OBSERVER may, inside of twelve months, be hunting for words to retract the above without to much crow eating for a side-dish." We would inform the Republican that Mr. Gould may have interested the provincial government with his trolly proposal, but he has so far failed to impress the Ottawa authorities.

BATH

Rev A. H. McLeod of Fredericton Junction occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church here last evening.

A large contingent of non partisan admirers of F. B. Carvell went to Woodstock on Saturday night to meet him on his return from the Coronation.

Rev J. H. Puddington is making a visit in Queen's County this week.

The results of Normal School entrance exams have been received. The pupils from this school who passed are Miss Jessie Squires and Miss Ethel Simons for first class and Miss Florence Puddington for second class which speaks well for Bath School.

The buildings under construction to take the place of those destroyed by the recent fire are being rapidly pushed.

George Raymond and Brother of Boston Mass. are spending a few days with old Carleton County friends.

C. W. Perlee is spending a week at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clark of Fort Fairfield are spending a few days with friends here.

Miss Pierce of Richibucto is spending the holidays with friends here.

Miss Pierce is a daughter of Rev. Thos. Pierce a former Methodist Clergyman of this field.

Dr. Joseph Gallagher, B. A., M. D., of Montreal, is spending his holidays here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gallagher.

Reciprocity is now the town talk; the way this Parish will vote is already determined, which is in favor.

A Reasonable View.

If reciprocity is an objectionable thing, if it is dangerous, if it would damage the country, surely by allowing it to pass now the Conservative party would come into power six months or a year hence because of the public dissatisfaction which—the Tories say—will follow the trade agreement. No; the Conservatives are afraid to allow the country to try reciprocity, because they are persuaded that Canada will be so pleased with its results as to have no patience with the men who have been denouncing and delaying the agreement. — St John Telegraph.

Found, while crossing the river bridge on Monday morning, a sum of money. Apply to Fred H. Stevens, Hartland.

LIBERAL CONVENTION!

A Convention of the Liberal party of the County of Carleton will be held in the

Hayden-Gibson Theatre, Woodstock
MONDAY EV'G. AUG. 7

AT 7.30

For the purpose of Nominating a Candidate in the Election about to be held for a Member of the House of Commons of Canada

All Friends of

Reciprocity and Honest Government are Cordially Invited to Attend

Victoria, N. B. Aug. 1, 1911 F. R. SHAW, Chairman

Percheron for Sale: Sound, Smooth and kind, and in good order. He is four years old, weighs over 1200 pounds; also a bay horse of 1100 pounds. These horses should go quickly. Apply to ALLEN WATERS, Upper Brighton.

BOHAN BROS.

BATH Buyers of Produce of all Kinds at Highest Cash Prices International Harvester Co's Farm Machinery BEST IN THE WORLD W. P. Jones, K. C. Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc. WOODSTOCK N. B.

Miles Sherwood

Dealer in Fresh Meats of all kinds Buyer and Shipper of Hides FLORENCEVILLE, N. B. T. B. THISTLE, Hartland, N. B.

MANLEY H. CRAIG Deputy Land Surveyor and Timber Land Estimator Telephone 61-23. PERTH, N. B.

BREAD like MOTHER used to make. Fine Confectionery and Soft Drinks. SIMMS

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.

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 you.

Wedding Invitations!

None finer produced in New Brunswick than those that come from The Observer Office, Hartland, N. B.

On the Farm

THE DAIRY COW

There is no phase of the dairy business that needs more study or more careful management than does the breeding of the cow, writes W. M. Kelly.

Upon the cow depends success or failure and we must, after selecting her, look to her care and her feed, and to the handling of her products.

The fact that dairymen have devoted more attention to other phases of their dairying than to the breeding and development of the cow is one of the reasons why so many of our dairy herds are not capable of returning a profit from their food and cost of attendance.

We are often asked which is the best breed of dairy cattle to select for the dairy? To such men I would say that there is no best breed. Some think because they have Jerseys they are on the royal road to success. Others think that the Holsteins will bring prosperity to the farm.

This is a bad mistake, for scrubs are very common among the pure breeds, and a pure-bred scrub is without doubt the worst scrub of all.

Select cows having individual excellence as determined by the Babcock test and scales in starting a herd. Better and more uniform results of breeding may be secured if the animals are of one type of breed and great care should be exercised in getting individuals which possess to a certainty the characteristics we desire to perpetuate in the herd.

What we dairymen want is a herd of cows that will give a profit at the pail, whether pure-breds or grades. The ones that will produce a pound of butter or cheese the cheapest are the ones that we want to keep in our herds.

We have a number of improved breeds of dairy cows that represent the skill of years in their perfection but in adopting any of these breeds we should consider the conditions and environments under which they have been developed in their original homes and then plan to make our care and feed and general management conform to the conditions under which the breed have been developed.

If a man has Jerseys, give them the care of Jersey care and feed for they cannot succeed on scrub fare and fodder. They were not intended for that purpose.

The Jersey cow is a delicate, nervous machine and requires warmth, kindness and liberal feeding to make her profitable.

If Holsteins are selected do not expect them to thrive on closely cropped, scanty pastures where they are compelled to rustle all day to gather sufficient food.

Give them the care they were developed under, large amounts of succulent forage and well cured hay, warm stables and kind treatment.

You may get pure-breds if you can afford them, but all farmers are not able to buy pure-breds. However, always use a pure-bred sire.

The breeding bull always represents half the value of the breeding power of the herd if it is desired to grow calves for the dairy.

Select him from some of the well-known families of the breed and be sure that he possesses prepotency which gives promise of being a good calf-getter.

A bull of this kind will give you excellent results in improving the herd. Some of the best herds in the country are high grades that have resulted from the continued use of good sires.

In order to be successful as breeders we must learn some of the lessons associated with our stock; have an ideal type of our minds and always in our selection and mating be seeking to improve the type and standard in our herd.

The best special purpose animal is none too good. Never strive to produce a general purpose animal by mixing beef and dairy breeds. Aim to produce the animal whose special characteristic is the cheap production of a pound of butter or a gallon of milk.

Always seek to have the crosses in harmony. Do not mate extremes. Vigor and constitution are two essentials. Unless a cow possesses vigor in constitution she will make a poor breeder.

Do not inbreed unless you have a definite object in view, such as intensifying some particular good quality and then do it by breeding the sire to some of his own get.

This should not be followed up too closely. Plan to have the heifers drop their first calves at about 24 or 30 months of age. Their offspring will be more vigorous and there will be better results than by forcing an immature animal to bear progeny.

Breed cows are large feeders. Feed them a liberal ration of milk-producing foods and give them the best of care. Keep in mind that had qualities are more easily transmitted than the good ones.

SUMMER COOKING

is made easy by the use of

BOVRIL

It saves time, fuel and trouble.

Your Cream Soups may replace a meat course at luncheon by adding to them a little Bovril, for Bovril is concentrated beef.

HEALTH

EXERCISES FOR THE NECK.

It is a fact that most people who have passed the age of childhood stand in need of some form of definite exercise in order to keep their muscles from settling down into the sluggish inactivity of middle age, which brings so many physical drawbacks in its train. Normal children exercise without being told to do so, because it is their nature to play, and play is the very best form of exercise, especially if it takes place outdoors. But most of those who have passed from childhood do not keep supple and limber with play, and therefore it follows that they must, or should, do it with work.

There are certain special exercises that are not attended to nearly enough. They are the movements of the neck and throat which control the head movements. Any one can test this for himself by slowly turning the chin from shoulder to shoulder and back again, performing what is called the resistant exercise—that is to say, forcing the head slowly round and at the same time making the opposing muscles resist the impulse. The immediate result will in most cases be an astonishing lameness and stiffness, so great as to cause actual pain, but in only the measure may wait for the pain is only the measure of how much the exercise is needed.

The joining of the head to the body is intended to be as supple and as comfortable as it is strong, and when it gives its owner the feeling of being like a lot of old machinery that needs oiling, that is just what it is, and nothing will put it in shape so quickly as constantly repeated resistant exercises.

They should be not only from side to side, but also forward and backward, first pressing down until the chin almost rests on the neck, and then back until the face is almost horizontal. The backward exercise is very valuable, as the muscles at the base of the skull can give a lot of trouble unless they are kept up to their work.

The value of the exercises will be recognized when it is remembered that exercise of the neck muscles must necessarily improve the circulation of the blood through the head. Poor circulation anywhere in the body soon gives rise to pain and trouble, and it is small wonder that that should be the case in the region where the most delicate special organs are placed, to say nothing of the brain, which controls them all.

The exercises should be resistant because twice as much can be done in half the time with them. They are, in fact, exercise with an apparatus, only the apparatus is the muscles themselves, and they can be recommended for the purpose as both inexpensive and handy. — Youth's Companion.

TURKISH DOCTOR'S OATH.

The oath which young doctors take in Turkey when they come before the medical examining board contains the following pledge: "That when I am called at the same time by two different patients the one rich and the other poor, I will accept the call of the poor without taking into consideration the money offered, and will do my best for his treatment, and that I will never decline to answer any call, day or night, during the reign of common diseases or of an epidemic of contagious disease."



Bald Patron—Here! I've rubbed this dope on my head for three weeks without result, yet you said it would grow hair on a billiard ball.

"Well, how do you expect it to grow hair on a billiard ball when you rub it on your head?"—Life.

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS DOING

INTERESTING BITS OF NEWS FROM THE STATES.

Items From the Big Republic of Interest to the Canadian Reader.

Twenty million fire crackers, more or less, and about a million Chinese "torpedoes" arrived in New York on one boat.

A Brooklyn bride had wedding presents valued at \$2,000 stolen from her home the night before the ceremony.

To get money to send her sick husband to England, a Greek woman living in New York advertised her nine-month-old baby for sale. A Passaic priest at a wedding in his church denounced rice throwing as a superstition, and forbade those present to continue the practice.

Married sixteen years ago, Mrs. John Kondra, of Yonkers, N.Y., aged forty-one, wife of a sugar refinery employee, has given birth to her twentieth child.

Governor Dix has signed the bill prohibiting children under 10 years of age from entering pool or billiard rooms or public bowling alleys in the State of New York.

Bitten by a dog last October, a Fishkill, N.Y., woman is slowly dying, without one symptom of rabies, but slowly because of her hourly fear that the disease will appear.

Justice Grannan, of Baltimore, declares that automobiles should not be driven at a speed greater than 4 miles an hour in approaching and crossing intersecting streets.

At the petition of a little girl's father four policemen were placed on guard to divert automobile traffic from a certain New York street on the day of her crisis with diphtheria.

A Boston woman who has just died left directions that her age and birthplace should be left off her monument and that no crane or purple wrappings should be used at her funeral.

Dr. F. H. Brobst, for many years a practicing physician in Reading, Penn., has left for a two-year trip abroad the world. Before leaving he issued a statement cancelling all professional debts owed him.

The confession of a Chicago business man revealed the existence of a "freeing trust," which burns business houses for hire and shares in the insurance money.

White Plains, N.Y., women are urging the passing of an old-fashioned curfew law, which will forbid children under 16 years of age to be on the street after 8 o'clock at night in summer and after 9 o'clock in winter.

Because he failed to register when he began to study law, Robert Alphonse Taft, son of President Taft, was not allowed to take the State bar examination in Columbus, O., and he will have to wait two years.

Having lost in Wall Street speculation in about sixty days the fortune of \$25,000 which she inherited from her parents about eight months ago, Miss Ursula Ross, twenty-three years old, made an unsuccessful attempt to poison herself.

After selling her umbrella for two cents to gratify her passion for moving picture shows, a New Brunswick, N.J., twelve-year old girl became so discontented with her colorless existence that she attempted to poison herself on reaching home.

ON ITS GOOD BEHAVIOR.

English Society Drinks Less and Goes Early to Bed.

"It looks as if the younger generation would soon become altogether given up to temperance," says a writer in the English Gentleman. "Not only at clubs and places where men most do congregate does one remark this, but even at dinner parties and balls, where lemonade and barley water are far more in demand than the alcoholic beverages without which our fathers and grandfathers never thought of eating a meal."

"I fear, for instance, that a dinner party to a dozen guests was given by a very exalted couple indeed a week or two ago, and no champagne at all was provided, because experience had shown that hardly a glass would be consumed. Such a state of things would certainly make hosts and hostesses of the Victorian era rub their eyes in astonishment, and it remains to be seen what effect it will have on the coming generation, whether the boys and girls of the future will be stronger and better or per contra with much less spirit and stamina."

English society is witnessing other significant changes, like the advancement of the dinner hour, and now it is declared that social celebrities are not seen as much at restaurant suppers as they were. The change is said to be so noticeable that it is concluded that supper parties may become Bohemian again instead of smart, as they have been for a number of years.

PAPER BAG COOKERY IS NEW

REDUCTION IN NUMBER OF COOKING UTENSILS.

The Discovery of a New York Chef May Revolutionize Cooking.

Presiding over the kitchen of Brooks' Club, New York, is a magician whose magic is likely to revolutionize cooking, says the London Chronicle.

He is M. Soyer, and briefly stated his discovery that food which is enclosed in a paper bag and put into an oven is cooked far more quickly than by the old method. Food cooked in this way loses neither weight nor nutriment. The envelope in which it is enclosed prevents evaporation, and all the essences are retained. Minor, yet substantial, benefits are a reduction in the number of cooking utensils.

Mr. Soyer prepared the following dishes in just over an hour: Loins of lamb, 45 minutes; chicken, 35 minutes; "army stew," 30 minutes; sautéed mackerel, 5 minutes; roasted apples, 15 minutes; veal and ham pie, 35 minutes; currant cakes, 20 minutes; apple tart, 10 minutes; bonne bouche (puff paste) 10 minutes; chop, 10 minutes.

ABSOLUTE SIMPLICITY.

What strikes one most in the new cookery is its absolute simplicity. Every cook, even the plainest of them, may become a cordon bleu. The loins of lamb was put into the paper bag without even the companionship of a dressing of flour. Three-quarters of an hour later, to the minute, it emerged from the oven, and the scorched but intact envelope was removed. The joint was of a delicate golden tint, and was accompanied on the dish by a generous quantity of gravy. Judged by the supreme test, the meat was tender and juicy.

PAPER MUST BE PURE.

Something should be said about the paper. It must, of course, be pure and devoid of obnoxious chemicals. When there is a wide demand for it, as there must be presently, the supply will meet it. The paper is not expensive—for a middle-class family it need not cost more than 36 cents a week—and, when the saving in utensils and labor in cleaning them is taken into account, the economy of the new process is evident. Enclosed in a paper bag, the food is exposed to heat, which opens the pores of the meat and melts the marrow. Nothing is lost, because there is no evaporation, and careful experiments have proved that the weight of the cooked food is exactly the same as the weight of the raw material.

And there is no smell. When paper bag cookery becomes the vogue, no more will a bouquet of varied odors greet the guest who dines at a small house or flat where the kitchen is close to the dining room. The scent of the food, like other essences, is retained until it serves its proper purpose of titillating appetite.

A citron voile blouse, shown in one of the shops, had a striped effect in steel beads. A yoke was outlined in silver thread over a peacock blue foundation.

The Best Preserves

If the house-wife uses her preserving knowledge to best advantage, obtains the best fruit and uses none but

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar, the preserving will be done right and satisfaction will be hers.

FOR YOUR Use Redpath Red Seal Paraffin Lumps packed in East-proof Containers. All Grocers.

THE CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL. Established in 1844 by John Redpath.

MURDERER MAY ESCAPE.

German Law Protects His Execution for Lack of Identification.

A murderer lying under sentence of death at Posen, Germany, is likely to escape execution because his identity cannot be established. The circumstances surrounding the doomed man are extraordinary, and by a remarkable turn of fate he may eventually go free, although it has been proved beyond all doubt that he is guilty of the assassination.

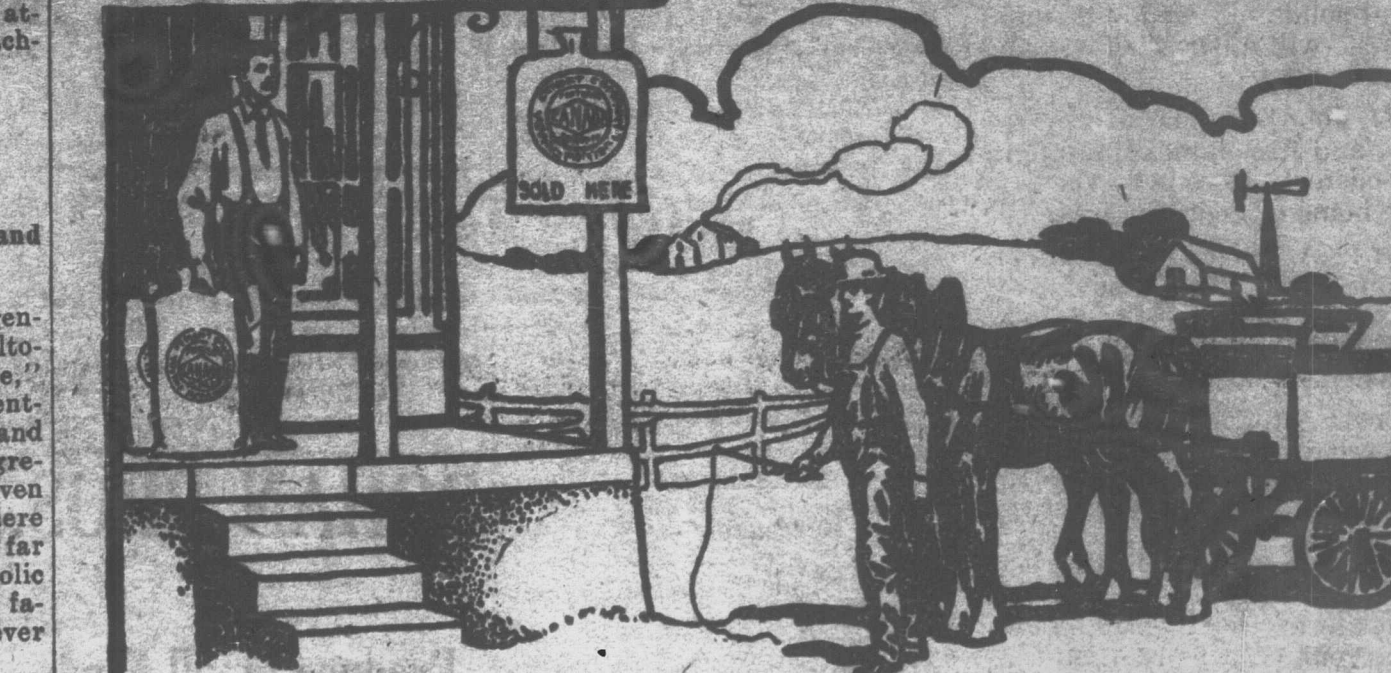
Some months ago the prisoner, who gave the name of Robert Kinzie, was tried for robbing and murdering a butcher named Koscielski. The charge was proved against him and he was condemned to death.

When the newspapers recording the trial reached America an old German couple named Kinzie there learned to their horror their son, Robert, was a murderer. Facts given in the report as to the date and place of the murderer's birth seemed to leave no doubt.

The old people were not satisfied, however, for when last heard from their son was in Calcutta. They instituted enquiries and learned that their son was still in India, and that he was in total ignorance of the murder and the trial. In explanation of the similarity of names, he stated that many years before some one had stolen his passport and other papers, and added that the criminal might be the thief.

These facts were presented to the Posen court, and it was proved that the prisoner was not Robert Kinzie at all, but, although he admits that his conviction was just, he refuses to state who he is. As the German law declares that no man may be executed unless his identity is made plain, and as the police have utterly failed to ascertain who the false "Robert Kinzie" really is, it looks as though the murderer will live.

"Let us not waste our time," yelled the temperance lecturer. "Let us not waste our time in dealing with small saloons and beerhops. Let us go to the fountain head. Let us go to the brewery, my friends." "All right, boss," chimed in an old soaker from a back seat, "I'm with you."



\$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

When you enter the Canada Cement Prize Contest, your dealer will assist you. Consult him in reference to conditions of the contest. Enter all questions of doubt to the contest. Confer with him when his experience and advice and his knowledge of our plan would seem helpful.

Don't hesitate about doing this. We have requested him to assist to the best of his ability any farmer in his locality competing in this contest—whether it's a matter involving the application of cement, or how to go about winning one of the prizes offered in this contest. Do you realize that you have as good a chance as the next man to win one of these prizes? There are four for each Province, as follows: PRIZE "A"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of bags of "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "B"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who in 1911 uses the most "CANADA" Cement on his farm for the greatest number of purposes. PRIZE "C"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "D"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who submits the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of work shown by accompanying photograph was done.

Contest will close on November 4th, 1911, and as soon as possible thereafter, prizes will be awarded. Be sure and get a copy of our Contest Circular, telling all about the contest. Ask your dealer for one or use the attached coupon, if you find it more convenient. In writing us, mention whether you have received your copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," a profusely illustrated 100-page book, which tells you how to build with concrete, so that you can do much of the work yourself. It's a mighty handy and useful book, and should save you many a dollar. Farmers who have received it, say it is splendid. Write to-night and it will go back to you with Prize Contest Folder, by return mail.

Canada Cement Company, Limited, Montreal

Fashion Hints

NEW IDEAS.

Taffeta is much used for evening gowns.

Waist lines are high and big—no wasp waists this year.

Etamine is extremely popular in every degree of weave.

Plain leather belts are fashionable, especially in black and white. An effective material for summer dresses has a border done in bead effect.

Striking is a white cotton-muslinette bordered in a design of yellow wheat.

Buttons will match the dress in color.

Wide colored ribbon and narrow widths of silk are used in all sorts of sash effects.

The charming narrow, detached train remains with us for at least another season.

Wide bands of lace finished with a border of ribbon are much used to trim skirts and tunics.

In most of the tailored coats the sleeves are like those in men's overcoats, put in without fullness at the top, cut straight and finished off with a small turnback cuff or a few buttons.

Most every smart gown boasts some touch of lace, either in its wee guimpe or chemisette or somehow worked into the surplice-like bodices now so fashionable.

"Tote de negro" straw is much favored for mourning. It rarely fades and is dark enough to match any color, at the same time being a little softer than black.

Silk suits are now being made up in military style. Striped revers, collars and cuffs, braid and buttons and military turns of the peplums of jackets are in evidence.

The vogue for transparent fabrics has extended till voile and farquissette are now used for this little unlined Eton jackets and boleros and trimmed with silk braid or bands of satin or taffeta.

Black velvet bands, one or two, studded with gold or jeweled buckles, are for the classic style of coiffure, while the more coquettish girl uses them finished with a

UNDER TWO FLAGS By "OUIDA"

His thoughts drifted back over many varied scenes and changing memories



"I wish I had come straight to you, and"

of his service in Algeria as he lay there at the entrance of the shanty and reddened with the heat of the sun, he moved forward. Hours of reckless, headlong delight, when men grow drunk with bloodshed as with wine; hours of horrible, ungodly suffering, when the desert thirst had burned in his throat and the jagged lances been broken off at the hilt in his flesh, while above head the carrion birds wheeled, waiting their meal; hours of severe discipline, of relentless routine, of bitter deprivation, of campaigns hard as steel in the endurance they needed, in the misery they entailed; of military subjection, stern and unbending, a yoke of iron that a personal and pitiless tyranny weighted with persecution that was scarce less than hatred; of an implicit obedience that required every instinct of liberty, every impulse of pride and manhood and freedom to be choked down like crimes and buried as though they had never been; hours of all the chance of fortune of a soldier's life in hill wars and desert raids passed in memory through his thoughts now where he was stretched, looking dreamily through the film of his ebullient smile at the city of tents and the couchant forms of camels and the tall, white, slowly moving shapes of the lawless marauders of the sand plains.

"Is my life worth more under the French flag than it was under the English?" thought the chasseur, with a certain careless, indifferent irony on himself natural to him. "There I killed time—here I kill men. Which is the better pursuit, I wonder?" He was more silent and more meditative than seemed in keeping with a wild lion of the chasseur, whose daring and devilry had become a passport all over Africa till "What special exploit has he done today?" became the question put after every skirmish or expedition. But he was much more of a soldier than a thinker at any time, and, instead of following out the problem of the world's uses of its two raw materials, time and men, he found a subject more congenial in the discussion of stable science with the Emir.

The night was some way spent when the talk of wild pigeon blue mares and sorrel stallions closed between the Djed and his guest, and the French soldier, who had been sent hither from the Bureau Arabe with another of his comrades, took his way to the black and white tent prepared for him. As he opened the folds and entered, his fellow soldier, who was lying on his back with his heels much higher than his head and a short pipe in his teeth, tumbled himself up with a rapid somersault and stood bolt upright. "Beg pardon, sir! I was half asleep."

The chasseur laughed a little. "Don't talk English. Somebody will hear you one day."

"What's the odds if they do, sir?" responded the other. "It relieves one's feelings a little. All of 'em know I'm English, but never a one of 'em knows what you are. The name you was enrolled by won't really tell 'em nothing. They guess it ain't yours. That cute little chap, Tata, he says to me yesterday, 'You're always a-treating of your corporal like as if he was a prince.' 'Hang me,' says I, 'I'd like to see the prince as would hold a candle to him.' 'You're right there,' says the little un. 'There ain't his equal for taking off a beggar's head with a back sweep.'"

The corporal laughed a little again as he tossed himself down on the carpet.

"Well, it's something to have one virtue. But have a care what those chatterboxes get out of you."

"Lord, sir, ain't I been a-taking care these ten years? I've told 'em such a lot of amazing stories about where we been from that they've got half a million different styles to choose out of. Bless you, sir, you may let me alone for bamboozling of anybody!"

With which the speaker dropped on his knees and began to take off the trappings of his fellow soldier with as reverential service as though he were

a lord of the bedchamber serving a Louis Quatorze. The other motioned him gently away.

"No, no; I have told you a thousand times, sir, that we aren't and never will be and don't ought to be," replied the soldier doggedly, drawing off the spurred and dust-covered boots. "A gentleman's a gentleman, let alone what straits he falls into, but ceases to be one as he takes a service he cannot require or claims a superiority he does not possess. We have been fellow soldiers for 12 years."

"So we have, sir, but we are what we always was and always will be—one a gentleman, 'tother a scamp. If you think so be as I've done a good thing side by side with you now and then in the fighting, give me my own way and let me wait on you when I can. I can't do much on it when those other fellows' eyes is on us, but here I can and I will—begging your pardon—so there's an end of it. One may speak plain in this place, with nothing but them Arabs about, and all the army knows, well enough, sir, that if it weren't for that black devil, Chateauroux, you'd have had your officer's commission and your troop, too, long before now."

"Oh, no. There are scores of men in the ranks who merit promotion better far than I do. And—leave the colonel's name alone. He is our chief, whatever else he be."

The words were calm and careless, but they carried a weight with them that was not to be disputed. The other hung his head a little and went on, harnessing his corporal in silence, contenting himself with muttering in his throat that it was true for all that and the whole regiment knew it.

"You are happy enough in Algeria, eh?" asked the one he served as he stretched himself on the skins and carpets and drank down a sherbet that his self-attached attendant had made.

"I, sir? Never was so happy in my life, sir. I'd be discontented, indeed, if I wasn't. Always some spicy bit of fighting. If there aren't a fantasia, as they call it, in the field, there's always somebody to pot in a small way, and if you're lying by in the barracks there's always a scrimmage hot as pepper to be got up with fellows that love the row just as well as you do. It's life; that's what it is. It ain't rusting!"

"Then you prefer the French service?"

"Right and away, sir. But won't there never be no hope, sir?" he whispered, while his voice trembled a little under the long, fierce sweep of his yellow mustaches, "no hope of you ever being again?"

He stopped. He scarcely knew how to phrase the thoughts he was thinking. The other moved with a certain impatience.

"How often must I tell you to forget that I was ever anything except a soldier of France! Forget, as I have forgotten it!"

The audacious, irrepressible Rake, whom nothing could daunt and nothing could awe, looked penitent and ashamed as a chidden spaniel.

"I know, sir. I have tried many a year, but I thought perhaps as how his lordship's death—"

"No life and no death can make any difference to me except the death some day an Arab's lunge will give me, and that is a long time coming."

"Ah, for God's sake, Mr. Cecil, don't talk like this!"

The chasseur gave a short, sharp quiver and started at the name as if a bullet had struck him.

"Never say that again!"

Rake stammered a contrite apology.

"I never have done, sir—not for never a year, but I wrung it out of me like you talking of wanting death in that way."

"Oh, I don't want death," laughed the other, with a low, indifferent laughter that had in it a singular tone of sadness all the while. "I am not sure that I am not better amused in the chasseur than I was in the Household, specially when we are at war. I suppose we must be wild animals at the core, or we should never find such an infinite zest in the death grapple. Good night."

Now, long after his comrade had slept soundly, the Chasseur d'Afrique lay awake, letting his memory drift backward to a time that had grown to be to him as a dream, a time when another world than the world of Africa had known him as Bertie Cecil.

CHAPTER IV.

"O—H—H! We are a queer lot, a very queer lot—sweepings of Europe," said Claude de Chateauroux, dashing some vermuth off his golden mustaches where he lay full length on three chairs outside the cafe in the Place du Gouvernement, where the lamps were just lighted.

"Diamonds are often found in the ragpicker's sweepings," growled a general of division, who was the most terrible martinet in the whole of the French service, but who loved his men with a great love, and who would never hear another disparage them, however he might order them blows or exile them to Beyrick himself.

"You are poetic, my general," said Claude de Chateauroux, "but you are true. We are a furnace in which black-

guardism is burned into docility and turned out as charcoal. A fine manufacture that, and one at which France has no equal."

"We have a right to praise the blackguards," growled the general. "Without them our conscripts would be very poor trash. The conscript fights because he has to fight; the blackguard fights because he loves to fight—a great difference that."

The colonel of tirailleurs lifted his eyes—a slight, pale, effeminate, dark-eyed Parisian, who looked scarcely stronger than a hothouse flower, yet who, as many an African chronicler could tell, was as swift as fire, keen as steel, unerring as a leopard's leap, unflinching as an Indian on trail once in the field with his indigènes.

"In proportion as one loves powder one has been a scoundrel, my general," he murmured. "What the catalogue of your crimes must be!"

The tough old campaigner laughed grimly. He took it as a high compliment.

"The cardinal virtues don't send anybody, I guess, into African service. And yet I don't know. What fellows I have known! I have had men among my Zephrins—and they were the wildest scoundrels, too—that would have ruled the world. I have had more wit, more address, more genius, more devotion, in some headlong scamp of a private soldier than all the courtiers and cabinet ministers could furnish. Such lives, such lives too!"

"Faith," laughed Chateauroux, "if we all published our memoirs the world would have a droll book. The real recollections of sergeants that send us to the ranks would be soon found to be—"

"Women," growled the general. "Cards," sighed the colonel.

"Absinth," muttered another. "A comedy that was hissed."

"The spleen."

"The dice."

"The roulette."

"The natural desire of humanity to kill and get killed."

"Morbidity!" cried Chateauroux as the voices closed. "All those mischiefs beat the drum and send volunteers to the ranks, sure enough, but the general named the worst. Look at little Cora. The minister of war should give her the cross. She sends us ten times more fire than the conscription does. Five fine fellows joined today because she has stripped them of everything, and they have nothing for it but the service. She is invaluable, Cora. It was Cora d'Acier who was the rage in my time. She ate me up, that woman, in three months. I had not a hundred francs left. She stripped me as bare as a pigeon. Her passion was emeralds—uncut just then. Well, emeralds made an end of me and sent me out here. Cora d'Acier was a wonderful woman, and the chief wonder of her was that she was as ugly as sin. Hello! There is the handsome corporal listening. Ah, Bel-a-faire-pot, you fall too, among the Comra d'Acier ones, I will warrant!"

The chasseur, who was passing, paused and smiled a little as he sat down. "Cecile is the sex, monsieur, I fancy."

"Bahi. You beg the question. Did not a woman send you out here, eh?"

"No, monsieur—only chance."

"A fig for your chance! Women are the mischief that casts us adrift to chance."

"Monsieur, we cast ourselves sometimes."

"I doubt that. We should go straight enough if it were not for them."

The chasseur smiled again. "Monsieur le Vicomte thinks we are sure to be right, then, if for the key to every black story we ask, 'Who was she?'"

"Of course I do. Well, who was she? We are all quoting our tempers to-night. Give me your story, mon brave."

"Monsieur, you have it in the military records as well as my sword could write it."

"Good, good," muttered the listening general. The soldierlike answer pleased him, and he looked attentively at the giver of it.

Chateauroux's brown eyes flashed a bright response.

"And your sword writes in a brave man's fashion—writes what France loves to read. But before you wore your sword here? Tell us of that. It was a romance, wasn't it?"

"If it were, I have folded down the page, monsieur."

"Open it then. Come, what brought you out among us? Out with it!"

"Monsieur, direct obedience is a soldier's duty, but I never heard that inquisitive annoyance was an officer's privilege."

The words were calm, cold, a little languid and a little haughty. The manner of old habit, the instinct of buried pride, spoke in them and disregarded the barrier between a private of chassours and a colonel commandant who was also a noble of France.

Chateauroux flushed scarlet over his frank brow, and an instant's passion gleamed out of his eyes. The next he threw his three chairs down with a crash as he shook his mighty frame like an Alpine bog and bowed with a French grace, with a campaigner's frankness.

"A right rebuke, fairly given and well deserved. I thank you for the lesson."

The chasseur looked surprised and moved. In truth he was more touched than he showed. Under the rule of Chateauroux consideration or courtesy had been a thing long unknown to him. Involuntarily, forgetful of rank, he stretched his hand out on the impulse of soldier to soldier, of gentleman to gentleman. Then, as the bitter remembrance of the difference of rank and station between them flashed on his memory, he was raising it proudly, but deferentially, in the salute of a subordinate to his superior, when Chateauroux's grasp closed on it readily.

The chasseur colored slightly as he remembered that he had forgotten alike his own position and their relative stations.

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A GOOD POSITION

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Yours truly,
(Signed) E. O. SHIELDS, St. Marv's, N. B.

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It kills the Bugs and Prevents Rust.

FOR SALE AT THE

HARDWARE STORE

Don't take chances with Paris Green and BourJaux Mixture but get the sure thing.