

# THE OBSERVER

Vol. 3.

HARTLAND, N. B., Jan., 25, 1912.

No. 32.

## Visitors in Town

are especially invited to our store where the Big

## JANUARY SALE

is still going on.

### Men's Shirts & Drawers

Regular 60c for 45c  
" 75c for 65c  
" 85c for 70c  
" \$1.00 for 85c  
" 1.35 for 1.00

### Men's Top Shirts

Regular \$1.10 for 90c  
" 1.20 for 1.00  
" 1.50 for 1.10  
" 1.75 for 1.40

### Boy's Shirts & Drawers

Regular 30 to 40c for 25 to 35c

### Misses Vests & Drawers

Regular 35 to 45c for 30 to 38c

### Child's Vests & Drawers

Regular 25c for 20c.

### Ladies Vests & Drawers

Regular 55 for 45c

### Cotton Blankets--Large

Regular \$1.45 for \$1.30

### Men's One Buckle Over Shoes for

\$1.00 \$1.20 \$1.25 & \$1.40

### Job Lot Women's & Children's Hose

for 22 cents

Children's, Misses' and Women's  
Felt Slippers from 20c to \$1.50

And lots of other Bargains.  
Discounts on all Winter goods.

These prices are for Cash only, and no  
Coupons will be given unless goods are sold  
at the regular prices.

## THE DAYLIGHT

A. L. BAIRD - Hartland.

## WINTER is NEAR

Prepare for the cold sea-  
son with good warm  
clothing. Our stock of

### Foot Wear

especially

### Felt Goods

### Shoepax &c.

consists of everything that can be desired.



Our Stock of

## T Under-Clothing

is large and varied. We look specially to  
the comfort of men who work out of doors.

### Don't forget Nixon's SPECIAL

### Tea and Coffee.

They have stood the test of years and are selling better than  
ever. We have other Teas if you want them.

### To Establish an Electric Plant.

Quite a number of interested  
ratepayers attended a public  
meeting in Burt's hall on Mon-  
day evening to hear A. R. Rigby's  
proposal to establish an electric  
plant on the Becaguimac. He  
stated that the chief object of  
the meeting was to feel the local  
pulse as to the proposition. He  
spoke of certain opposing ele-  
ments working to establish a  
lighting system and said that  
possibly this desire came from a  
desire to check any development  
on the stream rather than be-  
cause it interfered with the in-  
terests already established there.  
Mr. Rigby referred to the failure  
to get legislation favorable to the  
scheme from the Hazen govern-  
ment and this year it was the in-  
tention of his company to see  
what the Flemming government  
would do for them.

In reply to a question as to the  
personnel of the company, Mr.  
Rigby said the proposed site of  
the dam and the land affected by  
the backflow was owned by and  
controlled by the provisional  
directors, who are E. T. Shaw,  
H. Blair Shaw, L. deC. MacIn-  
tosh and A. R. Rigby.

The speaker next read a peti-  
tion which it is proposed to send  
to the local government along  
with the Bill, which is practically  
the same as was asked for at  
the last session.

John T. G. Carr expressed him-  
self as favoring the proposition  
and spoke of the possibility of  
the industry being instrumental  
in the establishment of several  
lines of manufacturing, as for  
instance, the making of small  
wares from the refuse from the  
mills which now is sold for fire-  
wood.

Others called upon spoke in  
favor of the scheme in the hope  
of getting an electric lighting  
system if nothing more. At the  
close nearly everyone present  
signed the petition that is to go  
to the government.

### LASSOED A MOOSE TO SAVE ITS LIFE.

At Plaster Rock on Jan. 19,  
Seymour Trafton chief game war-  
den, assisted by three other men,  
lassoed and saved from drowning  
a spike-horn moose.

The animal was first seen walk-  
ing on the river ice near Mr.  
Trafton's home, and as the men  
approached it jumped into a air  
hole. Fearing that the young  
animal would drown, Mr. Trafton  
procured a rope, and after all  
hands had followed the moose  
first up and then down river, the  
chief game warden managed to  
lasso it when it was pulled out  
and liberated. Those assisting  
Mr. Trafton were Duncan Mac-  
Donald, Allen Berry and Charles  
Brown.

### HARVEY T. REID RHODES SCHOLAR.

### Hartland Boy Wins Honor at Acadia.

The Nova Scotia Rhodes Schol-  
arship for 1912 has been awarded  
to Harvey T. Reid, senior class  
of Acadia University. Mr. Reid,  
who is a son of John H. Reid of  
Hartland, entered Acadia in Oc-  
tober, 1908. From the beginning



HARVEY T. REID.

of his college course he has had  
very high standing in all subjects  
and has also found time to take  
part in athletic contests. He  
was the best full-back in the in-  
tercollegiate football league, and  
has also been a regular member  
of the Acadia baseball team and  
basketball team. He is very  
popular with his fellow students,  
who are all congratulating him  
on his appointment.

When the news reached here  
telegrams of congratulation were  
immediately sent from a host of  
friends.

Mr. Reid is no less popular at  
home than at college and a repu-  
tation as a baseball pitcher was  
largely won on the home team.

He is not yet 21 years of age.  
He graduated and took his ma-  
triculation examination at Wood-  
stock when he was 16 years of  
age and won the Carleton county  
scholarship. At Acadia he won  
the Ralph Manning scholarship  
in 1911, leading his class, and  
making the highest average in  
mathematics that was ever made  
at Acadia. During the past year  
he was editor-in-chief of the  
Athenaeum, the college paper,  
and he is the youngest member  
in his class, which numbers 75,  
and he is the third and youngest  
Rhodes scholar from Acadia.

Insure in the "Queen" and  
have the protection of the largest  
and wealthiest Fire office in the  
world. J. T. G. Carr, agent.

More and more people are com-  
ing to Arthur Estabrooks for the

## Mrs C. A. Phillips,

BRISTOL,

wishes to thank her Customers for the favors of  
the past year, and hopes that to each and every  
one of them fullest possible measure of good  
health and prosperity may come.

## The Big Sale of Small Things

still goes on at our store and the surprising  
amount of value in a few cents is the talk of the  
country round-about

We also are making Special Discounts on Heavy  
Winter Goods while it is yet winter.

Through an error of The Observer Phillips' ad  
was omitted from this place in the last two issues.  
Look for it here, always. It will pay you to  
keep posted. (Manager Observer.)

The most complete stock of

## TOBACCO

in this part of the country to be found at

## CHASE'S

HARTLAND, N. B.

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

Special values in Fruit and Confectionery

## Fifth Annual Exhibition

Thursday and Friday, Jan. 25 and 26.

## Carleton Co.

## Poultry Association

PRIZE LIST OVER \$700.00

Special attention given to classes of Fowl that will best benefit the  
farmer, and classes that only fowls owned by farmers can enter.  
Expert demonstrations and advice on poultry given FREE, during  
Exhibition and at Public Meeting at 8 p. m., on Jan. 28. Open  
play on evening of the 26th. All at Forester's Hall, Hartland, N. B.

SPEND TWO BIG DAYS AT HARTLAND

and enjoy the show. Further information and Prize Lists free on  
application. Cheap fares on all trains.

A. R. Rigby, Sec. Treas.

**NEVER** before  
has such rich  
fullness, such deli-  
cate smoothness of flavor  
been within your reach to  
multiply the keen enjoy-  
ment of your tea-cup!

Because King Cole tea sets  
a new and higher flavor  
standard. It is blended to excel even those  
good teas which you and your neighbors had  
always held as favorites.

The delightful vigor of its flavor, the delicious  
rest of your very first cup of King Cole tea, will  
make it your life-long friend.

Why not tear this out as a reminder to ask  
your grocer for an introduction to King Cole?

**YOU'LL LIKE  
THE FLAVOR**



## BANKING BY MAIL

To enable those living at a distance to conduct a bank account this Bank gives particular attention to Deposits sent by mail :

## BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

East Florenceville, N. B.

## W. E. Thornton BARBER and HAIRDRESSER.

First class equipment. Located at the old Gillin stand, Depot St. Prompt service. Perfectly satisfied is every patron. Old faces made young. Straggly beards made presentable. Tangled heads untangled.

## Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

T. B. THISTLE Hartland, N. B.

## MANLEY H. CRAIG

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

## BOHAN BROS.

BATH Buyers of Produce of all Kinds at Highest Cash Prices International Harvester Co's Farm Machinery BEST IN THE WORLD

## "Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25cents Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clean.

Fresh Fruits, Finest Chocolates, Canned Goods, etc.

Step in and see us. We guarantee to please.

H. A. SIPPRESS

PORT RICHMOND.

## NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick for an ACT to incorporate them as "The Hartland Electric Power Company, Limited," for the purpose of damming the Beccaguine stream, erecting and maintaining power plants and houses, etc., and manufacturing and selling electricity for lighting, power or for any purpose for which electricity may be used.

Dated this 4th day of January, 1912, at Hartland, N. B. J. C. HARTLEY, Solicitor for Applicants Woodstock, N. B.

## Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

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

## UNDER TWO FLAGS By "OUIDA"

from the rank he ostensibly held to hers. "Madame, this is very merciful. I know not how to thank you." She motioned to him to take a seat near to her, while the Levantine, who knew nothing of the English tongue, retired to the farther end of the tent. "I only kept my word," she answered, "for we leave the camp tomorrow; Africa next week."

"So soon?" She saw the blood forsake the bronzed fairness of his face and leave a dusky pallor there. It wounded her as if she suffered herself. For the first time she believed what the little one had said—that this man loved her. "I sent for you," she continued hurriedly. "There are many things I desire to say to you. I must entreat you to allow me to tell Philip what I know. You cannot conceive how intensely oppressive it becomes to me to have any secret from him. I never concealed so much as a thought from my brother in all my life, and to evade even a mute question from his brave, frank eyes makes me feel a traitress to him."

"Anything else," he muttered. "Ask me anything else. For God's sake, do not let him dream that I live!" "But why? You still speak to me in enigmas. Tomorrow, moreover, before we leave, he intends to seek you out as what he thinks you—a soldier of France. He is interested by all he hears of your career. He was first interested by what I told him of you when he saw the ivory carvings at my villa. I asked the little vivandiere to tell you this, but, on second thoughts, it seemed best to see you myself once more, as I had promised. That French child forced her entrance here in a strange fashion. She wished to see me, I suppose, and to try my courage too. She is a little brigand, but has a true and generous nature, and she loves you very loyally."

"Cigarette?" he asked wearily. "Oh, no! I trust not! I have done nothing to win her love, and she is a fierce little creature who disdains all such weakness. She forced her way in here? That was unpardonable, but she seems to bear a singular dislike to you."

"Singular, indeed! I never saw her until today."

He answered nothing. The conviction stole on him that Cigarette hated her because he loved her.

"And yet she brought you my message?" pursued his companion. "That seems her nature—violent passions, yet thorough loyalty. But time is precious. I must urge on you what I have you come to hear. It is to implore you to put your trust, your confidence, in Philip. Let him learn that you live; let him decide whether or not this sacrifice of yourself be needed. His honor is as punctilious as that of any man on earth. His friendship you can never doubt. Why conceal anything from him?"

His eyes turned on her with that

dumb agony which once before had chilled her to the soul.

"Do you think, if I could speak in honor, I should not tell you all?" A flush passed over her face, the first that the gaze of any man had ever brought there. She understood him.

"But," she said gently and hurriedly, "may it not be that you overrate the obligations of honor? I know that many a noble hearted man has luxuriously condemned himself to a severity of rule that a dispassionate judge of his life might deem very exaggerated, very unnecessary."

Her voice failed slightly over the last words. She could not think with calmness of the destiny that he accepted. Involuntarily some presence of pain that would forever pursue her own life unless his were rescued lent an intense earnestness, almost entreaty, to her argument.

He started from her side as he heard and paced to and fro the narrow limits of the tent, like a caged animal. For the first time it grew a belief to him in his thoughts that were he free, were he owner of his heritage, he could rouse her heart from its long repose and make her love him.

"Hear me," she said softly. "I do not bid you decide. I only bid you confide in Philip. You are guiltless of this charge under which you left England. You endure it rather than do what you deem dishonorable to clear yourself. That is noble; that is great. But it is possible, as I say, that you may exaggerate the abnegation required of you. Yours is magnificent magnanimity, but it may surely be also false justice—alike to yourself and the world."

He turned on her almost fiercely in the suffering she dealt him.

"It is! It was a madness, a quixotism, the wild, unconsidered act of a fool! What you will! But it is done. It was done forever—so long ago—when your young eyes looked on me in the piteous of my innocent childhood. I cannot redeem its folly now by adding to its baseness; I cannot change the choice of a madman by repenting of it with a coward's caprice. Ah, God! You do not know what you do—how you tempt! Answer me! Choose for me!" he said vehemently. "Be my lay and be my God!"

She gave a gesture almost of fear. "Hush, hush! The woman does not live who should be that to any man."

"You shall be it to me. Choose for me!"

"I cannot! You leave so much in darkness and untold."

"Nothing that you need know to decide your choice for me save one thing only—that I love you."

She shuddered.

"This is madness! What have you seen of me?"

"Enough to love you while my life shall last and love no other woman. Ah, I was but an African trooper in your sight, but in my own I was your equal. No famine, no humiliation, no

obloquy, no loss I have known, ever drove me so cruelly to buy back my happiness with the price of dishonor as this one desire to stand in my rightful place before men and be free to strive with you for what they have not won."

"You give me great pain, great surprise," she murmured. "All I can trust is that your love is of such sudden birth that it will die as rapidly."

He interrupted her.

"You mean that under no circumstances—not even were I to possess my inheritance—could you give me any hope that I might wake your tenderness?"

She looked at him full in the eyes with the old, fearless, haughty instinct of refusal to let any entreaty, which had made her so inch—and many said so pitiless—to all. At his gaze, however, her own changed and softened, grew shadowed and then wandered from him.

"I do not say that. I cannot tell!"

The words were very low. She was too truthful to conceal from him what half dawned on herself, the possibility that, more in his presence and under different circumstances, she might feel her heart to go to him with a warmer and a softer impulse than that of friendship. The heroism of his life had moved her greatly.

His head dropped upon his arms. "O God! It is possible at least! I am blind—mad. Make my choice for me! I know not what I do!"

The tears that had gathered in her eyes fell slowly down over her colorless cheeks. She looked at him with a pity that made her heart ache with a sorrow no less than her own. The grief was for him chiefly, yet something of it for herself.

"Choose for me, Venetia!" he muttered at last once more.

She rose with what was almost a gesture of despair and thrust the gold hair of her temples.

"Heaven help me, I cannot, I dare not! And I am no longer capable of being just!"

There was an accent almost of passion in her voice. She felt that so greatly did she desire his deliverance, his justification, his return to all which was his own, desired even his presence among them in her own world, that she could no longer give him calm and unbiased judgment. He heard, and the burning tide of a new joy rushed on him.

"Follow the counsels of your own conscience," she continued. "You have been true to them hitherto. It is not for me or through me that you shall ever be turned aside from them."

A bitter sigh broke from him as he heard.

"Lacy are noble words, and yet it is so easy to utter, so hard to follow, them. If you had one thought of tenderness for me, you could not speak them."

A flush passed over her face.

"Do not think me without feeling, without sympathy, pity!"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on

this life forever, nameless, friendless, hopeless, having all the bitterness but none of the torpor of death, wearing out the doom of a galley slave, though guiltless of all crime?"

"Why speak so? You are unreasonable. A moment ago you implored me not to tempt you to the violation of what you hold your honor. Because I bid you be faithful to it you deem me cruel?"

"Heaven help me! I scarce know what I say. I ask you if you were a woman who loved me could you decide thus?"

"These are wild questions," she murmured. "What can they serve? I believe that I should—I am sure that I should. As it is—as your friend!"

"Ah, hush! Friendship is crueler than hate."

"Cruel?"

"Yes, the worst cruelty when we seek love—a stone poured us when we ask for bread in famine!"

"Lord Royallieu," she said slowly, as if the familiar name were some tie between them, some cause of excuse for these the only love words she had ever heard without disdain and rejection—"Lord Royallieu, it is unworthy of you to take this advantage of an interview which I sought and sought for your own sake. You pain me; you wound me. I cannot tell how to answer you. You speak strangely and without warrant."

He stood mute and motionless before her, his head sunk on his chest. He knew that she rebuked him justly. "Forgive me, for pity's sake! After tonight I shall never look upon your face again."

"I do forgive," she said gently, while her voice grew very sweet. "You endure too much already for one needless

pang to be added by me. All I wish is that you had never met me, so that this last, worst thing had not come unto you! You wrong me if you think that I could be so callous, so indifferent, as to leave you here without heed as to your fate. Believe in your innocence! You know that I do as firmly as though you substantiated it with a thousand proofs."

Reverence your devotion to your honor! You are certain that I must or all better things were dead in me. You reject my friendship. You term it cruel, but at least it will be faithful to you—too faithful for me to pass out of Africa and never give you one thought again. I believe in you. Do you not know that that is the highest trust, to my thinking, that one human life can show in another's? You decide that it is your duty not to expose the actual criminal, not to take up your rights of trial, but I cannot leave you to such a future without infinite pain, and there must—there shall be—means through which you will let me hear of you, through which, at least, I can know that you are living."

She stretched her hands toward him with that same gesture with which she had first declared her faith in his guiltlessness. The tears trembled in her voice and swam in her eyes. He seized her hands in his and held them against his breast one instant, almost a long, hard panting of his sobbing heart.

"God reward you! God keep you! If I stay, I shall tell you all. Let me go and forget that we ever met! I am dead. Let me be dead to you!"

With another instant he had left the tent and passed out into the red glow of the torchlit evening. And Venetia Corona dropped her proud head down upon the silken cushions where his own had rested and wept as women weep over their dead, in such a passion as had never come to her in all the course of her radiant, victorious and imperious life.

It seemed to her as if she had seen him slain in cold blood and had never lifted her hand or her voice against his murder.

Outside her tent the challenge rang on the air:

"Who goes there?"

Cecil never heard it. Even the old, long accustomed habits of a soldier's obedience were killed in him.

"Who goes there?" the challenge rang again.

Still he never heard, but went on blindly. From where the tent stood there was a stronger breadth of light, through which he had passed and was passing still—a light strong enough for it to be seen whence he came, but not strong enough to show his features.

"Halt, or I fire!" The sentinel brought the weapon to his shoulder and took a calm, close, sure aim. He did not speak. The password he had forgotten as though he had never heard or never given it.

Another figure than that of the soldier on guard came out of the shadow and stood between him and the sentinel. It was that of Chateauroux. He was mounted on his gray horse and wrapped in his military cloak, about to go the round of the cavalry camp.

"It is one of my men," said the chief carelessly to the sentinel. "Leave me to deal with him."

The guard saluted and resumed his beat.

"Why did you refuse the word, sir?" "I did not hear."

"Why are you absent from your squadron?"

There was no reply.

"Have you no tongue, sir? Why are you here?"

There was again no answer.

Chateauroux's teeth ground out a furious oath. Yet a flash of brutal delight glittered in his eyes. At last he had bounded down this man, so long out of his reach, into disobedience and contumacy.

"Why are you here, and where have you been?" he demanded once more.

"I will not say."

The dark and evil countenance above him grew livid with fury.

"I can have you thrashed like a dog for that answer, and I will. But first listen! I know as well as though you had confessed to me. Your silence cannot shelter your great mistress's shame. Ah, ha, is Faustine! So madame your princess is so cold to her equals only to choose her lovers out of my blackguards and take her midnight intrigues like a camp courtesan!"

Cecil's face changed terribly as the vile words were spoken. With the light and rapid spring of a leopard he reached the side of his commander, one hand on the horse's mane, the other gripped like an iron vice.

"You lie, and you know that you lie! Breathe her name once more, and, by heaven, as we are both living men, I will have your life for your outrage!"

And as he spoke with his left hand he smote the lips that had blasphemed against her.

Chateauroux wrenched his wrist out of the hold that crushed it and drew his pistol. Cecil knew that the laws of active service would hold him but justly dealt with if the shot laid him dead in that instant for his act and his words.

"You can kill me; I know it. Well, use your prerogative; it will be the sole good you have ever done to me." And he stood erect, patient, motionless, looking into his chief's eyes with a calm disdain, with an unuttered challenge that for the first moment wrung something of savage respect and of sullen admiration out from the soul of his great foe.

He did not fire. It was the only time in which any trait of abstinence from cruelty had been ever seen in him. He signed to the soldiers of the guard with one hand, while with the other he still covered with his pistol the man

whom martial law would have allowed him to have shot down or have cut down at his horse's feet.

"Arrest him," he said simply.

Cecil offered no resistance. He let them seize and disarm him without an effort at the opposition which could have been but a futile, unavailing trial of brute force. He dreaded lest there should be one sound that should reach her in that tent where the triad of standards drooped in the dusky distance. He was content with what he had done—content to have met once, not as a soldier to chief, but as man to man, the tyrant who held his fate.

None knew, not even Cigarette. She sat alone, so far away that none sought her out, beside the picket fire that had long died out, with the little white dog of Zaralla curled on the scarlet folds of her skirt. She had the cross on her heart, the idol of her long desire, the star to which her longing eyes had looked up ever since her childhood through the reek of carnage and the smoke of battle, and she would have flung it away like dross to have had his lips touch hers once with love. She rose impetuously. The night was far spent, the camp was very still, the torches had long died out, and a streak of dawn was visible in the east. She stood awhile looking very earnestly across the wide black city of tents.

"I shall be best away for a time. I grow mad, treacherous, wicked here," she thought. "I will go and see Blanc-Bec."

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.

In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

## CHAPTER XXII

THE warm, transparent light of an African autumnal noon shone down through the white canvas roof of a great tent in the heart of the encamped divisions at the headquarters of the army of the south. In the tent there was a densely packed, listening crowd, of which every man wore the uniform of France, for they were in court, and that court was the court martial of their own southern camp.

The prisoner was arraigned on the heaviest charge that can be laid against the soldier of any army, and yet, as the many eyes of the military crowd turned on him where he stood surrounded by his guard, his crime against his chief was forgotten, and they only remembered Zaralla. He preserved a tire reticence in court. The instant the accusation had been read to him he had seen that his chief would not dare to couple with it the proud, pure name he had dared to outrage. His most bitter anxiety was thus at an end. For all the rest he was tranquil.

No case could be clearer, briefer, less complex, more entirely incapable of defense. The soldiers of the guard gave evidence as to the violence and fury of the assault. The accuser merely stated that, meeting his corporal out of the bounds of the cavalry camp, he had asked him where he had been and on his commanding an answer had been assaulted in the manner described with violence sufficient to have cost his life had not the guard been so near at hand. The statement passed without contradiction by the prisoner, who only replied that the facts were stated accurately as they occurred and that his reasons for the deed he declined to assert. When it was finally demanded of him if he had ought to urge in his own extenuation, he passed a moment, with a gaze under which even the hard angle eyes grew restless, looked across to Chateauroux and addressed his antagonist rather than the resident:

"Only this—that a tyrant, a liar and a traducer cannot wonder if men prefer death to submission beneath insult. But I am well aware that this is no vindication of my act as a soldier, and I have no desire to say words which, whatever their truth, might become hereafter dangerous legacies and dangerous precedents to the army."

That was all which he answered, and neither his counsel nor his action could extort another syllable from him. He never moved once while the decree of death was read to him, and there was no change in the weary calmness of his eyes. He bent his head in acquiescence.

"It is well," he said simply.

It seemed well to him. Dead, his secret would lie in the grave with him and the long martyrdom of his life be ended.

In the brightness of the noon Cigarette leaned out of her little oval casement, and, for the first time also, happiness was not with her.

They were gone forever—all the elastic joyance, all the free, fair hours, all the dauntless gaiety of childhood, all the sweet, harmonious laughter of a heart without a care. They were gone forever, for the touch of love and pain had been laid on her, and never again would her radiant eyes smile cloudlessly, like the young eagle, at a sun that rose but to be greeted as only youth can greet another dawn of life that is without a shadow. To her it seemed impossible that this patrician who had his passion should not return it. She only thought of love as she had always seen it—quickly born, hotly cherished, wholly indulged and without tie or restraint.

"And I came without my vengeance!" she mused. To the nature that felt the ferocity of the vendetta a right and a due there was wounding humiliation in her knowledge that she had left her rival unharmed and had come hither, out from his sight and his presence, lest he should see in her one glimpse of that folly which she would have killed herself under her own steel

## POULTRY FOODS

We carry in stock

Blatchford's Poultry Meat  
Pratt's Egg Producer  
International Egg Producer  
and Herbageum.

## NATIONAL Stock Food

is the best general tonic and condition powder on the market.

## ESTEY & CURTIS CO., LTD.,

Wholesale and retail Druggists Hartland, N. B.

## 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.





# The Worlds Standard for tea is LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

## The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

### TASTY DISHES.

**Spanish Peppers.**—Prepare six green peppers by cutting off one end of each and removing all seeds and ribs, leaving them so they will stand upright. Cut enough raw corn from the ear to make three teaspoonfuls, slice off of thinly two or three times, and scrap the remaining pulp from the cob. Chop fine one onion and three sweet red peppers and fry these ten minutes in a little butter, with two ripe tomatoes cut small. Add the corn, season with salt, fill into the peppers, seal they are even full, and on top of each lay an inch thick slice of ripe tomato as a cover. Salt and pepper the latter and sprinkle with well buttered cracker crumbs. Set closely together in a baking pan with a little water in the bottom and bake three-quarters of an hour, basting the outside of the peppers every ten minutes.

**Marble Salad.**—With a vegetable cutter cut enough balls from raw potatoes to make two cupfuls. Boil in salted water till done, but not broken. Peel and boil in salted water till slightly tender two cupfuls of white button onions. Boil half a dozen tender beets in salted water and, when cold, cut balls from them with the vegetable cutter. Chill all these separately. At serving time cover a platter with crisp lettuce. Marinate the potato balls with French dressing, roll each one in parsley and celery leaves minced fine together, and heap in the center of the platter. Arrange the little white onions next against the green bordering of lettuce. Over the onions and beets pour French dressing, a tablespoonful at a time, being careful not to disturb the green coated potato balls in the center.

**Mocha Macaroni Custard.**—Make a custard with the yolks of four eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of rich milk, and one-half cupful of strong coffee. Add six tablespoonfuls of powdered macaroni to this and bake the custard until set. When cold cover with the whites of the eggs whipped stiff with one-quarter of a cupful of hot syrup and one-half cupful of whipped cream. Garnish with candied cherries and angelica. The custard should be creamy.

**Pineapple Punch.**—One pint of pineapple juice, the juice of two lemons, one scant cup of sugar, one bottle of seltzer water. Stir sugar and juices together and the charged water and serve with chips and ice. Can be used with any fruit juice and is inexpensive.

**Beet Greens.**—Wash thoroughly, put in a stew pan, and cover with boiling water. Add a teaspoonful of salt for every two quarts of greens. Boil rapidly for thirty minutes. Drain off the water, chop coarsely, and season with butter and salt.

**Salmon Salad Molds.**—One cup of cold salmon, one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, one-half teaspoonful of parsley, two drops of tabasco sauce, one tablespoonful of gelatin. Mix the salmon, lemon, parsley, tabasco, and gelatin dissolved in a little water with enough salad dressing to moisten. Wet one-half dozen molds. Fill with salmon, level the top of each one, and place on ice. When ready to serve turn out on lettuce leaves on a small dish and serve with mayonnaise.

**Curried Onions.**—Fry sliced onions in butter or fat, salt and pepper, then add one teaspoonful of curry, two raw eggs, and a few drops of lemon juice. Serve hot.

### CAKES.

**Grand Duke Cake.**—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, whites of eight eggs, beaten good; three cups flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla; bake in three layers. Filling—One cup of sugar, half cup of water; cook until syrup strings. Stir in the white of one egg beaten good; add half pound

of chopped, blanched almonds, half pound seeded raisins, chopped, half pound of figs, chopped; ice the top with white icing; teaspoon vanilla. White build icing, 1 cup sugar, half cup water; cook until syrup strings; stir in the white of one egg, well beaten, and a small pinch of cream tartar. It is delicious.

**Never Fail White Cake.**—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, creamed together; one cupful of sweet milk, added alternately with two cupfuls of flour sifted twice with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla or rose extract, lastly the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. Use any filling or frosting desired.

**Nut Cookies.**—One and one-half cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs beaten separately, one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little boiling water, two and three-quarters cups flour, one pinch of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of cloves, one pound nuts and one pound raisins, dropped with teaspoon in buttered tins. These will keep a long time.

**Loaf Fruit Cake.**—One cup brown sugar, half cup molasses, half cup (scant) butter, one tablespoon (scant) lard, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon baking soda, one cup raisins, one teaspoon cinnamon, half teaspoon cloves, two eggs, less one white, flour to make stiff batter. Bake in a slow oven. Figs, currants may be added if desired, and the cinnamon and cloves as to taste. Killing or frosting—One cup sugar (white), one cup cream or milk, one cup chopped nut meats, English walnuts. Boil until thick. One white of egg beaten stiff. Stir this in nut cream after it has been removed from blaze, but is still hot. A good substitute for this frosting is an un-boiled frosting is to mix enough powdered sugar with a little milk or lemon juice to frost the cake, and then decorate the top with almonds or walnuts.

### CUCUMBERS.

**Salad.**—Cucumbers sliced thin, cover with water, in which has been placed one teaspoonful salt and one-half salt. Stand one hour, drain, rinse, slice one onion thin, mix with cucumbers. Dressing—One cup thick, sour cream, one-fourth cup vinegar, dash of pepper; pour over salad; sprinkle with minced parsley; set on ice. Serve on lettuce or Fricassee.

**Cucumber Fricassee.**—Take short, fat cucumbers, or long ones cut in half. Peel, cut lengthwise in slices one-quarter to one-third inch thick. Boil in water with one teaspoon salt until moderately tender—not enough so to break. Drain off water. Have ready yolks of two eggs slightly beaten and a dish of rolled cracker crumbs. Dip slices of cucumber into cracker crumbs, then into egg batter, then into crumbs again. Fry in butter until delicately brown. Serve hot.

**Stuffed Cucumbers.**—Take one dozen nice fat cucumbers about five inches in length; pare carefully and remove seeds with apple corer, leaving the outer shell of cucumbers with both ends open. Prepare a nice croquette mince meat of either real chicken or other fowl and stuff the hollowed cucumbers with it. Have three or four potatoes nicely mashed to close the ends of the cucumbers after stuffing. Roll the cucumbers in plenty of cracker dust, seasoned with salt and pepper and put them in a well heated oven on a deep pie plate and bake for twenty minutes to half an hour without turning. Serve hot on same pie plate placed in a neatly garnished soup or dinner plate.

### COOKIES.

**Almond Cookies.**—One-half pound of butter, one-half pound of sugar, three yolks of eggs, one-half cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, rind of one lemon (grated),

four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix, roll out thin, and cut into small cookies with the following on top of each: Three whites of eggs beaten, three-fourths pound of pulverized sugar, one-half pound of chopped almonds, mix well together. Make this one hour before mixing cookie dough.

**Oatmeal Cookies.**—Cream one cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, till light and creamy. Add three eggs beaten light, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one cupful of chopped nuts, one-half cupful of raisins blended with flour, two cupfuls of oatmeal. Put nuts, oatmeal, and raisins through meat grinder. After this mixture is thoroughly mixed add two cupfuls of flour sifted twice and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful and a half of boiling hot water. Drop on cookie pans by teaspoonful, and bake. Have oven hot to start with.

### USEFUL HINTS.

To clean nickel rub it with a paste made of whitening and alcohol and polish with a piece of chamois. Never stand a broom in a corner; tie a piece of string around the handle and hang it up.

To remove paint from glass rub with a time brushy over the stain and then wash with turpentine.

Always sift all flours before using. Keep on hand in case of emergency.

Fresh chocolate stains should be soaked in lukewarm water, after which they are easily washed out.

Stains which require hot water to take them out will come out much easier if hot milk is substituted.

Try a little lemon and salt mixed the next time a price marks sticks to the bottom of china dishes or bric-a-brac.

When sewing-machine needles become blunted rub them across a whetstone, which repoints as good as new.

In mashing potatoes it pays to heat the milk, adding the butter to the milk before turning into the mashed potatoes.

In keeping vegetables do not keep different kinds in the same basket. If you do there is danger of deterioration in flavor.

Fruit stains may be removed by holding the stained portion over a bowl and pouring boiling water through the material.

Save your pound powder tins to steam brown bread in, to mold your pressed veal or beef and cornmeal mush to fry.

Piano keys should be wiped off with a cloth dampened in alcohol. This will cleanse them without any danger of turning them yellow.

If mutton chops on the back of the stove before being broiled or fried, the flavor will be quite like lamb chops.

Scratches on polished wood, if not too deep, can be removed by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper and then with a mixture of olive oil and vinegar.

A varnished floor can be cleaned more easily if sprinkled with coarse salt, which is allowed to stand for a few minutes, then brushed off with a soft broom.

### CHINA'S DRIED EGGS.

Process of Preserving, the Output Going Largely to Germany.

The exportation of eggs from Tsingtau in 1910 was 1,831,183 dozens, against 955,400 dozen in 1909, the bulk going to Vladivostok. One factory engaged in the export of prepared dried eggs and the manufacture of eggs cognac, egg noodles and albumen also uses about 3300 dozen a day.

The eggs arrive at the factory packed in old kerosene oil boxes. They are carefully examined by being held close to a strong electric light which shows the least defect. The fresh ones are washed and passed on to several Chinese boys, who open them and separate the yolk from the white.

With the aid of a suction pump the yolk passes through a large pipe into a vacuum in the machine and is dried in fifteen seconds. It is then passed on to a large receptacle into which the matter falls in the form of flakes which look clean, have a good color and a fresh odor. The flake is again passed through a machine and comes out in a powdered form ready for shipment. It is said that this product can be kept indefinitely if stored in a dry, cool place.

The whites of the eggs are put in small glass-bottom trays about a foot square and placed on shelves in a room having a temperature of forty to fifty degrees centigrade. After thoroughly drying the material is broken up in small pieces and ready for export. These sheets are sometimes powdered or reduced to a crystal form resembling granulated sugar.

To make ten kilos (twenty-two pounds) of dried yolks 1500 eggs are required; to make ten kilos of whole dried eggs, 1000 must be used. Whole dried eggs, 1000 must be used, while two and a half kilos (five and a half pounds) of albumen is made from the whites of 1000 eggs.

## 13 LITTLE MILL GIRL

### Chapter I.—The Temptation

"Little Nell's going to sing in the competition at the theatre to-night." The words buzzed through the crowd pouring out of the mill gate, and the workers contrary to custom, clustered about in little groups, waiting in the hope of seeing their comrade as he passed out on her way home.

"There she is!" called one, and instantly all eyes turned in the direction indicated. She was greeted with a loud hurrah of cheering and cries of "Sing up to-night, Nellie, lass! I'm comin' to hear you!" Abashed and taken by surprise at the sight of her assembled chums, the girl drew back shyly and hid her blushing face, and would have retreated still farther, but a strong arm encircled her slender form.

"Ah, it's you, Jim!" was all that Nell said to her lover as she allowed herself to be piloted through the enthusiastic well-wishers. At last they were left behind. Nellie raised her head and smiled into Jim's eyes, which were just then bent on her.

"Little girl!" he drew her to him with a caress that would brook no resistance, "you must sing to-night and I shall see what a mill lass you are." "You never sang before, for their sakes," he waved a hand in the direction of the mill they had left behind them. "For their sakes and for my sake you must bring the prize home to Millden. Let 'em see what a mill lass my little mill lass—can do."

Ah, if the honest lad could but have guessed the thoughts that surged through that dainty little head of Nellie's! Thoughts of fame and riches; thoughts of doted lovers who were the spell of her truly girlish voice. Even now she pushed away his strong arms.

"Let us hurry, Jim, I have to get my tea and dress before seven o'clock—no, please, Jim, don't call me a mill lass."

"But, sweetheart, you are a mill lass, and ought to be proud of it."

"Oh, yes, I know, Jim. But some day I shall be a singer—a great singer—and I shall not like it known that I was once only a—"

She hesitated, for Jim was gazing at her with a startled, miserable expression. He finished the words she was about to utter.

"You would not like it known that you were once a mill girl? Is that what you mean, Nell?"

The girl walked on to avoid that stern look in her companion's eye.

"Nell!" She turned; he had not moved, but stood waiting for her reply.

"Do come along, Jim," she faltered. "I shall be late for the theatre."

For a moment the man's face hardened, then looking at the girl, he relented. "She is but a child," he muttered. With one stride he reached her, and taking the flower face in his hands compelled his sweetheart to look at him.

"Unsay what you have just spoken, darling, his voice was hoarse with the earnest feeling. "Tell me that you are not ashamed of being a mill girl."

There was no response; the girl tried, but ineffectually, to free herself.

"Tell me, little girl!" the tone was pathetic. Still no answer. One long pleading look, then Jim's arms dropped stiffly. "Go!" his voice was hoarse and strained. "Go, or you will be late for the competition."

Once, twice, three, Nellie Dening left him, starting into vacancy. Presently she passed from sight. He roused himself with a great effort, a look of deep pain on his face.

"Poor foolish little Nell!" he said half aloud. "It is not my fault if she is proud; we have all spoiled her since she was a tiny lass in short frocks and pinnies, and if she wins to-night—but, of course she will—she'll be prouder than ever, I expect. A deep sigh escaped him, he quickened his pace; he must hurry or he would not be in time to take her to the theatre."

That night the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling. Not all, of course, but a great many of that vast audience had come to hear the singing competition which took place at the end of the ordinary performance.

The last "turn" had long ago appeared and vanished, and all the comedians, and all the mugs, and the last of all, was about to be called upon. Silence all over the house, a deep, expectant hush, and now the judge's voice is heard:

"Sing, No. 13."

A burst of excitement; everyone leans forward, and at that moment a girl appeared before the curtain, a tall, slim girl, in a simple white frock only relieved by a blood-red rose in her hair.

It was Nell! She bowed to the sweet-voiced little beauty since first she could toddle. And they showed their love in a terrific burst of cheering.

Just one haughty head of that small head. Hush! She is going to begin.

"'Tis the last rose of summer."

Ah! all was silent now, and remained so until the singer reached the second verse.

"I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem; Since the lovely are sleeping, Go! sleep thou with them."

With her taper fingers she crushed the rose at her breast; it fell in a shower of petals at her feet. There was a slight tremor in the sweet voice—

"Thus kindly I scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead."

need to read them. Just two words could be heard above the applause—Miss Helen Dening.

"Our little Nell!" was the cry. Yes, she had brought the prize to Millden. Radiant and triumphant, she stood bowing her thanks. From the stalls Jim Standish watched the beautiful singer—his singer, with a strange feeling at the heart.

"How will this success affect the child?" he asked himself; but the theatre was now fast emptying; he ceased his gloomy meditations and proceeded to the exit, and from thence in the stage door, where he found Nell in animated conversation with two well-known managers of the vaudeville stage.

"You are simply wasting your time here," one was saying. "When you might be making pots of money with that voice."

"And face," added the other. Nell flushed, though Jim saw that she was pleased. He stepped forward, and with a hasty "Good-night!" to the two gentlemen, calmly bore Nell away on his arm.

### Chapter II.—The Choice

Jim had been just in time, but the poison had entered Nell's soul; she was thirsting for a further taste of admiration and applause such as she had experienced to-night. The bright possibilities these men had spoken of filled her heart and mind. This little mill town, with its limited outlook, would no longer content her.

"Your voice and pretty face," someone had whispered to her. Ah! what a glorious life awaited her could she but take the step—the step that would sever her from home and Jim!

She stayed away from the mill next day, and the day following. Jim heard a rumor afloat that his promised wife was about to accept a long music hall engagement and leave Millden for good. He knew nothing of her stay, not waiting at their usual trysting place in the lane near the foundry where he worked.

If she did not appear to-night, he decided to go and see her; he wanted to hear from her own lips that this horrible rumor was false. He approached the well-known spot near the field gate. Nell was not there. What could it mean? Not a word, not a sign since the competition three nights ago. He determined to go to the house at once; he must know something; anything was better than the suspense of waiting.

Jim remembered the scrap of conversation he had heard at the stage door the other night, and proceeded on his way with grave misgivings.

The girl stood pale and frightened-looking. What had she said to make Jim look like that?

"So," he spoke at last, "you wish to—give me up with the rest of them. Is that it, Nell?"

She drooped her head. "Don't look like that, Jim. You frighten me. I—oh, Jim!" she raised her eyes and spoke passionately. "I cannot live here any longer. Mr. French—the manager who had spoken with her the other night—Mr. French says I have gold in my voice. He says I am only wasting my time here when I ought to be making pots of money."

Not a sound in answer. Nell spoke patently.

"Why don't you speak, Jim? Oh, you don't know—you can't know, what it is to have a gift and be unable to use it. Nell! Can't you sing to us—to me? Oh, my darling," he placed his hands on her shoulders. "Mr. French has painted the bright side of this life for you, but there is another side. Believe me, the way to such joys as you hope to attain lies through a hard country, beset with temptations. Think seriously, Nellie, dear, before you leave us all. I know Millden is not a beautiful place, but there are places far worse, and lives not half so pure."

"Oh!" Nellie interrupted with an impatient frown. "You say that on purpose to keep me here. I—"

"God forbid!" Jim's voice vibrated with the deep earnestness within him. "Go, Nell! You shall never say that I kept you against your will!"

A slight sound, the door had closed. He had gone. With a startled cry Nell realized what she had done; she had driven from her side one of the best and noblest of men. Not one word of reproach had he uttered, and she had this moment accused him of selfishness. More than that, she had trampled the man's life under her feet, had cast it away like a toy too mean to her ears, for she heard the voice of conscience cry "Vain glory," and she knew that it was true.

"Can't you sing to us, Nellie—to me?" She heard Jim's pleading voice, that and that only was his sole retort for all her base conduct.

With a frightened sob she flung herself down on the couch. "Oh!" she moaned, "if he had called me a bad, wicked girl, I—I could have borne it better. Jim! Jim!" Suddenly she sat up straight and stiff.

"Why—didn't he make me stay? Perhaps he doesn't care." A second fit of wild sobbing utterly prostrated Nell. She realized—it had come to her with blinding suddenness—that she could not go away; she could not give Jim up. He was more to her now than all her voice and beauty.

Jim walked slowly out of the foundry gates. His fellow-workers laughed and joked all round about him, but he did not seem to hear. Nothing in life seemed to interest him, as with bent head he quickly left the noisy group and turned down the long, straight lane which led from the town to his home and—hers. His heart ached sorely. A white, strained look came over his face now that there were none to see him.

Down this lane he and Nell had walked countless nights; she used to wait by the gate yonder, she who was to have been his wife in six short weeks. There he used to look for her eagerly. There—

What was that in the nest little hat and red shawl? It might—it was Nell! With a bound Jim started forward, then he recollected that she might be on some errand for the house. His heart beat chokingly as he passed her; he kept his face hidden. Nell, watch-



NEVER ANY FAILURE  
OR DISAPPOINTMENT  
WHEN  
**MAGIC  
BAKING  
POWDER**  
IS USED.

CONTAINS NO ALUM.  
COSTS NO MORE  
THAN THE  
ORDINARY KINDS.  
MADE IN CANADA.

ing eagerly for his coming, trembled as each step lessened the distance between them.

Ah! he was here; he is past. A sob burst from her aching lips.

"Jim!"

He started violently. Was he dreaming or did Nell really call him?

"Nell, you—you called me?" He was at her side. "Don't dare to play with me! You want me?"

His hoarse voice would have frightened one less confident; but Nell laughed joyously and pulled her lover's head down.

"Say you forgive me, Jim; tell me you love me still."

"But—but—" Jim stood amazed, not realising. "You—I thought you were going away to—to make a lot of money—to be a prima donna, I think they call it."

"—oh, Jim!" her voice broke, his arms went around her.

"Tell me now, Nellie," he whispered. "Just this." She hid her face on his shoulder. "I found out after you went that—that—"

"Go on, darling."

"That I didn't want to be a singer. I mean a—big singer, Jim."

"H'm," said Jim, pinching her cheek. "Wanted to be a little singer, did she?"

"No, silly boy! I only want to be your—little mill girl."

The last words came out very softly, but Jim heard.

And he still calls her his "little mill girl," though she doesn't go to the mill any longer, for, as she says, shaking her curls at Jim, it takes her all her time to look after that big husband's comfort.

## WILL HE BE KING?

Why Prince Victor Napoleon Married Princess Clementine—Recognized Bonaparte Heir to Throne

Grand-nephew of the great Napoleon, Prince Victor Napoleon, whose marriage to Princess Clementine of Belgium was celebrated at Moncel-sur-Turin, is the recognised Bonaparte heir to the throne of France. Just as the King of Orleans is the recognised Bourbon heir to the same throne. And such is the unsettled condition of France that Royalists are freely predicting an upheaval in the near future which will place Prince Victor on the throne of France.

Whether such an event will ever come to pass, of course, time alone can prove; but it is a significant fact that those who have closely followed international events during the last few years laugh at the story that the wedding between Prince Victor, who is now forty-eight years of age, and Princess Clementine, who is thirty-eight, is the climax of a romantic attachment. The story goes that eight or nine years ago the two met at Brussels and fell in love with one another. But the late King Leopold strongly objected to the marriage and refused to consent to the betrothal. He favored the Orleans family, it is said, and hated the Bonapartes, and it did not wait his policy with the French Republic to have his daughter married to one of the Royalist pretenders. There was, therefore, a secret betrothal, and when King Leopold died last year the only obstacle to the marriage was removed.

On the other hand, others say that it is purely a marriage of convenience. Should Prince Victor ever sit on the throne of France he would become Napoleon IV.; but he would be the last of his line. It has been alleged that the Prince contracted amorganatic marriage in Brussels, and has three children living, but, of course, they could not succeed the father to any royal honors and dignity which the Royalist party of France hope will fall on him in the near future. Hence his marriage to Princess Clementine of Belgium, which it is hoped by Bonapartes will result in the continuity of the Napoleonic line.

To freshen a salt fish lay it in water skin side up in an earthen vessel—never in tin.



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## THE BORDEN GOVERNMENT.

Those earnest souls who anticipated great changes for the better as a result of the change in government at Ottawa are beginning to ask themselves what has happened. Mr. Borden has been in office long enough to have given some indication of policy, and to have set about the accomplishment of reform. What has he done? So far as the expenditure goes, his estimates are millions in excess of those of the late government in its last year. It is clear that he does not intend to reduce the expenditure. With regard to the navy, that question has been pushed forward into the uncertain future. Concerning the tariff, silence prevails. The promised aid to agriculture and good roads has not yet assumed practical form. There is some vague talk about trade relations with the West Indies and Australia, but nobody anticipates practical results. Civil service reform consists in dismissing Liberals to give place to Conservative partisans. The only contribution to imperialism is the money paid for advertisements in the anti-imperial Quebec papers, supporting the views of Mr. Bourassa. There is no strong evidence that the Borden government has any higher ambition than to stay in power and reward its political friends. With a great surplus provided by the Laurier government the rewards may easily be given. It is no secret, however, that this government is a disappointment. Its strength lies, of course, in the fact that it is backed by the great financial interests, which fear tariff reform; but the voice of the people, who demand less restriction, will presently make itself very distinctly heard. Times.

## DEATH OF PERREZ G. SMITH.

At Summerfield on Jan. 14, Perrez G. Smith passed peacefully away, aged seventy-five years. He had been sick since June, suffering from abscess of the stomach causing him great distress. All through his life he was a man of exemplary character and possessed great strength of will in overcoming evil. He was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist church for half a century. He leaves behind a record of good and charitable deeds for all who knew him intimately to follow. He married Martha Jane Tilley who still survives him and they lived happily together for fifty-four years, Christmas eve. He leaves three sons and three daughters; Charles H., of California, James L. and William M., both of Summerfield, both of whom cared and attended every want. The daughters are: Mrs. Charles Brown and Mrs. Charles W. Gee, both of Summerfield, and Mrs. Simmons Lunn of Lowell, Mass. He also leaves twelve grand children and seven great grand children. He lived for those that loved him. For those that knew him true, For the heavens that smiled above him.

And the good that he could do,

When you want a reliable medicine for a cough or cold take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

## Warden Morgan Eulogized.

The Woodstock Press prints a good photograph of Warden Morgan and says:

The new warden of Carleton county is Coun. E. C. Morgan of Hartland, Parish of Brighton. The election of "Ted" Morgan, as his friends affectionately call him, was unexpected, as Mr. Morgan did not solicit the honor and it was a spontaneous offering to a man who well merited the dignity of presiding over such an intelligent body of men as are at present governing this fine county. Mr. Morgan is probably in age the youngest member of the board. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. David Morgan of Hartland, where he is associated with his father in business. He is 34 years of age, was married to Miss McAdam of Hartland, and is blessed with three children. He is a conservative in politics and no one would be surprised if he were to write M.P.P. after his name in the near future. He is a Baptist in religion, a consistent temperance man and an energetic church worker. In every movement for the progress of his native town of Hartland, or his beloved county, he can be found in the front rank. This is his third year as a member of the County Council and his colleague from Brighton is Coun. E. A. Britton. Warden Morgan is a member of the Foresters and L.O.L., being in both societies an active worker. He is a good presiding officer and a worthy successor to ex-warden H. D. Stevens. The new warden will have the distinction of presiding over the County Council during the year that Carleton's boom has commenced owing the building of the Valley Railway and the influx of immigrants to the county. Here's to Warden Morgan and good old Carleton county. —Press.

If your children are subject to attacks of croup, watch for the first symptom, hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be warded off. For sale by all dealers.

## Matheson-Nevers.

A very pretty house wedding took place on Tuesday, Dec. 12, 1911, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Boyer, 2703, Woodland Drive, Vancouver, when Miss Fannie Nevers of Rockland, cousin of Mrs. Boyer, was united in marriage to Angus Matheson of Vancouver, formerly of Prince Edward Island. Only the immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom were present. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. Waring, M. A., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, Kitsilano.

The bride wore a handsome gown of blue velvet with trimmings of silver sequin net and pipings of satin. She carried a beautiful bouquet of bride roses and maiden-hair ferns. Following the ceremony a dainty lunch was served, after which the happy couple took their departure for a honeymoon tour of the coast cities. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Matheson will proceed to their new home at 527 Reid St., Collingwood West. The bride received many dainty gifts including silver, china and linen, the gift of the groom being a handsome set of furs. Mrs. Matheson has a large circle of friends in Carleton county who will be pleased to learn of this happy event.

## A Good Sheep Story.

Here is a good true sheep story: Two boys, Lewis and Cyrus Cram of New Sharon, were given three lambs by one of their neighbors—two ewes and one buck. This was in February. They taught them to drink milk out of a dish, and after they were two weeks old began to give separator milk, and grain as they got older. When the grass got good enough, these lambs went out to pasture and were not fed milk or grain after that time.

In December the buck was sold for ten dollars. In February, when the ewes were one year old, they had two lambs, which were sold in August for \$10.05. At shearing time, the ewe sheared 12 pounds, the other 17 pounds, which at 20 cents per pound would be \$5.80, making an income of \$25.85 out of three little lambs in one and a half years, with the mother sheep left. One of these has a fine lamb two weeks old by her side. The other will soon have a lamb again, making twice in one year for both of them. These lambs coming in now will, no doubt, bring \$25. by the time these sheep are two years old. Can any of the boys beat this?—W. A. G. in Maize Farmer.

**In Constant Use 101 Years**

What other liniment has ever undergone such a test? For over a century

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**

has been curing Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Lameness, etc. Its long service tells of its merit. It is the household liniment that does not go out. 25c and 50c bottles.

**L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.**

## Our Neighbours

### MIDDLE SIMONDS

A number of friends met at the home of Rev. M. Mallory last Thursday evening and presented him with a sum of money, and other useful articles. After which refreshments were served by the ladies. One and all enjoyed themselves without a doubt, and can say with the writer that it was an evening well spent.

Mrs. Charles Ebbett is in very poor health, which her many friends regret. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ross of Florenceville, spent Sunday at Norval Gurrier's. Archie Hatfield has moved into Shepherd Caldwell's house.

Mrs. Barker of Bath, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. Mallory.

Wm. Trafford of Andover, and Miss Glenna Birmingham of Connell, were visitors at Tyson Nicholson's on Wednesday.

After spending her holidays with her parents, Miss Tillie Shaw returned to Port Fairfield, Me.

Miss Della F. Clark has returned home from Boston where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Bird Shaw, for the past four months.

Paul Raymond is home again from the woods. Glad to hear his sister Lucy is recovering from her illness.

The special meetings held in the Primitive Baptist church by the Rev. J. M. Mallory and Brown closed on Sunday evening.

We are glad to hear that Harley Ebbett's arm is improving.

Mrs. J. M. Mallory is suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Ebbett and daughter, Beulah, spent Sunday at East Florenceville.

Matie P. Ebbett is attending the home school again.

Miss Ruby Raymond enjoyed a delightful drive to Florenceville on Sunday. Miles Birmingham and daughter Glenna, were visiting Chas. Ebbett recently.

Our teacher, Miss Ebbett, spent Sunday at her home in Connell.

We hope the weather will look bright for the Poultry Show at Hartland.

### LOWER BRIGHTON.

Fred Brown has gone to Fredericton to attend Military School for a few months.

Donald Tedlie has gone to St. John to school to learn Telegraphy. We wish both of these boys success.

Miss Clara Wasson, who has been visiting friends at this place, has returned to her home at Windsor.

Mrs. Jarvis Day of Hartland has been spending a few days of last week with her mother.

Mrs. Wentworth Dow, who has been on the sick list is able to be around again.

Miss Leulla Brown who has been spending her Christmas and New Year's holidays with her mother, has returned to Fredericton again to attend Business College.

Miss Mabel Nixon, who has been to Woodstock at the Farmer's Telephone Central for a few days, has returned home again.

Miss Dora Robinson and Lena Nixon expect to start in a few days for McGill Business College. We wish these young ladies success.

Mrs. Henry Saunders is visiting at McAdam Junction among her relatives.

We are sorry to learn that James McCleary had to have his toe amputated, the cause being that he had it frozen last winter. He is at his daughter's at Hartland. We hope to see him around again soon.

Persons troubled with partial paralysis are often very much benefited by massaging the affected parts thoroughly when applying Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

### CANAAN.

The recent storm has left the roads in a bad condition.

Mr. Broad, our merchant, is doing a rushing business.

Mrs. Butterfield is improving from her lameness.

Louis Paul and Havelock Morehouse of Muriac, were guests of Mrs. George Butterfield and Miss Viola Hartchgrove on Sunday.

A. G. Giberson and wife were callers here Sunday.

### KNOWLESVILLE.

This section was visited by two of the worst storms of recent years on the 9th and 15th inst.

The men are busily engaged hauling hay and potatoes to Hartland.

Hazen Manuel and Whitehouse Bros. are doing a rushing business pressing hay. Misses Jessie and George Hobbs visited Woodstock last week.

On Jan. 13, Ira Corey of this place, was married to Mrs. Nellie Keeney of East Glassville.

Miss Grace Manuel has returned home from Woodstock.

George Buchanan, an aged resident of Golden Ridge, when returning from the mill at Esdracelon on Monday, lost his way in the storm and would have perished had the cold had not Elwood Shorey and Frederic Hemphill went in search of him and assisted him to the home of Mr. Hemphill, where he spent the night.

### SUMMERFIELD.

Wilmot Green had a hauling bee this week hauling his hay to market, as he has had bad luck this fall, and a large number of teams from this place and Knoxford attended.

Beecher Lunn had the bad luck to break his hay press last week while pressing hay at Mr. Pritchard's.

W. Lunn has been confined to the house for a few days with the tooth ache. The doctor called Thursday and removed the tooth.

Potatoes are selling at \$2.00 at Upper Kent while at Mass Hill they are reported \$2.15 per barrel. What's the matter with reciprocity?

Mrs. Robert Lunn is nursing Mrs. John Brown.

Miss Clara Lunn is visiting friends at Bath.

Isaac Smith came home to attend his brother's funeral, but did not arrive till afterward.

### AVONDALE.

Miss Lillian D. Finn of St. Stephen, has been visiting her brother, Chas. Diffin.

Miss Lulu Carpenter has been engaged as our teacher for the present term.

Mrs. Wm. Nelson was visiting her mother, Mrs. Allan Burpee, of Jacksonville.

Miss Myrtle Dickinson spent her vacation at New Brunswick and Lower Jacksonville.

Hi! am Green is suffering from blood poisoning.

Miss Gladys Kimball, who has been working in Hartland, is spending her vacation at home.

The young people spent a very pleasant evening at Harry Barter's on Friday night last.

Miss May Burpee has been visiting Miss Georgia Nelson.

Mrs. S. G. Barter was visiting at Hartland one day this week.

### The East and the West.

At a meeting of the Woodstock board of trade, this week, Thomas Noddin declared that New Brunswick and Carleton county in particular, was the greatest country the sun shone on. He had traveled and farmed in the west, and he had found no place like New Brunswick. He had a farm and made money on it. Mr. Noddin said that many of the farmers had more land than they knew what to do with. They raised hay and sold it in Ontario to feed Ontario beef, which beef was shipped down here, and the farmer bought it at a large price. He did not see the wisdom of that course. He thought it would be much better for the farmer to have a small farm and get rid of his surplus in the home market.

### A Cadet Camp.

Capt. F. A. Good, of the 71st regiment has been notified that it is the intention of the militia department to hold a cadet camp in the maritime provinces during the summer holidays of 1912. Free transportation, together with rations, tents, blankets and camp stoves will be furnished members of Cadet Corps wishing to attend, but they will be expected to make their own arrangements for cooking. It is likely quite a number from the high school and Normal School Cadet Corps will attend.

### Pay Up Notice.

All bills owing to the undersigned must be paid before Feb. 1st. After that date they will be placed for collection and costs added. Better call and settle now.

It must be distinctly understood that after Feb. 1st, I will do a strictly cash business and will keep no books. Don't order work done and then say I'll pay you tomorrow, or next week or when I dig my potatoes—PAY ON THE SPOT! This gives us both satisfaction.

SCOTT T. SIPPRELL

# Happy New Year

We wish to thank our Patrons and public generally for their generous support of our efforts to add increased fame of the career of

## The House of Good Clothes."

We approach 1912 with a determination to discount the past at every point and keep our stores at Woodstock and Hartland the Boys' and Men's Clothing, Hats Caps and Furnishings Stores in their respective localities. Again wishing you a prosperous and happy New Year.

## JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK

### The Reasons Why

You Should

Buy Your



## STOVES and RANGES OF H. N. BOYER, Hartland

He is the largest Dealer in the County.

He buys outright in car lots, from the best makers, thereby effects a substantial saving in freight rates.

Buying in quantities, he buys the best goods cheaper than his competitors.

He gives his customers the benefit of his heavy buying and saving in freight rates.

His leader, THE CANADA "B," an all-Canadian product, has the VALUE built into it. He will set up one in your kitchen, in any part of the county, and guarantee you a saving in your fuel bill—and you can prove it before you buy.

He is in a position to make easy payments to responsible parties. He has more satisfied customers than any dealer in Carleton county, and he wants to add you to the number.

Call, phone, or write your needs, and he will give you the maximum of satisfaction at the minimum of cost.

The Canada "B," the Farmers' Range, will make your cold kitchen warm in Zero weather

Remember that Boyer will pay the freight to your nearest railway station if you do not live within driving distance of Hartland. Recently he sold two Ranges to parties in British Columbia and shipped one to South Africa.

### NOTICE!

We, the undersigned, James W. Astle and Peter L. Cosman, heretofore doing business under the name, style and name of Astle & Cosman, do hereby give notice that the said firm has been dissolved by mutual consent, and all debts due and owing to the said firm will be collected and paid by the said firm, and will be paid by him upon presentation thereof at his office.

The said James W. Astle has retired from the said firm and is no longer connected therewith.

We wish to thank our many friends for their favors in the past and would ask for our successor, Perley S. Marsten, your same hearty support.

Dated this first day of January, A. D. 1912.

JAMES W. ASTLE,  
PETER L. COSMAN.

Notice is hereby given that I have purchased from Peter L. Cosman the insurance business formerly conducted by him and James W. Astle and am now in a position to look after your requirements in all lines of insurance.

By extending the same liberal treatment that the old firm have always accorded, I trust to warrant and receive the same confidence from the insuring public.

Soliciting a generous share of your business, I am,

Yours truly,  
PERLEY S. MARSTEN.

## F. N. GRANT PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs

## P. R. SEMPLE

East Florenceville, N. B.

Dealer in

Hardware, Plumbing, Tinware, Furnaces and Stoves

The

New Empress Range

manufactured by the National Mfg. Co., of Ottawa and Brockville, is the best on the market today. Come and see it. Ask us to prove the assertion.

Do You Need a

Typewriter

?

I can suit you with an "Em-

pire" at prices from \$45. to \$80.

You can have free trial for

one week.

Cash Discounts or easy terms.

Write for catalogues and particulars.

Frank Fairweather.

St. John, N. B.



## Local News and Personal Items

Paul Raymond returned from the woods last week.

George Smith of Florenceville, was a recent visitor here.

John E. Algar of St. Stephen, was at the Exchange this week.

Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Brewer were in Woodstock Saturday evening.

John McLean, representing the Dominion Paper Co., of Montreal was here last week.

Miss Margaret Ward of Highfield, Kings county, has returned home after a visit with I. A. J. Ward.

R. L. Phillips of Fredericton, was here on Monday and Tuesday, registered at the Commercial.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Connelly are spending the winter with their daughter, Mrs. Stephen Orser, at Windsor.

The race between picked teams of roller skaters from Grand Falls and Hartland will be an interesting event next week.

Garnett Birmingham, son of H. W. Birmingham of Victoria, has been transferred from the Bank of Montreal office at Canso to Mahone Bay, N.S.

There will be services at River Bank on Sunday, Jan. 28, at 10.30 a. m., at Lansdown at 3 p. m. and Windsor at 7 p. m., by Rev. J. A. Corey.

The village, generally, congratulates Councillor E. C. Morgan upon his selection as county warden, an honor rarely given to a man so young in years.

Wm. Dickinson, who has been working on the Government post office in Hartland, is visiting here for a week. He will return next week to assist in completing the line building—Mars Hill View.

The Observer has recently received a number of enquiries as to remittances sent to this office for subscriptions. Up to date all who have asked are hereby assured that their money has been received and credited as desired.

On Monday evening, Jan. 29, Miss Lottie L. Tilston of Hawaii, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, will give an elocutionary entertainment in the Presbyterian church at Greenfield, N. B. A rare treat is anticipated.

The Lakeville Dramatic Club who will on Friday evening give the four-act comedy-drama, "Strife," in the Forester's hall have met with great success in the production of the play elsewhere. An evening's splendid entertainment is assured and a large crowd is expected.

Miss Jennie Boyer returned home early last week from Hartland. She and her sister, Ruth, had gone down the Saturday previous to spend some time with her grandparents. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen E. McMullen, Miss Ruth will remain there for several weeks probably—Fort Fairfield Review.

On Saturday, Jan. 13, Ira T. Corey of Knowlesville, and Nellie K. Kenney of Highlands, were united in marriage by Rev. J. A. Corey at his residence. The couple then went to the home of the bride where a reception was held in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Corey will reside at Knowlesville and will welcome their friends there.

G. H. Perry of Kilburn, visited here on Monday.

Claude Augherton of Woodstock, was here on Saturday.

W. R. Gillin was at the Barker House, Fredericton last Saturday.

Chas. Stevens and Blair Shaw accompanied potato cars to Montreal last week.

Arthur S. Estabrooks always has on hand a stock of Charles Swin's celebrated axe-handles.

The United Baptist service will be held next Sunday at two o'clock, the Sunday school following.

Hartland Lodge No. 128 meets Thursday, Feb. 1st, in Burt's hall. All are invited to come and join.

S. L. Lynott, lately editor of the Kenbuckto Review, has assumed editorial duty on the Sentinel.

An article on "Church Union" by the pastor of one of the local churches is too late for this issue but will appear next week.

Mrs. Henry Post of Woodstock, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Andrew Nixon of Calais, was visiting H. H. Smalley a few days ago.

An important meeting of the Carleton County Agricultural Society will be held at the office of C. M. Augherton on Saturday afternoon.

Talmage Campbell, who has been visiting his former home at Mount Pleasant, started on the return trip to British Columbia on Monday.

On Jan. 30, Miss Lottie L. Tilston will give an entertainment in the Methodist church at East Florenceville. The meeting will begin at 7.30.

Harvey T. Reid writes to The Observer from Wolfville expressing his deep appreciation of the numerous telegrams of congratulation sent to him from Hartland friends.

Recently Dr. Brown of Centerville, laid complaint against Principal Masterton, of the Centerville school, charging assault upon Cyril Brown, a pupil. The case was aired in the Police Court at Woodstock on Saturday and was dismissed.

The second story of the new post office is practically completed and the masons on Tuesday finished the work in the basement. The ground floor is nearing completion and will be ready after the first of February for the installation of the fixtures which will be done by a firm in Ontario.

John DeLong of Mars Hill, came to Charleston on Thursday to visit his nephew, Norris DeLong. On Friday morning he was stricken with paralysis and lived only twelve hours after-ward. He was 65 years of age, and leaves a wife, formerly Angeline DeGrass, and three sons and one daughter. The funeral was held at Charleston on Sunday.

The W.C.T.U. met at the home of Mrs. Henry Bradley on Thursday evening. The attendance was larger than usual. There was a good program and the evening was profitably spent. A light lunch was served by Mrs. Bradley at the close. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. J. K. Fleming on Thursday, Feb. 1st. All the members are requested to be present.—Press Supt.

Last Saturday an accident that may have been attended with severe results, occurred at the home of A. R. Foster, Middle Simonds, when his acetylene gas generator exploded. The machine was located in the cellar and Mr. Foster was working about with a lantern. Escaping gas ignited, there was a flash, a crash and a scared man, with, fortunately, no real damage except to the machine.

The death occurred at four o'clock on Tuesday of this week of Melburn A. Tompkins at his home at Bath. He had been ill a long time. His wife survives him, as does one daughter, Mrs. W. P. Stapleford, and a son, Harry, a C.P.R. operator. Mr. Tompkins was about 65 years of age and a man who was held in high esteem. A shoemaker by trade he at one time lived in Hartland where he ran a shop. Spurgeon Tompkins, section-foreman of the C.P.R., is a brother, living here, and Judson Tompkins, also a section-foreman, lives at Perth. The funeral will be held today.

Miss Hattie Campbell of Peel, visited Mrs. H. Hatfield one day this week.

On Tuesday evening Clyde Rideout entertained his Sunday school children very pleasantly at his home.

LOST—A ladies' brooch between the U. B. church and J. W. Adams' residence. Finder please leave at Estey & Curtis.

Mr. Webster, of the acetylene contracting firm of Webster & Lister, Hampton, is in the village endeavouring to arrange for the installation of a central gas plant for lighting the village.

Hatfield & Scott will ship upwards of 80 cars of potatoes to Montreal and west this week. Scott Sipprell left in charge of eight cars yesterday. The price being paid now is \$2.25.

Skating in the rink the other evening, Harry Adams fell and broke one of his fingers, which has laid him up for awhile. This is unfortunate, as his widowed mother is ill and needs the work of both his hands.

Through an annoying error a short story which has its beginning on the last page of this issue breaks off abruptly, a column of other matter having been by accident run in the place of the column ending the story. The story will be completed next week.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 30, Rev. B. H. Thomas, Grand Master of the L.O.L. will deliver a sermon in the United Baptist church under the auspices of the Hartland Orange Lodge. The sermon will be entitled "Relations of Protestants to Romanists."

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mulheron wish to announce the marriage of their daughter, Mary Josephine, to Blair C. Kimball of Radville, Sask., the ceremony to take place at 10 o'clock on Feb. 7, at St. Bonaventure's church at Williamstown. Rev. Fr. Bradley officiating. Soon afterward the young couple will leave for their future home in Saskatchewan.

### Produce Prices

Potatoes.....	\$2.00
Hay, loose.....	8. to 10.
Oats.....	40
Eggs.....	25
Butter.....	20 to 21
Pork.....	.07
Beans.....	2.50 to 2.75
Chickens.....	10 Hens .07
B. W. Meal.....	1.75
Ducks and Geese.....	12

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold. Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won a world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon? It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and is a real merit. For sale by all dealers.

W. P. Jones, K. C.  
Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.  
WOODSTOCK N. B.

## Marked Down

Anything in our stock of **WINTER GOODS** such as **Underware, Sweaters, Shoopacks, Horse Blankets, etc.**

will be sold at very close prices for cash or produce. Our Policy: Near the end of each season we will sell the remainder of seasonable goods at nearly cost price, thus giving new and fresh stock when the season comes around again.

## Drake & Belyea

LOCKLAND.

As stock taking will soon be on we want to clear out some lines and will give

## Special Bargains

on several lines such as

Winter Lap Robes at Cost, Parlor Lamps at greatly reduced prices, Sheet Iron Stoves at a real bargain. Try our 69c. Axe.

A Good Line of General Hardware on hand.

## ZIBA ORSER

# John T. G. Carr

wishes to call attention to his

## Annual January Sale

NOW ON.

This year prices will be cut lower than ever before as we intend, as soon as possible, to close our General Store. This does not mean that we are going entirely out of business, but it is our intention to devote our time more fully to the **Insurance Business** and the handling of **Flour, Feed, Coal, Salt** etc., in carload lots.

We still have on hand a quantity of

## FUR GOODS and Winter Clothing

for Men and Women, that we don't want to carry over. These we will sell at **Sacrifice Prices**. A large number of

## Ladies' Coats and Skirts at Half Price

We also have a few

## SEWING MACHINES

that are snaps at the prices we are offering them. We can save you dollars on these goods.

Make home pleasanter by putting in a **Graphophone** and some **up-to-date records**. We deplore the exodus of our young people to the cities. Perhaps if the homes were more attractive than they are not so many would go.

We are continually getting in **New, Clean Shelf Groceries**, and intend to stock up in these lines till our heavy stock of **Dry Goods** is disposed of. Now on hand: One car of "P. & P." Fertilizer, one of the best makes on the market. Expected daily: One car Scotch coal.

John T. G. Carr.

## ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS

ROCKLAND.

has still on hand.....

**HORSE BLANKETS** to be sold **CHEAP!**

**Biggest Scribblers and Slates**

for the money on the market.

**Lots of Ink, Pens, Pencils and Rulers.**

**We are Selling Gasoline at 20c. a gal.**

Also good Engine and Lubricating Oils.

## Western Assurance Co.

(INCORPORATED 1851)

ASSETS - - - - \$3,213,438.25

**DIBBLEE & AUGHERTON, Agents**

Woodstock, N. B.

Telephone: Office, 13-11.

Residence, 16-11.

**You**

will like the fine flavor of Red Rose Tea. It has the cup goodness that comes only from Red Rose quality—the reason why it holds first place in thousands of Canadian homes. Will you try it.

**RED ROSE TEA** is good tea



## A TERRIBLE RECORD OF CHILDREN'S DEATHS

As every mother knows the death rate of little ones in Canada during the hot summer months far exceeds that of any other season of the year. The reason for this is that the excessive heat brings on those dreaded troubles, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and other stomach and bowel complaints. These come on so quickly and with such little warning that often baby is beyond help before the mother realizes he is ill. During the hot summer months the mother must be constantly on her guard to see that baby's bowels are working regularly and his little stomach is kept sweet and pure. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in the home as they are the mother's greatest friend. A dose now and then will prevent these troubles, or if they do come on suddenly they will be quickly banished by the Tablets. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## FOUND HIS BONES

Skeleton Believed to be That of Murdered Envoy Brought to Light in German Wood

A skeleton found in a wood near the village of Quitow, Germany, may turn out to be that of Lord Bathurst, the English Ambassador at Vienna, who disappeared on the 25th of November, 1909, as he was returning to England.

The Ambassador's mysterious disappearance caused great excitement throughout Europe. Early in the spring of 1909, Lord Bathurst had been sent on a secret mission to the Vienna Court, and at the conclusion of the peace meeting at Schoenbrunn, on the 13th of October of the same year, he received orders to return home. He started on the journey, and travelled from Berlin under the name of Koch, a merchant. On November 25 he arrived in Perleberg. Here he entered an hotel beside the posting station. In the evening, when the journey should have been resumed, Lord Bathurst was missing. His overcoat was found later on a heap of wood in the collar of the posting station, and his leggings in a wood near the village of Quitow.

There was a secret military inquiry into Lord Bathurst's disappearance, and a rumor was circulated that he had been murdered by the order of Napoleon. This rumor was credited to some quarters, as, at the time, the enmity against France in England had reached its highest stage.

When the inquiry into the envoy's disappearance came to naught, prominent criminologists and historians occupied themselves with the case without, however, arriving at any conclusion.

Now, near the same spot where Lord Bathurst's leggings were found, a man's skeleton has been discovered. It is believed to be that of the English Ambassador.

## THE SEAMAN BARONET

Sir Claude Robert Campbell, fourth baronet, of Guilford Street, W.C., who served before the mast on the sailing ship *Sutherland* from 1898 to 1900, and who succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, the third baronet, in 1904, and died at sea on July 26 or 27, 1909, in an attempt to swim ashore for assistance from the coast of the crew when the ship was wrecked, left estate now valued for probate at £235. A similar case of a titled gentleman serving before the mast was recently mentioned in the Probate Court, when the Earl of Egmont's estate was valued at £14,750. His lordship, after a long service at sea, became a London fireman, and was for some time keeper of the Vestry Hall at Chelsea.

## MEN'S HATS IN CHURCH

The question of women wearing hats in church recalls the fact that men also formerly wore theirs at worship.

Pepys shows that in the seventeenth century both men and women wore their hats to church.

"To church," he writes, "and heard a simple fellow open the praise of church music, and exclaiming against men wearing their hats on in the church."

Later he notes that he saw a minister "preach with his hat off... which I never saw before."

The hat was then an integral part of both male and female costume, and Pepys catches "a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner."

For regulating the bowels, invigorating the kidneys and stirring up the lazy liver

## Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

have proved for over half a century, in every quarter of the world, absolutely safe and most effective.

25c. a box everywhere. 27

## QUACKS STILL ABOUND

Even Belief in Witchcraft Prevails in Some Portions of England and Wales

Witchcraft has arrived at the dignity of mention in a Government Blue-book. In a Local Government Board report issued recently in London it is stated that in a few of the more outlying rural districts (of England and Wales) belief in witchcraft is still held by a few people.

Herbalists are said to be chiefly popular in the Midlands and North, where some vaunt spurious degrees and give certificates which are actually accepted by registrars of death. They "seriously diminish the chances of cure, lead to a great amount of unnecessary pain and suffering and premature death," and have caused the spread of small-pox and other infectious diseases by ignorant diagnosis and mistaken treatment.

The North is also the chosen ground of the bonesetter and in parts of Wales belief in these men is said to be implicit.

Other sources of danger dealt with are unqualified dentists posing as "institutes" and the like, who "sacredly" supply ill-fitting teeth, and poison with anaesthetics of which they have no knowledge; unqualified opticians who write all sorts of letters after their names, and injure eyesight with worthless glasses; and quacks who sell nostrums at shops or street corners to cure cancer, consumption, and other grave diseases, which lead to the spread of disease and death.

## THOSE FINGER PRINTS

Tell-Tale Evidence in Identifying and Tracing Criminals

The science of finger-prints is comparatively young. Though Scotland Yard possesses some tens of thousands of records, it was only in 1901 that the system of identification by finger-print was officially adopted.

But in that short time the authorities have proved that their system is almost infallible. It has enabled them to make no less than forty-four thousand identifications, and that without error, so far as is known.

The bulbs of the fingers of human beings are marked with a number of very fine ridges running in certain directions, and arranged in patterns. These are classed under four primary types—arches, loops, whorls, and composites, and it has been proved that these patterns persist in all their details throughout the whole period of human life.

As a consequence, the police officials whenever summoned to investigate a case of crime, search first for finger-prints, and these can usually be found. When an arrest is made, finger-prints are taken from the prisoner's hand, and if they tally with those taken on the scene of the crime one of the strongest pieces of evidence it is possible to obtain is there against him.

The finger-print collection of Scotland Yard is now a huge one, and a search amongst these records will frequently enable them to discover the culprit of a mischief happens to be, so that finger-prints are not only a form of identification, but a valuable help in tracing criminals.

Naturally, these finger-print impressions are jealously guarded.

## GRANULOM OF THE GREAT

Prominent Men Have Heads Shaped According to the Profession They Pursue

One of the most entertaining features of the coming Universal Races Congress in London will be a collection of portraits of the highest types of mankind produced by various countries. These will include Cabinet Ministers, heads of universities, scientific celebrities, and, probably, great writers and musicians.

"Our idea," said Mr. Gustav Spiller, the organizer, "is to show that the prominent or great men of all countries have heads that are very similar in essential features. A man of one country who has forced himself into prominence in any sphere of life, is bound to resemble men of other countries who are in similar positions. This should be shown clearly by the portraits, and they should also show that politics produces one universal type, science another, music another, and so on. Recognition of this should tend to universal understanding and friendship."

## FINE BIRDS IN OLD LONDON

Beautiful Feathered Creatures From All Over the World on Show

The king among the more than 2,000 birds on view at the London Cage Bird Association's annual show at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, is a handsome specimen of the greater bird of Paradise in full plumage. It belongs to Mr. R. Pauwels, a famous Belgian amateur collector, and is worth \$7,500.

Mr. Pauwels has brought the bird to England in company with other valuable rarities especially for the present show. His exhibits include a black-capped lory, a Cuban woodpecker, a pair of white mynahs, and a pair of sky-blue budgerigars, most of which are new birds to the English show bench. The greater bird of Paradise dominates them all, however, and it is probable that no other specimen of its breed will be seen for many years at an exhibition in this country, owing to the decree which came into force on July 1 last prohibiting the export of birds of Paradise from Dutch Guinea, the home of the species, except for scientific purposes.

## THE LARGEST LOAF

Baked Recently in Texas—Weighed 140 Pounds—12 Feet Long

The largest loaf of bread in the world was baked the other day by Andrew Newberg, of Austin, Texas. This gigantic mass of the Staff of Life weighed 140 pounds, and was two feet high, three feet wide, and twelve feet long.

After the ingredients were mixed, the baking process consumed more than an hour, a special oven being used for the purpose.

The loaf was sent to a barbecue at Moulton, where it was cut and distributed to a large crowd. Mr. Newberg accompanied the bread to its destination to see that it was safely carried.

By making this loaf, Mr. Newberg breaks his own record for the largest loaf of bread in the world, which was one weighing a hundred pounds, sent to the Louisiana Exhibition in 1904.

## ENTHUSIASM WON

Temperance Veteran Journeyed 5,000 Miles in Thirteen Months

Enthusiasm in a cause one has at heart overcomes many obstacles which would be otherwise insurmountable. For instance, Mr. John Abbey, the well-known temperance veteran, spent over forty years in England, where he rendered yeoman service in the Eastern Counties, and then proceeded to South Africa to help on the cause over there. Mr. Abbey has journeyed over 5,000 miles during the last thirteen months. In addition, he has delivered 200 addresses and taken 15,000 pledges in the colleges and schools, from both teachers and scholars.

## A PARABLE

Two spiders who dwelt in different parts of a church chanced to meet together in the stable one day when out for a constitutional.

"How are you getting on?" said spider No. 1 to spider No. 2.

"Oh, moderately," was the reply. "I don't feel very comfortable on Sundays. I live in the pulpit, under the cushion, and on that day the parson comes and bangs the book and sends his fists on the side, and I have to keep very close, or else some day I think he'll hit me. He bangs with such force that I know he'll squash me to a jelly."

"Oh, you come and live with me," said his companion. "I'm never troubled; I am always comfortable, and never disturbed from one year's end to the other."

"Indeed!" said the other spider. "And where do you live?"

"Oh, I live in the poor-box," was the reply.

Small but Potent.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are small, but they are effective in action. Their fine qualities as a corrector of stomach troubles are known to thousands and they are in constant demand everywhere by those who know what a safe and simple remedy they are. They need no introduction to those acquainted with them, but to those who may not know them they are presented as the best preparation on the market for disorders of the stomach.

Dugald was ill, and his friend Donald took a bottle of whisky to him. Donald gave the invalid one glass, and said: "Ye'll get another yin in the mornin'." About five minutes elapsed, and then Dugald suddenly exclaimed: "Ye'd better let me hae the ither noo, Donald, ye hear o' aae mony sudden deaths nooadays."

There are many sticky devices on the market that kill some flies, but housekeepers who have tested them know that Wilson's Fly Pads kill many times more, and do not damage carpets and furniture like all sticky fly catchers.

If every man loved his neighbor as he loves himself his Satanic Majesty would soon have to hunt another job.

## REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR CHILDREN WHILE TEething, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Beware of the man whose dog crawls under the house when its master enters the gate.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Some women spend half their lives before the glass and some men spend half their behind it.

Fresh Supplies in Demand.—Wherever Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has been introduced increased supplies have been ordered, showing that wherever it goes this excellent Oil impresses its power on the people. No matter in what latitude it may be found its potency is never impaired. It is put up in most portable shape in bottles and can be carried without fear of breakage.

Don't get into the habit of giving advice because you want to get rid of it.

Dignity is what some people stand on when they are short.

## FIVE POINTS IN BOND INVESTMENTS

1 A desirable investment has in it these essentials—the safety of the principal—the certainty of income—a fair and fixed rate of income—probable appreciation in value—and saleability.

2 Bonds, carefully selected, ensure to the investor all these desirable elements and are invariably secured—principal and interest—by the total assets of the company that issues them.

3 Write us to day for our literature on Bond Investments and a list of those we recommend.

**ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION**  
BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING  
YONGE AND QUEEN STS.  
TORONTO

## ADVICE TO TOWN FOLK

Advice to those who live in towns Where gossip never ceases: Be careful how to pick your friends, And don't pick them to pieces.

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

## SARTORIAL FINANCE

Mrs. Knicker—"It isn't what you pay for clothes that makes you well dressed."

Mrs. Bocker—"No, indeed; it's what you owe."

It is better to avert a war than to fight and win; better to prevent sickness than to cure it. Keep a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard-Oil in the house and see how much suffering it saves.

Jack met a friend of his, and, noticing the glum look on his face, said, "What's the matter, Harry?"

"A burglar visited our house last night and stole our \$15 clock."

"But didn't your dog prevent him?" asked Jack. "That's the point," growled Harry. "He stole that, too!"

## Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Miss Rocksey—"But, papa, George is a hard-working young man." Old Rocksey—"That's it exactly. The man I wish you to marry must be able to make money without working."

A Stamped Medicine.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, compounded of entirely vegetable substances known to have a revivifying and salutary effect upon the digestive organs, have through years of use attained so eminent a position that they rank as a standard medicine. The ailing should remember this. Simple in their composition, they can be assimilated by the weakest stomach and are certain to have a healthful and agreeable effect on the sluggish digestive organs.

"What are you crying about, Freddy?" "I got licked twice to-day." "How was that, an' Teacher caned me, an' I told dad, an' dad went up to thrash the teacher, an' the teacher licked dad, an' dad came home an' walloped me."

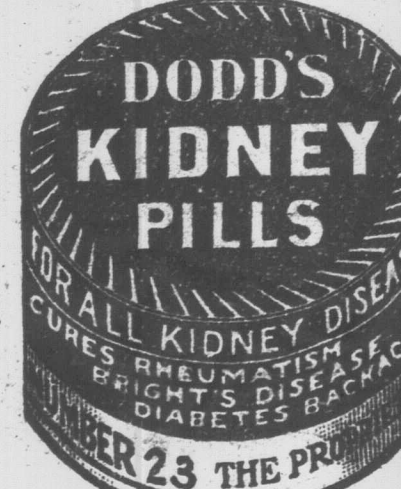
There are many imitations of Wilson's Fly Pads. Do not be deceived by unsatisfactory imitations. Get Wilson's.

## MISGUIDED SYMPATHY.

"You keep those horrid sheets of sticky flypaper in your house? Do you think it's humane to put even flies to such a lingering, torturing death?"

"Yes, I think it is, all things considered. Still, if you prefer to let them scald themselves to death in your coffee I have no fault to find. They deserve even that."

The tail of a mouse is one of the conclusions a woman will jump at.



ED. 1 ISSUE 35-11

## THAT USELESS HYPHEN

Someone with Love for Figures Proves It Is Criminal Waste

Although the general tendency is to do away with unnecessary marks of punctuation, the hyphen is still retained in "to-day," "to-night," and "to-morrow." That the retaining of the hyphen in these words is not only useless but absolutely criminal is easily demonstrated by a bit of simple mathematics.

There are 173,236,592 English-speaking people. The words "to-day," "to-night," and "to-morrow" are together used forty-eight times daily by every person—five of these being written out in long hand. Thus the daily output of hyphens in these words totals 91,132,960. Taking the average of a written hyphen to be one quarter of an inch, you have a straight line 3,984 miles long. At the usual rate of writing it would take one man seventy-six years to insert the hyphens in these words, and his salary would amount to about \$20,000.

But, avoiding all theory, "to-day," "to-night," and "to-morrow" are daily hyphenated four times each on 234,192 typewriters, and three times daily on 184,212 linotype machines. Remembering that a pressure of 1 ounce is required to strike a typewriter key, and 2½ ounces to depress a linotype, we see that in writing these hyphens a total of 852,974 foot-pounds of energy is expended, or enough to draw a passenger train half-a-dozen times from London to Edinburgh and back.

To avoid appearing too critical, no mention has been made of the waste of ink and paper, but this would approximate in value the daily bread supply of London, Manchester, and Glasgow.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

## HIS VACATION SCHEME.

"I have had a great deal of pleasure from anticipating the trip."

"More pleasure, probably, than you'll get from the trip itself."

"That's what I think. So I've decided to stay at home and save the money."

St. Ildore, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1904.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

Minard's Liniment is a powerful and effective remedy for all ailments of the throat, chest, and lungs, and is the best remedy for Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other ailments of the respiratory system.

Yours truly,  
DR. J. D. KELLOGG, M.D.

## TOO READY MEMORY.

Elizabeth—My mamma says she can remember when your mamma kept a grocery's shop.

"Gwendoline—Indeed! My mamma says she can remember how much your mamma owed her for groceries."

It is a fact beyond dispute that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has killed a bushel of house flies. This is more than could possibly be caught on three hundred sheets of sticky paper. All Druggists, Grocers and General Stores sell Wilson's Fly Pads. Be sure you get the genuine Wilson's.

Mrs. Wildman—"I can tell you this, Mr. Wildman, if you continue in your present life of extravagance you'll rarely pay for it some day." Mr. Wildman—"I wish, my dear, that my creditors had the same faith in my good intentions."

**TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY** for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c. 50c. \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c. \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

## KEPT QUIET.

A man who had purchased a fine-looking mare discovered, after driving the animal for a week, that she was blind. Shortly afterwards he succeeded in disposing of her, as the defect did not lessen her speed or detract from her general appearance. The next day the owner of the mare appeared.

"I say, you know that mare you sold me?" he began. "She's stone blind."

"I know it," replied her last owner, with an easy air.

"You didn't say anything to me about it," said the purchaser, his face flushed with anger.

"Well, you see," replied the other, "the man who sold her to me didn't tell me about it, and I thought, perhaps, he didn't want it known."

It isn't difficult to induce the other fellow to compromise when he realizes that you have the best of it.

## BLACK KNIGHT

### Stove Polish

ensures no hard work and no dirty work. No messing or mixing. A handy paste in a generous can. A few rubs, and you have a splendid finish that lasts and stands the heat. The best preparation for polishing stoves, pipes, grates and ironwork.

If your dealer does not carry "Black Knight" Stove Polish in stock, send us his name and rec, and we will send a full size tin by return mail.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

Makers of the famous "4 in 1" Shoe Polish.

## REST AT LAST

Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Brown and her next door neighbor, Mrs. Green, don't speak any more.

Mrs. Smith—"That's good; the rest of the neighbors will now be able to take a nap in the afternoon."

Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be troubled with them long when a simple remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

## HIS VACATION.

"Did you have much of a vacation this year?"

"Thirty-five dollars worth."

## Minard's Liniment Cures Croup in Cows.

If a man owes a lot to his wife it's because she is a poor collector.

## FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT.

ASK DAWSON, HE KNOWS. If you want to sell a farm, consult me.

If you want to buy a farm, consult me.

I HAVE some of the best Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farms in Ontario, and prices right.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

## AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSEES WANTED. Weekly salary paid. Alfred V. Lee, London, Ontario.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. High class business with best people. Calvert & Dwyer Co., Limited, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED—A study of other Agency propositions is giving me no rest. If you don't apply I will regret it. If you don't apply I will regret it. If you don't apply I will regret it.

AGENTS ON SALARY OR COMMISSION. The greatest agency seller ever produced; every user of pen and ink over it on sight, 25c to 50c per cent profit; one agent's sales amounted to \$600 in six days; another \$33 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., No. 44, Le Crosse, Wis.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

HAY AND FARM SCALES. Wilson's Scale Works, 9 Esplanade, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED. A LITTLE FOR every home. Write us for our choice list of agents supplied. We have the list of agents supplied in Canada to-day. No outlay necessary. Apply to C. I. Co., 223 Albert St., Ottawa.

CANCER TUMORS, KIDNEYS, etc. Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman, Collingwood, Ont.

TON SCALE GUARANTEED. Wilson's Scale Works, 9 Esplanade, Toronto.

SPECIALISTS ADVISE FREE. Consult us in regard to any disease. Lowest prices in drug line. Send measure of your trouble to us for free diagnosis. Glasses fitted by eye. Free. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman, Collingwood, Ont.

## CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the British American Dyeing Co. Send particulars by post and we will send a card.

Address: Box 184, Montreal.

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handling this proposition. Our agents everywhere are doing it. You can. Authentic references required. This is sound and legitimate. Address, P. O. Box 1145, Vancouver, B. C.



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We publish the lists annually. We pay full fare up to \$5.00, and bring long distance students for half fare. Good board and room, \$3.00 per week. If you cannot come to Chatham, we can train you by mail.

Here are some students placed recently: Kate Wade, Cameron & Keap, Regina; E. Burk, Nicholson & Bain, Regina; H. Wood, Trust Co., Chaboygan, Minn.

Right calls will be received for Biographical, Teachers, and Auditors, for openings worth from \$200 to \$500, will give you some idea of the demands.

COLLEGE REOPENS FOR 27th YEAR SEPTEMBER 5th.

Catalogue 35 tells of work at Chatham. Catalogue 34 tells of work by mail. (Either Free.)

D. McLAUGHLIN & CO., C. B. College, Chatham, Ont.



## Special Offer

TO

## Observer Patrons

No matter when your subscription expired if you remit at the rate of 50 cents a year, and pay at least a part of the year in advance, we will accept it, provided it comes before Feb. 1st.

# HARTLAND ROLLER RINK! RACE! GRAND FALLS AND HARTLAND

Select teams from both places will contest

## 4 One-Mile Races

In the Hartland Roller Rink on

# Friday Ev'g, Feb. 2, 1912

There will be plenty of fun and excitement. Grand Falls beat Hartland twice last winter. The absorbing question now is will they do it again?

Come dan cheer our boys on.

Races will be called at 9 o'clock. Skating before and after.

Admission 25 cents.

Skates 15 cents.

rather than have betrayed either for his contempt or his compassion. The touch of a bird's wing brushing her hair brought the dreamy comparison to her wandering thoughts. She started and lifted her head. It was a blue carrier pigeon, one of the many she fed at that casement and the swift, set and surest of several she sent with messages for the soldiers between the various stations and corps. She had forgotten she had left the bird at the encampment.

She caressed it absently, while the tired creature sank down on her bosom. Then only she saw that there was a letter beneath one wing.

She found an old French cobbler sitting at a stall in a casement stitching leather. He was her customary reader and scribe in this quarter. She touched him with the paper. "Good Matheus, wilt thou read this to me?" And he read aloud:

There is ill news. I send the bird on a chance to find thee. Bela-faire-pour struck the Black Hawk—a light blow, but with threat to kill following it. He has been tried and is to be shot. There is no appeal. The case is clear. The colonel could have cut him down, were that all. I thought you should know. We are all sorry. It was done on the night of the great fête. I am thy humble lover and slave.

So the boy zouave's scrawl, crushed and blotted and written with great dif-



"You have his face," she muttered. "What are you to him?"

Hearty, ran in its brief phrases that the slow muttering of the old shoemaker drew out in tedious length.

Cigarette heard. She never made a movement or gave a sound, but all the blood fled out of her brilliant face, leaving it horribly blanched beneath its brown sun scorch, and her eyes, disoriented, senseless, sightless, were fastened on the old man's slowly moving mouth.

"Shot!" she said vacantly. "Shot!" Her vengeance had come without her once lifting her hand to summon it.

"The blow was struck for her," she muttered. "It was that night, you hear—that night?"

"What night? Thou lookest so strangely. Dost thou love this doomed soldier?"

Cigarette laughed—a laugh whose echo thrilled horribly through the lonely Moresco courtyard.

"Love! Love! I hated him, look you! So I said. And I longed for my vengeance. It is come!"

Then she crushed the letter in one hand and flew, fleet as any antelope, through the streets of the Moorish quarter and across the city to the quay.

The people ever gave way before her, but now they scattered like frightened sheep from her path. There was something that terrified them in that in that fury of resistless speed with which she rushed upon her way.

Once only in her headlong career through the throngs she paused. It was as one face, on which the strong light of the noontide poured, came before her. The senseless look changed in her eyes. She wheeled out of her route and stopped.

"You have his face!" she muttered. "What are you to him?"

"To whom?"

"To the man who calls himself Louis Victor, a chasseur of my army?"

Her eyes were fastened entirely upon him, keen, ruthless, fierce, in this moment, as a hawk's. He grew pale and murmured an incoherent denial. He sought to shake her off, first gently, then more rudely. He called her mad and tried to fling her from him, but the little fingers only wound themselves closer on his arm.

"Be still, fool!" she muttered. "You are of his people. You have his eyes and his looks and his features. He discloses you or you him. No matter which, he is of our blood, and he lies under sentence of death. Do you know that?"

With a stifled cry the other recoiled from her. He never doubted that she spoke the truth. None could who had looked upon her face.

"Do not lie to me," she said curtly. "It avails you nothing. Read that."

She thrust before him the paper the pigeon had brought. His hand trembled sorely as he held it. He believed in that moment that this strange creature, half soldier, half woman, half brigand, half child, knew all his story and all his shame from his brother.

"Shot!" he echoed hoarsely as she had done when he had read on to the end. "Shot! Oh, my God, and I—I am his brother!"

She was silent. Looking at him fixedly, it did not seem to her strange that she should thus have met one of his blood in the crowds of Algiers.

"You are his brother," she said slowly. "Tell me his name, his rank."

He was silent. Coward and egotist that he was, both cowardice and egotism were killed in him under the overwhelming horror with which he felt himself as truly by moral guilt a fratricide as though he had stabbed his elder through the heart.

"Speak!" hissed Cigarette through her clenched teeth.

"He is the head of my house!" he answered her, scarce knowing what he answered. "He should bear the title that I bear now. He is here in this misery because he is the most merciful, the most generous, the most long suffering of living souls. If he die, it is not they who have killed him; it is I!"

"Settle with yourself for that sin," she said bitterly. "Your remorse will not save him. But do the thing that I bid you if that remorse be sincere. Write me out here that title you say he should bear and your statement that he is your brother and should be the chief of your house, then sign it and give it to me."

He seized her hands and gazed with imploring eyes into her face.

"Who are you? What are you? If you have the power to do it, for the love of God rescue him! It is I who have murdered him—I who have let him live on in this hell for my sake!"

She brought him pens and paper from the Turk's store and dictated what he wrote:

I hereby affirm that the person serving in the Chasseurs d'Afrique under the name of Louis Victor is my elder brother, Berthe Cecil, lawfully, by inheritance, the Viscount Royalton, peer of England. I hereby also acknowledge that I have succeeded to and borne the title legally under the supposition of his death.

He let her draw the paper from him and fold it away in her belt. He watched her with a curious, dreamy sense of his own impotence against the fierce and fiery torrent of her bidding.

"Can his life yet be saved?"

"His honor may—his honor shall. Go to him, coward, and let the balls that kill him reach you, too, if you have one trait of manhood left in you!"

Then, swiftly as a swallow dart, she quitted him and flew on her headlong way down through the pressure of the people and the throngs of the market and the noise and the color and the movement of the streets.

The sun was scarcely declined from its noon before she rode out of the city on a half bred horse of the apahis, swifter as the antelope and as wild, with her only equipment some pistols in her holsters and a bag of rice and a skin of water slung at her saddlebow. She had a long route before her. She had many leagues to travel, and there were but four and twenty hours, she knew well, left to the man who was condemned to death; four and twenty hours left open for appeal, no more, before the delivery and execution of the sentence. There were 60 miles between her and her goal. Abd-el-Kader's horse had once covered that space in three hours, so men of the army of Annam had told her. She knew what they had done she could do. Once only she paused, to let her horse lie a brief while and crop some short, sweet grass. Then she mounted again and again went on in her flight. The horse was reeking with smoke and foam and the blood was coursing from his flanks as she reached her destination at last and threw herself off his saddle as he sank faint and quivering to the ground. Whither she had come was to a fortress where the marshal of France, who was the viceroy of Africa, had arrived that day in his progress of inspection throughout the provinces.

"Have a care of him and lead me to the chief!"

She spoke quietly, but a certain sensation of awe and fear moved those who heard. They hesitated to take her message, to do her bidding. The one whom she sought was great and supreme here as a king. They decided to approach his staff, to ask his audience.

Cigarette looked at them a moment, then loosened her cross and held it out to an adjutant standing beneath the gates.

"Take that to the man who gave it me. Tell him Cigarette waits and with each moment that she waits a soldier's life is lost. Go!"

A few minutes and the decoration was brought back to her and her demand was granted. The marshal, leaning against a brass fieldpiece, turned to her with the smile in his keen, stern eyes.

"What brings you here?"

She came up to him with her rapid, leopardlike grace, and he started as he saw the change upon her features. She was covered with sweat and dust and with the animal's blood streaked foam.

"Monseigneur, I have come from Algiers since noon."

"From Algiers?" He and his officers echoed the name of the city in incredulous amazement. They knew how far from them down along the sea line the white town lay.

"Since noon, to rescue a life—the life of a great soldier, of a guileless man. He who saved the honor of France at Zanzibar is to die the death of mutineer at dawn!"

"What! Your chasseur?"

A dusky scarlet fire burned through the pallor of her face, but her eyes never quailed, and the torrent of her eloquence returned under the pangs of shame that were beaten back under the noble instincts of her love.

"Mine, since he is a soldier of France; yours, too, by that title. I am come here from Algiers to speak the truth in his name, and, by my cross, by my flag, by my France, I swear that not a hair of his head shall be touched, not a drop of blood in his veins shall be shed!"

"You speak madly," he said, with cold brevity. "The offense merits the chastisement. I shall not attempt to interfere."

"Hear me at least!" she cried, with passionate ferocity—the ferocity of a dumb animal wounded by a shot. "You do not know what this man is, how he has had to endure. I do. I have watched him; I have seen the brutal tyranny of his chief, who hated him because the soldiers loved him; I have seen his patience, his obedience, his long suffering beneath insults that would have



## BANKING BY MAIL

To enable those living at a distance to conduct a bank account this Bank gives particular attention to Deposits sent by mail :

## BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

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First class equipment. Located at the old Gillin stand, Depot St. Prompt service. Perfectly satisfied is every patron. Old faces made young. Scraggly beards made presentable. Tossed heads untangled.

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

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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.

H. A. SIPPRESS

POND RIOTER.

## NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will make application at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick for an ACT to incorporate them as "The Hartland Electric Power Company, Limited," for the purpose of damming the Beccaguimac stream, erecting and maintaining power plants, and houses, etc., etc., and manufacturing and selling electricity for lighting, power, or for any purpose for which electricity may be used.

Dated this 4th day of January, 1912, at Hartland, N. B.

J. C. HARTLEY,  
Solicitor for Applicants.

Woodstock, N. B.

## Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.

Main St., Hartland, N. B.

## AT THE AUCTION.

Man Who Knocks Down is Always Good Natured.

Great day. Folks have come from miles around because it is not only a sale, but a social event. On a platform in front of the barn stands the auctioneer, a merry, fluent, white whiskered importation from Gillesburg, twenty-four miles away.

Auctioneer—Now, my good people, I have here in my hands a half a sack of—(aside) what is this, George? (to the multitude)—a half sack of beets. We have got a lot of dead beets up our way (loud laughter), but these are live beets. Who wants 'em? Who'll give me a bid?

Horrible Yaw—Five cents!

Auctioneer—Five cents. Thank you. You ain't going to beat yourself on this, are you? (Laughter.) I'm offered 5 cents for this sack of beets. Who'll give me ten?

Old Man Hawkins (squealing)—Ten cents!

Auctioneer—Thank you, uncle. I'm offered 10 cents for this bag of beets, and they are not dead beets either. (General snicker.) Who'll give me fifteen? Fifteen?

Mrs. Boddens is about to bid fifteen, but doesn't decide quick enough, and the words are taken out of her mouth by Bill Hoover, who says loudly, "I'll give ye 15 cents!"

Auctioneer—Fifteen cents for a sack of beets and all live ones! Who'll make it twenty?

O. M. H.—Twenty!

Auctioneer—Twenty! Make it twenty-five?

H. Y.—Twenty-five!

Auctioneer (very much excited)—Twenty-five! Make it thirty!

H. Y. (still more excited)—Thirty!

Auctioneer (after the usual agony)—Sold to this gentleman for 30 cents.

All good, aren't they, uncle?

H. Y. (opening bag)—Them ain't beets; them's carrots.

Auctioneer—So they are, uncle, so they are. Carrots are better than dead beets, ain't they? (General titter of approval. He proceeds to the next article and the next joke.)—R. L. Leigh in Puck.

Choice of Three.

"You'll have to do one of three things," declared the very portly conductor.

The ticketless passenger looked up insolently and said, "Well?"

"Show yer ticket, pay yer fare or git off," answered the very portly conductor.

The insolent passenger leaned out of the window.

"And you, too, my friend," he said seriously, "will have to do one of three things."

"Well?" queried the portly conductor confidently.

"Walk more," retorted the passenger, "eat less or bust!"

And by the time the fat conductor had recovered the train had left the station.—Buffalo News.

Out of Her Line.

"Mamma," said the young wife, "George is so frutible. He scolds nearly all the time."

"You must seem to humor him, Janet," counseled her mother. "Smooth his fur the right way. It's easy enough to trim his claws if you—"

"Trim his claws? Mamma, I'm no manicure!"—Chicago Tribune.

She Knew.

One day when Molly was about four years old she was sent to feed the pigs. When she came back she said, "That stuff isn't fit to give to pigs."

"How do you know?" asked her mother.

"'Cause I tasted it!"—Delineator.

What They're Usually Called.

The Shade (crossing the Str.)—So you are called Charon, eh? Rather a romantic name for a boatman!

The Ferryman (pleased)—It certainly is some improvement on "Hey, Bill!" isn't it?—Sunday Illustrated Magazine.

On the Stage.

"We've got to get somebody to play this light part."

"W. not the electrician?"—Baltimore American.

Just Sol.

"What's a good thing for a black eye?"

"A plausible explanation."—Boston Transcript.

A Pair of Impossibles.

Two men were sitting on a bench.

"Do you think any one man could ever read all the new books?"

"No more than could any one man drink all the liquors that are distilled."

Mary's Little Dance.

Mary had a little dance—

"Salome" was its name—

And everywhere that Mary went

The cops forbade the same.

—Springfield Union.

But Mary didn't let herself

Betray the least surprise.

She merely murmured, with a smile,

"It pays to advertise."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

And everywhere that Mary played

She simply coaxed the boys.

For every theater displayed

The sign of S. R. O.

—Youngstown Telegram.

## THE GHOST OF A CHANCE

From It There Came a Double Wedding.

By MARTHA M'C-WILLIAMS.

"Everybody else is going," Selina said, with a sigh. "Oh dear! I wonder why we have to skip all the good times."

"It is in punishment for our uncommitted sins," Bess answered, with a toss of the head. "All our sins must be uncommitted. I'm sure we've been brought up, more strictly than ever nuns were. Sometimes when I think over it all I get fairly afraid for us two."

"We've been so proper from our cradles—we must break out after awhile."

"Hush! Aunt Wilton would have a fit if she heard you," Selina said. "Do you think she was ever young, Bess? I can't fancy her less than sixty and severe, yet I do believe she means only to be kind and really wants us to be happy."

"Yes, in her way, which isn't mine nor anybody else's," Bess broke out passionately. "Her way is to have everything just so 365 days in the year. We have all sorts of material good things—we eat well, sleep well, dress well—but no liberty to get the good of them. How many times did we wear our best frocks last summer? Not once! And it's going to be the same this season. People never ask us to things any more because they know we won't come."

"I don't mind that so much as the flowers. Shouldn't you like, just once, to run riot in the garden, pulling what ever you liked?"

"You heretic! Aunt Wilton would have serious doubts as to your sanity if she heard that. I think she loves flowers, not because they are flowers and beautiful, but because they are her own."

"The same as her moccasins," a deeper voice said from an ambush of lilac hedges. Next minute the hedge shook violently. It was old and gnarly, being a party hedge and therefore beyond Wilton control. The end of the shakings was a young man, slim and merry eyed, who bowed very low to the two young women, then said deprecatingly: "Don't freeze me because I eavesdropped. I know how bad it is, but really this time the end justified it. I'm a committee of one, self appointed, to find out just why the nicest girls in town skip out of everything."

"Will you listen?" Bess rejoined. Selina, whose eyes were dancing, though her face was preternaturally grave as she answered, "Everybody overlooks Joe Hartwell's sins, he sins so nicely."

Hartwell laughed. His father being Aunt Wilton's lawyer, he knew the Ford girls, Aunt Wilton's nieces, better than anybody in Caswell town. It was a knowledge that ran back to the mind pie period, although the Fords know no more of mud pies and their making than could be gathered from watching him scurionously through crannies of the hedge.

Now, for two years he had been wondering how they had escaped their bringing up. Selina, he was sure, was full of mad longings for life and freedom. About Bess he was not so sure. She sang and laughed like a human sunbeam—sang and laughed herself into the deepest depths of his heart. Therefore he resented bitterly her isolation. The sisters would soon be more than comberable fortune. It galled him to think that people would say Bess had married him through lack of other lovers; maybe also that his father had encouraged his client to keep her heirlooms so secluded out of regard for the interests of his son. Beyond all that, though, was the rebellion against thus winning by default. How could Bess be sure she really loved him when she had had no chance of measuring him against other lovers?

It was with a hope of giving her that chance he had asked his chum, Dennison, for a month's visit. Dennison was handsome, witty and winning. His coming, duly advertised, had set social Caswell all a flutter. There were already things planned for all the first fortnight. Selina and Bess had been discussing the most spectacular of them, the lawn party at the old Vernon place. It was to come off by moonlight, aided and abetted by Japanese lanterns. There would be dancing of course, and supper in the big hall of the deserted mansion. Everybody was to go in costume and masked. Except for that, Selina and Bess might have had faint hopes. But Aunt Wilton's face was flint toward masking. It savored to her so much of acting and the theater.

If Hartwell had known that—but speculation is idle. He looked blank indeed when Selina let him see how the plan lay. "And I got it up mostly so you might dance your fill," he said sorrowfully. "How I wish I could wash the slate clean and begin all over! Such a great lark we will have!"

"Such a great lark we will have!" cried Bess, springing up and whirling about in front of the garden bench. Hartwell stared at her. Selina looked puzzled. Bess stopped short in her dancing to put her finger on her lip and say, nodding sagely between the words: "Promise not to faint when you see us, Joe. I think we're coming, though we have just the ghost of a chance."

The lawn party had to take its full moon on trust. So many clouds sailed in the sky the lantern lights shone all

## A MINING STOCK TIP.

Isam Paid to Get It, and Then He Wouldn't Use It.

"I saw the other day what was for me a new dodge for parting the unsophisticated from their cash in exchange for worthless mining stock," relates Frederic S. Isam, the author. "It happened in a little mining camp in Canada."

"A fortune teller had pitched his tent opposite a 'broker's' shop, where a certain stock—say the Victorian 'mine,' not even a prospect—was being boomed. Having nothing better to do, one or two of us strolled into the fortune teller's place."

"He was the most plausible, persuasive and mystical kind of a mortal. 'You are going to make a great deal of money,' he said to me after impressive preliminaries. 'Weren't you thinking of buying a block of mining stock today?'"

"No, I wasn't, but I was invited to buy some."

"He went into another trance. 'I can't quite see it, what stock you are going to buy, but it begins with a V—the Victor?—yes, that seems it or like it—almost it. I can't quite tell any more. Only if you buy it you'll be very rich—sell for ten for one in a month—Victor, or something like it, is going to 640, and—'"

"At this stage the fortune teller awoke. He came out of his trance professing not to know what he had been saying. We paid him and went out. Only we didn't buy any Victor or Victorian."

"The last I heard of the fortune teller the authorities were looking for him and his pal, the broker. Needless to say, neither has been found yet. They did very well, however, while they lasted—cleaned up twenty thousand or so."—New York Sun.

## SENATOR ROOT'S ATTITUDE.

Fully Explained in a Little Note to the Vice President.

Senator Root, former secretary of state, is given to writing little personal notes to friends when he is weary of the tedium of any formal body of which he is a member. When he was at The Hague last summer as attorney in the fisheries arbitration he penned many of these missives to his associate, Samuel J. Elder of Boston, such as, "Sam, keep an eye on the clock."

There is a certain western senator who talks so much that he wears the senate to a frazzle. One day last session this senator was making his sixth or seventh speech of the afternoon. Senator Root became absorbed in conversation with the late Senator Olney of Georgia. It was such an audible conversation as to be strictly against the rules. Vice President Sherman rapped sternly for order and at last caught Senator Root's eye, whereupon the conversation ceased.

A few minutes later a page handed a note up to the vice president's desk. It was from Senator Root and read: "If the vice president wishes me simply to be in order I will obey, but if he wishes me to listen to that speech of Senator Blank he may go to a hotter place than Washington."—Washington Letter to Boston Herald.

## The Use of Antitoxin.

The American Medicine, strongly urging a more general use of diphtheria antitoxin, says that "the time is close at hand when failure to use antitoxin will impose criminal as well as civil responsibility." It adds that "for a medical man to assume an antagonistic attitude to antitoxin comes perilously near to willful negligence" and declares that the death rate from diphtheria has been steadily going down since the discovery of the preventive serum. "France has led the way," says this medical authority, "and with its mortality rate the lowest of all the civilized countries of the world takes unquestionable leadership among progressive nations. Her success, however, serves to put all the other countries to shame. If France can achieve such a distinctive triumph over one of humanity's dread diseases other countries can do likewise."

## The Northwest Passage.

The search for the northwest passage began almost immediately after the discovery of America. In 1385 a company was formed in London for the purpose of discovering such a passage, and from that time on for more than three centuries the quest was kept up. For many years the British parliament had standing reward of \$100,000 for the one who should succeed in finding a way around North America into the Pacific. It was only yesterday, as it were, that the work was completely done by A. Amundsen, who in 1906 succeeded in sailing through every foot of the long sought passage.—New York American.

## How Berlin Handles Thefts.

The Berlin police have a plan for electrically printing notices of robbery, offers of reward, etc., in such a way that the notices leave an automatic electric typewriter ready to be posted up. In two or three minutes after a robbery has been announced at one station descriptions of the thieves or whatever information is to be communicated can be on the notice board of every station in the city and suburbs.

## One Way to Pay Doctor Bills.

Every time the young emperor of China gets the royal physician's salary is cut off until his majesty is perfectly well again. The passionate zeal with which the physicians of the royal household work to get the emperor back into a condition of health where their salaries will begin again is said to be something astounding.

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