

THE OBSERVER

HARTLAND, N. B., July 26, 1911.

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Vol. 3.

The DAYLIGHT

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

THE BIG Bargain SALE

STILL GOING ON!

SPECIAL OFFERS

for this week
Can't mention them all, call and see for yourself.
Remember this means

All White Wear and
Summer Goods.

Why patronize mail order houses?

Our customers declare they get value equal to the mail order houses—"Look before you leap," is an old saying. In other words "Look before you buy."

We Want to See You!

Massey-Harris and McCormick Machinery repairs for sale for spot cash only.

POTATO BUGS

are a good crop. We have lots of
PARIS GREEN and BLUE VITRIOL
and will meet any prices on same. If you want any don't go past and do worse.

BERRIES

there are lots of them this year and we are prepared for them.
FRUIT JARS, RUBBER KINGS for same and
PARAFINE WAX
for making them air tight.

Haying Tools We have lots of Scythes, Rakes, Scythe
Stones, Snaths, etc. We also have the best
Mowing Machine Oil in the market and
Files for Sharpening mower sections.

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS
ROCKLAND.

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
Chase, Main St., Hartland.

The Pot Still Boils

Further Light on the Simonds Hall Question

Since having given the matter pertaining to the insurance money of the L. O. L. at Middle Simonds an airing, the editor feels it is perfectly just—indeed, rather imperative—that those on the apparent "shady" side of the transaction should be given space to present their side of the story.

It will please all concerned to know that when the Lodge can be resuscitated, under the old charter, the members who shared in the division of the money will be only too pleased to contribute the full amount received, and more.

It will be noticed that one man has given his money to the orphans. This refers to Mr. Flemming. S. W. Smith, who had his innings in our last issue, stated that he was in possession of Mr. Flemming's share of the spoils. But that was untrue at the time of writing the article, but Mr. Smith had gone to great pains to telephone Mr. Flemming to remit to him at once. Smith made a blunder when he undertook to defend his political god so openly. So far as this paper is concerned the subject is not a political one. The people of Simonds wanted a new hall—that was the point. Mr. Smith, mindful of his friends' political welfare, rushed in to defend him from what he must have thought would be political jeopardy.

THE EDITOR.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you permit space in your paper to present the facts from the standpoint of Hipwell L. O. L. No. 57 as one of the members speaking in behalf of the rest. An attack having been made on the members of said lodge, it is but just that both sides of the story be presented.

1st The Orange Hall in question was not in any sense a public hall, as you say in your first article. It was built through the sacrifice and persistent efforts of members of Hipwell L. O. L. No. 57. Only one private individual contributing \$5.00 to the building fund. The members built, owned, and controlled their hall as any incorporated body or society holds property. They paid for the maintenance and for the insurance on the hall. They collected rents and fees from other societies etc. holding meetings in the hall. By a majority vote of the members of Hipwell L. O. L. No. 57 the hall could have been sold, torn down or disposed of in any way at any time. They were in a position to buy or sell and do any kind of legal business.

2nd The lodge was not dormant when the hall was burned as S. W. Smith says in his article. The per capita tax of the members in good standing was paid year by year and accepted by the County lodge and passed on to the grand lodge. The lodge was therefore in a condition to do its business properly and without dictation to or interference by any person or persons outside the lodge.

3rd When the hall was burned and the insurance paid over to the Master of the lodge he took all precaution in handling the funds rightly. An effort was made to get new members so that the hall might be rebuilt. This effort was a failure. The County Master was given every opportunity to resuscitate the lodge which he says was dormant at that time. The Grand Master of the province visited Simonds and failed to get a meeting of

interested citizens.

After these fruitless attempts to resuscitate the lodge a meeting was held of the members of Hipwell L. O. L. No. 57. At this meeting there was a regular quorum of members to do the Lodge's business. Besides those present there were letters from members as far distant as 2000 miles, giving their approval to a majority vote of the members in good standing. As business men and men of integrity whose characters have never been reproached, seeing no possible way of replacing the hall (for it would probably cost \$2000. to replace it and the insurance was only \$600) they voted to suspend building a hall and take the only wise course open, i. e.: dividing the money among the members in good standing, most of whom sacrificed several times more than they would receive to build the hall. The money was divided. And permit me to say that this was the course advised by moral and legal authority inside the order higher than Mr. S. W. Smith need ever aspire for. The money remains in the hands of the members of the lodge who, if they feel they did not sacrifice to build the hall and have no moral right to the money may hand it over to a charitable organization as one of the members has done. On the other hand if the lodge is resuscitated in a reasonable time with reliable and representative members no persons will welcome the building of another hall more than the men in question and none will contribute more freely. When the lodge is resuscitated every man will join in and do all he can to rebuild the hall, but the property of Hipwell L. O. L. No. 57 belongs to the members of that lodge which was unlawfully declared dormant the past year.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to know of a better plan of procedure, or who has a better right to say what shall be done with the funds than those who in the past have contributed liberally of their means to build the hall and to maintain it. The Constitution of the Order was in no way violated, neither was the moral or legal right of any individual denied. Any fair minded man knowing the circumstances and condition of affairs in Middle Simonds would readily give their unqualified approval to all that was done by the members of Hipwell L. O. L. No. 57.

Yours Respectfully
C. F. Rideout.

KNOWLESVILLE

Mrs. J. P. Avery entertained the "Ladies Aid Society on Thursday last.

Miss Mary Craig of Lower Windsor is staying with her sister Mrs. Henry Frasier for a few weeks.

Mrs. F. MacIlhiney of Hartland is the guest of her sister Mrs. George Lawson.

Miss Beula Paddington of Bath is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Wm. Phillips.

The home of Osbert Whitehouse was gladdened by the arrival of a young daughter on July 11; also the home of Percy Whitehouse by a son on July 12.

A large number from here attended a picnic at Argyle on Friday last.

Cecil Avery and Ted Odell were among those who visited St. Stephen on July 12.

Emory Manuel has purchased a hay-loader, which he finds greatly facilitates haying matters.

Misses Jessie and Georgia Hobbs attended the Baptist Association at Hartland last week.

Israel Kenney has returned from a pleasant visit in Boston and Nova Scotia.

Charles Stevens and daughter Miss Cora were guests at E. Manuel's on Thursday.

Miss Florence London of Armond was the guest of her aunt Mrs. F. Hemphill on Thursday.

AT BRISTOL

New Seasonable Goods

SAMPLE SHIRT WAISTS

Beautiful designs in Lawn, Linen and Print.

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

We also have a line of

MEN'S SAMPLE SHIRTS and PANTS

to be sold at less than the usual wholesale value.

2 lines of Cottonade Pants, 50 & 75c.

These are the usual 75c. and \$1. kind.

Crew's Celebrated English Prints

The 18c. kind for 13c.

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS
BRISTOL

WEDDING PRESENTS

There is no place in the county where there is a more choice selection of Dainty Things for the Bridal Gift than in our store.
See our beautiful line of

Real Cut Glass

in genuine Bohemian, Belgian and American.

Handsome Gifts in Gold Plate, etc.

WEDDING PRESENTS A SPECIALTY.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., Ltd.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

THE CIRCUS CHILD

"My congratulations to you, my dear Spencer; my warmest congratulations. A fine old house away from London, a country seat, was the very thing you wanted. To those that have you know, all things are given."

Old Mr. Courtney lifted his glass then drained it, and nodded his silver head, a beaming smile upon his features.

Arnold Spencer acknowledged the toast gravely, his handsome, serious face bearing a thoughtful expression.

The old lawyer gazed at him again, and his smile faded. A perplexed light dawned in his eyes.

"You have everything in the world," he continued, "good friends, good fortune, good health. Don't think me intrusive, nor yet prying; but why can you find no satisfaction in your life? You have a foremost position at the Bar, a splendid and enjoyable position, and whilst you have, struggling and been poor in the past, surely you can forget all that now, on the prominence he so bitters that the taste of a still lingers, poisoning the present?"

"Bitter?" Arnold Spencer gave a low sigh. "Listen, I have no quarrel with my good fortune, yet it is valueless to me—yes, valueless. Who is there to share it? Neither will nor child."

"Ah! Mr. Courtney wagged his head. "It's not impossible to remedy, my dear Sir. Yours is not at all a hopeless case."

He uttered a short, mellow laugh that was abruptly checked, for his host had turned a white, haggard face in his direction, and had lifted his hand in an imperious gesture.

"A woman broke my heart once," he said, slowly and distinctly. "No woman shall ever have the power to break it again."

The lawyer pursed his lips. "Ah! but time, you know."

"She was my wife."

Mr. Courtney started, gazing at his friend in amazement. "Your wife?" he repeated. "I was unaware that you were married. Does your wife yet live?"

"No, she is dead."

"But, my dear fellow, don't think me unfeeling, but it is impossible to forget a woman who is dead."

"Impossible to forget the lesson I received. My wife was false to me. She ran away with a villain who had pretended to be my friend."

Mr. Courtney knit his brow and frowned at himself because he had pursued the subject.

"I am sorry, and more than sorry, to have touched upon an old sore," he murmured.

Then he rose from his chair, a fine old figure, a little bent, but a gentleman of the old school.

He took his leave, and Spencer watched him depart from that ancient City restaurant in silence. A bitter mood held him in thrall, a mood that he strove to dismiss, telling himself that he was a fool, and worse than that, not to be able to blot out from his mind and thus forget the sense of irreparable loss that ever seized him when his thoughts wandered back to the woman whose presence had once given radiance to his life.

And then had come the unexpected blow—that elopement with his friend, Wilson Leigh, and the tragedy that had so swiftly followed the guilty pair in their flight; the motor accident a few hours later, in which both had been instantly killed, their car wrecked, the unhappy victims terribly mangled, a frightful catastrophe.

Impulsively Spencer got up to his feet, and returning to his chambers tried to induce a more cheerful train of thought.

But it was useless, and he decided that he would seek change of scene upon the morrow. Yes, he would go down to Craston, where this property that had been bequeathed to him by a distant kinsman was situated.

The following evening—a clear, fine night—Spencer was standing on the terrace of his new home, attracted there by the sound of distant music, which floated up to him. For a moment he wondered what it signified. Then he recollected that the housekeeper, a garulous old dame, had informed him that a circus was visiting the village.

With a smile at the impulse Spencer decided to witness a performance, and with this intention he strolled away from the Hall. His footsteps brought him at length to the huge canvas theatre, and he took his seat within. There was a fair-sized ring, with a great deal of canvas and bunting, and it was plain that the rustic audience was awaiting the performance with intense expectancy.

Presently, with a loud "Hoop-la," the clown bounded in the ring. Then commenced a wordy warfare between him and the ring-master, which was ended by the appearance of a string of horses, these being put through certain evolutions.

A cream-colored steed now came up with a drum-saddle, and standing upon this was a small, fairy-like creature, a girl of about eight, but who, with her spangles and her gauze, might, indeed, have floated in upon a cloud from some other world than this. She was so small, so frail, so airy, that the people gasped before they clapped their hands in welcome; a fairy-elf that had come from the land of dreams, a little maid who appealed to every heart, and eyes that resembled stars, wide-opened, vivid with emotion.

The clown and the ring-master had ceased their jesting, and were silent.

Arnold Spencer sat back in his seat, white-faced, with staring gaze, his soul shaken by some tremendous emotion. He told himself he must be dreaming, or, if not, why here before him was a child with the face of his dead wife—a lovely miniature of herself—the resemblance salient, striking, wonderful.

The child had ridden round the ring once or twice, moving her self into pretty poses, more spontaneous and less stereotyped than is usual in such exhibitions. But now she halted, and the audience grew hushed and more eagerly attentive. Obviously she was about to perform some difficult feat.

Arnold Spencer held his breath. Something told him, some instinct, divined the fact that the little artist was nervous, or else not feeling equal to her task. The smile was still upon the angel face, but the little lips were trembling, and the flush upon the baby cheeks was too bright for mere excitement.

A crack of the whip and the sober old circus horse began to trot round the ring, with its tiny rider posturing upon its back. The clown at one side, his banner stopped and the grin upon his face, a little strained, held out a paper-hoop. Seraphine, as the child was billed, approached it, the clown cried out: "Hoop-la," in a voice that seemed to hold a quiver in it, and leaping lightly as a sylph the child jumped through. But either she misjudged the distance or the horse increased its pace, for she failed to regain the saddle and fell down to the ground, a cry of terror breaking from the audience.

Rising abruptly from his seat, Spencer pushed forward, striving to make his way through the throng that had already gathered there. But he was pushed back by the ring-master, and he saw that the clown had gathered the child up in his arms and was making his way out of the ring, with the circus performers keeping back the crowd from following, and Spencer was shut out with the rest.

A few moments later the ring-master came back with a reassuring smile on his face, and announced that Mam'zelle Seraphine was merely a little bruised and not at all seriously hurt.

The audience appeared satisfied, and settled down to witness the remainder of the performance; but Spencer did not stay. He strode back to his own home through the cold air, wondering—wondering.

He was early astir the next morning, intending to make inquiries concerning little Seraphine. But early as he was the circus people had been earlier, and, like the Arab, had folded their tents and stolen away.

A thousand conjectures ran riot in his brain. One thing was very certain—he would have no rest until he had learned everything there was to be known about Mam'zelle Seraphine.

It was not a very difficult matter to get upon the track of the circus troupe. They had made for a town twenty miles away, and a couple of hours later Spencer was also there.

Signs of activity met his gaze on every side when he reached the meadow where the circus had established itself. At one of the caravans, the largest and most picturesque of them all, he rapped with his knuckles.

Some minutes elapsed before the door was opened, and then the touselled head of an untidy woman peered forth. She was elderly, and had a kindly, good-humored face, and listened civilly when Spencer stated that he wished to know if the little girl had been injured in yesterday's mishap.

"If you'll wait a minute of two, sir, I'll slip on my cloak and ask Seraphine's mother, how the child is. It was only a sprain, sir, nothing else; scarcely that, indeed. The child ricked her foot in falling. We were sorry for the accident; she's a real draw in the child, a genuine favorite of the ring. The takings will fall off, miserably, until she's able to perform again; and that's a matter of consequence to me, sir, since I and my old man own this show."

"Then it is Mrs. Jarrington whom I am addressing?"

"The same, sir."

"There would be no harm in my suggesting to you, I hope, that I thought the child was timid—nervous of her task?"

But Mrs. Jarrington shook her head in vigorous protest.

"The child is devoid of fear in the usual way," she declared. Then she lowered her voice a little. "The fact is, sir, the child's mother has a vile temper, and sometimes Seraphine knows it."

Spencer turned away, with a pang of pity beating in his heart. After retiring for a few moments Mrs. Jarrington came forth again, her shoulders adorned with an extraordinary cloak of magenta hue, trimmed lavishly with superb rabbit skin.

Motioning Spencer to follow, she proceeded to another caravan, and in answer to her summons a shrill voice called out, "demanding to know who it was."

With a whimsical glance in Spencer's direction Mrs. Jarrington made some pacific response, and after a further parley the door was cautiously opened, and a woman's handsome, but ill-tempered, face peered out.

The cool died away at the sight of that well-dressed figure standing at Mrs. Jarrington's side, and she stared at him with eyes filled with suspicion.

Spencer recognized her instantly for the "lady equestrienne" of the previous night.

"I wanted to inquire for your little girl," he said, stepping forward and addressing her courteously.

Her startled gaze relaxed, and she uttered a short laugh. "Oh, do you? And who may you be, I should like to know, and what object I'm trying round here?"

"Haah, hah, hah, Mme. Celeste!" interposed the old show-woman, throwing a deprecating glance towards Spencer. "This gentleman witnessed Seraphine's accident, and feared the child was injured."

"Oh, well, she wasn't, and that you could have told him yourself. She won't show up at the next performance, so he needn't wait, and that's all I'm going to say."

She slammed the door, leaving her auditors, one gasping indignantly at her rudeness, the other kindling in her own eyes, and the other standing in an attitude of profound reflection.

An idea had suddenly entered his mind, impossible, perhaps, in these prosaic days, yet he was unable to dismiss it, and it gave shape and design to a purpose that seemed to have twin-birth with it.

"Mamma—oh, I want my mamma!"

The sweet, high-pitched voice reached Spencer, and for a moment a smart of tears came into his eyes. There was such a note of sadness, of yearning in those tones, pathetic to hear in a child.

He gave a glance over his shoulder at the circus tent. He had only a few brief minutes at his command. Mme. Celeste was about to commence her act, and at the end of it was certain to return to her caravan and to the child she had left unguarded there during her absence.

The door was locked closely. Spencer had tried it—but it was a simple matter to force back the window-bolt, and now, gaining a foothold upon one wheel, he had it open, and was listening to that tender, plaintive voice.

"Little girl! Seraphine!" He answered that cry, dreading as he did so that he would alarm the child.

"Who is there? Who are you?" There was no fear at all in the question.

"I am a friend," he replied; "your friend, dear, and I am here to ask you some questions. You must tell me the truth, dear, and have no fear, for I am going to help, I hope, and take you away from this life."

"Oh, do—oh, do!" The words came broken by a sob. "Take me to my mamma, my own dear mamma!"

Spencer did not betray his surprise. Indeed, in some uncountable manner he had divined that the child was never Mme. Celeste's. His present action was the outcome of that belief.

"Where did you leave your mamma?" he asked.

"Oh, ever so far away. In France—yes, it was over the sea. She was very ill—very, very ill, and mother—I mean Mme. Celeste—she whips me when I forget to call her mother—"

She broke off into sudden tears. "It is my own dear mother that I want, and she must want her little Miriam."

He started this time. His wife's name! This child with his wife's face, and his wife's voice, was called by her name as well. Again he asked what could it mean? But there was no time to stay and question now. From the circus tent he heard the sound of clapping; Mme. Celeste's performance was receiving its due tribute.

"Your mother's name, little one, and where was this place in France? Can you remember?"

"Her name? Brendon; we were called Brendon, and it was Paris; yes, that was the place."

"I will save you from this hateful life, my dear little Miriam. Not this week, perhaps, nor yet the next; but don't think I shall forget, and not a word to Mme. Celeste."

He shut the window again, then strode quietly away, vanishing almost at the very moment when Mme. Celeste, her performance concluded, reached the caravan steps.

A Mrs. Brendon, an English woman, residing in Paris, was not a difficult person to trace, when

gold was lavishly used for the purpose. A week later Spencer was mounting the many stairs of an old-fashioned apartment house, that led to the fifth story, where he paused outside a closed door. He rapped gently, and a voice, low and sad, yet so familiar to him, replied. Heaven, did he dream it, or had the grave given up its dead, and was it Miriam who had spoken?

He could not open the door at once, but at last he turned the handle and entered.

Seated in the window, with the winter light beating upon her face, was a woman, older than she whom he had once called wife, yet still almost divinely beautiful.

Her eyes shone starlike out of the pallor of her face, and she uttered a sharp cry and bent back a little, shrinking away, her attitude one of overwhelming surprise.

"Miriam!" He spoke her name in a low, husky voice, scarcely daring to advance a step further. "Is it you, my wife; oh, is it you?"

She bowed her head.

"I hoped that you would never know that I still lived," she murmured, in tremulous tones. "What was the good? I had taken an irrevocable step, in ignorance and innocence, meaning to leave you free—free as you wished to be."

He stared at her in bewildered fashion.

"I—I do not understand."

"You—you were weary of me. I—I felt it, I was convinced; and Wilson Leigh confirmed my doubts when he told me the truth—the truth you had confided in him."

"The truth?" He repeated her word; he was beginning to understand.

"Yes; that you, regretted your marriage with a girl as young and wayward as myself. I asked him: 'What was there no way in which I could free you, for I was bitterly hurt, bitterly wounded. He told me: 'There was one, and only one—by leaving you. I only half understood what he meant; I was but a girl, scarcely more than a child, and I regarded him as a brother.'

"Do you mean that you never cared for him?"

"I never loved him, nor did I know until later that he was so wicked as to care for me."

"But, Miriam, who was the woman, his companion, in that last fatal ride—the woman we thought was yourself?"

"She was a girl—a school-friend—whom I met at the first hotel where we rested, whilst some repairs were being done to the car. It was she to whom I explained it all. It was she who saved me. She opened my eyes to Leigh's base designs, and suggested that I should remain there, leaving her to take my place in the car, disguised by a thick veil, thus leaving me free to escape from Wilson Leigh, whom I had already begun to fear and distrust. The plan was carried out, and the tragic result you know."

Spencer passed a hand over his brow.

"Miriam, why did you not come back to me?"

"How could I—oh, how could I! Could you have believed my innocence, especially when I was told you had confessed you were tired of me? Yet there was a reason, perhaps, that should have made me conquer my pride."

His heart began to beat again with thick throbs.

"Miriam, was it our child—yours and mine?"

She threw a startled glance at him.

"How did you know?"

"First tell me, is it by your knowledge that she is performing in a circus?"

She sprang to her feet, her eyes dilated with alarm.

"What do you mean? I had been ill, and she, too, was ailing in this dead city air, where my work compels me to remain; so I found a good home in a sweet English village, with a kind, motherly woman who—"

But what do you mean?" she repeated, breaking off abruptly.

"Only that this kind, motherly woman has apparently taken advantage of your distant residence to lease the child to a circus performer."

She came across to him, trembling and painfully agitated.

"Arnold—Arnold, rescue my child for me; for Heaven's sake do this! I am a woman, powerless, but you—oh, you will not visit my follies upon our child!"

All was forgotten in that moment. She was but a mother whose child was in peril.

He took her in his arms.

"Miriam, Wilson Leigh lied to you. I loved you then as I love you now, as I shall always love you. Come, my dearest wife, let us seek our child together."—London Tit-Bits.

A DIFFERENCE.

"Funny, isn't it that the same thing can be an honor in a monarchy and a disgrace in a republic?"

"What is such a thing?"

"A court presentment."

WAS SHE INSURED.

An extract from a popular novel. "He prest a burning kiss upon either cheek, and straightway her face became ashen."

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

To make a fine olive salad, mince one tablespoonful of olives stuffed with red peppers, add to one cake of cream cheese. Rub to a cream, spread between two slices of brown or entire wheat bread which has been buttered and cut very thin.

Here is a new spinach dish: Press all the liquid from a cupful of cooked and chopped spinach. Repeat it with two tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour and one of cream, and season it with salt, pepper, sugar and mace. Beat two eggs thoroughly and add them to the spinach. Bake it from the fire and when cool enough shape it into balls with buttered spoons. Place these in boiling water and boil gently for five minutes, then drain them. Make a cream sauce, and while it is cooking put in the spinach balls.

To make a fine dish of browned potatoes, peel and boil large potatoes, place in a pan, dredge with flour, pour about two teaspoonfuls of melted butter over each potato, sprinkle with salt, brown in a hot oven serve with gravy.

Gooseberries will soon be ripe. They are a fine fruit, and should be used to a greater extent. A good pudding can be made as follows: Fill a pudding dish one-half full of gooseberries, add sugar and a little water. Spread over the berries the following batter: One cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, salt, one egg, one tablespoon butter, one-half cup milk. Bake a nice brown in the oven; do not bake too quickly or the berries will not cook. Serve with sauce.

To make a mutton haricot with macaroni and peas, cut three pounds of breast mutton in pieces, roll in flour and brown in drippings; transfer to a stewpan, add two onions sliced, cover with boiling water and simmer one hour; add a round teaspoonful of salt and continue to simmer until very tender; add one quart of macaroni, previously boiled in salted water, and one quart of peas (canned); simmer a few minutes longer until vegetables are hot and serve. The vegetables may be served around the meat on the platter and the gravy thickened a very little and served separately.

The following is considered a very fine recipe for sweet pickled peaches: Select firm yellow peaches, and scald them in strong soda water, then throw them in a large vessel of cold water, and with a dry, coarse towel rub off the fur. To one pound of fruit allow one gill of vinegar, one teaspoonful of the following mixed spices: Cloves, mace and sugar. Boil together until the peaches are tender. Then remove them and let the syrup boil until thoroughly cooked. Pour hot over the peaches. When cool, cover the jars.

Another peach recipe is "peaches in jelly." Open a quart can of peaches, remove the pieces of fruit and strain the syrup. Measure and add water, if necessary, to make two cupfuls and a half. If not quite sweet enough, heat slightly and add sugar to taste; then stir in a scant half package of gelatin which has been soaked in a half cupful of cold water. Pour a half inch in a wetted mold and place on ice until firm; add a layer of the fruit, either whole or cut, with enough more of the liquid jelly to cover and again put aside until firm, keeping the remainder of the jelly in a warm place, where it will not stiffen. Repeat until the materials are used, then set away until firm. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

In making grape jelly, which you will be doing before very long, use in this proportion: One-third apples to two-thirds grapes. Use grapes that are part green and part ripe; they make the best jelly. Cover apples with water, cook until tender (need not remove peeling; to the grapes add just enough water to keep from sticking. Drain the fruit, but do not squeeze; use equal parts of juice and sugar; needs only a few moments' cooking longer. This makes a perfect jelly, and it will not granulate, a fault with grape jelly. When cool cover with melted paraffin.

Does the kidlet ever get tired of molasses cake? Here is a good recipe: Two ounces of butter, one pound of molasses, one pound of flour, one tablespoonful ground ginger, pearlash size of a nut, small piece of alum. Melt the butter, add molasses, pour among flour, ginger, pearlash and alum. Beat mixture till very smooth. Leave it to get cold, roll out thin, cut into long pieces and bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

And then there is good old "molasses pie," which fits in when fruit fails. Beat the yolks of four eggs with one cupful of brown sugar, add one cupful of molasses and two

teaspoonfuls of grated nutmeg, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two heaping tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of cream, and the whites of the eggs stiffly beaten. Pour the mixture into two pie tins lined with pastry. Bake for 40 minutes. Beat up three whites of egg stiffly, add one heaping tablespoonful of sugar and beat again, then spread over the top of pies, set in oven and brown.

Make a soufflé custard pudding by mixing one-half of a cupful of flour, a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar to a paste with a little cold milk. Turn this quickly into a pint of scalding hot milk on the fire, and stir rapidly until very thick and smooth. Cover and cook for 10 minutes, then add two tablespoonfuls of butter cut into bits and the beaten yolks of five eggs. Stir for a moment longer, then cover and set aside for 10 minutes. Whip the whites to a stiff froth and cut them into the partly cooled custard; then bake in a well-greased pudding dish placed in a pan of hot water or in cups. Have the oven very hot and serve at once as it quickly bakes.

Two ways of making mustard: When a very mild flavor is liked use cream or milk instead of water. Make only a small quantity, as it doesn't keep very long. A tablespoonful of salt added to a tablespoonful of mustard not only improves the flavor, but also prevents it from going dry.

To cook chicken "Creole" way, cook four teaspoonfuls of butter with one-half shallot, finely chopped, five minutes, stirring constantly. Onion may be used if shallot is not at hand. Add five tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until well browned, then pour gradually, while stirring constantly, three-fourths of a cupful each of chicken stock and stewed and strained tomatoes. Bring to the boiling point, season with one teaspoonful of salt and one-eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika. Add one and one-half cupfuls of cooked chicken or fowl cut in small cubes, and let stand 10 or 15 minutes in the top of the double boiler that the meat may absorb some of the sauce.

TWO FRUIT RECIPES.

Often at this time of the year the housewife has still a few jars of preserved fruit on hand. She and her family are heartily sick of "saucy." Try this plan of making two delicious desserts from one quart jar of peaches. Preserved strawberries, cherries, etc., are equally good to use. Separate the peaches from the juice.

Recipe No. 1.—Rub the peaches to a pulp through a sieve. Add a half cupful of sugar if the fruit is not very sweet. Whip a pint of cream stiff. Mix well with the peach pulp and turn into two one-pound empty baking powder cans. Cover with oiled paper (the paper from cracker boxes is good to use) and press cover on tightly. Bury the cans in finely chopped ice and rock salt (equal portions) for two hours. This serves seven or eight people.

Don't think because you are not used to making the ice cream that you can not make this dessert. It is very simple. For a frozen whipped cream desert a freezer is not necessary. Any two quart kettle will hold the ice and salt. Place several folds of newspaper directly inside the kettle to fill up space so that much ice or salt will be needed. When packed put the kettle away in the fireless cooker until time to serve.

Recipe No. 2.—You will have about two cupfuls of fruit syrup from your jar of peaches. Soak one and a half pounds powdered gelatin in a half cupful of cold syrup for five minutes. Bring the rest of the syrup to a boil, sweeten if necessary and pour over the gelatin, stirring it until dissolved. Set in cool place to harden.

The peach gelatin may be served with whipped cream. Or before the gelatin hardens, you may whip into it the stiffly beaten white of an egg and make a thin custard from the yolk to serve as a sauce around the gelatin.

ECONOMIES.

The best way to keep the walls of the kitchen white and glossy is to wash them instead of soap. Boil one pint of bran in a gallon of water and keep for an hour. The paint will look better and keep clean longer when washed with this than when cleaned with soap and water.

People often spoil their walls by driving in nails haphazard, only to find the nails bend because they are being hammered against bricks. The right method is to pierce the wall with a darning needle to find the crevice between the bricks and then, to drive in the nail.

For tea you can't beat LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

THE TRUE STORY OF LLOYD'S

ORIGIN OF FAMOUS OLD LONDON INSTITUTION.

Its Growth Was Rapid and Steady
—It Is Insuring the Coming
Coronation.

One influence of the forthcoming Coronation of King George has been to add more publicity to the London institution known as "Lloyds," although it already enjoys world-wide renown. The press contains many references to the rate of insurance quoted on the liability of the ceremony to take place by this organization.

Among the many old and famous business institutions of London there are few that can claim such an interesting history combined with such extraordinary development and growth as the world-famous corporation of Lloyds.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century Edward Lloyd established a coffee house in Tower Street, which was then the main thoroughfare between Wapping and the City. From advertisements in the London Gazette of 1693 and the following years we see that "Lloyds" was a resort of seafaring men, for business and commercial undertakings of all kinds, including sales.

In 1692 Lloyd moved to Lombard Street, and about this time commenced his information bureau with regard to the movement of ships, which was undoubtedly the origin of the "Lloyds List" of today. As the house in Lombard Street became recognized more and more as the centre of shipping news the system of marine insurance was also recognized as an important commercial transaction, and hence about this time brokers and underwriters first came into existence.

HAD WONDERFUL GROWTH.

After a time the business outgrew the quarters, and in 1774 a committee was appointed, which chose the rooms as they exist today in the Royal Exchange. For this great step in the history of Lloyds, Julius Angerstein, a native of St. Petersburg, and German by birth, was to a large extent responsible. He is reported to have said before a Parliamentary committee in 1810 that he had "found Lloyds a small institution and had seen it grow into a vast size."

As illustrative of the varied kinds of insurance effected at Lloyds the committee have in their possession the original policy effected on the life of Napoleon in 1813. It was for one month at a premium of three guineas per cent. In 1799 the printed form of Lloyds marine policy came into use. It has remained the same ever since, with but one small change, and in spite of much adverse criticism it has stood the test of legal actions on nearly every clause, and has proved itself to be intelligible and capable of straightforward explanation.

In the forty years of almost ceaseless war from 1775 to 1815 Lloyds rose to a great eminence, owing partly to the high premiums demanded by the underwriters. Thus in 1782, when all the naval powers were in arms against Great Britain, the premium from Liverpool to New York was between \$125 and \$150 per cent, whereas nowadays the rate by the big liners would not be more than two or three shillings on many types of merchandise, and often even less than that.

PARLIAMENT INQUIRED.

In 1810 Lloyds were subjected to a very close inquiry at the hands of Parliament and came out with flying colors, and in 1824 the appeal of an Act of George I. opened the field of marine insurance to all who cared to enter it. The institution continued to prosper, and finally in 1871 a charter of incorporation was granted to it, the objects being "to assist in the promotion of every measure which might aid in the preservation of life at sea; the prevention of fraud in connection with marine insurance, and the rapid collection and distribution of marine intelligence."

The "Lloyds" of to-day is an enormous organization whose existence and activities extend throughout all the countries, ports and seacoasts of the world. It is quite

impossible within the limits of this article to represent to all adequately the processes by which this influence and these activities are at work.

Lloyds appears most prominently before the public in marine insurance and marine intelligence. To effect these main principles it is necessary that Lloyds should be well supplied with information on all marine matters. Many illustrations could be given, but three must suffice:

(1) News regarding movements and casualties to ships is received every day and all day by wireless reports and telegrams, including messages from Lloyds agents, signal stations and representatives who are stationed in every seaport throughout the inhabited parts of the world. (2) "Lloyds Register," a book issued by a society called the "Lloyds Register of British and Foreign Shipping," contains particulars of every sea-going vessel in the world of 100 tons and upward, together with much information of interest to the shipping community in general. (3) Index books containing the latest information of the whereabouts of each vessel, and a "Captains' Register."

FEATURES OF THE "BOOM."

Having dealt very briefly with Lloyds as an organization, we now come to Lloyds as a place, or as it is commonly called, "the room." Among the interesting items to be seen some of special note are the callers' "box," and the Lutine bell, the latter being the arrival book and the notice and telegram board. At right angles to the underwriting room is the reading room, a large room containing many index books, brokers' desks, etc. There is also a members' library, containing complete charts of the sea, large maps and many books of law and reference.

At the busiest time of the day the room contains well over 500 people. The Lutine bell (mentioned above) was rescued from the wreck of La Lutine, a 25-gun frigate, which was sunk through running ashore off the island of Vlieland in 1799. This bell is rung in order to announce the loss or arrival or speaking of overdue vessels. The moment it is rung a dead silence takes the place of the continuous turmoil and talk while the caller announces the news from his "box."

Lloyds also maintains an "inquiry office," where the relations of crew or passengers may obtain, without cost, information concerning the movements of the vessel in which they are interested.

Lloyds List, a daily paper concerning maritime intelligence, and movements of ships, is the oldest newspaper in Europe with the exception of The London Gazette, being originally established in 1696 as Lloyds News and as Lloyds List in 1726.

BOHEMIAN SPAS.

Over \$40,000,000 Spent There Each Year by Foreign Visitors.

According to the latest statistics about \$40,045,000 is expended each year by visitors from foreign countries who take the "cure" at the natural mineral spring resorts in Western Bohemia along the Erzgebirge (Ore Mountains). This does not include the sum spent by foreign transient visitors who stop for less than eight days, or by those from the various crown lands. The grand total is not less than \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000.

Some idea of the volume of business transacted at the great Bohemian spas may be deduced from the fact that the railroad office in Marienbad, which has a resident population of 6,379, receives from outbound passengers for transportation tickets alone, exclusive of baggage receipts, \$406,000 annually. The post office in the same city turns over to the government, after payment of all expenses, a net profit of a like amount. These figures can be multiplied by three for Carlsbad. The three resorts depending on their natural mineral springs for cures purposes (Carlsbad, Marienbad and Franzensbad), pay \$913,600 annually in direct taxes, exclusive of the special assessments.

CLEANING HOUSE

"Why nag your husband, if he's so good?"
"If he's thoroughly irritated he'll make a much better job."

LONDON'S FIRST CUP OF COFFEE.

One of his handbills is before us now. It begins:
"The virtue of coffee drinking,

QUAINT OLD LONDON INNS

EVERY YEAR THEY ARE PASSING AWAY.

The Ruthless Hand of Modern Improvements Is Laid Upon Them.

When the London County Council was created it took away many of the famous Middlesex houses and the few that remain are fast getting into the building-market, says London Graphic.

One of the oldest licensed houses in London is "Ye Old Dick Whittington," in Cloth Fair, Smithfield, which bears upon its walls the statement that it was established in the fifteenth century, and is "ye oldest licensed house in the city of London." Its appearance, with its overhanging upper stories, supports the assertion, and it has an added picturesque quality by its close proximity to the ancient Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, founded in 1123.

But many of the ancient inns of London have of necessity been rebuilt, such as the White Hart in High Street, Borough, which also boasts of a fifteenth century origin, or the Adam and Eve, at the corner of Hampstead Road, built three centuries ago on the site of the old manor house of the Lords of Tottenham. And the famous Cock Tavern in Fleet street has been a licensed house since the reign of Charles II.

A neighboring house, the "Rainbow," dates back to the same period, with an earlier history as a coffee-house.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE

of the tenacity of a licensee is seen in the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, which holds the license of, and was literally built around the old Ark-choke in Clare market, which served many generations of Covent Garden market porters as a house of refreshment.

Not many years ago the City of London abounded in ancient taverns, for the old city was rare good eaters and big drinkers, and so are the young ones, as the enormous number of places still within its limits testify. But the city's life of to-day is quite a different thing from what it was twenty-five or even ten years ago—mahogany counters, stained glass windows, mirrors and gilt; food and drink bolted as though for a wager, a constant rush and tear, like the refreshment room of a railroad depot, have taken the place of the easy, if somewhat close and dingy, rooms in which no kind of ornamentation was ever attempted, and a leisurely meal washed down by hot beverages that gave the stomach a chance, which the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation found good enough. At the present day a clerk at \$5 a week may have a 25-cent dinner amid much more luxurious surroundings than the rich merchant could command years ago. Whether the clerk is better or worse for this superiority in the long run is questionable.

ARE FAST DISAPPEARING.

The old city taverns were usually squeezed into by-lanes and alleys and those who confine themselves to the main arteries of the kingdom of Gog and Magog will observe few hosteleries, but turn off into these labyrinthine thoroughfares that twist and wind and turn and double, like all the threads of a maze in all directions, and you will find them dotted within a few yards of each other. Few, very few, remain in their ancient state, and each year their number decreases.

Being in the city the other day, I turned up St. Michael's alley, which runs against the western side of the beautiful ancient church of that name, to look for one of the most notable and interesting of city taverns, the "Jamaica Coffee House," and beheld a new, spacious and beautifully decorated building which has taken the place of the historical old house. For nearly seven hundred years at least—the "ancient lights" of the tavern were definitely fixed at the commencement of the fifteenth century—here generations of Londoners have eaten, drank, and made merry upon that site.

It was not, however, until 1692, or thereabouts, that the old Jamaica became historic. In that year an Armenian, Pasque Roscoe of Ragusa, in connection with a London coachman named Bowman, here opened the first coffee house in London, and it was here, tradition tells us, that the first cup of coffee was publicly sold in the metropolis, and probably in England. Pasqua had come to London in the service of a Turkish merchant, and being a man of energy set about putting the new beverage into favor—for that noble art which has been brought to such great perfection of late was not unknown even then.



Used in Canadian homes to produce delicious home-made bread, and a supply is always included in Sportsmans' and Campers' Outfits. Decline all imitations. They never give satisfaction and cost just as much.

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
Winnipeg Toronto, Ont. Montreal
Awarded highest honors at all Expositions.



first made and publicly sold in England by Pasqua Roscoe. It is a simple, innocent thing, and makes the heart light. It is good against sore eyes, and better if you hold your head over it and take in the steam that way. It is excellent to prevent and cure dropsy and gout. It is a most excellent remedy against king's evil, the spleen, and you may drink it hot as you will without skinning the mouth or raising blisters. The drink is only made and sold in St. Michael's alley, Cornhill, London, E.C., by Pasqua Roscoe, under the sign of his own head.

In a country that so powerfully and potentially believed in "jolly good ale and old," as did England in those days, that the new beverage would excite hostility was inevitable; the victory was in arms, every tavern keeper furious in his denunciation of "the filthy, sooty, stuff"; bills and pamphlets were issued to show the dreadful consequence of imbibing this vile decoction. One writer adjures the shades of bygone Englishmen, calls on

JOHNSON'S MANLY GHOST

the phantoms of Beaumont and Fletcher, who drank pure nectar with rice canary, ennobled; while these coffee men—these sons of naught—gave us the pure blood of the grape for a filthy drink—"syrrup of soot, essence of old shoes." He vilifies the fragrance of the berry as a "tink," and compares the drinkers of it to horses at a trough. Complaints were made to the magistrates that these vendors of coffee poisoned the air with vile smells; that they kept large fires day and night to the annoyance and danger of the neighborhood.

Notwithstanding all this abuse, the taste for the new fangled beverage spread. Pasqua Roscoe's coffee house was crammed with customers; and others were opened in the city, and the craze soon spread westward, so that within the eighteenth century opened up these establishments within the metropolis. At this period the coffee house had become an institution; it was at once a tavern, a club, and a centre of intelligence; it was here men came to hear the news, as they now take up their morning paper, and soon each profession had its own particular house, frequented by men of its own calling; so there were literary coffee houses, lawyers, doctors, etc. The city houses were almost solely patronized by merchants, and after a while Pasqua Roscoe's became the special haunt of the West Indian merchants, and so obtained the name of "Old Jamaica."

ENTER ITS RIVAL, TEA.

Coffee was not long without a rival, which, however, did not gain public favor so quickly as the berry. Just after the restoration, Thomas Garraway opened in the Exchange alley the first place in England at which tea was sold, both in the leaf and the drink. In a bill he issued at the time he says that hitherto tea has been sold for \$30 to \$50 for one pound in weight, but that he will now sell it at from \$4 to \$7.50 a pound, and further informs us that very many gentlemen of quality send to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink thereof. Such was the origin of the once famous Garraway's which was pulled down only a few years back.

In the great fire of 1683 the Old Jamaica tavern—which under another name might have been there when the bells of St. Michael's Church pealed forth to announce the victory of Agincourt—fell, with flames. It was immediately rebuilt and the new tavern—for it must be remembered that these old coffee houses, like French cafes, sold something stronger than coffee for those who preferred it—maintained all its old reputation, and drew back more than its old customers. Day by day the great West Indian merchants came here to review the prospects of the trade, or to discuss the merits of

A MIGHTY BOWL OF PUNCH. Addison records in the Spectator a visit to the place, and how he observed three merchants in close conference over a pipe of tobacco. "Upon which, having filled one for my own use, I lighted it at the little wax candle that stood before them, and having thrown in, sat

down and made one of the company. I need not tell the reader that lighting a man's pipe at the same candle is looked upon among brother smokers as an overture to conversation and friendship."

In that famous book, "Boswell's Life of Johnson," may be found more than one mention of the Old Jamaica, telling how Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith and Boswell discussed a bowl of punch here. Garrick, too, when he visited the city, was in the habit of dropping into the Old Jamaica. But it was essentially a merchants' house. Here the prices of sugar and coffee and all other productions of the West India Islands were ruled and settled, and by and by a portion of the building was set apart as the West Indian merchants' subscription room, and so became a sort of minor Lloyd's.

But the old is every year passing away, and giving place to the new, and I suppose it was considered that the Old Jamaica had fulfilled its purpose; at all events, between twenty-four and twenty-five years ago the ruthless hand of modern improvement was laid upon it, and it became a thing of the past.

SAVING A TITLARK.

Amusing Incident of an English Shepherd's Boyhood.

A shepherd of the English downs, who had a curiously tender feeling for the little wild birds, told Mr. W. H. Hudson an amusing incident of his boyhood, which Mr. Hudson records in "A Shepherd's Life." He was out on the down one summer day in charge of his father's flock, when two boys of the village, on a ramble in the hills, came and sat down on the turf at his side. One of them had a titlark, or meadow-pipit, which he had just caught, in his hand, and there was a hot argument as to which of the two was the lawful owner of the poor little captive.

The facts were as follows: One of the boys, having found the nest, became possessed with the desire to get the bird. His companion at once offered to catch it for him, and together they withdrew to a distance, and sat down and waited until the bird returned to sit on the eggs. Then the young bird-catcher returned to the spot, and creeping quietly to within five or six feet of the sitting titlark; but having thus secured it, he refused to give it up.

The dispute waxed hotter as they sat there, and at last, when it got to the point of threats of cuffs on the ear and slaps on the face, they agreed to fight it out, the victor to have the titlark. The bird was then put under a hat for safety on the smooth turf a few feet away, and the boys proceeded to take off their jackets and roll up their shirt sleeves, after which they abouted another, and were just about to begin when Caleb, thrusting out his crook, turned the hat over, and away flew the titlark.

The boys, deprived of their bird and of an excuse for a fight, would gladly have discharged their fury on Caleb, but they durst not, seeing that his dog was lying at his side; they could only threaten and abuse him, call him bad names, and finally put on their coats and walk off.

IMPROVED ROAD-MAKER.

Within a few months past a new method of treating roadways, in order to enable them to resist the destructive effects of motor traffic, has been tried in France. Instead of employing tar to cement the materials, a special form of machine is used to wedge the bits of stone together without grinding and pulverizing them, as ordinary steam-rollers do. The machine carries a set of cast-iron rammers, which deliver their blows vertically, and produce no tangential movement of the stones. The apparatus travels on wheels, and when at work advances about 230 feet an hour. It is said that a roadway thus treated is much more durable than one made with the aid of a steam-roller, which not only produces too much fine material, but rounds the stones, and makes them liable to roll.

Loud stirre naturally speaks for itself.

FIFTY-EIGHT BELOW ZERO.

Interesting Effects of Such Extreme Cold.

A reader of the "Youths' Companion" who lives at Fairbanks, in the heart of Alaska, writes that the late winter has been exceedingly cold. There were five days in December when the thermometer never registered higher than forty degrees below zero, and fell at times as low as fifty-eight degrees below. This is sensibly colder than Captain Peary found the weather at the Pole; and when the temperature rose to zero, everybody talked about how "warm" it was, and began to speculate whether winter was about over. Some of the interesting effects of such extreme cold are thus noted by the correspondent:

Thick frost appears on inside walls of houses, as well as on the panels of doors.

All windows with single thick pane of glass become coated with frost to the thickness of as much as one-fourth of an inch.

Fire-wood, telegraph-poles and wires and trees are thickly coated with frost and mercury is frozen. Cold air rushing in at open doors instantly converts the moist and heated air of the interior into clouds of steam.

Exposed portions of the body are quickly frozen unless guarded. Water thrown on the ground freezes in frozen drops, and water wagons are covered with ice, although stoves enclosed in sheet iron jackets fitting the interior of the tank are kept burning at full blast.

Fog settles down so thickly as to obscure the view of buildings across the street.

There is oppression in breathing and pain in the lungs from inhaling the frosty air.

Horses drop dead from inhaling the frozen air and consequent congestion, and teams are not permitted to leave the stables.

Birds and animals disappear. Grouse and ptarmigan burrow in the snow, and only the dogs remain at large.

COLOR PHOTOS PRODUCED.

Remarkable Achievements in a London Studio.

The secret of taking and printing photographs in color—a possibility sought after as eagerly by photographers as the Philosopher's Stone by the alchemists of old—seems now to have been achieved. At the Dover Street Studios, London, England, numbers of photographs of well known people in which the most delicate tints of eyes and cheeks and hair, of jewels and laces, and silks, had been reproduced on paper, sensitized by an entirely new process, so as to be an exact facsimile to the actual colors seen by the "eye of the camera." "Although colored plates of a kind have been produced," said the inventor, Mr. Hamberger, "I can claim that this is the first time that a true color photograph has been printed upon one and the same sheet of paper without touching up or 'transmitting.' Hitherto color photographs have been reproduced by the three-color process—the primary colors, red, yellow and blue, being laid one on top of another and blending into something that will pass for the real picture."

CURIOUS LABRADOR.

Dr. W. T. Grenfell describes Labrador as a land still hardly known beyond its borders. The cold current that flows along its shores from the north dominates its climate, and notwithstanding that it is considerably farther south it receives less continuous sunshine than Alaska, because its summer is shorter. The coldness of the soil and the dryness of the winds stunt many of its plants to such a degree that a larch growing at the southern end of Labrador, which showed 32 annual growth rings, was only nine inches tall, and its trunk was but three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Mineral deposits seem to be abundant, but prospectors have been able to stay but for short periods.

The proper time to do a thing is when it should be done.

THE OBSERVER

Pres. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

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

G. W. Green in Trouble.

On Thursday last G. W. Green, the well known liquor spotter, was arrested by A. R. Foster, provincial constable, on a warrant issued from the court of Stipendiary Magistrate Shaw of Bath. The warrant charged that G. W. Green did unlawfully fire a revolver at Hermon Green of Bristol with intent to do grievous bodily harm.

At the preliminary hearing, the boy testified that he was at work at the wood working factory at Bristol and when Green entered the door, he, having no desire to meet his namesake, passed out another way and ran up the road. Gordon Whitfield Green gave chase, and called on Hermon to stop or he would drop him in his tracks, and he fired several shots, one of which, Hermon alleges, struck the ground within three feet of him. A young lady witness of unimpeachable veracity gave straightforward evidence corroborating in substance that given by the complainant. Another witness gave similar evidence. Rael Hallett, a companion and co-worker of G. W. Green was called, and without coat or vest shuffled forth to testify. He swore that there were no revolver shots and his story was a practical denial of the testimony of the former witnesses. His Honor refused to accept the evidence of this individual and exclaimed, with some heat, "young man, you should be behind the bars yourself." Then arose a hot argument among counsels and magistrate, ending with the latter protesting that he was "running this court" and demanded that the two lawyers "shut up." They obeyed. The case was sent up for trial at the next Circuit Court. G. W. Green being held in bonds of \$1,000. J. R. H. Simms was prosecuting attorney and M. L. Hayward appeared for the defendant.

Base Ball Notes

The Hartland Ball team played the Andover team a return game on Thursday afternoon and evening. The afternoon game was played in a thunder shower making it exceedingly difficult for both sides and the game was much drawn out and wearisome. There was much wordy warfare, unfair decisions and the score stood 9-7 in favor of Andover. Hartland got a licking.

The evening game was played under better conditions, with Dow in the box. The score was 13-8, in favor of Hartland.

The Florenceville Stars and Andover played a draw on Friday. The Broadway team of Woodstock came up on Friday and played the Hartland Cubs. The game was a pretty good piece of work all through. The score was 8-3 in favor of Hartland.

The line-up was
F. Thornton p. Jones
Levine c. Bailey
A. Thornton 1. Blake
Stevens 2. Hudlin
O. Hovey 3. Manuel
A. Goodwin s.s. Wheary
Ray Plummer c.f. Leonard
A. Hovey r.f. Cowan
Boyer l.f. Burnham

MIDDLE SIMONDS

(Intended for last issue.)

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Raymond, Mrs. Dean Shaw, and little daughter Winnie, were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Shaw on Sunday.

Mrs. Caroline Snow, Tennessee, U. S. is visiting at the home of her son, Chas. Raymond.

Dr. F. M. Brown, and son, of Centreville, called on Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ebbett on Sunday. They were passing through this place in their auto.

Mrs. Wm. Crouse is visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Rideout.

Oscar Shaw has taken the job of building the wood-shed at the Upper Simonds school house. Miss Ella Ebbett has accepted this school for the coming term.

Mr. Little from Woodstock, was a caller in this place on Sunday.

All are sorry to hear that W. N. Raymond and family intend leaving for Vancouver, B. C. in the very near future.

The Misses Ethyl and Mabel

Ebbett, and Harley Ebbett, were calling on relatives in Avondale one day this week.

Oscar Shaw attended the carnival at Centreville, July 12.

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

Preaching service was held in the Primitive Baptist Church, on Sunday evening, by Rev. J. M. Mallory.

Mr. Whitely, the piano tuner, was around last Saturday making his usual call.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fletcher and family have moved to Bridgewater, Me.

Elijah Bullock was calling on friends here last Sunday.

Rev. C. Frank Rideout was visiting his old home last week, also attending the Convention at Hartland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Attwaters were calling on relatives in Condeff on Sunday.

Last week Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Mallory entertained Wilfred Mallory, Ont., Mrs. David Lambreaux, Coronation, and John Mallory of Jacksonville.

Herb Tompkins, Lansdowne, is working at J. W. Attwaters's.

CENTREVILLE.

Crops are looking finely and promise a big yield. Apple trees are heavily loaded with fruit. Even the squirrels will have a good time this year as the hazel nuts were never known to be so plentiful.

Miss Dorothy Green is visiting friends here.

Mrs. (Dr.) J. G. Owens is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. E. Harold.

Mrs. F. D. Tweedie and Kileen went to St. John Saturday to spend a few days with Miss Hattie Tweedie of Moncton.

While driving home last evening just at dark Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scholey were thrown from their wagon and severely shaken up. The horse was afraid of some young ladies standing in the road near Cyrus Reed's. The horse bolted and jumped the fence, upsetting and leaving the wagon. After running round the fields the horse came into Mr. Reed's yard none the worse for its run.

Rev. J. B. Daggett has bought the Lunn property and is moving in. Mr. Daggett is unable to preach owing to his recent illness.

S. W. Niles and F. D. Tweedie drove down to the race Thursday and saw the fastest field of horses ever got together in the Maritime provinces. The time in the free-for-all was rather disappointing.

FLORENCEVILLE.

The County Sunday School Convention will convene Tuesday and Wednesday (25th and 26) in the Methodist Church, East Florenceville. A large delegation is expected.

Miss Hazel McCain left on Friday for an extended trip to the west.

Sam. Hamilton and family of Houlton are the guests of Casper Colwell.

Miss Helen Dunham of Adams, Mass., and Miss Jean Estabrooks of Coldstream are the guests of Mrs. Hayward.

Mrs. Fred Cowan is spending a few weeks at her home in Upper Woodstock.

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Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this department at the offices of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., District Engineer, St. John, N. B.; J. K. Scammell, Esq., District Engineer, St. John, N. B.; C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., District Engineer, Halifax, N. S.; A. R. Decary, Esq., District Engineer, Post Office, Que.; J. L. Michaud, Esq., District Engineer, Merchants Bank Building, St. James St., Montreal, Que.; J. G. Sing, Esq., District Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont.; H. J. Lamb, Esq., District Engineer, London, Ont., and at the office of the High Commissioner for Canada, London, Eng.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders must be completed unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for five hundred thousand dollars (\$500,000.00) which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 9, 1911.

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CARLETON REAL ESTATE
AGENCY,
Hartland, N. B.

Notice to Delinquents.

To the ratepayers of the combined District No. 5, Coldstream, N. B.:

Notice: All delinquent taxes will be placed for collection on August 1st. Pay up before that date and save costs.

Per order Trustees

E. A. BELYEA,
Secretary,
Coldstream, N. B.

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

Fruits of all kinds
Breakfast Foods
General Groceries
especially
Good Molasses
McCormick's Biscuits
and Cookies
Ganong's G. B.'s

A McCaskey account Register and an Acetylene Machine for sale cheap.

F. D. TWEEDIE & Co.
Centreville, N. B.

M. W. CALDWELL
GENERAL MERCHANT
BRISTOL.

has added to his stock
Lime, Brick, Cement and Shingles
at lowest cash prices.
special values in
Footwear and Clothing.



Boys' Wash Suits

Wear-resisting Washable Suits that will stand the frequent rubbings that lusty youngsters of the mud-pie age are sure to give them.

Large variety of styles in popular and durable materials.

Sizes 3 to 8 years.

We know a few things about dressing little fellows properly and well.

Come in and see if we can demonstrate it.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

50,000

FARM LABORERS

WANTED

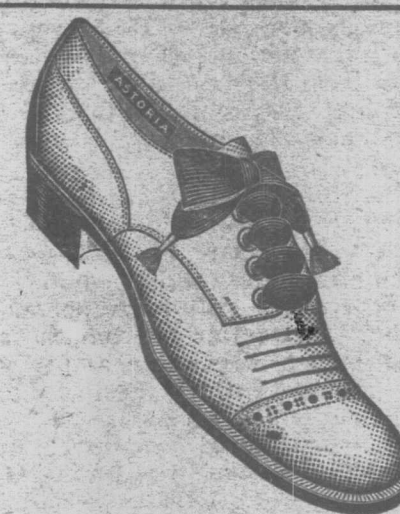
IN WESTERN CANADA

IN A FEW DAYS

WATCH FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

IF YOU WILL COME



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

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

H. R. NIXON

COLLECTORS NOTICE

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

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

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

W. H. ARNAND,
Secretary to School Trustees
School District number 12
West Glassville, Carleton Co., N. B.

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, P.roprietor
Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.
Main St., Hartland, N. B.

Thornton's Barber Shop

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

OLD FACES MADE NEW

THE OBSERVER

Printed by H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

Published by The Observer, Limited
Hartland, New Brunswick

Terms of Subscription: The OBSERVER is \$1.50 per year, payable in advance. The paper will be sent to subscribers until it is ordered stopped, but each subscriber will be notified when the time to which he has paid is ended.

VOL. 31 JULY 26, No. 8

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

G. W. Green in Trouble.

On Thursday last G. W. Green, the well known liquor spotter was arrested by A. R. Foster, provincial constable, on a warrant issued from the court of Stipendiary Magistrate Shaw of Bath. The warrant charged that G. W. Green did unlawfully fire a revolver at Hermon Green of Bristol with intent to do grievous bodily harm.

At the preliminary hearing, the boy testified that he was at work at the wood working factory at Bristol and when Green entered the door, he, having no desire to meet his namesake, passed out another way and ran up the road. Gordon Whitfield Green gave chase, and called on Hermon to stop or he would drop him in his tracks, and he fired several shots, one of which, Hermon alleges, struck the ground within three feet of him. A young lady witness of unimpeachable veracity gave straightforward evidence corroborating in substance that given by the complainant. Another witness gave similar evidence. Ruel Hallett, a companion and co-worker of G. W. Green was called, and without coat or vest shuffled forth to testify. He swore that there were no revolver shots and his story was a practical denial of the testimony of the former witnesses. His Honor refused to accept the evidence of this individual and exclaimed, with some heat, "young man, you should be behind the bars yourself." Then arose a hot argument among counsels and magistrate, ending with the latter protesting that he was "running this court" and demanded that the two lawyers "shut up." They obeyed. The case was sent up for trial at the next Circuit Court, G. W. Green being held in bonds of \$1,000.

J. R. H. Simms was prosecuting attorney and M. L. Hayward appeared for the defendant.

Base Ball Notes

The Hartland Ball team played the Andover team a return game on Thursday afternoon and evening. The afternoon game was played in a thunder shower making it exceedingly difficult for both sides and the game was much drawn out and wearisome. There was much wordy warfare, unfair decisions and the score stood 9-7 in favor of Andover. Hartland got a licking.

The evening game was played under better conditions, with Dow in the box. The score was 13-8, in favor of Hartland.

The Florenceville Stars and Andover played a draw on Friday. The Broadway team of Woodstock came up on Friday and played the Hartland Cubs. The game was a pretty good piece of work all through. The score was 8-8 in favor of Hartland.

The line-up was:
F. Thornton p. Jones
Levine c. Bailey
A. Thornton 1. Blake
Stevens 2. Hudlin
O. Hovey 3. Manuel
A. Goodwin s.s. Wheary
Ray Plummer c.f. Leonard
A. Hovey r.f. Cowan
Boyer l.f. Burnham

MIDDLE SIMONDS

(Intended for last issue.)

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Raymond, Mrs. Dean Shaw, and little daughter Winnie, were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Shaw on Sunday.

Mrs. Caroline Snow, Tennessee, U. S. is visiting at the home of her son, Chas. Raymond.

Dr. F. M. Brown, and son, of Centreville, called on Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ebbett on Sunday. They were passing through this place in their auto.

Mrs. Wm. Crouse is visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Rideout.

Oscar Shaw has taken the job of building the wood-shed at the Upper Simonds school house. Miss Ella Ebbett has accepted this school for the coming term.

Mr. Little from Woodstock, was a caller in this place on Sunday.

All are sorry to hear that W. N. Raymond and family intend leaving for Vancouver, B. C. in the very near future.

The Misses Ethyl and Mabel

Ebbett, and Harley Ebbett, were calling on relatives in Avondale one day this week.

Oscar Shaw attended the carnival at Centreville, July 12.

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

Preaching service was held in the Primitive Baptist Church, on Sunday evening, by Rev. J. M. Mallory.

Mr. Whitely, the piano tuner, was around last Saturday making his usual call.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fletcher and family have moved to Bridgewater, Me.

Elijah Bullock was calling on friends here last Sunday.

Rev. C. Frank Rideout was visiting his old home last week, also attending the Convention at Hartland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Attwaters were calling on relatives in Confell on Sunday.

Last week Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Mallory entertained Wilfred Mallory, Ont., Mrs. David Lambreaux, Coronation, and John Mallory of Jacksonville.

Herb Tompkins, Lansdowne, is working at J. W. Attwaters.

CENTREVILLE

Crops are looking finely and promise a big yield. Apple trees are heavily loaded with fruit. Even the squirrels will have a good time this year as the hazel nuts were never known to be so plentiful.

Miss Dorothy Green is visiting friends here.

Mrs. (Dr.) J. G. Owens is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. E. Harold.

Mrs. F. D. Tweedie and Eileen went to St. John Saturday to spend a few days with Miss Hattie Tweedie of Moncton.

While driving home last evening just at dark Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Scholey were thrown from their wagon and severely shaken up. The horse was afraid of some young ladies standing in the road near Cyrus Reed's. The horse bolted and jumped the fence, upsetting and leaving the wagon. After running round the fields the horse came into Mr. Reed's yard none the worse for the run.

Rev. J. B. Daggett has bought the Lunn property and is moving in. Mr. Daggett is unable to preach owing to his recent illness.

S. W. Niles and E. D. Tweedie drove down to the race Thursday and saw the fastest field of horses ever got together in the Maritime provinces. The time in the free-for-all was rather disappointing.

FLORENCEVILLE

The County Sunday School Convention will convene Tuesday and Wednesday (25th and 26) in the Methodist Church, East Florenceville. A large delegation is expected.

Miss Hazel McCain left on Friday for an extended trip to the west.

Sam Hamilton and family of Houlton are the guests of Casper Colwell.

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H. R. NIXON

COLLECTORS NOTICE

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

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

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

W. H. ARNAND,
Secretary to School Trustees
School District number 12
West Glassville, Carleton Co., N. B.

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.

Main St., Hartland, N. B.

Thornton's Barber Shop

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

OLD FACES MADE NEW

JUST ONE CURE FOR ANAEMIA

It is Through the Rich, Red Blood
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
Actually Make

There is just one cure for anaemia—more rich, red blood. Anaemia is simply a bloodless, run down condition. Then the body becomes weak from overwork, worry or illness, an examination of the blood will show it to be weak and watery. The common symptoms are paleness of lips, gums and cheeks, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart after the slightest exertion, dull eyes and a loss of appetite. Anaemia itself is a dangerous trouble and may pass into consumption. It can only be cured by making the blood rich and red, thereby enabling it to carry the necessary nourishment to every part of the body.

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Mrs. B. Colton, Golden, B. C., says: "As a matter of duty I wish to say a word in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for my daughters, one 16 and the other 18 years of age. Both were pale and bloodless and suffered from many of the symptoms of anaemia. They would tire easily, suffered from frequent headaches, were easily discouraged, and often fretful. I saw in our home paper the story of a young girl who had similarly suffered and was cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought three boxes of the Pills and my daughters started to take them. Before they were done they began to feel better and look better, and in a half dozen more boxes, and by the time these were used, they were enjoying the best of health, with rosy cheeks and not like the same girls at all. I also gave the Pills to my little boy who had rheumatism, and they completely cured him."

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"And did he give his consent?" "I couldn't quite make that out. He seemed disinclined to commit himself definitely."

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A Ready Weapon Against Pain—There is nothing equal to Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil when well rubbed in. It penetrates the tissues and pain disappears before it. There is no known preparation that will reach the spot quicker than this magic Oil. In consequence it ranks first among liniments now offered to the public and is accorded first place among all its competitors.

EARLY TO BED RULE A MYTH.

London Specialist Says Brain Workers May Retire Any Time.

The old proverb, "Early to bed and early to rise," was very popular with our grandfathers, but, according to a leading London physician, a specialist in mental diseases, there is little truth in the statement that such action will make you either "healthy, wealthy or wise."

"Go to bed as late as two in the morning if you like and if you can get eight hours' sleep it will make no difference in your health," he says. "Some people who lead lives of mental activity make the mistake of hurrying to bed at 10 or 11 o'clock because they are obsessed with the idea that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two afterwards. They go to bed, switch off the lights and flatter themselves that they are doing the right thing, but it often happens that they begin to worry and fidget simply because they have gone to bed too soon."

"It's all right for the working-man to get well to bed before midnight—his fatigue is purely physical; but with the mental worker there is little physical tiredness. If he comes home at half past 11 from a theatre or a long day's work he should take at least an hour to go to bed. He should read something light which will not disturb him mentally, then go quietly to rest."

When an otherwise sane man spends the day fishing he thinks that he's a sport.

FARMER'S WIFE TELLS HER STORY

FOUND A CURE FOR ALL HER ILLS IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

She was tired, worn-out and nervous, and suffered from Rheumatism, but two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Hawthorne, Ont., May 23 (Special).—Mrs. T. G. Alexander, wife of a well-known farmer living near here, adds her testimony to that of the thousands who have learned from their own experience that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Kidney Disease.

"I suffered for twelve years," Mrs. Alexander says. "My back ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I was nervous and tired and I was troubled with heart flutterings. Rheumatism developed and added to my suffering."

"I was in a very run-down, worn-out condition when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I am thankful to say they gave me relief almost from the first. Two boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys mean that all impurities are strained out of the blood. That means pure blood all over the body and the banishment of that tired, heavy feeling and those pains and aches that impure blood brings.

NO NEED TO ASK

"Does your wife ask you for things she knows you can't afford?" "She hasn't asked me for a thing since we were married."

"Great! How do you manage it?" "When she wants a thing she does not ask me; she tells me."

"I see the villain in your face, sir!" cried the insulting counsel. "What a curious reflection!" mused the imperturbable witness softly.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

It is difficult to convince the head of the house that two heads are better than one.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

EXCELLENT REASON

Pottle—"Why did you break off your engagement with that school teacher?"

Poot—"If I failed to show up at her house every evening, she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

The teacher had offered a prize for the best essay, the subject to be "The Reward of Laziness." When the compositions were handed in it was found that one boy had submitted a sheet of blank paper. He won the prize.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Your wife, as well as your sins, will find you out.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

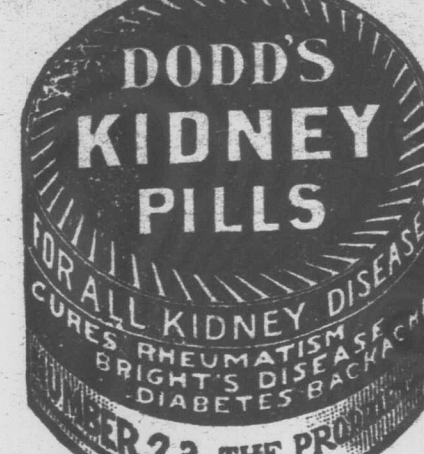
"Ah, Mr. Smith, I hear you have got into your new house. Are you all settled yet?" "All except the rent."

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

SAD OUTLOOK

Mistress—"I'm sorry you are going to leave, Marie. Are you going to better yourself?"

Marie—"No, ma'am. I'm going to get married."



ISSUE NO. 22-11.

ENGLAND IS BETTING MAD.

Great Increase in Gambling Is Reported.

Gambling is on the increase in England. According to reports from the British Anti-Gambling League, organized gambling is making gigantic strides, and this despite the fact that the police have made it very difficult for one to place bets in London and the other big cities of the kingdom.

It is stated that whereas a century ago there were only twenty bookmakers in Great Britain and Ireland there are now some 30,000 men getting their living wholly or partly in this way.

The turnover is estimated at about \$400,000,000 on horse racing and \$150,000,000 on football and other sports.

The gambling evil, too, is spreading alarmingly among women and children and is restricted to no particular class of society. There have been forty-six cases of women bookmakers before the courts in the last year.

The league has protested to the government against the receipt of foreign lottery circulars and called the attention of the police to the existence of many girls' betting clubs.

To show how deeply the gambling passion has taken hold, the directors of the league declare there are many bookmakers who stoop so low as to take bets for sixpence or a shilling from girls or boys.

HAVE YOU A BAD SORE?

If so, remember these facts—Zam-Buk is by far the most widely used balm in Canada! Why has it become so popular? Because it heals sores, cures skin diseases, and does what is claimed for it.

Remember that Zam-Buk is at the same time healing, soothing, and antiseptic. Kills poison instantly, and all harmful germs. It is suitable alike for recent injuries and diseases, and for chronic sores, ulcers, etc. Test how different and superior Zam-Buk really is. All druggists and stores at 50c. box. Use also Zam-Buk Soap. Relieves sunburn and prevents freckles. Best for baby's bath. 25c. tablet.

Wife—"I want to talk with you about some things we need for the home."

Husband—"What are they?" Wife—"Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new hat?"

Even at that your neighbors know a lot about you that they never tell.

And lots of people who think they have nothing, but trouble, don't know what trouble really is.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

THE WAY HE'D RUN IT

A bright little lad heard his parents talking about the salaries of teachers. "I don't see why they should pay the teachers," he said, very seriously, "when we children do all the work."

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.

"Are you a married man?" asked the absent-minded lawyer who was putting a witness through a searching cross-examination. "No, sir," replied the witness; "I am a bachelor."

"Very well, sir," continued the lawyer. "Now tell me how long you have been a bachelor, and what the circumstances were that induced you to become one."

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

"Most of our ills are purely imaginary." "Yes," replied the materialist. "But when you eat mushrooms and develop toothache symptoms there is usually something more than imagination to be reckoned with."

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.—Mrs. Winklow's Sooty Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING FROM COUGHS, COLIC, BRUISES, ALLAYS ALL PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is a SWEETLY HARMLESS. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winklow's Sooty Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

If you don't believe honesty is the best policy, try it.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

School of Mining

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE, Affiliated to Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

Mining and Metallurgy, Chemistry and Mineralogy, Mineralogy and Geology, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Sanitary Engineering, Power Development.

A man may sidetrack a lot of temptation by getting himself locked up in jail.

"You think Jinks is a better conversationalist than Smith? Why, neither one of them ever says anything sensible." "I know, but it takes Smith longer to say it."

"Do you think you can help me, doctor?" "Well, I should think so, with the experience I have had. I have been attending a man with your complaint for the last twenty years."

CURED HIS RHEUMATISM.

Yarmouth, N.S., June 2, 1908.—"I have been bothered with Rheumatism for the past year and have taken a good many kinds of medicine and found no relief for it."

"One day a friend advised me to try Gin Pills, so I did, and after taking only one box of them, I felt like a new man. I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how thankful I feel for the relief they gave me, and would advise all sufferers from Rheumatism to get Gin Pills."

Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. (Opp. W.L.), Toronto. All dealers have Gin Pills at 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50.

A BAD ADVERTISEMENT.

Druggist (to his stout wife): "Don't come in just this minute. I am about to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture."

CHILLSOME.

"I once proposed to a girl in a conservatory."

"With what result?" "I got of expensive plants were nipped by the frost."

Parent—"My wife and I were particularly gratified over a letter received from our boy the other day announcing that he leads his class." College Professor—"Ah, yes. The boys march into class in alphabetical order."

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat will not live under the same roof with Hamlin's Wizard Oil, the world's best liniment for the relief of all pain.

Unprepossessing Female (to photographer)—"How much would you take me for?" Photographer—"About sixteen, madam." She ordered five dozen cabinets of him at once.

Bernard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentle, I have used your Minard's Liniment in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly, ROCHAV.

Proprietor Rexton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

"I should like," said a book-cannasser to a merchant whose sanctum he had invaded, "to call your attention to a little work which I have here."

"And I will which I have here." "And I will call your attention to a mighty mass of work which I have here!" replied the man at the desk.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation.

There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive process, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

IMMATERIAL.

A stout, gorgeously-arranged woman sat talking to a friend. Her husband had just come into a considerable fortune, and, like many other persons who have been born in the country and lived their business life in the city, had begun farming in an amateur way. In their case, however, it mattered little whether crops were good or bad.

"Yes," the lady remarked, "since John's uncle died we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs, hens, and—"

"That must be charming," broke in the other. "You can have all the fresh eggs you want every day."

"Oh, well," hastily interrupted the first speaker, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

FARMS FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

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

FRUIT FARMS, all sizes, from 2 acres up to 200, at prices that are reasonable. STOCK, GRAIN OR DAIRY FARM, 125 acres, will pay you to consult me if you want to buy one.

WESTERN LANDS any quantity.

M. W. DAWSON, Phone Main 6390, or drug and hardware store at Two Hundred and Seventy-two Wright Avenue, Phone Park 827.

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED.—A study of other Agency propositions convinces you that none can equal ours. You will regret it if you don't apply for particulars to Travelers' Dept., 222 Albert St., Ottawa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED.—Ontario Veteran Lands, located. A. N. Hett, Berlin, Ont.

FARM SCALES, special price. Wilson's Scale Works, 9 Esplanade, Toronto.

1,000,000 SACKS \$25.00 PER 1,000. TIL sacks are made from the strongest paper, and will replace the expensive Jute or cotton bag. All kinds of bags will furnish at lowest prices. For particulars, write for catalogue to J. W. Wilson, 1242 North Park Avenue.

SAWMILL, MACHINERY, Portable or heavy, Lathes, Mills, Shingle Mills, Engines and Boilers, Mill Supplies. J. H. E. Long, Manufacturing Co., Ltd., West Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

NEW UPRIGHT PIANOS, \$165.00 cash, f.o.b. Montreal, equals pianos sold elsewhere \$350.00 on payments. Write Wholesale Department, The Leach Piano Co., Ltd., Montreal.

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE—NEW system—constant practice—careful instruction—a few weeks' complete course—tools free. Graduates earn twelve to eighteen dollars weekly. Write for catalogue, Moler Barber College, 221 Queen East, Toronto.

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

5 TON SCALES, special price. Wilson's Scale Works, Esplanade, Toronto.

WOMEN WANTED to take orders in spare time, no experience necessary. Our lines especially adapted for mothers and girls. Apply Dept. A, British Canadian Industrial Company, 222 Albert St., Ottawa.

SPECIALISTS' ADVICE FREE. Consult us in regard to any disease. Lowest prices in drugs of all kinds. Prescriptions filled by mail. Send measure of your bottle. Glasses fitted by age. Write today for anything sold in first-class drug stores to Dr. Bellman, Collingwood, Ont.

WE pay the express in Ontario. Forty dollars each. Write for what you want. Thos. N. Havens & Son, Auburn, N.Y., Ont.

The Soul of a Piano is the Action. Insist on the

"OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action

CLEANING LADIES' WALKING OR OUTING SUITS

Can be done perfectly by our French process. Try it. British American Dyeing Co., Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec.

IODINOL \$1 a box 6 for \$5

The most highly efficient application for the reduction of Swellings, Gout, Thick Neck, Glandular Enlargement. It's Positive.

PILES of all kinds, in any and all stages, quickly relieved and positively cured. Cure your suffering and live quietly. "Common Sense" for Piles will do it. \$1 a box, \$5 for 6 boxes. Mailed on receipt of price.

LYLE COMPANY, TORONTO

715 WEST QUEEN STREET

Never judge a man's strength by the ease with which he breaks a promise.

Belle—"This new hat I got doesn't suit my hair at all." Maud—"Well, dear, and which are you going to change?"

She—"I'll wager you have told lots of other girls that you loved them." He—"Well, if such has been my misguided career it is now in your hands to put a stop to it."

"But," protested the wayward son, "you should make allowance for the follies of youth." "H'm," growled the old man. "It wasn't for the allowance you get there'd be less folly!"

White

Vaseline

Invaluable Internally

for Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Etc.

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes

of Zinc, Camphorated, Oxide of Zinc, Camphorated, Carbollated, Camphorated, Mentholated, Etc. Each

for special purposes, Write for Free Vaseline Book.

Chas. Brough Mfg. Co. 1850 Chas. Brough Mfg. Co.

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"Why, what did he say?"

"He didn't say anything at all."

"Did you ask him?"

"I said: 'Sir, I wish to marry your daughter. Have I your consent?' He turned and looked at me a minute. Then he began to grow red in the face, and then he grabbed me and threw me over the banisters, and before I could ask him again he had slammed his door and locked it—but he didn't say anything either way."

A Ready Weapon Against Pain.—There is nothing equal to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil when well rubbed in. It penetrates the tissues and pain disappears before it. There is no known preparation that will reach the spot quicker than this magic Oil. In consequence it ranks first among liniments now offered to the public and is accorded first place among all its competitors.

EARLY TO BED RULE A MYTH.
London Specialist Says Brain Workers May Retire Any Time.

The old proverb, "Early to bed and early to rise," was very popular with our grandfathers, but, according to a leading London physician, a specialist in mental diseases, there is little truth in the statement that such action will make you either "healthy, wealthy or wise."

"Go to bed as late as two in the morning if you like and if you can get eight hours' sleep it will make no difference in your health," he says.

"Some people who lead lives of mental activity make the mistake of hurrying to bed at 10 or 11 o'clock because they are obsessed with the idea that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth two afterwards. They go to bed, switch off the lights and flatter themselves that they are doing the right thing, but it often happens that they begin to worry and fidget simply because they have gone to bed too soon."

"It's all right for the working-man to get well to bed before midnight—his fatigue is purely physical; but with the mental worker there is little physical tiredness. If he comes home at half past 11 from a theatre or a long day's work he should take at least an hour to get to bed. He should read something light which will not disturb him mentally, then go quietly to rest."

When an otherwise sane man spends the day fishing he thinks that he's a sport.

FARMER'S WIFE TELLS HER STORY

FOUND A CURE FOR ALL HER ILLS IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

She was tired, worn-out and nervous, and suffered from Rheumatism, but two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

Hawthorne, Ont., May 29 (Special).—Mrs. T. G. Alexander, wife of a well-known farmer living near here, adds her testimony to that of the thousands who have learned from their own experience that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Kidney Disease.

"I suffered for twelve years," Mrs. Alexander says. "My back ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I was nervous and tired and I was troubled with heart flutterings. Rheumatism developed and added to my suffering."

"I was in a very run-down, worn-out condition when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, but I am thankful to say they gave me relief almost from the first. Two boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Cured Kidneys mean that all impurities are strained out of the blood. That means pure blood all over the body and the banishment of that tired, heavy feeling and those pains and aches that impure blood brings.

NO NEED TO ASK

"Does your wife ask you for things she knows you can't afford?"

"She hasn't asked me for a thing since we were married."

"Great! How do you manage it?"

"When she wants a thing she does not ask me; she tells me."

"I see the villain in your face, sir," cried the insulting counsel fiercely. "What a curious reflection!" mused the imperturbable witness softly.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief, and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

It is difficult to convince the head of the house that two heads are better than one.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

EXCELLENT REASON.
Pottle—"Why did you break off your engagement with that school teacher?"

Poof—"If I failed to show up at her house every evening, she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

The teacher had offered a prize for the best essay, the subject to be "The Reward of Laziness." When the compositions were handed in it was found that one boy had submitted a sheet of blank paper. He won the prize.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Your wife, as well as your sins, will find you out.

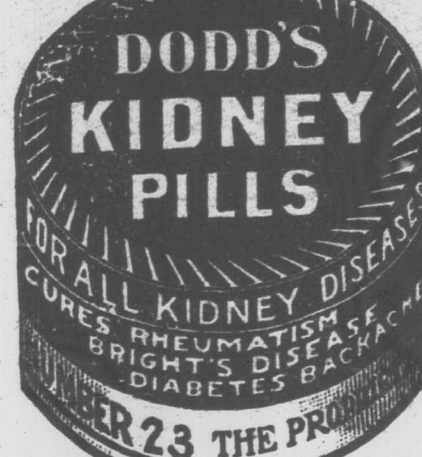
Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, I hear you have got into your new house. Are you all settled yet?" "All except the rent."

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

SAD OUTLOOK.
Mistress—"I'm sorry you are going to leave, Marie. Are you going to better yourself?"

Marie—"No, ma'am. I'm going to get married."



ISSUE NO. 22-11.

ENGLAND IS BETTING MAD.

Great Increase in Gambling Is Reported.

Gambling is on the increase in England. According to reports from the British Anti-Gambling League, organized gambling is making gigantic strides, and this despite the fact that the police have made it very difficult for one to place bets in London and the other big cities of the kingdom.

It is stated that whereas a century ago there were only twenty bookmakers in Great Britain and Ireland there are now some 30,000 men getting their living wholly or partly in this way.

The turnover is estimated at about \$400,000,000 on horse racing and \$150,000,000 on football and other sports.

The gambling evil, too, is spreading alarmingly among women and children and is restricted to no particular class of society. There have been forty-six cases of women bookmakers before the courts in the last year.

The league has protested to the government against the receipt of foreign lottery circulars and called the attention of the police to the existence of many girls' betting clubs.

To show how deeply the gambling passion has taken hold, the directors of the league declare there are now many bookmakers who stoop so low as to take bets for sixpence or a shilling from girls or boys.

HAVE YOU A BAD SORE?

If so, remember these facts—Zam-Buk is by far the most widely used balm in Canada! Why has it become so popular? Because it heals sores, cures skin diseases, and does what is claimed for it.

Remember that Zam-Buk is at the same time healing, soothing, and antiseptic. Kills poison instantly, and all harmful germs. It is suitable alike for recent injuries and diseases, and for chronic sores, ulcers, etc. Test how different and superior Zam-Buk really is. All druggists and stores at 50c. box. Use also Zam-Buk Soap. Relieves sunburn and prevents freckles. Best for baby's bath. 25c. tablet.

Wife—"I want to talk with you about some things we need for the home." Husband—"What, are they?" Wife—"Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new hat?"

Even at that your neighbors know a lot about you that they never tell.

And lots of people who think they have nothing but trouble, don't know what trouble really is.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

THE WAY HE'D RUN IT.
A bright little lad heard his parents talking about the salaries of teachers. "I don't see why they should pay the teachers," he said, very seriously, "when we children do all the work."

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.

"Are you a married man?" asked the absent-minded lawyer who was putting a witness through a searching cross-examination. "No, sir," replied the witness; "I am a bachelor."

"Very well, sir," continued the lawyer. "Now tell me how long you have been a bachelor, and what the circumstances were that induced you to become one."

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him everywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.

"Most of our ills are purely imaginary." "Yes," replied the materialist. "But when you eat mushrooms and develop toothache symptoms there is usually something more than imagination to be reckoned with."

BEST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.
Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SETTLES THE COLIC, AND ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. It is a SWEETLY PLEASANT. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

If you don't believe honesty is the best policy, try it.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

School of Mining Kingston, Ont.

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE. Affiliated to Queen's University. Kingston, Ont.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

A man may sidetrack a lot of temptation by getting himself locked up in jail.

"You think Jinks is a better conversationalist than Smith? Why, neither one of them ever says anything sensible." "I know, but it takes Smith longer to say it."

"Do you think you can help me, doctor?" "Well, I should think so, with the experience I have had. I have been attending a man with your complaint for the last twenty years."

CURED HIS RHEUMATISM.
Yarmouth, N.S., June 2, 1908.—"I have been bothered with Rheumatism for the past year and have taken a good many doses of medicine and found no relief for it."

"One day a friend advised me to try Oin Pills, so I did, and after taking only one box of them, I felt like a new man. I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how thankful I feel for the relief they gave me, and would advise all sufferers from Rheumatism to get Oin Pills."

WM. CONTY.
Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. (Dept. W.C.), Toronto. All dealers have Oin Pills at 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50.

A BAD ADVERTISEMENT.
Druggist (to his stout wife)—"Don't come in just this minute. I am about to sell six bottles of my fat-reducing mixture."

CHILLSOME.
"I once proposed to a girl in a conservatory."

"With what result?"

"I lot of expensive plants were nipped by the frost."

Parent—"My wife and I were particularly gratified over a letter received from our boy the other day announcing that he leads his class." College Professor—"Ah, yes. The boys march into class in alphabetical order."

Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat will not live under the same roof with Hamline Wizard Oil, the world's best liniment for the relief of all pain.

Unprepossessing Female (to photographer)—"How much would you take me for?" Photographer—"About sixteen, mada." She ordered five dozen cabinets of him at once.

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited. Gents—I have used your Minard's Liniment in my family and also in my stable for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly, ALBERT ROCHAY, Proprietor Barton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

"I should like," said a book-connoisseur to a merchant whose sanctum he had invaded, "to call your attention to a little work which I have here."

And I will call your attention to a mighty mass of work which I have here!" replied the man at the desk.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will start the digestive process, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

IMMATERIAL.
A stout, gorgeously-arranged woman sat talking to a friend. Her husband had just come into a considerable fortune, and, like many other persons who have been born in the country and lived their business life in the city, had begun farming in an amateur way. In their case, however, it mattered little whether crops were good or bad.

"Yes," the lady remarked, "since John's uncle died we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs, hens, and—"

"That must be charming," broke in the other. "You can have all the fresh eggs you want every day."

"Oh, well," hastily interrupted the first speaker, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

FARMS FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

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

FRUIT FARMS, all sizes, from 5 acres up to 200, at prices that are reasonable.

STOCK, GRAIN OR DAIRY FARMS. It will pay you to consult me if you want to buy one.

WESTERN LANDS any quantity.

H. W. DAWSON, Phone Main 5290, 97 nights and holidays at Two Kings and seventy-two Wright Avenue, Phone Park 127.

AGENTS WANTED.
AGENTS WANTED.—A study of other Agency propositions convinces that none can equal ours. You will always regret it if you don't apply for particulars to Travellers Dept., 225 Albert St., Ottawa.

MISCELLANEOUS.
WANTED.—Ontario Veteran Land, located at A. N. Hott, Berlin, Ont. Scale Works, 101 Adelaide, Toronto.

FARM SCALES, special price. Wilson's Scale Works, 101 Adelaide, Toronto.

10000 SACKS SALT PER 1000. These sacks are made from the strongest paper, and will replace the expensive jute or cotton bags. Write for particulars to J. J. Wilson, 101 Adelaide, Toronto.

SAWMILL, MACHINERY, Portable or Heavy, Lathes, Mills, Shingle Mills, Engines and Boilers, Mill Supplies, etc. Long Manufacturing Co., Ltd., West Street, Orillia, Ontario.

NEW UPRIGHT PIANOS, \$165.00 cash. J. G. B. Montreal, equals piano sold elsewhere \$200.00 on payments. Write Violoncello Department, The Leach Piano Co., Ltd., Montreal.

EARN THE BARBER TRADE—NEW system—constant practice—careful instruction—a few weeks' complete course—tools free. Graduates earn twelve to eighteen dollars weekly. Write for catalogue. Moler Barber College, 221 Queen East, Toronto.

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

5 TON SCALE, special price. Wilson's Scale Works, 101 Adelaide, Toronto.

WOMEN WANTED to take orders in spare time, no experience necessary. Our lines especially, used by mothers and girls. Apply Dept. A, British Canadian Industrial Company, 225 Albert St., Ottawa.

SPECIALISTS ADVICE FREE. Consult us in regard to any disease. Lowest prices in drugs of all kinds. Send measure of trunk fitted by mail. Send measure of head fitted by mail. Write to-day. Glasses fitted by age. Write to-day for anything sold in first-class drug stores to Dr. Bellman, Collingwood, Ont.

WE pay the express in Ontario. Forty dollars each. Write for what you want. Thomas N. Havens & Son, Alhambra P.O., Ont.

The Soul of a Piano is the Action. Insist on the "OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action.

CLEANING LADIES' WALKING OR OUTING SUITS. Can be done perfectly by our French process. Try it. British American Dyeing Co., Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec.

IODINOL \$1 a box IODINOL 6 for \$5

The most highly efficient application for the reduction of Swellings, Gout, Thick Neck, Glandular Enlargements, It's Positive.

PILES of all kinds, in any and all stages, quickly relieved and positively cured. Cure your suffering and live quietly. "Common Sense" for Piles will do it. \$1 a box, \$5 for 6 boxes. Mailed on receipt of price.

LYLE MEDICINE TORONTO 715 WEST QUEEN STREET

Never judge a man's strength by the ease with which he breaks a promise.

Belle—"This new hat I got doesn't suit my hair at all." Maud—"Well, dear, and which are you going to change?"

She—"I'll wager you have loved lots of other girls that you loved them." He—"Well, it such has been my misguided career it is now in your hands to put a stop to it."

"But," protested the wayward son, "you should make allowance for the follies of youth." "H'm!" growled the old man. "It wasn't for the allowance you get there'd be less folly!"

White Vaseline Invaluable Internally for Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Etc.

12 Vaseline Remedies in Tubes Capsicum Borated Oxide of Zinc Camphorated Carbollated Camphorated Mentholated Etc. Each for special purposes. Write for Free Vaseline Book.

Chesham Wg. Co. 1000 Chelmsford Ave. Montreal

TINY CLUES TO BIG CRIMES

CRIMINALS ARE VERY FORGETFUL PERSONS.

A Toy Lantern, a Boobyface, and Half an Envelope Helped Men to Gallows.

The famous series of frauds on the Bank of England by the Benson brothers a generation ago was terminated by the fact that the forgers of the drafts forgot to date the last one presented. This almost incredible blunder led to the break-up of the most dangerous band of criminals England has ever known, says Pearson's Weekly.

An uneasy conscience gave away Dougal, the Most Farm murderer. He had presented a forged cheque on his victim's banking account, and the clerk, not recognizing the signature, asked Dougal to wait a few moments. Convinced that it was a trick to detain him until the police were summoned, the wretched man bolted; and that set in motion a train of suspicions that eventually resulted in the discovery of one of the most cold-blooded crimes in the history of murders.

Any detective of experience will tell you that most criminals are fools—which is a good thing in the long run for those whose business it is to detect crime.

There was a case in the midlands nearly twenty years ago which concerned a man who spent many days planning

A WOMAN'S MURDER

and disguising his own personality so that nobody could ever suspect him of the crime. Then, when his plans were completed, he lured the unfortunate woman to a lonely place and murdered her.

He was more than astonished to find himself under arrest within an hour of the discovery of the dead body. But it was no wonderful feat of detection after all. In his haste and confusion the murderer had actually left his visiting card on the victim's body.

A child's penny toy lantern directed led to the hanging of Fowler and Milson for the Muswell Hill murder. It was a lucky clue that finding of the child whose toy had been left behind in the house with the body of Mrs. Smith, the murdered man. It was the property of Fowler's little brother, and the child's innocent pleasure at the recovery of his lantern was the culminating stroke in one of the greatest tragedies of the last fifty years.

Clothes played a prominent part in the Yarmouth Beach murder case of nine years ago, but it was a boobyface that finally fastened the crime on to Bennett. That trivial boobyface had been used to strangle the poor woman who died where so many had found holiday happiness; and those who attended the trial will never forget the profound impression created by the production of the string.

A MEETING IN THE STREET

Upon a certain occasion a prominent merchant and railway magnate was talking in the street to a friend of his, one who was eminent in the service of the State. A young man passed by, and, to the astonishment of the former, his companion nodded pleasantly to him. "Who was that?" asked the railway director, thinking he might have been mistaken.

"Oh, that is Mr. Blank, the well-known philanthropist."

Now, the gentleman of the railways knew Mr. Blank by another name and in a different capacity; in fact, he was one of the clerks in the employ of the railway of which he was a director. Examination of the books confirmed the worst suspicions; for the pseudo-philanthropist had been robbing his employers for years in order to gratify his ambition to get into society. Had it not been for that casual recognition in public the company would have lost thousands more than it did.

That was a trivial chance, of course, but it was more than this which caused Mrs. Dyer, the Reading baby farmer, to wrap one of the bodies of her victims in a piece of brown paper bearing

HER OWN NAME AND ADDRESS

It broke away from its ghastly contents and floated to the top of the river.

But all great criminal cases have turned more or less on trivial things. A railway ticket played a prominent part in the recent trial at Newcastle of Alexander Dickman, charged with the murder of Nesbitt, the colliery cashier. It bore the name of one station and was given up at another.

Half an addressed envelope convicted a murderer twenty years ago although the name and address had nothing to do with him except that the other half was found in his bedroom. A piece of a file convicted a murderer named Orrock, who is now forgotten, but whose crime excited tremendous interest some years ago. Armed with half of a common file, the police tracked him down, after one of the finest feats of detective work in the annals of detection.

"TICKETS PLEASE!"

How the Operation is Done on a Japanese Railway Train.

To see Japan thoroughly, to master its problems, to probe its soul, to pluck the whole heart of its mystery, would probably need—as a fellow globe-trotter, assured Mr. A. M. Thompson—"all of a fortnight." So entire thoroughness is not claimed by the author of "Japan for a Week." Still, Mr. Thompson was there long enough to get a vivid impression of Japanese courtesy—how the "please," so frequently entirely omitted from stern demand in the Occident, is emphasized into an art.

The guard, in the train to Tokyo, who affords us much information by the way is exceedingly interested in us. He stands by my side on the platform, and laughingly points out that the top of his head—he is of more than average size for a Jap—barely reaches my shoulders.

"Me big," he says in his quaint English, "but you much more big."

He is, like all the Japanese we met, amazingly polite.

When he comes round to examine tickets, he begins by standing at the end of the car, takes off his cap to the honorable assembly, bows to the ground, rubs his knees with his hands, draws in his breath audibly, and delivers himself of an announcement in Japanese which I imaginatively translate as follows:

"Your most honorable excellencies and most augustly-deigning-to-be-pleased ones, I hope you will pardon this creature of mud for having been born into this world to ask you, most gracious and superior ones, to show your angustly-blessed tickets; after which I beg you will honorably deign to grind and crush me, who am but as a snail of the soil, beneath your kindly sandals."

The passengers, ceasing for a moment from their rires and chopsticks, bow profoundly in return, rub their knees with their hands, suck in their breaths with the peculiar whistling sound which is the special expression of a Japanese greeting, fumble among their loose layers of clothes, and ultimately produce their honorable tickets.

After this there is more bowing on both sides, and the guard, still bowing, vanishes.

UNKIND KINDNESS

The servants were abed, and the doctor answered the bell himself. A colored man stood on the steps holding a large package.

"Is Miss Matildah, the cook, at home, sah?" asked the man.

"Yes, but she has retired," returned the doctor.

"Can I leave dis fo' her, sah?" "Certainly," said the doctor.

He took the bundle, from which flowers and buds were protruding, and, after bidding the man good night, carefully carried it to the kitchen, where he deposited it, paper and all, in a pan of water.

The doctor thought nothing more of the affair until he heard Matildah's angry voice raised in conversation with the maid.

"Ef I had de posson heah," cried the cook, "dat put mah new spring hat in dis er dishpan, I'd scald 'im for sho'!"

Is Thomas NOT LOST.

The Marketier—"Aren't you wanting a good deal of that steak in trimming?"

The Butcher—"No, ma'am; I weighed it first."

A brass-headed tack driven into each of the lower corners of picture frames prevent pictures from leaving marks on the wall.

When sweeping Turkish, Azminster or any thick piled carpet, always brush the way of the pile, and it will look fresh and bright for years.

A solution of one teaspoonful of peroxide into a teacup of water makes a sanitary wash to use in the mouth every morning and evening.

CURED OF CONSTIPATION

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Rattex, N.S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many diseases that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would come from me the one ailment that would so much trouble me at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."

For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box.

BOVRIL

GIVES Health and Beauty

It is a valuable tonic. It renews the blood, tones up the nerves and produces high vitality and buoyant health.

BOVRIL is the concentrated goodness of beef.

GLACIERS IN A NUTSHELL

ICE 150 FEET HIGH AND TWELVE MILES WIDE.

All About the Marvellous Rivers of Ice That Go On the March.

Ice seems hard and brittle as solid rock. Yet glaciers are true rivers, carrying away the snow that falls on the top of high mountains.

The average snowfall on Mont Blanc is only two inches short of five feet a year. Suppose it all stayed there. In a single century Mont Blanc would grow about 480 feet. In a thousand years its peak would rise 4,800 feet.

But the glaciers or ice rivers carry this snow off and bear it down to the valleys, where it melts and makes water rivers.

There are 1,555 glaciers in the Alps which, between them, cover an area six times as great as that of the Isle of Man. But they are all toys compared with the Muir glacier, on the Alaskan coast, which presents to the ocean a wall of blue ice 150 feet high and twelve miles wide.

GUIDES AND MEN LOST

Icebergs, great and small, are constantly breaking away from its monstrous front. It discharges 77 billion cubic feet of ice yearly.

Forty-two years ago the crooked spire of the Matterhorn was climbing for the first time. In the descent a rope broke, and a terrible accident occurred. Lord Francis Douglas, Messrs. Hudson and Had-dow together with one of the guides, fell an enormous distance to the glaciers below.

The body of Lord Francis was never recovered, but it is believed to be hidden deep in the heart of the Zmutt glacier, and since 1907 watch has been kept constantly at the lower end of this glacier in the hopes that the great ice river may yield up its prey.

Such cases have happened over and over again. In the year 1900 a guide named Goldi, returning alone from Garda, the Silvretta hut, fell into the crevasse, which was hidden by a covering of snow, and was killed.

This crevasse was only a few hundred yards from the lower end of the Gerstenklaben glacier. Five years later the body was delivered at the bottom of the glacier. It was in a perfect state of preservation. The features were recognizable, and except for some buttons being missing from the clothing, torn off probably in the fall, poor Goldi might have met his end only an hour before instead of having been buried in an icy tomb for sixty-two months.

SHEEP WALLED UP

Strange finds are made in glaciers. In a glacier which lies in the mountains on the Pacific side of Dawson City, at a height of 8,000 feet, a miner recently discovered a flock of fourteen mountain sheep preserved under a sheet of transparent ice as though stuffed and set in a glass case.

No doubt they had been caught in a violent snow or sleet storm, huddling together, had been buried. Then the temperature must have dropped so suddenly as to freeze them in. There they remained frozen, and no doubt if undisturbed will remain there for many years to come.

There are some fine glaciers in the Rocky Mountains in Montana. On the flanks of Granite Mountain, which is nearly 13,000 feet high, is a glacier to which Professor Kimball has given the name of Grass-hopper Glacier. It is so full of grasshoppers and their remains that the ice is of a peculiarly dark color.

Periodically the grasshoppers that thrive in the prairies to the north wing their flight southward, and must needs cross the mountain. In the passage across the mountain cold air, rising from the great ice river, numbs them, and they drop by hundreds of thousands. They are gradually carried down, and the moraine at the end of the glacier consists principally of insect remains instead of rocks or sand.

—Pearson's Weekly.

Some men are as easily rattled as others are hard to shake.

CLOSE ESCAPE FROM DEATH

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

An Englishman Lay Under His Horse Insensible From 6 p.m. to Midnight.

A bright crisp morning at the end of March, 1900, found me standing at the door of my log cabin in gazing down the valley of East Creek, in British Columbia, some 6,000 miles away from England, writes S. W. Blyth in London Tit-Bits. Suddenly my attention was attracted by a band of wild horses, which I saw outside my fence, about half a mile away, near a meadow in which my horses were grazing. As I looked, the lord and master of the band, a fine black stallion, leapt the fence, I ran down the hill to the meadow, but too late; the horse had jumped back, followed by a valuable grey mare of mine, and, regaining the band, galloped away with them.

LOST!

I knew that if I did not cut my mare off from the rest of the horses there was small chance of my ever seeing her again. In less than five minutes I was in the saddle, galloping madly after the fast retreating band, which had now reached the fringe of trees at the foothills and were rapidly disappearing into the forest beyond. For hour after hour I continued the chase—through valleys, and forests, over hills and across plains. At length, about two o'clock, I drew rein and reluctantly gave up the chase. For a couple of hours I rested with my horse by the side of a small river, when suddenly, about four o'clock, the stamp-like blast of a wild stallion startled me to my feet, and there, only a few yards away, was my mare with the rest of the horses. They were gone like a flash and I, like a fool, decided to my everlasting regret to follow them.

But again I saw the chase was hopeless, and had decided to give it up when one of the reins suddenly gave way, and I was practically at the mercy of my steed. He took advantage of this, and rushed madly after the flying horses. I was powerless, so all I could do was to stick to the saddle. Which direction we were going, I knew not nor cared, for most of my time was taken up with dodging trees and drawing my feet up to avoid getting caught in projecting branches. Suddenly, in the fast gathering dusk, before me lay a sheet of ice some thirty feet long.

A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT

At the pace we were travelling it was impossible to "pull up," so, hunching up my back, my horse prepared for the leap. He made a tremendous bound in the air. Then came a crash, a thousand lights danced before my eyes, and all was blank. Some hours later I opened my eyes to see a bright moon-shine overhead. I lay some time in a sort of dream, until at length consciousness returned to me and I attempted to raise my head, which was now beginning to ache terribly. To my surprise I found that it seemed to be fastened to the ground. Putting my right hand up, for my left arm was under my head, I found my hand was frozen to the ice, through the blood which had flowed from a wound on my head.

Little by little I gradually released myself, and, looking about, found that I was pinned down by my dead horse, who was lying on my left leg. With the greatest difficulty I extricated myself from under him, and got to my feet after many attempts. Then I found that I could not move my left arm, and that my side was so painful that I could scarcely breathe.

I picked my way along the trail, and, to make a long story short, after a very trying journey, walking the last ten miles in a heavy snowstorm, I arrived at my cabin utterly exhausted.

FEARFUL INJURIES

It was ultimately found that my left cheek bone was smashed, my arm was broken in three places, my elbow fractured and dislocated, besides three ribs being broken. I had to lie in my bed for three weeks; all this time very heavy snowstorms were raging, and it was impossible for anyone to go either up or down the creek. Then I was taken down in a sleigh, where I saw Dr. Williams, who could do nothing for me as my arm had been set, and I could not bend it or use it at all. Finally, I came to England and went into King's College Hospital where Mr. William Rose (now Sir William) made a false joint by breaking the arm again, so now I can use it to a limited extent.

In conclusion, I might add that, as near as I could judge, I lay under my horse insensible from 6 p.m. to midnight. I arrived at my cabin twenty-four hours later, having walked forty miles and had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours.

Don't display your lack of knowledge by boasting about what you know.

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THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

STARTING ALFALFA.

Alfalfa is the king among hay crops, the queen among soil improvers, the prince among drought resistant plants. It comes nearer to giving something for nothing than anything else on the farm. It will produce more hay per acre, and hay of a high feeding value. While giving that valuable crop of hay it will at the same time leave the soil richer in nitrogen and humus every year that it occupies the land, and supplies the very things that the grain crops take out of the fastest and leave the soil in the greatest need of. Still the whole story is not told, as weeds cannot grow readily after the alfalfa gets a good stand and if they should grow a little the alfalfa is cut before the weeds are ripe so they cannot go to seed. The roots go deep and so open up the soil better than the subsoiler. The one disadvantage in growing alfalfa is that it is a little difficult to start; so when a good stand is secured it ought to be left for several years. It is not a good rotation crop, like clover. This is really no great drawback though, as it will produce a crop that can be grown on any good soil that is well drained; in sand it will not do so well, and hard pan interferes with its root growth. Standing water is death to it. When starting alfalfa it must be kept in mind that alfalfa has bacteria living in nodules on its roots. These germs furnish the plant with nitrogen which they take from the soil air. They put it into a form that the plant can use and so supply the alfalfa with the nitrogen that it needs and more too. The alfalfa plant has in a measure lost the power of taking nitrogen from the soil as the other crops do, so it can not make much growth alone. It in turn furnishes the germs with food of a different kind so it is a co-operative affair, each furnishing that which it can secure the easiest.

When the alfalfa is starting it does not have the germs on its roots and so is very delicate and must be given good care. The best way to do that is to get some soil from a field that has been growing alfalfa successfully for a few years and sow it on the new field at the rate of 200 pounds per acre. The best way to prepare the soil is to manure for a crop of corn—clean cultivate the corn—then sow the alfalfa on the disced corn stubble, putting in eight to ten pounds

per acre—and with the drill so as to get the seed buried, one to two inches—do not sow any nurse crop with it. A bare fallow that has been kept free from weeds will also be a good preparation, as will also potato ground. But in any case it should be manured. When the alfalfa is up eight to ten inches it should be cut back. This will not hurt the alfalfa; in fact will do it good—but will be hard on the weeds. The amount of seed sown should vary with the rainfall; under irrigation, or where the rainfall is abundant, more seed than specified above should be sown. It has been found by experiments that where the plants were nine inches apart three cuttings were secured in 1910 and the yield was nearly 2½ tons, while where the plants were only two inches apart only one cutting of about half a ton was secured. In digging out the roots it was found that where the plants were far apart the roots went down seven to eight feet while in the case of the plants that were close together the roots did not go down more than three feet.

NOTES OF THE POULTRY YARD

Do not try to force Nature. In fitting young fies for the market give the chicks proper food, plenty of room, clean quarters, freedom from lice and Nature will do the rest.

A correspondent who raised 300 chickens last year says they are the best potato bug traps he ever used, except ducks, which cannot be beaten for this purpose.

Sow a patch of cow peas near the poultry yard. Do not harvest the peas when ripe, but turn the hens into them when the green grass disappears and they will thrive upon them.

Summer selection should be kept up until the fowls are fully grown. Dispose of every little runt that shows up, because they are not worth keeping.

Do not wait until the broody fever hen becomes chronic, but discourage her as she shows signs of it.

It isn't necessary to use an axe or club or cold water or any such things to break her up. She is only obeying the call of Nature.

Put her in a small yard with plenty of grass in it. Provide good shade and keep her in the open air all day. Feed no corn, but sparingly of some other cooking food and keep plenty of cool water before her all the time.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

The assent was perfectly tranquil and respectful. He was too good a soldier not to render perfect obedience and keep perfect silence under any sort of provocation to break both.

"Okey, then!" said Chateauroux savagely. "Well, since you love heat so well, you shall take a flag of truce and my scroll to the Sidl Ilderim. But tell me first, what do you think of this capture?"

"It is not my place to give opinions, colonel."

"Parbleu! It is your place when I bid you. Speak, or I will have the stick cut the words out of you!"

"I may speak frankly?"

"Then I think that those who make war on women are no longer fit to fight with men."

For a moment the long, sinewy, massive form of Chateauroux started from the skins on which he lay at full length like a lion starting from its lair. His veins swelled like black cords. Under the mighty muscle of his bare chest his heart beat visibly in the fury of his wrath.

"By heaven, I have a mind to have you shot like a dog!"

The chasseur looked at him carelessly, composedly, but with a serene defiance still, as due from a soldier to his chief.

"You have threatened it before, colonel. It may be as well to do it, or the army may think you capricious."

Chateauroux crushed a blasphemous oath through his clenched teeth and laughed a certain short, stern, satirical laugh, which his men dreaded more than his wrath.

"No, I will send you instead to the khailfa. He often saves me the trouble of killing my own curs. Take a flag of truce and this paper, and never draw rein till you reach him, if your beast drop dead at the end."

The chasseur saluted, took the paper, bowed with a certain languid, easy grace that camp life never cured him of, and went. He knew that the man who should take the news of his treasure's loss to the Emir Ilderim would, a thousand to one, perish by every torture desert cruelty could frame, despite the cover of the white banner.

Chateauroux looked after him as he and his horse passed from the French camp in the full, burning tide of noon. "If the Arabs kill him," he thought, "I will forgive Ilderim five seasons of rebellion."

The chasseur, as he had been bidden, never drew rein across the scorched plateau. At last, ere he reached the Bedouin tents, he saw the chief and a party of horsemen returning from a foraging quest and in ignorance as yet of the abduction of Djelma. He galloped straight to them and halted across their line of march, with the folds of the little white flag fluttering in the sun. The Bedouins drew bridle, and Ilderim advanced alone. He was a magnificent man of middle age, with the noblest type of the eagle-eyed, aquiline desert beauty.

A glance of recognition flashed from him on the soldier who had so often crossed swords with him, and he waved back the scroll with dignified courtesy. "Read it me."

It was read. Bitterly, blackly, shamefully, the few brutal words were. They netted him as an eagle is netted in a shepherd's trap.

The moment that he gave a sign of advancing the captive's life would pay the penalty; if he merely remained in arms, without direct attack, he would be made the marquis's mistress and abandoned later to the army. The only terms on which he could have her restored were instant submission to the imperial rule and personal homage of himself and all his Djoud to the marquis, as the representative of France—homage in which they should confess themselves dogs and the sons of dogs. So ran the message of peace.

The chasseur read on to the end, calmly. Then he lifted his gaze and looked at the Emir. He expected no sword to be buried in his breast.

With a wild, shrill yell the Bedouins whirled their naked sabres above their heads and rushed down on the bearer of this shame to their chief and their tribe. The chasseur did not seek to defend himself. He sat motionless. He thought the vengeance just.

The sheik raised his sword and signed them back as he pointed to the white folds of the flag. Then his voice rolled out like thunder over the stillness of the plains:

"But that you trust yourself to my honor I would send you limb from limb. Go back to the tiger who rules you and tell him that as Allah liveth I will fall on him and smite him as he hath never been smitten. Dead or living, I will have back my own. If he take her life, I will have 10,000 lives to answer it. If he deal her dishonor, I will light such a holy war through the length and breadth of the land that his nation shall be driven backward like choked dogs into the sea and perish from the face of the earth for evermore. And this I swear by the law and the prophet!"

The menace rolled out, imperious as a monarch's, thrilling through the desert hush. The chasseur bent his head at the words closed. His own teeth were tightly clenched, and his face was dark.

"Emir, listen to one word," he said briefly. "Shame has been done to me as to you. Had I been told what words I bore they had never been brought by my hand. You know me, as I have had the marks of your steel. Trust me in this, and I pledge you my honor that before the sun sets she shall be given back to you unharmed, or I will return here myself, and your tribe shall slay me in what fashion they will. So alone can she be saved unharmed. Answer, will you have faith in me?"

"You are a great warrior. Such men do not lie. Go, and if she be borne to me before the sun is half way sunk toward the west all the branches of the tribes of Ilderim shall be as your brethren and bend as steel to your bidding. If not—as God is mighty—no man in your host shall live to tell the tale."

The chasseur bowed his head to his horse's mane, then without a word wheeled round and sped back across the plain. When he reached his own cavalry camp, he went straightway to his chief. What passed between them none ever knew. The interview was brief; it was possibly as stormy, pregnant and decisive as stormy, and the squadrons of Africa marvelled that the man who dared beard Chateauroux in his lair came forth with his life. Whatever the spell he used the result was a marvel.

At the very moment that the sun touched the lower half of the western heavens the sheik Ilderim, where he sat in his alidawadeh, with all his tribe stretching behind him, full armed, to sweep down like falcons on the spoilers as the hour passed with the pledge unredeemed, saw the form of the chasseur reappear between his sight and the glare of the skies; nor did he ride alone. That night the Pearl of the Desert lay once more in the mighty, sinuous arms of the great Emir.

But, with the dawn, his vengeance fell in terrible fashion on the sleeping camp of the Franks, and from that hour dated the passionate, savage, unconcealed hate of Chateauroux to the most daring soldier of all his fiery horse, known in his troop as Bel-faire-peur.

It was in the tent of Ilderim now that he reclined, looking outward at the night, where flames were leaping rudely under a large caldron, and far beyond was the dark immensity of the star-studded sky. From the hour of the restoration of his treasure the sheik had been true to his oath; his tribe in all its branches had held the French soldier in closest brotherhood. Wherever they were he was honored and welcomed; was he in war, their swords were drawn for him; was he in need, their houses of half were spread for him; had he want of light, the swiftest and most precious of their horses was at his service; and he thirst, they would have died themselves, wringing out the last drop from the water skin for him. Through him their alliance, or, more justly to speak, their neutrality, was secured to France, and the Bedouin chief loved him with a great, silent, noble love that was fast rooted in the granite of his nature.

"I wish I had come straight to you, said, when I first set foot in Africa," the chasseur said at last, while the fragrant smoke uncurled from under the droop of his long, pendent mustaches. "Truly it had been well," answered the khailfa, who would have given the best stallions in his stud to have had this Frank with him in warfare and in peace. "There is no life like our life."

"Faith, I think not," murmured the chasseur rather to himself than to the Bedouin. "The desert keeps you and your horse, and you can let all the rest of the world go."

"But we are murderers and pillagers, say your nations," resumed the Emir, with the shadow of a sardonic smile, flickering an instant over the sternness and composure of his features. "To rifle a caravan is a crime, though to steal a continent is glory."

Bel-faire-peur laughed slightly. "Do not tempt me to rebel against my adopted flag. I never thought at all when I came to Africa. Had I thought twice I should not have gone to your enemies."

Household Hints.
Very little water should be used in washing offcloths, as some of it will seep through to the cloth beneath and rot it. Use a flannel cloth well wrung out and wipe the floor until clean. Salads will salt greatly. Wipe the white spots caused by spilling any hot liquid on the oilcloth with a few drops of spirits of camphor.

To sweep a stair carpet hold a dust pan under each step and brush with a whisk broom.

Freshly spilled ink on carpets may be removed by taking up as much as possible with a spoon, then pouring on cold water repeatedly, taking it up with a spoon. Lay a cloth around the spot so it will not spread. Then apply a weak solution of oxalic acid, sponging this up quickly, and if the color is altered apply ammonia water.

Black lace may be sponged with green tea and wound around a bottle to dry. Be careful not to place it near a fire, as it will make the lace look rusty.

Carleton County Council.

Coun Tompkins—We pretty well understand the law as pointed out by the sec-treas. We do not want to be too strait laced. He believed the law should be repealed, otherwise drowned men will be pushed off the shore where they land. He looked for the Council not to be too strait laced.

Coun Scott wanted the parish of Peel to try and get the bill out of Victoria County.

Coun Melville—Here is a transient man coming in and the expenses coming on us. It is hard where we have made our appropriation for our regular poor. He thought this should be made a county charge.

Coun Shaw said that this was a transient pauper. He was a resident of some parish in Victoria but drifted into the parish of Peel. The councillors of peel seem to have established the residence of this man, at least to their own satisfaction. An action could be brought against them and he did not think they would be any doubt of the recovery of the money from the Victoria county. We have not established a precedent but we have paid bills of this sort out of kindness and in those cases residences could not be established.

Coun Morgan moved that the bill be handed back to the overseer of the poor of the parish of Peel.

Coun Shaw seconded the motion.

Coun Melville—What evidence could we bring that this man was Adams? We could not prove it. The parish of Peel can pay this bill but it has not been the practice before this to saddle it on the parish. He did not claim this county should pay as a matter of law.

Coun Phillips asked how they could find out who this man was.

Coun Melville—We do not know who he was.

Coun Balmain—How do you know his family was simple?

Coun Melville—We do not know.

Coun Kinney—Let us be human let the county pay this bill.

Coun Perry thought if the parish of Peel cannot collect this bill, then the County would come in, but this man was drowned at Rowena in March last. He knew of the circumstances. His name was Adams, he lived at South Tilley, and he has sons living there.

Amendment carried.
Council then took recess.

AFTER RECESS.
Following bills were discussed and on motion paid:

Wm Armstrong (dep Sheriff) \$134.35
Coun Smith asked as to first item, "Searching for traps, Lower Woodstock, Aug 1910." It was explained.

Coun Morgan asked if expense taking lunatic to asylum should be parish or county bill.

Mr Hartley—It is a county charge.

Robert Kinney \$5.30
Dr. M. E. Cummins (coroner) 4.40
Albion R. Foster 19.05
Union of Municipalities 10.00
(\$31 for membership)

Miss Susie Shaw 4.00
(To be paid when attested)

A. W. Adams \$75
A. R. Currie (dentist work for prisoner)

Coun Melville objected to the bill as it was a departure to employ dentists.

A motion that the bill be paid when attested was carried. Four Councillors voted nay.

Harley Hanna \$38.25
Coun Melville thought that this should be a parish charge as their was a charge for board.

Coun Shaw—Mr. Hanna told me four weeks ago of this case. A year or perhaps two years ago Hannah Kinney was taken to the insane asylum. She remained there for some time, when a nephew came and took her to Boston. She was there less than a year. Then she was brought to Wakefield to Harley Hanna's home, and they keep her for some 12 days and the bill was for that. That is the history of the case.

Mr. Hartley—The U. S. Immigration agent deported her on the ground that she was an undesirable immigrant.

Coun Shaw—If there are any items on the bill that, under the advice of the sec-treas, the parish of Wakefield should pay, the parish will pay them.

Sec-treas—As to the charge for shoes it might be chargeable to the parish but usually bills for such necessary clothes as would be required would be payable by the county. Any length of board, no necessary, might be chargeable to the parish of Wakefield. Any ordinary charge would be charged to the county.

Coun Melville thought that this woman was in charge of the Parish of Wakefield poor authorities for ten days and moved in amendment that the bill be paid less \$13.00. Amendment. Seconded and carried.

Dr. W. Ross (coroner) \$ 4.80
Press Publishing Co 1.50
D. E. Brooks 30.00

Mr. Brooks was no motion, heard in the matter. He claimed this was a bill for a return of commission, or taxes overpaid.

Coun Keenan moved that the bill be paid and charged to Parish of Kent. Carried.

The Worden said the Rev. Mr. Jenkins' Curate of Woodstock, had extended an invitation to the members of the County or as many of them as could, to attend a Coronation service to be held in St. Luke's church on Coronation Day.

(To be continued)

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