

THE OBSERVER

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No. 15.

The DAYLIGHT

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

We Give Premium Coupons

With all goods sold for CASH with the exception of Flour, Sugar, Molasses, Farm Produce and goods sold at reduced prices.

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THIS PREMIUM is figured to go to the purchaser of goods at our store in lieu of a cash discount and will mean a saving to our patrons of more than double the usual cash discount.

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

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Will Aroostook Suffer Ruin?

A Parkhurst Farmer Says 5000* Familiss Will
Move to New Brunswick if Reciprocity
Becomes Law.

Anti-reciprocity men in New Brunswick are crying out that reciprocity will mean that the farming interests of this province will be at the mercy of Maine and will be ruined. Here is an article contributed to the Bangor Commercial, by a farmer in Parkhurst, Maine:-

A short time ago the citizens of Aroostook, in their comfortable homes, surrounded by plenty, were enjoying life and looked forward to a happy future. Without warning, a clap of thunder broke over their heads and many, many, of our worthy citizens were dazed and stunned. The thunder proved to be President Taft's Reciprocity scheme and Aroostook's enterprising citizens are still dazed and blinded by the dark cloud that hangs over the land. Today the Garden of Maine is filled with gloom. Should this atrocious bill become a law, Aroostook is doomed. Don't try to tell us to cheer up and look pleasant. We have Canada on three sides of us and know all the conditions. Hundreds of Canadians come annually to Aroostook. They burn their bridges behind them by selling their farms and homes for a song and buy land in Aroostook that costs \$100 per acre. They are thrifty citizens, soon pay for their farms and become independent. In New Brunswick they barely make a living. Canadian merchants that came here ten years ago have prospered. Some of them could now buy every store on the St. John river between Grand Falls and Woodstock. And still in the two countries that lie side by side, there is the same rich soil under foot, the same blue sky over head and the same breed of people.

Party lines have vanished in Aroostook. There are good Christian people here who would feel like assassinating President Taft and using his body for a fox bait. His policy would give the American farmers eight million people to sell to and the Canadian people ninety millions, 5,000 of the best Aroostook families would move to New Brunswick and in the country at large ten million citizens would make homes under the British flag."

The Question and the Answer.

THE QUESTION—How can it be that the farmer will receive more for his products under reciprocity, while the consumer will, at the same time, pay less for them?

THE ANSWER—In the first place the duties at present collected on products imported, amounting to a very large annual sum, will not be collected and will remain in the consumer's pocket. In the second place, the commission agents and middlemen, the meat packers, the cannery, and all the rest of them, will no longer be able by reason of the American tariff to control and keep down the price at which the farmer must sell to them. At the same time they will no longer be able by reason of the Canadian tariff to control and keep up the price at which the consumer must buy from them. Thus the food monopolists, who have been able to play both ends for the benefit of themselves, will have their exorbitant profits cut down, to the advantage of both classes of their victims.

PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN

Largest Meeting Ever Held in
Hartland—Carvell, Copp and
Shaw Drew the Crowd.

Triumphant beyond the most optimistic hopes of his supporters was B. F. Carvell's meeting in the Forester's hall on Thursday evening. The hall is the largest in the village and fully 600 people were packed therein.

Frank Hagerman was the chairman, and first introduced B. N. Shaw, a former Conservative, but a life-long free trader, who who spoke briefly but to the point. He was cheered to the echo.

Upon Mr. Carvell's advance to the platform, there was a burst of applause such as no man ever got in Hartland. He spoke of the issue in a most forcible manner.

A. B. Copp, M. P. P., was listened to attentively, frequently applauded, and closed his oration amid shouts of "Go on."

It was the biggest and best yet. This parish is among three hard ones to win, but that night's meeting places success beyond peradventure. The fact of there being such an immense gathering, people driving from miles around, the close attention, the number of serious-minded Conservatives present, and the fact that not more than two or three men left their seats until the very close, stamps this meeting a vote-winner.

There was no interruption and the opposition got all the information they wanted without asking questions, although invited to do so.

At Windsor on Friday night the hall was packed with willing listeners, eager for information which they received from the same source.

The same evening W. P. Jones and F. R. Shaw had a successful meeting at Mount Pleasant, leaving many under deep conviction. Carvell, having arrived from Windsor spoke briefly but with effect.

Saturday evening there was a rally at Hartland, J. E. Porter and G. E. Baxter of Andover and Rev. J. H. Puddington being the speakers.

Horses from Iowa

Last Friday an express carload of ordinary work horses, minus special breed or training, passed through the length of this county, bound from far distant Iowa to Fort Fairfield—a journey of more than 1800 miles. At the Fort they will bring \$600 to \$1000 a pair. Carleton and Victoria counties could have supplied these horses, but the duty is so high it is cheaper to send nearly 2000 miles for them. On Sept 21 are going to vote to have the duty on horses removed?

Victoria Co. News

On Sept. 1 the Victoria County News celebrated its 12th anniversary. It is a bright paper under its present management and to mark its birthday it was enlarged from four to eight pages. The manager is congratulated for his progress.

Another change made in the paper is that it has dropped its "non-political" sub-heading and enters boldly into the field on behalf of the Conservative party. As a Tory paragrapher Editor Milmore excels. Pity 'tis he has not facts to work with.

Arthur Estabrooks has only the best quality vinegar and spices for pickling purposes.

AT BRISTOL

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A STAR OF SONG

"They call your expeditionary force a legion of lost souls. Let me make one of them. Only before you accept me as a recruit you must know one thing."

The young man had spoken in hard, even tones, but now, as he paused on those last words, there was a slight break in his voice, a touch of almost uncontrollable emotion that was, however, instantly repressed.

The man upon whom he had almost forced his presence glanced at him with cold blue eyes, a thoughtful frown casting a shadow over his worn, sun-blackened features.

"Go on," he said, in the curt voice of a man accustomed to command. The other obeyed.

"I—I want to go away, to clear out of England, for if I remain I shall be an Ishmael—a pariah."

Horace Stone's eyebrows lifted a little. He threw an eagle glance at his visitor—a searching, merciless glance that rested a full minute upon that sullen, reckless face, that was yet, for all its boyishness, so firm and strong. His own face relaxed.

"What was it, sonnie?" His voice had altered; the iron had gone from it; he spoke in almost a lazy tone.

"Cards. They said I cheated. I didn't deny it then. I don't deny it now."

"That's a big blot, sonnie, on a young career. It will cling to you for life."

"I—I can't help it. I—I don't care."

"Not now. You are young. But in the years to come?"

"Oh, hang it, sir, don't moralize!" The boy's voice was rough. "Will you accept me upon your expedition or will you not?"

"Do you realize the dangers, the deprivations?"

"Oh, the danger is what I want. His eyes brightened, he drew back his head. The sullen look began to fade.

"Then, yes—I welcome you among my little flock of black sheep. But—wait a moment. You have been frank with me; I shall now be the same with you. You must know something of your leader."

"I, too, was kicked out of club-land and drawing-rooms, years ago, for the same thing. Only, my lad—the deep-set eyes grew somber, with a light that was almost tragic, so intense was its regret—the difference between us is this—I was guilty."

"The difference?" stammered Geoffrey Harding. "What—what do you mean? Haven't I told you that I—"

He broke off beneath that steady gaze, coloring and confused.

No more was said, but the two men, the hardened captain of perilous enterprises, this hunter of the wilds, and the lad with the stigma of dishonor on his name, clasped hands.

The scene came back to one of them with vivid distinctness as he sat on the balcony of his hotel watching with absent eyes the twinkling lights of the gay Continental city stretched out before him.

Geoffrey Harding had accompanied that expedition its rawest recruit. He had returned from it as captain. The man in whose service he had volunteered they had buried beneath African suns, in alien ground.

First in every exploit where danger threatened life, vigilant, courageous, daring, the younger man had soon risen to be second in command, for military rule prevailed amongst that little band.

Upon the death of their leader Harding had been chosen to fill his position—a firm captain, though the youngest there, a man of masterful purpose, whose eyes, whose voice, whose very mien carried command.

They had done wonderful things in Africa, wringing important concessions from reluctant chiefs, penetrating into previously unexplored parts, and, although furnished by private expenditure, all the advantages they had reaped had been placed at their country's disposal—a gift that the Government had gladly accepted.

They would have feted Geoffrey Harding, flung laurel crowns at him, only such things as these were distasteful to him, for many reasons, and he had been glad to escape from London.

Suddenly he started forward in his wicker chair, glancing with a newly-awakened interest across the wide public square upon which his balcony looked, wondering at the sudden animation it displayed.

Within the last few moments, as he had been idly dreaming there, absorbed in past reflections, it had filled with a concourse of people. Far and wide they stretched, fresh arrivals swelling the human tide at every second. A sea of human faces upturned toward a certain point—a platform at the base of a column, on which a woman was standing.

A huge arc lamp shone down upon her face, clearly revealing her

profile as it was turned towards Harding. Then he remembered. A famous star of song, visiting the city, had declared her intention of singing in the square for the benefit of those too poor to pay for places in the opera house.

All the street traffic had been suspended, for this woman, young but already famous, had captured every music-loving city of Europe.

A small band of stringed instruments, grouped behind her, was to accompany her, and now a hush, an expectant silence, fell over that waiting crowd.

Harding bent eagerly forward, his eyes staring, his breathing hurried, his soul shaken by a wave of emotion.

Was he mad or dreaming, or was this woman, this dazzling figure in the forefront of fame, one he had passionately loved five years ago, herself a girl then, but unknown beyond her own little world, albeit she had a wonderful voice?

It must be she—he could not be mistaken. He would have known her by the beat of his heart had she passed a shadowy form in a darkened place, he could have picked her out from the brightest of heaven's angels.

But now, instead of an obscure girl, she was a star of song—a woman with a matchless gift, he had been told, this woman known to fame as Margaret Delvain.

She began to sing, the notes falling in clear and liquid cadences, in sound and effect as unpremeditated as skylark's song, but every note considered, every phrase shaped by art into a flawless gem of sound.

It had the wonderful quality, too, that only the few great singers possess, of stirring within the human heart that heard it strangely mingled emotions of sadness and joy.

The great crowd stood enraptured. It might have been some vast concert hall, filled with a well-mannered and habituated audience, the sweet notes, full, rich and clear, a web of entrancing sound, seemed holding them in invisible meshes.

When it was all over, and the last song had been sung, they followed her in triumph to her hotel.

Geoffrey Harding joined in the crowd, his eyes shining like stars. But when he approached the hotel the old look of stern self-repression came back into his face, and abruptly turning on his heel he went off in a fresh direction.

It was all an old dream that was never anything more, even in the past, why had it come back to mock him with reviving memories that were better sleeping in the grave of the past?

But when he returned to his own quarters, it was to find there a letter awaiting him. He broke the seal with an exclamation of surprise, after he had read the first line. A warm letter from La Delvain, recalling an old friendship, when the unknown girl had been five years younger than the famous woman of to-day.

It sent the blood leaping through his veins. His stern, grey eyes glowed with sudden tenderness. To be in her presence again, to speak with her—this woman who had been even in his thoughts during all the perils of those adventurous five years.

Ten minutes later he entered her private suite of rooms. She had more about her of the remembered girl than the brilliant opera singer, now that he saw her, dressed simply in clinging robes that fell in supple lines about her slim, tall figure, no longer hidden beneath velvets and furs.

She gave him both her hands, and eagerness showed in every feature. It was a welcome that would have flattered a king. The coldness that Harding showed to the world fell away from him. For once he lent himself to the intoxication of the moment.

With animated voice she told him her history—how she had been heard singing at some small concert by a travelling impresario, who had been struck by her then untrained voice, and had offered inductive terms.

"Terms I was thankful to accept," she admitted; "for with the loss of my father I was practically penniless."

A grim line or two came into Harding's face.

He was killed in the accident to the Scottish express, was he not, soon after I went away—one of the unfortunate victims pinned beneath the wreck and burnt in the subsequent fire?"

She nodded silently, her head lowered. Neither spoke for a few moments; then—

"Why—why did you go away," she asked, "in such a sudden, secret manner, without a word of farewell? It—it left a certain blank."

"Margaret!"—he bent forward, his strong voice vibrating with emotion—"was—I missed?"

She had spoken in a tone of mingled tenderness and reproach, but now she gave an evasive little laugh.

"Oh, I mustn't answer that question in the affirmative, or it may make you vain," she said lightly, breaking the tension of the moment. Harding laughed constrainedly and sat back in his chair. Then she added, with that earnest note coming again into her voice, "And you would have good cause to be vain. I have read all that you have

done. And you must be proud, Geoffrey, for the world is ringing with your deeds and the courage of your little band of heroes."

He sprang from his chair, coloring and confused, a picture of absolute embarrassment.

"Oh, it wasn't anything very much, after all," he expostulated. "There's been a lot of fuss—and for my part I am tired of it. That was what made me clear out of England. I'm going away again—soon."

"Again?" Was it a treacherous fancy, or did there sound in that voice some touch of regret. "You have not yet told me what it was made you leave England in the first instance?"

He frowned unconsciously. "A roving disposition," he returned, evasively.

"I understand," she replied, a little hardly. "After all, you were only a boy, longing for adventure in unknown lands."

Was it pique that gave such an edge of ice to her tone, or real contempt?

"By the way," she went on, "I wonder if it will interest you to know that I am going to be married."

Harding was silent, angry and perplexed with himself on account of an overwhelming sense of dismay that had come over him.

"Who—who is it?" He asked the question quietly, after a pause.

"Barton King," she murmured. "You know him?"

His face lighted.

"Yes, we were friends in the past," Barton King, who knew what the world did not know—what only the dead man, Horace Stone, had divined—his own innocence in that ugly episode. "I—I am glad," he said. "Barton King had all the gifts, all the chances, and he will gain what must crown them all when you become his wife. We used to think he was singled out for a brilliant career. Has he achieved it yet?"

His words seemed to cause her some uneasiness.

"Not yet," she said. "He—he has not been altogether fortunate. But there is time—there is time!"

There was a trace of doubt in the voice that asked the question, and, whilst Geoffrey nodded reassuringly, his heart misgave him. He suddenly remembered certain failings of Barton's—failings that were likely to handicap a man in life's race.

He took his leave soon after, conscious still of that sense of desolation which he had felt at her announcement. As he was leaving the hotel he came upon the very man in his thoughts—Barton King.

The latter started violently at the sight of Geoffrey, and his face went a grayish hue. He seemed uncertain whether to advance or retreat. But Geoffrey would not let him pass by.

"Come, man; you can't pretend not to know me," he said; then, in a lower voice, "if you were one of those who didn't know, I should fancy you wanted to cut me."

The other gave a little gasp, a sigh as of relief. Confidence came back into his face.

"My dear old chap—welcome," He extended a hand, which Harding grasped. "You—you have seen Margaret—you know?"

Geoffrey nodded.

"Come, let's have a drink, and a talk over old times."

The two men returned to where Geoffrey was staying, and Barton King, after a stiffish whisky, began to talk, bewailing his ill-luck, declaring that he was born under adverse stars, whilst Geoffrey listened with growing but concealed irritation.

The other's excuses for his failure to make his mark sounded so weak and paltry to the man of action, and he also strongly suspected that the greatest cause of them was to be found in an unmistakable predilection for alcohol that Barton betrayed.

Heavens! what a fate for Margaret, to be wedded to a man who might soon become a moral wreck, with shattered nerves and broken will.

Yet he was the man who must have won her from a crowd of suitors that a woman so lovely as herself was certain to have attracted, apart from her glorious gift of song.

The following day Harding returned to England. He would not remain there to risk another meeting with Margaret. He possessed the courage of a strong man who can run away from danger that he fears.

Weeks passed by, employed by Geoffrey Harding in making preparations for departure once more. People were at last beginning to leave him alone; his peace was undisturbed, and the showers of invitation cards had almost ceased.

One thought persisted in troubling him—that of a woman who might be making the mistake of her life.

Yet, what could he do to save her from a self-chosen fate? In how- ever delicate a fashion, how was it possible for him to hint at another man's weaknesses, he whose own character was irrevocably blackened.

Only that day the past had been brought very rudely home to him, had he ever permitted himself to forget it. A former friend, a man

of rigid if just principles, had passed him by with stony gaze, refusing to recognize a man whom others would have acknowledged as a hero.

Geoffrey smiled bitterly, not unprepared for this slight; indeed, his own face had been set and hard enough.

This was one of the few men who had been present at that card party at which some one had cheated—a suspicion formulated at last into a direct accusation against Harding, to be received by him in silence, without any attempted defence.

The scandal had not been widely circulated at the time—he was too unimportant a young man for it to create a sensation—but now that prominence had been, in a measure, forced upon him, it was always possible that it would find its way into some of the baser gossip journals—sage that trade in scurrility.

Turning towards home one night, almost upon the eve of departure, he passed outside a big restaurant, attracted by a small crowd. In the centre of them, with flushed face and defiant attitude, stood King, addressing them in foolish, hectoring tones.

In a moment Harding was at his side, holding his arm in a close grip. A few stern words, and the crowd had melted.

The sight of him seemed to sober King, but an ugly, malicious smile came into his face as he obeyed the other, and passively entered a taxi which Geoffrey hailed.

"It's a right, old man," he said, "But—but I've had a blow to-day. It's all over between Margaret and myself."

"She has given you up?" For all his care it was impossible for Geoffrey to keep from his voice the wonderful relief that he felt. And King detected it. He looked at him with a sneer, that ugly expression deepening.

"It was I who broke it off," he said, with an attempt at dignity. "I found there was some other man in the background of her life."

"What do you mean?" Geoffrey demanded the question harshly.

"Some man whom she secretly visits—an invalid, I believe—some man of low birth, illiterate, a boor, since she is ashamed to acknowledge and evident attachment. She spends most of her time there when in London. Spies have informed me of this. There is a natural inference—"

"No more!" Harding's voice was terrible. There was murder in his eyes, a light that silenced that blackening tongue. "She stooped when she let you approach her. She is pure and true. If she loves this man, why should she not become his wife?"

The other shrugged his shoulders sullenly.

"She would give me no explanation beyond admitting that she cared for him."

"Did your doubts deserve any explanation?"

But the other had relapsed into sulky silence, and refused to speak again.

Geoffrey at last desisted, and, after seeing him safely to his own home, returned to his apartments.

He was lingering over a somewhat belated breakfast—for he had sat long into the night, anxious and wide-awake—when an unexpected visitor followed close upon the announcement of his name.

Harding glanced at him with steady eyes; this was the man who had "cut" him a few days before.

"I forced myself upon you, fearing that you would refuse to see me," his visitor began when the door was shut. "Harding, will you forgive me and others for ever doubting your honor? We should have known better. In my name and theirs, will you take my hand?"

Geoffrey looked at him bewildered; but a sudden burden seemed to be slipping away from his shoulders—a burden he had carried patiently for years.

"We know you innocent," the other continued, unheeding in marriage. "The proofs are in our hands. The true cheat was Roger Dale. His daughter, the famous diva, Margaret Delvain, came to us herself only last evening. It was her own dead father whom you shielded. She only discovered the truth itself yesterday, only then knew that you had ever been accused. An old diary, found amongst forgotten papers, betrayed her father's guilt. Harding, there isn't a club house in the whole of London that wouldn't be proud to throw open its doors to you. Let mine be the pleasant task to assist in your rehabilitation."

"Why did you do this?" The woman's voice was tremulous with emotion, her eyes were misty.

"Margaret, it was because I loved you," the man answered simply. "Your father begged me to take the responsibility of his folly. He would have lost his appointment had discovery been made; worse than that, investigation once begun other matters would have been brought to light—the use he had made of money belonging to others, lost in rash speculations. It would have meant prison for him and a wrecked life for you, his child. But I—I was alone—it only hurt myself, no one else."

"But what a price you paid to save us both!"

"Margaret, now that my honor is

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

TESTED RECIPES.

Haricot beans and Spanish onions served with baked bacon will make an excellent and economical dinner.

Vegetable Shape.—Take boiled potatoes, carrots, and cabbage in equal proportions. Mash these together with butter, salt, and pepper. Press all into a mould and bake in a cool oven for an hour.

Stewed Cheese.—Take four ounces of dry cheese which has become too dry and hard for table purposes. Set this in a stewpan with a gill of milk and half an ounce of butter, and stew the whole very gently till dissolved. When nearly cold, add a beaten egg. Put in a piedish and brown in the oven.

A Plain Batter Pudding.—For a quart basin take twelve tablespoonfuls of flour, a good pinch of salt, and by degrees mix with three beaten eggs. Finally, beat all thoroughly with one pint and a half of milk. Let stand for an hour. Then beat up again, pour into a well-greased mould, and boil one hour and a quarter.

Brown Scones.—Take half a pound of wholemeal flour and half a pound of white flour, add a teaspoonful of baking-powder and some salt. Mix together three ounces each of lard and butter, and then rub into the flour. Beat up an egg with a little milk, and with it make all into a soft dough. Roll out rather thick, cut into shapes, brush over with milk, and bake in a moderate oven.

Steamed Railway Pudding.—Cream together two ounces of fresh butter and one cupful of caster sugar, add to this the well-beaten yolk of an egg and a cupful of milk. Work well together, and flavor with any essence desired. Mix a teaspoonful of baking-powder with two teaspoonfuls of flour, and gradually add to the mixture. Steam for one hour and a half in a greased basin. Turn out and sift caster sugar over.

Haricot beans cooked as follows are excellent. Boil one pint of haricot beans in cold water till you can rub them into meal between your finger and thumb (the beans must previously soak twelve hours). Strain off the water, add pepper and salt and one ounce of clarified dripping. Shake up well over the fire, and serve hot with chopped parsley scattered over. N. B.—Salt must never be added to beans while cooking.

Beef kidney is inexpensive and

cleared, through you, if I dared—if there was any hope—I would tell you that all this love, useless though it was, has meant to me. But as it is—well, I know there is some other man."

She started nervously and looked at him with widened eyes.

"You—you have seen Barton King? He has told you?"

"Yes—that all is over between you two, that there is another man."

"Then, alas, there is indeed no hope for me."

"Wait!" A strange and wonderful smile came into her face. "I will tell you what I dare not confide in him—a secret, my secret. Geoffrey, this man whom I visit—it is my own father—the man you shielded."

"But—but he is dead! He was killed in that railway disaster!"

"Supposed to have been; and thus he has been saved prosecution, for exposure at last would have been inevitable. He was injured, not killed, in that accident, struck upon the head by a piece of wreckage, and ever since then he has dwelt in mental twilight, his reason hopelessly afflicted. Geoffrey, this is the man in the background of my life—this is the only man I love—except"—her tone softened into one of trembling surrender—"except yourself, who so well deserve a woman's love—my love."

"What made you accept Barton King?"

"Can't you guess? He was persistent, my walking shadow through Europe, and he had a supposed claim upon my gratitude, for he lied to me, as he lied to you, Geoff, when he said that it was he who broke off the engagement."

"He told me that he was the man who had accepted my father's guilt in a card scandal. And this, he declared, was the secret cause that kept him down. Men looked askance at one whom they thought to be an acknowledged card cheat, and all advancement was barred to him. I believed him, until that locked diary, hidden for years in a secret drawer, was discovered by myself, and the paltry meanness that had been played upon my pity revealed, together with your silent heroism."

—London Tit-Bits.

very tasty if cooked as follows: Cut the kidney into thin slices, flour these and fry a nice brown in dripping. When cooked, make a good gravy in the pan, putting in a small piece of butter, a quarter of a pint of boiling water, pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup. Let the gravy boil up, stir well, add the slices of kidney, simmer gently for ten minutes, and serve on a thick round of toast.

Stewed Knuckle of Veal.—Wash four pounds of the veal and put it on to simmer, let it cook for two hours in two quarts of cold water with salt and pepper. Peel and cut up an onion wash four ounces of rice, and when the veal has simmered for one hour add these to it. Take care that all cooks slowly, adding at the last a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. To serve place the meat on a hot dish, arrange the rice round, thicken and color the gravy, and pour over the meat.

A Good Beef Stew.—Cut one pound and a half of beef skirting into neat pieces, free from fat, dip each in seasoned flour, using plenty of flour. Melt one ounce of dripping, and brown the meat in it. Take up the meat, add some flour to the fat, and stir till browned; gradually stir in one pint of gravy, add one onion, sprinkle with cloves, add one teaspoonful of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste. Place the meat in this, set the pan at the side of the fire and let it cook very gently for three hours. Serve on a hot dish garnished with sippets of toast.

A calf's heart makes a nice roast, and can be cooked in a stewpan, so that no oven need be heated. Clean the heart well, soak it in warm water so as to draw out the blood. While it is soaking make the stuffing as for veal. Take the heart, dry it with a clean cloth, cut off the "deaf ears" and stuff it full. Sew up the heart, and place it in the pot with two ounces of dripping, over a very slow fire; baste it frequently and turn occasionally. Cook for one hour and a quarter. Serve with a good thick gravy and red-currant jelly. The heart should be cut in thin slices at table.

Spotted Dick.—Take a good large saucepan three parts full of water, and let it come to the boil. Take one pound of flour, and work it with the hands, half a pound of suet, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and then add sufficient water to make a stiff paste. Roll out about half an inch thick and spread the fruit over the paste. Roll it up and wet the edges. Dip a pudding cloth in boiling water, wring it out, and flour it, turn the paste on to the cloth and tie it up tightly, allowing room for the pudding to swell. Plunge the pudding into the fast-boiling water and cook it at a gallop for two hours and a half.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Buy articles of the best quality. They are cheapest in the end.

Cold water, a little ammonia, and soap will take out machine grease. When wanted to use as a disinfectant carbolic acid will mix readily with water, if the latter is boiled.

Ground ginger used for plasters instead of mustard is just as good to "draw" and never blisters.

Cream is an excellent substitute for cod liver oil, and can be taken by many who cannot digest the oil.

To boil ham and cabbage without odor, throw red pepper pods or a few bits of charcoal into the pan they are cooking in.

For seasoning soups always use the whole spices and peppers, putting them in after it has boiled up, and been skimmed.

Add a handful of chopped walnuts to your cranberry sauce before taking off the stove; it gives the sauce a delicious flavor.

When cooking onions, set a tin cup of vinegar on the stove, and let it boil, and no disagreeable odor will be noticed in the room.

Do not salt stock until you have done skimming it, as the salt prevents the scum from rising. Add a very little salt at a time.

When baby is troubled with cold hands fill a small sized water bag with warm water and let baby play with it. It amuses as it warms the little hands.

Stains and discolorations on tinware can be removed by dipping a damp cloth in common soda and rubbing briskly. Then wash thoroughly and wipe dry.

Many people complain that drinking milk always upsets their digestion. The reason is not that the milk itself is not wholesome, but that it has been taken too quickly.

THE OBSERVER

Fred. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

Published by The Observer, Limited
Hartland, New Brunswick

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VOL. 31 SEPT 13, No. 15

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.

Vote for Yourself

There is much said by voters of both political parties about "voting for the best interests of the country." Don't make that a point. A general election is a time when every adult man in the Dominion is asked to state what HE wants, not what the other fellow wants. It is a time to be selfish; a time to vote for the welfare of yourself and your family.

Quit chewing timothy straws and meditating on the question of "how will it effect Canada as a whole?" Canada as a whole is to have her say, and you, Mr. Voter, as a unit of the whole, are expected to vote for yourself, and let the other man do the same. That will result in the voice of the people.

That is the opportunity that will be given you on Sept. 21.

Mr. Flemming at Perth

According to the Victoria County News. Hon. J. K. Flemming made a remarkable speech at Perth a few nights ago. That paper credits him with having "appealed to his hearers to forget whether they were Liberals or Conservatives—if they as Liberals thought reciprocity was harmful to Canada they should vote against it, or if, as Conservatives, they thought reciprocity would benefit Canada they should vote for it."

That is good sense. Another portion of his speech, as reported, is not. He predicted the ruination of the sheep industry from competition with New Zealand and Australia and of the butter market by competition with Denmark. How Mr. Flemming makes a connection of this and the reciprocity pact is somewhat confusing. But in that respect all the Tory arguments are confusing — as they are intended to be.

Crops and Markets

This has been a good season for swine and sheep. W. R. Gillin shipped a carload each of lambs and hogs to Montreal and one of lambs to St. John on Saturday. It is good to know that with the prospect of the greater market farmers are increasing their stock.

Potatoes are being marketed in abundance. Shortage of cars is a handicap yet scores of them pass every day loaded with the products of the fruitful soil. This week the price of potatoes is around \$1.40 with a tendency to lower prices, until cars are more plentiful.

Oats are an average crop. Some farmers report abundance and others a light crop. The price is 35 cents.

There is some demand for hay and the price is about \$8., loose. Dealers advise the marketing of old hay as soon as possible—at any rate before the new hay is offered.

Clyde Rideout is buying potatoes at the DeWitt stand.

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

The Favored-Nation Fuss

The favoured-nations treaty is an argument that both political parties would do well to throw in the junk heap. It has a back-slap in it that hurts both. Our trade with these nations is comparatively small, and we are getting out of it as fast as we can. The favored-nation treaties are commercial treaties with twelve foreign nations, negotiated during a period of two hundred and fifty years by Great Britain, some of them with Canada's consent and some without. They oblige Canada to grant to those twelve foreign nations the concessions we have just made to the United States, the twelve, for their part, being exempt from making any concessions in return. They are part of the price of membership in the British Empire, and we have paid it cheerfully and promptly enough. But they are jug-handled treaties just the same, and consequently we are having them "denounced" as soon as possible, or discontinued as they fall in. A commercial treaty nowadays is not popular if it does not mean a mutual blessing. The favoured nations get a selling benefit in our market for their producers, but do not give our producers a selling benefit in theirs. Such temporary benefit as the treaties confer is the Canadian consumer's benefit. For instance, it does him no harm to be able to buy, if only for a little while, cheap meat and dairy products from Australia and New Zealand, especially as they are British countries and our own blood brothers, so to speak. But to say that Canada is in danger of being disloyal because she does for herself with the United States what England has already done for her with twelve other nations, is to say a foolish and damnable thing. We can be trusted to mind our own business. —Colliers Weekly.

Traitors to Flag and King

This is to be a "flag election," very well, have it so. We shall not mince words. The man who endeavors in Canada to arouse prejudice and stir up hatred against the people of the United States is a traitor to the King. King George and his ministers seize every opportunity to make more friendly the relations between Great Britain and the United States. That was Queen Victoria's policy, it was King Edward's policy, and it is the policy of King George. It is the policy of wisdom but it is also the cry of the blood.

Who in Canada dares to resist it and yet call himself loyal to the King? That man is a traitor who seeks to undo what the King and his advisers seek to accomplish. Place the shame where it belongs. King George has so high a regard for the friendship and so great reliance in the good faith of the American People that he has signed with their government the most sweeping arbitration treaty ever adopted by two great nations. In the event of European complications, which would involve Canada along with Britain, the friendship of the United States would be a bulwark of infinite value. By adopting the trade agreement Canada will make relations more friendly and so strengthening the international position of the British Empire. Who then are the real traitors to their flag and King?

So Mr. J. K. Flemming Provincial Secretary was in favor of reciprocity when the agreement was first published! Mr. Frank Clements, the "potato king," said in a speech on Saturday that Mr. Flemming told him reciprocity would build up New Brunswick. Mr. Clements' speech places Mr. Flemming in a somewhat awkward position. Sounds like that which Mr. Flemming said to Dr. Curtis.

Speaking at Stanly on Saturday evening Mr. Frank Clements, who has left the conservative party because he realizes the great benefit Canada will gain from Reciprocity, declared that Hon. J. K. Flemming had told him in this city that the trade agreement would be of great benefit to this province, how about it, Mr. Flemming?

Lower Windsor

The talk of the day is reciprocity. F. B. Carvell held meeting in the Orange Hall last night which was largely attended. He delivered a very strong speech which could not be contracted, and it was very plain to be seen that it hit the opposite party quite hard by the way they kept butting in and trying to interrupt him. But it had no effect on Mr. Carvell as he had the goods to prove what he said and that was something Mr. Smith failed to show.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL:—The Estey & Curtis Co., Ltd., who have bought the store now occupied by J. T. G. Carr, will move in the first of October.

If Laurier is Defeated

at the general election in Canada, you can rest assured that no American flag will fly at half mast in this part of Maine, says an Aroostook paper.

If the Americans desire the defeat of Laurier and Reciprocity, how can Conservative barnstormers cry that the trade agreement is a Yankee scheme to gobble up Canada?

Lotrip Sewell of Pembroke, hauled a load of oats to get thrashed at Geo. Philip's and Wm. George's. There were ninety bushels on the load. Seventy is said to be the largest heretofore hauled. The ninety bushels were thrashed in an hour and thirty minutes. This is also a record. Who can beat this!

F. T. Stephenson of the Bank of Montreal goes today for a visit at his home at St. John's, Newfoundland. He is relieved by Mr. Duder, also from St. John's.



Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf at Little Lameque, N. B." will be received at this office until 4:00 P.M., on Monday October 2nd 1911, for the construction of a Wharf at Little Lameque, Gloucester County, N. B.

Plans specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of contract obtained at this Department and at the offices of Stead, Esq., District Engineer, St. John, N. B., and on application to the Postmaster at Lameque, N. B.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signature, stating their occupation and place 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 accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract if 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, September 7 1911.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Next Monday the Day!

PUBLIC AUCTION

I am authorized to sell by public auction at the residence of W. N. Raymond, Simonds on Monday, Sept. 18th, 1.30 P.M.

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES

ONE HORSE 7 YEARS OLD 1300 LBS.
ALSO DRIVER 7 YEARS OLD 1050 LBS. and
ONE DRIVER 3 YEARS OLD unless previously disposed of.
ONE YEARLING COLT, Sire Green Horse.
GOOD FAMILY COW.
3 YEARLING BULLS.
POULTRY and BEES
ALSO DOUBLE-SEATED CANOPY TOP DRIVING CARRIAGE,
SINGLE CARRIAGES, SLOVEN WAGGON, SLEIGHS, PUNGS,
DOUBLE SLED, BOB SLEDS, CHAINS, DOUBLE SET OF
DRIVING HARNESS, SINGLE DRIVING HARNESS, DOUBLE
HARNESSES, PLATFORM SCALES,
CREAM SEPARATOR, CHURNS.
HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS consisting of Bedroom Suits, Carpets,
Sofas, Chairs, Writing Desk, Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Stoves,
Dishes, Jars, Sap Cans
SEASONED WOOD, and many other useful articles at a bargain.

Outside the live stock sales, approved notes will be taken for amounts exceeding \$10.

J. E. McDOUGALL,

Auctioneer.

Potatoes Wanted

AT THE OLD STAND OF

DeWITT BRO.

I am open to buy good potatoes and to pay the highest market price.

Clyde Rideout.

Fancy Prices? NO!

It's not necessary to pay a fancy price to get a

GOOD SUIT

But you say

"I want a Good Style"

Of course you do and you can get it here at

A Reasonable Bargain.



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

HOW ABOUT THE FIT

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

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

Commercial Hotel "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 LABOR RS

WANTED

IN WESTERN CANADA

IN A FEW DAYS

WATCH FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

HARTLAND ROLLER RINK

Will open for the Season

Tuesday, Sept. 12

Every effort will be made to make the Rink a success and a desirable place to spend an evening in harmless pleasure. Absolutely no dust; no pumice stone used.

Prices Same as Usual.

Skates in excellent order.

ORCHESTRION MUSIC.

Local News and Personal Items

First snow today.

Vote for Carvell and reciprocity.

B. W. Morgan is home from Edmundston.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pond have removed to Fredericton.

Rev. Wm. Whitehouse, after a visit to England has been visiting friends here.

Miss Julia McCollom has gone to Stanley where she has accepted a position as milliner.

Miss Blanche Kelley is spending a few weeks with Mrs. James Inch, Oak Point.

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

Miss Annie Perry was visiting Mrs. Spurgeon Tompkins and other friends here last week.

Miss Sarah Wallace has been visiting at the home of her sister Mrs. H. N. Dickinson.

Church of England services next Sunday at 11 a. m.; Sunday school at 2.45.

The Fort Fairfield Review says Mr. and Mrs. Henry Day have been visiting in Hartland.

Miss Beatrice Tompkins returned last week from her visit from Perth.

At the Cristol grist mill first quality country wheat flour may be obtained for \$5.25 per barrel.

Miss Genie Taylor has returned to the N. E. Conservatory of Music, Boston.

Wendall B. Shaw of Victoria, B. C., is visiting his father, B. N. Shaw at Highland Farm.

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

Mrs. Bert Rockwell and Mrs. John Prosser of Waterville were visiting at the home of Rev. D. E. Brooks, Bristol, last week.

C. T. Young of Windsor and Rev. Joseph Cahill of Rockland will exchange Pulpits next Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hayward spent Sunday, Sept. 3, with Mrs. Hayward's sister, Mrs. J. R. Tompkins at Perth.

Your butter and eggs will buy you more goods at Carr's than elsewhere, from the simple fact that he is selling off at reduced prices.

Miss Georgie Churchill of Brookline, Mass., who has been visiting Miss Edna Sipprell, returned home on Thursday.

Gordon E. Boyer, who has been sick for the past few weeks, is thought to be gaining slightly, and is up around the house a little—Fort Fairfield Review.

HORSES FOR SALE:—1 four-year old, kind and sound, weight 1200; 1 bay horse about 1100. Will be sold at reasonable prices. Allen Waters, Upper Brighton.

F. H. Hale, formerly federal member for Carleton, is authority for the statement that there are 26,000 New Brunswick people in British Columbia.

Mrs. Lizzie Holmes of Florenceville was visiting Mrs. G. C. Watson and Mrs. C. H. Taylor last week. She has also been visiting in St. John.

Allen DeLong, while cruising in his wood-land, recently discovered a large tree loaded with apples. The fruit was sound and much like the wealthy apple. He judged there was about three barrels of apples on it.

Harry Gillin went to Grand Falls on business on Monday.

W. E. Thornton went to Fort Fairfield on Monday for a few days visit.

Postmaster Barnett and Mrs. Barnett visited St. John last week.

Born—on Tuesday evening a daughter to the wife of H. D. Keswick.

Miss Marion W. Stevens returned from Houlton on Monday evening.

Don't neglect to attend the big auction sale at W. N. Raymond's Middle Simonds, on Monday, next.

W. A. Hayward, dominion fisheries inspector, was here the first of the week, returning from the Miramichi.

Wm. McLoon's Chas. Murray, Frank Adams and Wilnot Harper passed through Hartland Sunday by auto.

Guy McGinley and I. C. Yetton were in Houlton on Monday, going to vote against the repeal of the state prohibition law.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald McCormack of Woodstock spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormack, Somerville.

Mrs. C. T. Phillips, Miss Mabel Phillips, Jacksonville, and Miss Mildred McGibbon, Woodstock, were week-end guests of Mrs. H. M. Stevens, Somerville.

J. T. G. Carr who has sold his store to The Estey & Curtis Co., is selling off his stock at greatly reduced prices, preparatory to vacating the premises.

Miss Kate Cameron, who recently graduated as a nurse from Mineola (L. I.) hospital, is visiting her uncle C. F. Connelly at Hartland, and her aunt, Mrs. James Plummer of Waterville.

Roy W. Cameron and Miss Mabel, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Curtis was married yesterday afternoon. They took the express for a bridal tour. The happy couple deserve a fuller write-up than this and will get it next issue.

The Church of England congregation will give a concert in Foresters hall on Tuesday, Oct. 3rd. Ice Cream etc., will be sold afterwards. The proceeds will be added to the building fund.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur DeGrass went to Presque Isle Tuesday to attend the fair. Among others to go were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kimball and Harry Lipsett, all of Waterville and Joseph Yox of Victoria.

New subscribers may get the OBSERVER until Jan. 1st, 1912 for 10 cents, or until Jan. 1st 1913 for only 50 cents. Remit in any way except by postage stamps, and the sooner you subscribe the longer you will get the paper for your money.

Ludlow Kent died on Sept. 2, at Presque Isle where he has resided for ten years. He was the son of Benj. and Helen Kent, formerly of East Coldstream. Emery Kent of that place is his brother.

Mr. and Mrs. John Glass of Windsor announce the marriage of their daughter Annie Laura, to Mr. Robert Leslie Simms principal of the Florenceville Consolidated School, the ceremony to take place at the Windsor Union Church on Wednesday, Sept. 27.

Methodist Service next Sunday, morning and evening, conducted by Rev. Hubert T. Smith. Morning at 10.30; Subject: Christian Perfection (second discourse). Evening at 7.30; Subject: "The Baptism of Fire." Sunday school at 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.30.

The dimensions of the big cucumber T. J. Hurley raised in his garden were given incorrectly last week. The cuke measured 11 inches in circumference by 14 in length. Mr. Hurley also exhibits a corn-stalk 10 feet and 7 inches high. On it grew an ear with 8 full rows of plump corn one foot long. The cob is 15 inches.

The exterior of the new post office is nearing completion. It is a fine looking building, everyone in the village is proud of it. No one can view it and say Frank Carvell never did anything for Hartland. By the way, the provincial government expended no great sum in this village until we sent Carvell there. Then we got the bridge we prayed for for 20 years.

Mrs. C. E. Dunphy of Island Falls is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. S. McCollom.

So abundant is the apple crop that the Canadian market is glutted and many farmers will leave the fruit to rot on the trees. A good crop is a good thing—if there is a market. When reciprocity becomes law the United States will take our surplus fruit as well as supply us with fruit which we cannot grow.

Henry Kinney of Fort Fairfield, formerly of Richmond was in Hartland on Saturday, having just returned from a trip to Saskatoon and Vancouver. He says the money former New Brunswickers he met in the west all say that reciprocity is the one big chance for the eastern provinces. "I am dead opposed to the pact myself," he said. "as I am an Aroostook farmer, driven to it by the narrow market of Carleton County. Why there should be any opposition to the pact here Mr. Kinney says he does not know.

Our Mount Pleasant correspondent's letter mis-carried and matter which should have been printed some time ago has lost its news value, but we quote: "A large amount of damage was done by the hail storm of July 31. C. R. Cheney from Arrowhead, B. C., arrived this week. Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Howard Drake have returned from a visit to McAdam. Miss Viola Green has charge of our school this term. Miss Annie Drake has gone to take the school at Clearview. Bertram Campbell goes to attend the school at Bath. Emery Kent was called suddenly to Fort Fairfield on account of his brother's illness.

U. B. W. M. U.

The regular monthly meeting of the United Baptist Women's Missionary Union convened last Thursday with Mrs. Carey Dickinson of Middle Simonds. The delegate's report of the U. B. W. M. U. was most interesting; then the lesson taught from "Western Women in Eastern Lands" by the Pastor was full of information and helpful suggestions that must bear fruit in greater activities in Missionary work. A bounteous supper was provided, the ladies contributing. About twenty-five persons took tea. The ladies wish to especially thank Scott Sipprell for the automobile ride and Mr. Dickinson for the happy straw ride home that beautiful moonlight evening.

BARGAINS

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

SEALED TENDERS addressed to undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Breakwater and Breastwork, Richibucto, South Beach, N. B., will be received at this office until 4 P. M., on Wednesday September 27, 1911, for the construction of a Breakwater at Richibucto, on the South Beach, Kent County, N. B.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., District Engineer, St. John, N. B., Geoffrey Stead, Esq., District Engineer, Chatham N. B. and on application to the Postmaster at Richibucto, N. B.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered 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 payable to the order of the honorable the minister of Public Works, equal to ten percent (10 p. c.) of the amount of tender, 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 contract. 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, Sept. 2, 1911.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Sir Wm. Van Horne.

View of an Independent Paper.

For in consequence we have not seen the argument of Sir William Van Horne at St. Andrews against Reciprocity excelled. Sir William announced his sublime contempt for those who would consider a few cents on their hay, potatoes and turnips, when their country was in danger. As for the danger to the country, when a man, United States born, bred and reared, like Sir William Van Horne, has such a horror of union with that country, he need have little fear of the rest of us becoming overanointed. His statement that the agreement destroys our fiscal independence, made no doubt out of courtesy to Mr. Borden, who has to be upheld in that monstrous fabrication, is simply untrue. We can revoke it whenever we like. The only danger, from Sir William's point of view, is that reciprocity may work so well for Canada that we will not only never want to abrogate it, but will forthwith want to extend it to some of the interests to which Sir William is himself protected.—Montreal Witness.

NEWBURGH JUNCTION

A large number from this place attended the political meeting at Pembroke Friday evening, addressed by H. F. S. Paisley, Geo. W. Upham, M. P. F., and Hon. W. P. Jones. The house was packed to the doors and a lot outside could not get in. One feature of the meeting was that there was not five in the audience but thought reciprocity was the best thing that could happen to this country.

About time J. K. was building the mill out in Chas. Cunningham's woods.

B. F. Smith and some prominent Conservatives of Woodstock made a tour around Newburgh yesterday. Mr. Smith certainly met with a frost out there.

TENDERS

Will be received for the building of the Presbyterian Manse, at Florenceville, up to Tuesday, September 12th. Plans and Specifications may be seen at the home of Rev. M. H. Manuel at Greenfield, or at H. D. Thompson's Tailor Shop, East Florenceville. The building committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

Drivers for Sale

Red Glenn mare, seven years old, brown with black points, kind, not afraid of autos.

Lord Dufferin mare, dam, Red Glenn. This is three years old, brown with black points, well broken, lots of grit, kind, a beauty for someone.

W. N. RAYMOND
Middle Simonds, 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.

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

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor
Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.

Main St., Hartland, N. B.

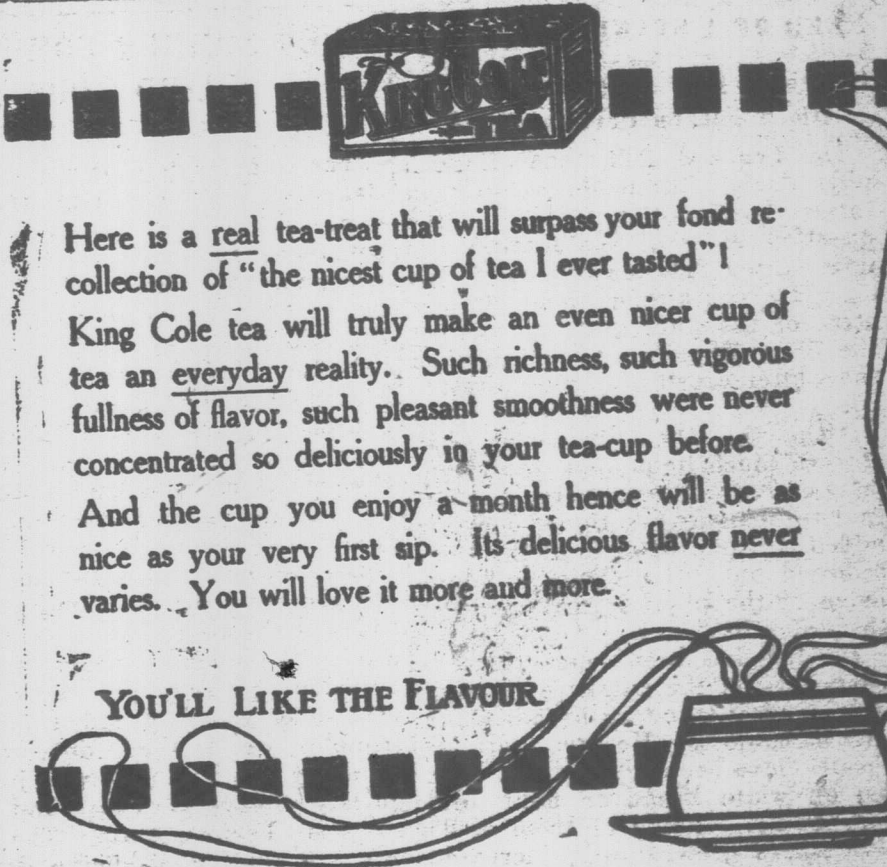
New Barber Shop.

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

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.


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

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



Here is a real tea-treat that will surpass your fond recollection of "the nicest cup of tea I ever tasted!" King Cole tea will truly make an even nicer cup of tea an everyday reality. Such richness, such vigorous fullness of flavor, such pleasant smoothness were never concentrated so deliciously in your tea-cup before. And the cup you enjoy a month hence will be as nice as your very first sip. Its delicious flavor never varies. You will love it more and more.

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOUR



The Chief Seat of Foot Trouble

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

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

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

MEN'S HEAVY UNDERWEAR

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

Woolen Shirts and Drawers 49c each

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

H. R. NIXON

The Peoples Shoe Store.

MILLINERY

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

HATS ALL READY MADE-UP

Will be Sold at a Much Reduced Price during August.

August Sale of Wall Paper

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

Ladies Suits in Cloth Linen and Duck

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

Hartland Farmers' Exchange

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR

Rideout & Sipprell

proprietors of the


"Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25 cents

Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clean.

Fresh Fruits, Finest Chocolates, Canned Goods, etc.

Step in and see us. We guarantee to please.



in tea must be distinctive, pleasing and unvarying to merit continuous use. The flavor of Red Rose Tea is all its own, and it never fails to win and hold approval because it never fails in quality. Try it.

RED ROSE TEA is good tea

NEED OF A STANDARD BREAD.

Shown by Fact That Some Animals Die if Fed on Certain Kinds.

Dr. Leonard Hill, the English physiologist, has made recently an interesting contribution to the question of what the English are now calling "standard bread," the standard containing about 80 per cent. of the total grain as against the 70 or 75 per cent. contained in the white bread now generally used.

Although the discussion has thrown much light upon the chemistry of flour and has served to show in how many ways things may be added to "improve" it, it has contributed but little to our knowledge of the physiological value of the different flours.

Dr. Hill has been conducting experiments on the nutritive value of white and of standard bread, using rats as subjects. He says that his results have been astonishing. Rats fed on white bread or flour did very badly. Many of them died; the others grew slowly, increased but slightly in weight in six weeks, after which time nearly all of them began to lose weight.

The rats fed on the standard bread or flour did much better; fewer of them died and their increase in weight was more than twice as great as in those fed on the white bread and flour. Dr. Hill concluded that either the standard flour contained something essential to growth which was not in the white flour or that the latter contained something detrimental, "improvers" for example.

These are not the first experiments which show that different wheat breads have markedly different physiological effects. In Bulletin 64 of the hygienic laboratory, Hunt states that mice fed upon the "white wheat bread" obtained from one Washington bakery showed but one-fourth the resistance to certain poisons that was shown by mice fed upon similar bread from another bakery, although dealers considered them equivalent.

It is quite probable, says the Medical Journal, that breads which have such markedly different effects upon infants and young children, and perhaps upon adults, especially in sickness, the lower animals are usually supposed to be resistant and adaptable as regards food, whereas the extreme sensitiveness of infants to slight changes in diet is well known.

AN INDEPENDENT MINER.

Remarkable Instinct of an Old Mexican.

The Mexican miner is the best in the world, says Mr. S. D. Woods in "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast," and he gives an instance of an old Mexican who seemed by an instinctive faculty to know where "mineral" could be found. He was nearly seventy years of age, and had, apparently, no ambition beyond providing for his own simple needs.

He was, I think, the best mineralogist and worker of ores I ever knew. He would take his little sack, wander over the hills for perhaps a month, and delve into the old dumps of the abandoned mines. By this search he would, in a month's time, fill his sack with a hundred pounds of ore. This ore was rebellious, and required the most careful and skillful reduction and refining.

For this purpose he had built in one of the canons near by, out of adobe which he had made himself, a little smelter and a refinery.

The work accomplished by means of this little adobe smelter and refinery was as complete as could be found in the magnificent system of Swansea, which is the world's chief mineral reduction plant, and which defies the skill of the resident ore-workers.

The old Mexican would build a little fire in his smelter, and when the heat was just right, cast in with the necessary fluxes, which he would gather from the hill slopes, his little handfuls of rebellious ore, and by and by out of the smelter would run a little stream of mineral, in which were mingled lead, copper, silver and gold. The mass would be, perhaps, out of the hundred pounds he smelted, about half as large as an ordinary football.

The mass of unseparated ore he would subject to the processes of his little refinery, and by and by, for the process was slow—the refinery would flow the separated streams of gold, the silver and the lead; and thus from his hundred pounds of ore the old Mexican would usually secure from fifty to seventy-five dollars. This was enough to supply his simple wants for quite a while, and it was by this process of the highest scientific character that this old, uneducated, simple-minded man brought to himself what he called the necessities and comforts of life.

"Now, Miss Agely," said young Mr. Rich. "I should like to propose." "Oh, this is so sudden!" "That we have some ice-cream." "That would be lovely! I like straw." "Some evening when the weather is warmer."

WHEN SUMMER COMES GUARD YOUR BABY

The summer months are the most dangerous of the year for the little one. The complaints that often come so quickly that often a precious little life is beyond aid before the mother realizes baby is ill. Colic, diarrhoea and cholera infantum are all rife at this time. The mother must guard her baby's health every minute. She must be careful of his food and careful that his stomach is kept sweet and his bowels move regularly and freely. To do this nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets—they are mothers' best friend at all times of the year, but more especially in the summer, when, if given occasionally, they act as a preventive of those dreaded summer troubles, or if they do come on suddenly remove the cause and baby will soon be well again. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIGHT OF THE BLIND.

A Medical Missionary's Pathetic Experience.

A passage from one of the letters written home by a young American medical missionary—letters that make up "A Bluestocking in India," by Winifred Heston—gives not only a glimpse of the benefits which Eastern women are receiving, but also shows the ennobling reaction of the work upon the worker.

Yesterday I had an experience which made me feel small. It was the one of my first cataract cases; the woman was absolutely blind—had not seen a thing for years. I did not operate on both eyes at one sitting, bandaged them, and sent her to the ward.

When the day came for the removal of the bandages, I found her in the woman's general ward, which was full of overflowing with patients. She was eager for her release, so I told the nurse to loosen the dressings, and then applied the counting test.

All the women were as still as mice, holding their breath to learn if her sight was really restored. You could have heard a pin drop. Holding up my fingers before the eyes so long, sightless, I asked her to count.

She did so: "One, three, two, four."

"She sees! she sees!" whispered the women from cot to cot. The poor patient herself fell in a transport of joy and gratitude, embraced my feet, kissed the hem of my skirt, and called me all the endearing names which her vocabulary afforded.

She would have worshipped me then and there, so deep was her feeling; but I lifted her up and led her away, to tell her of One Who alone is worthy of worship.

Yes, I used to say I was not coming to India to preach, but to practice medicine; but when an event like this drives you down into the depths of abject humility, you just cannot help telling the poor ignorant women that, after all, there is something worthy of love and worship; that there is One absolutely pure, and holy, and merciful, and Who loves everyone of them with a perfect love.

Everybody has a soul, and I am beginning to find out that my chief concern is not, after all, with the body.

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.

The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions, and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits clogs in sympathy. The first care comes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

Smugglers are not the only people who shirk their duty.

When you want to clear your house of flies, see that you get Wilson's Fly Pads. Imitations are always unsatisfactory.

Towley—"Brown is terribly absent-minded. The other evening he sat up till after one o'clock trying to remember what it was he wanted to do." Cowley—"Did he remember?" Towley—"Yes, he discovered that he wanted to go to bed early."

The Pill That Leads Them All.

Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

CAPTURING AN OCTOPUS.

A Fisherman's Experience With One of These Creatures.

In political and economic literature the octopus has been made familiar to the general reader as a symbol of the corporation that grasps everything within reach and holds on to it. The fitness of the emblem will be understood from the account given of one in the pages of Mr. E. B. Kennedy's "Thirty Seasons in Scandinavia."

A large octopus is now in the Natural History Museum in Trondheim. It was brought in during 1897, and I saw it on its arrival. The history of its capture, as it was detailed to me, not only by the fisherman whose boat it had attacked, but also by two other independent witnesses, is as follows:

The man was leisurely rowing on a calm day close to the rocky bound shore of one of the fjords some fifty miles north of Trondheim. Suddenly a long, glistening arm swept over the stern of the boat, and there remained fixed.

The fisherman, appalled at this strange apparition, dropped his oars and sprang to his feet, when, like magic, another hideous-looking arm shot out and bent over the gunwale. The boat now listed severely, and the man, realizing that he was being attacked by some monster against which his old knife was the only available weapon, seized his oars and labored with might and main to get his boat into a crevice of the rocks, all the time shouting for his mates, who were not far off.

He had to strain every nerve to drag his hideous cargo aboard him, for the suckers never relaxed their hold; and when he got it on board, within reach of the three men to haul it up a slight incline, the monster still hanging on even over the bare rock. Then they labored the creature's head with oars and clubs, and having safely secured it, sent off to the nearest station and telegraphed concerning the prize which they had captured. It was at once purchased by the museum and carried off to that establishment, after having been photographed.

They stretched out the creature's arms before preparing it. I measured the two longest tentacles. They were ten feet and four inches each in length. This, over all, together with the great carpet-bag-looking body, gave a measurement of thirty feet across.

Pain Flees Before It.—There is more virtue in a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil as a subduer of pain than in gallons of this medicine. The public knows this, and there are few households throughout the country where it cannot be found. Thirty years of use has familiarized the people with it, and made it a household medicine throughout the western world.

Lady—"Did anyone call when I was out?" Servant—"Yes, ma'am. Two ladies and seven gentlemen." Lady—"Did they leave their cards?" Servant—"No, ma'am. I was in." Lady—"What do you mean?" Servant—"They called on me, ma'am."

House flies are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diseases of the Bowels, etc. Every packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

"You have two very bright pupils, Miss Winsome," remarked Mr. Sweetley to the school-mistress. "Which ones do you mean, Mr. Sweetley?" "Why, those in your eyes, to be sure."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Wife (excitedly)—"If you go on like this I shall certainly lose my temper." Husband (calmly)—"No danger, my dear. A tiring of that size is not easily lost."

REST 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 SUFFERING WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALWAYS ALLEVIATES CURES WIND COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Shopper—"What do you mean by such items in your bill as, 'One handful of raisins. Ten lumps of sugar. Three pocketfuls of almonds'?" Grocer—"It means, madam, that people who bring their children with them when they come shopping must take the consequences!"

"How are things?" the doctor asked pleasantly of the shrinking man in the chair. "Dull, very dull." And the knight of the rag-doll looked for a moment as if he thought the remark was personal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Croup in Children.

Hollinger Extension Mines, Limited.

(Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New Jersey)

Authorized Capital : : \$1,500,000
Treasury : : 500,000
PAR VALUE OF SHARES : : \$5.00

DIRECTORATE:

EDWIN A. BENSON, Mech. Supt. Pullman Car Co., Chicago.
FREDERICK L. SIMMONS, 2nd Asst. Auditor, Pullman Car Co., Chicago.
JOHN L. WOODS, Capitalist, Chicago.
ROBERT W. TINSLEY, Pres. Tinsley-Jackson Co., Chicago.
JOHN R. TURNER, Corporation Trust Co., New York.

The Company is organized to take control of the claim immediately adjoining the Hollinger Mine on the North. This claim is known to contain the extension of at least one of the Hollinger veins.

30,000 shares are offered for sale at \$5.00 per share, and the subscription list will be closed as soon as the 30,000 shares are fully subscribed, when the stock will be listed on the different Exchanges.

Cheques or drafts, payable at par in Toronto, must accompany subscriptions.

FULL INFORMATION WILL BE FURNISHED BY

W. MURRAY ALEXANDER, or USSHER, STRATHY & Co.,
14 Melinda Street, 46 King Street W.,
TORONTO.

A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Mrs. Goodart—"You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man?"

Howard Hasher—"Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession." Mrs. Goodart—"A numismatist?" Howard Hasher—"Yes, lady; a collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Ethel—"All is over between us. Here are your presents. A gold locket and chain, a diamond ring, and a pearl necklace." Herbert—"There are some other things I gave you. I insist upon being returned." Ethel—"What are they?" Herbert—"Seven thousand, three hundred and fifty-one kisses."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen.—In June '94, I had my wrist and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days, and the tooth cuts refused to heal until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT. I began using. The effect was magical; in five hours the pain had ceased and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed. My hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,
A. E. ROY,
Carriage Maker.
St. Antoine, P.Q.

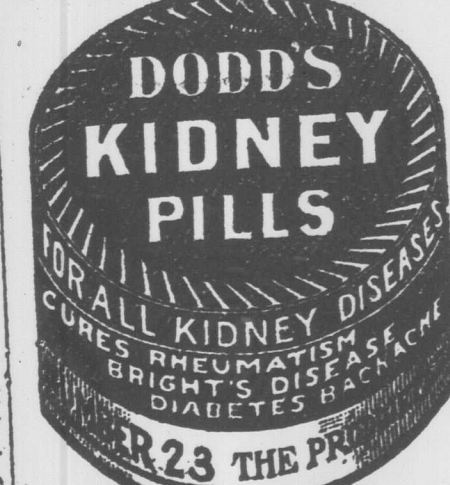
HE WAS CURIOUS.

The prisoner at the bar had a long list of previous convictions against him.

"Your worship," he said to the judge, "would you mind postponing the case for a week, the lawyer who is defending me is ill?" "But you were arrested with your hand in the gentleman's pocket," objected the judge. "What possible defence can your lawyer make?"

"Just so, your worship. That's why I want the case postponed. I'm curious to know what on earth he will say!"

Young Wife (in passion)—"I shall go straight home to my mother!" Husband (calmly)—"Very well. Here's the money for your railway fare." Wife (after counting it)—"But that isn't enough for a return ticket."



ED. 4

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FARMS FOR SALE OR RENT.

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

If you want to buy a farm, consult me.

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

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

SASKATOON

NEEDS you if you are a hard-working Farmer in any branch. Could you only see our agricultural property, no thing would thereafter keep you where you are. What money have you saved the past seven years? In less time, more work, farmers win fortunes here. Make the best of life. God meant you to be COMMISSIONER, BOARDS OF TRADE, SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN, WESTERN CANADA.

AGENTS WANTED.

STANT TEA ROUTE TO-DAY. Send postal for circulars or list for names and terms. Alfred Tyler, London.

AGENTS WANTED.—A study of other Agency propositions. You will find that none can equal ours. You will always regret it if you don't apply to particular to Travellers' Dept. 22 Albert St., Ottawa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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

CUT YOUR GLASS AT HOME.—Our new "Red Devil" Glass Cutter cuts wired glass, plate glass, smoked and window glass. By mail \$2. W. E. Foster & Co., 46 Beaufort St., Montreal.

SAWMILL MACHINERY. Portable or heavy. Lathes, Mills, Shingles, Mills, Engines and Boilers. Mill Supplies. The Long Manufacturing Co., Ltd., West Street, Orillia, Ontario.

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

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

WRITE us today for our choice list of Agents' Supplies. No outlets necessary. They are money makers. Apply B. C. I. Co. Ltd., 22 Albert St., Ottawa, Ont.

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

CARPET DYEING

and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the British American Dyeing Co. Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 158, Montreal.

QUITE SUDE.

"Are you sure that occurrence was on the seventeenth of the month?" asked the lawyer, in a tone which seemed to imply that certainly upon such a point was almost beyond the reach of the human intellect.

"Yes," said the undismayed youth, who was being cross-examined, "it was the seventeenth."

"Now, remember," continued the lawyer, with increasing solemnity, "remember you are under oath, how do you know it was on the seventeenth?"

"Because the day before—"

"Be careful what you say, now. Go on."

"Because the day before was the sixteenth, and the day after was the eighteenth."

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It cures the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores.

Zam-Buk FOR ALL SUMMER SORES

For tea you can't beat LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

THE ANARCHIST MILLIONAIRE

Scotland Yard differs on many subjects amongst itself, but it is agreed upon one point, and that is that the most dangerous, slippery, and remarkable "crook" it ever had to deal with was George Ferdinand Springmull von Weissenfeld.

They nicknamed him the anarchist millionaire, partly because he devoted a considerable proportion of the money he acquired by a life of crime to furthering the anarchist cause, and also because many of his chosen associates, both men and women, were revolutionary anarchists of a pronounced type, says Pearson's Weekly.

He came of a good family, and was exceedingly well educated, having graduated with high honors in science, medicine, and literature at one of the principal German universities. But he was a born criminal, and a dangerous one; a throw-back to the aboriginal savage.

A little matter of forgery and attempted murder made his native land too hot to hold him, and he fled to England. This was in 1880, and it did not take him long to blossom forth into a professional blackmailer and swindler of a peculiarly odious type.

Once he found himself in the clutches of the law, and received a well-merited sentence at the Old Bailey of twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor. His temper was not improved by this taste of oakum-picking, and he vowed that he would never do another "stretch" (year's imprisonment), no matter what came. After this he always went armed.

His specialty about this time was bogus company promoting, and he did remarkably well out of it from his point of view. From one concern alone he netted \$200,000. Another yielded him \$370,000 in six weeks. He opened more than one hundred different banking accounts in as many different names, and he kept an album in which he entered his different aliases side by side with his own proper signature. This album is now preserved as a curiosity at Scotland Yard.

As has been intimated, he swore that he would never be taken alive, and although as a result of his colossal frauds half the detectives in Europe were presently searching for him, it looked as if he would beat them all.

His cunning was almost superhuman, and he took no chances. He employed a small army of private detectives to shadow the Scotland Yard detectives who were trying to shadow him. He rented a fine house in an assumed name, of course—near Wembley Park, and spent thousands of pounds in constructing subterranean passages leading to secret exits, through which he could escape, if need be, when hard pressed.

Scotland Yard heard of the existence of this den, and raided it, but the bird had flown. Next he was heard of at another place in London, where he was engaged in printing and issuing vast numbers of books of a kind about which the less said the better.

This house was also raided, but once more the wanted man had disappeared. The detectives found, however, evidence of his many side enterprises in the shape of six of the newest and most expensive kind of linotype machines, together with many thousands of objectionable books, all newly-printed. These were destroyed on a magistrate's order.

The search for the master criminal was continued, and at last he was located in a large mansion in Cambridgeshire, known as "Edenfield." This house, which stood in its own grounds, had been chosen for its seclusion, like the one at Wembley Park, and, like it, too, it had been fitted with an elaborate system of sliding panels, secret chambers, and subterranean passages.

All this was known to the Yard, and it was known, too, that an armed and desperate man lurked within. Consequently, it was determined to send three of the very best men available to enter the house and effect the actual arrest, while other plain-clothes officers were detailed to watch the various exits in the grounds outside.

The officers told off for the dangerous part of the job were Chief Inspector Arrow, Detective-Inspector Sweeny, and Sergeant-Inspector Badcock.

These were experienced men, and they laid their plans well. One went up to the door, disguised as a tradesman's assistant, and knocked. The other two were in hiding in the shrubbery near by.

At the knock the door was opened ever so little, and before it could be closed again the three detectives were inside. Instantly a shrill whistle was sounded from within, and when the house was searched the anarchist millionaire was apparently nowhere within it.

There were plenty of servants about, of both sexes, but they one and all professed to know nothing. The detectives searched high and low for nearly two hours, but their search was in vain. Yet that the wanted man was somewhere within the building was certain. Every exit was being watched by their colleagues outside, and these had made no sign.

At length, just when they were on the verge of despair, a secret panel was discovered, and this, on being forced open, revealed a passage just broad enough to admit one man. It was pitch dark within, but out of the darkness came the sound of suppressed breathing.

Here, then, was their quarry. But which one of the three detectives was going to risk almost certain death by hearing him in his den now he was at bay?

The question in reality admitted but of one answer. It is an unwritten law of Scotland Yard that the post of danger shall be given to the junior, for that way lies promotion, and promotion is, of course, the most ardently to be desired thing amongst all branches of the police service.

So to Sergeant-Inspector Badcock was assigned the duty of entering the secret passage so luckily discovered, and dragging thence into the light of day the worse than wild beast that lurked within.

Quietly, and without the least trace of bravado, he accepted the mission. Stepping from the room into the cavern-like passage—being a tall man he was compelled to adopt a stooping posture—he called to the wanted man, telling him that he was a police officer, that the game was up, and that he had better surrender himself quietly.

No verbal answer was returned, but out of the darkness came the sharp click of a revolver being cocked. Badcock felt that life or death was a matter of moments only, and he bounded swiftly forward, still keeping bent nearly double, both because the height of the passage did not admit of a perfectly erect posture being maintained, and also because by doing so he stood a better chance of not being shot if his assailant aimed high, as men firing when greatly excited usually do.

The passage ended in a door, and Badcock could hear his man fumbling at the handle inside. But he could not get out that way, for it had been locked from the outside by Inspector Arrow's orders prior to the raid.

Realizing this, the hunted man faced about, pointed his revolver at his pursuer, and tried to pull the trigger. But Badcock gripped his wrist with fingers of steel, and the weapon dropped with a clang on the stone floor.

It was a pitiful figure of a man that was dragged out into the light of day a few seconds later. His face was livid, his features were working convulsively.

"Water!" he gasped. "Give me water!"

A servant ran and fetched some, but the glass slipped from his nerveless fingers, his jaw dropped, and a moment later he fell dying to the ground.

A coroner's jury said it was apoplexy. But was it?

The anarchist millionaire, who was also, it must be remembered, a doctor, and a skillful chemist, had long had in his possession a gold signet ring in which was hidden a powerful poison.

When he was arrested this ring was on his hand, but the secret receptacle behind the seal which had contained the poison was empty.

Anyway, he was dead, and the world was well rid of him. Had he stood his trial, there would have been revealed the most remarkable criminal romance of modern times.

We seek a lawyer to protect us from our neighbors and a doctor to protect us from ourselves.

MANTOBA IS QUITE OLD.

For 200 Years Fur Traders Kept Most Settlers Out of It.

It may surprise many people who as late as ten years ago looked upon Manitoba as on the edge of the world to know that Manitoba probably is the oldest settled section of the North American continent west of the Mississippi River and north of New Mexico. It was near the present site of Winnipeg that Lord Selkirk settled his Red River colonists in 1813.

Away up in the Peace River country, 200 miles north of Edmonton, the Hudson's Bay Company has a wheat mill that has been in operation for fifty years. And Edmonton is 1,000 miles west of Winnipeg and about 300 miles north of the United States line. The mill grinds wheat that is grown in the great fur region.

As a matter of fact western Canada was thoroughly explored many years earlier than was the district between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast in the United States. But for 200 years it was exploited by the fur traders, who discouraged every effort to turn it into an agricultural region. The factors of the fur companies resisted the incoming of the farmer.

The American is ubiquitous in western Canada now. He is on the farm, in the towns, in the cities, in the irrigated districts, working hard and setting the pace for his neighbors. They have caught the boom spirit from him, and some of them, like the young Scot, even go him one better at times.

Yet they have reasons to boast, says the Columbia Magazine. Ten years ago Winnipeg had only 40,000 inhabitants. Ten years before that it was a small town. It is now the largest single inland grain market in the world.

Saskatchewan, the middle of the three prairie provinces, is an empire in itself covering an area of approximately 250,000 square miles. Only the southern half has been touched, and less than a quarter has been developed to any extent. Still it does fairly well. In 1900 its wheat crop amounted to 3,443,871 bushels. Now it raises from 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels annually. Its oat crop has grown from 1,800,000 bushels in 1900 to more than 100,000,000 bushels annually.

Alberta, the province just west of Saskatchewan, is following right along. It is in the northern part of Alberta, near Calgary, in the Bow River Valley, where the largest single irrigation project in the world outside of Egypt has been undertaken by the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Three million acres are to be irrigated when the work is completed; about half a million acres are now under the ditch.

YEAST AS A FOOD.

Can be Made Into "A Tasty Paste" to be Spread on Bread.

The cleanest lager beer sometimes contains numbers of yeast cells, says Pure Products. Still larger numbers are often found in ale and in Weiss beer, which probably gives these beverages some of their desirable properties. But by far the largest amount of yeast which finds its way into the human digestive system is introduced with bakery goods which have been made from flour.

Yeast is a fungus and belongs to the same family as the mushroom, for which most people have a distinct liking. The age long use of yeast for bread raising purposes proves that this fungus is capable of thoroughly agreeing with the human organism. In view of this fact it is somewhat surprising that immense amounts of beer yeast are annually allowed to go to waste from every brewery in the country.

There are several circumstances which have seemed to stand in the way of employing beer yeast in food production. The two principal ones are its dark color and its bitterness, due to the simultaneous use of hops in the brewing process.

These properties of beer yeast, however, may easily be removed. Beer yeast is not suitable for baking purposes because it grows in a old medium and does not possess a great enough raising power for the purposes of the baker. There is no question about the nutritive value of yeast, since weight for weight it is quite comparable in nutritive value to the best beef.

For direct consumption in the fresh condition yeast must be put into a suitable form. According to the method of Klepschmidt, compressed yeast which has been deprived of its bitter substance may be melted with edible fats, such as butter, the result being a very tasty paste which can be spread directly on bread. Dry yeast can be used in this manner, and experience has already shown that the addition of yeast to certain sauces and salad dressings is attended with very favorable results. However, it is necessary that the question should receive a thorough study from experts on cooking.

FLASHLIGHT ADVENTURES.

Outdoor Night Photographers Must Be Resourceful Men.

"The biggest flash I ever used in outdoor night photography," says an English writer in the Strand, "was in 1901, when I flashlighted on the stroke of midnight the annual New Year's Eve gathering of Scotsmen outside St. Paul's Cathedral in London."

"I think I may justly claim that this is the largest flash that has ever been used, and it created an altogether unlooked for sensation. The subject was a difficult one and had never to my knowledge been attempted before, for even at this date flashlight photographs in the open air were something of a novelty."

"Taking with me a special illuminating powder of my own invention I perched myself up on a windmill overlooking the churchyard, the vast area of which it would be necessary to light up if my photograph was to be of any value. I therefore used an extra amount of powder, and on the stroke of the hour pressed the button."

"There was a loud report and what appeared to be a vivid sheet of lightning shot up into the air, the effect of which was remarkable on the waiting crowds below, busily engaged in singing 'Auld Lang Syne' and grasping one another's hands with good wishes for the New Year. Instantly there was a dead silence which lasted for quite an appreciable time, and then the people began asking each other what had happened."

"I am afraid that innocently enough I alarmed some of them rather badly, for I was quite unnoticed aloft and there were many among the crowd, which instantly began to disperse in all directions, who went home with the uncomfortable conviction that they had witnessed an omen of evil import for the coming year. Others again were inclined to think that it was a satellite that had mysteriously dropped from the heavens."

"The intense brilliancy of my illumination was such that, as I afterward learned, the flash was seen at Elstree in Hertfordshire, twelve miles away. It also attracted considerable attention in the newspapers, several of which contained references to it during the week, and in fact it was not until my photograph was published in one of the weekly illustrated papers that the mystery was solved."

"A picture of Sir George Martin playing the organ in Westminster Abbey is not exciting in itself, but it is a good example of the difficulties often besetting the flashlight photographer. As the organ loft was very small there was not room to operate and I was at my wits' end to know how to take the photograph, for I was unable to place my camera far enough away from my sitter."

"At length, however, I saw a way out of the difficulty. I fixed a rope to the end of the organ loft and tied my camera on the end of it in such a position as to allow the lens to project through Sir George's peephole. I then let off my flash with my camera in mid air."

"A chapter of accidents occurred when I went to Southampton to photograph the home coming of Gen. Sir Redvers Buller from South Africa. A fog made the time of the ship's landing uncertain, but late at night a reporter running toward the docks shouted to me that the ship was just coming in. I rushed back to my hotel, grabbed up a box of flash powder and a snapshot camera and dashed into the kitchen commandeered a saucepan lid in which to fire the powder. Then I set off post haste for the docks, picking up en route a reporter to whom I gave the news."

"The ship was just coming alongside when we got there, and as it was necessary for me to take a position well above the level of the ground we climbed up into the loft of a convenient shed overlooking the scene. It was quite dark in the place, but as we could just see a door on the opposite side we made a rush toward it. Then without the slightest warning we both almost disappeared in a heaped up pile of some soft fluffy choking substance."

"We had, it appeared, broken into a grain warehouse, the loft of which was being used to store some kind of fine middlings. The awful stuff was several feet deep all over the floor, and through it we floundered and struggled, gasping for breath and well nigh suffocated. At length, however, we fought our way through and reached the door just as Gen. Buller was stepping on the gang way, but fortunately for me an officer went up to speak to him and detained him for a little while."

"I hastily poured the powder into the saucepan lid, gave it to my friend to hold and told him to ignite it with a piece of lighted paper as quickly as possible. Then steadying myself against the doorpost, I held the snapshot camera in my hands as firmly as possible and waited."

"At first my friend was unable to ignite the powder and the anxious moments were flying all too rapidly when suddenly it flared up. My unfortunate companion, taken completely by surprise, was sent flying on his back with some badly burned fingers and a shock to his nervous system."



ous system. The resulting photograph, however, was, all things considered, very satisfactory."

A SELF-MADE MAN.

General Nogi Tells of His Early Struggles.

Men are not "self-made" in Canada alone. Do not these reminiscences of General Nogi, the famous Japanese soldier, recall the pluck, determination and industry which have raised more than one poor boy of our own land to eminence?

"My father could not give me the education other boys in the clan were receiving," he writes in Nihon no Shonen. "I had to stay at home. But one day I said to myself, 'Come what may, I must learn while I am young. Life without some sort of achievement is not worth the living.'"

"So I pleaded with my father, and at last prevailed upon him to send me to a dormitory known as the Shudoba, from which I was able to attend the clan school."

"My days at the dormitory were days of hardship. It was under the control of the clan government, and sheltered about sixty boys, all under eighteen years of age, for in those days a boy was supposed to reach manhood at eighteen, and what 'man' would live in a dormitory?"

"Things have much changed since that time. In those days the boys brought their own unhulled rice to the dormitory and pounded it for themselves in the mortar provided for their use; there was not a shop in the place where you could buy hulled rice. The boys, too, had to cook their own rice for themselves and to collect their own fuel from the neighboring woods."

"There was also a stable attached to the dormitory, and it was the duty of the boys to groom the horses. As the poorest lad in the dormitory, a great deal of work fell upon my shoulders. I pounded rice for the others, I went into the woods to gather fuel. I cooked the meals and I groomed the horses."

"There were no currycombs or clippers in those days. I had to singe the horses' coats with improvised torches made of dry twigs, and chop the straw for their bran mash as well as I could, and all this for want of labor-saving contrivances entailed much expenditure of time and trouble."

"In addition to all this manual labor I had the usual school lessons to attend. Never very strong, I found my double task a severe strain on my powers of endurance, and I began at times to doubt whether I should be able to go through with the task I had set myself. But I never allowed myself to lose heart."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Edward is an Excellent Type of the English Boy.

The Prince of Wales was born at White Lodge, Richmond Park, in 1894, his Royal Highness was baptized there some three weeks later as Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, thus combining the names of his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather with those of the patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. In April, 1907, he passed the qualifying examination for the Royal Navy, and on May in the following month entered Dartmouth College. On the accession of his father, King George, to the throne on May 6th, last year, the young Prince succeeded to the Dukedom of Cornwall and to the Scottish titles of Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland, and on June 23rd he was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

On the following day he and his brother, Prince Albert, were consecrated in the private chapel of Windsor Castle by the Archbishop of Canterbury, among the assisting clergy being the Rev. H. D. Wright, clergy being the Rev. E. D. Wright, by whom the young prince had been prepared for the ceremony. The investiture of the Prince as a Knight of the Garter will be fresh

in public recollection, and only recently his Royal Highness has been rated as a midshipman in his Majesty's fleet, with seniority from the day of the Coronation, when, in the ancient Abbey of Westminster, he led the line of illustrious men and bearers of honored names and ancient titles who did homage to a newly-crowned sovereign, and when he swore to be his father's "liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship." These are the leading events up to the present time in a life which has so far necessarily been one of preparation for the great career which lies before the Prince of Wales as heir to the throne. Of his home life it need only be said that, under the care of a devoted mother, he has grown up a splendid example of the best type of English boy—earnest and enthusiastic in the performance of all the duties devolving upon him.

AN ORIENTAL DETECTIVE.

Teapot Was Used to Find Money and Jewels.

Tea may be considered as a drink of the sages, but one would hardly expect the teapot to play the part of a judge. Yet Margaret Cotter Morison says in "A Lonely Summer in Kashmir" that not infrequently it is called upon to perform that function as well as its legitimate one. The author, in one of her tenting trips, lost a box containing one hundred rupees and some jewelry. Knowing that it must have been stolen in the night, she called for her servants.

They showed much surprise and distress. They searched the woods, and found the empty box thrown away by the thieves in their haste. I sent for the native police. They proved to be more curious and picturesque than effective. They would arrive each morning in a bevy of over a dozen, tell the servants openly that they suspected them, and sit in a ring and cross-question them for endless hours, trying to trick them into saying something which could be taken as an acknowledgment of guilt. In vain I tried to point out that this would only put them on their guard; it was to no purpose. The police were too happy over the bustle and importance the occasion offered to adopt outside suggestions.

In one elaborate function I was asked to take part. I was placed in solemn state in an easy chair in front of the hut, and round stood a wide circle of turbaned natives. In front of me, on the ground, squatted the chief of police; to my relief, he could talk no English. My young cook squatted opposite; a small native teapot was placed between them, and close at hand five tightly rolled scrolls of paper, on which, I was told, were written the names of my five servants, one on each.

The teapot had a broad rim round the top. The chief of the police on one side, and the cook on the other, each placed a finger under the rim, and held the vessel loosely suspended between them.

Placing one of the scrolls in the spout, the policeman explained that if the paper held the name of the thief the vessel would give sign.

Two papers passed the ordeal. When the third was put in, the teapot made a semirevolution, and almost fell from the hands.

There was intense interest. The inspector put aside the paper, remarking that in it was the name of the thief. At the fourth scroll the teapot swerved again, but remained immovable during the test of the fifth. The scrolls were then thoroughly shuffled and a second trial given them. The teapot made its signs at the two same names.

The inspector then said that, as I was so tender of my servants' welfare, they would be given a chance of restoration before they were accused. A heap of loose earth was dug at the back of my tent after dark. Each servant, in turn, was to go alone and cast a basketful of earth on the heap. In this way it was hoped that the holder of the stolen goods would make restitution, in which case no questions would be asked.

After dark I heard the shoveling. After a while the inspector and I went out to the heap and carefully sifted the dirt. We found nothing.

Later, the two servants were arrested and put in jail. When they were released they immediately paid me for three weeks' wages, that being the time of their imprisonment.

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UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

all her vivacious life was longing to be out and in the midst on the back of a desert horse, on the head of a huge drum, perched on the iron support of a high hung lantern, standing on a cannon while the horse artillery swept full gallop, firing down a volley of argot on the hot homage of a hundred lovers. But she never moved. She knew that in the general gala these sickbeds would be left more deserted and less soothed than ever. She knew, too, that it was for the sake of this man, lying dying here from the lunge of a Bedouin lance through his lungs, that the ivory wreaths and crosses and statuettes had been sold. And Cigarette had done more than this ere now many a time for her "children."

The day stole on. Leon Ramon lay very quiet. The ice for his chest and the song for his ear gave him some-



Began stinging low and sweetly.

oblivion, dreamy and comparatively painless, which was the only mercy which could come to him.

A step sounded on the bare boards. She looked up, and the wounded man raised his weary lids with a gleam of gladness under them. Cecil bent above his couch.

"Dear Leon, how is it with you?"

His voice was softened to infinite tenderness. Leon Ramon had been for many a year his comrade and his friend, an artist of Paris, a man of marvelous genius, of high idealistic creeds, who in a fatal moment of rash despair had flung his talents, his broken fortunes, his pure and noble spirit into the fiery furnace of the hell of military Africa and now lay dying here, a common soldier, forgotten as though he were already in his grave.

"The review is just over. I got ten minutes to spare and came to you the instant I could," pursued Cecil. "See here what I bring you! You, with your artist's soul, will feel yourself all but well when you look on these!"

He placed on his bed some peaches

dozed deep in moss and circled round with stephanotis, with magnolia, with roses, with other rarer flowers still. The face of the artist soldier lightened with a longing joy. His lips quivered. "Ah, God! They have the fragrance of my France!"

Cecil said nothing, but moved them nearer into the clasp of his eager hands. Cigarette he did not see.

"They are beautiful!" the dying man said faintly at length. "They have our youth in them. How came you by them, dear friend?"

"They are not due to me," answered Cecil hurriedly. "Princess Corona sends them to you. She has sent great gifts to the hospital—wines, fruits, a profusion of flowers such as those. Through her these miserable chambers will bloom for awhile like a garden, and the best wines of Europe will slake your thirst."

"It is very kind," murmured Leon Ramon languidly. "But I am ungrateful. Cigarette here—she has been so good, so tender, so pitiful. For once I have almost not missed you."

Cigarette, thus alluded to, sprang to her feet, with her head tossed back and all her cynicism back again. A hot color was on her cheeks, the light had passed from her face, she struck her white teeth together. She had thought Bel-a-faute-pour chained to his regiment in the field of maneuver, or she would never have come thither to tend his friend. She had felt happy in her self sacrifice, she had grown into a gentle, pensive, merciful mood, singing here by the side of the dying soldier, and now the first thing she heard was of the charities of the princess!

That was all her reward. Cigarette received the recompense that usually comes to generous natures which have stung themselves to some self surrender that costs them dear.

Cecil looked at her surprised and smiled.

"My pretty one, is it you? That is indeed good. You were the good angel of my life the other night and today come to bring consolation to my friend?"

"Good angel? Chut, M. Victor! There is nothing of the angel about me, I hope. Your friend too! Prutut! Do you think I have never been used to taking care of my comrades in hospitals before you played the sick nurse here?"

She spoke with all her brusque petulance in arms again. She hated that he should imagine she had sacrificed her fete day to Leon Ramon because the artist trooper was dear to him.

He smiled again; he did not understand the caprices of her changeable moods, and he did not feel that interest in her which would have made him divine the threads of their vagaries.

"I did not think to offend you, my little one," he said gently. "I meant only to thank you for your goodness to Ramon in my absence."

Cigarette shrugged her shoulders.

"There was no goodness, and there need be no thanks. Ask Pore Matou

how often I have sat with him hours through."

"But on a fete day! And you who love pleasure and grace so much of it!" "Ouf! I have had so much of it!" said the little one contemptuously. "It is so tame to me. Clouds of dust, scurry of horses, fanfare of trumpets, thunder of drums and all for nothing! Bah! I have been in a dozen battles—I—and I am not likely to care much for a sham fight."

"Nay, she is unjust to herself," murmured Leon Ramon. "She gave up the fete to do this mercy—it has been a great one. She is more generous than she will ever allow. Here, Cigarette, look at these scarlet rosebuds; they are like your bright cheeks. Will you have them? I have nothing else to give."

"Rosebuds!" echoed Cigarette, with supreme scorn. "Rosebuds for me? I know no rose but the red of the tricolor, and I could not tell a weed from a flower. Besides, I told Mieu-Matou just now, if my children do as I tell them, they will not take a leaf or a peachstone from this grande dame—how does she call herself?—Mme. Corona d'Amague!"

Cecil looked up quickly. "Why not?" Cigarette dashed on him her brilliant brown eyes with a fire that amazed him.

"Because we are soldiers, not paupers. And it is not for the silver pheasants, who have done nothing to deserve their life but lain in nests of cotton wool, and eaten grain that others sow and shell for them, and spread their shining plumage in a sun that never clouds above their heads, to insult, with the insolence of their 'pity' and their 'charity,' the heroes of France who perish as they have lived, for their country and their flag!"

Cecil laughed slightly, but he answered with a certain annoyance:

"There is no 'insolence' here; no question of it. The princess desired to offer some gift to the soldiers of Algeria. I suggested to her that to increase the scanty comforts of the hospital and gladden the weary eyes of sick men with beauties that the executive never dreams of bestowing would be the most merciful and acceptable mode of exercising her kindness. If blame there be in the matter, it is mine."

In defending the generosity of what he knew to be a genuine and sincere wish to gratify his comrades he betrayed what he did not intend to have revealed—namely, the conversation that had passed between himself and the Spanish princess. Cigarette caught at the inference with the quickness of her lightninglike thought.

"Oh-hel! So it is she!" There was a whole world of emphasis, scorn, meaning, wrath, comprehension and irony in the four monosyllables. The dying man looked at her with languid wonder.

"She? Who? What story goes with these roses?"

"None," said Cecil, with the same infection of annoyance in his voice. "None whatever. A generous thoughtfulness for our common necessities as soldiers."

"Ouf!" interrupted Cigarette before his phrase was one-third finished. "The staid man will not go with the wild courtesans. An aristocrat may live with us, but he will always cling to his old order. This is the story that runs with the roses. Mladl was languidly insolent over some ivory chessmen, and Corporal Victor thought it divine because languor and insolence are the twin gods of the noblesse. Mladl, knowing no gods but those two, worshipped them and sends to the soldiers of France, as the sort of sacrifice, her gods love, fruits and wines that day after day are set on her table to be touched, if tasted at all, with a butterfly's slip, and Corporal Victor finds this a charity sublime—to give what costs nothing and scatter a few crumbs out from the profusion of a life of waste and indulgence! And I say that if my children are of my fashion of thinking they will choke like dogs dying of thirst rather than slake their throats with alms cast to them as if they were beggars!"

With which Cigarette lit her pipe and hurried away. Her wrath was hot and her heart heavy within her. She had given up her whole fete day to wait on the anguish and to soothe the solitude of his friend lying dying there, and her reward had been to hear him speak of this aristocrat's donations, that cost her nothing but the trouble of a few words of command to her household, as though they were the saintly charities of some angel from heaven. In that moment she could have shot him dead herself without a second's thought.

"You have vexed her, Victor," said Leon Ramon as she was lost to sight through the doors of the great desolate chamber.

"I hope not. I do not know how," answered Cecil. "It is impossible to follow the windings of her wayward caprices—a child, a soldier, a dancer, a brigand, a spoiled beauty, a mischievous gamin. How is one to treat such a little fagot of opposites?"

The other smiled. "Ah, you do not know the little one yet. She is worth a study. I painted her years ago. There was not a picture in the Salon that winter that was sought like it. Her future? Well, she will die, I dare say, some bright day or another at the head of a regiment, with some desperate battle turned by the valor of her charge and the sight of the torn tricolor upheld in her little hands. That is what Cigarette hopes for. Why not? There will always be a million of commonplace women ready to keep up the decorous traditions of their sex and sit in safety over their needles by the side of their hearths. One little lioness here and there in a generation cannot do overmuch harm."

Cecil was silent. Cigarette was charming now—a fairy story set into living motion, a fantastic little fireworks out of an extravaganza, with the

(Continued next week)

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