

THE OBSERVER

Vol. 6. No. 39.

HARTLAND, N. B., MARCH 11, 1915.

Whole No. 299

IF YOU PATRONIZE The Everyday Bargain Store YOU LEARN TO SAVE MONEY

Good Times Ahead

The sudden breaking out of the war caused many to "run to cover." Like the chicken on whom the rose leaf fell, some became a prey to fear and were ready to declare "the sky is falling." Now our vision is clearing our alarm has fled, we have recovered our poise. We are faced with a condition and an opportunity both trending to our advantage as a country of industry, agriculture and trade. Good times are ahead.

You will need plenty of goods. I have a larger and better stock than ever before. "What we have we'll hold." By this I mean what I have not gotten in stock will gladly get for you—to hold your business.

Service :: Quality :: Price :: Satisfaction

A. W. PHILLIPS

Successor to Mrs. C. A. Phillips

A. W. PHILLIPS

BRISTOL N. B.

STAR THEATRE!

Centreville Mar. 18. Florenceville Mar. 19

PROGRAM:

Violin Solo,	Spanish Dance VIII
This is the celebrated solo as played by Jan Kubbe, the world's greatest violinist	
Harry Dunbar,	"The Man that was Left Behind"
This is the song that made Harry Lauder tired of the encores he got	
Picture Reel	
Violin Solo,	Russian Dance
You just can't keep your feet still in this	
Harry Dunbar,	Just a wee Drop and Doris
You certainly must hear this	
Violin Solo,	Spanish Dance
By special request	
Harry Dunbar,	Something Original
Picture Reel	
Violin Solo,	Mazourka, Characterist
Creepy and good	
Harry Dunbar,	"We Parted on the Shore"
Picture Reel	
Violin,	Charles Gerrish
Songs	Harry Dunbar
Piano Accompanist—Clyde Camber	

Doors open at 7.30 p. m. Show starts at 8 p. m.

Admission 35 cents

Children 25 cents

DO N'T FORGET THE DATES

WAS THIS MURDER?

The body of Charles Wiggin, 21 years old, a farm hand, was found on Wednesday in some bushes near the road just across the Canadian line from Easton. His throat was cut and near his hand was a jack-knife. Whether a suicide or murder is at present uncertain.

Wiggin was employed on the farm of Charles Adams in Easton and last week came to visit his people who live in Listerville. He appeared cheerful and left them \$30 which was to be added to some money he was saving to help his sister through business college. He left his home Sunday to return to Easton and was seen on the road about two miles from the boundary.

When he did not return, to his work inquiry was made and after it was learned that he had left home Sunday a searching party, in which the brother of Wiggin assisted, was made up and his body found.

The people who know Wiggin are very reluctant to accept the suicide theory. They say he was in good health and spirits, a fine young man in every way and as far as known not the slightest reason why he should take his own life.

The latest word is that this matter may be investigated on order of the Attorney General. The Coroners jury returned a verdict of suicide, being inclined to that opinion by a letter found on the unfortunate young man's body. But this may have been faked.

Soldier Writes from France to His Mother at Victoria

Lieut. W. B. Shaw, of the 3rd Battery, 1st Brigade, C. F. A., 1st Canadian Div. British Expeditionary Force in France, writes to his mother, Mrs. B. N. Shaw, Victoria as follows:

"At last we are in the 'Land of the Lily.' Just where we are, etc., that does not matter, and in any case I cannot write it. I am writing this letter on a French farm where we are billeted.

"The people are very hospitable, and we all try our French with them. We manage to make them understand our wants, and succeed after a fashion. It is very amusing with our stumbling French.

"Well, you will want to know about our trip. After landing in France, we came here by train and then a route march for a short distance. It is very windy and raining a great deal just where we are, and none of the country, although similar to England is as attractive. The best and most noticeable thing I have noticed here so far is the excellent French coffee which they make very carefully. The results amply justify the trouble.

"Already we have seen a good many French towns and cities. They are very clean as far as I could see and buildings of stone is almost always the rule. I like the French very much, but their soldiers with their red colored trousers must offer an excellent target for the enemy.

"We can hear the guns faintly and occasionally from here, and hope to hear them more distinctly in a few days. However each day is a law unto itself.

"The British are holding their positions everywhere which is very fine.

"Well, 'Ma Cherie Mere' I can tell you that I am quite well and enjoying the first phases of this life.

"I was greatly delighted with a little trip to a small town today and while in a small store, which

here, as in England, generally indicates the family living in the same building, I chattered in French to the madame who invited me to 'cafe', which of course I accepted and enjoyed a quarter of an hour jolly with some little girls, who had picked up a few words in English from the troops. An old grandfather clock sits opposite me. It is 9 ft high. That and a tremendously big fire place makes me realize I am in a foreign land, but the kindness of the natives make us feel quite at home.

"Well, I will say au revoir. I hope this finds you all as well, etc., as I am at this time of writing. You will not hear from me regularly but I shall be quite all right, and if otherwise will have a cable sent.

We have brought a gramophone with the battery, and it provides some excellent and cheering music. We have lots of rations, and are very comfortable with our sleeping bags (the officers) and lots of comfortable clothes. The Infantry wear sheepskin and look very funny, much like Santa Claus.

Love to every one,
Wendell

Carpet Officers and 'Tin Soldiers

Edmundston, N. B., March 5.—The March sitting of the Madawaska county court convened here on Tuesday with Judge Carleton presiding. There were only one criminal case and two civil cases on the docket.

In his address to the grand jury His Honor mentioned that one of the most important matters before them and the rest of the community was the state in which our country is placed by war, and also paid a high tribute to those who had volunteered and enlisted for the defence of the country. But on the other hand, Judge Carleton deplored the lack of enthusiasm and patriotism on the part of our "carpet officers" and "tin-soldiers" who are so conspicuous at camp time every summer.

Paul Beaulieu, charged with causing grievous bodily harm upon the person of Remi Berube, and also of common assault, was found guilty on the last count and sentenced to three months in jail.

Teething Time Troubles

Baby's teething time is a period of anxiety for mothers unless unless baby's stomach is kept sweet and his bowels regular. No other medicine has been found so valuable during teething times as has Baby's Own Tablets. They make teething painless and by their use baby gets his teeth so easily that the mother scarcely knows they are coming. Concerning the Tablets, Mrs. F. Goldsmith, Nelson, B. C., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are a mother's greatest help during the teething period." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

C. M. Sherwood Limited

ARE SELLING

Timothy and Clover Seed

very low to early buyers. Try a barrel of our

'Flake White' Flour

made from No. 1 Northern Wheat. Quality guaranteed and price lower than same grade of other flour.

C. M. Sherwood, Limited

CENTREVILLE

LIBERAL CONVENTION

The Liberals of Carleton and Victoria Counties are to meet in convention at Andover on Monday, March 22. In the evening, there will be a public meeting, to be addressed by Hon. Rudolph Lemieux, M. P., and Dr. Michael Clarke, M. P. Mr. F. B. Carvell, M. P., will undoubtedly be the choice of the convention.

Death of Mrs. J. R. H. Simms

The death occurred early Sunday morning of Mrs. J. R. H. Simms of Bath, after a long illness of Bright's disease.

She was 39 years of age and leaves four children, the oldest of whom is Miss Ethel, a well known school teacher. Mrs. Simms was early left an orphan, and was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Shaw of Bath who reared her to womanhood. For a time before her marriage she taught school. She had a wide circle of friends and was an ideal wife and mother.

The funeral, which was largely attended, was held on Tuesday, the service being conducted by Rev. Wm. Amos.

The bereft husband and children have the sincere sympathy of their many friends.

Another Investigation

The business-like local government with Fleming out and Baxter in, has appointed a commissioner to investigate the affairs of all the departments. It will be remembered that when Fleming was kicked out of the administration a few days ago, for betraying his trust we were told that there was not even the shadow of suspicion against the other ministers or departments. If this is so, why is this proposed investigation necessary?—Fredericton Mail.

Cutting Out Liquor

Governor Wood announces in a newspaper interview that intoxicating liquor will be tabooed at gubernatorial social functions during the war. There are no doubt, many people who will be astonished to learn that John Barleycorn was tolerated by His Honor in times of peace. If it is wrong for the lieutenant governor to place liquor before his guests at time of war it is wrong at any other time and he would win the favor of many people by cutting it out for good. The only effect that war has had on the class of liquor used at state dinners is to increase the price; the quality has not been changed.—Mail.

Absolute Divorce

Absolute divorce with the right of the plaintiff to assume her maiden name and to remarry was decreed by His Honor Judge McKeown in the Divorce Court in suit of Kearney vs. Kearney. F. B. Carvell was proctor. The parties to the case reside in Victoria county.

Have you Catarrh?

Is nasal breathing impaired? Does your throat get husky or clogged?

Modern science proves that these symptoms result from run-down health. Snuffs and vapors are irritating and useless. The oil-food in Scott's Emulsion will enrich and enliven the blood, aid nutrition and assist nature to check the inflammation and heal the sensitive membranes.

Shun Alcoholic mixtures and insist upon SCOTT'S.



THE OBSERVER

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AT LAST WE ARE SAFE

The Clarke government is determined to defend its honor and its life, and the treasury of the province of New Brunswick. Official notice to this effect is given in The Standard, with a special warning to "alien enemies." Whether this is directed against A. R. Gould, who has just failed in the promotion of a \$4,000,000 railroad proposition in the State of Maine, and who might be prompted by past successes to turn a covetous eye upon the treasury of this province, is not stated. Of course the warning is not for aliens alone, and we may fairly assume that persons such as those who got that \$100,000 out of the strong box of the lumbermen, and those got away with the swag in connection with the Southampton Railway, to say nothing of certain Valley Railway transactions, potato purchases and the like, will find themselves confronted by a gentleman in khaki, with bayonet fixed at the door of the legislative building.

Had proper precautions been taken during the past two or three years, the province would be in a much better position today to meet the many demands upon the treasury, not only for war purposes, but for the different public service. For while it is true that plans may be made in private rooms in hotels, and in other places, it is necessary to go into the legislative building before the plans of the conspirators may be fully carried out. It is true a guard or a door keeper, or an issuer of tickets to the sacred precincts, might be influenced; yet public confidence will be reassured by the announcement that detectives will be stationed in the legislative halls and chambers, armed, no doubt, and ready to pounce upon any hostile person who may be suspected of a desire to get away with a railway franchise, a double subsidy or a plain ordinary pocketful of graft.

"Halt! Who goes there?"—St. John Times.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS

A. R. Gould, president of the St. John and Quebec Railway Company, is here today on business with the provincial government. E. R. Teed, treasurer of the timberland boodle fund, collected by Willard H. Berry for "party purposes," is also in the city. It is understood that while here they will consult with that noted strategist, Attorney General Baxter, in regard to the military precautions to be taken to prevent an onslaught by alien enemies on the provincial treasury.—Mail.

River Bank

On the evening of March 9 a merry crowd from this place gave a party at the residence of Mr. Kilpatrick and family.

Greenfield a surprise party. Those that went were: James Brooks, James Bell, James McLennan and Benj. Tompkins with their wives, also Mrs. Thomas Waugh, Mrs. H. L. McDonald, Miss Laura Page and last but not least by all means, your humble servant, Mrs. Bertha Tompkins. The night was fine, the roads well nigh perfect and we all enjoyed the drive even if the backward drive did take place in the wee small hours. We relished the oysters and cake that was served in due time. Oh! it was an evening long to be remembered with pleasure by all that went.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody Broker and Mrs. B. E. Tompkins attended the conference meeting held at Stickney Saturday night.

Rev. and Mrs. C. S. Young have been visiting his sister here, Mrs. Rupert Long.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Jones spent Sunday in Peel.

C. J. Small and family are expected home from Vancouver on Tuesday.

A prayer meeting is to be held in the River Bank hall Thursday evenings. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. William Broker had a slight stroke of paralysis on Monday morning.

Refugees and Britain's Soldiers

A United Sewing Circle met in the Old Church, Glassville, on Tuesday afternoon, March 2, to sew and knit on behalf of the soldiers in the army of the Allies. The material used was supplied by the Queen Mary Needlework Guild, Moncton. Much good work was done by the ladies who turned out in large numbers on behalf of such a worthy cause. Mrs. Young-Smith of the Moncton Branch desired that the thanks of her branch should be conveyed to all who rallied to the call—"Your King and Country need you now," with such readiness and efficiency. In the evening a pay-as-you-eat supper was served to all comrades netted \$14 which amount including other subscriptions has been forwarded to the Central Fund.

Only Complaints

"I guess John is still taking life easy," said the woman in the train. "Yes," answered the woman who was carrying a bundle of clothes. "John has only got two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up and eat, and the other is that he has to give up eatin' to sleep."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Easy Mark

Bill Crook again is in disgrace. And off to jail he's trotted. Poor Bill has got a crooked face. That's why he's always spotted. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Some brains is what Bill seems to lack

Or else they couldn't jail him. Bill has a head just like a tack. That's why they always nail him. —New York Mail.

Fear Bill's a nut they like to crack

The cops are apt to joke him. Unfortunately he's a sponge. And that's why they soak him. —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Mrs. Bryde—I told my husband I was going to give him something of my own cooking and he said I'd better try it on the dog first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion?

Her friend—Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs. —Boston Transcript.

Wonderful Woman

With hat tipped over, no eye free, 'Tis very plain she cannot see. With hair combed over the ears 'Tis plain that she can hardly hear. That she, of course, can hardly walk. With gown so tight it causes talk 'Tis plain that she can scarcely walk. And yet she dodges autos, teams, And gets along quite well, it seems. Man never could survive, poor chap, Beneath one-half that handicap. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Crafty Politician

"So you think you have your opponent defeated before the campaign starts?" "I'm sure of it. He is going to depend on the old-fashioned hands hankling methods to make himself a greasable. I'm learning to dance."—Vancouver Star.

Ahoy!

"A sailor told I'd like to be," "I heard the farmer roar," "For I would like to plow the sea," "And then raise Cain on shore." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I'd like to sail the ocean floor," "Said Fugate McGee," "For I could teach the mast to spin," "And box the compass toe." —Detroit Free Press.

HISTORICAL TREASURES.

Archives at Ottawa Contain Priceless Relics.

In the Archives building at Ottawa there are many reminders of former deeds of bravery that illumine the annals of Canada. The plan of Montreal, also a great map, although the enemy of the British, found in his tent after his death on the Plains of Abraham. Also letters of this brave soldier, written shortly before the decisive battle took place.

The original plan of the battle of the Plains of Abraham, which was sent to Pitt after the fighting, is there, too. And so also is the plan of Louisiana in 1763.

And there is a letter written by Gen. Wolfe, dated Aug. 10, 1759, dealing with military matters and commissions of soldiers. There are several of Wolfe's signatures in the Dominion Archives, and a flag which was taken from the field after the terrible battle.

One cannot look upon these things as mere relics of the past. They are great historical treasures which make Canada a British possession. These sacred tokens do not make a patriot of a schoolboy, it is very doubtful if any historical text ever will. One almost imagines that the brave men mentioned there lived as willingly as we sacrifice our consciences to-day, except for the great silence which seems to hang over the Archives, like an everlasting benediction.

But not all the things in the Dominion Archives speak of war and suffering, although one might say that it would be difficult to see anything of the seventeenth or eighteenth century period which did not suggest persistent sorrow.

There is a great poster, dated at Quebec in 1700, a ball of frivolity and amusement, of laughter and banished care, of light-headedness and freedom from worry. It is the announcement of a circus which came to town. It is a grateful touch. For we can see that, even in the midst of such troublesome times, the people had time for an hour or two of idleness.

The seal of Louis XIV, makers, dated 1688. And several flags which waved over Quebec in 1877. They could fall at times. And there is the proclamation which gave Gen. Brock control over the troops in Upper Canada. Also, that such control should have ended so tragically.

Queen Anne is represented in the Archives. Such a slight reminder that we forget. A map of North America hangs there, which was originally dedicated to her.

And speaking of maps, the one which is perhaps of greatest interest is the copy of one made by a Spaniard called La Cosa, in 1500. The original is in Madrid, but one may get a good idea of it from the copy which was made about the same time.

It would be impossible to give any kind of accurate list of the many beautiful engravings in the Archives. In fact it is impossible to give an adequate account of anything there. One cannot see them. One cannot tell of the fine old flags which were used in Brock's last battle, neither can one write of the seal which was given to Brock by the Indian Chief Teumecacum. These things carry with them such memories of valor and glory that they must be seen. It seems that the people of Ottawa should set aside some day in the month to go and look at them. It is not that they are of local interest, but they are of national interest.

There are some very fine drawings by Sir Edward Head, made in 1866. And an excellent steel engraving of Lady Durham from the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. These are some drawings made by one of the most able artists of the day, Mr. William Wilfred Sullivan. It is a pity that a distinguished Canadian who has been so long in London, in 1853; a last the paintings of Niagara in 1804.

J.P. E. Island Knight

The native of Prince Edward Island in 1848, he received knighthood in a man who can look back upon a long life devoted entirely to the interests of his native province. Sir William Wilfred Sullivan is a rare example of a distinguished Canadian who has not been tempted to wander from his own soil to become eminent. He was born on a farm, as most P. E. Islanders of any prominence have been. That was at New London in 1848. His early education was at the Central Academy and St. Dunstan's College in Charlottetown. His first ambition was to become an editor. He accomplished this when, as a young man, he worked himself up into the local Government office by his reporting to the joint editorship of the Charlottetown Herald. He was writing editorials when the first Confederation Conference was held in that town in 1866. He was also studying law—the beginning of his second ambition. The year that Confederation became a fact the young editor, age 24, was called to the bar. His greatest case in his early years was as counsel for the local Government before the "Land Purchase" Act of 1868. When he was made a Q.C. by the local Government in 1871, and in 1872 by the Marquis of Salisbury, he entered politics without any previous parliamentary experience, becoming both Attorney-General and Premier. In 1879 he quit this office of his career to become chief justice of the province and local judge in Admiralty. In June, 1884, he was made a Knight Bachelor by King George—Prince of Wales.

New York's First Mayor

The first mayor of New York, Thomas Willett, was inducted into office in June, 1695. Governor Richard Nicolls, the first English executive of the future Empire State, was responsible for the appointment of Willett, who was a wealthy merchant and trader and had a town house in New York and a country estate in Rhode Island, where his body was buried in 1674. Willett, who was a shrewd business man, governed New York honestly and well and after his first term of one year was made mayor again in 1697. The municipal government of which he was the head was composed of five aldermen, three Dutch and two English, and a sheriff, although police duties devolved largely upon the mayor, and he was police magistrate as well.

A Wonderful Drummer

Probably the most remarkable drummer who ever lived was Jean Henri, the famous tambour major of the Emperor Napoleon. One of his feats was to play on fifteen different toned drums at the same time in so soft and harmonious a manner that instead of the deafening uproar that might have been expected the effect was that of a novel and complete instrument. In playing he passed from one drum to the other with such wonderful quickness that the eyes of the spectators could hardly follow the movement of his hands and body.

Mansfield's Humor

Richard Mansfield's humor was of ten misapprehended for conceit. One night the company was playing under a tin roof upon which a sudden downpour of rain caused a terrific clatter. This started Mansfield into exclaiming, "What's that noise?" "Rain, sir," was the answer. "Tell it to stop!" ordered the actor fiercely.—New York Globe.

She Was Prepared

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the benevolent employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."

"Yes, sir," said the earnest young woman. "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."

Perfectly Plausible

Cautious Customer—But if he's a young horse, why do his legs bend so? Dealer—Ah, sir, the poor animal has been living in a stable too long for him, and he's had to stoop.—Exchange.

SEEDS!

As in years gone by we have Seeds for Vegetable and Flower Gardens that are absolutely the most fertile and pure obtainable in Canada. It is full time to sow seeds for transplanting.

Remember us for Garden Seeds

Estey & Curtis Company, Limited

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Agents British & Canadian Underwriters of Norwich Eng.; Westchester Fire Ins. Co. of N. Y. Montreal and Canadian Fire Ins. Co. of Montreal; Anglo-American Fire Insurance Co. of Montreal; British Crown Ins. Corp. of London.

DR. DeVAN'S FEMALE PILLS Reliable medicine for all Female Complaints. 25¢ a box or three for 25¢ at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. Free Samples, DeVan Co., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vitality for Nerve and Brain; Increases "Grey Matter"; a Tonic—will build you up. 25¢ a box, or two for 50¢ at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. Free Samples, DeVan Co., St. Catharines, Ontario.

ADVERTISE AND CURE HARD TIMES

New Spring Goods

Our new goods are arriving daily, and comprise the very best quality of goods, selected from numerous companies' samples. We have been more careful in ordering this season than ever, and our prices are more than reasonable. We invite your inspection of our stock.

Grass and Clover Seeds

In Timothy Seed we have the following brands: York, Kent, Rennie's XXX, Rennie's G, Rennie's X.

Our Clover Seed (Long Late) brands are 111, Rennie's XXX, Rennie's XX (Alsike), Rennie's Elk, Rennie's Jarvis and No. 888.

Field Seeds

- Corn—Improved Leaming, Angel of Midnight.
 - Peas—Golden Vine and Black Eye Marrowfat.
 - Wheat—White Russian, White Fife, Red Fife, Marquis.
 - Barley—Duckbill and Hulless Black Turnips—Kangaroo.
- Our line of Garden Seeds is most complete in the better brands of both Bulk and Package Seeds.

Hats and Caps

Our new spring styles are very neat and attractive. Have a look at what we offer while our line is complete.

Raincoats

We are buying our Raincoats direct from the manufacturers this season and we are offering some great values. The styles are up-to-the-minute.

Wall Papers

Do not fail to see our range of Wall Papers. It is larger and better than ever.

We aim to give our customers Better Service, Better Goods and Better Prices than our competitors.

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Telephones: N. B. 30-21; Farmers' 3-14 Centreville

York and Kent Timothy and 111 Long Late Clover

are full Government Standards and will give best satisfaction

The Man of The Merchant

He Proved His Courage and Daring.

By PETER VAUX
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

No sooner did the senior engineer hear the peremptory summons than he scurried from the crowded wardroom. "Poor devil! Did you notice his face, Bellamy?" said the second engineer, addressing the third paymaster. "He went as pale as death. When the deuce does Torshell eat and sleep, Naylen? He never seems to be off duty."

"The surgeon twitched his spruce eyebrows."

"Oh, maybe, our senior engineer—our man of the merchant marine!" said he in his usual flippant, exasperating tone. "He'll go the same as Chalehurst if worries don't cease. No human being, much less Torshell, can stand for any length of time the state of affairs in this boat's engine room and stokeholds. It's enough to drive any man mad!"

"Oh! Is really not well, then? We all know the complaint of Patients of the Paris' Furnace, as the foremen terms her."

Naylen shrugged his shoulders. "Our senior engineer went into sick bay to get the R. N. R. fellow shine, did he?" was his tart rejoinder. "Too much strain and unrest have knocked him off his legs. And so maybe is the man we must depend on now."

Said the paymaster in his big, raucous voice: "That is what happens with these understaffed engine rooms and insufficient repairs. Here we are, the latest of the lame ducks in the division and tails of the column, with a reserve chap out of an easy, cozy, ten knot merchantman handling our engines, and rickety old machines they are. God alone knows what'll happen with him and his untried nerve when we pick the enemy up again!"

"A jolly good thing for us the enemy are just as much worried with breakdowns," was the consoling remark from the other end of the table. "The Burk, the Freya, the Jem and—"

"I wouldn't indict the dockyard on the insufficient repairs point, Bellamy," interrupted the second. "My lords were responsible. They wouldn't enlarge the yards, make new ones or lease out repairs, so as to have all the necessary work for mobilization copied with due quickity. But it is odd how she was passed out with the stinking cylinder cover not remedied. Of course nobody'll be held responsible, as usual!"

Bellamy nodded, turning from scolding the harassed steward. He replied slowly, "But yet when an R. N. R. fellow can pop up and take seniority over the regular service, as in this boat, you can't expect—"

"Oh, here we are again!" the second broke in with. "Jealousies as usual. Torshell is as good as any engineer. By George," he cried, listening intently, "the engines are slowing down!"

Torshell had approached Captain Widdrington and the "first," who lingered in the chart house discussing recent instructions. The senior engineer had coughed slightly to intimate his presence. The captain looked up, a frown sweeping his hard face on marking him.

"Sir," cried the engineer, "the port—"

"One moment, sir!" was the short answer. "This isn't a steam line." And Torshell, his pallid face blood red and his teeth hard clenched and grinding. The wary, diplomatic first just then cheerily nodded aside to him.

His left hand rook to the vessel's jiggling among the cumbersome masses of sea. Since he had joined off the way-laid liner, his had been hard luck. He felt acutely the general sentiment against him; but, notwithstanding all his snobbish crowd in the wardroom and the unpleasant bearing of his subordinates that caused his discomfort of mind.

Suddenly he had held in his breath and unwittingly stepped toward the bridge ladder. The first drew himself back from the chart, darting a look of surprise at Torshell. But the captain's steel blue eyes flamed with sudden anger.

"Good heavens, sir! Four engines aren't slowing down?"

Torshell saluted. "Port air pump, sir."

"This drives a man mad!" cried Widdrington, crashing his big fist upon the table. "Nothing but defects, defects! Can ye drive engines at all, you miserable merchantman? What d'ye want to slacken down to? What d'ye want to slacken down to? What d'ye want to slacken down to?"

That second came a tremendous jarring and crunching beneath their feet. The great ship was shaken like a thing of straw. An appalling hammering followed, chaotic through deafening, Gray steam surged through hatchways, ventilators and companions.

The senior engineer had rushed from the bridge. As he raced amidships he snatched the sacking of the backs of some of the "black squad" dumping ashes overboard, grabbed at a quartermaster's oilskins and shoved them all upon him.

"Garret an' Ebburn an' Mr. Jerroll in port alleyway?" was the answer to

his shout from the artificers now in safety. It reached his ear as he stepped down into the uproar of smashing, clashing metal.

With heightened anxiety and fear, Widdrington stared at the steam still surging. The thunderous clanking of ponderous machinery galloping-dooose beat frightfully into his ear. With much more of it big plates would be started.

It was then that a bear eyed, cinder burnt signalman came hurrying along. "Flagship flingin' out 'Chase' signals, sir!" was his report.

III.

When Torshell again dragged himself on the bridge he was a mere unshapely mass, held together by swaths of lint. Widdrington stepped hastily to him and helped him up the last rungs of the ladder. The captain looked into the seamed and scalded face, nearly hidden beneath bandages. Said he heartily: "By heavens, ye've pluck! These men owe their lives to you. Ye've pluck! And with this certificate forthcoming at last for service done he dismissed the case for heroism.

"But about this breakdown—what can you do? Our east wing scouts are in touch with the enemy, and here am I not doing five knots. Never a shot to be fired, and ahead they've got all the work. Can you do nothing with these starboard engines?"

"They are in a pretty bad fix, but I'll do my best to work them for a time at least."

The senior engineer staggered to a deep wallow of the stricken vessel as a tumultuous swell tilted her casemated broadside. He would have fallen headlong if the officers had not sprung forward and caught him under the arms. He moaned, "My knee! My knee! It's smashed!"

Half an hour later he was superintending his officers and men, who, stripped to their trousers, were clearing away the wreck. Every order that issued, peremptorily from his blanched lips went full and fast to the mark and afforded, succinct knowledge and confidence to the grimy, sweating workers. There were unbending obedience and execution, for each now understood his man. Hunched shoulders, he was through physical agonies; yet, knowing that he held the lives of 700 men and that great, glorious ship in his hand, he maintained his will indomitable. Not a detail escaped his eye or slipped his brain.

IV.

Night had long since dropped. The immense boat lay lurching from side to side, plunging wildly under the tons of green seas that thudded like battering rams against her bows and forecastle what time the high walled swell broke roaring.

"Make for northwest trade patrol. Regain nearest port. Much repeat breakdown," had been the sorely harassed vice admiral's latest message.

Captain Widdrington, a barrel swathed in shawls and many waterproofs, was with the first and third lieutenants on the afterbridge. Wearily he turned from straining his eyes over the distant summits of yeasty seas, and cleared the brim of his face and bushy eyebrows with the fat of his left hand. He was cautiously making his way up the bridge when suddenly he stopped short. A quartermaster shouted, "D'ye hear that, sir?"

A faint boom had rung through the stormy wind, ominous like to a dying world's last echo.

The first dodged a scattered spout of sea. "If the enemy drive down on us will you fight, sir?"

"Yes, by heavens! As well go down fightin' as not. If we can work ship it's the very weather for us. See Torshell. I must risk the port engines."

And as Widdrington carefully made his way on deck "Firin' east sou'east" was the lookout's hail.

He climbed down the thirty odd feet of slippery ladder into the maze of motionless machinery. As he touched the senior engineer on the elbow he noted his intent and quivering lips.

"Can't say," was the answer. "Maybe we will. But every man is workin' his best. If it is in my power the starboard mills'll run."

"If we can't steam God help us!" ejaculated the first.

V.

As the luckless warship flung herself about the iron flooring beneath the foremost men scowled lither and thither, throwing them off their feet. She evened herself in a broad valley of the mountainous sea wastes.

Torshell yelled: "Let her go! Let her go!"

A breaking bill of wild water was hurrying itself on the weather quarter just as the chains rattled through the blocks. Torshell lurched forward and then, to the boat's violent heaving, toppled helplessly between the hinder column of the intermediate engine and the banging lower cylinder gear.

"Lower! Lower! Never mind me!" came in an intense shriek. They racked and knotted arms pulled desperately, and the disconnected workings were lowered clear down to the floor plates.

The maimed and bleeding mass of flesh that had been Torshell, R. N. R., was slipping into the crank pit, but Jerroll and some others held it fast. And it came that as the waning voice moaned "Give her steam! Give her steam! Mind the links!" the mad pealing of the telegraph engine. The two cut off scouts of the enemy were opening a heavy cannonading.

The dull grunting of guns and the quickening thud of his engines the senior engineer did not hear. Cried Naylen, on his knees beside him, "The best man among us, and we never knew it!"

The fighting ship went bravely into action, but the man of the merchant marine would never again give ear.

NO ALUM MAGIC READ THE LABEL BAKING POWDER

No Cause For Worry.

Retail prices for footstuffs in the Dominion as a whole show no cause for anxiety. Through its correspondence the Labor Department is keeping in the closest possible touch with the course of prices in every district.

"Our reports show," said R. H. Coats, editor of the Labor Gazette, the other day, "that there is absolutely no cause for worry, we are constantly informed of any changes." The index number of prices usually prepared monthly is now prepared weekly to keep the department better in touch with general developments.

OLD BACKS NEED HELP

When people get to be 40 and 60 and 70, they need a little help something to get through with the day's work. Their backs can't stand the heavy loads the steady strain of lusty youth. They need—

Gin Pills

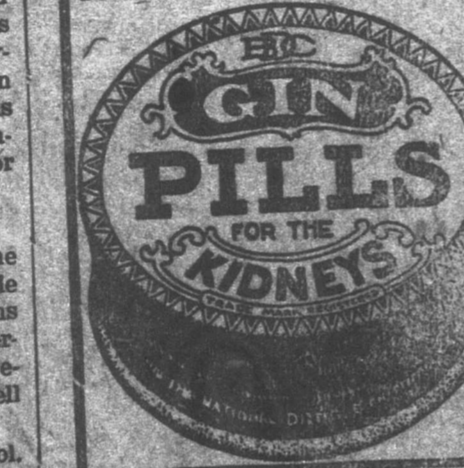
FOR THE KIDNEYS

St. Raphael Ont., Jan. 24th.

"Four years ago, I had such pain in my back that I could not work. The pain spread to my arms, sides and shoulders. I tried many kinds of medicine for three years, some of which did me very much good. I read about Gin Pills and got for a sample and used them and found them very helpful. I used one box and before I had used them all, the pain was almost gone and I could bear all the work. After I had taken six other boxes, I was entirely cured and I feel as strong as at the age of 20. I am a farmer, now 61 years old."

FRANK LEALD.

Gin Pills are "Made in Canada". 50c a box, \$3 for \$2.50 at all dealers. Sold in U.S. under the name of "GINO". Trial treatment free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.



Middlemore Home

A party of children expected to arrive from England. Ages 3 to 15 years. Persons desirous of obtaining some will kindly apply at once. Address all correspondence to MIDDLEMORE HOME, Fairview Station, N. S.

Worker For Good Roads.

Mr. William A. McLean, who at the recent convention of the American Roadbuilders Association, was elected president, has been for some time identified with the good roads cause in Ontario. He was assistant city engineer of St. Thomas, and became first lieutenant of "Good Roads Campbell" as assistant engineer of highways for the province of Ontario. When Mr. Campbell's abilities found recognition at Ottawa, Mr. W. A. McLean stepped into his shoes, and ever since has been foretelling demonstration that he is well fit to wear them. He is the "working" member of the new Ontario road commission which is now directing affairs, and which will give Ontario a highway system second to none by hitching up the constructive work of the counties and townships.

Mr. McLean was born in Belmont, Ont., forty-three years ago.

Durham Bull

For Sale at Hillview Farm, a pure bred Durham Bull, three years old. A good bargain to a quick purchaser.

WALLIE BIRMINGHAM, Lower Brighton, N. S.

We Are the Only Foundry
who carry a full supply of guaranteed

**Mill Machinery
Threshing Machine
Wood-Cutting Machines and**

Repairs

Furthermore we are the only makers of Threshing Machines in Carleton County and vicinity.

Our shops are running every day, and all millmen, farmers, etc., have their wants attended to promptly.

WOODSTOCK FOUNDRY, Ltd.

ADVERTISE AND CURE HARD TIMES

DR. DEWAN'S FEMALE PILLS For the medicine for all Female Complaints. \$1 a box or three for \$10. Address on receipt of price. THE SCOTTISH DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN Restores Vitality for Nervous and Brain Incentives. "Grey matter" a Tonic—will build you up. \$1 a box or two for \$3. of drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. THE SCOTTISH DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PATRIOTISM and PRODUCTION

"I would urge the farmers of Canada to do their share in preventing the people of Great Britain from suffering want or privation."

HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister of Agriculture.

The Empire Needs Many Foods

In the past Great Britain has imported immense quantities of these staple foods from Russia, France, Belgium, Germany and Austria-Hungary as shown by the following:

Average Imports Years 1910-1913	Millions of bushels rather than millions of acres should be Canada's aim.	Average Possible
Wheat..... 23,439,729 bush.	That there is abundant reason to expect larger returns from the same acre is conclusively shown when we compare the present production of the present time with the possible production. Note the following brief table which shows the average in 1914 and possible production per acre.	Fall Wheat..... 20.43 52.
Oats..... 15,192,289 "		Spring Wheat..... 14.24 33.
Barley..... 7,621,574 "		Barley..... 18.15 69.
Corn..... 703,053 "		Oats..... 26.90 61.
Peas..... 639,563 "		Corn, Green..... 70. 200.
Beans..... 4,721,590 "		Corn, English..... 19. 19.
Potatoes..... 371,639 "		Peas..... 15.33 37.
Onions..... 26,609,704 lbs.		Beans..... 18.79 50.
Meat..... 121,112,216 doz.		Potatoes..... 119.40 479.
Butter and Cheese..... 61,705,233 lbs.		Tomatoes..... 44.21 1000.

The above mentioned sources of supply of staple foods are now, in the main, cut off as a result of the war. Great Britain is looking to Canada to supply a large share of the shortage. Every individual farmer has a duty to perform.

For information and bulletins write to **Canadian Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada**

Increase Your Live Stock

Breed your stock as to-day Canada's most valuable asset. The one outstanding feature of the world's farming is that there will soon be a great shortage of meat supplies. Have you breeding stock? Plan to increase your live stock. Europe and the British Isles, as well as Canada, will pay higher prices for beef, mutton, and bacon in the very near future. Do not sacrifice now. Remember that live stock is the only basis for prosperous agriculture. Yearling, not speculating.

EATONS

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ALL-WOOL SERGE SUIT

55-184A This suit shows a practical, reasonable, and a very economical design. It is of the All-Wool English Serge made at the mill before well advanced, this contributing with our workrooms to the low pricing of this suit. The smart style 28-inch coat is lined with silk-faced satin, and shows the new belted effect slightly raised at the waist line, button trimmed; the daintily embroidered, mercerized muslin collar below the neck. The skirt is one of the newest models, flaring at the foot with extra fullness from pleats at each side, while just below the coat is worn the fashionable yoke—a very prominent feature with the new skirt. Skirt length 38 to 43 inches. Colors: Black, Navy, Holland Blue, also the new Putty (or light fawn shade).

We Pay the Shipping Charges on this Suit

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Large, well furnished rooms, bath room, etc., first-class table. Permanent or Transient Board. Livery Stable in connection.

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Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

His One Failing

An Odd Episode in a City Belle's Summer Campaign in the Woods.

By ELLIOT WALKER
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

"I'll get Tinker to take you out, I guess," said old Sackett. "He's just come in."

"Is he a good, safe man?" asked Mrs. Cranby.

"Who—Tinker? Safe? Well, he's supposed to be safe—safe as they make 'em round here," responded the hotel keeper. "He's been up in the woods with a party for two weeks—got back this mornin'. Best guide on the lakes for a young feller. Quiet, good looking, and knows his business—y'ou'll like him, marm. He'll work around the house till another party picks him up—maybe a day or two or a week. You're lucky to get him—I don't know as he'll go out. He's an old-time some-times."

The Cranbys had just come up to the String lakes, that well known chain where the lower one affords good hotel accommodations, fair general society, and poor fishing and the upper ones, dwindle into wilderness with its accompaniment, according to distance.

"It was too bad that papa had to get that disgusting telegram which called him back to nasty old Wall Street just as he was comfortably settled. How mean and inconsiderate for those people to fall at such a time!"

So said Ethel, who, with her mother and sisters, lamented the trying circumstances in various degrees of impotent wrath.

"He will be back soon, in a week probably," explained Mrs. Cranby. "Meanwhile we must enjoy ourselves as best we may. It is too bad, though. What shall we do for amusement? It's a dull place."

"Let's have a picnic tomorrow," cried Harriet, the second shining light in the galaxy of daughters. "That'll be fun."

Her eighteen years had not dulled her appreciation of the love of festivity, and the woods and waters appealed to her strongly.

"Ethel and Maria, the junior hopefuls, whose respective ages of fifteen and thirteen were as yet undimmed by the crush of society, gave glad accord to the proposition. To them a picnic embraced many thoughts of mild adventure, as well as a variety of refreshments, which alone was worthy of their approving consideration.

Ethel, whose twenty summers had brought to her much beauty of face and form and a rather undue portion of masculine adoration, postponed the picnic idea at first. Finally she graciously yielded, thereby receiving much thankful acclamation from Ruth and Maria.

"I won't row five women, Sackett—you can put that down," observed Mr. Tinker when he was approached. "I'm willing to take two. Let 'em have a couple of boats, and the Injun can row one. Five females in a boat isn't safe."

Tinker had considerable faith to find, and he did it loudly, addressing his remarks to the hotel man, who was on hand to see them off.

"Why don't you keep your old tubs in some kind of shape, Sackett? I'm ashamed to take a lady out in this one—it's all fish scales," he cried.

"It's a mite sour this mornin'," whispered Sackett to Ethel. "I don't mind him. Usually he don't say but little. Fine lookin' feller when he's dressed up. Knows a lot 'bout the lake. The girl was gazing at the active figure in the boat, swabbing away with an old rag of a sponge.

"I think I'll go in Mr. Tinker's boat," she said very audibly.

The man looked up, and their eyes met. "She's a stunner!" thought Tinker. "He looks like a nobleman in disguise," mused Ethel. "I'll take Maria with me," she called, "and then the children won't get fooling."

The "Injun," who was only a tall, tanned Yankee with strongly pronounced features, accepted all burdens meekly and grinned as he started with his load.

"Where are you goin', Tinker?" he asked as that gentleman drew away from him.

"Over to Bogey point," answered Tinker. "Got any terbacker?"

"Yep!" replied the Injun. "Got a whole new plug."

"How long will it take to row to the point?" asked Ethel.

"Half an hour," was the short answer.

The pretty girl in the stern gazed reflectively across the lake. She wondered how much she could accomplish in half an hour.

She brought her eyes back to the face of Tinker. He was looking straight at her with an expression of respectful admiration, and his bright brown eyes sought hers for a moment and then dropped.

The girl had smiled into them, a quick "I like you!" smile, and the guide's cheeks burned through the tan. His features were an almost childish look of pleasure and embarrassment.

Ethel smiled softly at some interesting thought. Could she have read the mind of Tinker she would not have smiled.

"Trying to flirt with the guide, eh?" he was thinking. "Well, let her go. I'll just lead her on. I'm nothing but a poor, unsophisticated countryman,

Had No Power Over the Limbs

Locomotor Ataxia, Heart Trouble and Nervous Spells Yielded to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It would be easy to tell you how Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures locomotor ataxia and derangements of heart and nerves, but it may be more satisfactory to you to read this letter.

Mrs. Thos. Allan, R.F.D. 4, Somers, Ont., writes:—"Five years ago I suffered a complete breakdown, and frequently had palpitation of the heart. Since that illness I have had dizzy spells, had no power over my limbs (locomotor ataxia) and could not walk straight. At night I would have severe nervous spells, with heart palpitation, and would shake as though I had the ague. I felt improvement after using the first box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after continuing the treatment can now walk, eat and sleep well, have no nervous spells and do not require heart medicine. I have told several of my neighbors of the splendid results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, \$10 a box, 6 for \$55.00, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto."

Old Tavern Gang.
London is to lose its "Dog and Partridge Tavern," which has been preserved after a long period of more rural days. But London has still, at Rothamstead, a link with an old-time sport in the Dog and Duck. That was, humanitarians will agree, a cruel sport that set the swimming spaniel against the driving duck. But it was, 100 years ago, a fashionable pastime, and with cock-fighting and prize-fighting, there was a Dog and Duck in Mayfair once, there was another in St. George's Fields, which, in consequence of the malarial fever of the day, was frequently the scene of a length put an end to by magisterial enactment. The ducks were not sorry—London Chronicle.

END STOMACH TROUBLE GASES OR DYSPEPSIA
"Pepp's Digestin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs feel fine in five minutes.

It what you get at is souring on your stomach or like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch, and you are sure to get indigestion, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, flatulence, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes. Put an end to stomach troubles forever by getting a large fifty-cent box of Pepp's Digestin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest surest stomach cure in the world. It's wonderful.

News-Letters for Soldiers.
Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, known throughout the English-speaking literary world as "Janey Canuck," has recommended to the Women's Press Club all over the Dominion to issue at regular intervals a "home letter" to the Canadians enlisted as soldiers, sailors and nurses in Europe. The Women's Press Club, of Edmonton, was the first to take up the idea. Its officers will issue letters twice a month for distribution among the men and women sent to the front from the Province of Alberta. These letters will contain brief items of news from the various cities, towns and villages and cheery editorials.

GUENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWEL
Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Breath-Candy Cathartic.

No one should have their liver, stomach or bowels how much you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascares. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach and bowels; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the contained waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A teaspoonful from your druggist will cure your liver and bowels; clean, stomach sweet and head clear; "They work while you sleep."

Mastery.
A man must challenge the world at its own games and win before he can show the world that there are finer games to play. He cannot stand above the mists and call the crowd to him, but many will follow him up through the mists.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING
Save your Hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scourge to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, above if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowledge Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and get it if you will just try a little Danderine. Save your hair! Try it.

NEVER AGAIN!

A Narrow Escape

By FRANK CONDON
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

It's a very strange thing about women. Education, training, youthful surroundings, companions, home influence and other conditions or circumstances of the past will generally present to the observer of a man at least an inkling of what that man will do under certain conditions.

In the case of a woman you may have the history of her entire life at your finger tips, and when you attempt to prophesy her actions or to explain them after she has acted—well, if you're over seven you know precisely how many thousand miles wrong you'll be.

Nowhere could one find a young woman more peaceful and contented than Mrs. Madeline Crimble Grant.

Young Mrs. Madeline had a fine home, a French hildon imported Pottin rug, an eighty-eight note piano player, a masterpiece of ebony line, money in the bank and a private check book.

Robert—that was Mr. Grant—caught the 8:46 each morning and made home until the 5:40 at night.

Then he went home to Madeline with a box of bonbons, a bundle of flowers or a book.

The Grant sky was blue and serene. Robert was so happy that he with difficulty restrained himself from cheering each time he reflected upon it, and so was Madeline for a long time.

On an untidy afternoon a lady called to visit Madeline, and when she went away she presented her hostess with a new book called "Marriage as a Fine Art."

That was the beginning of considerable trouble in the erstwhile happy family of the Grants. Nothing happened upon which one could put one's finger, but it became apparent to Robert that Madeline was troubled.

On a sultry, unpleasant afternoon Robert returned from New York worn

NEVER AGAIN!

A Narrow Escape

By FRANK CONDON
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

take of some kind, and I can't understand it.

"Perhaps you can understand that better, then," she continued.

Madeline, tragedy in her step, walked to her husband and placed in his hand a folded sheet of paper.

"What is it?" he asked without looking at it.

"Read it," she said.

He slowly unfolded the paper and read.

"Dearest Rob," said the paper, "you are the only man in this world I shall ever love, and I shall always love you more than any other man, and I am the only woman—and of this I am certain—whom you will always love, no matter what other woman may come into your life.

It was signed "The One Woman."

Robert looked up from the missive, blank wonderment in his countenance. The handwriting he had never seen before.

"Is it a joke?" he asked uncertainly.

"That letter I found in the pocket of the suit you wore yesterday at New York, and I am not surprised at finding some evidence of your guilt. I do not very observing, but I have seen the change that has slowly come over you, and I suspected its cause. You think that a loving wife can be blind to such things, no matter how unsophisticated she may be. No, she feels things she cannot explain, and I late I have felt that your love for me has dwindled and that some other woman has taken its place."

Madeline began to weep softly.

"It is all a mistake," Robert said. "It is either a joke or a trick, and I can't understand it. I know no woman who could send me such a letter. I do not know the handwriting, and I cannot explain how the letter was in my pocket. All I can say, Madeline, is that I love you, and you only. You must not distrust me, because there is not the slightest reason for doing so. Suppose we tackle this intelligently, and try to find out whether some practical joke on us or whether an evil-minded mischief maker has sought to bring trouble to us both."

Madeline wept again.

Robert moved over and sat down beside her. He placed his arms around her, and she did not repulse him.

He spoke to her gently and soothingly, and after a time she dried her tears and smiled.

"You don't believe it?" he queried, stroking her hand.

"No, Robert, I do not believe it," she answered. Her smile increased. Her good humor returned almost miraculously.

Robert looked at her, wondering at the sudden change from grave to gay.

"Now, Madeline, I am positive that you care for no other woman but me. I am sure of it because you have proved it to me, although for some time I have been miserable with doubts and suspicions."

"How," Robert said wonderingly. "How have I proved it? You are convinced that I know nothing of 'The One Woman'?"

"Yes, dear," Madeline purred sweetly. "I am sure you do not know any woman because I wrote the note and put it in your pocket. Rather, I had Helen, our girl, write it at my dictation."

Robert suddenly rose from his couch. He was very stern.

He gazed down at Madeline, and a threatening frown was on his face.

"Why," he demanded coldly, "why did you do such a thing as that?"

"Listen, dear," his wife pleaded. "The book called 'Marriage as a Fine Art' there are chapters which tell a wife how to know the state of her husband's affection for her. Invariably, the book explains, a husband who is disloyal to his wife will when a moment by her break into a violent storm of indignation and denial. He will deny everything in the bitterest, harshest tones. If he is guilty, if he is innocent he will be kind and gentle. You are innocent, dear Robert. I ask your forgiveness for ever having suspected you, but I love you too dearly to bear the thought of losing your affection. Say that you forgive me."

"I will forgive you upon one condition," her husband answered, in his sternest voice. "Where is the book called 'Marriage as a Fine Art'?"

"It is in my room, Robert," Madeline meekly replied.

"Bring it to me," he commanded.

"Upon that condition I will forgive you for everything you have done."

"But it belongs to Mrs. Tewksbury, dear."

"Bring it to me!"

Madeline went upstairs and returned with the mischief producing volume. She handed it to Robert.

"This is a fine, worthy little book," he said, skimming rapidly through the tome. "It will serve a good purpose."

Then Robert walked into the kitchen, followed by his wife. Helen Murphy was preparing the potatoes, and at that moment Robert entered her domain, a steaming pan was in her hands, and the lid of the stove was off.

For the next half hour "Marriage as a Fine Art" blazed merrily among the coals, accompanied by the fraudulent letter Madeline had written and placed in his coat.

At the end of that time Robert came hastily into the kitchen, having heard Helen Murphy stirring in the coal cellar.

He removed the lid from the stove. Then he reached into the pocket of his coat and took therefrom another letter in a small envelope, addressed to him in fine, feminine handwriting and odorous with the perfume of violets.

He looked at it as one looks at something from which one has had a mis- rowing trip, and, raising his hand in an attitude of never again, he dropped the letter upon the still smoldering ashes of "Marriage as a Fine Art."

Robert returned from New York worn

Robert returned from New York worn



WHO IS THE WOMAN?

He entered his home, walked into the dining room and stopped very suddenly. Madeline was sitting before the table with her head on her arms, and she was weeping in long sobs that shook her entire body.

"What's the matter?" Robert asked simply.

"You know very well what it is," Madeline said.

"I do not know what it is," he retorted. "I'm asking you because I want to know. Has somebody poisoned the goldfish?"

"Make a joke of it if you like," she said coldly, "but I assure you it has gone beyond the stage of jesting. Haven't I been a good wife to you?"

"You surely have, my dear. You're the best wife a man ever had. But what has that to do with it? Haven't I also been a good husband to you?"

"You have not!" she declared bitterly. "Who is the woman—the woman?"

Robert, who had been standing, sat down abruptly.

"The woman?" he gasped. "Madeline, would you be kind enough to sit down and tell me quietly what on earth you are talking about?"

"You carry it off very well," she answered, eyes him coldly. "I have been everything that a good wife could be. I have tried to make you home happy, and I only thought of you and your happiness. Everything that I could do in an effort to make myself as perfect a wife as possible I have done, and you repay it all, how? By forgetting me—by casting me off for another woman."

"That isn't the truth, Madeline," he answered gently. "You are the only woman I care for. There is no other woman anywhere in the world except you. You have made a horrible mis-

NEVER AGAIN!

A Narrow Escape

By FRANK CONDON
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

take of some kind, and I can't understand it.

"Perhaps you can understand that better, then," she continued.

Madeline, tragedy in her step, walked to her husband and placed in his hand a folded sheet of paper.

"What is it?" he asked without looking at it.

"Read it," she said.

He slowly unfolded the paper and read.

"Dearest Rob," said the paper, "you are the only man in this world I shall ever love, and I shall always love you more than any other man, and I am the only woman—and of this I am certain—whom you will always love, no matter what other woman may come into your life.

It was signed "The One Woman."

Robert looked up from the missive, blank wonderment in his countenance. The handwriting he had never seen before.

"Is it a joke?" he asked uncertainly.

"That letter I found in the pocket of the suit you wore yesterday at New York, and I am not surprised at finding some evidence of your guilt. I do not very observing, but I have seen the change that has slowly come over you, and I suspected its cause. You think that a loving wife can be blind to such things, no matter how unsophisticated she may be. No, she feels things she cannot explain, and I late I have felt that your love for me has dwindled and that some other woman has taken its place."

Madeline began to weep softly.

"It is all a mistake," Robert said. "It is either a joke or a trick, and I can't understand it. I know no woman who could send me such a letter. I do not know the handwriting, and I cannot explain how the letter was in my pocket. All I can say, Madeline, is that I love you, and you only. You must not distrust me, because there is not the slightest reason for doing so. Suppose we tackle this intelligently, and try to find out whether some practical joke on us or whether an evil-minded mischief maker has sought to bring trouble to us both."

Madeline wept again.

Robert moved over and sat down beside her. He placed his arms around her, and she did not repulse him.

He spoke to her gently and soothingly, and after a time she dried her tears and smiled.

"You don't believe it?" he queried, stroking her hand.

"No, Robert, I do not believe it," she answered. Her smile increased. Her good humor returned almost miraculously.

Robert looked at her, wondering at the sudden change from grave to gay.

"Now, Madeline, I am positive that you care for no other woman but me. I am sure of it because you have proved it to me, although for some time I have been miserable with doubts and suspicions."

"How," Robert said wonderingly. "How have I proved it? You are convinced that I know nothing of 'The One Woman'?"

"Yes, dear," Madeline purred sweetly. "I am sure you do not know any woman because I wrote the note and put it in your pocket. Rather, I had Helen, our girl, write it at my dictation."

Robert suddenly rose from his couch. He was very stern.

He gazed down at Madeline, and a threatening frown was on his face.

"Why," he demanded coldly, "why did you do such a thing as that?"

"Listen, dear," his wife pleaded. "The book called 'Marriage as a Fine Art' there are chapters which tell a wife how to know the state of her husband's affection for her. Invariably, the book explains, a husband who is disloyal to his wife will when a moment by her break into a violent storm of indignation and denial. He will deny everything in the bitterest, harshest tones. If he is guilty, if he is innocent he will be kind and gentle. You are innocent, dear Robert. I ask your forgiveness for ever having suspected you, but I love you too dearly to bear the thought of losing your affection. Say that you forgive me."

"I will forgive you upon one condition," her husband answered, in his sternest voice. "Where is the book called 'Marriage as a Fine Art'?"

"It is in my room, Robert," Madeline meekly replied.

"Bring it to me," he commanded.

"Upon that condition I will forgive you for everything you have done."

"But it belongs to Mrs. Tewksbury, dear."

"Bring it to me!"

Madeline went upstairs and returned with the mischief producing volume. She handed it to Robert.

"This is a fine, worthy little book," he said, skimming rapidly through the tome. "It will serve a good purpose."

Then Robert walked into the kitchen, followed by his wife. Helen Murphy was preparing the potatoes, and at that moment Robert entered her domain, a steaming pan was in her hands, and the lid of the stove was off.

For the next half hour "Marriage as a Fine Art" blazed merrily among the coals, accompanied by the fraudulent letter Madeline had written and placed in his coat.

At the end of that time Robert came hastily into the kitchen, having heard Helen Murphy stirring in the coal cellar.

He removed the lid from the stove. Then he reached into the pocket of his coat and took therefrom another letter in a small envelope, addressed to him in fine, feminine handwriting and odorous with the perfume of violets.

He looked at it as one looks at something from which one has had a mis-

Robert returned from New York worn

Robert returned from New York worn

Robert returned from New York worn

Robert returned from New York worn

Robert returned from New York worn

Robert returned from New York worn

Robert returned from New York worn

Local News and Personal Items

D. J. Coughlin is home from Miramichi for a few days.

You can get International Calf Meal of Belyea & Estabrooks.

J. M. McLeod of Wilnot was a caller at this office on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Miller left on Tuesday for a trip to Boston and New York.

R. B. Hagerman, C. P. R. agent at Florenceville, spent Sunday with his parents here.

The new spring stock of Boots and shoes is now arriving—just off the last. H. R. Nixon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Smith and daughter of Woodstock were guests of Cook Bishop, Simonds, last week.

H. H. Hatfield, after his unfortunate accident, is getting about nicely, and on Tuesday visited The Observer office.

While at church at Middle Simonds on Sunday morning, Mrs. Sanford Ingraham suffered a stroke of paralysis.

That excellent map of Carleton Co. is being offered for sale by C. A. McBride who will canvass the several villages.

Rev. P. J. and Mrs. Quigg returned from Southampton on Tuesday, and Mr. Quigg will preach at Upper Brighton on Sunday at 10.30.

John Wallace, sr., the veteran printer of Carleton Sentinel, spent Sunday here with his son, John Wallace, jr., of the Bank of Montreal.

Mrs. G. A. Farley, of Tracy Mills, youngest daughter of Omassa Shaw of Upper Brighton, was calling on friends here on Monday.

Wanted—A school teacher, second class, for Dis. No. 4, Peel, to commence Apr. 1. Apply stating salary to James Tompkins, sec., Stokney.

The many friends of Mrs. Amos W. Rideout will regret to hear of her death of pneumonia at the home of her son, Rev. A. A. Rideout, Dorchester, Mass.

The Somerville Dramatic Co. will put on their play, "Finnegans Fortune" in Lyric hall on March 19. They have put in a good deal of practice and should be well patronized.

While the number of crews employed is less than for several seasons, the C. P. R. has been hauling some heavy trains of late. One passed recently with 59 cars drawn by two engines and another with 48 cars drawn by one engine.

Rev. B. Colpitts of Woodstock spent the week-end here. He preached at Victoria and at Hartland. Mr. Colpitts first became acquainted in Hartland 40 years ago, and he told the editor that his recent return was after the longest absence in all that time. But for a deafness he seems still vigorous and of good cheer.

E. L. Phillips, the well known traveller for A. F. Randolph & Son, Fredericton, was here on his regular trip the first of the week. He reports "business better than usual" and says the war is now bringing an era of better times, rather than further depressing business.

Someone either accidentally or by accident took a robe from my pung at the United Baptist horse shed on Sunday evening. The party who did so knows his error by this time, and as he seems disinclined to return it he may have the other robes that go with it by calling. I will, of course, expect him to pay the full price. W. H. Sipprell, Somerville.

J. L. Estabrooks of Wilnot called on the editor on Monday.

The Church of England sewing circle will meet with Mrs. McGoldrick on March 19.

Mrs. Handy F. Nevers of Perth went to the Fisher Hospital last week for treatment for cancer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Creighton drove up from Woodstock on Sunday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Simms and Mrs. H. M. Stevens went to Bath on Monday to attend the funeral of Mrs. J. R. H. Simms.

The Misses Georgia Reed and Laura Howard visited friends at Lower Brighton last Saturday.

Lost: A small black purse containing money. Finder please leave at The Observer Office.

At the time going to press Reed Chase is reported to have passed away.

Belyea & Estabrooks' new stock of summer goods is just arriving. It will pay you to look them over.

If you need a washer or a wringer drop a post card to H. N. Boyer, Hartland, state your need. He guarantees to satisfy you and save you money.

Young men will find in our new spring caps all stylish shapes and colors including plaids and stripes that are so popular. Prices to suit the times. McLaughlan's.

If you intend buying any fencing drop a card to Boyer. He sells the best fence and the price is no more.

Service in the Methodist church on Sunday morning at 10.30. Subject: Do we give the Discharged Prisoner a Square deal?—2 Sam 14-14, Gal. 6-1. The evening service at 7 o'clock. Subject: The Penalty of Unbelief—2 Kings 7: 1-3.

A full account of the deaths under sad circumstances of Wilnot Green of Summerfield, Lower Brighton and East Florenceville notes, and other matters are unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

McLaughlan's spring ready-to-wear suits and raincoats are in and right down-to-date in style and prices. All sizes for big, little, fat or lean men or boys.

The Observer appreciates the following encomium from Mrs. S. W. Schurman of Hillsboro: "I am enjoying the Hartland paper more than any other that comes into our home."

Mrs. K. McLean and Master Glenn Adney of Woodstock called on The Observer on Tuesday. They announce that Mrs. Adney would shortly open up a choral class here, which would be good news to music lovers.

The finest stock of Boots and Shoes that we ever had is now being opened. Bright, fresh styles and prices to suit the times at Nixon's.

There is likely to be more building in Hartland this season than for 20 years. Besides Morgan's big concrete block at least half a dozen dwellings will be built. The concrete company and the local carpenters will be busy at home this year in spite of the war, in spite of the low prices of spuds and the high price of lumber. Metallic covering will be largely used. See L. E. McFarland's ad next week.

The map of Carleton county is at hand at last. The price is \$2.50 and is for sale by Estey & Curtis Co. and at The Observer office.

For a nobby hat, the latest thing, in the season's most popular modes, now in, and just in, at McLaughlan's.

Wanted—An experienced compositor at once; also a girl to learn. Call or write The Observer Ltd., Hartland, N. B.

Tappan Adney of Woodstock is in a position to bind and repair any kind of books in the way an artist would be expected to do it, and produces both leather and cloth binding.

New spring samples of suitings and overcoatings are now being displayed at McLaughlan's. Come in and look over the lot and see the latest style book. This will cost you nothing. A complete suit will cost you little more.

The two young Clydesdale stallions brought from Ontario recently were bought by G. B. Nixon of Somerville who offers them for sale at rare values. He is also offering some good heavy draft horses. Write or phone G. B. Nixon, Somerville, N. B.

R. W. Cameron, secretary to school Trustees, hereby gives notice that executions will be issued against all ratepayers whose taxes remain unpaid after March 31. This notice is final. A constable will remind all who forget or neglect their school taxes. Better call and pay up today.

The funeral of Mrs. A. W. Rideout will be held at the United Baptist church tomorrow afternoon (Friday). The remains will arrive on the express accompanied by Rev. A. A. Rideout. Lieut. C. M. Rideout, another son who is with the second contingent in St. John arrived today.

The Observer has learned that the young man whom Frank Hagerman found concealing himself in his sandpit and whom he thought might have been a German spy, was a fugitive from justice. About the time the crowd went to see the blowing up of the Guimac bridge the said young man was haled before a justice's court not quite 20 miles away from Hartland. And then there were wedding bells.

Ziba Orser says he is up against it hard, meaning that next week he has payments to meet that places him at his wits' end. He would be able to finance his affairs successfully if his customers would all pay their bills. He is always glad to sell goods and to give credit where customers haven't got the cash, but right at this juncture he states that all accounts owing to him must be paid not later than the 15th. Mr. Orser, under one of the most serious handicaps that can befall a man, has successfully conducted the hardware store where others have failed. He has and does work under difficulties and with a fortitude that should put many to shame—chiefly those who owe him. He has confided his financial troubles to the editor, who in turn is glad to urge all who owe Mr. Orser to pay him. He needs the money, and needs it early next week.

Pneumonia Stops Your Pain
It breaks up your cold in one hour. It's marvellous. Applied externally. All Druggists.

Public Notice!
The undersigned Assessors of Rates for the Parish of Brighton, County of Carleton, have received the Warrant of Assessment to assess the said Parish for County, School and Parish purposes. All persons liable to be rated are required to bring in to us within Thirty Days from date true statement of their property and income liable to be assessed. The valuation list when complete will be posted at the following places: Hartland, Lower Brighton and Windsor.
Roy Cameron
Henry Smith
Raymond Tedlie
March 5, 1915 Assessors.

Durham Bull
For Sale at Hillview Farm, a pure bred Durham Bull, three years old. A good bargain to a quick purchaser.
WALLIE BIRMINGHAM,
Lower Brighton, N. B.

Middlemore Home
A party of children expected to arrive from England, Ages 3 to 15 years. Persons desirous of obtaining some will kindly apply at once. Address all correspondence
MIDDLEMORE HOME,
Fairview Station, N. S.

HIS PAY STREAK.

Story of a "Bad Man's Honor" in the Early Klondike Days.

That there is "so much good, in the worst of us," is illustrated again by a story that Mr. William Ogilvie tells in his book, "Early Days on the Yukon." While he was making a survey in the Klondike region he had to take the affidavits of prospectors who desired to "locate."

Each man was obliged to take this oath as to his claim: "I solemnly swear that I have discovered therein a deposit of gold." I remember that a man once came to me to have his affidavit taken, who bore the reputation of being the toughest citizen of Dawson. I did not look for any conscientious scruples on his part. When his affidavit was written out I read it over to him. As soon as he heard the words, "I have discovered therein a deposit of gold," were spoken, he stopped me sharply with the exclamation: "But I have not! I did not look for any!" "Then you cannot take this oath," I said.

He explained that he did not understand the requirements and thought he had only to state the hours in which he worked on the ground. He had about forty-eight hours in which to return to the claim, prospect it, and gold and complete the recording by making his affidavit. If he failed he might lose it altogether, for another party, knowing it was not recorded, had staked it.

He started immediately, reached the ground the next evening, after travelling all night, fed and tied up his dogs, gathered dried wood, built a fire, thawed the ice off the gravel, built another fire to thaw the gravel itself, washed all he had thawed and did not find a color.

He selected another place, thawed again, washed and found three small colors, unmistakably gold. He started back and reached Dawson about 11 at night, showed "me the gold," spoke to me, yet I would not have taken that oath to save my claim, not for all the claims in the Klondike. And I believed him. It is poor ground indeed where there is not some pay streak.

Jupiter Is Punctual.
A harmless planet was the innocent cause last night of quite a bit of anxiety to several of our citizens, who mistook it for an aeroplane, and thought the Germans were after us again. The gentleman who sighted it first, a bright light low down on the eastern horizon, watched it for a long time and saw it move slowly but steadily northward. But the almanac tells us that Jupiter is quite prominent these nights, just about the spot where the mysterious light was seen; and if you gaze steadily at a star for some time your eyes become strained, and the star appears to move. As Jupiter has not yet declared war, we feel that no danger from that source need be feared. —Owen Sound Advertiser.

Useful and Ornamental.
Walter Ollivier has discovered a new use for his car. On Monday morning it may be seen busily turning the Grand Union washing machine. This is a tip to the wives of the car-owners of town. —Teeswater News.

One-Fifth Went.
It is estimated that 20 per cent. of the adult male population of Edmonton, a city of 73,000, has enlisted for service in various branches of Great Britain's army and navy.

REMEMBER

Commencing March 15, I will sell for

Pay Down Only!

I have decided to go out of Footwear, so anyone wanting Shoes, Rubbers, Overshoes or Gum Rubbers can get them at a big discount. Unless I dispose of all these goods I will probably keep sorted up during the Spring and Summer, but will sell the new goods also at a discount.

- Summer Dress Goods
- New Prints, Gingham and Galateas
- Bleached and Unbleached Cotton and Nainsooks
- New Wall Papers in attractive designs

- Fruits and Groceries
- The famous Robin Hood Rolled Oats in 20 lb. bags and paper tubes on sale for this month only. \$1.00 cash for 20 lb. bags 25 " for tubes.
- Cape Cod Cranberries, Navel Oranges, Grape Fruit, Northern Spy Apples.

At Baird's

Western Assurance Co.
(INCORPORATED 1851)
ASSETS \$3,213,438.25
DIBBLEE & AUGHERTON, Agents
Woodstock, N. B.
Telephone: Office, 18-11. Residence, 144-11.

PATRIOTISM and PRODUCTION

"I would urge the farmers of Canada to do their share in preventing the people of Great Britain from suffering want or privation."
HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister of Agriculture.

The Empire Needs Many Foods

In the past Great Britain has imported immense quantities of these staple foods from Russia, France, Belgium, Germany and Austria-Hungary as shown by the following:—

Average Imports Years 1910-1913	Millions of bushels rather than millions of acres should be Canada's aim.	By "possible" is meant the actual results which have been obtained by our Experimental Farms and by many farmers. These "possibles" have been obtained under intensive cultivation methods and conditions not altogether possible on the average farm, yet they suggest the great possibilities of increased production. By greater care in the selection of seed, more thorough cultivation, fertilization, better drainage, the average could be raised by at least one-third. That in itself would add at least \$150,000,000 to the annual income of Canada from the farm. It would be a great service to the Empire, and this is the year in which to do it.
Wheat..... 23,432,509 bush.	That there is abundant reason to expect larger returns from the same area is conclusively shown when we compare the average production of the present time with the possible production. Note the following brief table which shows the average in 1914 and possible production per acre.	
Oats..... 23,583,204 "		
Barley..... 18,192,788 "		
Corn..... 7,621,574 "		
Peas..... 708,058 "		
Beans..... 639,568 "		
Potatoes..... 4,751,590 "		
Onions..... 371,569 "		
Meat..... 26,509,736 lbs.		
Eggs..... 121,112,916 doz.		
Butter and Cheese..... 91,766,233 lbs.		

The above mentioned sources of supply of staple foods are now, in the main, cut off as a result of the war. Great Britain is looking to Canada to supply a large share of the shortage. Every individual farmer has a duty to perform.

For information and bulletins write to
Canadian Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada

Increase Your Live Stock
Breeding stock are to-day Canada's most valuable asset. The one outstanding feature of the world's farming is that there will soon be a great shortage of meat supplies. Save your breeding stock. Plan to increase your live stock. Europe and the United States, as well as Canada, will pay higher prices for beef, mutton, and bacon in the very near future. Do not sacrifice now. Remember that live stock is the only basis for prosperous agriculture. You are farming, not speculating.

FRESH FRAGRANT FLAVORFUL

KING COLE TEA

You'll Like the Flavor

35c, 40c, 45c, 50c per pound

ANY DYSPEPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-lives"
Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with indigestion, dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

"A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken 'Fruit-a-lives' and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that 'Fruit-a-lives' have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking 'Fruit-a-lives' according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get better."

H. SWAN

"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 25c a box (5 for \$2.00) or trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

ANDOVER NOTES

The Red Cross Society shipped another box to the soldiers last Monday containing the following articles: 2 pairs of pyjama suits, 2 pairs knee warmers, 15 cholera bandages, 37 pairs socks, 1 pair mitts, 7 pairs wristlets, 5 pairs wristers and various other useful articles.

George Reed of St. Elmo was in town Monday.

George Burr of Hartland was a recent visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Carter.

The March Supreme Court held its sitting last week. Judge Crockett of Fredericton was the presiding judge.

F. B. Carvell of Woodstock was in town attending Court during the past week.

The Mission Band met at the home of Mrs. J. W. McPhail of Perth Tuesday evening.

T. Parent and William Pirie of Grand Falls were in town on business during the past week.

The violin pupils of Miss Marjorie Baxter are doing fine work under her careful training.

The Literary Club was entertained by Mrs. W. A. Gillett Thursday evening. Excellent papers were given by Mrs. J. W. McPhail, Women of the Bible, Miss Charles Spence, Poetry of the Psalms and trip through Palestine by Miss Hilda Lamont. The roll call was answered by the quotations, containing the word "Peace," the meeting adjourned at ten o'clock to meet March 18 with Mrs. E. M. Howard.

Dr. Chamberlain of Fort Fairfield was a professional caller in town during the past week.

Rev. Mr. Langlois has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church at Lorneville.

Mrs. E. S. Hopkins of Fort Fairfield was a visitor of Miss Sarah Watson.

Rev. Mr. Back of the Lords Day Alliance spoke very acceptably in the Methodist church Sunday morning to a large audience. A special collection was taken.

David Watson lost a valuable horse Friday. The animal was kicked having its leg broken and had to be shot.

Entertainment at Florenceville

The entertainment given at the Star Theatre at Florenceville on the night of March 5, under the management of Carl Nelson was a monstrous success, fully a hundred people were turned away on account of their not being able to gain admittance. The hotel yard was one mass of sleighs. Certainly from a musical standpoint Florenceville has never had

the opportunity before of having such music of the kind as was given in the Star Theatre on the other night.

Prof. Charles Gerrish proved himself to be a wizard on the violin, and played compositions as can only be heard by masters of this wonderful instrument.

Miss Irma Jones the talented young contralto singer from Woodstock, was at her best and delighted the audience in every one of her numbers.

Clyde Camber, baritone of Woodstock was indeed enjoyed. Such entertainments are a rare treat and for the price asked this was something that all must have appreciated.

Mr. Nelson has been requested to give another entertainment on the 18th and will do so. Harry Dunbar of Woodstock has been engaged by him and will be seen and heard in his funny makeup and songs.

Prof. Gerrish will also appear again with his violin and will this time play a few numbers as played by the greatest living violinist, Jan Kubbe. In these solos he will appear at his best, and they are sure to please every one. Mr. Camber will be the accompanist this time.

The same program will be given at Centreville on the night of March 19.

Four big feature reels will also be shown on the screen.

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM

The Disease is Always Rooted in the Blood, Which Must be Made Rich and Pure

There are still many people who imagine that rheumatism can be cured by liniments and rubbing, overlooking the medical fact that the trouble is rooted in the blood. Rheumatism can only be cured by cleansing and enriching the blood, thus driving out of the system the poisonous acids which cause the rheumatic pains. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the most obstinate cases of rheumatism because they straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. Every dose helps to make rich, red blood, and this new blood expels the poisonous acid, bringing health and comfort to the tortured victim. Do not waste time and money in liniments and outward applications. Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and thus drive the disease out of your system. Here is proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do in cases of this kind. Mr. Richard Palmer, Wrocton, Ont., says: "For months my life was made miserable through a combined attack of rheumatism and sciatica. The rheumatism seemed to settle in all my joints and the sciatica pains were so great that I could scarcely hobble about. I am a farmer, and so you can understand that in my condition I was unable to do my ordinary work. Neither doctors nor various remedies I took did me any good. Finally I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and for this I have much to be thankful for, as after taking a few boxes the pains began to disappear, and by the time I had taken nine boxes every twinge of both rheumatism and the sciatica had disappeared and I was able to go to work again as usual, and have not lost a day through illness since. I am thoroughly grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

A Valuable Map

The Press is in receipt of a map of Carleton County sent out by the Hartland Observer, Ltd. Our contemporary deserves credit for its enterprise in giving to the people the most up-to-date map of this county yet published. Bounded on the east by York county and on the west by the State of Maine, the map shows the railways, railway stations, highways, post offices, towns and villages and stations which are without post offices. It is a handy map to have in the office or house and many should take advantage of the offer of the Observer to secure a map of Carleton county at a very slight cost.—Woodstock Press.

FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up wastes, sour bile and fermenting food gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Each child needs to be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Centreville

The special meetings at Tracy Mills have been continued for four weeks with very encouraging results. Rev. F. Allison Carrier of Woodstock assisted the pastor in the services last week. About 50 have made a start in the Christian life.

The ladies of the Red Cross will hold a bean supper on Thursday evening in aid of the society.

C. A. McBride gave a musical entertainment with his Edison Phonograph at the school house, G. Corner, on Thursday evening of last week, in aid of the Red Cross Society.

Deerville School

Following is a list of the pupils making an average of fifty and upward on the February exams arranged in order of merit.

Grade V(a)—Rowena Bell, Norman Gallivan.

Grade V(b)—Preston Bell.

Grade IV—Wilfred Gallivan, Leo Gallivan, Cora Miller.

Grade III—Elizabeth Gallivan, Mildred Bell.

Grade I—Richard Gallivan, Patrick Gallivan.

Ella P. Ebbett, teacher.

No Fleming in Maine

There are evidently no Flemings in the Maine Legislature, otherwise A. B. Gould's bill to provide for a bond guarantee for \$4,000,000 to enable him to build a railway line through Northern Maine to the Quebec border would not have been turned down cold. Mr. Gould was able to do quite a land office business in the bond guaranteeing line here in New Brunswick, but over in Maine, where he lives and is well known his railway schemes are not looked upon with any marked favor. It may be that a railway magnate is not without honor except in his own country.—Mail.

Much Pain From Kidney Disease

Doctored in Vain Until Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Were Used.

Kidney derangements are often associated with disorders of the liver and bowels, and under these conditions ordinary kidney medicines usually fail to effect cure. It is because of their unique, combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so generally successful, even in the most complicated cases.

Mr. Emmanuel Bernard, farmer, St. Paul's, Kent county, N.B., writes: "About eighteen years ago my wife was bad with kidney disease, and suffered greatly from headaches, pains in bowels and stomach, and her heart was affected. For a year she was treated by her doctor, with no apparent benefit. She then used five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with most satisfactory results. This gave us such a good opinion of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills that we always keep them in the house to be used for all derangements of the kidneys, liver and bowels. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a box, 5 for \$1.00, all druggists, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dressmaking

MRS. LARGE

Main Street, Hartland, up-to-date Costume and Dress Making. Reasonable charges.

BETTER GOODS BETTER PRICES

IS WHAT WE ARE OFFERING AT

"Estabrooks" Hardware Store

Centreville, N. B., for 1915

For quite a few years we have been reaping the reward of persistent effort to give satisfaction. But our policy is not to relax on account of success, but to continue with all the force at our disposal, and in this way to add many new customers. We are still keeping a good assortment of Shelf and Heavy Hardware at low prices for cash.

The following are a few of the many special lines we carry:

The Enterprise Monarch Steel Range (Canada's Best)
Connors Washing Machines, Daisy Churns
Myers Double Action Force and Lift Pumps and Piping
B. & H. English Liquid Paints

A Word to the Blacksmiths: As usual, we carry a full line of Horse Shoes, Calks, H. Nails, etc. Just unloaded a few days ago 1 car George Creek Cumberland coal, best quality, before the extra 7 1/2 duty was fixed, for which we will allow our customers the benefit.

When in need of anything in the hardware line call, write or phone.

Yours for prompt service,

B. B. ESTABROOKS

N. B. Phone 30-22; Farmers' Phone 10-22

THE ALL-IMPORTANT



of the hour is where to get the most and the best for your money. When Light Groceries, Confectionery, Fruits, Cigars, etc., are wanted about the best place in Hartland to get them is at the

North End Fruit Store

H. S. ALLBRIGHT
Proprietor

Money to Loan

Land For Sale

Store at East Florenceville.
2 Building lots on Bradley Hill.
2 Houses at Avondale.
John Stephenson farm at Rockland—200 acres, a bargain.

M. L. HAYWARD,
Box 248 Hartland, N. B.
N. B. Phone 25-31
Farmers' 29-2

FOR FIRE, ACCIDENT and LIFE

Insurance HELP! HELP!!

CALL AND SEE

R. W. CAMERON
Keith & Plummer Building

Shave?

The best work in Hartland or in fact, north of St. John is done in our shop on depot street. Razors Honed. Cigars and Pipes.

W. E. THORNTON

ANNUAL Carleton County Seed Fair

WILL BE HELD AT

FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

Thursday, Mar. 25

Prize List may be obtained from W. A. Taylor, Secretary.

A Public Meeting will be held in the evening in Foresters' Hall, Florenceville. Addresses by S. J. Moore, Dominion Seed Inspector, and W. W. Hubbard, Manager Dominion Experimental Farm, Fredericton.

W. A. TAYLOR, Sec'y

1 Parlor Heater
2 Box Stoves

We want you to help us clear them out, and will give you the profit. We still have some SKATES that will be sold at a discount to clear.

Ziba Orser

HARDWARE STORE

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or burning. Use Dr. Chase's Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and certainly cure you. Use a box all at once. Sample box sent you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.