

THE OBSERVER

Vol. 4.

HARTLAND, N. B., APRIL 17, 1913.

No. 44.

NEW SHOES

... THE ...
**BIGGEST STOCK and
 BEST VARIETY**
 WE HAVE EVER HAD OF
**UP-TO-DATE
 DOWN-IN-PRICE
 SHOES**

We have the best wearing Shoes on the market for Infants, Boys and Girls—something that will stand the hard knocks

For Ladies we have the latest styles in Button and Lace Shoes, Button and Lace Oxfords and Pumps at very reasonable prices.

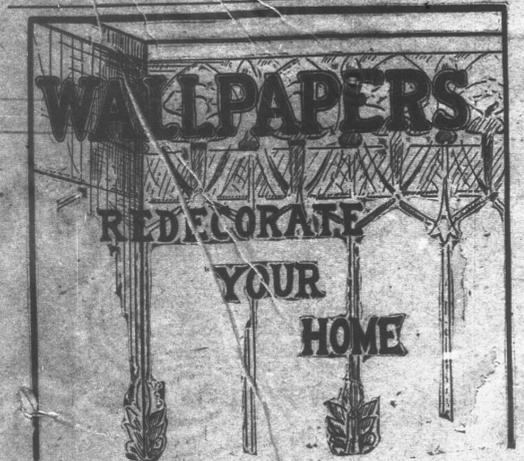
For Men we have the Hartt Shoe, Liberty Shoes and a few others of the best makes.

Give Us a Call. Seeing Is Believing

Our Wall Papers

are all right in Pattern and Price

A. L. BAIRD



W. W. Wilson & Co.'s Nifty Wall Papers

They appeal to those who desire an artistic home. The designs and colorings are carefully selected with the object of making the interior particularly restful and inviting. They are the sort of papers of which you do not quickly tire, and which your friends, as well as yourself, will admire. Be sure you look through our samples before placing your order.

W. W. WILSON & CO., Centreville Western Assurance Co.

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Woodstock, N. B.

Telephone: Office, 18-41.

Residence, 17-1.

New Fruit Store and Lunch Room

I have opened a Fruit, Confectionery, Tobacco and Light Grocery Store in the old Reed Cheese stand, and have put in an absolutely fresh and clean stock of highest grades of goods.

OUR LUNCH ROOM will be carefully looked after, and Lunches or Meals will be served in an appetizing manner at any hour. Soliciting your trade, and assuring each patron every attention, I am, yours truly,

Main St.

Robert R. Letson

Hartland

PEOPLE'S UNION AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Largely Attended Meeting on Saturday.

Those who were so much interested in advanced ideas in farming as to be present at the public meeting of the People's Union Agricultural Society, held in Burt's Hall, Saturday afternoon, were well repaid for their time and trouble. An unusual crowd had been attracted to town on that day by the auction sale of several horses, and at the close of the sale the crowd filled the hall and two or three profitable hours were spent in the discussion of topics of close interest to the farmers present.

W. H. Moore, a seed expert, spoke on seed and devoted some time to explaining and advocating the projected county field's crop competition.

Andrew Elliot followed Mr. Moore with a general talk on agricultural work, soil and climatic conditions, seed selection and pure bred stock. Both speakers were plied with questions from the audience. Considerable discussion on many points resulted from these questions.

Mr. Elliot has been in this vicinity during the past week, and later, when farming operations begin, he proposes to revisit this district and circulate among the farmers, both giving and taking information.

LET THE COUNTRY DECIDE.

"It is established by the unwritten law of all British parliaments that when the Prime Minister introduces an important measure the opposition, through its leader, shall be heard upon it. In the innocence of my heart I rose upon that ground. You saw me, Mr. Speaker. In the exercise of that fair play which belongs inalienably to your office—that fair play which had been promised by the Prime Minister less than five minutes before—you called upon me to take the floor. In the spirit of that fair play, promised so solemnly by the Prime Minister, his colleague the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, rose to ask you to take from me that privilege which was mine by constitutional right and give it to a member of the government. Every member on the other side of the house, from the Prime Minister, who had just made the promise of fair play, to his humblest supporter, rose to gag me."—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Off The Track.

The mixed train for Woodstock leaving here at 11.40 left the rails at Pokiok siding on Saturday. Seven loaded cars went off and, lurching over, came in contact with a number of cars standing on the siding, injuring them quite badly. The track was torn up and traffic was blocked several hours. A wrecking crew working continuously until Sunday evening replaced the cars on the rails.

Death of Mrs. Rainsford H. Shaw.

At Coronation, Victoria county, on April 2, Addie, wife of Rainsford H. Shaw, and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. McLaughlin. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. K. C. McLennon assisted by Rev. Messrs Pringle, Demmings and Trafton. Interment was made in the Larlee cemetery, Perth. The sorrowing relatives have the sympathy of the whole community.

THE U. S. TARIFF.

Proposed Reductions Will Benefit Our Farmers.

Under the new tariff law being put through Congress and the Senate by President Wilson and his party Canadian farmers stand a chance to reap a part of the benefit that would have come to them through the passing of the reciprocity agreement of 1911.

There will, however, be no reduction on goods entering Canada, as under the reciprocity pact would have been the case. Besides this the United States opens her doors to all the world alike, while in the agreement of two years ago free admission was offered to Canada only. Thus in shipping her products to the United States under the new law Canada will have to compete with the whole world. The strongest competition will be with European potatoes and Argentine wheat.

Of the articles to be admitted free of duty those of most interest to New Brunswick people will be potatoes, meats, swine, wool, wood pulp and print paper and lumber and its products.

The duty on eggs, butter and cattle will be largely reduced.

Bath.

The C.P.R. has a crew of men at work taking down the temporary bridge erected over the Monquart. The new Bridge which was completed recently will now be used.

Joseph Currie has purchased the Thos. O'Donnell farm in Monquart Settlement and will reside there.

Fred Giberson of Caribou spent a few days with friends here recently.

Miss Armstrong of Lakeville who has been spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith left for home on Monday.

H. J. Smith of Florenceville spent Sunday with his family here.

S. W. Tompkins, Arthur Drost and Hanford L. Squiers intend to leave here in a few days for Winnipeg.

Miss Elizabeth Maddox of Chester was a caller here last week. Miss Maddox leaves on Tuesday next for Alberta to take charge of a school.

The farmers are making preparation to plant more potatoes than formerly.

While a number of our people are leaving for the west, it has been many years since so many applications have been filed for new farms in this parish. There is no doubt that for the man with limited capital Carleton county cannot be surpassed for a farming venture.

C. W. Parlee has been engaged by McIntosh Bros. in the black smith and repair shop. Mr. Parlee spent last summer in Winnipeg.

Henry Day.

On Thursday death removed one of the best known men of the vicinity in the person of Henry Day of Upper Brighton. He was 76 years of age and had been ill only a few days. His wife and two sons, Bert of Upper Brighton and Dudley T. of East Florenceville, survive. The funeral was held on Saturday, the sermon being preached by Rev. S. W. Schurman.

Mr. Day was an honorable and upright citizen held at all times in highest regard. For many years he ran a tow boat on the river, and was well known as a raftsmen, few men knowing the river quite so well as he.

Maurice Day, who died a few years ago, was one of his brothers.

The widow and sons wish to especially thank the people of Upper Brighton for kindness in their affliction.

For Sale: A FAIRBANKS HAY SCALE in good condition. Weighs up to 3½ tons. Certificate of correctness furnished. Address P. O. Box 177, Hartland, N. B.

They're All Here!

The greatest assortment of Ladies' Goods ever offered within shopping distance of Bristol.

See Full Page Ad.
 Next Week

Great array of Men's Goods, Suits, Raincoats, Shoes, Shirts, etc. Now open for inspection and purchase.

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS

... OUR ...

New Spring Goods

are about all in and we can proudly say the assortment in all lines is most complete and the best values we have ever had, having two stores to buy for instead of one.

Clothing.

Our line of Men's and Boys' Suits is the best we have ever had and defy fair competition. Come and see them before buying and be convinced. Our new **Rain Coats** for Men and Women are up-to-date and fine values.

Boots and Shoes.

Our range of Shoes of all kinds is very complete, and, considering the very high cost of leather and labor, prices are very low.

Our sale of Sugar, Flour, Timothy and Clover Seed and all heavy lines has been very large this spring on account of the very low prices we have been giving on these lines. Farmers, we have saved you a lot of money on these—not only on what we have sold, but by forcing our competitors to reduce somewhat their former big prices. In return for this we request you to give us a trial and be convinced.

S. W. SMITH

-- 2 Stores --

East Florenceville

Mount Pleasant

C. M. Sherwood, Limited

CENTREVILLE

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

Clover and Timothy Seed

Quality Above the Average; Prices Low.

SEED WHEAT

THE PRINCE AT OLD OXFORD

HEIR TO THE THRONE IS QUITE DEMOCRATIC.

Features of Student Life in the Great University Town of England.

It is half a century since Oxford had an English prince residing within her walls, and times have changed. The difference between the liberal aristocracy which characterized the late King Edward and the conservative democracy which characterizes the present sovereign is nowhere more apparent than in the status of the present Prince of Wales at Magdalen College compared with the position of his grandfather as a member of Christ Church in 1859. The latter never ceased to be and to appear the prince; he wore the distinctive cap and gown of the nobility, he was treated with ceremony, and lived, not within the actual confines of his college, as does the present prince, but in lodgings, or, in Oxford parlance, diggings, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle.

But nowadays things have changed, and there is nothing in the appearance or behavior of King George's son to suggest that he is not as other men. He lives in rooms in the college proper, attends lectures, goes to the theatre, plays association football or soccer, follows the hounds, much as any other graduate of plentiful means. His garb is not in any way distinctive, nor is there any ceremoniousness in his intercourse with his fellow students.

The Prince Described.

The first thing that strikes the average person about him is his boyishness. Although he is in his nineteenth year, he looks not a day over sixteen. He is rather short and very lightly built; his complexion is fair, his hair flaxen, his features delicate and sensitive. There is a winsome shyness in his manners, which are singularly free from any affectation or awkwardness. There is a certain pathos, perhaps, in the fact that this fair, slim boy, should have so little choice in his life of life, and it is impossible to believe that he does not feel some of the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown. But if he is ever to approach the joys of normality, of being like other people, it will be while he is an undergraduate at Oxford.

Life at Oxford is a curious medley of picturesque and affection, and it has its less pleasant aspects. But it is safe to say that Prince Edward will see Oxford at its best and that Oxford in turn will see the young prince at his happiest. Already he has made many friends, and they are for the most part men known and respected by the whole university for charm of personality and athletic or intellectual achievement. Oxford is too democratic, England as a whole is too intelligent, for any note of funkiness in its attitude toward royalty, even if royalty did not go halfway in dispensing with its old-fashioned dignity and aloofness. As far as the prince is concerned, this is an unmixed good; it allows him to choose his own companions on their own merits, and it allows those who come in contact with him to be quite at their ease. There is no formality of address, no ceremonious lifting of the cap, nothing to emphasize his superiority in birth or position.

A College Smoker.

There is nothing more typical of Oxford life and of what it means to the prince, than a college smoker, or smoking concert. It is a phase of university life that the outside world knows nothing about, but it is, at the same time, one of its most interesting and picturesque phases—so much so that an account will not be amiss of a university college smoker, which the prince recently attended as a guest. Not a guest of honor, but at the private invitation of one of his friends.

The evening began with a dinner. The first part of the programme, lasting from 8 o'clock till 9.30, consisted of various turns by singers, pianists, entertainers, conjurers, etc., some professional, some amateur, but all amusing in their various ways. The bass soloist of Magdalen choir sang the Toreador Song from Carmen, and the audience, flushed with wine and high spirits, took up the chorus in a mighty voice; a conjurer from Christ Church performed during the half hour's intermission and the traditional ceremony of programme signing had begun, and everyone who could find a pencil and could remember his own name was busy writing his autograph on the programmes of everyone he knew and many he didn't know.

This is always a rather trying time for the prince. He is very willing to sign programmes with his boyish signature—simply Edward, in a very unformed hand—and indeed he usually sets the ball rolling by asking his friends to au-

tograph his own programme; but often it becomes a distasteful annoyance to him, hating as he does any hint of publicity. Fortunately he possesses, young as he is, a Surprising Amount of Tact, and has succeeded in winning the goodwill of everyone with whom he has come in contact.

The intermission over the second half of the programme resolves itself into dancing. The hall has been cleared for action and a band engaged to play swinging music. Formalities fly to the winds, and introductions are not longer needed; your partner is the man nearest you when the music starts. The big room is a whirling mass of hilarious young men, and navigation is not easy. If you get off without a fall you are either very lucky or a very good dancer, and a fall is not always very pleasant, as the floor is of stone. But the whole affair is wildly enjoyable, and you reluctantly keep an eye on the clock if you belong to another college and have to be inside its gates at the stroke of midnight.

No one who has not actually lived in Oxford can fully appreciate the complete enjoyment which the Oxford undergraduate world takes in such festivities. It is difficult to understand how little the absence of femininity mars the amusement—if, indeed, it does not, for the average Oxford man, increase it. Oxford is a man's city, a paradise where Eve is distinctly unimportant. Whatever part Gretel is to play in the prince's education, her time is not yet come. And in the retrospect of years, when the shy, sensitive, good-looking boy has become a man, he will look back upon his years at Oxford as one of the most pleasant periods of his life, if not the pleasantest.

SEEING FAIR PLAY.

That gallant guardsman and seasoned fighter, General Lord Methuen, has been recalling a rather good story of his schooldays at Eton. Even then "Paul" was a cool customer, big and sturdy, and looked up to by his chums.

On one occasion a couple of Fourth Form boys begged the future soldier to be present to see fair play in a bout of fisticuffs they had arranged to wage, over some disagreement at the gas works.

Young Methuen was not at all keen about it, but being a good "sport" agreed; and, as his was



General Methuen.

raining heavily when the fight was due to start, held up an umbrella for himself.

The combatants skipped about in the pelting downpour, and both seemed chary in coming to close quarters. "Look here," said the Hon. Paul at last, "it's a pity you two fellows should get wet. Suppose you take my umbrella and stand under it, each holding on the stick with your left hands. You'll soon then, find your way to each other's face with your rights."

Elaborate Dog Obsequies.

One of the most elaborate funerals ever held at the celebrated dogs' cemetery at Molesworth, Hunts, England, has just taken place. The body was enclosed in a coffin of regulation type, with handles attached, and was conveyed from London in a motor-car. The "deceased" was a fox-terrier, and the interment was witnessed by four persons, including the lady owner of the dog. A wreath placed on the grave bore the inscription, "To my darling little Punch, from his loving mistress. Requiescat in pace."

Use of Wireless Increased.

Wireless telegraph messages sent to and from ships have increased 11.8 per cent. beyond the previous year, according to the annual report of the British postmaster-general. The increase is partly due to the larger number of vessels now equipped with wireless and partly to a reduction of tariff for vessels making short voyages.

Why Do You Continue to Suffer from Catarrhal Cold

Just Breathe "Catarrhozone,"—It is sure protection against Coughs, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Throat Troubles.

No Drugs to take—Just breathe the soothing healing vapor of "Catarrhozone."

There are to-day but few parts of the world into which Catarrhozone has not penetrated. From far away Jamaica comes the following letter from Mr. G. S. Burke of St. Robert St., Alman Town—

"I am elated over the results of 'Catarrhozone.' To be brief will say the treatment has cured me; it has done all that heart could wish. I was never better pleased with anything than with Catarrhozone; it did its work well. I am satisfied, and will never forget this wonderful remedy. I at once bought a dollar outfit and now have pleasure in saying that for the first time in many years I am able to breathe freely through my nose. Bad breath disappeared, headache over the eyes went away, throat irritation has entirely ceased. Catarrhozone cured me."

You can readily cure bad taste in the mouth in the morning, quickly relieve clogged up nostrils, ease an irritated throat, stop a cough, cure snuffles and running eyes—all this is accomplished by breathing the soothing, healing vapor of Catarrhozone. The dollar outfit contains in addition to two months' medication, an indestructible hard rubber inhaler. Smaller sizes with glass inhalers, 50c., all druggists and store-keepers or postpaid from The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

AS TO FLAVOR.

Found Her Favorite Again. A bright young lady tells how she came to be acutely sensitive as to the taste of coffee:

"My health had been very poor for several years," she says. "I loved coffee and drank it for breakfast, but only learned by accident, as it were, that it was the cause of the constant, dreadful headaches from which I suffered every day, and of the nervousness that drove sleep from my pillow and so deranged my stomach that everything I ate gave me acute pain. (Tea is just as injurious, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)"

"My condition finally got so serious that I was advised by my doctor to go to a hospital. There they gave me what I supposed was coffee, and I thought it was the best I ever drank, but I have since learned it was Postum. I gained rapidly and came home in four weeks."

"Somehow the coffee we used at home didn't taste right when I got back. I tried various kinds, but none tasted as good as that I drank in the hospital, and all brought back the dreadful headaches and the 'sick-all-over' feeling."

"One day I got a package of Postum and the first taste of it I took, I said, 'that's the good coffee we had in the hospital!' I have drunk it ever since, and eat Grape-Nuts for my breakfast. I have no more headaches, and feel better than I have for years." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pigtails. "There's a reason."

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown. Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers, 45 to 50-cent tin 30 cts., 90 to 100 cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cent trial tin mailed for grocery name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Possession may be nine points of the law, but that never helped a thief any.

If Winter weather roughens and reddens your skin, causing chaps, chills and general discomfort, try

NA-DRU-CO Witch Hazel Cream

The creamy ingredients soothe and soften the outer skin, while the Witch Hazel penetrates and heals the deeper tissues. Delightful after shaving or washing.

25c. a bottle, at your druggist's. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING BITS OF GOSSIP FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

The Next Provincial Treasurer—Dr. Fernow and the Clay Belt—The Windsor Uniform—Report of Chief of Police.

Whether well-founded or not, the belief is current that Hon. Isaac Brock Lucas, who has been a member of the Whitney Government without portfolio since 1905, will get the post of Provincial Treasurer at the session of the Legislature in over, in the meantime it would be inconvenient to hold an election.

It is generally admitted that Mr. Lucas will make an acceptable member of the Cabinet. In many respects he will rank in strength next to Hon. W. J. Hanna, the provincial secretary, to whom he bears some resemblance in that he is a genial, clear-headed lawyer, who in the comparative quiet of a country town has built up a career on law-books and politics. He is a good speaker, though not of the spell-binding type. In character he resembles the lawyer somewhat more than the political orator.

The Boy Orator.

Mr. Lucas is the happy possessor of a small, round, face, which has gained for him the nickname of "the boy orator." The first day he appeared in the Legislature, he took upon him to tell of his father, who was in 1898 first elected to the House, and came down to the seat of the speaker, the doorkeeper of the Legislative Chamber refused to admit him until he had been identified. The doorkeeper thought it was some young fellow trying to play a practical joke on him. Mr. Lucas then gave an incident of Lucas' electioneering days. He had called on a farmer whom he expected would vote for him, but just before he made sure of it he introduced himself as Mr. Lucas. To his surprise the farmer gave a grudging consent to vote for the Conservative candidate. "But," he added, "you can tell your father to come himself next time. If my vote is his practice of law Mr. Lucas' forte is his handling of jury cases. He is head of a firm in his home in Markdale and is as a member of a city firm, which he has as partners such stalwart Liberals as Alex. Gillies and W. E. Roper.

Dr. Fernow and the Clay Belt. Dr. E. E. Fernow, who has been saying things about the quality of the soil in Ontario's 20,000,000 acre clay belt, thereby setting in controversy the different members of the Ontario Government, is one of the most interesting men in Toronto. He is a man who is given credit by most authorities for having introduced the practice of the conservation of forest products into the American continent. He, and not Pinchot, is regarded as the big forester of the United States. He has had an active and interesting life, and gets his enjoyment as he goes along. He is a veteran of the Boer war, when he first came to Toronto, and at that time he was a prominent Frenchman. The Frenchman asked Dr. Fernow if he had ever been in France.

Dr. Fernow replied: "Yes, once for several weeks." "When?" asked the Frenchman. "In 1871," replied Dr. Fernow. "The rally was enjoyed immensely, but by the time the French had been driven back, Dr. Fernow came to this continent in 1876. He was at that date an enthusiastic graduate, but it was several years before he was able to organize the United States Department of Forestry, which he has since headed at Cornell University, and in 1907 was selected by the Whitney Government to become head of the newly established forestry department of the University of Toronto.

What He Really Said.

He is one of the most genial men under the sun. His remarks respecting the clay belt have been contributed as being in attack. That is hardly correct. In the first place, Dr. Fernow is of such a pleasant disposition that he could hardly be described as attacking anything. In the second place, what he actually said was to advise caution in permitting settlers to go on the poorer portions of the land, and thus repeat the tragedies of the poor lands in the older section of Ontario.

His Honor's Satin Breeches.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has stirred up considerable comment by his appearance at the opening of the Legislature bedecked in a Windsor uniform, including white satin breeches. This was the first appearance of white satin breeches in Toronto, and the democrats, who are not as numerous as the pretensions of the country might lead one to suppose, scarcely know what to make of the incident. At Ottawa all the Ministers are entitled to wear the Windsor uniform at State and other functions, and the same is true of the Ministers in power or not. Even the Deputy Ministers have a gorgeous uniform with plenty of gold braid, but hitherto State functions in Queen's Park, Toronto, have always been democratic affairs. The Premier and his Ministers appear in conventional black frock coats, being content to leave it to the ladies to wear the more gorgeous and perhaps occasional military officer or judge, to provide the finery for the occasion.

upholding provincial dignity. Sir John Gibson was probably motivated by a desire to uphold the dignity of the Province. He was entitled to wear the Windsor uniform and Cabinet Ministers at Ottawa wear it why should not a Lieutenant-Governor at Toronto do likewise? One might say that Sir John is a soldier almost since infancy, and there are not many soldiers who do not fancy themselves in a new uniform. He is, however, not merely a parade soldier, for he saw service in the Fenian Raid. When he was tired of his Colonel's uniform and his Windsor dress, and his uniform as Hon. A. D. C. to the Governor-General, and his decorations as a Knight of Grace, Commander of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, he can indulge himself in Freemasonry decorations to his heart's content, for he is a Past Grand Master and reputed to be a thirty-third degree member of that Order.

Toronto's Crime Record.

There are few more interesting blue books than the annual report of the Chief of Police of Toronto. His figures for the year 1912 have just been made public and reveal the remarkable fact that 34,330 persons were arrested or summoned during the year. This means that about one person in every 16 of the entire population during the year has come into collision with the police department. The percentage would be somewhat greater if allowance was not made for the fact that a good many persons have more than one arrest or summons to their credit. The figures constitute an increase of 6,724 over 1911.

Drunkennes on Increase.

One of the most marked increases appeared under the heading of drunks and disorderlies. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that the number of foreigners, and the other being greater stringency on the part of the police. It may also indicate an actual increase in drinking habits. Certainly the number of drunken men may be observed in the Toronto streets is not to the credit of the city, and does not, one fears, compare favorably with other cities in America or England of like size. The number of prosecutions for keeping houses of ill fame practically doubled during the year. This increase also is no doubt largely due to greater vigilance on the part of the police. It is noteworthy that of the serious crimes the city is comparatively free. Thus during the entire year there were but two murders, 48 burglaries, 36 cases of robbery by violence and 45 cases of pocket picking.

Married Men Settle Down. According to age males seem to be most addicted to crime between the ages of 20 and 40, and females between the ages of 20 and 30. Out of the 24,300 cases, only 2,999 were females. Unmarried men in the police rolls numbered 18,158 as compared with 13,632 married, which seems to prove that a bachelor settles down when he takes unto himself a wife. Of the months, September is the worst of the year, with 3,308 cases. This may be due to the Exhibition and the horse races. It is very interesting to note that January, the month of good resolutions, has the lowest record with only 1912 cases.

SELF-CURE AMONG TOILERS

WHAT TO DO TILL DOCTOR COMES TO WORKSHOP.

How Workmen Treat One Another In the Case of an Accident.

Self-cure among workers has many curious phases. In glass works splinters of glass are extracted from the hand with beautiful simplicity. The victim takes a little molten glass, with which he fashions a head on the splinter of glass protruding from his flesh, and then it can be drawn out with ease, says London Answers.

Equally common an accident among users of edged tools, such as carpenters, is a cut, and the handiest remedy is invariably that most approved a spider's web.

Caustic workers have as ready a way of treating a splash in the eye—another commonplace of toil. If the quantity of caustic is small, the sufferer gets a fellow-employee to squirt a mouthful of water into his eye; but in a more serious case the eye is first washed out, and then sucked.

Several classes of workmen, again, have special remedies for "gassing." When anybody engaged at a cement works on the Medway is overcome by noxious gases, he is placed on the ground, with his face over a newly-dug hole. This practice is declared by doctors to be dangerous; but is supposed to

"Draw the Gases Out of the Body."

A somewhat similar remedy is applied in a case of gas poisoning at the top of any of the blast furnaces in North Wales. The insensible man, having been carried to a grass patch some distance from the furnaces, is laid on his back in a newly-dug trench, and his body and legs are then covered with sods, leaving the head and neck protruding above the trench. This treatment, it is said, seldom fails.

Besides specifics for accidents such as these, workers have their own modes of treatment for diseases of occupation, as well as for some of those arising from other causes. To neutralize the effects of inhaling dust, for instance, there are many singular remedies. The most remarkable, perhaps, is that well known to men employed in granaries, storing grain which gives off much dust. It is treacle, which, say such workers, "clears the chest."

Among the general diseases for which there are workshop remedies are influenza and consumption. If anybody wants a cure for the former plague, here it is: Go to a works where dyes are made from coal tar. The men employed there are certainly the healthiest manual workers in the world, and they declare that weaklings who join them gain strength with wonderful rapidity. Two years ago a man who had long suffered from catarrh, obtained work among tar, mainly with a view to improving his health, with the result that

He Is Now Splendidly "Fit."

For consumption there is a still more remarkable cure. About Bow there are works in which is a "black house"—that is, a place wherein oil is burned for the sake of obtaining carbon. The men who feed the fire necessarily inhale a good deal of this substance, which, it is said, makes them consumption-proof, if they have not already contracted the disease, and, if they have, cures them.

For this reason, men employed in other parts of the works or elsewhere in the neighborhood, frequently obtain a situation in the "black house," when they become consumption-proof. And the effect, according to local report, is remarkable. Sufferers are actually loth to leave the "black house" at night, and return home.

COLLERS ARE MODEST.

Boys Preferred Stealing Turnips to Trousersless Walk Home.

A singular custom on the part of youths employed at Marsden (England) Colliery and living in South Shields was brought to light during the hearing of a charge against a fourteen-year-old boy of willful damage to turnips. According to the explanation put forward by the solicitor, who appeared for the defendant, when a South Shields boy starts to work at Marsden Colliery, the other youth compel him to get out of the train and pull a turnip from a certain field adjoining the line. Should the new boy refuse, his trousers are taken from him, and he is put out of the train, and

TRY IT WHEN YOU'RE TIRED You will find it wonderfully refreshing LIPTON'S TEA It sustains and cheers

compelled to walk home in that condition. It was stated that the farmer in question had lost about two tons of turnips, so that apparently, while the recruiting department at Marsden colliery must be on a pretty extensive scale, few of the boys have proved to possess sufficient hardihood to walk home trouserless rather than break the sixth Commandment.

FOUND SECRET CHAMBER.

Relics of By-Gone Meal Partaken of in Charles I.'s Reign.

A secret chamber in which were the remains of an unfinished meal, reduced to dust, has been found at the Peerm Farm, near Mold, Flintshire, England, built in the early part of the sixteenth century and once the manor house of the Hartshurst estate. Some workmen were engaged in repairing an ancient fireplace and chimney, when they discovered a revolving stone, which upon being opened, revealed a secret chamber. The apartment contained oak furniture of antique design, including a table on which lay antiquated firearms and feeding utensils and the remains of a meal, reduced to dust. It is surmised that the chamber was utilized as a place of concealment by royalist fugitives during the civil war of the reign of Charles I., from which period it had remained undisturbed.

What She Wanted to Know.

"So your daughter is engaged?" "Yes." "Is he a nice young man?" "Very." "And you approve of the match?" "Yes. They seem to be just suited for one another." "That's so nice. Are his people all right?" "They're delighted." "How old is he?" "About 32." "Just a fine age. Is he handsome?" "Well, he's not what you'd call bad looking." "I'm just crazy to see him. I suppose Agnes is very happy. But I must be going now. I'll drop in again sometime." "Haven't you forgotten to ask me something?" "Oh, I thought you wanted to know how much money he is making."

Plain Enough.

Suffragette—If you come to our meetings you'd hear some plain things. Male Thing—Ah! And see 'em, no doubt!

ON Wash Day

25 Blueing 10 cents. Makes the Clothes as White as Snow. Try It! Manufactured by The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal, Can.

See Open Top Tub See How the Wringing is Attached

Room to Work

MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

The Wringing Board extends from the end of the way of the cover. This allows practically the whole top of the tub to open. It may be put in and take out clothes. No other wringer has as large an opening. No other wringer can be worked with equal hands at side as well as top lever. Do you use Maxwell's "Favorite" wringer? It makes quality better. Write us for catalogue if your dealer does not handle them. 89 DAVIS MAXWELL & SONS, ST. MARTIN'S, Ont.

THE OBSERVER

Pres. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.
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The Observer will be sent to any Canadian address from now until July 1 for only 10 cents.

CLOSURE.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. Borden introduced a bill into parliament having for its effect the limitation of debate. The object of its introduction was to close the debate on the Naval question. This move had been threatened for some time, but as the bill means the suppression of free speech in Parliament it was not thought that the Conservatives would so oppose the British principle of fair play. It was necessary, however, to either bring in such a bill or to go the people with the Naval question.

When Sir Wilfrid Laurier rose in his place to reply to Premier Borden, who entered the closure motion, the Speaker allowed him the floor. But immediately the closure was applied on no less a distinguished statesman than Sir Wilfrid, himself. It was moved that Sir Wilfrid be not heard but that the floor be given to Hon. J. D. Hazen. This motion was voted for by every Conservative. It has no precedent in any parliament of Canada or Great Britain. It caused a wave of indignation to sweep from coast to coast, and such as was re-echoed in England.

Speaking of closure Mr. Kyte, M.P., said:

"The prime minister of Canada has assaulted the empire's fairest daughter. He has clapped her on the head. He has gagged her. He has thrown her to the ground. He has deprived her of speech and rifled her pockets. Now he proposes to take her money and go with it hypocritically to her affectionate old mother and say: 'Lo, I bring you a gift from your fairest and most loyal daughter.'"

"We witnessed yesterday," said he, "a spectacle which has cast eternal discredit and disgrace upon the Canadian parliament. We witnessed the most outrageous attempt to institute gag rule ever seen in a civilized legislature. And whom did the prime minister and the minister of public works attempt to gag? Was it some insignificant back-bencher, some unruly obstructionist, if you will, who had no great following in the house or in the country? No, to their lasting shame be it said that they selected the greatest of all Canadians, the nestor all overseas imperial statesman, Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

Mr. Carvell maintained that the proper comparison in dealing with the relative merits of closure in Canada and in other countries was not to go to Germany or Austria for precedents but rather to the mother of parliaments in Great Britain. The principle which had been adopted there was to specify those motions which could not be debated leaving still inviolate the historic rights of the minority.

In Canada the principle adopted now was to specify those motions which could not be debated and refuse the right of debate to all motions not so specified. The proposed restriction of debate in Canada was far more drastic than in the British house under closure. The right to debate a motion for the adjournment of the house carrying with it the privilege of raising any important public question and even the right to questions of privilege had been taken away. These rights were absolutely essential to any adequate criticism of government policy. Without them the government could dictate just what questions were to be debated.

The second Borden-Rogers amendment proposed relating to the termination of any debate was based on the proposal made to a committee of the British house in 1848. That committee had refused to consider it. In its report occurred these words: "The old rules and orders when carefully considered and narrowly investigated are found to be the safeguards of freedom of debate and a sure defence against the oppression of over-powering majorities. These rules are the fruit of long experience—a day may break down the prescription of centuries. It is easy to destroy, it is difficult to reconstruct."

"That" said Mr. Carvell "was the last authoritative pronouncement in Great Britain before the existing rules were adopted in Canada at the time of confederation. The principle enunciated then was a part of the compact of confederation. In a country like Canada, with its diversified races, creeds and languages, its minorities of all classes, it was surely wise to pause before precipitately changing the whole basis of parliamentary procedure."

It is contended by the Conservatives that obstructive methods of the Opposition made the closure bill necessary. If such were necessary now it should have been considered necessary when the reciprocity bill was under discussion. From the origin of the Liberal party low tariff has been a party principle. The reciprocity question was not one that required to be referred to the people, and it was not defeated on the merit of the question itself. It is fresh in the minds of the people how two years ago the Conservatives fought the reciprocity bill in parliament for a period of six months. Sir Wilfrid was confronted with closure or an election. He chose the civilized course even though it cost his party their retirement from office.

The opinion of Mr. Carvell on closure at that time was that our constitutional or parliamentary rules were faulty in that debate could be carried on indefinitely, but he thought that any legislation with a view to curtailing debate on any question at the time under discussion would be entirely out of the question. He was then referring to the Conservative hold-up of the reciprocity treaty.

Two years ago the Conservatives forced the Liberal government to choose between closure or an election. To the Liberal mind a closure bill having for its object the stifling of a question at the time under discussion was unthinkable.

The Naval question was not a party issue until the Conservatives came into power. Up until a year ago both parties were a unit in favor of what is now called the Laurier plan. The question did not enter into the election of 1911, except in the province of Quebec where Borden supporters claimed that Laurier was "too British for them," and that if Borden were elected the Naval act would be repealed and there would be no Canadian navy or aid to Great Britain's armament. In all the rest of Canada the question was not before the people, and the electors were given to distinctly understand that the idea of a Canadian navy was fixed by the unanimous vote of both parties.

Who made the Naval question a party issue?

The Conservatives claim people's mandate for the policy involving a gift of \$35,000,000 to Great Britain. This is what they distinctly have not. No hint of any such thing was given to the people previous to the election.

A Sale of Horses.

An auction sale of horses on Saturday attracted a good many people to town. "Gordon Matchless," the Clydesdale stallion imported a few years ago by the Simonds Agricultural Society, was sold to David Watson of Andover for \$500. It is thought that if the sale had been advertised more extensively this fine horse would have brought more money. Two work horses owned by David Shaw were knocked down to Rainsford Birmingham for \$170 and \$225.

It is said that when the summer timetable goes into effect the C.P.R. will adopt Eastern standard time instead of Atlantic standard, which is the legal time in this province. This will make confusion and will not be a popular change.

DISGRACEFUL ROADS.

In a Needlessly Bad Condition.

Never since the first path was made through the woods have the roads been in such an impassible condition. Those whose business it is to superintend the making of the roads blame their condition all on the weather. As a matter of fact, there was much less snow and hardly the average amount of rain this spring, so the highways should not be worse this year than in any other years. But no one will deny that they are worse than ever before known.

All over the county this condition exists. The attention of the Observer has been particularly called to conditions in this immediate vicinity. It would be difficult to find, and beyond the most grotesque imagining to picture a piece of highway road in such a condition as that leading from Hartland toward Coldstream. Decidedly unsafe at night, the road is practically impassible in broad daylight. Its condition need not have been nearly so bad. Quoting one who is in a position to know, it will cost not less than \$150 to make passable a short distance on this road. The same authority says that \$5 properly expended last fall would have left the road in fair condition at this time. That the work then needed was not done by reason of oversight cannot be given as an excuse. It is a case of wilful neglect, or indifference of the officers whose duty it is to have the roads kept in repair.

The foregoing authority personally drew the attention of Coun. Morgan and Supervisor Rideout to this piece of highway but nothing whatever was done either to remedy or prevent. This is a remission of duty that is not excusable.

Least we should be considered too hard on the two individuals named it may be said that neglect is apparent in every mile of road in Carleton county. Probably no amount of money that the people ever raised has been expended with so little result as that collected for road taxes during the past few years.

A Silent Rear Admiral.

(Hartland, April 8.)

Mr. Carvell: I am surprised, Mr. Chairman, that the honorable Minister of Marine and Fisheries (Mr. Hazen) can allow such an appeal to his patriotism to pass unnoticed as that to which he has listened for the last three-quarters of an hour from my honorable friend from Red Deer.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Used 102 years for internal and external ills.

A sure relief for coughs, colds, sore throat, cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhea, cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, etc.

25c and 50c everywhere
Parsons' Pills
Relieve Constipation and Headache
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

It is a most remarkable thing that the honorable gentleman, who next to the Prime Minister, is responsible for this monstrous proposition which is being put forward, has not the nerve—if I may use no stronger term—after six weeks of silence, to stand up and defend that proposition even for five minutes. I had hoped that at least we would try to defend that coal barge business of his in St. John for a few minutes. I thought he was going to give up some reasons, after all the discussions we have had, as to why at least a portion of this \$35,000,000 should not have abandoned the Canadian idea; and so obsessed these honorable gentlemen with the idea of getting this money out of this country that after the abortive attempts of the Minister of Public Works yesterday, and the Minister of Finance this afternoon, the matter is entirely abandoned. I thought I saw signs of half a dozen gentlemen on the other side this afternoon having an ambition to throw some light on the subject, but evidently the word has gone forth, the gag has been applied again, and we are back in the same position as on March 15.

A better assortment of samples of clothes than ever are shown at McLaughlan's store this season. Call in early and leave your measure for a suit. We guarantee a fit. Put up in latest styles, first class workmanship.

The People's Shoe Store

A Refuge for Weary Feet

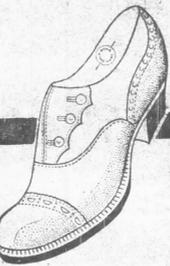
Hundreds of weary and disgusted feet come in here and go away glad. If we can't fit you properly we don't expect you to buy the shoes. We have your size, because we have every fractional size made, in all of our various lines. We take just as much pains in fitting a child as we do a grown-up. We want every shoe we sell to serve as a walking advertisement for this up-to-date store. No one can understand us, quality for quality.

The Finishing Touch

Every woman realizes that the shoe is one of the most important items of dress, as it gives the finishing touch to her costume. We sell shoes that are not only stylish and attractive when you take them from our store, but which maintain their shape through a season of wear. A cheap shoe, in the sense of being of inferior material and workmanship, is something we do not tolerate on our shelves. We represent the high-class manufacturers, who have a reputation to sustain. You find here everything in footwear, and at specially attractive prices just now.

The Three Graces

Fit, style and perfection of workmanship are the three graces which contribute to the superiority of our shoes. With one of these qualities lacking the other two would fail to meet the ideal. This combination is reached only through long experience in catering to a discriminating trade and in making a painstaking study of the great and complex industry of modern shoemaking. We clothe the feet of the entire family as they should be clothed, and reduce your year's shoe bill to the minimum.



Keep your feet in good humor. Slip them into a pair of cool "Gold Bond" Oxfords.

The Gold Bond Shoe



H. R. NIXON

BARGAIN

... FOR ...

Saturday, April 19

A 25c Box Stationery

containing 25 Sheets Best Quality Linen Finish Writing Paper and Envelopes to match. On Saturday next every purchaser of one of these boxes will be presented with

Any 15c Writing Tablet in our Store FREE!

Orders are being booked for the Gold Fish to arrive April 26. Don't wait until they come. Order Now

Seeds: For 16 years we have led in supplying Flower and Vegetable Seeds, and are now showing a full line from the most reliable growers.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., LTD.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Hartland.

What About Your Ice Cream Supply for the Summer?

Owing to the fact that we are this year doubling our Ice Cream Plant, we are prepared much better than ever to meet the demand of our wholesale trade.

We have installed the largest Ice Cream Freezer in Woodstock and are prepared to fill all orders at any time—winter or summer.

We desire to correspond with all parties intending to handle Ice Cream this season.

Wholesale Trade Price, \$1.00 per Gallon

We would make it better if we could
We could make it cheaper if we would

Give us a trial this season. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

OUR AIM: The Best Drugs } Stevens Bros. } YOUR WISH: }
"The Reliable Druggists" } Lowest Prices }

J. C. STEVENS, Centreville Manager

2 STORES:

Centreville and Woodstock,

During the next few weeks you will require some of the following, which we can save you money on:

Wall Paper. A very large range suitable for all rooms.

Floor Oilcloth in six patterns; all widths.
Linoleums in different patterns; 2 yards and 4 yards wide.
Stair Oilcloth, 25 and 27 inches wide.

WINDOW SHADES

Lace Curtains from 50c to \$4.00. Curtain Muslins from 10c to 30c yard. Portieres, Portiere and Curtain Poles. Large assortment of Furniture just received.

C. M. Sherwood, Limited

FOR SALE

As the owner intends going away, he will sell at a bargain—
One Cook Stove (Lansdowne Improved), with Pipe
One Rubber Tired Wagon
One Single Harness.

ROY L. CRAIG,
South Gordonsville

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

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

FARM FOR SALE

I wish to sell my farm, consisting of 100 acres, situated in Somerville, just opposite Hartland. Will sell with or without stock and machinery.

J. HARVEY BELYEA

Driving Boots

Made to Measure in the best manner from best of stock. Prices reasonable. Order early.

C. S. HALLETT, Lower Windsor

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

Local News and Personal Items

Scott Allbright visited Bath on Monday.

Mrs. Brewer visited Woodstock on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Foster visited St. John this week.

Mrs. A. W. Rideout returned on Monday from Houlton.

C. M. Rideout, traffic agent of the N.T.R., was here on Monday.

P. S. Marsten of Woodstock was doing business here on Friday.

J. B. Anderson of St. Stephen was at the Exchange over Sunday.

Mrs. Emily DeWitt has returned from a four weeks visit at Ludlow, Me.

Miss Norah Tompkins of Stickney visited Mrs. Spurgeon Tompkins over Sunday.

Mrs. Luther Hartt of Perth died on Apr. 5 after a long illness of paralysis.

A. H. Robinson of East Brighton was a pleasant caller at this office on Thursday.

Samuel Wallace has moved in from Cloverdale and is occupying G. R. Burt's house.

The prospect for driving is very dull. Lumbermen are beginning to get uneasy.

You get a 15 cent writing tablet free at Estey & Curtis' if you call next Saturday.

W. C. Forrest has taken possession of the store at Windsor and was in the village on Monday.

Robert Hull of Woodstock is working in McAfee's barber shop. Mr. McAfee continues ill.

Go to Taylor's for your natty spring suit or rain coat. Taylor sells ladies' rain coats \$3.75 to \$8.90.

Mrs. Minnie Briggs of Westfield, Me., was at Upper Brighton to attend the funeral of her uncle, Henry Day.

FOR SALE: Three good cows and two good horses. Cheap to quick cash buyers. S. W. Smith, Mount Pleasant.

Taylor sells for cash as cheap as any mail order house in Canada. You have only to invest five dollars to be convinced.

The teachers of Carleton and Victoria counties will hold their annual institute in Woodstock on May 1st and 2nd.

Reports from all sections say the roads are in a very bad condition, even worse than is usual at this time of year.

A. E. Andrews, an Englishman, has located in Hartland and will ply his calling of painting and paper hanging.

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

Nurse bills may be had at the Observer office. We have cuts of several breeds of horses and can do the work very promptly.

Three years ago, Hartland gave the Centreville Dramatic Co. a full house. Centreville will return the compliment on Friday evening.

J. S. Scribner of St. John was here on Tuesday. Years ago he was a familiar figure here as the district representative of Frost & Wood.

READ THIS: H. R. Nixon is giving away with ten pounds of Nixon's Special Tea one of those fancy jet tea pots; something new. He has them in the window. Look at them when you go by.

A man named Walter Saunders, who with a companion was stealing a ride on Conductor Vandine's freight train, fell from the car and was literally torn to pieces. The accident occurred on Wednesday of last week, four miles below Woodstock.

Deeds, mortgages and bills of sale may be secured from The Observer at 5 cents each. They will be sent postpaid to any who remit with the order. Summons, capias, executions, tax notices, etc., are 40 cents per 100 and will likewise be sent postpaid.

The attention of The Observer has been called to the dumping of all kinds of foul, disease-breeding offal at the west end of the bridge. To haul the dirt and filth from his own premises and dump it where it will be an outrage on the public's sense of decency marks the man who does it a very small man.

Watch for Taylor's ad next issue.

Robert Mean of Esdraelon was in Hartland yesterday.

All new garden seeds for sale at Taylor's.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Christian, a daughter, on Tuesday, Apr. 15.

Bran, Shorts, Middlings, Puritan, Molassine Meal, Whole and Cracked Corn, also Timothy and Clover Seed cheap at Carr's.

The Ladies Aid of the United Baptist church intend giving a pleasant evening to the public on April 29. Further particulars next week.

A large assortment Trunks, Suit Cases and Bags can be seen at McLaughlan's store. Price for quality cannot be beaten anywhere.

Mrs. Moses Taylor and son, Howard, have returned from Lowell, and intend to start soon for San Diego, Calif., where Mr. Taylor is.

Expected next week at Carr's: Another car potato and grain fertilizer, probably the last of the season. Those who have not already bought should engage some at once.

Chas. Emery, formerly of Jacksonville, died at Monticello on Thursday. His widow is a daughter of Jonathan Harding, Jacksonville.

Centreville will have a big crowd on Friday evening, April 18, when the Hartland Base Ball Club will put on their big minstrel show in the opera house.

Wedding invitations and visiting cards, in the very latest styles and of the best possible workmanship may be obtained at the Observer office.

Ellis Carmichael of Good Corner was in Hartland on Thursday. He has leased for the season the Stallion "Cyclist," owned by Dr. MacIntosh.

Married, at the Baptist parsonage, Bath, on April 5, by the Rev. K. C. McLennon, Joseph G. Craine of Beechwood to Iva B. Grant of Piercemont, Carleton county.

Don't forget the parlor meeting under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. on this Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Scott Sipprell. Everybody come. Silver collection.

F. A. Aiton, the genial dispensing chemist at the drug store, is wearing an exaggerated smile since Monday on which day he was elected the proud daddy of a ten-pound boy.

Great Bargains in Envelopes for business or private correspondence may be had at The Observer office. These are parts of boxes that will be sold at half the wholesale price.

Mrs. Percy Graham, Miss Smith and George F. Smith went to Woodstock on Friday. Mrs. Graham returned on the same day while the others remained for a few days.

The union prayer meeting will be held in the Reformed Baptist church next Sunday evening. We invite all to come to these meetings. Come early and enjoy a service of song.

WANTED—Foxes, all colors, bears, mink, marten, sable, fishers, lynx, skunks, moose. Write describing what you have to offer and best cash price. J. D. Frier, Sussex, N. B.

Stanley Wilson, a well known and prosperous young farmer, died at his home in Hartford Monday morning, aged 40 years. He is survived by his widow, five brothers and two sisters.

J. B. Tompkins, owing to ill health, has sold his 140 acre farm at Jacksonville and removed to Woodstock. The new proprietor is Henry Good formerly of Good Corner, who has taken possession. — Press.

TO CONSUMPTIVES and All Afflicted With Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Grippe or any Lung or Throat trouble.

After suffering for years with a severe throat trouble which ran into Consumption, Rev. E. A. Wilson was cured by following plain rules of health and using Dr. Churchill's prescription. Writing to help all sufferers he sends, for free distribution, a full description of his trouble and the simple means he used to cure himself.

WILSON'S REMEDY (Dr. Churchill's prescription) has been doing its wonderful good work for over 40 years. It has been tried and proven, and is a household remedy in many, many homes to which it has brought health and happiness.

If you are suffering from any Lung or Throat trouble, "never do not fail to give this valuable remedy a trial. Send for Mr. Wilson's history of his own remarkable case which will be sent FREE, together with a \$1.00 package of the remedy, to all who write for it. Address: Wilson Remedy Co., Westwood, N. J., U.S.A.

Go to C. H. Taylor's for wall paper. Border same price. Largest assortment.

According to Aroostook county papers Green Mountain potatoes have advanced to \$1.75 per barrel.

Just arrived: latest styles and patterns in boys and men Caps at McLaughlan's, Hartland.

S. R. Hayden came down from Plaster Rock yesterday. He thinks the operators will get their lumber out if a good warm rain comes soon.

Alfred Moors has moved from the Orser rent over the hardware store into the tenement known as "the beehive."

Fred, the five year old son of H. N. Dickinson, on Saturday fell from a heavily loaded wagon and one wheel passed over him. Strange to say he was not seriously injured although for a time his condition gave much anxiety.

(Call at McLaughlan's store when in Hartland and see some of the latest styles and materials in ladies' tailored suits.

Thos. Creath, Newburgh, was in town on Monday. Mr. Creath is still suffering the effects of an accident last fall in which he unfortunately broke his leg.

A fine display of Men's Dress Shirts at McLaughlan's; regular prices \$1.25 and \$1.00 to clear @ 89c.

Harry Crandlemyre had one of his thumbs taken off in Smith Bros. mill at Esdraelon one day last week.

Parties wishing millinery goods will do well to call and examine C. H. Taylor's stock. Larger assortment than usual.

Always thought an agricultural society would be a grand thing? Well, then, why not step into the breach and be one of those to make the society a possibility? Don't stand back and wait to see how it turns out, take hold right now and do your part to make the undertaking an assured success. Don't knock but boost. Put your hand to the plow by giving your name and dollar membership fee to A. G. Baker, treasurer, or the secretary, C. M. Shaw. Its your good privilege to help at this time. Do not miss it.

Knowlesville.

Mrs. George W. Whitehouse is receiving medical treatment at Dr. Prescott's hospital in Woodstock.

Miss Charlotte Henserson is staying at the home of George Whitehouse.

The young people of this place enjoyed the wood-splitting and dance at the home of J. W. Lawson last Wednesday.

Wm. Boyle and family have removed to Aroostook Co.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Whitehouse have gone to Presque Isle.

Rev. Judson Corey is holding special meetings in Windsor with the assistance of Rev. S. W. Schurman.

Clarence Manuel who has spent the last three years in the west has returned to his home in Knowlesville. Mr. Manuel is one of Knowlesville's most popular young men and his many friends welcome him back.

Randolph Henderson and John McAfee of Arnooud spent Thursday evening with friends in this place.

Miss Mabel Linder who has been spending a few weeks in Windsor came home on Sunday.

The many friends of Mrs. Hatley Carle regret to learn of her serious illness.

Miss Laura Fortrest spent Saturday and Sunday in Rockland, the guest of Miss Addie Nevers.

Miss Welton, the popular milliner in charge of C. H. Taylor's millinery department, is meeting with good success.

CENTREVILLE SHOW SEPT. 24 and 25.

Agricultural Society Plans Improvements.

The roads are in an awful condition and business is accordingly dull. Farmers are getting anxious to get to work on the land, but it will be some time yet before farming operations are in full swing as the frost is in very deep and is coming out slowly.

Centreville Agricultural Society intends holding a grand two days show, Sept. 24 and 25. This is some earlier than usual and will be much better for stock of all kinds as the cold October winds do not tend to make the animals look sick and glossy. The society already have five acres of ground, a fine two story building, a large dining hall and cook room, and a number of horse, poultry and cattle sheds, however, they feel the need of much more shed room to accommodate the large number of stock entries, and intend building this summer a large swine and sheep shed, about 50 stalls for horses all closed in and a large open machinery shed for the exhibition of machinery in motion and otherwise. These buildings are to cost about \$1200 and the society felt that they should have some aid from the government, so A. A. H. Margison and F. D. Tweedie were appointed to meet the executive and lay the case before them. This they did last Tuesday in St. John and were very favorably received by the members of the government who promised a reply in a few days, which the delegates were given to understand would be favorable to the interest of the society. The society also have in mind to buy some adjoining land for the purpose of building a track. If the land can be procured at a reasonable figure this town will surely have a track, and judging from the interest taken in the ice race last winter it will not be a difficult matter to draw a crowd at any time for local races.

Dr. H. W. Peppers is seriously ill with what is thought at present to be pneumonia. His many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Rev. C. W. Walden has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church here. The reverend gentleman has been here for three years and has been a good pastor and an excellent citizen. He and his family will be much missed.

The Oddfellows have not as yet started their ball, but we hope to see a large ball in course of construction very soon.

F. D. Tweedie has been laid up with blood poisoning in his hip, but is now much better.

Mrs. (Dr.) Brown left on Tuesday for a visit at Fredericton and St. John.

The young ladies' forming the Tennis Club gave a bean supper in the Opera House Tuesday evening. They have rented ground from S. W. Burt and expect to thoroughly enjoy themselves the coming summer.

A diamond ring worn at one of the recent parties has caused a lot of conjecture. We have not as yet heard any sound of wedding bells.

Three surveyors are located in the village, boarding at H. T. Scholes'. Our railroad seems to be coming along nicely.

Everybody in Centreville and vicinity will surely welcome the Hartland base ball club minstrels on Friday evening and will give them a full house.

Florenceville.

Melton Foster of Hartland has moved into the house lately vacated by Mr. Barrett.

Mrs. Arthur Brown, Carrie, Howard and Samuel Estey of New York were called home last week on account of the illness of their mother, Mrs. D. N. Estey.

Miss Edith Haughn underwent an operation on Monday for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer, Jr., returned to the village last week, after being absent for the winter.

Miss Charlton of Knoxford spent the week-end with her brother, Henry Charlton.

Blair Charlton has gone to Blaine to work.

Go to Sherwood's Opera House on Friday evening prepared to laugh for two hours. Not a dull minute during the evening. The Base Ball Minstrels drew a larger crowd at Hartland than any other show from outside ever did. It's a corker and people in the vicinity of Centreville will miss a lot of fun if they miss this.

J. T. G. Carr

... DEALER IN ...

Real Estate, Insurance

... AND ...

General Merchandise

Agent for the sale of Lots and Acreage in and around the growing towns of

Fort George and New Hazelton, B. C.

Now is the time to buy. Prices have already advanced, but the big money will be made in the near future. Lots can be bought for 10 per cent. discount for cash or in payments of \$10 per month.

Insurance

When a man insures he wants to know that the company he deals with is **SAFE**. I am agent for some of the largest and soundest companies in the world, amongst them **The Liverpool and London and Globe, Queen, New York Underwriters, etc.**

Merchandise

Am now closing out this line. Can give great bargains in **Fur Goods, Clothing, Ladies' Coats, Millinery, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockeryware, etc.**

JOHN T. G. CARR

Hartland

Millinery!

SPRING AND SUMMER

Hats for Ladies and Children

An endless variety of styles. Come early and place your orders. Work is in charge of an experienced lady who can suit the most fastidious tastes.

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Inhuman Presque Isle Stepmother.

Houlton, Me., April 14—For cruelty to her stepchildren, Mrs. Susan Markee, of Presque Isle, was sentenced today to two years in state prison.

The evidence showed that she had broken the arm of a six-year-old girl and that the exposure to which she subjected a boy of seven had necessitated the amputation of his frozen toes.

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GOVERNMENT STANDARDS

FOOLING THE WRECKING CREW

There Have Been Many Miraculous Escapes by Passengers When Trains Smash Up

"What's that?"

The question was simple enough, but there was a note of sudden alarm in the speaker's voice that startled the little wedding party waiting on the platform of the railroad station, says a writer in the Railroad Men's Magazine.

"What's that?" returned someone, as if annoyed by an unpleasant intrusion.

"That! That! Don't you hear?" As the sharp inquiry brought silence, far across the hill in the direction the speaker was pointing could be heard the echo and re-echo of an unusual sound. It was unlike a blast, or thunder, or even the rumble of a train.

It was a sound that none of them had ever heard before, and each was as startled by it as he would have been by the warning buzz of a rattlesnake. Instinctively they felt that the sound spelled trouble, and somehow, the trouble seemed very close to them. What gayety there had been among them rapidly died out, and they looked into each other's faces with perplexity and alarm.

The mystifying sound echoed itself away, but one or two with sharper ears thought they heard a sizzle, thin and attenuated, like a woman's voice in the distance. Then there came a low rumble, a collection of minor sounds too baffling to describe, but hardly loud enough to reach the straining ears that caught them.

Orville Brown, the expectant bridegroom, feeling that it was up to him to do something, pulled out his watch and said:

"Train must be late. It's due here now."

Then to Brown, out of one of those merest vapors of dread, came a certainty of calamity. It struck him all at once, and he cried out in terror:

"That must have been the train we heard. It's wrecked, that's what it is!"

In the first moment of astonishment those about Brown stared with bulging eyes at a person who had suddenly received a message from the dead, but one of them recovered quickly and sped to the telegraph operator's window to find out if what he said was true. He was soon back with the news that train No. 33, for which they were waiting, had left Irvineton on time, but was now ten minutes late. That was enough. Brown and one of his friends leaped into a buggy hitched near the station and whipped the horse into a gallop.

As the wheels rattled down the street they left behind an ominous conviction in the minds of the others that there had really been a wreck, and, although they had nothing to go by except Brown's exclamation, within five minutes the road to Irvineton was filled with racing vehicles. But Brown was not to be overtaken, for on train No. 33 was Miss Anne Corbett of Parker's Landing, who was on her way to marry him.

She was alone. She wished it that way. Avoiding the fuss and bustle of a wedding she had simply slipped away, sent a wire and taken a train to the home town of the man she was to marry. She expected to meet only him, but he had been so elated at her coming that he could not keep the secret to himself. That accounted for the crowd at the station and the sharp ears which detected the unusual sound.

Anne Corbett had been looking out the window, her mind filled with happy thoughts at the realization that only a few minutes separated her from the man of her choice. The engine-unlumbered for the last stretch, and the car away from side to side in its hurry to bring her to Warren.

She smiled contentedly, but, even as she smiled, the engineer saw an open switch before him, a 50-foot embankment at his side, and, at the bottom, the pipe line of the gas company.

It was no question of stopping. The switch was under him in a flash, and the engine, leaping from the rails, rolled and plunged over the embankment, dragging behind it the whole train of cars. One by one they pitched and slid, rolled and tumbled with heavy, grotesque movements until they smashed into the gas company's pipe line and broke it.

Immediately the gas spread out over the wreck in a poisonous cloud, seemingly intent on making the catastrophe complete, and choking the shrieks of the injured and dying. For those who lay helpless in the jumbled cars there was but one hope—to be dragged up the embankment away from the steadily increasing volume of gas.

There were few to help. Even those who were not seriously hurt were so badly shaken that they could do but little.

Minute after minute passed, and there was no help save that of a few men who stumbled about in a daze. Those least injured crawled

painfully out of the wreck, and some tried to help others less fortunate, but still the gas spread, and those nearest the break began to breathe the deadly poison.

I got the story from a flagman, who was just able to climb the embankment and start down the track to warn an approaching freight of the danger. Looking up, he says he saw on the road beside the track what appeared to be a runaway, and in his half-dazed condition he stopped and watched it blankly.

The road swerved just beyond the embankment, and there two men left the buggy at a leap, leaving the horse to run on down the road until he was tired.

The flagman saw buggy after buggy rush up and its occupants disappear within the cars.

How many people Orville Brown and his friends saved from asphyxiation in the wreck on March 7, 1907, none of them know. The flagman sets it down roughly at from 50 to 75, but long before even the second buggy had arrived Brown, as if by instinct, had found Anne Corbett.

She lay a crumpled heap between two seats in the third car, badly but not fatally crushed, her lungs filling with the fatal gas. With a strength that astonished him, Brown released her from her captivity and carried her to safety.

It was only a short time before, on February 23rd of the same year, that they had what is considered the most providential wreck that ever occurred on the Keystone Route.

It was midnight, and train No. 33, the famous eighteen-hour special, west-bound, was an hour late. With only eighteen hours to cover 1,000 miles, the loss of an hour near the beginning meant that somewhere farther on there was going to be rapid travelling, and a little of it was going on. Even Mineral Point, eight miles from Johnstown, although a bad curve, lost some of its terrors in the anxiety to get on, and the special struck it with a trifle more speed than it could stand.

The rails groaned under the strain, the spikes stirred uneasily in their wooden beds, and then, with a pull, they came out and the engine began pounding the ties.

When it first went off it was going so fast, the crew say, that it did not swerve into the ditch, but tore up 800 feet of track before it careened and began tearing out the telegraph poles.

The train happened to be filled with rather well-known people that night, and for many hours rumors of a terrific loss of life went out, and a lasting impression was given that there had been a frightful catastrophe. In fact, no one on a whole train received more than a severe jolting, although three cars were badly smashed.

The escape had been so miraculous that a shudder went through the whole company. The three smashed cars, although extremely expensive and not broken beyond repair, were piled up beside the track and burned.

On March 4th, three days before the Warren wreck, the Pittsburgh Flyer was taking Altoona at its usual gait of 50 miles an hour when the concussion caused by its passage in some way shocked a carload of dynamite into activity.

It began as the first baggage car was passing, as near as could be gauged. Some of the crew insist that it was abreast of the engine, others maintain that the train had passed half way, but the fact that the windows were all knocked out of the forward smoker tells its own story.

However, it does not do to start an argument on the subject in certain quarters. It was not one terrific detonation, but a series of half a dozen, each louder and more destructive than the one before. The train was in full swing, and there would not have been any sense in stopping, but as each car passed it caught a broadside that smashed every window, practically tore the framework out from floor to roof, snapped off the steps, and wrecked the vestibules.

By the time the last car got its share the train was a mere tattered fragment of rolling stock. And yet it did not leave the rails, and not a passenger was seriously injured.

That whole era of the first six months of 1907 had left a deep impression on the men. Many of them firmly believe that they were protected from the wrath, and some of the occurrences surely point to that conclusion.

On January 20th of that year, at the very worst period of all, the usual crowd of hotel loafers were taking it easy in the comfortable office chairs in the hotel at Rahway, N. J., undisturbed by the constantly passing trains, when suddenly they were all brought to their

feet by a jar as if some giant had struck the wall with his fist. They tumbled out in excitement, and ran around to the side of the building just as the last of the flyer whirled past. Glancing up at the wall, they could see a deep gouge and scratch, and on the ground a twelve-inch length of rail.

How it got there was a subject of immediate discussion, but there was no solution unless some person of unusual strength had hurled it from the swiftly passing train. Then someone noticed it was smooth and glistened on the surface as if it had been freshly run over. This led the discussion to the track, which was 50 feet away, and there it was immediately discovered that the end of a rail had been torn away. The broken end fitted in exactly.

Later it was decided that the engine, in passing, had flung it against the side of the hotel, and that the rest of the train had passed over the gap. It seems impossible, but there is no other explanation.

Occurrences such as these bred caution along the whole system, and anything in the least out of the way came in for prompt attention.

As an example of this, they tell the story of Carl Gill, baggagemaster. It was much later, the night before Thanksgiving, and Gill was kept busy late into the evening looking after the trunks of people who were taking advantage of the holiday, when he heard a strange noise mixed in with the rattling of a passing freight. He knew the sounds of trains, and he realized there was something wrong with this one, but, even as he tried to distinguish what it was, there was a rattle and a slight thump, and the train continued with its usual noises.

Gill was busy, but after the freight passed he could not help thinking about the odd sound it made. Finally, he stepped to the door and looked down the track.

He had no particular purpose except to ease his mind, but he saw nothing, and was turning back when something glistening in the distance caught his eye.

He looked again, fancied he could make out an object in the distance, and even stepped over on the tracks. The action was altogether unusual.

He had probably never done such a thing before, but he felt impelled to investigate further. So he walked down the track, and the more he looked the more certain he grew there was something on the rails.

He had baggage to check out, and hurried the faster in order to be back. No. 5, the limited, was almost due, but he did not consider that at first, as he never had occasion to check baggage upon it. He even heard it whistling in the distance before he realized that it was coming in on that track.

At the thought he started to run, but by the time he had come up with the object he could see the headlight of the engine down the track. In 30 seconds it would be upon him!

The obstruction remained hardly more than a dark shadow until he was almost to it, and then he saw it was the iron door of a freight car. It had evidently broken loose at one end, and the pounding against the side of the car was the first sound he had heard. When it broke away altogether came the thump.

He seized the end of it to lift it off the track, but it weighed more than he bargained for. He could hardly raise it from the ground. As he strained, his back was turned to the approaching train, and, struggling under the weight, he could hear it pounding down upon him, but, lifting with all the strength in him, he could not raise it high enough to balance it off the track.

Within a few seconds the situation had become crucial. The train was practically upon him, and he had the door raised so high he could neither drop it and save his own skin, even if he had wished to, or push it over. The roar of the drivers was in his ears, but there he was on the track, helpless under the load.

The train struck the end of the door, upon one end as it was, simply turned it over out of the way. As it turned, Gill felt the sudden jerk and, holding tight to the edge, turned a complete somersault and landed in the ditch without having been touched by the engine.

Fred Chalmers of the Frisco System will swear to this one. The story came to me at third hand, but even at that I am inclined to believe with him.

On any other night it would have been merely the chances of rail-roading, but this night it was different.

"Feeling pretty fine, I see," someone remarked to him as he hooked his engine to the Meteor.

"No name for it," he grinned in reply. "We'll fly to-day. Might be someone waiting for me at the other end."

And they did fly. Chalmers opened up and took the whole run at record speed. But this was in that same evil period of 1907, and there was a compound curve at Rollo that lay in wait for him. When he left

the rails his speed was so great that the engine was flung right over backward and rested close beside the baggage car, setting it afire. All in a minute, from whistling a love song to the girl he expected to greet at the end of the run, he found himself facing a slow roasting.

He felt as if he had the whole train across his knees, and, twisting himself, he could see that the broken door of the baggage car held him pinned down to the roof of the cab. The flames were breaking out close to him, and his chances looked slim.

Harry Prescott, the dining-car conductor, was first to see his danger, but the door was jammed fast. "Get an ax, Harry," he groaned. "Cut my legs off at the knees. It's my only hope."

Prescott made a jump for the first car, which lay on the side of the ditch, but could not get at the ax in its rack on account of a girl who had her knees pinched between the last two seats. He took in the situation in an instant, shoved his shoulder under the broken seat-end, released the girl, seized the ax with one hand, took her by the arm with the other, and pulled her into the open.

He did it incidentally, not even looking at the girl, but, as people will do in a state of great excitement, he called to her as he ran: "Sorry I can't help you, but I got to cut Fred Chalmers's legs off."

She had fallen in a heap, too bruised to stand, but at his words she jumped to her feet and hobbled off excitedly after him towards the engine. And, as she ran, she began to sob:

"Don't cut his legs off! Don't do it, please. He's my Harry; I'm going to meet him to-day, and he can't walk without legs."

Prescott neither heard nor saw her, but as he reached the engine he found Chalmers leaning back full length to avoid the flames. His trousers were half burned, and even his coat was catching fire. There was no time to waste. Prescott raised the ax and Chalmers closed his eyes.

But the ax did not fall. The girl had seized it. Prescott swung around, as much to avoid the flames as to face her; and she, pointing to the blazing door, cried:

"Lift it off, can't you? Lift it off, I tell you! Didn't you lift it off me?"

It was no time to argue, and she held the ax with all her strength. "Lift it off!" she cried again. "It's loose!"

Chalmers heard the voice just as he was sinking into unconsciousness, and instinctively raised himself up. He was too much astonished at seeing the girl to realize what happened then; but, involuntarily raising his legs, the weight gave way, a charred end of board fell across his feet, and Prescott, quick to see the chance, seized him by the arm and pulled him free from the cab.

"I wanted to ride with you, Harry, without your knowing it," the girl whispered to him. "Providence must have made me take this train."

One of the most unusual accidents on record occurred not long ago on the South African Railways. A passenger train making 80 miles an hour collided with an elephant, with disastrous results.

The engine was running tender first, and the elephant, coming leisurely along the track, head on, was expected by the engineer to take to the jungles. Instead, he charged the tender with his huge bulk, only to pay for his daring with his life. His massive body was torn open. The tender and engine were thrown completely off the rails.

DRESS IN OLDEN TIMES.

Significance of the Color of Robe Worn by the Bride.

Until the eighteenth century, from earliest Saxon times, the bride of the poorer folk came to the wedding wearing a plain white robe. This was a warning to the public, that since she brought nothing to the marriage, her husband was not the responsible for her debts. At the beginning of the eighteenth century brides began to introduce touches of color into their costumes. Blue was for constancy and green for youth. Yellow was never worn, as it stood for jealousy, while golden also was shunned, as it meant avarice.

Although the ancient Roman and Hebrew brides wore yellow veils and the early Christians of Southern Europe enveloped both man and wife in one large cloth, it was not until Shakespeare's time that veils for brides appeared in England. Prior to that time the custom had been for the bride to go to her wedding with her hair hanging loose as a sign of freedom. Immediately, however, upon entering her new home she bound up her hair. This was a sign of submission.

Permanent.

Maud—Are you engaged to Jack for good?
Ethel—It looks that way. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.

HOME

Dainty Dishes.

Bran Bisquit.

One and a half cups of bran, three-quarters of a cup of graham flour, one cup of white flour, quarter of a cup of shortening or drippings, two cups of sour milk, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a sheet like gingerbread or in gem tins. Mix soda in sour milk.

Cornmeal Pudding.

One and a half cups of milk, one and a half tablespoonfuls (rounded) of cornmeal, one and a half tablespoonfuls of dried bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, quarter of a cup of molasses, butter half the size of an egg, one egg, a handful of raisins. When the milk boils stir in the cornmeal, bread crumbs, salt, and cinnamon, which have been mixed together, boil a few minutes, cool, and add the other ingredients, beating them in well. Bake from an hour to an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Devonshire Squab Pie.

Either mutton or pork is good in this, so long as it is fresh and not too fat. First of all at the bottom of the dish put a layer of the meat cut in small pieces, next onions sliced, season with pepper and salt to taste, then a layer of sliced potatoes, next a layer of sliced apples; repeat until the dish is full; cover with a crust made either with dripping or suet.

Apple Snow—No. 1.

Beat the whites of three eggs to a meringue with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and just before dinner whip into them two cupfuls of smooth apple sauce. Serve heaped in small glasses—custard cups—or in a single dish. If you wish you may give a variation to this by lining the bottom of the dish with strips of sponge cake moistened with cider. Put the "snow" on this by the spoonful. Be sure that the apple sauce is well sweetened, adding the sugar after it is cooked.

Apple Snow—No. 2.

Make a custard of two cups of hot milk, half a cup of sugar, and the yolks of three eggs. Stir over the fire in a double boiler until the custard thickens, turn it into another vessel and let it become cold. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff with a half cup of powdered sugar, and just before the dish is to be served grate four large, firm apples into the meringue and mix together lightly. Have the cold custard in the bottom of a glass dish and heap the apple "snow" on top of it. As the apple darkens by exposure to the air, this dish should stand as short a time as possible between making and serving.

Apple Shortcake.

Make a good short biscuit batter and roll it into a sheet about half an inch thick. Cover with half of it the bottom of a biscuit tin, spread with a thick layer of apples which have been peeled, cored, and sliced, sprinkle with sugar and a little powdered

cinnamon. Lay the rest of the sheet of paste over this and bake in a steady oven for half an hour. Serve cut into squares, with a hard sauce.

This dish may be made with evaporated peaches or apricots or with the same fruits canned.

Fruit Roly-Poly.

Make a good biscuit dough, roll it out into a sheet about half an inch thick and spread it with fresh or canned fruit, or evaporated fruit which has been soaked into plumpness and favor. Use your discretion about the amount of sugar you sprinkle over the fruit—the ripe, tart varieties, such as oranges or apples, will require more than that which is canned. Dredge with flour and roll the dough up with the fruit inside. When you have made it into a loose roll pinch the edges together, wrap in a piece of cheesecloth, and lay in a steamer. Cook one hour and serve with hard or soft sauce.

Peach Batter Pudding.

Butter the inside of a deep bake dish and lay in it as many canned or evaporated and soaked peaches as it will hold comfortably. Sprinkle sugar over these, unless they have been well sweetened in canning. Make a batter of a quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, four eggs, beaten light, and three cups of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add a saltspoonful of salt. Pour this batter over the fruit, cover, bake in a steady oven for thirty minutes, uncover and brown. This may be eaten with either hard or liquid sauce. This pudding is very good made with fresh or canned apples. If the former, they must be peeled and cored and a few whole cloves distributed among them.

Points on Light.

A piece of camphor placed in the well of an oil lamp ensures a more brilliant light. New chimney glasses should be placed in cold soap-suds, and boiled slowly. This prevents them cracking. The char on wicks should be rubbed off with soft tissue paper, the wick being turned down until an eighth of an inch only is above the burner. Scissors should never be used, once a wick has been evenly trimmed.

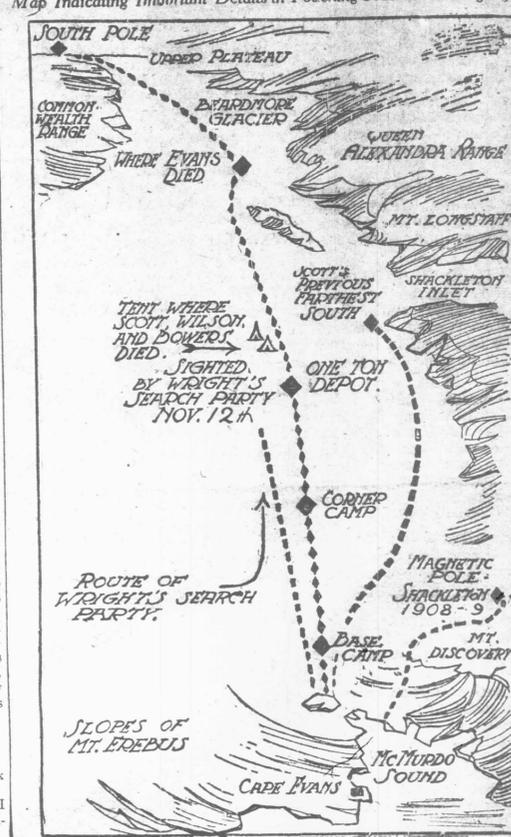
Lamps should not be continually refilled with the remains of previous fillings left in. Pour that out, and keep for other purposes.

Whatever receptacle paraffin is stored in should be absolutely airtight. Paraffin absorbs and evaporates, and both processes lessen its power. A small piece of white wood, about the size of a quarter, with a little arm left, if placed in the oil well, will rise when the oil is poured in, and can easily be observed as it swirls round. This prevents the danger of over-filling a lamp.

Never, quite fill a lamp, especially in the winter or the oil will ooze out when it expands.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juices out.

Map Indicating Important Details in Touching South Pole Tragedy



ACUTE PAINS IN THE BACK

Caused by Lumbago, a Form of Muscular Rheumatism.

Lumbago is sudden in its attacks and is so intensely painful that the sufferer is often unable to move, even to turn in bed or rise from a chair. The trouble chiefly occurs among working men, among whom it numbers thousands of victims. As the attacks come on quite frequently and are so torturing, this disease means much loss of time and money as well as the endurance of much suffering. No victim needs to be told that liniments, plasters and outward treatment will not cure the disease. This kind of treatment is merely a waste of time and money. The trouble is really a species of muscular rheumatism, and is due to poor blood, and can only be cured through the blood. It is for this reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so successful in curing this trouble, and those who are afflicted by it should lose no time in giving the Pills a trial. If the treatment is persisted in the disease will be driven from the system and the cure be made permanent. In substantiation Mrs. Alfred Derby, Etterville, Ont., says: "A few years ago I was attacked by excruciating pains in the back which the doctor called lumbago. I was not able to do a bit of work about the house, and suffered dreadfully every time I moved about. I took the doctor's medicine all winter, and used liniments, without getting any relief. In a thoroughly discouraged condition I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using six boxes I was better and able to do all my own work, and have not been afflicted with the trouble since. I now always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those ailing."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KITCHENS ON THE SIDEWALK

Mechanics of Kavalla Work in the Open.

We arose early one February morning, says a writer in the Christian Herald, and left our fairly clean hotel in Neapolis for four hours of travel over the modern road near the Via Egnatia, which should take us to ancient Philippi. Our vehicle was a somewhat dilapidated truck, such as we are familiar with at almost every railway station, but surprisingly comfortable conveyance for this part of the world. Rattling down some steep, roughly paved streets, we came to the centre of the old Neapolis, passed near the great Roman aqueduct and ascended another steep street on the other side of the market place.

Early as it was we found that the people of Kavalla were up and doing. The stalls of the fruit men were attractive with oranges, pomegranates, lemons and dates. The vegetable dealers displayed a tempting array of cauliflower, cabbage, onions, okra, leeks and potatoes. As in all Eastern cities, there was no privacy. The cook was preparing his breakfast on the sidewalk; the shoemaker was plying his awl; the tailor his needle, and the blacksmith was shoeing his horses, almost in the very street.

WHEN BABY IS ILL.

When the baby is ill; when his little stomach is out of order and he is cross and refuses to smile, don't dose him with castor oil. There is no need to torture him—give Baby's Own Tablets—they do everything castor oil is supposed to do, only they do it better, and what is more the baby will like them. The Tablets are absolutely safe, being guaranteed by a government analyst to contain no opiates or other harmful drugs. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

That's a Net.

The visitor was examining the glass. "Can any little boy or girl here tell me what a fish net is made of?" he kindly inquired. "A lot of little holes tied together with strings," smiled the never-failing "bright boy."

When Your Eyes Need Care

Eye trouble is a headache. No smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculist—not a "Patent Medicine"—and is successful in curing Eye Troubles for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Hobson—"So you've bought a piece of property at Marshville. How does your land lie?" Jobson—"Not nearly so well as the agent who sold it to me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Croup in Corns.

SALINITY AND WEATHER.

Observations of Saltiness Would Aid Forecast for British Isles.

The degree of saltiness of the Irish Sea is the indicator Professor H. Bassett proposes to use for long-distance weather predictions. The salinity is found to vary in a period of about one year, with corresponding changes in temperature, the water being saltier and relatively warmer in winter and spring and fresher and relatively cooler in summer. It is argued that the alterations of temperature must affect the number and character of the cyclones coming from the ocean. The changes of salinity and their time of occurrence have been found to precede certain seasonal types of weather, and it is believed that monthly observations of the saltiness would give a general weather forecast for the British Isles four or five months ahead.

Compliments of the Season.

Whether or not this story, sent to the London Telegraph by its Paris correspondent, is fact or invention, it has so delightful a flavor of the Orient that every one will feel that it ought to be true: "When the Sultan of Turkey gave orders for the mobilization of his troops, he sent to the King of Bulgaria a sack of millet with the following letter: "Ferdinand Effendi. Mobilize if you like, but be assured that there are as many soldiers in Turkey as there are grains of millet in this sack. Now, if you wish, declare war."

Ferdinand's reply was in kind. He sent a much smaller sack, filled with tiny grains of the hottest red pepper of the country. With it went the following letter: "Dear Sultan. The Bulgarians are not numerous, it is true, but be assured that to stick your nose into their affairs is like sticking it into our national condiment. Try it and see. They will sting you so sharply that the whole of Asia will not be able to save you."

Weak, Tired Folks Given New Vigor

Strength Returns, Health Renewed, Vitality of Youth Re-created.

Exhaustion and Bodily Tiredness Every Day Being Turned Into Vigor and Ambition by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

From Chebogue Pt., N. S., comes the following from Mrs. W. A. Reynolds: "A year ago my health began to fail. I lost appetite, became nervous and sleepless. My weight ran down. I became thin, hollow-cheeked, and had black rings under my eyes. I really felt as if the charm of life had left me and when springtime arrived I was in the 'blues.' I read of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and got five boxes at once.

"Within a month my appetite and color were good. I gained strength and felt like a new woman. Now life and vigor returned, and my friends scarcely knew me. A medicine that will do this should be in every home."

Good health means much to you. Success and happiness depend upon it. The maintenance and source of health is found in Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all drug stores and storekeepers, or by mail from the Catarhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

J. Frost, B.A.

There's an artist—such an artist Never yet was born nor made— And he comes when least expected In a garment white arrayed. And the earth is his palette And the atmosphere his brush; But his pictures put the finest Living artist to the blush.

He loves to come at moonlight With the universe abed, And upon the chilly windows Of the houses he will shed All the magic he possesses— And he has a godly share. Then the world gets up to marvel At the pictures painted there.

But the jealous sun, perceiving, Sends a million magic rays, And they play upon the windows In a million magic ways. So the work of art grows misty And the sweet design is lost. Yes; the sun was ever jealous Of the work of Mr. Frost.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box.

The steamboat came splashing along her course at full speed, and the first thing the passengers knew she had crashed head on into the pier. "Mercy!" cried a passenger, as the splinters flew. "I wonder what is the matter." "Nothing," said Pat, one of the deck hands. "Nothing, ma'am—it looks to me as if the captain just forgot that we stop here."

As a sticker a porous plaster hasn't anything on a bad habit.

OLD PROSPE TOR TELLS HIS STORY

HIS REAL TROUBLES STARTED WHEN RHEUMATISM GOT HIM.

Plasters, ointments and sulphur were alike useless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new man of him.

Princeton, B. C., February 17 (Special).—All over Canada people are telling of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and even where nature hides her mines men are telling of cures made and suffering relieved by the great Canadian Kidney remedy. Wm. Murray, sixty-six years old, who has tramped the frontier as lumber jack, rancher, prospector, miner, hunter and trapper, and who has friends all over the west, is one of those. Many a tale of hardship and danger he can tell, but his first real trouble came when Rheumatism claimed him.

"I slipped on the mountain side and strained my kidneys and then my troubles all seemed to set in at once. I had nearly all the symptoms of Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Diabetes, Dropsy and Bright's Disease," Mr. Murray states.

"Then I broke out in a terrible rash that spread all over my body and kept me in tortures. I tried all sorts of liniments and ointments and took sulphur enough to start a little hades of my own. But it was all no use. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and all I can say is they made a new man of me."

It Depends.

"Could you learn to love me?" "I don't know," replied the girl. "What is your particular system of instruction?"

Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P.

Fairville, Sept. 20, 1908. Dear Sirs—We wish to inform you that we consider your MINARD'S LINIMENT a very superior article, and we use it as a sure relief for sore throat and chest. When I tell you I would not be without it if the price was one dollar a bottle, I mean it.

Yours truly,
CHAS. F. TILSON.

FILES CURED IN 8 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Files in 8 to 14 days. 50c.

Relatives of a newly married couple never interfere—if they haven't any.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others.

Low Colonist Rates to Pacific Coast Via Chicago and North Western Railway. On sale daily, March 1st to April 15th, inclusive, from all points in Canada to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Nelson, Rossland, and many other points. Through Tourist sleepers and free reclining chair cars from Chicago. Variable routes. Liberal stop overs. For full information as to rates, routes and literature, write or call on E. H. Bennett, General Agent, 46 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Even if a man is the head of the family it doesn't follow that he's the brains of it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Twisting a Moral.

Father to lazy schoolboy home for the holidays—"Late again, Tom! Now, when I was your age, I once found a purse lying in the road at 7 o'clock in the morning—and all from getting up early."

Tom—"Well, sir, the man who lost it got up earlier."

"The best capital for a man to begin with is a capital wife," says a woman writer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Cured Stomach Gas, Stopped Hiccoughs

Pains in the Stomach That Yield to Nothing Else, Pass Away Quickly If Nerviline Is Used.

Read Mr. Braun's Statement.

"A few weeks ago I ate some green vegetables and some fruit that were not quite ripe. It first brought on a fit of indigestion, but unfortunately it developed into hiccoughs, accompanied by nausea and cramps. I was dreadfully ill for two days—my head ached and throbbled; I belched gas continually, and I was unable to sleep at night. A neighbor happened to see me and urged me to try Nerviline. Well, I wouldn't have believed that any preparation could help so quickly. I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot sweetened water, and my stomach felt better at once. I used Nerviline several times, and was completely restored."

The above is from a letter written by G. E. Braun, a well-known stockman and farmer near Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Braun's favorable opinion of the high merits of Nerviline is shared by thousands of Canadians who have proved Nerviline to be a simple, safe and effective remedy for indigestion, nausea, and stomach disorders. Safe to use, guaranteed to cure—you can make no mistake in keeping Nerviline for your family remedy.

Large family size bottles 50c. trial size 25c. All dealers or the Catarhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

INDEPENDENT "JOE."

A striking personality is Mr. Joseph Martin, who has represented East St. Pancras, London, in the Liberal interest, since 1910. He is a native of Canada, where he was born sixty years ago, and where he enjoyed a very strenuous and successful career. Adopting the law as a profession, he became a Canadian K. C., and entered the Dominion of Canada House of Commons as member for Winnipeg in

1898. He attained various honors in the political world, and became one of the best known men in the Dominion, where he was familiarly known as "Fighting Joe."

But politics and law did not absorb all his energies. He perceived that Canada had a great future, and invested large sums of money in real estate out Vancouver way. His foresight is now bringing him in a rich reward.

Since entering the English House of Commons Mr. Martin's career has not been devoid of incident. He speaks his mind and reckons little of the consequences. When his constituents began to chafe at this conduct he virtually told them that they must "lump it" or get another candidate. Mr. Joseph Martin, K. C., has no intention of developing into an automaton.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

THREE MILESTONES.

How It Feels to Be First Called an Old Man.

An octogenarian sighed and said: "There are three milestones in a man's life. The first, a very joyous milestone, is when he ceases to be called a boy, and for the first time hears himself called a young man. Ah, how happy that makes him! A young man."

"The second milestone is a milestone of gentle melancholy. It is when he ceases to be called a young man, and for the first time hears himself called a man. A man—not a young man any longer. That causes him to take thought. What has he achieved thus far? Is his life going to be a success or a failure? A man, not a young man now, eh? How fast the years have flown! So he muses ruefully.

"The third milestone is a tragedy. It is when he is first called an old man. Ah, how that stabs him. An old man. He will never forget the innocent person—the child—who first applied that phrase to him. He will never forget the scene of its application, a happy scene, perhaps, which suddenly turns funereal, dreadful. An old man—he who first hears those words applied to himself quivers, for all his wrinkles and gray beard, for all his fat stomach and bald head, with an anguish more poignant than youth has ever felt. An old man—how it cuts and tears. How it saps the strength. What a heavy, limp, hopeless feeling of desolation it leaves behind it.

"I am 80. I have heard myself called an old man for a good many years now. But it always tortures me. It is the literal truth that, even at this late day, I'd rather get a blow in the face than be called old. It would hurt less."

SORES FROM ELBOW TO FINGERS.

Zam-Buk Worked a Miracle of Healing.

Reverend Gentleman Fully Corroborates.

Miss Kate L. Dolliver, of Caledonia, Queen's Co., N. S., says: "I must add my testimony to the value of Zam-Buk. Ulcers and sores broke out on my arm, and although I tried to heal them by using various preparations, nothing seemed to do me any good. The sores spread until from fingers to elbow was one mass of inflammation. I had five different doctors, and faithfully carried out their instructions. I drank pint after pint of blood medicines, used salve after salve, and lotion after lotion; but it was of no avail.

"My father then took me thirty miles to see a well-known doctor. He photographed the arm and hand. This photograph was sent to a New York hospital to the specialist; but they sent word they could do nothing further for me, and I was in despair.

"One day a friend asked me if I had tried Zam-Buk. I said I had not, but I got a box right away. That first box did me more good than all the medicine I had tried up to that time, so I continued the treatment. Every box healed the sores more and more until, to make a long story short, Zam-Buk healed all the sores completely.

Minister Corroborates.—The Rev. W. B. Parker, of Caledonia, Miss Doliver's minister, writes: "This I certify that the testimony of Miss Doliver is correct as far as my knowledge goes. I have known her for a year and a half, and her cure effected by Zam-Buk is remarkable."

All druggists and stores sell at 50c. per box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Spread on Limbs, Red and Inflamed, Became Sores, Had to Tie Hands While He Slept, Well, Thanks to Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

St. Cezaire, Quebec.—"My child was scarcely two months and a half old, when his face and arms became covered with little red pimples which a little later spread on his limbs. The pimples were very red and inflamed. They were like a little red spot which soon became a little, large and raised up. There were four or five on each cheek. These pimples caused him to scratch so that we had to tie his hands while he slept. The itching made him suffer so much that he cried part of the night, waking up most of the people in the house. The pimples became sores and were very painful.

"I used without success several remedies which were recommended to me. I then used Cuticura Ointment and Soap, giving him a bath every morning with hot water and Cuticura Soap, and then applied the Cuticura Ointment on the parts affected. They gave great relief with the first application. After using one box of Cuticura Ointment and Soap, a little more than one cake of Cuticura Soap my child was completely cured. Thanks to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment my baby is perfectly well, and I shall always have them at hand."

(Signed) Mrs. N. John, Jan. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample set mailed free, with 32-p. 8th Book. Address post-card Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 37D, Boston, U. S. A.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Property for Sale

100 acre Farm at Mainstream.
100 acre Wood Lot in the Parish of Simonds.

80 acre Wood Lot at Highgate.
105 acre Farm on Highgate Road.

House and Lot at Avondale on proposed Valley Railway.

All will be sold on easy terms. Enquire of

M. L. HAYWARD,
Hartland, N. B.
Box 248.

P. R. SEMPLE

East Florenceville, N. B.

Dealer in
**Hardware, Plumbing,
Tinware, Furnaces
and Stoves**

The New Empire Range

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

New Meat Shop

We have opened a Meat Store in Taylor's Building, opposite the Exchange hotel, with a full line of

Beef, Pork, Poultry, Fish, etc.

You will find our service good and prices right.

Luskey & Nevers.



More than 1/3 of our students are from New Brunswick, and we could assist twice as many. If you have been considering the matter, why not enter now.

YOU WILL FIND FRIENDS HERE

O. A. HODGINS, Prin., Houlton, Me.

Building Lot For Sale!

Situated next north of C. W. Hurst's residence, being a part of the Albert Grant property. Has 100 feet front and 150 feet depth, with apple trees and small fruits. Owing to my desire to go back to the west at an early date this is offered for a quick sale. Mrs. M. E. Thornton, Bath, N. B. Further particulars may be had of W. F. Thornton at Exchange hotel.

Sight is Priceless!

If you are troubled with your eyesight don't neglect nature's best gift. My testing is scientific and prices right.

H. M. Martell, Graduate Optician
Day's Hotel, East Florenceville. Drop me a line and I will call and do your work at your home.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful **Marvel Whirling Spray Douche**. Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the Marvel, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. Write to **DR. W. F. THORNTON**, Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

Dionne Hotel

Dionne & Stevenson, Props.
Perth, N. B.
Modern equipment. Free hack from station. Good sample rooms and livery in connection.

Farm For Sale

WANTED—A purchaser for a Farm at Ashland. Ninety-six acres, 4 1/2 miles from Hartland. Price only \$800. Can be bought with small payment down and 10 years for balance at 5 per cent. Will also sell machinery at less than half price—all in fine condition. Also a pair horses.
GEORGE G. MCCOLLOM,
Hartland, N. B.

Edward McSheffery

Blacksmithing and Horse Shoeing
Jobbing Promptly attended to
BATH, N. B.

ELISHA SPURGEON EVERETT.

Former Carleton Co. Man Dies at Fort Fairfield.

Elisha Spurgeon Everett, one of Fort Fairfield's well known citizens, died Sunday afternoon after a severe illness of only a few days' duration. The illness had somewhat puzzled physicians, but is thought to have been a paralysis of the throat, with complications. It was at one time thought to be typhoid fever. Mr. Everett's health had been rather poor all winter. Mr. Everett was born in Jackson town, the son of Thomas Everett and Harriet Mallory. July 20, 1881, he married Miss Jane Raymond of Middle Simonds. In the spring 1892, Mr. Everett and family moved to Fort Fairfield and bought the Wm. Cogswell place on the Center road, selling it in 1907 to Jedediah K. Plummer, who now resides there.

Mr. Everett is survived by a widow and by two children, Arthur Roe and Kate, now Mrs. Hiram Towle, both of Fort Fairfield; also by two brothers, Howard and Stillman of Presque Isle, and by a sister, Mrs. Royal Colbath of Westfield, also by numerous other relatives. At the time of his death Mr. Everett was one of the assessors of the Fort Fairfield village corporation, also some two weeks before had received the appointment of deputy sheriff for Fort Fairfield, but had never served.

Mr. Everett was of a particularly kindly and neighborly disposition. If he did a person a good turn, he forgot it as quickly as he forgot any injury he may have received from anybody.—Review.

River de Chute.

On the bank of the lordly St. John, Nestles a tiny little town,
Marred not by the world's stric and din,
Back in the ages of old,
Naught but the red man's paddle
Plied with stroke so bold,
Broke the surface of the grand old water.
The little stream rippled and dashed on its way.
On the noble trees that lined its banks
It laughingly showered the silver spray,
Then onward flowed well pleased with its pranks.
"Swiftly Flowing Water," the Indian named
This dainty little stream, as it gambolled away.
Little thought he it would ever be famed
For the white man's use day by day.
Alas, too soon the white man's axe
Resounded through the forest aisles;
To rudely form the pioneers' shacks
The grand old trees were laid in piles.
Translated in white man's language so strange
The little "Swiftly Flowing Water" is now
That wonderful River de Chute,
But oh what a change.

The music made by our little stream
Is utterly lost in the sawmill's din,
For Miller Bros. Wallace and Will,
Can easily dispose of the lumber hauled in.
Over the bridge as you wind your way
Looms a store, well stocked with goods
for all.
Where dealing them forth to all who pass,
Stands Daniel Baird, so grave and tall.
As we travel onward and up the hill
"Samuel Bishop" flames out in letters of gold
In a great glass window, which calls to mind
That at lowest prices his goods are sold.
And over the store in a spacious hall,
Where oft till the wee sma' hours,
We find the young folks one and all
Tripping through the merry dances.
And now we want but one thing more,
Something promised long before,
And if Surveyors can do the work,
The Valley Railway will ere long
Add to the life of our little town.

Bath.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lister are rejoicing over the arrival of a young daughter who will visit them for some time.

Miss Josephine Lynch is visiting her grandfather, Thos. Bohan.

Walter Mott, representing Frost & Wood, was in town on Friday.

Arthur Drost is leaving the latter part of the month for Winnipeg where he will locate.

S. W. Thompkins is leaving about May 10 on a six weeks trip through the Canadian west.

Dr. Commins has purchased a black mare from Hanford Squires.

Newburgh Junction School.

Following is the standing for March:

Grade V—Nellie M. Hourihan 85.6, Walter P. Hourihan 84, Grace D. Downie 58.4.

Grade IV—Merrill Tramley 70.8, Hazel M. Thompson 91.

Grade III—Thelma L. Jennings 83.25, M. Anna Tramley 76.3, Mary K. Gallagher 73.7, Allan C. Robinson 64.

Grade II—Vera F. Dickinson 82.5, Johnnie M. Archibald 81.3, Ryce C. Tramley 72, D. Leighton Robinson 71.
Mrs. FRANK L. RYAN, Teacher.

Government by The Mob.

There is no longer a pretence of fair play in the Parliament of Canada. That the revered Chief of the Liberal party, a statesman of world-wide reputation, whose Parliamentary methods have always been most courteous and considerate, should be howled down in the Commons by a mob of opponents after the Speaker had signified that he had the floor is a black, ugly stain upon every man who took part in the infamous affair, from Premier Borden down.

But one word of comment was spoken by Sir Wilfrid when by formal resolution of the majority the Speaker's ruling was set aside and Mr. Hazen was given the floor. "Shame!" he said. That word will be re-echoed wherever men meet to discuss the revolutionary proceedings of the Government. Sir Wilfrid had within the past two weeks given a signal proof of his desire to conduct the affairs of the country with dignity and decorum. He had consented, much against the wishes of nine-tenths of his own supporters, to granting with a minimum of discussion a sixth of the supply for the fiscal year. The blocking of supply was perfectly feasible and a quite constitutional method of Parliamentary warfare. At the risk of offending the more ardent of his supporters Sir Wilfrid insisted that the Opposition should facilitate the granting of supply. In return for this chivalry he has been howled down by a mob led by Messrs. Rogers and Borden.

What object was to be served by forcing Sir Wilfrid to give way to Mr. Hazen, despite the Speaker's ruling that he had the floor, does not clearly appear. Was it intended that Premier Borden's speech should go to the country without a reply from Sir Wilfrid in the same issue of the Press? That seems to be the only explanation which fits the circumstances. And what a ridiculous one it is. The idea that the gagging resolution would be permitted to go through without debate could surely not have been entertained. Before the Parliament of Canada passes under gag law, Sir Wilfrid's voice, and the voices of his followers, from the greatest to the least, will be heard in every possible form of protest against the destruction of the right of free speech. The Tory majority may ride roughshod over the Speaker of its own choice, but it cannot daunt Liberals either in Parliament or out. The hiss that greeted Mr. Borden when he rose to vote that Sir Wilfrid Lawrie be not permitted to speak, but that Mr. Hazen be given the floor, are but the first evidences of the storm of protest that will be heard all over Canada when it is learned that the greatest and most courteous of Canada's statesmen was howled down by a yelling mob after the Speaker had urged that he should be heard.—Toronto Globe.

Newburg Jct.

George Phillips and Delbert Bragdon have been sawing wood around here. They certainly are the boys to saw wood fast.

Mrs. Samuel Dickinson spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Nixon of Lower Brighton that being her birthday and Mr. Nixon's also.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dickinson are rejoicing over the arrival of a young daughter.

Mrs. John McKinney who has been sick is improving.

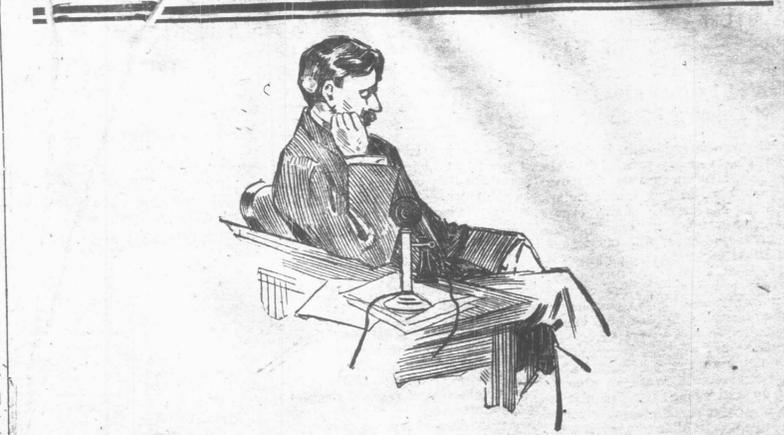
Mrs. A. H. Beckwith of Presque Isle is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Dickinson.

Miss Annie Woodroffe has returned to England on a visit. She intends staying until autumn.

Raid of a Line Stone.

Tuesday the Collector of Customs received a telephone call from Officer Wolverton of N. B., to come to the border line and help in making a search for liquor in the store run by H. McMullen. Burns got Deputy Sheriff Frost and went down. Every conceivable place was searched but nothing found. Going to the cellar, which had a plank floor, diligent search was made there and the job about to be given up when Frost said he could smell beer. With peavy and crow bars the three began to rip up the floor. Burns jabbed the pick down into one corner and struck oil. A large box was buried down about a foot, with a round hole in the

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dripping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



The Worry Habit

To worry is a bad habit. It is a waste of valuable time, and nothing so quickly breaks down nerve cells and lowers the vitality of the body.

The business man has a thousand things to worry him, and if he gives way to worry it is not long before the business becomes his master, and makes of him a slave. It is only a question of time until business worries put him under the ground or in the insane asylum.

There is not much use in telling a person not to worry. The source of trouble is with the nerves, and until the nerves are set right the tendency is to continue the nerve-exhausting worry.

When you begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to restore vitality to the starved and wasted nerve cells you can make up your mind that you are going to get well and cease worrying. Think how few things you worry over ever happen, and make up your mind to do your best, and let it go at that.

With the nervous system run down it is hard to look on the bright side. Doubt and discouragement are ever present. Tired brain, headache, nervous indigestion, irritability over little things, and impatient nervousness are among the symptoms which warn you of the approach of some form of nervous breakdown or paralysis.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is reconstructive as well as tonic. It not only revitalizes but also rebuilds wasted nerve cells. It furnishes in condensed and easily assimilated form the vital substances needed for regenerating the entire organism when in a run-down condition.

Iron for the blood, food for the tissues and vitality for the exhausted nerves—these are what make this great food cure the most rational treatment which a business man, or anyone else, can use to get back health, vigor and energy.

Would it not be a good idea to begin this treatment to-day, and get rid of the worry habit and all the symptoms of exhausted nerves?

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Afflicted With Cancer.

On Friday G. Orville Nevers, a well known farmer of Coldstream, left for Portland, Me., to enter a hospital for the treatment of a cancer which had developed in his nose. Symptoms of the affection first showed themselves ten years ago, but caused little trouble. Mr. Nevers' friends hope that he will return with the trouble entirely removed.

Dr. Ross Removing to Marysville.

Dr. W. R. Ross, formerly of Florenceville, has opened an office in Marysville, where he will practice his profession. He has temporary quarters at Robinson's Hotel until May 1st, when he will occupy the present residence of Thos. Likely, who is moving to St. John. Dr. Ross is a graduate of McGill Medical College.—Gleaner.

For bargains in Men's and Boy's Suits, Overcoats, Pants, etc., go to CARR'S.

Do You Know What This Label Means?

It means cement of the highest possible quality. It means cement tested by experts whose authority is final at all our mills. It means cement acknowledged by engineers, architects and hundreds of thousands of farmers to fulfil every requirement of scientifically made Portland cement. It means a cement that is absolutely reliable, whether used for a great bridge or for a concrete watering trough. You can use

Canada Cement

with complete confidence that your concrete work will be thoroughly satisfactory. You ought to have this confidence in the cement you use, because you have not the facilities for testing its qualities, such as are at the disposal of the engineers in charge of big contracting jobs. These engineers know that when cement has passed the tests made upon it at Canada Cement mills, it will pass all their tests. And this same cement is sold to you for your silo, your foundations, your feeding-floor, your milk-house or your watering-trough. "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." Canada Used according to the directions in our free book. "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." Canada Cement never fails to give satisfactory results. Write for it on your farm, every one of them valuable and place concrete, but will also suggest scores of uses for it on your farm, every one of them valuable to you. In asking for the book you do not incur the slightest obligation.

There is a Canada Cement Dealer in Your Neighborhood
Address: Farmers' Information Bureau

Canada Cement Company Limited, Montreal

THE OBSERVER

SUPPLEMENT

Vol. IV

HARTLAND, N. B. APRIL 17, 1913

No. 44

HARVEY T. REID SEES PARIS. Gives Observer Readers His Impressions of Europe

Very good reports come from Harvey T. Reid of Hartland, the 1912 Rhode scholar for N. B., who is taking his course at Oxford University. While the Observer has not particulars of the progress he is making readers will peruse with pleasure the letter which appears below. A part of the university course includes continental travelling, taking in the educational, historical, and art centres of Europe.

In a personal letter to the editor Mr. Reid wrote: "The inclosed is the result of a literary spasm in Paris. . . I hope base ball is receiving due support. It is hard for me to think I must stay away all summer for it was something to look forward to at college—getting home and a little base ball for sport. I am more or less tied down here; the work is tremendous and with athletics and travelling it keeps me busy. But even in Paris I look forward for news from Hartland and New Brunswick in general."

To one who has read concerning European nations, and their peculiarities in manner of living, the opportunity of living among these people and observing these things is one to be appreciated. Thus are we able to note in what respects the European, in his manner of every day life, differs from the average American, including of course, the Canadian.

I think the first difference for an American, especially should he come from one of the larger cities, would be that feeling of rest that seems to prevail throughout Europe. Of course this does not mean political rest, but rather the absence of hurry and rush that certainly characterizes our every day life.

Even in Paris, which is supposed to represent the maximum of speed in European life, one sees people lounging and moving listlessly about even on the big avenues and thoroughfares and it would seem that no one ever rushes or is in a hurry. And so we may ask how it is that the Englishman, German, Frenchman, or whatever he may be, soon adapts himself to our life of haste. It would seem that the difference is more in the countries themselves than in the people. Europe is an old country, filled with history and tradition and where the present generation is more or less carrying on what ages of custom has determined; America is a new world filled with opportunities where he

who succeeds must hurry. And this is why I think that our life is all hurry while the other is comparative rest.

The European in America soon learns to hurry; the American in Europe to rest. The countries are different, that's all.

To the average traveller it is the past, which the nations of Europe possess, that appeals.

We have railways, bridges, etc., in America which surpass anything which can be seen in Europe. But when we see something with a history of several hundreds of years clinging to it, then it is we are interested.

Among the things of the past may be classed the roads. Not only the remains of the old Roman roads seen in England and other places on the continent, but the roads in general. For only centuries of improvement could bring roads to such a state of perfection as are those in England and France. Not long ago an American, touring England by motor, wrote an article to his home paper in which he envied the joy of motorists in England.

It is not only in the cities and towns that these roads are, but in any part in which one cares to travel.

Incidentally this would mean that the road question as an election issue is quite unknown.

But the weather is not so ideal. Especially in England. Surely the man who could guarantee dry weather or sunshine in England for any continuous period would at least be rewarded by a seat in parliament. This is verified by the fact that the record in England for fine weather is twenty-four continuous days. And their fine weather is not the ideal sunny days we enjoy. It means, rather, absence of storm. But the English climate, although not especially noted for sunshine, has this advantage; it is very even. In March the weather is practically the same as at Christmas and at Christmas about the same as it has been since October. Football and other out-of-door game hold sway from September to April continuously. But on the continent the weather is more like ours. Germany has its four seasons and in southern Germany is one of Europe's most popular winter-sport places. One can find history treasured no more dearly than at the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Besides the buildings themselves which trace their origin in many cases to orders of Monks and Friars, are names of men who have helped to make England great. Gladstone and Asquith, the present Premier, each served when undergraduates, as president of the Oxford

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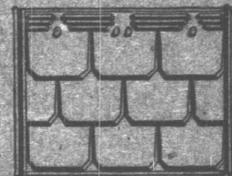
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