

THE OBSERVER

No. 30.

HARTLAND, N.B., Jan., 11, 1912.

Vol. 3.

JANUARY SALE

Commencing January 10th.

Men's Shirts & Drawers

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

Men's Top Shirts

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

Boy's Shirts & Drawers

Regular 30 to 40c for 25 to 35c

Misses Vests & Drawers

Regular 35 to 45c for 30 to 38c

Child's Vests & Drawers

Regular 25c for 20c.

Ladies Vests & Drawers

Regular 55 for 45c

Cotton Blankets--Large

Regular \$1.45 for \$1.30

Men's One Buckle Over Shoes for

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

Job Lot Women's & Children's Hose for 22 cents

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

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

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

THE DAYLIGHT

A. L. BAIRD - Hartland.

Furniture Store

In addition to my General Store I have opened a Furniture Store on Main street, and invite you to call and examine this fine stock. Just the thing for Christmas presents. A large line and prices the lowest in the country.

I also have a very fine line of Picture Mouldings which I sell by the foot and will be pleased to frame your picture for you. Bring them along.

C. Humphrey Taylor.



News of the County

Served Observer Readers by Capable Correspondents.

ARMAND

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Dickinson have returned from Centerville, where they were visiting relatives and friends. Miss Charlotte Henderson made a visit to St. John, returning on Wednesday.

Perrin Robinson, who was working on the Nashua, came home with a cut knee.

Leighton Kimball is also laid up with a cut on his knee.

Armand Henderson and Robert Brewster are engaged in hauling supplies to Hallett's camp on the Nashua.

Florence London made a pleasant visit to Woodstock this week.

Whilma London is slowly recovering from an illness of some months duration.

Miss Evelyn Tedford, whose pupils carried out a fine program before an attentive audience, in a beautifully decorated school room at the closing of last term, is to teach here the ensuing term.

Willie Kimball, with his brothers, Guy and Lynne, are engaged in cutting hardwood for Fred Currie's mill at East Knowlesville. This mill is in full operation, giving employment to the men and teams of that region.

Mrs. Edmund Robinson is recovering from a severe attack of illness.

Ethel London is staying with Mrs. A. A. Kimball at present.

Mrs. Mary Spence and her little grand daughter, Mildred, made a recent visit at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Henry London.

On Friday Dr. Curtis made a professional call on Mrs. Robert Henderson, who was suffering with a sore throat.

UPPER BRIGHTON

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Shaw spent New Year's day with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Rigby.

Mrs. Charles Babar is staying with her mother at Gordonsville while Mr. Babar is on the hay press.

Eta Stevens and Lydia Babar are spending a few days with Mrs. Wm. Stevens.

Vera Carr and Alice Day spent Wednesday afternoon with Charlotte McIntyre.

Mrs. Joe Pearson, who broke her arm, is improving slowly.

Mrs. Ransford Bourke and Mrs. Chas. Carr were visiting at Mrs. Herb McLean's.

Steve Babar and Chester Carr caught a live fox the other day and sold it for \$10.

We were all glad to read the letter from Edmonds, B. C. hope they will write again soon.

MIDDLE SIMONDS.

Dean Shaw has arrived home from the west, where he has been for the last two years.

Miss Annie Stickney of Perth spent Sunday at Tyson Nickolson's.

Harley Ebbett met with a bad accident while working in the woods. A limb struck him on the arm, breaking it just below the elbow.

Miss Ella Ebbett of Connell, is to teach our school this term. We are glad to hear that her mother is recovering from her long illness.

Odber Ebbett and bride are expected home this week.

J. W. Attwater and family are spending the winter in Vancouver.

We are glad to hear from Frank McGee, better known as the "kicker," in Victoria County News.

The ladies of the W.M.S. met at the home of Mrs. Charles Ebbett on Thursday afternoon.

PEMBROKE

Matthew Phillips, who was badly injured in the woods, is recovering.

Mrs. C. W. Betts, who met with an accident of scalding, is recovering.

We are glad to see Peter Gallagher around again after an attack of blood-poison.

A few of the young folks spent the evening with Raymond Dickinson, January 5, it being his birthday.

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

BATH.

Mr. A. Tompkins still remains in a condition causing anxiety among his many friends.

H. J. Smith of East Florenceville, spent Sunday at his home.

Rankine Smith, travelling collector for Massey-Harris Co., spent Sunday at his home here.

Miss Annie Jones takes the Lower Greenfield school, and Miss Dora Barker the Mount Pleasant school.

Miss Ethel Simms is attending the Consolidated School at Florenceville.

Miss Edna Giberson left for Acadia College on Wednesday last.

Mrs. Stanley Barker, nee Miss Zella Alward, a former teacher here, will receive her friends on Saturday.

Mrs. C. E. Gallagher, is in very poor health, which her many friends regret.

Trade is good in the village this winter and the prices for produce is good. The long delayed crossing on the river has been a great drawback to the many farmers in Wicklow opposite.

Station Agent Laalee received great praise for the very tasteful manner in which he had the station house decorated during the holidays.

RIVER BANK

Ben Tompkins spent a few days at Argostock Junction visiting his sister, Mrs. Bruce Waugh.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brooks, and Mr. B. E. Tompkins spent the evening at James Bell's recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Long and Samuel Long took a trip to Woodstock last week.

A dancing baby boy arrived at H. M. Hunter's on January 2.

Violet Chase is spending a few days at home.

Bessie Melville of Lansdown, has been visiting her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lovely.

Heber Giberson spent one night last week with his aunt, Mrs. James Long.

George Elliott is laid up with a sore thumb. He had the end of it taken off while working in the saw mill for Geo. Gilmore at Esdraslon.

Miss Della Saunders is teaching the school here this term.

SUMMERFIELD.

A number of the young folks of this place gave Oren Geo. of Clear View, a surprise party last Friday evening.

Mrs. Wilmet Green is visiting at Plaster Rock where she is the guest of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Robert Green.

Miss Edna Green has returned to her home at Plaster Rock.

Horace Ray has gone to Blaine, Me., where he is employed by S. H. Hussey & Son in their general store as clerk.

Our school opens under the direction of Miss Clark of Lansdown.

Merley Cogle and family have moved to Knaxford.

Eben Smith has been staying with his brother, P. G. Smith, who has been very ill the last week.

KNOWLESVILLE.

The school will reopen on Monday with our former teacher, Miss Francis Linnott, of Tracey Mills, in charge.

The school at South Knowlesville will also have their former teacher, Miss Barbara Wilson, of Argyle.

Miss Myrtle Whitehouse of Woodstock, is visiting friends here at present.

R. L. Simms and wife of Florenceville, were recent guests of his brother, George.

Mrs. George Whitehouse is confined to the house by a bad attack of bronchitis.

C. S. Young of Plaster Rock, was a guest of Rev. Judson Corey on Tuesday last.

James McLean and wife, of Woodstock, are guests at George Whitehouse's.

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

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS

ROCKLAND.

has still on hand

HORSE BLANKETS to be sold CHEAP!

Biggest Scribblers and Slates

for the money on the market.

Lots of Ink, Pens, Pencils and Rulers.

We are Selling Gasoline at 20c. a gal.

Also good Engine and Lubricating Oils.

WANTED

people to know that we are doing business at the south end of the bridge.

Balance of Horse Blankets going at very close prices.

Boys bring your Rabbits to us.

We can furnish you with the best kerosene or a cheaper grade.

Full stock of School Books.

Drake & Belyea

ROCKLAND.

The most complete stock of

TOBACCO

in this part of the country to be found at

CHASE'S

HARTLAND, N. B.

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

Special values in Fruit and Confectionery

Chase, Main St., Hartland.

WINTER is NEAR

Prepare for the cold season with good warm clothing. Our stock of

Foot Wear

especially

Felt Goods

Shoepax &c.



consists of everything that can be desired.

Our Stock of

Under-Clothing

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

Don't forget Nixon's SPECIAL

Tea and Coffee.

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

H. R. NIXON

The Peoples Shoe Store

FIGHT WITH AN ALLIGATOR

LOOK LIKE A LOG OF GIGANTIC DIMENSIONS.

An African Hunting Adventure in Which the Quarry Did The Hunting.

It was baking hot; the sun shone straight down from a cloudless sky on to the deck of the low-lying, ugly little steamer anchored in mid-stream, making the ironwork so hot that it scorched your hand when you touched it. Beyond lay the steep banks of the Ancoyote. The steamer belonged to an English trader named Wilson, who had come up country to shoot alligators for business—not for sport.

Every alligator he shot put fifty pounds into his pocket, and he was shooting them at the rate of about ten a day. It was therefore good business but poor sport, for whenever an alligator showed his head above water within two hundred yards of the steamer, it was long odds that he would be shot by the skilful marksmen on the deck of the steamer.

IN QUEST OF BIGGER GAME.

I thought it slow work, and said to Wilson junior, the trader's son, who had persuaded me to come on the expedition. The young man inclined his head down-stream.

"There are some big alligators to be had about two miles further down," he said. "The governor doesn't want them, though; they are too big and old and tough for his purpose, but they give good sport. I have heard him talk of them; they are man-eaters and full of fight. Are you game to come and have a look for them?"

I agreed. And accordingly early the next morning before sunrise we departed from the steamer in the ship's boat, a short, narrow little craft, and very light.

As we rowed, Wilson junior explained that he had been able to bring nothing more deadly with him in the way of firearms than a Winchester.

"I couldn't take the rifle," he said, "because the governor wants them; but the Winchester is better than nothing, anyway."

PREPARING FOR THE FAY.

As we came round a big bend in the river we saw a little island about twenty feet long in the centre of the stream, and right across it lay what at first appeared to be a log of gigantic dimensions, but which my companion declared to be an alligator. We stopped rowing, and drifted slowly down-stream.

After we had come about fifty yards, the log seemed suddenly to split in two; an enormous head reared itself up in the air, and then the log, with an immense splash, disappeared into the water. Wilson gave me the two oars, and got into the bow of the boat.

"Start rowing directly I tell you, and row hard," he said.

We waited for some moments in silent expectancy, and then suddenly a head, longer than our boat, reared itself up from the water within about twenty yards of us. Wilson fired. The head still came on. Then another shot, and another. I saw the head split open; a horrible wave of hot, musk-scented air seemed to hit us, and then I heard a crash as the great jaws snapped at us, and the giant reptile sank within a few feet of our boat.

"Row for your life!" roared Wilson.

ONE VULNERABLE SPOT.

I pulled half a dozen strokes, nearly tearing my arms out of their sockets. Then the water close to us suddenly leaped into the air in a great cascade. Wilson explained that the alligator had tried to strike us with his tail, but that my vigorous pulling had placed us just beyond his striking distance. The trader's son also explained that he had hit our log twice, but that he had been unable to hit him in the eye, the only vulnerable part, and the shot had succeeded merely in irritating the reptile.

For an hour the alligator kept up his attack on us in this fashion, and I kept pulling at the oars, first in one direction and then in another, but always up-stream. At the end of that time I was dead beat. My hands were fearfully blistered, and my arms felt as if they had been thrashed with iron bars.

"Let us try to get on the island," suggested Wilson; "we should have a better chance there. If he strikes the boat we are done for."

The island was now about a quarter of a mile off, for we had been pulling up-stream during our fight. We headed the boat for the island, and had accomplished about half the journey when I saw Wilson's rifle go up to his shoulder; at the same instant a great gaping pair of jaws appeared within about six feet of the boat's side. Two shots came from the rifle in quick succession, and then one oar was torn out of my hand. Both of us glanced anxiously over the boat's side. The monster had sunk once more; now we were practically helpless to get out of the reach of that tail which with one blow could shatter our boat.

Suddenly Wilson raised his head.

"They are coming!" he said.

"Who are?" I asked.

"The steamer," he replied.

"Don't you hear the throb of the screw?"

And in a few moments the regular beat of the steamer's screw in the water was plainly to be heard.

THE LAST ATTACK.

I began to breathe more freely, when suddenly, to our horror, the alligator appeared once more close to us. Then he dived. I gave two frantic pulls with the single oar, and then we were hurled upwards amidst a cloud of spray. Something hit me on the head. I fancied I heard a shot, and then I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on my back on the island, and Wilson was pouring some brandy down my throat. Wilson's father stood beside him, and I saw the steamer lying about fifty yards off the island.

What had happened was simply this. The alligator, in his last attack, had struck our boat, and up we went into the air. I had been hit over the head with a piece of the boat's timber, and had lost consciousness; but Wilson managed to pull me out of the water on to the island. The alligator, in the meantime, had turned towards the approaching steamer, and had been shot by Wilson's father.

"It doesn't do to go hunting big alligators in a little boat with a pea-shooter," was the trader's comment on our proceedings.

And I heartily agreed with him.

—London Answers.

KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR



With CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

No other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails. They do even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 25-page booklet on the skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 54, Boston, U. S. A.

"They are coming!" he said. "Who are?" I asked. "The steamer," he replied. "Don't you hear the throb of the screw?"

And in a few moments the regular beat of the steamer's screw in the water was plainly to be heard.

THE LAST ATTACK.

I began to breathe more freely, when suddenly, to our horror, the alligator appeared once more close to us. Then he dived. I gave two frantic pulls with the single oar, and then we were hurled upwards amidst a cloud of spray. Something hit me on the head. I fancied I heard a shot, and then I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on my back on the island, and Wilson was pouring some brandy down my throat. Wilson's father stood beside him, and I saw the steamer lying about fifty yards off the island.

What had happened was simply this. The alligator, in his last attack, had struck our boat, and up we went into the air. I had been hit over the head with a piece of the boat's timber, and had lost consciousness; but Wilson managed to pull me out of the water on to the island. The alligator, in the meantime, had turned towards the approaching steamer, and had been shot by Wilson's father.

"It doesn't do to go hunting big alligators in a little boat with a pea-shooter," was the trader's comment on our proceedings.

And I heartily agreed with him.

—London Answers.

FOOD AGAIN

A Mighty Important Subject to Everyone.

A Boston lady talks entertainingly of food and the changes that can be made in health by some knowledge on that line. She says:

"An injury to my spine in early womanhood left me subject to severe sick headaches which would last three or four days at a time, and a violent course of drugging brought on constipation with all the ills that follow."

"My appetite was always light and uncertain and many kinds of food distressed me."

"I began to eat Grape-Nuts food two or three years ago, because I liked the taste of it, and I kept on because I soon found it was doing me good."

"I eat it regularly at breakfast, frequently at luncheon, and again before going to bed—and have no trouble in 'sleeping on it.' It has relieved my constipation, my headaches have practically ceased, and I am in better physical condition at the age of 63 than I was at 40."

"I give Grape-Nuts credit for restoring my health, if not saving my life, and you can make no claim for it too strong for me to endorse." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Europe's total area covers 3,870,000 square miles.

It sometimes happens that when a man loses his reputation he is lucky.

"I love her!" cried the magnetic youth. "I tell you, I love her! That is enough for me." "Precisely!" replied the mother. "But are you sure, Richard, you'll both be able to manage on it?"

THREE PRINCES' VACATION

OUTDOOR LIFE AT BALMORAL FOR GEORGE'S SONS.

They Ride Bicycles, Shoot Rabbits, Fish and Only Work One Hour a Day.

There are three small boys in Great Britain who pronounce themselves absolutely satisfied with their summer holidays, writes a London correspondent. They are the Princes Albert, Henry and John, the younger sons of King George. They have been staying at Balmoral Castle for the last six weeks and have had the time of their lives. When Queen Mary decided to go to Windsor for a rest and to take the Princess Mary with her and King George arranged to pay a series of visits to some of his loyal subjects with acres of preserves awaiting his royal pleasure to shoot over them and the Prince of Wales was sent off on the Hindustan on naval duty, there was some indecision in the royal family as to what had better be done with the three little Princes. They settled the matter themselves by pleading singly and in chorus for a holiday at Balmoral with Mr. Hansell, their tutor, to see that all went well.

They really cherished hopes that they might be allowed to camp out on the grounds of the castle and dispense with the score of servants always at beck and call, but Queen Mary, who is rather anxious about Prince Henry's health, did not find this idea feasible, so a compromise was made by having only Mr. Hansell in attendance, and most of the SERVANTS GOT A VACATION.

A Scottish castle in the midst of thickly wooded estates full of game, lakes teeming with fish, a gun, a rod and a bicycle—what more could any boy want? The Princes ask for nothing more at any rate, and they have improved each shining hour and grown harder and browner for the outdoor life.

Mr. Hansell is very popular with his royal charges. He is not only an excellent teacher, but he is also an athlete and sportsman of no mean calibre, and that always wins an English boy's heart. During the last month lessons have been put in the background, except for an hour's work in the morning, and even this hour has been neglected sometimes when a day's outing is in progress.

The villagers around Balmoral watch every morning now-a-days for Prince Albert and Prince Henry to cycle past their cottages. About 10 o'clock, rain or shine, the royal procession passes. Not a very imposing one, but it goes to loyal Scotch hearts; just.

TWO SMALL BOYS IN KILTS

with greenish tartans, who ride by at full speed, racing each other sometimes, or again doing all sorts of tricks on their machines. Mr. Hansell and Prince John do not join these early morning expeditions, as the youngest of the royal children is not yet expert enough to accompany his brothers and "practices riding in front of the castle with Mr. Hansell to see that he doesn't fall too hard."

Prince Albert is the mechanic of the family and when anything goes wrong with the bicycles he is off on his hands and knees to explore the damage. He acquired his proficiency in the workshops at Dartmouth while he was at school there.

After the ride comes the hour's study, then lunch and in the afternoon rabbit shooting; fishing, or, best of all, deer stalking. Prince Albert is the best shot and has qualified so well that when the King returns to Balmoral and has a shooting party Albert is to be allowed to take his gun and exhibit his skill with the gunnups.

At fishing Prince Henry is the most successful. He is willing to sit patiently for hours with his rod in his hand, and his zeal has been rewarded this summer by

A SERIES OF CATCHES.

"Fishing is the only time Henry is quiet," say his brothers and sister, for Prince Henry is by far the most high spirited and mischievous of any of the royal children. Deer stalking fascinates all small boys, and the Princes are no exception and have enthusiastically crawled for miles on their hands and knees in quest of an "eighteen pointer."

Of the three boys Prince John has been the most blissfully happy, for this is the first summer he has joined in his brothers' sports. He has fished and learned to handle a gun, to play tennis and to bicycle, but deer stalking is not for him just yet.

Early to bed and early to rise has been the rule at Balmoral, so the Princes are sound asleep by 9 o'clock, and 7 in the morning sees them out in the clear air of the Highlands.

Most people want to learn a thing by setting out to teach it to others.

HOW FAMOUS LOVERS MEET

ROMANTIC WOOLINGS OF SOME GREAT MEN.

How They Conducted Their Courtship—Napoleon Woos Brother's Fiancee.

"That man will marry me!" Two schoolgirls were walking one summer afternoon on the ramparts of Boulogne when there came striding towards them a tall, soldierly man, tanned by suns of the East. As he passed his big black eyes flashed on the elder and more beautiful of the two girls, a quick fiery glance of admiration which seemed to magnetize her, for it was a full minute before she spoke. Then she whispered to her companion in a tone of awe and conviction. "That man will marry me."

On the following day the swarthy stranger of the magnetic eyes again encountered the two girls on the promenade, and taking up a piece of chalk, wrote on the wall: "May I speak to you?" a question, to which the elder girl chalked the answer, "No, mother will be angry." But Fate proved stronger than maidenly modesty or a parent's disapproval. A few days later the soldier and the schoolgirl were introduced by a mutual friend, and the following evening they met again at a dance.

"It was a night of nights," wrote the lady in later years when she was the soldier's adoring wife. "I kept the sash where he put his arm round to waltz, and my gloves which his hands had clasped. I never wore them again." Under such strange and romantic conditions opened one of the world's greatest love-romances—that of Sir Richard Burton, the world famous explorer and author, and of Isabel Arundell—a love which death itself was powerless to dissolve.

When Dante Gabriel Rossetti paid a casual visit one day in the year 1850 to the studio of an acquaintance, Walter Howell Deverell, he little suspected how that chance visit was to revolutionize and transform his life. Mr. Deverell was not alone; a girl model was posing to him, and to her the young poet-artist's eyes were drawn as by a magnet, for she was to him a revelation of the possibilities of human loveliness. "A most beautiful creature, with an air of dignity, modesty, and sweetness; tall, finely formed, with a lofty neck and regular features, greenish-blue unsparkling eyes, large perfect eyelids, brilliant complexion and a lavish heavy wealth of coppery golden hair"—such is a description of Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall as Rossetti thus saw her for the first time and at the sight surrendered his heart to her. A few months earlier, Mr. Deverell had seen her serving in a milliner's shop, and, struck by her uncommon beauty, had induced her to sit for him, never dreaming, we may be sure, of all that was to follow this seemingly trivial incident of a shopping excursion with his mother.

How Rossetti immortalized this milliner-model in many an imperishable poem and picture; how she became his idolized wife, and how his heart was buried in her tragically early grave the world knows well; for the story is one of the most beautiful in all the romance of love.

A NAPOLEONIC WOOLING.

The great Napoleon's wooing of Desirée Clary was equally romantic and much more rapid. One day (he was an obscure and shabby young soldier of fortune at the time) he was induced to accompany his brother Joseph to the house of M. Clary, a Marseilles silk-merchant, to be introduced to Desirée Clary, Joseph's fiancée. The bright eyes and vivacious manner of Desirée, contrasted with demure plainness of her sister Julie, made such a speedy conquest of the future Emperor that he determined to win her before he left the house.

"In a well-conducted house," he said with startling suddenness, just before leaving, "one must yield to the other. You, Joseph, are of a most undecided character, and Desirée just the same; whereas Julie and I know what we want. Therefore you had much better marry Julie. As to Desirée," he added, "she shall be my wife."

But in spite of this forcible wooing Desirée was not destined to share Napoleon's life and throne. He soon wearied of her rustic beauty and left her to languish while he knelt at the knees of the more splendid Josephine de Beauharnais. It was fated, however, that the silk-merchant's daughter should still wear a crown, and the way to it was opened thus romantically. General Bernadotte was riding into Paris at the head of his troops, when, on glancing up, he saw a fair young face illuminated by a pair of merry eyes, looking down at him. That upward glance was Bernadotte's undoing. He knew no peace until he had made the acquaintance of the young lady of the bright eyes and had made her his own. And thus it was that Desirée, rejected by Napoleon, wore a bridal veil for his greatest rival, and, in later years, shared his throne as Queen of Sweden.

BONDS

For a trustee investment in Ontario a most satisfactory selection could be made from these high-grade offerings:

City of Toronto 4's, due 1944.
City of London 4½'s, due 1913.
Township of York 5's, due 1912-31.
County of Simcoe (guaranteeing Town of Midland) 5's, due 1911-40.
City of Fort William 4½'s, due 1927.
City of St. Thomas, Ont., 4½'s, due 1912-41.
City of Niagara Falls 5's, due 1911-30.
Town of Port Hope 4½'s, due 1913-50.
Town of Petrolia 4½'s, due 1911-34.
Town of Walkerville 4½'s, due 1911-30.
Town of Welland 4½'s, due 1940.
The income yield ranges from 4 per cent. to 4¾ per cent.
A wider range of debentures of this character furnished on request.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED
TORONTO, MONTREAL, LONDON, ENG.

On the Farm

THE FORMATION OF THE SOIL.

Vegetation begins with the very simplest forms of plants, such as lichens and mosses, and is, of course, very scanty at first. These plants on dying become a part of the soil, all of the plant nutrients used by them being thus returned, writes Mr. Alfred Vivian.

Food that has once been used by plants is very readily made available to succeeding crops through the process of decay. The soil is now able to produce a larger crop, as it contains the plant food in the previous growth in addition to that added through the agencies detailed above.

In this way the growth gradually becomes more abundant. The plants upon decaying give rise to humus, and this increases the fertility of the land both by being a source of plant food and by increasing the water-retaining power. Humus is a very important factor in fertility. During the decomposition of the plants, acid substances are formed which act upon the rocks in such a way as to make more of the plant food available.

One of the products of decay or fermentation is carbonic acid, and this is dissolved in the soil water, and this gas-containing water is an important help in disintegrating the rocks.

As the nutritive materials increase from these various causes the lower simpler forms of plant life are gradually replaced by those which are more highly organized.

With the advent of plants, like our common crops, which bear roots, other factors in the formation of soils are introduced. The roots secrete an acid substance that has a solvent effect on the mineral matter of the soil, and the roots themselves also assist mechanically in breaking down the rocks.

All are familiar with the tremendous force exerted by plants in breaking apart rocks and stones if once their tender rootlets obtain a foothold in a crevice.

The roots penetrate the soil sometimes to great depths, and as they decay after the death of the plant, they leave little channels in the soil which serve to carry down water laden with carbonic acid, as well as to introduce the oxygen of the air, that, in its turn, is a factor in bringing about chemical changes in the soil, which assist in making plant food available.

Sooner or later in the process of soil formation, plants of the pulse family, (leguminous plants), such as clover, vetches, lupines, etc., are introduced.

If you dig up some of these plants you will find little nodules or tubercles on their roots. These nodules are the homes of numerous bacteria, which enable the plants to derive part of their food from the nitrogen of the atmosphere.

This peculiar property of leguminous plants is of great importance, for it is undoubtedly nature's principal method of increasing the supply of nitrogen in the ground.

The nitrogen compounds accumulated by these plants eventually become a part of the soil through their decay, thus adding to its fertility.

It will readily be understood that the various agencies concerned in the formation of the soil do not act separately nor necessarily in any such order as that in which they have been discussed.

As a matter of fact all the processes described take place simultaneously. The lower plants do not wait for the rocks to be pulverized, for we see such organisms as the lichens growing on rocks from which one would think it impossible to obtain food.

If the lichen is removed, grooves or furrows will be found on the surface of the stone, due to the action of the plant.

Nor are all soils formed directly from the original rocks, for one of the effects of weathering, etc., is to separate such rocks as the granite into simpler substances, with the result, for example, that huge deposits of limestone are formed in one place, and in another whole hills of sandstone.

The soil is almost constantly moving, for some of the same agencies which form soils are continually carrying them away. Running water grinds the rocks, but at the same time transports the fine particles to lower levels. It cuts deep valleys in the surface of the earth and carries away the debris, depositing it at various distances from its source.

This study of the formation of the soil then suggests two things that the farmer can do to prevent the exhaustion of his fertility.

The first is to treat the soil as to assist and hasten nature in the process of converting the plant food into available forms by means of good tillage.

The second is to return to the soil by means of manure and fertilizers an amount of plant food equivalent to that removed by the crop.

"THE BEST HOME PRESERVES"

These are made by rightly combining luscious fresh fruits with

Redpath

EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

The best results are then assured.

Ask your grocer for Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar. He knows then that you want the best.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited, Montreal
Established in 1854 by John Redpath.

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

FAVORITE RECIPES.

Pie Crust.—Three tablespoonfuls of flour to one of lard (heaping); this makes one crust. Salt and a little baking powder. Mix with fork. Use cold water and not too much. Roll out the top crust, spread lard on thinly, sift flour over it, pat down with hands thoroughly. Before putting in oven dash cold water over the pie. You will be well repaid when you see your flaky pie.

Doughnuts.—Cup granulated sugar, level teaspoon butter; cream sugar and butter. One well beaten egg, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder sifted in flour (do not get too stiff), salt, and nutmeg. Handle as little as possible. Have lard smoking before putting in cakes. Use knitting needle to turn them. Turn as soon as they come to the top; keep turning until done; will be an even color then.

To Cook Peas.—This is an excellent way to cook peas when they are a little old: One quart of peas, four ounces of pork, one tablespoon of butter, one-half cup of water, two white onions, and one-eighth teaspoon of pepper. Cut the pork into small bits. Put butter in stewpan; when it melts, add the pork and cook gently until a light brown, then add the water, peas, onions, and pepper.

Schnitzel Kass.—The Germans use drained buttermilk as a cheese and add salt, pepper, also, if liked, a little green onion top. This is an economical supper dish and delicious.

Tea Cakes.—One cup of sugar, two-thirds cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of raisins, one cup chopped walnuts, two cups of flour, one small teaspoon soda, one-third cup of hot water, one small teaspoon of cinnamon, one small teaspoon of cloves, pinch of salt. Drop by teaspoonsful on buttered tins, being sure they do not touch, and bake in quick oven.

Veal Steak.—Select a good, meaty piece of veal from the leg in one piece, about two inches thick. Fry about eight or ten slices of bacon in a deep skillet or iron frying pan; do not fry too crisp, and when done remove them and pour off the fat, leaving just enough on pan to fry the veal. Brown the veal well, on both sides. When well browned lay on top the bacon slices and pour on enough boiling water to barely cover all; salt to taste and add to water sliced three medium sized onions. Cover tightly (use a cover with an iron on top) and let simmer slowly for about two hours, according to thickness of meat. About ten minutes before it is done rub to a smooth paste in water a heaping tablespoonful of flour to thicken gravy. A little left over meat gravy or soup adds richness to gravy.

LUNCHEON DISHES.

Beef Olives.—Take three-fourths pound of tender beefsteak, one tablespoonful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped suet, three anchovies, one hard boiled egg, one teaspoon of chopped parsley, and one teaspoonful of grated lemon rind. Cut the beef into thin, even-sized slices. Put the anchovies, chopped egg, parsley, suet, lemon rind, and bread crumbs into a basin, season with salt and pepper to taste, and add enough beaten egg to bind them together. Put a little of this forcemeat into each slice of beef, then roll it up and tie loosely with string. Put these "olives" into a saucepan and add enough stock to cover them, then let them stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Serve them with gravy and baked tomatoes.

Florida Salad.—Cut slices from stem ends of six green peppers and remove the seeds. Refill with grapefruit cut into cubes, the tenderest stalks of celery cut into small pieces, and shredded almond meats, allowing twice as much grapefruit as celery, and one-third as many nut meats as grapefruit. Arrange in nests of endive or lettuce leaves, and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Mexican Salad.—Take equal quantities of cucumbers, celery, and tomatoes; chop each vegetable separately until fine, mix, add a pepper cut into tiny slices (the scissiors should be used for this) and an onion scraped to a pulp. Season with a tablespoonful of vinegar, the juice of one lemon, salt and pepper. Line the salad bowl with lettuce leaves or parsley and turn the salad into it.

Banana Croquettes.—Peel six bananas, cut a slice from each end, then cut into crosswise sections. Dredge well with powdered sugar and marinate one hour in the juice of two oranges, turning the sections over now and then. Roll in beaten

egg, then in grated crumbs, and fry in deep hot fat. For the sauce, strain the syrup after the bananas have been taken out, bring just to boiling point, then thicken with one tablespoonful cornstarch stirred smooth in a little cold water. Cook until clear, take from the fire, and add a half teaspoonful of orange extract.

Radish and Olive Salad.—Slice the radishes on a fluted vegetable slicer and cut the olives in strips. Mix, add a French dressing made with four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a half teaspoonful of vinegar, and garnish with lettuce creases, or the radish crowns.

BROWN-SUGAR RECIPES.

Maple Tapioca Jelly.—Soak one cupful pearl tapioca in three cupfuls of water over night. Boil until clear with one and a half cupfuls of brown sugar. Cool, pour into individual glasses, and when ice cold serve with whipped cream.

Maple Fudge.—Boil three cupfuls of brown sugar with three-fourths cupful of water until it threads. Beat until creamy. Stir in three tablespoonfuls of cream and a lump of butter. Use for layer cake when cool.

Hard Sauce.—Cream one cupful of brown sugar and a third of a cupful of butter. Add a tablespoonful of boiling water. Beat, then add three tablespoonfuls of cream, and beat till smooth.

Liquid Sauce.—Cream one cupful of brown sugar and one-third cupful of butter. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with two cups of water. Boil, then beat it into the butter and sugar.

TOMATOES.

Tomato Relish.—A nice relish can be made by cutting a piece from the stem ends of ripe tomatoes; remove the pulp and mix with an equal quantity of chopped cucumber; replace in the tomatoes, and serve on a lettuce leaf with mayonnaise dressing.

Ripe Tomato Salad.—One peck of solid ripe tomatoes, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of salt, one cupful of chopped celery, one cupful of chopped horse radish, one cupful of chopped onion, one-half cupful of celery seed, one-half cupful of mustard seed, and vinegar enough to more than cover. Slice tomatoes in a stone jar and mix sugar, salt, celery, radish, onions, and seed with the vinegar, and pour over and cover all with a heavy cloth; no cooking, and they will keep a year. These pickles are good with cold meats.

SOUR CREAM RECIPES.

Johnny Cake.—Two cups sour cream, two cups sour milk, one teaspoonful soda, two tablespoonfuls white flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two cups corn meal sifted three times, three eggs. Bake one hour.

Sour Cream Cookies.—One cup sour cream, one cup light brown sugar, one egg, one small teaspoonful soda, one small teaspoonful salt. Flavor, mix soft, and bake.

Salad Dressing.—One cup sour cream, whipped, one tablespoonful sugar, pinch of cayenne.

VALUABLE HINTS.

Grease spots on a wall may be removed by putting blotting paper on the spot and holding a hot iron against it.

In stitching a hem in a sheet or towel it is much better to turn and stitch back an inch than to tie the threads to fasten it.

Don't throw away your old kid gloves. Cut the fingers off and give to children to slip over the ends of colored crayons which they use at school.

A dainty and inexpensive trimming for lingerie ruffles may be made by alternate rows of hemstitched tucks and rows of round eyelets or embroidered dots.

Aprons that are worn thin in front may be made quite good again. Rip off the belt, bib or yoke, cut the apron down the front; hem these edges, sew the other edges together, and put on belt again.

If you sew a waistband up the back of a tape measure for the first ten inches you will have a means at hand to rapidly measure skirt lengths and lines for trimming.

Should a poultice at any time be required where no linseed meal is available, an excellent poultice can be made by boiling a few potatoes in their skins. When cooked, place them in a flannel bag the size required, fasten the end and roll them over with the rolling pin. They are then ready for use.

Boil a cupful of rice in two quarts of water for 30 minutes. Let it stand over night and strain through

cheese cloth. Soak the iron rusps in the rice water for four or five hours and rinse in clear water. This will remove iron rust of long standing.

Rust on a stove may be removed with kerosene. Wash well with woolen cloth wet with kerosene. Use an oil brush on the groove and ornamental parts. Let the stove stand a day and then repeat the washing. Finally rub dry with a woolen cloth, then polish.

When the white and not the yolk of an egg is required for use, make a small hole in the shell and let the white run out, and stand the egg in an eggcup, which should be set in a cool place. The yolk will keep its color and freshness for some days.

Dish cloths do not get the attention they should, and in many hours are dirty and quite unfit for use. After washing up, always rinse the dishcloth well and the rinse in hot water with soda in it. Rinse again in hot water and hang it in the air to dry.

Nervous children should never be scolded unless it is absolutely necessary, and should never, under any circumstances, be ridiculed. Such treatment is only likely to make them more nervous, and in these days such a tendency should be specially guarded against.

It is very vexing and annoying indeed to have one's lips break out with cold sores, but, like the measles, it is far better to strike out than to strike in, says a correspondent. A drop of warm mutton suet applied to the sores at night, just before retiring, will soon cause them to disappear.

Every few weeks draw off a few pails of water through the faucet at the bottom of your kitchen boiler. You will find the water decidedly rusty. If this is neglected, the pipes running through the kitchen range will be eaten through by the rust. This is a hint from a friendly plumber.

When cane seats become slack they are uncomfortable and unsightly. Sponge both sides of the cane thoroughly with hot soap suds, in which a handful of salt has been dissolved. Then stand the chairs in the open air, and when the top of the seat is fairly dry cover it with a cloth, and iron with a hot iron. Treated like this the seats will become as firm as when new.

A MONEYLESS MILLIONAIRE.

Cecil Rhodes Was Often In Need Of Money.

For eight years, up to the time of Cecil Rhodes's death in 1902, Philip Jourdan acted as his private secretary; now, as his biographer, and devoted admirer, Mr. Jourdan reveals the everyday life of the great South African financier and imperialist. Mr. Rhodes was not poor, a watch, a set of plain gold studs being his sole possession in the form of jewelry. As for money—enormous figures.

He never would carry money with him, and on more than one occasion he suffered for the want of it.

During the Kimberley Industrial Exhibition in 1892, in the promotion of which he took a prominent part, he was refused admission to the grounds on one occasion because he had neither a ticket nor money to pay for one. He told the attendant at the entrance gate who he was, but the official, after having looked him up and down suspiciously, refused to believe him, saying that it was not likely that a wealthy man, such as Cecil Rhodes, would go about in an indifferent suit, with neither money nor watch.

He was obliged to wait outside the grounds until he was able to borrow some cash from a friend. He appreciated the official's strict adherence to his duty so much that he afterward sent him a handsome present.

When Mr. Rhodes had money he handled it carelessly and irresponsibly, like a child who did not understand the value of it. He frequently came to me for money in London in order to pay his cab fares to the city and back. When I gave it to him he would clumsily close his hand on so much gold and silver as it could hold, and without counting the money would drop it loosely into one of his coat pockets.

When he had to pay his cab, he would take a coin out of his pocket and hand it to the cabby without looking at it. If it happened to be a gold piece, the cabby would touch his cap gratefully and drive away, very much pleased with himself. If, on the contrary, his tender amounted to less than the fare, the cabby would, of course, tell him so, and the chances were that he got a gold coin in addition to the silver.

Sometimes he would forget to pay at all, and the cabby would address him:

"Hi, mister! Fare, please!"

Then Mr. Rhodes would become terribly confused, and hurriedly feel in all his pockets excepting the right one for the necessary cash.

HE HAS SEEN IT.

Arctic Hunter—"I think if your wife would wash her face it would improve her appearance."

Eskimo—"Ugh! You never saw her face!"

UNCLE ZEBE'S CEMETERY

Den you-all doin' want me to work for you no mo'?" Uncle Zebe, one hand upon a tombstone, the other resting heavily on his rake, tremulously put the question to Mrs. Warren. As chairman of the cemetery committee she had come to inform Uncle Zebe that at the end of the month his services would be no longer required; and her task was a more difficult one than she had anticipated.

For a long term of years the old man had been sexton; but of late numerous sick spells and a "miz'ry" in the side had interfered seriously with his duties, and neglect had wrought havoc in the cemetery—usually so well kept and the source of much pride to the Aid Society.

"It isn't that we have any hard feelings against you, Uncle Zebe," said Mrs. Warren in as kindly a manner as possible. "You've done your work splendidly as long as you were well. You've paused for a moment, hesitating to hurt him more than necessary. You're not quite so strong as you used to be; and the work, especially since the spring rains, is more than you can manage."

"Who, me? Why, Mis' Mary, I's sprized at you!" Uncle Zebe straightened up. "I has mighty high got de place back into shape agin; honey—cep'in' de walks an' de driveway an' some o' de trees what was blowed down by de storm yistiddy. You see I's done got my stren'th back, all right; but I can't use all of hit at once jes yet, Mis' Susie!" It was Uncle Zebe's habit to address his hearer by various names. "An' as fo' bein' able to ten' to de place all alone, why, I has been doin' hit all dese years an' you-all's been as shud." An' now, all of a sudden, Mis' Annie, you's tuck a notion in yo' haid dat Uncle Zebe ain't fitten to do de work."

Mrs. Warren bit her lip and the desire to temperize possessed her. She regretted that this disagreeable errand had fallen to her lot, and wondered if, now that the summer months were at hand and the chances of illness lessened, the society could not be made to reconsider its original intention and retain its old sexton for a while longer.

As she cogitated the matter, her question, "How old are you, Uncle Zebe?" was put somewhat absently.

"I'll be eighty-fo' years ol' nex' November ef I lives an' nothin' happens," said Uncle Zebe proudly. "When I tol' Cunnel Slocum how ol' I is, de udder day, he say: 'Well Uncle Zebe, you's a octogenarian sho' nuff, now—dat's what you am!' An' ef de cunnel say I is all ol' dat, I reckon I kin stan' up under de cim'tery work yet a while. I has fo' chillens an' seventeen grand-chillens—an' dey ain't none of 'em as spry fo' de age as I is. One er my gran'sons is down at de Tusledo school, what Booker Washington runs; an' he's de ooldest one what bezzibles his gran'daddy in smalt'ness."

There was a moment of silence. Suddenly Uncle Zebe brought himself up with a jerk.

"Who is you gwine to put in my place?" he asked, peering sharply at Mrs. Warren from under his bushy gray brows.

"It hasn't been quite decided," she answered. "The matter is to be settled at to-morrow's meeting."

"Hit's dat no-count-like Moulton dat you's fixin' to give my job to, Mis' Sadie—now, ain't hit?" questioned Uncle Zebe. "Cause now hit comes to my min' how he's been moosin' round heah axin' me questions 'bout dis an' dat an' talkin' 'bout de work—an' all de time me 'bout bein' a bit suspicious dat he was figgerin' to git me turned loose. Dat's de way hit is," he went on bitterly. "When you zits ol' you ain't fitten to hol' a job, no mo', an' dey hysle you outen de way ez quick ez dey kin."

"Now—now, Uncle Zebe, you mustn't talk like that!" said Mrs. Warren as soothingly as possible. "It isn't absolutely certain that a change will have to be made—for the present, at least." She was in hopes that something might intervene at the meeting that would turn the tide in his favor; and, with the desire to end the interview and think the matter over, she left Uncle Zebe to his work.

For a long time after her departure he stood motionless by the tombstone. Then, turning to a small cedar tree near by, he said: "What you is, an' no-count boss—dat's han' dat hit 'ud be lak givin' 'em a stepdaddy to 'low anudder nigger round' 'em. What's a no-count young coon, wid gals on his feet, gwine he draws his pay? Co'se he mought keep hit mis'ry, clean, but what's he gwine to keep 'bout dem graves er de peoples what's in 'em!"

"Ladies, I ain't wo' out yit, no how. An' ef I does git ali' miz'ry in de side an' on, why, some er my gran'chillens, er de mammy, 'll come ovah an' look arter de place—cause, nex' to me,

Mrs. Warren rustled uneasily in her seat, then made a movement as though to rise.

At this juncture the door of the vestry room opened and Uncle Zebe, a shapeless object in his hand battered out of all resemblance to a hat, stood upon the threshold. In honor of the occasion he had increased his girth considerably by the addition of his entire wardrobe, put on over his usual workday clothes, the whole surmounted by an old frock coat which seemed in danger of bursting from the extra strain put upon its seams. With a courtly bow he advanced to the center of the room.

"Ladies, 'scuse me," he began. "I woun't come up heah to you-all's meetin', 'cause I knows I ain't got no business at such; but hit was de onlies' petunty I's gwine to git to talk to you when you's all to-gedder; so I tuck hit." He cleared his throat. "Ladies, I unstan's you-all thinks I's too ol' an' puny to ten' to de cim'tery fo' you an' dat you is aimin' to get a man what's mo' spry to take my joo."

"Now, ladies, jes 'cause I has been little pol'y dis winter, hit ain't no sign dat I ain't as good as I ever was. No, suh. You-all knows dat yo' haid gives out now an' den, an' you sorter has to set back a spell an' ketch yo' breff. Dese ol' ahms"—and he held up two bony specimens—"is as strong as dey evah was; an' I'm as pearly."

"Hit'll be thirty-five years dis very mont dat yo' ma, Mis' Fanny, and he turned to the chair, "got me dat cim'tery; an' I has been workin' at hit faithful evah sence."

"Dey ain't a blade o' grass, er a flower sca'ce, dat on' nod 'Howdy?' to ol' Uncle Zebe when I comes in de gate. Dey ain't a tree on dat groun' dat I ain't tended to lak hit was a baby. I knows dem graves lak I knows myself. Dey ain't one o' dem folks what's been laid away dat I ain't he'ped to put 'em in dey las' home. You-all knows I has looked arter 'em lak dey was my own chillens. Hit seems lak dat place an' dem folks is a part o' my ol' body."

"Why, when I walks in de gate of a mawnin' an' stahts fo' to ten' to things—a far-away look come into Uncle Zebe's eyes and he seemed to forget his audience—"hit's 'Howdy, ev'ybody! How is you comin', dis mawnin'? Looks lak we's agwine to have some rain to-day, don't hit? Good mawnin', Mis' Clara. Lawd, how sweet dem v'lets round you, do smell! Howdy, Majal Brown! I hopes you's well to-day, suh. I reckon I'll have to put a piece o' sod ovah dat hal' pence by yo' haid—de grass an' so thin whar de shade is. Heigho! I'll Mis' Bessie! Well, bless my soul! Et dat sye mo' tree don' jes love to kiver you up wid a blanket o' leaves ovah night. An' de tea rose on you's gittin' ready to bloom too! Hit jes beats my time how heart dat rose is 'bout bein' de fustes' one to say 'Howdy?' to June ev'y year!"

"I stops at Mis' Martha's grave, what died endurin' de yellor fever nussin' de sick, an' I gives hit a lovin' pat. Den I stops to pick off a daid leaf fum de ivory vine on Jedge Wilson's grave, what I raised fum a slip. 'Cross de way is Mis' Ev'lyn an' Mistal Will, what was drowned in de rivah; an' 'tween de two graves is de moss rose what come outen Mis' Evlyn's yabd. I members how she use' to love dat rosebush—an' dat's how come me to plant hit."

"I has put flowers on ol' Mis' Allen evah sence her daughter had to go 'way off to Taxes, 'cause I knows how she use' to come out heah on de university of her ma's death an' lay a bunch down ev'y year."

"I keeps Mis' Barbry's grave-stone washed as clean as ef hit was her own kitchen flo', 'cause I knows she kin res' happier—she was daid clean on dis heah sinful earl."

"An' dat's de way hit goes—water er de flower heah, fixin' a grave deres; twel by-an-by de sun comes an' meeces drappin' down an' de shades o' de tombstones gits longer and longer; and I takes my shovel an' rake an' hoe, an' stops fo' a minnte to look all round."

"Good night, chillens," I says. 'Good night, ev'ybody. You Uncle Zebe's agwine to see you in de mawnin'.' An' den I goes on home."

He paused for a moment and looked about, as though just realizing the presence of an audience. The room was quite still. There was scarcely one present whom he had not known almost from infancy or whose history was not intimately bound up with that of the little town.

"White folks," said Uncle Zebe, "don' you see how hit is? Why, you-all jes natchally can't take dat cim'tery away fum me. Why, dem folks an' de flowers an' trees is so plumb use' to ol' Uncle Zebe's han' dat hit 'ud be lak givin' 'em a stepdaddy to 'low anudder nigger round' 'em. What's a no-count young coon, wid gals on his feet, gwine he draws his pay? Co'se he mought keep hit mis'ry, clean, but what's he gwine to keep 'bout dem graves er de peoples what's in 'em!"

dey knows hit an' loves hit better'n any any one." He bowed, once more. "Dat's all I got to say, ladies; an' I hopes you'll 'scuse me fo' breakin' into de meetin'." Thanky."

He stepped back, closing the door after him. A long sigh swept over his audience. Then a sudden hum of excited whispering rose and disorder held sway for a moment, until the rapping of the president's gavel. Once more the voices subsided to quiet as she rose.

"Ladies," said Mrs. Slocum, striving to make her tones as formal as possible and not succeeding in the least, "you have heard Uncle Zebe's appeal. What is your pleasure concerning his retention?"

Mrs. Warren was the first one on her feet.

"Madam President," she said, "I move that we indefinitely postpone his removal."

"I second that motion," said another member excitedly.

And the re-election of Uncle Zebe was made unanimous—Blanche Goodman in Saturday Evening Post.

WHEN NATIONS BACK DOWN.

Sometimes Forced to Apologise to Individuals.

Some few years ago, an Austrian officer, Major Kristuseck, went out to Buenos Ayres to wind up the affairs of a dead brother. When he got there he found that the whole amount—a matter of \$8,000,000—had been seized by a distant relative, who was not the heir at all.

Very naturally, the major took steps to recover the stolen money. But the next thing that happened was that he was arrested, and imprisoned without trial. The thief, it appears, had cunningly spread it about that Kristuseck was a spy in the pay of another South American Power. After a few weeks, Kristuseck managed to get word to the Austrian Minister, and was soon released. Then he communicated with the home Government, and Austria wasted no time in demanding an apology, which was personally delivered to the officer by a high official of the Argentine Republic.

At one time Turkey was constantly putting her foot in it, and having to apologise in consequence. About nine years ago six British warships, under Prince Louis of Battenburg, visited Asia Minor. Four officers went ashore on a shooting expedition. The local Bashaw at once arrested them, and locked them up in the filthy town prison, where they were kept all night. The row that followed started even the cunning old Sultan himself, and he sent word that the official responsible for the outrage was to beg the pardon of the offended officers.

France had occasion to apologise to two Englishmen a few years ago. The latter were paying a visit to the French settlement of Chandannagar when they were set on by French soldiers, who clubbed them with their rifles, and then dragged them away to the guard-room. The British Resident came to their rescue, and they were released; but British opinion in India was so roused that the French Government voluntarily made an official apology to the two sufferers, and paid compensation.

A blackguardly trick was played by the Belgian officials of the Congo Free State upon two English missionaries in the year 1904. A missionary having died at the Upper River Station, two of his colleagues—a lady of over fifty and a younger man—went to a state post to report the death. The official, who professed to be unable to speak any language but Flemish, made them repeat after him what he believed to be a declaration of the cause of death, swear to it, and sign it.

A week later they discovered, to their horror, that what they had signed was a marriage certificate, and that they were legally married.

When the affair was reported to our Foreign Office, there was a tremendous row, so much so that the Congo Administration was for once thoroughly frightened, and humble apologies were offered, while the official who had played this heartless joke got the "sack."

MONARCHS' MTILBAGS.

The weightiest correspondence of private individuals is trifling when compared with that of some of the rulers of the world. For example, think what it would mean to have a daily mailbag of twenty-five thousand! This is about the average number of postal communications which reach the Pope each day. The Kaiser comes next to his highness. The ruler of Germany receives about seven thousand letters daily. This, of course, does not include purely private diplomatic despatches. Closely following him is the American President, with a daily mailbag of five thousand. Our own King George is next to be counted. In comparison with the previous rulers, his is a trifling daily correspondence; it rarely exceeds twenty-five hundred. The Tsar of the Russias only gets some five hundred postal communications every day. The average daily number received by Alfonso of Spain is three hundred. The King of Italy is exceptionally blessed. Save on special occasions, his daily mailbag keeps within the two hundred

THE OBSERVER

Fred. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.
Advertising Rates made known on application.

Published by The Observer, Limited
Hartland, New Brunswick

Terms of Subscription: The OBSERVER is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. The paper will be sent to subscribers until it is ordered stopped, but each subscriber will be notified when the time to which he has paid is ended.

VOL. 31 Jan. 11 No. 30

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

The Fredericton Gleaner gives space to a nauseous and grossly misleading article and an editorial concerning the matter involving H. W. Birmingham and an alleged misappropriation of funds. It is not time to pronounce judgment in the matter until all the facts have been disclosed. The Gleaner, however, eagerly seizes upon what few facts it could get to turn the matter into something that would reflect discredit on the Liberal party, merely through the fact that the Birmingham father and son, who figure in what at this stage appears to be an unfortunate chain of circumstances, have also voted the Liberal ticket. Neither have at any time been prominent politically. This simple fact thus simply stated should be sufficient to rob the Gleaner's labored articles of any sting they may have had.

New Westminster.

Christmas, the one day which is always celebrated over the entire Christian world, was duly and thoroughly enjoyed by the progressive people of New Westminster. Those who have once lived in the province of New Brunswick were given a real eastern Christmas, the ground being covered with six inches of snow, keeping them from becoming homesick, and affording those who believed in perpetuating the ancient customs of Bible times, that is, drinking and being merry, and a soft downy bed.

Fred Williams and family who have been on a visit to their old home in New Brunswick, have returned to New Westminster. Fred says British Columbia looks good to him.

John Shaw and barber Allen are doing a rushing barber business.

Mrs. E. D. Belyea and Mrs. George Howe visited Mr. and Mrs. Scott Orser and also Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henderson and we are very sorry to hear that Mrs. Henderson is very ill, and hope for her speedy recovery.

Mr. Hiram Foster made a flying trip to visit friends in Look-out, Wash., in his new auto. I wonder why?

George B. Orser spent Christmas in Sapperton.

Mr. Grover Shaw, a student of the University of Washington, is spending his holidays with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Belyea.

Mr. Leslie Pendexter is keeping his black team and himself busy collecting Christmas presents.

Wilmot Robinson is making himself busy in the excavating business.

E. D. Belyea has resigned his position with the Small & Bucklin Lumber Co. to accept a prominent position offered him by the city council.

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

West Side Notes. (By Nicodemus.)

A review at this season brings to the average West Sider a sense of satisfaction, for the West Side has shared fully in the benefits that have come to this section of Canada, has thrived and prospered in a wonderful degree and stands at the close of the year ashamed at the comparison she invites with other sections of the St. John valley.

Carleton county is often termed the garden of the province, and in fact this is one of the first sections of the county.

A summing up of the year's bounties discloses a most gratifying result in favor of this community.

As an agricultural district, the uncertainties of commercial and manufacturing pursuits or speculation have not been felt. True it is that existing local conditions are not conducive to broad developments, but notwithstanding that fact the Upper St. John Valley and more especially this section unquestionably presents the most conspicuous record of local progress and prosperity of any twelve months for some time back. With prevailing prices for produce of all kinds it is no wonder that the industrious West Side farmers, with barns and granaries and cellars well stocked with the bounteous crops of 1911, face, with hearts big with thanksgiving and optimism, the advent of 1912.

Throughout the year just gone very little has occurred to distract attention from the regular routine of West Side life. No fires, no explosions, no runaways or accidents—just work and peaceful prosperity.

The usual comers and goers natural to all communities have passed in months procession.

Very few changes in the personnel of citizenship has taken place, very few transfers of real estate, and very little building has been done in the year, the improvements by Nixon's at the old William Boyer place being the most conspicuous.

The birth rate has been nothing remarkable, marriages ditto, while the grim reaper has been lenient indeed.

The Birmingham Case.

Arising out of a complaint of H. G. Oliver, M. L. Hayward, barrister, of this town, was appointed a commissioner to enquire into the affairs of H. W. Birmingham, road commissioner for the Parish of Wakefield. The enquiry brought forth a complication of affairs, the facts being that Guy Birmingham, a son, admits that in 1910 he made up an account charging Perley Seeley, Geo. Somers and Havelock Letson with work to the amount of \$40, which they did not do; that he signed T. W. Letson's name to the account as J. P., Frank R. Shaw's name as Councillor, and Seeley's and Hoyt's names to vouchers, that he received and retained the money. He also admits that on account of 1911 he received \$40. more than was paid out. He also admits signing Letson's name to several other documents. These amounts, Mr. Birmingham says, were retained by him because he had been told by Councillor Shaw and Secretary Blackmore that he was entitled to a commission on the statute labor.

Both the Birmingham's swore to a conversation with Blackmore in which they said that Blackmore told them to go home and make up any sort of an account to cover the commission and he would put it through. The evidence of Blackmore will be taken next week.

The Hartland & Miramichi Railway.

The annual meeting of the Hartland & Miramichi railway was held at Windsor on Monday. The former Board of Directors was re-elected with the exception that Coun. Lamont of Glassville, was elected in place of J. T. G. Carr. The secretary's report was satisfactory to the shareholders, and it was generally admitted that the survey had been a success. An encouraging feature of the meeting was the large number of enthusiastic people from Glassville.

Premier Flemming was present and pointed out the advantages of railroad traffic possibilities. He stated that as a member of the local government he was not in a position to bind them, but as for himself he was in hearty sympathy with the project, and when it did come before the government he would give it his support. He also expressed his willingness to accompany any delegation that might interview the C.P.R. or the G.T.P. with a view to obtaining a running agreement.

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

MUNIA.

James Paul of Tilley, has been visiting his brother, Wm. Paul. We are sorry to hear of the serious illness of Mrs. Alex Adams.

A. A. Grant made a business trip to Limestone this week.

Isaac McDougall is in very poor health.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Adams drove to Perth Wednesday.

Wesley Morris is spending a few days with friends here.

McDougall Bros. are lumbering on the Munia.

H. H. Morehouse went to Perth Tuesday.

Mr. Lockhart and Miss Stella



Happy New Year

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

"The House of Good Clothes."

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

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK

Fifth Annual Exhibition
Thursday and Friday, Jan. 25 and 26.

Carleton Co. Poultry Association
PRIZE LIST OVER \$700.00

Special attention given to classes of Fowl that will best benefit the farmer, and classes that only fowls owned by farmers can enter. Expert demonstrations and advice on poultry given FREE, during Exhibition and at Public Meeting at 8 p. m., on Jan. 25. Opera play on evening of the 26th. All at Forester's Hall, Hartland, N.B.

SPEND TWO BIG DAYS AT HARTLAND

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

A. R. Rigby, Sec. Treas.

The Reasons Why

You Should

Buy Your



STOVES and RANGES

H. N. BOYER, Hartland

He is the largest Dealer in the County.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

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



Just one delightful sip of this—and even what you thought your favorite tea must take second place forever. For here in King Cole tea is a rare flavor that will double your love for your tea-cup. Such fullness of flavor—such richness—yet withal such smoothness.

Your first cup will be a flavor revelation. You'll want to tell all your friends about it. And—perhaps you had better tell this out as a reminder to get some King Cole Tea quickly.

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR.



Local News and Personal Items

Blair Shaw spent Tuesday evening in Woodstock.

A baby boy is a new arrival at the home of W. C. Craig.

S. W. Smith of Mount Pleasant, was here on Wednesday.

R. D. Ross of St. Stephen, was in Hartland on Tuesday.

Miss Laura Curtis returned to Boston on Monday to resume her studies in education.

Thomas R. McIntyre, who conducts a garage at Florenceville, was here on Tuesday.

Miss May Lovely of Woodstock, has been visiting friends at Connel and Miss Erna Miller at Hartland.

George R. Burt has gone to spend the remainder of the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Paul Taylor, at Norfolk, Va.

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

Rev. Clarence V. T. Richeson, of Cambridge, Mass., indicted for the murder of his sweetheart last October, has confessed to the crime.

Miss Dora Hayward has returned to Edmundston after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hayward.

Sprague Flemming, C.P.R. trainman, has been spending a few days at his home here. Mr. Young, also trainman, has been here with him.

Mrs. H. H. Hatfield was in Upper Woodstock this week in attendance at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Della Robinson and Cecil Fitzsimmons.

Notwithstanding the intense cold and the storms the express trains have been running nearly on time, a wide contrast with the habit of these utilities a few years ago.

LOST, on Tuesday, Jan. 2, three five dollar bills, between the Hagerman building and the post office. Finder will be rewarded by leaving C. B. Drake, Hartland.

The people at Macnaquack, twelve miles above Fredericton, and not far below Hawkshaw, are clamoring for a bridge across the river. So are the people at Bath; so are the people at Clearview.

The northbound express on Friday afternoon came to Hartland in two sections, the second section bringing passengers from the Boston train which was late. The special made a swift run from McAdam, overtaking here the regular train, to which the passengers were transferred.

The weather of Sunday and following days was the coldest of the season and colder than any days last winter. Frozen water pipes was the cause of much annoyance to householders and the source of a harvest to plumbers. The lowest mark reached by any thermometer that The Observer has heard of was 30 below.

Public attention is directed to the advertisements of Baird and Carr. Both these enterprising merchants have in the past "made good" with their January sales, and both have the unbroken record of giving in every particular the same bargains that they advertise, and in some cases better. That is the only kind of advertising that pays and the only kind The Observer wants to print.



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



Wm. Drake of Avondale, was here on Monday.

Mrs. S. H. White was in Woodstock on Monday.

Warren and Annie White have been ill of tonsillitis.

W. L. Carr, of Woodstock, was in the village on Monday.

H. H. Smalley is painting the interior of the new post office.

Little Miss Pauline Chapman of Woodstock is the guest of her cousin, Miss Alice McIntosh.

Interesting news from Raymond's camp will be printed next week.

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

Miss Helen Raymond of Middle Simonds, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. H. Hatfield a few days this week.

Mrs. McCain, Florenceville, has returned home after spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. Samuel York, of Somerville.

Read the advertisement of H. N. Boyer. His trade in the Canada Ranges is very large. Make it a habit to keep posted on his advertising.

Mrs. R. L. Simms will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home in Florenceville on Wednesday and Thursday, January 17 and 18.

Drake & Belyea's store is at Rockland. Heretofore this vital fact has by error been omitted from their ad. and many people have been inquiring around Hartland for their store.

The Reformed Baptist Sunday School will hold their annual New Year's concert in the Reformed Baptist church on Monday evening, Jan. 15, at 7.30. A good program has been arranged and all are welcome.

The Observer acknowledges New Year's greetings from W. S. Coes, foreman of the Mars Hill View. Mr. Coes is a printer of unusual ability, and gained his first knowledge of the craft in the office of the Hartland Advertiser, serving about three years.

P. L. Marsten has taken over the insurance business of Astle & Cosman, of Woodstock. Mr. Astle went west some time ago and has decided to locate there. Mr. Cosman will for a time remain with Mr. Marsten to acquaint him with the details of the business and with his clientele.

The steel on the Southampton railway has been extended to Temperance Vale, and it is expected that ballasting will be completed by the end of next week. Messrs. Gilman Bros. & Burden and Mr. Pinder have already utilized the new road to haul supplies to their mills and were able to effect quite a saving in carriage. — Fredericton Mail.

Preparations for the Poultry Show to be held in Hartland on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 25 and 26, are such as will make this the biggest event in the history of the Carleton Poultry Association. The price list will be issued in a day or two. Don't fail to plan to be in Hartland one or both days. Besides poultry there will also be displays of other trades.

More and more people are coming to Arthur Estabrooks for the oil that will not smoke their rooms.

The marriage of Miss Helena Maud Hayward took place at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hayward, Woodstock, to Harold C. Montgomery, of Campbellton, on Tuesday afternoon. Rev. A. C. Berry performed the ceremony. The bride was charmingly gowned in cream serge with satin fringe trimmings and carried a bouquet of roses. Miss Laura Curtis, as bridesmaid, wore a pretty dress of Alice blue satin and carried carnations. There were numerous presents among them a sun-burst of pearls from the groom. The happy couple left on the afternoon express for their future home in Campbellton.

Produce Prices

Potatoes	\$1.85
Hay, loose	8. to 10.
Oats40
Eggs25
Butter	20 to .31
Pork07
Beans	2.50 to 2.75
Chickens10 Hens .07
B. W. Meal	1.75
Ducks and Geese	2.1

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

THERE are plenty of good reasons why a man shouldn't bet on the ponies, but he never thinks of them until after the ponies lose.

All the world gambles. The only difference is that some people will take a chance on anything and others are circumspect.

When a woman says she hasn't a thing to wear you may know that her rival has a new gown.

A man may say his prayers in four languages and yet not be able to give his fellow creatures a square deal from sheer ignorance.

When you wish to compliment a plain woman tell her she is demity and temperamental. She knows she is no beauty.

No man knows what a fool he can feel until his young sister gets possession of a love letter that he has written.

When his son marries, a man wonders how the young blade can be such an idiot.

When a girl marries, her mother knows the girl's troubles have begun.

Strange how much more respect we have for the judgment of those who praise us than for the judgment of those who condemn.

When you hit your finger with a hammer it is a good time to ask the children to run out and play.



"He is madly in love with her."
"With Mabel?"
"Yes."
"She has a lot of money."
"Oh, he doesn't mind that at all."

Risky.
The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la.
Come up without counting the cost.
For little they risk as they venture on.
The mischief that's played by Jack Frost.

Couldn't Cash It.
"I have a patent car couple here that is worth \$1,000,000 easy."
"You are modest."
"No, it is worth every cent of it. I wouldn't take a dollar less. Say!"
"Well."
"Lead me 10 cents for car fare."

Different.
"Could a poor woman be a good cook?"
"Good cooks are precious. I don't see how she could be a poor woman if she were a good cook."
"But suppose she were married to Jones."

Too Bad.
"What do you think?"
"I don't, either."
"Dad has just bought an aeroplane."
"Dear me! And all of your new outdoor things are auto things."

Suitable.
"What part are you going to take in the show?"
"I am going to be the villain."
"That will be fine. You won't have to make up."

In Evidence.
Yes, I guess
You will have to admit
Without arguing it
That the backbone of winter
Is some chummy splinter.
You may break, you may shatter,
With tremendous clatter
Every vase
About the place
If you will.
But the backbone of winter is a different pill.
Or a soft stick for small boys to whittle.
It isn't made of plastic clay—
Nay?
Not on your Uncle Bill's tintype!
When it is ripe
It requires an extraordinary gent
To make a dent
In its frame.
Or to connect the same.
You think as snows diminish
You see its finish,
But wait!
It doesn't forget the date
Nor why it is on the job.
It will bob
Up when you least expect
And connect
With an old fashioned storm
In flawless form.
There comes a gushing thaw;
But, law,
That doesn't mean all
The blow will fall,
And it will be some blow,
Accompanied by snow
And trimmings that are not
Exactly hot.
No, it is here to stay
Until it goes away.
On that
You can bet your old straw hat.

John T. G. Carr

wishes to call attention to his

Annual January Sale

NOW ON.

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

We still have on hand a quantity of

FUR GOODS and Winter Clothing

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

Ladies' Coats and Skirts at Half Price

We also have a few

SEWING MACHINES

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

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

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

John T. G. Carr.

BREAD

FLESCHEMAN'S Yeast Cakes
Fine Confectionery
and Soft Drinks.
SIMMS

Maplewood Rhode Island Reds!

Get into the 200 class by doing business where the goods are produced. A few Cockrels and Pullets to go.
CHAS. M. SHAW.
Victoria, N. B.

NOTICE!

The annual meeting of the Farmer's Telephone Company will be held at Windsor, N. B., on Monday, the eighth day of January, 1912.
E. A. BRITTAIN, Secretary.

FOR SALE—A driving mare, in good condition, well broken, perfectly kind, and not afraid of autos. Will be 4 years old in the spring. A splendid bargain for somebody that will attend to the matter soon. Apply at The Observer Office.

Tompkins' Hotel

STICKNEY, N. B.
Joseph B. Tompkins, Prop.
Permanent and Transient Board

Special attention to Commercial trade. Good livery in connection. New house, well furnished, large airy rooms, good table. Situated half way between Hartland and Florenceville.

A New Real Estate List.

24. A farm in parish of Brighton, of 200 acres, 75 cleared balance in spruce, fir and hardwood. A fine new 2 1/2 story house, 13 rooms finished throughout. Good cellar with new furnace. Carriage house, Well house, Summer Kitchen. A new hip-roofed barn 45x76 with 24ft. posts. A good well and spring near house. Situated on spring brook across farm. Situated on St. John river. Convenient to school, Post Office, Church and station. Easy terms.

25. A farm of 150 acres within 2 1/2 miles of Fredericton, 80 acres cleared balance woodland with some timber. A balance woodland with some timber. A large barn, woodshed and wagon house. Near school and church. Quite level and in a fair state of cultivation. An orchard of 50 trees. Part cash, balance with yearly payments.

27. A farm of 200 acres in parish of Simonds on St. John river, 85 acres cleared balance heavy lumber land. In fair state of cultivation and fair buildings including house and three barns. Never failing well in woodshed. A spring brook crosses the farm. Has a small orchard. Convenient to Post office, School, Church and Station. Farm Machinery included. Good terms.

28. A house and lot in centre of Perth on Main St. (lot 70x50 ft.) used for offices and tenement overhead. Yearly rental \$188.00. Water in house. In good repair and well painted. A bargain if taken at once.

29. A fine home on Main St. Hartland. Well finished large house with large lawn in one of the best locations in town. A very desirable property on easy terms.

30. A good business stand in central location in busy town. Two story building. First floor can be used for store, etc. The second floor and third finished for large dwelling flat gets good rental. A good investment on easy terms.

31. A fine large two story house with all well furnished inside and out with bath room hot and cold water, in good location in village of Hartland. A fine property at a low price.

32. EIGHTEEN LOTS on Main St. Hartland on the well known and desirable location on McMullin's Flat. Price from \$200 to \$300 each. Secure one at once or write for particulars.

33. A nice home of house and stable and lot of 3 acres in country. A nice little home with a good chance for gardening in a nice location very cheap.

Carleton Real Estate Agency.
Hartland, N. B.

"I'd like to be a boy again—
boy has so much fun. His life is
just a round of mirth from rise to
set of sun. I guess there's nothing
pleasanter than closing stable door
and herding hens and chasing bee
and doing evening chores."

BANKING BY MAIL

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

BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

East Florenceville, N. B.

W. E. Thornton

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

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

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

MANLEY H. CRAIG

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

BOHAN BROS.

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

"Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25 cents
Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clear.
Fresh Fruits, Finest Chocolates, Canned Goods, etc.
Stop in and see us. We guarantee to please.

H. A. SIPPRELL

PORT RIOTOR.

NOTICE!

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

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

J. C. HARTLEY,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Woodstock, N. B.

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.

Main St., Hartland, N. B.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

ture with which she dealt. Venetia Corona never moved, never gave a sign of the amazement that awoke in her, but she put her hand out and clasped the barrel of the weapon, while her eyes looked down into the flashing, looming, ferocious ones that menaced her with calm, contemptuous, rebuke, in which something of infinite pity was mingled.

"Child, are you mad?" she said gravely. "Brave natures do not stoop to assassination, which you seem to defy. If you have any reason to feel evil against me, tell me what it is. I always repay a wrong if I can. But as for those threats, they are most absurd if you do not mean them; they are most wicked if you do."

The tranquil, unmoved, serious words stilled the vehement passion she rebuked with a strange and irresistible power. Under her gaze the savage lust in Cigarette's eyes died out, and their lids drooped over them. The dusky scarlet color faded from her cheeks. For the first time in her life she felt humiliated, vanquished, awed. If this "aristocrat" had shown one sign of fear, one trace of apprehension, all her violent and reckless hatred would have reigned on and, it might have been, have rushed from threat to execution.

She let the pistol pass into Venetia's grasp and stood irresolute and ashamed, her fluent tongue stricken dumb, her intent to wound and sting and outrage with every vile coarse jest she knew rendered impossible to execute. The purity and dignity of her opponent's presence had their irresistible influence, an influence too strong for even her debonaire and dangerous insolence. She hated herself in that moment more than she hated her rival.

Venetia laid the loaded pistol down, away from both, and seated herself in the cushions from which she had risen. Then she looked once more long and quietly at her unknown antagonist.

"Well?" she said at length. "Why do you venture to come here? And why do you feel this malignity toward a stranger who never saw you until this morning?"

Under the challenge the fiery spirit of Cigarette rallied, though a rare and gallant sense of intense inferiority, of intense mortification, was upon her, though she would almost have given the cross which was on her breast that she had never come into this woman's sight.

"Oh-eh!" she answered recklessly, with the red blood flushing her face again, at the only evasion of truth of which the little desperado, with all her sins, had ever been guilty. "I hate you, miladi, because of your order, because of your fine, dainty ways, because of your aristocratic insolence, because you treat my soldiers like puppets, because you are one of those who do no more to have the right to live than the purple butterfly that dies in the sun and who oust the people out of their dues as the cuckoo kicks the poor birds that have reared it out of the nest of twigs to which it never has carried a twig of a nest."

Her listener heard with a slight smile of amusement and of surprise that bitterly discomfited the speaker. "I do not wish to discuss democracy with you," she answered, with a tone that sounded strangely tranquil to Cigarette after the scathing acrimony of her own. "I should probably convince you as little as you would convince me, and I never waste words. But I heard you today claim a certain virtue—justice. How do you reconcile with that your very hasty condemnation of a stranger of whose motives, actions and modes of life it is impossible you can have any accurate knowledge? I am sure that the heroine of Zaratra has something nobler in her than mere malignity against a person who can never have injured her, and I would endure her insolence for the sake of awakening her justice. A virtue that was so great in her at noon cannot be utterly dead at nightfall."

Cigarette's fearless eyes drooped under the gaze of those bent so searchingly, yet so gently, upon her, but only for a moment. She raised them afresh, with their old, dauntless frankness.

"Ah, you shall never say you wanted justice and truth from a French soldier and failed to get them! I hate



"Child, are you mad?" she said gravely. "Brave natures do not stoop to assassination, which you seem to defy. If you have any reason to feel evil against me, tell me what it is. I always repay a wrong if I can. But as for those threats, they are most absurd if you do not mean them; they are most wicked if you do."

The tranquil, unmoved, serious words stilled the vehement passion she rebuked with a strange and irresistible power. Under her gaze the savage lust in Cigarette's eyes died out, and their lids drooped over them. The dusky scarlet color faded from her cheeks. For the first time in her life she felt humiliated, vanquished, awed. If this "aristocrat" had shown one sign of fear, one trace of apprehension, all her violent and reckless hatred would have reigned on and, it might have been, have rushed from threat to execution.

She let the pistol pass into Venetia's grasp and stood irresolute and ashamed, her fluent tongue stricken dumb, her intent to wound and sting and outrage with every vile coarse jest she knew rendered impossible to execute.

you are as beautiful as a sorceress! There is no wonder he loves you!"

"He! Who?"

"The man who carves the toys you give your dog to break! Ah, how he loves you! When he was down with his wounds after Zaratra, he said so. But he never knew what he said, and he never knew that I heard him. You are like the women of his old world. Though through you he got treated like a dog, he loves you! And you think it insult, I will warrant—insult for a soldier who has nothing but his courage and his endurance and his heroism under suffering to ennoble him to dare to love Mme. la Princess Corona! I think otherwise. I think that Mme. la Princess Corona never had a love of so much honor, though she has had princes and nobles and all the rank and nobility at her feet, through that beauty that is like a spell!"

"You speak wildly and at random, like the child you are," the grande dame answered her with chill, contemptuous rebuke. "I do not imagine that the person you allude to made you his confidant in such a matter."

"He?" retorted Cigarette. "He belongs to your class, miladi. He is as silent as the grave. You might kill him, and he would never show it hurt. I only knew what he muttered in his fever."

"When you attended him?"

"Not I!" cried Cigarette, who saw for the first time that she was betraying herself. "He lay in the scullion's tent where I was, that was all, and he was delirious with the shot wounds. Men are often—"

"Wait. Hear me a little while before you rush on in this headlong and foolish speech," interrupted her auditor. "You err in the construction you have placed on the words, whatever they were, which you heard. The gentleman—he is a gentleman—whom you speak of bears me no love. We are almost strangers. But by a strange chain of circumstances he is connected with my family. He once had a great friendship with my brother. For reasons that I do not know, but which are imperative with him, he desires to keep his identity unsuspected by every one. An accident alone revealed it to me, and I have promised him not to divulge it. You understand?"

Cigarette gave an affirmative gesture. Her eyes were fastened suddenly, yet with a deep, bright glow in them, upon her companion. She was beginning to see her way through his secret—a secret she was too intrinsically loyal even now to dream of betraying.

"Then you will cease to feel hatred toward me for so senseless a reason as that I belong to the aristocracy that offends you, and you will remain silent on what I tell you concerning the one whom you know as Louis Victor?"

Cigarette nodded assent. The sullen fire glow still burned in her eyes, but she succumbed to the resistless influence which the serenity, the patience and the dignity of this woman had over her.

"He is of your order, then?" she asked abruptly.

"He was, yes."

"Oh, he was," cried Cigarette, with her color rising. "You must be always, mustn't he? You think too much of your blue blood, you patricians, to fancy it can lose its royalty, whether it run under a king's purple or a corporal's canvas shift. Blood tells, they say. Do you want me to tell you why he lives among us, buried like this?"

"Not if you violate any confidence to do so."

"No, he makes no confidence, I promise you. Not ten words will mislead you, say if he can help it about anything. He is as silent as a lama. But we learn things without being told in camp, and I know well enough he is here to save some one else, in some one else's place. It is a sacrifice, look you, that nails him down to this martyrdom. Look you, miladi," said Cigarette half sullenly, half passionately, for the words were wrenched out of her generosity and choked her in their utterance, "that man suffers. His life here is a hell upon earth. I don't mean for the danger, but for the indignity, the subordination, the license, the brutality, the tyranny. He is as if he were chained to the galleys. He never says anything, eh, he? He is of your kind, you know! But he suffers. Now, if you be his friend, can you do nothing for him? Can you ransom him in no way? Can you go away out of Africa and leave him in this living death to get killed and thrust into the sand, like his comrade the other day?"

"I could not abandon one who was once the friend of my family to such a fate as you picture without very great pain. But I do not see how to alter this fate, as you think I could do with so much ease. I am not in its secret. I do not know the reason of its seeming suicide. This gentleman has chosen his own path. It is not for me to change his choice or spy into his motives. Meantime there is one pressing danger of which you must be my medium to warn him. He and my brother must meet. Tell him that the latter, knowing him only as Louis Victor and interested in the incidents of his military career, will seek him out early tomorrow morning before we quit the camp. I must leave it to him to avoid the meeting as best he may be able."

Cigarette smiled grimly.

"You do not know much of the camp, Victor is only a bas-officer. If his officers call him up, he must come or be thrashed like a slave for contumacy. He has no will of his own."

Venetia gave an irrepressible gesture of pain.

"True; I forgot. Well, go and send him to me. My brother must be taken into his confidence whatever that confidence reveals. I will tell him so. Go and send him to me. It is the last chance. Go and say this to him. You

are his loyal little friend and comrade."

"If I be, I do not see why I am to turn your lackey, madame!" said Cigarette bitterly. "If you want him, you can send for him by other messengers!"

Venetia Corona looked at her steadfastly, with a certain contempt in the look.

"Then your pleading for him was all insincere? Let the matter drop, and be good enough to leave my presence, which, you will remember, you entered unsummoned and undesired."

The undeviating gentleness of the tone made the rebuke cut deeper, as her first rebuke had cut, than any sterner censure or more peremptory dismissal could have done. Cigarette stood irresolute, ashamed, filled with rage, torn by contrition, impatient, wounded, swayed by jealous rage and by the purer impulses she strove to stifle.

The cross she had tossed down caught her sight as it glittered on the carpet strewn over the hard earth. She stooped and raised it. The action



Gazed after the swiftly flying figure, sufficed to turn the tide with her impressionable, ardent, capricious nature. She would not disagree that.

"I will go," she muttered in her throat. "And you—you—God, no wonder men love you when even I cannot hate you!"

Venetia Corona gazed after the swiftly flying figure as it passed over the starlit ground lost in amusement, in pity and in regret.

"A little tigress," she thought, "and yet with infinite nobility, with wonderful germs of good in her. How she loves him! And she is so brave she will not show it."

With the recollection came the remembrance of Cigarette's words as to his own passion for herself, and she grew paler as it did so. "God forbid he should have that pain, too!" she murmured. "What could it be save misery for us both?"

Yet she did not thrust the fancy from her with contemptuous nonchalance as she had done every other of the many passions she had excited and disdained. It had a great sadness and a great terror for her. She dreaded it unthinkingly for him; also, perhaps unconsciously, she dreaded it slightly for herself. She wished now that she had not sent for him.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMID the mirth, the noise, the festivity, which reigned throughout the camp as the men surrendered themselves to the enjoyment of the largeness of food and of wine allotted to them by their marshal's command in commemoration of Zaratra one alone remained apart, silent and powerless to rouse himself even to the forced semblance, the forced endurance, of their mischief and their pleasure. He sat motionless, sunk in thought, with his head drooped upon his breast. The voice of Cigarette broke on his musing.

"Good sir, you are wanted yonder."

He rose on the old instinct of obedience.

"For what?"

"By your silver pheasant yonder. Go!"

"Who? I do not?"

"Can you not understand? Miladi wants to see you. I told her I would send you to her. You know the great tent where she is thronged in honor. Morbleu, as if the oldest and ugliest hag that washes out my soldiers' linen were not of more use and more deserved such lodgment than Mme. la Princesse, who has never done aught in her life, not even brushed out her own hair of gold! She waits for you. Where are your palace manners? Go to her, I tell you. She is of your own people. We are not!"

The vehement, imperious phrases poured in disorder one after another, rapid and harsh and vibrating with a hundred repressed emotions. He paused one moment, doubting whether he did not play some trick upon him; then, without a word, left her and went rapidly through the evening shadows.

"And I have sent him to her when I should have fired my pistol into her breast!" she thought as she sat by the dying embers. And she remembered once more the story of the Marseilles fisher woman. She understood that terrible vengeance under the hot southern sun beside the ruthless southern seas.

Meanwhile, he, who so little knew or heeded how he occupied her heart, passed unnoticed through the movements of the military crowd, crossed the breadth that parted the encampment from the marquee of the generals and their guests, gave the counter-sign and approached, unperceived and so far unseen save by the sentinels, the tents of the Corona suit.

He bowed low before the princess, preserving that distant ceremonial due

POULTRY FOODS

We carry in stock

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

NATIONAL Stock Food

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

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., LTD.,

Wholesale and retail Druggists

Hartland, N. B.

Western Assurance Co.

(INCORPORATED 1851)

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

DIBBLEE & AUGHERTON, Agents

Woodstock, N. B.

Telephone: Office, 18-11.

Residence, 164-11.

Christmas Presents at The Hardware Store.

Those nice Hanging Lamps, Beautiful Parlor Lamps, a fine line of Carving Sets, Hand-saws for Girls and Boys, Skates of all kinds, Roasters for your turkey. I have also a fine line of Sleigh Bells, Alarm Clocks, 8 Day Clocks, Silver Knives and Forks and Spoons. In fact a complete line of everything that is needed in HARDWARE.



MBA ORSER

HARDWARE MERCHANT

Commercial Hotel

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

W. P. Jones, K. C.

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.

WOODSTOCK N. B.

P. R. SEMPLE

East Florenceville, N. B.

Dealer in

Hardware, Plumbing, Tinware, Furnaces and Stoves

The

New Empress Range

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

Gourlay Pianos, Dominion and Karn Organs, New Williams Sewing Machines,

The Best Qualities available in Carleton County. Easy terms, and old instruments allowed in part payment. Write or telephone and I'll call on you.

J. RICE WATSON

MOUNT PLEASANT, N. B.

Meeting of Council.

The regular Semi-Annual Meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton, will be held at the Court House on TUESDAY, the Sixteenth Day of January next, at TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

Dated this sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1911.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Secretary Treasurer,
Municipality of Carleton.

Do You Need a

Typewriter

?

I can suit you with an "Empire" at prices from \$45. to \$80. You can have free trial for one week.

Cash Discounts or easy terms. Write for catalogues and particulars.

Frank Fairweather.

St. John, N. B.

F. N. GRANT

PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs