

# THE OBSERVER

Vol. 2.

HARTLAND, N. B., October, 7, 1910.

No. 18.

## NOVELTIES in NECKWEAR

Just received

The new Paisley Frillings, Jabots, Linen  
and Dutch Collars and Bows; also the  
**Paisley Satin by the yard**

Patent Leather Belts

in Red, Black and Paisley. Also a com-  
plete line of

**Hose, Flannellets, Under-  
wear, Sweaters & Golf Coats**

Try our new bulk TEA; 3 lbs for \$1.00  
and our Radium and Purity Flour

**Baird & Craig**

HARTLAND, N. B.

I have engaged

## Madame Barteaux

A lady of 25 years experience in millinery,  
the last 8 years in Boston where she enjoyed a  
large and high-class trade. She comes well  
recommended and we guarantee all work en-  
trusted to us to satisfy

### To Show My Appreciation

of the large Millinery trade I have had for the  
past 12 years I have this season procured a  
lady of years experience in the largest cities in  
Canada

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR

**Hartland Farmers' Exchange**

### GET THE BEST

During these trying times when so many light Fire Companies are go-  
ing out of business would it not be well to consider your own interests  
and place your Fire Insurance in a Reliable Office.

We have the oldest and strongest Fire Companies on the continent  
companies that are generous in their settlements, prompt in their pay-  
ments, and their policies are free from technicalities.

We will call and inspect your dwelling if you will drop us a card

**ASTLE & COSMAN**

Queen Street  
Woodstock, N. B.

### W. C. T. U. Convention.

At three o'clock the conven-  
tion gathered for its first session  
in the United Baptist church.  
The opening devotional exercises  
were conducted by Mrs. Hart of  
Sackville, after which the presi-  
dent called the meeting to order,  
and extended a welcome to the  
members. The Crusade Psalm  
was read and Mrs. Sprague  
offered prayer. Mrs. Ruther-  
ford, of Toronto, was warmly re-  
ceived the ladies, and, on motion,  
was made a member of the con-  
vention. After roll call the re-  
ports of the various departments  
were given by their superintend-  
ents. The Anti-Narcotic de-  
partment showed faithful work  
and many cheering results; but  
the discussion following brought  
out the lamentable fact that in  
the Dominion the cigarette is  
rapidly gathering ground, not  
only among boys, but with girls  
and women. This latter point  
was referred to the resolutions  
committee.

In connection with the food  
report sent in by the Sailors' de-  
partment, an interesting letter  
to Mrs. Jordan, of Woodstock,  
was read from Dr. Grenfell, ac-  
knowledging a box of clothing  
from that union. Dr. Grenfell  
added: "We do not scatter these  
things everywhere, but usually  
give them in exchange for pro-  
duce. So you see the scheme  
works well both ways; we get  
valuable things to use for the  
mission which otherwise we  
could not afford, and the people  
get clothing they could not ob-  
tain. This year has been a great  
failure in fish, and we have sup-  
plied hundreds of needy ones  
with clothing for the coming six  
months of winter."

The report from the superin-  
tendent of medal contests  
brought out helpful suggestions  
from Mrs. McWha, Mrs. Sprague  
and Mrs. Rutherford, upon this  
method of educating the young  
in temperance sentiment. After  
singing and a prayer by Mrs.  
Hart the convention adjourned  
to gather again at 8 p.m. for the  
public meeting.

The chair was taken in the  
evening by Mrs. A. Plummer,  
president of the local union.  
Rev. Mr. Dow, who was first in-  
troduced, welcomed the conven-  
tion on behalf of the churches;  
after which the principal, Mr.  
Rice, offered greetings in the  
name of the schools. His re-  
marks on the cigarette evil and  
boy scout movement were heard  
with interest. Graceful replies  
were made to these addresses by  
Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Gray, to  
which Mrs. Rutherford added a  
few words on the vote which  
women do not have which evoked  
warm applause. The program  
was pleasantly interspersed by  
music from the choir, and a  
charming reading by Miss Laura  
Curtis. At its close the visitors  
and their hosts and hostesses  
were treated to delicious refresh-  
ments and spent a delightful  
social hour.

On Wednesday morning the  
convention was opened by de-  
votional exercises conducted by  
Mrs. Bert, and followed by roll  
call and the re-reading and  
adopting of the minutes. The  
reports of superintendents were  
again taken up, and that for the  
Department of Militia was read.  
Some discussion ensued over the  
fact that the men in barracks at  
Fredericton had asked for a reli-  
gious service of their own, and  
that it had previously been de-  
cided to ask permission for the  
W. C. T. U. to arrange for it of  
the Minister of Militia.

The report sent by Mrs. Sey-  
mour of the evangelistic and  
prisons department was received  
with many words of appreciation

### Plans of the New Post Office.

If it were not that Postmaster  
Barnett is a very busy man the  
OBSERVER would suggest that  
every one in the vicinity should  
look over the plans for the new  
public building, which for its  
size, will be one of the finest  
structures in the province. It  
will be thoroughly up to date in  
every way.

The building will be 40 feet  
square with a drive-way from  
the street to the rear where the  
mail entrance is to be.

The basement is to be of con-  
crete throughout, while a portion  
of the outside will be stone-faced.  
In this will be the steam heating  
plant, and a coal room partition-  
ed off with brick.

The street floor will have two  
public entrances with public  
space full width of the front.  
The partition between this and  
the mail working rooms, which  
take up nearly all the remainder  
of the floor, will contain the mail  
boxes, general delivery, stamp  
vending, registration, and money  
order windows. There is also a  
large lavatory finished elegantly  
in marble.

The second floor, reached by  
stairs from a lobby off the mail  
sorting room, has a large assem-  
bly room for military purposes, an  
office for the commanding officer's  
mess, a dining room, and lavatories  
for the rear. This flat may also be  
reached from a side door on the  
north where a short flight of  
steps leads to the lobby.

The building is of handsome  
exterior design, built of concrete,  
brick and stone, surmounted by  
a clock tower on the south-east  
corner.

Who will tender for the con-  
struction is not known publicly  
and it will take some time after  
tenders are opened for the De-  
partment to reach the conclusion  
as to who shall have the contract.  
But it is certain that within a  
year from this date the building  
will be ready for occupancy.

of her long and faithful service  
in this line of work, and all join-  
ed in a special prayer for her  
restoration to health and to the  
work she loves.

Mrs. Shaw, of Hartland, as  
superintendent of lumbermen  
and raftsmen, had a splendid ac-  
count to give of the work done  
last winter among the lumber-  
men of the upper St. John and  
Tobique by Rev. D. Fiske, who  
was the missionary engaged by  
the W. C. T. U. for this purpose.  
The record of his labors among  
the fifty-nine camps which form-  
ed his circuit stirred the hearts  
of all who heard. He succeeded  
in winning the most loyal support  
from the men all through the  
camps, and a letter was read  
from a foreman, thanking the  
women of the unions for sending  
Mr. Fiske on this mission. The  
camps on the Miramichi are also  
asking for a missionary and the  
feeling of the meeting was that  
one should be sent. Special ap-  
preciation was expressed regard-  
ing Mrs. Shaw's work, and an  
assistant promised her, after  
which the convention adjourned.

Committees appointed:  
Courtesies—Mrs. McFarland  
and Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw.  
Credentials and Awarding  
Banners—Mrs. McWha and Mrs.  
Stevenson.

Finance—Mrs. Gray, Sprague  
and McAvity.

Greetings Mrs. Sprague—to  
to add her assistants.

Plan of Work—Mrs. McAvity,  
Caldwell, Burt, Bradley, Hart  
with power to add.

Resolutions—Mrs. Flanders,  
Hanson and Jordan.

Press committee—Mrs. Flan-  
ders, for St. John papers; Mrs.  
(concluded on last page)

## Hartland Department Store

JOHN T. G. CARR, Proprietor

With the Biggest Crop and Best Average  
Prices that Carleton county has ever  
known, this is bound to be a

### Record-Breaking Season

**We are prepared for it!**

New Goods Arriving Daily; in fact we are  
getting a little crowded—but it won't be  
for long. The Prices we have marked  
them at is bound to move them quickly

Having "cut out" the long credit business

**We can Afford to Sell at a Small Profit**

Credit is all right under certain circumstances,  
but a man has generally to pay for it, and the sooner he can go  
into the "pay as you go" way the better for him. Come and examine  
our goods, compare prices and be satisfied.

**Eggs, Butter, Oats, Meal, Beans, Pork, etc.**

taken in exchange for goods at cash prices.

**John T. G. Carr**

## Pears, Peaches, Plums,

FOR PRESERVING.

Get your orders in early.

**Mrs. T. G. Simms**

## Letterheads Envelopes

Fine Quality  
Artistic Display  
Reasonable Prices

Observer, Ltd.,

Hartland, N. B.

## Commercial Hotel

GEORGE G. McCOLLUM, PROP.

First class Board by the day or week.  
Excellent table. Meals served on arrival  
of trains. Large airy rooms. Bath. Livery  
stable in connection.

HARTLAND, N. B.

## Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in  
connection.

Main St., Hartland, N. B.



## THE SECRET HOLD

For miles around in every direction the bushland stretched, an unbroken expanse, burnt up beneath a scorching sun. Only the arid prairie to be seen, nothing beyond.

Yes, on a patch of scorched grass something could surely be seen—a human form, a man's form. He moved restlessly from side to side, his parched, cracked lips softly muttering incoherent words, spoken in the delirium of fever.

Phantasmal pictures floated across his brain, scenes of the past were flashed upon the screen of consciousness. Fancy cheated him in that forsaken hour, when he stood face to face with eternity, into the belief that he was safe and well, with tender voices falling upon his ear, and no longer that cruel, devouring thirst that seemed to have turned his whole body into a furnace, his lips moistened with some healing draught, the well of water suddenly uncovered in the desert.

He started a little, a tremor passing through his body and the clouds floating from his brain, and he glanced up with eyes that no longer gazed at imaginary faces, but fell upon the bronzed, kindly features of a stout-built, muscular man, who was bending over him, bolstering his reclining head in arms that were as tender as a woman's to lift the sufferer, whilst with one hand he placed a water-flask against those dried lips.

Jim Roane drank eagerly, then shook his head a little, murmuring in a weak and drowsy voice:

"It's no good, old man. I've taken my passage this time for the real back of beyond. I'm going to peg out."

Nonsense, Jim. You mustn't talk like that. I'll get you on to my horse and carry you back to Creek town. It's only a matter of twenty miles, and what's such a distance to you and me, eh, Jim? How did you get bushed?"

"I lost the track, and have been wandering for hours—days, I think. I suppose I must have been rounding in a circle all the while. And all the time the pitiless sun, the cruel, merciless sun, I—"

He fell back gasping.

George Lester bent over him, wiping the clammy brow. Then from another flask he drained some brandy and held it to Roane's lips.

A momentary brightness came into his glazing eyes, a sudden strength sounded in his voice.

"I'm glad it's you who have found me, George," he said. "I can die content now, at peace. For what if others had come to me in these last moments, and robbed me? George—I haven't told you, no, not a soul. But—but I—I've pegged out—a claim, loaded with gold, and—and all the papers of possession are here, sealed in my wallet. You—you'll find instructions there—that that I know you will fulfill, for I can trust you, old pal; you are a white man, a true friend. When you have set the mine working, you—you will go back to the dear old country—oh, the green lanes of England, and the hedgerows and the wild flowers—doesn't your heart ache for them, eh?"

Jim Roane went on in a gradually weakening voice.

"There—there is a girl you must find in England. My daughter. Yes, child of my heart; a link of love given to me by the wife whom I worshipped—that young wife taken from me, snatched from my arms, after one brief year of joy."

A marvellous tenderness stole into his fading tones, and the drawn, haggard face seemed to shine with an ecstatic light.

"You—you will seek this girl, George, and you will hand her my wealth—the wealth I have sought in vain for during life, but that is mine now—now at my death."

George Lester could say nothing though he longed to ask a hundred questions, for the fact that his old partner was a married man and had a daughter was one that he had been entirely in ignorance of until this moment.

But the other lapsed into delirium; and then, not long after, Jim Roane's soul had drifted out upon the river of eternity.

George Lester allowed his gaze to rest upon the pretty scene that an English garden presented, feasting his eyes upon a sight that had been so long denied him. But they returned after a moment, with a deepened glow of pleasure, to the girl seated by his side.

He watched her, so lovely, flower-like features unperceived for a second, starting a look of gravity resting upon them. Not for the first time he wondered at the sadness that her expression had betrayed in those unguarded moments when she was lost in thought.

Yet for all that touch of melancholy, which indeed heightened rather than detracted from her beauty, she was the loveliest woman he had ever seen, this girl who was his old partner's daughter, Jim Roane's child.

At last she caught his gaze fixed upon her and she started a little nervously, playing with the cups that stood on a gipsy table, for late though the year was summer still lingered, and it was warm enough to take tea out of doors.

"This is better tea than I used to get out in the bush," he declared. "One of these days, perhaps, you will go to Australia, Miss Roane, and pay a visit to your own prosperous holdings. Quite a township has sprung up around the Katherine group."

She shook her head and paled a little, as if some inward, unspoken emotion had caught at her heart.

"No," she said slowly; "I shall never go out to Australia."

"I can understand your feeling," it remarked the other gently. "It represents a cruel land to you, for did it not rob you of your father? Miss Roane—he drew a little nearer—"is it the thought of your father's sad death that causes you such regret as at times I can read in your face?"

She did not answer at once, but he saw a tear gather in her eye. "My father, whom I never recollect seeing? No, not that. He left England when I was but an infant, remember. I have gone through a hard time, Mr. Lester, of late years; have stared the wolf of hunger in the face. It is that, if anything, which saddens me at times; for such experiences leave their mark—don't they? But now—"

She made an expressive gesture and gave a sigh—a sigh of contentment, or so it sounded.

"That fear has been removed for ever," replied Lester, quietly. "You must not blame your father."

Miss Roane, for I am perfectly convinced that he forwarded money to those foster-parents in whose care he confided you when you were a baby. Perhaps it is kinder, so far as they are concerned, to believe that such remittances went astray."

And that reminds me of something that I wish to say to you, pleading the privilege of my old friendship with your father. This nephew of those people, this Austen Racewood, whom I find so often here—does he intrude upon you? Is his presence distasteful? There is no real cousinship between you, recollect; and if, as I have imagined, his interference in your affairs is secretly resented, and he refuses to see this for himself, will you leave me to convey to him in more unimpeachable terms what I fancy are your feelings?"

She drew back, a look of swift alarm coming into her face.

"You—you have formed a wrong conclusion," she said, falteringly. "Austen—is not unwelcome here."

Lester flushed deeply, and bit his lip in chagrin and astonishment. Yet, despite her assurance, he was left still with that idea that she disliked the man who was for ever thrusting himself forward.

"Let us think no more about him," he said, after he had spoken his apology. "There is something else I have to say, something nearer to my heart. Gwendolen, you know, oh, surely you must have read it in my voice, my face, read the secret that I love you. Dearest, I am a wealthy man myself, and you know that it is not your father's money, but yourself that I want."

She was silent some moments, but he saw that the color had come swiftly into her face. Suddenly she gave a little sob, instantly hushed. Then she turned to him and addressed him, in almost lifeless tones:

"I—should have told you," she said. "It—it would have been kinder. But—but I did not know; in—indeed, I did not realize that—that you cared for me."

"What is there you have to tell me?" He spoke in a strained voice. "Another asked me that question yesterday," she replied. "And—and he holds my promise to become his wife."

"And who is this man?"

"It is Austen Racewood, whom I am going to marry."

She spoke simply, and he gazed at her with undisguised amazement. This man whom he had thought hateful in her eyes!

"I—I congratulate you," he stammered, rising stiffly to his feet. "Oh, don't—don't!" She spoke in tones of pain.

"Don't!" He glanced at her questioning.

"I—I mean that it costs you pain to say that," she replied, "and I am sorry—sorry to give pain to one who—who was my father's friend, who is mine!"

"Let me be your friend still," she said, a little brokenly, "if I can be nothing else."

She inclined her head and let her hands remain in his a long moment. But no other words were spoken; and with the feeling that all the light had left his world, George Lester made his way from that garden, and from the woman who had transformed it into an Eden.

The weeks that followed were bitter weeks for George Lester, for they buried a dead hope—a lost love.

He kept away from Gwendolen's home, thinking it better.

A couple of months went by, bringing nearer Gwendolen's wedding-day, for the engagement was to be of short duration at Racewood's desire.

After a somewhat aimless walk, George returned one afternoon to the hotel where he was staying, to be met at the entrance by an acquaintance who had forced himself rather upon Lester, a warm-hearted but somewhat foolish youth, who seemed bent on squandering a fortune which his father had laboriously acquired.

His name was Harry Cross, and he now came forward to claim Lester for that evening, insisting, in his impetuous, boyish way, upon his dining with him and visiting a music-hall.

George had nothing else in view, and this would at worst mean an escape from thought.

A few hours later found the two men dining together at one of the fashionable restaurants, afterwards going on to one of the big variety theatres, where they were joined by a friend of Cross's—a good-looking, well-bred tones, and seemed a gentleman. But to Lester he suggested a bird of prey, intent on plucking Harry Cross's gilded feathers.

He seemed at first to regard Lester with a look of doubt and uneasiness. But George lent himself to an assumption of false gaiety which apparently satisfied the other, for presently he suggested that all three should drive on to a friend's place, where they could indulge in a quiet little gamble.

Lester glanced at Cross and saw that it was impossible to persuade him to return to the hotel, so, with a slight shrug, he accepted the invitation, and presently the three men were driven in a taxi to a narrow street of old-fashioned houses in the neighborhood of Westminster.

After some parleying with the shabbily-dressed footman at the door they passed through a passage into a room of voices swelled up as they entered—voices raised in excited tones, and a glance at the occupants revealed to Lester the gambling den he had imagined it would prove.

Cross was at once taken possession of to play a "quiet game of cards," Lester being asked to join. But, replying that he would prefer to look on, he strolled over to where roulette was in full swing, and gave quite a Monte Carlo atmosphere to the place.

A group of men had crowded round the table, their eyes sparkling with a feverish glitter, for large sums were at stake. But one man in particular seemed to claim almost as much attention as the game itself, and for a moment, Lester's gaze was also directed towards him, it was hard for him to recognize in the white-faced, haggard-eyed creature, whose lips and features were trembling with an uncontrollable agitation, the man who was going to marry Gwendolen Roane, his own successful rival.

From the whispers of those around, he gathered that Racewood had already lost a considerable sum, and one of the habitués muttered in Lester's ear that he was fated to ruin himself ultimately.

"Comes here every night and has lost a pot of money. They say our friend Quintin, who runs this show, has got a pile of IOU's. Shouldn't care to possess them myself; but they say it's all right. He's going to marry a rich woman, and he'll pay it out of her money-bags."

Lester's heart turned sick within him. So this was the man Gwendolen had chosen—this man who would let her wealth melt in his grasp!

Fascinated, he watched him. An hour passed and the man played on, steadily losing, until finally it seemed that an end had come either to his purse or his patience, for with an oath he flung down a coin, and then, seeing that fortune was still against him, he stood white and mute for a moment; then began to yell out accusations against the croupiers, calling them cheats and blacklegs and rouses, and finally turned upon his fellow-gamblers, raving in a shrill voice, whose tones dominated the hubbub which immediately ensued.

Pressing through the excited throngs Lester came upon his friend, and pulling his sleeve urged him to come away.

"We shall get mixed up in this, and it may prove an ugly affair."

Nothing loath, Cross obeyed, and they made their way towards the door, to come to sudden halt there. Above the din of voices came the sound of a single pistol-shot—an ominous sound, for a shriek accompanied it—a cry of human agony, and then there was a sudden hush—a dead silence.

The excited crowd was sobered now, and stood with consternation written upon their faces around two central figures, one prone upon the floor, and the other, with terror in his eyes, wildly gesticulating.

"He called me cheat, liar, and trickster, and worse—thief. I but avenged my honor. I shoot him—it was my right. But the saints know I never meant to kill him, only to wound, not to kill."

George drew a little nearer, not that there was any need, for the strong light thrown down by the powerful burners had already re-

vealed to him that it was Austen Racewood who lay there—dead—with a bullet through his heart.

"Gwendolen, I have news to tell you. Oh, my dear girl, I wish I could spare you, but prepare yourself for a blow. Austen Racewood, the man you were going to marry—oh, how can I tell you, Gwendolen—but he is dead!"

"Dead!" She echoed the word with a singular intonation. "I—I do not understand!"

In simple language he described that fatal scene in the gambling room. She listened without interruption to the end. But as he proceeded a certain resolution, a set expression, came into her features. "Gwendolen," he said, looking at her strangely after a pause, "you are not weeping. I see no tears. Did you love this man?"

She shook her head slowly. "I never loved him," she answered, a faint pink stealing back into her cheeks.

"What hold had he upon you, then—what pressure did he use—to wring unwilling consent from you?"

She turned away from him, bending her head low, as if in shame.

"Oh, you shall know the truth, though I might have kept it from you now for ever—though you will hate and despise me when you hear it. Listen. I am an impostor; I am not Jim Roane's daughter. I hold his money under false pretences."

"Gwendolen! What strange madness are you speaking?"

"Alas, it is the truth! At first I was a dupe, put forward by Racewood, believing myself the rightful Gwendolen Roane. It was not until afterwards that he told me the cruel truth—told me that I was never Jim Roane's daughter; that the child of his own aunt and uncle, in whose care the true Gwendolen Roane had been placed. It wasn't the money that I clung to," she continued, falteringly. "I would have forfeited that, despite what I had endured from poverty in the past. But—but your esteem—oh, it was hard to lose that. And so—I was wax in his hands, pliant to his will."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," Lester broke in; "he duped you indeed. It was a bold lie he spoke. I have your mother's portrait, and by the resemblance alone could swear you were her child. And did you think I regarded my trust so carelessly as not to be very certain that you were poor old Jim's true daughter? I hold all proofs. Had you but come to me! But he knew you would not do that. He lied to you, Gwendolen, this villain who is dead, because he wanted you for his wife, your fortune to pass into his own possession."

"Is it true—is it indeed true?" She asked the question in accents of rapturous relief.

"Dearest, it is true, I swear it to you—as true as that I love you."

She gave a little sigh—a sigh that expressed immeasurable contentment, and then she was in his arms, held to his heart—secure, the shadow taken from her life, never to return.—London Tit-Bits.

## CAKE.

Devil's Food.—One cupful sugar, three eggs, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful shaved chocolate, one-half cupful sour cream or milk, one even teaspoonful soda, one cupful flour. Cream butter and sugar; add well beaten yolks; then add the cream with the soda dissolved in it; then flour, then melted chocolate, and lastly the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in moderate oven in loaf.

Dark Cake.—The following recipe is for a dark cake, which makes either one large cake or two small ones: Two cupfuls of light brown sugar, two cupfuls of dark molasses, two cupfuls of sour milk, one-half cupful of butter or oleomargarine, four cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of cloves or allspice, one and one-half cupfuls of raisins. By adding more fruit will make a fruit cake.

Scotch Shortbread.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, a half pound of sifted sugar, a few citron, caraway comfits, and sweet almonds. Put a pound of butter into a basin. Squeeze it with your hands near the fire until the butter is quite soft. Squeeze into it the same way the flour and sugar. Add the sweet almonds—chopped fine. Mix well together. Shape portions of it into small cakes a half inch thick, using the floured hands as before. Bake in a slow oven. Sprinkle over them the citron and caraway comfits.

## PINEAPPLE.

Pineapple Dainty.—Two crisp brown oatmeal crackers, one equally large slice of pineapple placed between as a fruit sandwich. Prepare the pineapple the night before as a grapefruit or use for canning.

Pineapple Help.—Instead of cutting the tops with a knife, which is so difficult to get off, take hold of the top with the right hand and give a quick firm twist or turn and it will come right out whole without the use of the knife at all.

## HOME

### SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Cheese Snaps.—Pull a new loaf when quite hot, in two, take out pieces of bread about the size of a walnut with a fork and set in a rather quick oven to brown lightly. Serve with cheese and butter.

Lemon Fudding.—Half a pound of bread crumbs, a quarter of a pound of suet, the grated rinds of two lemons, the juice of one, and two eggs well beaten. Mix all the ingredients well together, place in a greased basin and boil for two to three hours. Turn out to serve and pour sweet sauce round.

Doctor's Soup.—Pick over and wash three ounces of rice and put it into a saucepan with one quart of water. When the water is reduced to a pint, add a quart of milk, a little chopped onion, celery, a pinch of salt and a suspicion of mace. Put the saucepan on one side and simmer gently till the vegetables are thoroughly cooked. Before serving add a lump of butter, rubbed into half an ounce of flour and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

A good mincemeat may be made as follows: Half a pound of finely chopped suet, half a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, half a pound of currants, half a pound of sultanas, one pound of chopped apples, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and spice to taste. Place these ingredients in a jar, and add two wine-glasses of brandy. If the flavor of lemon is liked, add the yellow rind chopped very finely.

A Simple Water Icing for Cakes.—Rub some icing sugar through a hair sieve to insure its being finely powdered. Put what you consider will be a sufficient quantity into a basin, stir into it some lemon juice and enough boiling water to make it into a thick paste which will just run off the spoon; beat it quickly, add coloring if desired, then pour the icing over the cake, which should be placed on an over-turned plate; take up any icing that runs off the cake and with a knife spread it on the edges. What is left over may be moistened again with boiling water and a little fresh sugar added to it. Ornament with candied fruits, cocoanut or pistachio nuts, before the icing is quite set.

A Pickle for two hams should be prepared as follows: Two pounds of salt, one cake of prunella, two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of bay salt, one and a half ounces of juniper berries, one pound of treacle, one and a half pints of beer. Boil all these ingredients together and when nearly cold pour over the hams. The berries must be bruised and the other ingredients pounded before they are used. The hams should first be rubbed with a small handful of salt, and placed on a large dish for twenty-four hours. Then drain off the salt and put them into a pan, pour the pickle over them, and rub daily for three weeks.

## TOMATOES.

Tomato Jelly.—Soak one-half box gelatin in a cupful of cold water. Run two quart cans of tomatoes through a fine strainer, using all but the seeds. Heat the tomato liquid, adding gelatin and seasoning with salt, pepper, and sugar. Place a layer of this in a mold, allowing it to congeal partly; then add a layer of chopped celery, another of the jelly, next a layer of peas, one more of jelly, another of stuffed olives, and lastly the remaining jelly. Set on ice to harden. Serve with mayonnaise dressing on lettuce leaves.

Tomato Soup.—Take one quart of strained tomatoes, bring them to the boiling point, and add one and one-half pints of rich milk. The milk should be all turned into the tomatoes at once so as to dilute the acid, which will prevent the milk from curdling. Bring to the boiling point, again add one tablespoon butter, salt to taste, and it is ready to serve. Make the croutons out of whole wheat bread. Cut the bread into cubes one-half inch square and toast in oven until a delicate brown. Drop ten or twelve of the cubes in each dish of soup just before serving.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take medium sized tomatoes, dip in hot water, and remove skin. Remove hard core and set on ice. When ready to serve fill with a mixture of one-half grated American cheese and one-half grated English walnut meats. Serve on lettuce leaf, garnish with parsley, and put over each tomato one tablespoonful sour whipped cream.

Tomato Figs.—Scald and skin small sized, ripe tomatoes, either the red or yellow variety. To eight pounds of tomatoes add three pounds of brown sugar; cook slowly and carefully in the sugar with water till it has thoroughly penetrated them; then take them out, spread on plates and dry them. Pack them in layers in jars or boxes, with sugar sprinkled between.

Fried Tomatoes.—Select good, ripe, large tomatoes; slice them about one-eighth of an inch thick,

pepper and salt them well, and roll them in some dry flour, so you will have a thick coating on both sides; put them in plenty of hot lard in a skillet, brown them to a nicely on one side; now turn them over on the other side with a pancake turner and brown them on the other side. Be careful how you turn them, so they don't get all smashed up.

### VALUABLE HINTS.

Sugar should be added to turnips, beets, peas, corn, squash and pumpkin.

If you do much sewing, have a low chair, or a stool upon which to rest your feet.

When the icing of a cake is difficult to cut the knife should be dipped in hot water.

If you want nice, flaky pastry get your oven at the right heat before you put in a single article.

Instead of rinsing laces in blue water, use skimmed milk which will give a soft, creamy tint.

Spareribs should be broiled rather than roasted, and served with apple sauce and mashed turnips.

Oatmeal can be used instead of barley or rice in the soup. It thickens it, and adds a flavor which is pleasant.

A meat chopper may be better cleaned by running a piece of bread through the machine before washing.

Celery can be kept fresh for several days by wrapping the stalks in a wet towel and keeping them in a cold cellar.

Puddings put into a half-heated oven or cooked in water that has been allowed to go off the boil are invariably spoiled.

If a child's hair will not lie straight do not wet the brush. Rather put a few drops of some hair lotion on the hair and brush it well.

If water is to be used for cooking purposes always start with a fresh supply of cold water when you are about to set the kettle on the stove.

Dress goods and laces should not be measured with a tape line, as it stretches the material. A yardstick is indispensable in every sewing room.

Wet shoes should not be dried by the fire. If there be time it is well to dry them on shoe trees, later rubbing in a little vasoline to soften the leather.

Place mirrors so that the direct rays of the sun do not fall upon them. It gives the glass a milky appearance which can never be entirely remedied.

If when baking cake before putting it in the oven you will jar tins with batter on the table a few times to allow all the bubbles to rise it will never fail.

When bathing children it is a wise plan to remove all articles of clothing from the room. The steam from the bath water makes them damp, therefore unfit to wear. To purify rancid butter, melt and skim the butter and put into it a piece of well-toasted bread. In a short time the bread will have absorbed all offensive taste and smell.

To make breakfast items, take one cup sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking powder; beat thoroughly together for five minutes. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in hot gem pans.

It is claimed that wild duck sometimes has a fishy flavor, and to avoid this the fowl should be parboiled in salt water for a while, after which it can be prepared in the usual manner.

When a big ironing has to be done what a comfort and relief it is to the feet to use a cushion to stand on while ironing. It can be made from an old quilt folded and covered by a piece of carpet.

Never use melted butter for cake, but work cool, hard butter to a soft cream. Beat cake in one direction with a long heavy stroke, using a large wooden spoon, or a perforated cake spoon.

A pinch of common lime is often boiled with old potatoes and in no way does it injure the vegetable. It is not unhealthy and the potatoes are whiter. This is one reason why hotel potatoes are always so white.

If a piece of old felt or carpet is tacked on the knifeboard it will be found to give knives a most brilliant polish without the scratched appearance they have when used on the rough board or leather.

Instead of throwing away the peels of oranges and lemons, put them into the jug on the wash-stand. This will give the water a delightful perfume, besides softening it until it is equal to rain water, for the complexion.

New stockings should be washed before being worn. This is done to remove a dressing which one finds in most new stockings. If the stocking is worn without this dressing being removed, the chances are very great that a hole will result the first day.

Choose apples with care when purchasing them. The heavier are best, and especially those which, on being pressed with the thumb, yield to it with a slight crackling noise. Prefer large apples to small, for waste is saved in peeling and coring the fruit.

Lots of people who want to be forgiven don't want to be forgotten.











No one disputes the splendid quality of Red Rose Tea. Here in the East as well as in the West it is used every day in thousands of homes where its unvarying fine quality has been proven by years of continuous use.



Prices: 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

## Local News and Personal Items

Harvey Reid returned to Wolfville on Monday.

Clarence Steves has returned to Acadia College.

Mrs. Palmer, who has been visiting Mrs. H. R. Nixon, has returned to Lowell.

Frank McCollom of the Bank of Montreal, Montreal, is spending his vacation at home.

Miss Lena Nixon of Hartland has been visiting her uncles, the Misses Cogswell of Port Fairfield.

For best values in flour, feed, molasses, sugar and shelf groceries go to Carr's.

Mrs. Claude Thistle and child accompanied by Mrs. Oscar Thistle, have returned to Littleton.

Mrs. Caroline Riley of Bangor and Mrs. J. W. Stevens of Fairville visited Mrs. D. E. Morgan on Saturday.

Fred Thornton, who is employed on the St. John river survey, was home from Thursday night to Sunday night.

Mrs. Minnie MacIntire of Hyde Park, Mass., was the guest of her uncle, H. M. Stevens, Somerville, this week.

I. A. J. Ward has again engaged with Keith & Plummer and Howard Adams has taken his place in Baird & Craig's store.

W. E. Thornton and C. E. Allen have decided that they will close their barber shops every night at 6 p. m. until the Christmas season.

WANTED: an apprentice to the millinery business at Carr's—one of the best paying business a young lady can go into. Call early if you do not wish to lose the chance.

C. S. Young (Lic) will preach Sunday Oct. 9th in the following churches: Lansdown 11 o'clock a. m. Knowlsville 2-30 p. m.; Windsor 7-30 p. m.

Mrs. Edwin Caverhill and Mrs. Robert Blackie of Upper Brighton were last week visiting Mrs. Caverhill's sister, Mrs. J. G. Cheney, Fort Fairfield.

B. W. Morgan of Hartland has received notice that he has won the degree of B. A. at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., as the result of recent exams.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwood Foster of Lower Windsor are visiting their daughter, Mrs. George Bartlett at Temperance Vale. Mrs. Foster has also been visiting at Ernest Belyea's Caribou.

"You can bank on it that some of the proposed new railroads in New Brunswick will be operated by electricity furnished by the Aroostook Falls," says the Fort Fairfield Review.

Mrs. T. O. Dewitt who has been spending the summer with friends in Coldstream and elsewhere in this vicinity left on Monday for her home in Pawtucket, R. I.

There will be a service in Hartland Methodist church on Sunday Oct. 8th at 7 p. m. Preacher: Rev. Wm. Whitehouse. Subject: "Life: Its Divine Possibilities." A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Joseph Harvey, a resident of Debec, killed himself last Friday morning, by throwing himself in front of the train. He was a prosperous farmer and the cause of his suicide was due to melancholia.

On Saturday afternoon between 4 and 5 o'clock a young man named Albert Billings was killed while ploughing in a field near Millville, during a severe electric storm. The horses were also killed.

Mrs. Frank Hagerman is visiting her nephew, W. G. Tinker in Bangor.

Just received, a carload of lime for sale low by Keith & Plummer.

Mrs. Beckwith of Centreville has been visiting her son, George, at Somerville.

Estev and Curtis Co. will pay the highest prices for all the good apples offered.

Potatoes bring 80 cents today; oats 30c.; butter, 20c.; eggs, 20 to 25c.; hay, loose, \$5.00 to \$6.00.

Take your butter and eggs to Carr's and get highest market price.

Arthur S. Estabrooks has one Marlin 30-90 Rifle for sale and lots of rifle ammunition.

Fancy Barbadors molasses the best in the market only 38c. per gallon at Carr's.

Mrs. Harding Kearney of Connel was last week visiting friends at Waterville. She was also looking after the placing of a black granite tablet at the grave of her husband.

Geo. F. Raymond and wife of Bellington Wash. C. F. Hammond and wife of Van Buren, Me., and Miss Hammond of Caribou, Me., have been the guests T. T. and Mrs. Hammond at the U. S. Consulate Cabano P. Q.

Mrs. J. W. Stevens of Fairville who was among the delegates at the W. C. T. U. convention last week, remained a few days the guest of Mrs. Charles Stevens, Hartland, and Mrs. H. M. Stevens, Somerville. She also visited friends in Aroostook county.

On Wednesday at four o'clock at the home of the bride, Glenn Caldwell and Miss Ethel Hallett were united in marriage. Only the immediate relatives were present and the ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Mallory. On Monday next the happy couple will leave for New Westminster, B. C., where they will make their future home.

It would be a most appreciable act if, when the water is to be turned off the mains, a few taps of the bell be struck to warn the people so that a quantity may be taken for use during the period of deprivation. The water was turned off without warning on Monday to the great inconvenience of those who pay for its use.

The winter timetable of the C. P. R. goes into effect on Monday. The Tobique train will no longer run to Woodstock but the fast freight will leave Aroostook Jct. at 5 a. m. and pass Hartland about 8 a. m. giving passengers about three hours in Woodstock, returning by express. The express will arrive from the south a few minutes later and from the north a little earlier.

Mrs. J. H. Gray of Fairville, President of the N. B. and P. E. I. Women's Christian Union visited friends in Hartland after convention. She was joined by her husband, Dr. Gray, on Saturday. They returned to their homes on Monday evening while here they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. McFarland. Dr. Gray taught school here 40 years ago.

This week, at the direction of D. W. Jackson, supt. of bridges, R. E. Robinson of Lower Brighton repaired one of the badly damaged piers of the river bridge. He said there were other piers in bad condition but he had no instructions regarding them. He also stated that the facing of the piers was so rotten as to make it difficult to find a spot that would hold a spike.

Thirteen more days for subscribers to get the ADVERTISER at reduced rate of 50 cents per year. After October 20 the full price of \$1.00 per year will be charged.

Friday noon fire broke out around the flue of Russell Hatfield's house and Middle Simonds. The building was burned to the ground; also the Orange hall nearby. On the latter there was \$600 insurance but Mr. Hatfield had none.

Miss Ethel Hallett, who was on Wednesday married to Glenn Caldwell, was for several years employed with the Estey & Curtis Co., Ltd., who presented her with a handsome set of sterling handled knives and forks. Her fellow employees presented her with a dozen sterling silver spoons.

FOR SALE: The best remaining business site in the village between the Department store and Ziba Orsers splendid location for stores or offices within five minutes walk of the Bank, Post office, principal hotels, telegraph, telephone and express offices and so handy to the railway station that you can see everybody who misses the train! Apply to Box 3, Postoffice. — Hartland.

## The Annual Meeting of The Carleton and Victoria Counties Poultry, Pigeon and Pet Stock Assoc.

Will be held in Hagerman & Bairds Hall, Hartland, at 10 a. m. Tuesday Oct 11th, 1910; when new officers will be elected and many subjects of interest to the local poultry breeding discussed. This is an association which every wide awake poultryman or farmer should support by his presence and assist in making the Winter Show of 1911 the best in the province. Per Order.

## Notice of Sale

TO THE heirs at law and next-of-kin of Isaac L. Tompkins late of the Parish of Peel in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, Deceased, and Mary E. his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:—

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of Marvin L. Hayman, Barrister-at-Law, in the village of Hartland in the Parish of Brighton in said County and Province, on Tuesday, the first day of November, A. D. 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon the following lands and premises:— ALL THAT certain lot, piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Peel (formerly known as the Parish of Brighton) being a part of lots number sixty-two and sixty-three granted to Hannah Lloyd in a joint grant to John Tompkins, Hannah Lloyd, Jeremiah Lloyd and Charles Lloyd, and designated by said grant as Southernly Division, Letter B, and bounded and described as follows:— BEGINNING at the St. John River at the line between Division B, aforesaid and lands formerly in the possession of James J. Lloyd (now in the possession of Alice Bradford) thence Easterly along the line aforesaid to the rear of the front or river lots, thence southerly along the rear line of the lots aforesaid to lands belonging to the Estate of the late John A. Campbell, thence Westerly along the Northern line of the said Campbell lands to where the said Northern line of the said Campbell lands strikes the Western fence of the Canadian Pacific Railway, thence Northerly along the fence aforesaid six rods, thence Westerly and parallel to the said Northern line of the said Campbell lands to the St. John river, thence Northerly along the River aforesaid to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less.

TOGETHER with all the buildings, improvements and erections thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging. The above sale will be held under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of September, A. D. 1905 and made between the said Isaac L. Tompkins and Mary E. Tompkins, his wife, of the One Part, and William N. Raymond of the Parish of Simonds in said County and Province, Farmer, of the Other Part, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for said County as number 47404 in Book K No. 4 of Records, and by said William N. Raymond assigned to the undersigned Scott F. Tompkins of said Parish of Peel by an Indenture of Assignment bearing date the twenty-sixth day of April, A. D. 1910, and registered in said office as Number 32930 in Book U No. 4 of Records on pages 644 and 645; and also by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the thirty-first day of March, A. D. 1905, and made between the said Isaac L. Tompkins and Mary E. Tompkins, of the one part, and the said Scott F. Tompkins of the other part, and registered in said office as number 52684 in Book U No. 4 of Records on pages 734, 735 and 736, default having been made in payment of the moneys secured by said two Indentures of Mortgage.

DATED this twenty-seventh day of July, A. D. 1910.

(Sgd) SCOTT F. TOMPKINS Mortgagee and Assignee of Mortgage  
M. L. HAYWARD Solicitor

## Greatest Snap of the Year !!!



Your choice of all our men's Oxfords, in Tan, Green, Ox Blood, Pt. Leather. \$4.50 and \$5.00 Shoes for \$3.65 Cash. (For 30 days only. Also we have Box Kip Working Shoe, regular \$2.50 for \$1.98

Now is the time to get your pictures taken. We can get them for you cheap. Give you seven large cabinets for only \$1.09. Come in and make arrangements for yours.

We are giving 3 1/2 lbs. of our SPECIAL TEA for ONE DOLLAR this month. Be sure and grasp the opportunity. The most of you know what it is

## H. R. NIXON

## We Represent The Following Companies

Western Assurance Co., of Toronto, Phoenix Assurance Co., of England, Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of Mass, St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of St. Paul, Minn, Northern Assurance Co., of London, British America Assurance Co., of Toronto, Guarantian Assurance Co., of England, German American Assurance Co., of New York.

Life

North American Life Assurance Co., of Toronto, also Accident and Health Insurance.

Bihler & Augherston  
INSURANCE

QUEEN ST.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

## MEN

When you want to get a pair of Heavy Pants, Suits of Stanfield's Underclothing, Heavy Top Shirts Working Jackets, Gum Rubbers Shoe Pax, Heavy Shoes

## Women

When in need of Underwear, Shaker Flannels, Wrapper Goods, Winter Hose and Stockinette

Call on

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS

ROCKLAND, N. B.

## TWEEDIE & CO.

CENTREVILLE, N. B.

20 percent discount on balance of Shirt Waists, black, white and coloured. Also same discount on Men's Outside White, Fancy and Working Shirts. Black Sateen Shirts are extra value. Balance Straw Hats at cost.

Fresh Clean Groceries as usual

Everyone feels at home in this store

F. D. TWEEDIE,

Manager

## Miles Sherwood

Dealer in Fresh Meats of all kinds Buyer and Shipper of FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

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

## C. P. R.

Homeseekers' Excursions

May 4 and 18	Second Class Round Trip Tickets Issued From
June 1, 15, 29	HARTLAND, N. B.
July 13 and 27	Winnipeg \$34.39
Aug 10 and 24	Brandon 36.29
Sept 7 and 21	Regina 40.39
	Saskatoon 44.70
	Calgary 50.55
	Edmonton 51.15

Return Limit Two Months From a to of issue

EQUALLY LOW RATES TO OTHER POINTS

W. B. Howard, D. F. A., C. P. A., St. John, N. B.

## FOR ANY Eye Trouble CONSULT

## H. M. Martell

the only reliable travelling optician in Carleton County. Eyes tested free. Glasses ground to suit. General office at Day's Hotel, East Florenceville, N. B. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded. 4 wks

## P. R. SEMPLE

East Florenceville, N. B.

Dealer in Hardware, Plumbing, Tinware, Furnaces and Stoves

## The New Empress Range

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

## Real Estate for Sale.

1. FOR SALE—7 room house with all and stable, in good condition; 3 acres of land; water in yard; 29 rods from C. P. R. station. Good payment down, balance on easy terms.
2. FOR SALE—8 room house with all and stable; good sized lot 30 rods from C. P. R. Station. At a bargain if taken at once.
3. Real Mining pays better than anything else; chance to get in on the ground floor. Rich ore mine all paid for; money needed for machinery. For full particulars of any of the above address.

## Charles E. McLaughlan

Real Estate - Bath, N. B.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Hartland, N. B." will be received at this office until 4 o'clock p. m. on Wednesday, October 19, 1910, for the erection of a Public Building at Hartland, N. B.

Plans specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, on application to Mr. D. H. Waterbury, Supt. of Public Buildings. Public Works Department, St. John, N. B., and at the Post Office at Hartland.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order  
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, September 22, 1910  
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.



## DOGS IN FRENCH ARMY

### TO GIVE QUICK AID TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

These Dogs are Trained to Take no Orders Except From Doctors in Uniform.

Military men in France are discussing the feats performed by the trained Red Cross dogs at the general trials that took place this summer.

Germany, as in everything else pertaining to war, was the first nation in recent times to introduce dogs as a regular part of the military establishment. That was about two years ago. France grasping the fact that these trained dogs would help greatly the quick aid necessary for wounded soldiers, followed the example with results that have gone far beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. Dr. Derland, who is in charge of the experiment, is enthusiastic. Few people realize, he says, what an important factor these trained dogs will be on a field of battle, where, after a skirmish, they will have strapped on them stimulants etc., to revive fallen soldiers who otherwise might escape the attention of the medical corps.

"The Red Cross dogs," said Dr. Derland, "recognize no authority except that of a uniformed doctor with a red cross on his arm. They will not obey a command that is given even by an officer in uniform if the red cross is not on his sleeve. A stranger can put on the doctor's uniform with the band and instantly the dog greets him

#### AS A MASTER.

"The dogs are trained in two different ways. One set is taught never to bark when a wounded soldier is discovered for fear of exciting the sick or drawing the attention of an enemy who might slaughter even the fallen. The dog will wrestle and pull until he gets the soldier's cap in his mouth. Then he rushes back to the camp, giving up his capture as a sign that a soldier in distress has been found. Another set, however, gives the alarm by short, but regular, howls, sounds which guide the medical corps to the spot where the wounded lie.

In manoeuvres the wounded soldier hides in tall grass or deep down in a ravine far from the temporary camp. One of the dogs is brought out for the test of finding him. He sniffs the air, listens to the wind, and then suddenly he goes forward, first this way and then that—swinging from side to side like an unsteady ship at sea—nostrils quivering and eyes dilated. After a momentary hesitation he is off, and after a short wait the astute little animal is seen afar off bearing the red cap in his mouth. He singles out the doctor and places the cap at his feet. The doctor attaches a leash to him, and the dog leads him to

#### THE HIDDEN MAN.

"The dogs are taught never to scent out the dead. It is their duty to find the living, but if a soldier is able to stand erect no amount of coaxing will bring the dog within reach to be relieved of the liquor that may be strapped on him. The soldier must lie flat on the ground, to all appearances unable to rise, before the dog will pay any attention to him."

Military writers recall the fact that war dogs were used in remote times, but instead of acting as nurses they were enlisted as fighters. In the chronicles of Pliny one learns of the dogs used in wars three centuries before Christ. The Cimbrians and Teutons possessed trained dogs whose ferocity was dreaded even by the Roman invaders. In the middle ages the fighting dogs wore spiked coats of mail armor, and they played a part in the battles of Grancon and Murten between the Burgundians and the Swiss in 1476. Charles V. had an army of these fighting dogs, numbering over 4,000, which served in his wars in France.

It is a modern innovation to train dogs to assist the wounded. France at present has over 30 of these Red Cross dogs which are thoroughly efficient in their work. It is expected that within the next three years there will be over 3,000 completely trained dogs.

#### A WONDERFUL EXPLOSIVE.

"What would be the consequences of firing a barrelful of nitrogen iodide it would be impossible to say," declares a writer in the Strand Magazine, "simple because the stuff is too awful to be made in such quantities. It may sound like a joke, but it is nevertheless the truth, that the tread of a housefly is sufficient to explode this dangerous material. It is not necessary that a fly should walk over the compound. It has only to let one foot come into contact with the explosive, when the jolt causes it to explode and to blow the insect into the air.

If rich enough you can afford to do the things I don't want to do.

## EFFECTS OF COCAINE.

Fascinating at First, but the Craving Causes Intense Agony.

"There is no drug so fascinating in its perfect relief of discomfort, fatigue, mental worry and sense of exhaustion as cocaine," says the Medical Record. "The impression which follows from its use is that of renewed vigor and unusual capacity, as if some new force has been added.

"The first after effects following the withdrawal are of short duration and not especially painful. Later this condition increases. The pain takes on a mental activity, a species of irritative melancholia, and profound exhaustion which seeks relief at all times and under any circumstances.

"Nature seems to protest against the physical and psychic injury done in the most alarming way. This is seen in the facial agony of the cocaine taker when deprived of the drug. His sufferings are internal and not seen in muscular excitement. The profound change that follows its use in the quiet face, serene satisfaction and perfect relief is evidence of its effects.

"There appears to be a more pronounced susceptibility to this drug than to alcohol or opium. Very few cases are found in which the effects are unpleasant. Many persons become alarmed when they discover its tremendous fascinating effects and make great efforts to escape. In their efforts to accomplish this they turn to morphine, spirits and other drugs.

"A great many cocaine takers in this country are poisoned by spirits and drugs and are exhausted before cocaine is taken, and the relief which this brings them is a new experience, increasing the degeneration. Cocaine addiction can be concealed for some time, hence its peculiar danger.

"Druggists, physicians and patent medicines are responsible for this new scourge of humanity. The remedy is to stop its sale, except for some specific purpose, to be noted on a public book, and where a doctor uses it freely there must be some accounting, so as to prevent its danger.

"Drinks served from the soda fountain containing cocaine are attracting increased attention by the sudden popularity and enormous sale in certain sections. When the fact is ascertained that their chief value consists in cocaine in small quantities efforts to suppress them are both difficult and doubtful. The proprietors by merely changing the names can continue the use, and if the soda fountain dealers refuse to dispense them they are frequently sold direct to the customers."

## SOBER ENGINEERS.

What is Firmly Insisted Upon by the Brotherhood.

Charles Frederick Carter, in an article in the Century Magazine entitled "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers," says, in part: "It is safe to say that no other union, club or organization of any sort applies such heroic treatment to undesirable citizens as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. One thing the Brotherhood most strenuously insists upon is that its members shall not drink. Thirty-five members were expelled for getting drunk in 1909, and their names were publicly proclaimed in the journal. The treatment does not stop here by any means. The Brotherhood will not risk the lives of its members and the general public by permitting a drinking man to run an engine. When a man has been duly convicted of drinking, and punished according to the laws of the order, the facts are laid before the proper authorities on the road that employs him, and his discharge is demanded. In one notable instance the engineer of a fast train got drunk during his lay-over, and disgraced himself. He was tried, convicted, and expelled, the management was informed, and the offender's discharge requested in regular form. But as the engineer had been a good man, the railroad company demurred, saying that he had not been drunk while on duty.

"But," said the Brotherhood, "there is no telling when a man who gets drunk off duty may take a notion to get drunk on duty; and we do not intend to take any chances on having a drunken man tearing through the country at sixty miles an hour, endangering the lives of others. It is unfair both to the employees in your service and to your patrons."

The culprit was discharged. He can never be employed on a railroad again.

## PAPA'S OPINION.

He—"You know that it isn't your money I want to marry for, don't you dear?"  
She—"Yes; that's what I told papa."  
He—"And what did he say?"  
She—"He said if that was true you didn't have as much sense as he thought you had."

## CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM

Suffered Tortures Until "Fruit-a-tives" Took Away The Pain.

"Fruit-a-tives," the famous fruit medicine, is the greatest and most scientific remedy ever discovered for Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-tives," by its marvellous action on the bowels, kidneys and skin, prevents the accumulation of Uric Acid, which causes Rheumatism and thereby keeps the blood pure and rich.

Mrs. Walter Hooper, of Hillview, Ont., says: "I suffered from severe Rheumatism, lost the use of my right arm and could not do my work. Nothing helped me until I took 'Fruit-a-tives' and this medicine cured me."

If you are subject to Rheumatism, don't wait until a severe attack comes on, before trying 'Fruit-a-tives'. Take these fruit tablets now and thus prevent the attacks.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 4 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c, or may be obtained from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

## ENGLAND'S AGED PEERS.

Sixteen Born in George IV's Reign—Youthful Sovereigns.

Lord Stratheona, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday recently by working all day at his desk in his office as High Commissioner for Canada in London, is not the grand old man of the peerage despite his robust old age. The Earl of Wemyss is older and is as spry at 94 as Lord Stratheona is at 90. Lord Wemyss—he pronounces his name as if spelled Wemyss—holds another record: he has been a member of the House of Commons uninterruptedly for more than sixty-nine years.

The peerage, like the poorhouse, seems conducive to old age. Lord Gwydyr died last year at the fine old age of 93. There are fourteen peers besides Lord Stratheona and Lord Wemyss who were alive when George IV. was on the throne, and George IV. died in 1830. They are Lord Nelson, Lord Cross, Lord Sydney, Lord Knutsford, Lord Halsbury, Lord Abergavenny, Lord Lister, Lord Ashcombe, Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Peel, Lord Stanmore and Lord Feversham.

Contrasted with the great age of these members of the House of Lords is the comparative youth of nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. George V. is a comparatively young man. His cousins, the King of Norway and the Czar of Russia, are also young, while another cousin, the German Kaiser, is still in the prime of life, having barely turned 50.

The King of Spain and the King of Portugal are mere boys, while the Queen of Holland is only 307. The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is the oldest sovereign in Europe and celebrated his eightieth birthday on August 18. He is in sound health and bids fair to live many more years.

## GROWING DEMAND OF IRON.

China the Future Source of Supply, Swedish Experts Believe.

The growing scarcity of iron in Europe is the subject of a report prepared by a Swedish committee of experts for the International Geological Congress in Stockholm. The enormously increased production of raw iron, from 31,000,000 tons in 1896 to 70,000,000 tons in 1909, has necessitated a corresponding increase in the mining of iron ore. In 1887 only 49,000,000 tons was mined; in 1909, 141,000,000 tons.

The question, the report says, how to obtain the ore needed for the tremendous future growth of iron consumption, is a serious one for those countries which produce little or no ore themselves. For the present the iron mines in Spain, Sweden, Syria, Luxembourg, the Ural Mountains, Upper Silesia, Lorraine and the Isle of Elba still cover the European demand, while the ore dredged from the bottom of the Finnish lakes shows no signs of exhaustion. Neither will the deposits in North America, especially those on Lake Superior, be exhausted for a couple of centuries.

It will be China, the report says, which will supply the world in future with both iron and coal. China will surely become the greatest iron producing country in the world.

This is cold comfort to those countries which have to import both coal and iron at constantly enhanced prices. New scientific smelting methods, it is true, enable the utilization of poor grades of ore, but experts consider that it will be advisable to look about for artificial alloys as substitutes for iron. If these can be produced cheaply, a development in the production of aluminum, silicon and magnesium may be expected.

Why is a washerwoman the most extraordinary thing in nature? Because she goes from pole to pole, she crosses the line, she goes to bed a washerwoman and gets up fine linen.

## SAYING "GOD BLESS US"

PORTENT OF A SNEEZE IN OLDEN TIMES.

Was Seriously Regarded by the Ancients and by Mediaeval Church.

A reader of the London Daily News wants to know what is the meaning of the old custom of saying "God Bless Us" after sneezing.

"I know an elderly person who always did it," he says, "and I used to wonder why. Years ago I read in Clodd's 'Childhood of the World' that the reason was that bad spirits were about us when sneezing, and that 'God bless us' was said to drive them away."

Some Catholics attribute to St. Gregory the use of the benediction "God bless you," after sneezing, and say that he enjoined its use during a pestilence in which sneezing was a mortal symptom, and was therefore called the death-sneeze.

Aristotle mentions a similar custom among the Greeks; and Thucydides tells us that sneezing was a crisis symptom of the great Athenian plague.

## OLD AS JULIUS CAESAR.

The Romans followed the same custom, and their usual exclamation was "Abest omen!" We also find it prevalent in the New World among the native Indian tribes. But it is clear that the superstition is older than either St. Gregory or the Athenian plague.

The nursery rhyme on the subject connects it with good as well as with evil events:

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger,  
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger,  
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter,  
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better,  
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow,  
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow,  
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek.  
The devil will have you the whole of the week.

If all this is true, sneezing cannot be much more unlucky than eating cauliflower after sunset or getting up before breakfast.

## WHAT THE SCOTCH THINK.

In parts of Scotland, we are told, it is considered lucky for a child to sneeze, "as then all fear of fairies changing it to a warlock is over."

Lean's "Collectanea," that inexhaustible mine of folk-lore, also records the belief that, if you sneeze three times in close succession, you "will have a present, and a good husband or wife."

If you want to sneeze and are not able to do so some one wishes to see you and cannot.

## THE COURT NEWSMAN.

Money in the Job of Telling of the Doings of British Royalty.

The official news of the comings and goings of the King and Queen, the names of their visitors, the description of their dresses at courts and other information originating in the royal palaces is distributed by the Court Circular. There is an official reporter called the Court newsmen who gets up the Circular every day and distributes it to the London and provincial newspapers and press associations. The newspapers have to pay for the Court Circular and it is believed the court newsmen makes as much as \$10,000 a year from his office. He has to be very careful in preparing his copy, and he gets into hot water whenever a name is misspelled or a title misplaced. The late King Edward was wont to use strong language whenever he discovered a blunder in the Court Circular, especially if the names of any of his friends happened to be misspelled.

A weekly London newspaper says of the origin of the Court Circular that like so many other useful institutions the Court Circular arose out of an abuse. For during the days when George IV. was Prince Regent so much gossip and scandal concerning the royal family crept into the press that the Prince was driven to appeal to his friend Sir Richard Birnie to find some one who would draw up day by day an authentic, dignified and discreet epitome of the doings of the court and send it to the press.

In the light of modern journalism it is particularly interesting to note that Sir Richard Birnie's choice for the first editor of the Court Circular fell upon an old family retainer commonly known as Old Townsend, who prior to his appointment as court news vendor had been a shoeblack, a coal heaver, a turnkey at Newgate and officer at Bow street police station. Nevertheless Old Townsend performed his new duties so successfully that the Court Circular was very soon adopted by almost every court in Europe.

## NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

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## On the Farm

### SHELTER FOR HENS.

The purpose of all poultry houses is to protect the fowls from rain, sun and wind. Fowls can stand a great deal of cold if they are kept dry. Wet fowls with the water changing to ice on them are the picture of wretchedness. Under these conditions their usefulness is destroyed for many a day. All houses should be built so as to confine the fowls on wet days in winter.

The house should always be built with a southern exposure, not only to give the advantage of as much sunshine as possible, but also to dry the houses. For the same reason the house should be located on as dry ground as possible with good drainage. It should be built tight on the north, east and west, but so as to admit an abundance of fresh air without drafts. If it is possible to use some other building for a windbreak on the north or west, so much the better, since this helps to keep the house warm. If the poultry is to be kept in yards, then the yard should be built to include enough trees or shrubbery to make ample shade, for shade is as essential in summer as sunshine in winter.

If a farmer is a lover of fowls it is a great advantage to have the poultry house near the barn, then the fowls can have more liberty. The barnyard makes the best scratching shed that can be devised; besides the fowls clean up a great deal of waste and do little or no harm. There are farmers who allow their place to become infested with rats and mice, yet they would take a fit of they saw 144 dozen hens in their feed lot or horse stalls. Other farmers watch without concern a flock of three hundred crows on their corn piles, yet if he notices three hens in a corn pile they would call the dog and give chase. The poultry house for this class should be as far as possible from the barn and feed lots so that the fowls can be out of reach of temptation.

There is but one remedy for the fowl later, and that is for the good wife to get some eggs or fowls of good breed stock and then keep an accurate account of the proceeds and expenditures. Then when the farmer is shown that as a revenue getter the despised hen is second to no animal on the farm, he may experience a change of heart.

### BUTTERMILK FOR PIGS.

The amount of flesh produced by a pig fed on buttermilk will depend upon the age of the pig or hog to which it is fed, its condition, the feed which has been used prior to that time, etc. Buttermilk should not be fed alone. It will not pay to try to raise a pig or to maintain

an old hog on buttermilk. Its value is greatest when fed in connection with grain, and corn is the best grain to feed it with. Experiments conducted at several stations indicate that buttermilk has the same value for feeding as skim milk for pig feeding. A series of experiments conducted at the Massachusetts station placed the value of 15 cents per hundred pounds on milk when corn was worth more than 28 cents per bushel, provided not more than three pounds of milk are fed with each pound of corn. When nine pounds of milk were fed with each pound of corn the milk was worth but 9 cents per hundred pounds. Skim milk and buttermilk both contain too great a percentage of water in comparison with the dry matter available for nourishing the animal's system. When fed with corn they serve to balance the corn ration and increase the value of the corn. When fed alone the pig is required to drink so much milk to get the solids necessary to maintain the system that the digestive organs are thrown out of condition and he becomes pot-bellied and stunted. Neither buttermilk nor skim milk should be fed in greater quantities than three parts of milk to one part of grain.

## RUSSIAN PRINCESS'S LIFE.

Life of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Now Devoted to Charity.

A book dealing with the tragic life of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia, is about to be published in Germany. The Grand Duchess is a German princess by birth.

The Grand Duke Sergius was assassinated in the streets of Moscow five years ago. The Grand Duchess heard the explosion of the bomb that killed him, and rushing out of the palace found her husband's mutilated body lying at her feet.

After that experience the Grand Duchess withdrew from all the gayeties of life and found consolation in ameliorating the sufferings of the poor. She founded hospitals, nursing homes and other charitable institutions.

She herself directs operations, and devotes eight or ten hours a day to the work of superintending the different branches of her charitable activity. She devotes practically the whole of her immense income, amounting approximately to \$625,000, to charity.

Not content with directing operations she also participates in the work of her various institutions. Sometimes she works as a nurse, and sometimes she attends as a domestic servant the destitute harbored in her refuges for aged paupers. On such occasion she dons the dress of a nurse or servant and performs the necessary duties without revealing her identity to the inmates of the different homes.

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## A Trap That Failed

A party of horsemen went speeding along at a steady gallop. They were riding hard, and looked neither to right nor left, being too intent on getting forward to notice anything by the way. A thin column of smoke in the distance seemed to be their destination, and all their energies were bent on reaching it without delay.

Their looks were anything but encouraging. From the leader down to the meaneast member there did not appear to be a thoroughbred amongst them. Each and all had an air of perverse determination that would have worried any man of average honesty.

Their language as well was very plain, and remarkably to the point. It breathed of violence—and breathed deeply of it, too.

The smoke came from a little house or cabin, and as they drew up beside it the noise and bustle they made brought a slight, girlish figure to the door.

The leader, a great mass of burly flesh and muscle, at once dismounted and went towards her.

"Where is Jack Terry?" he demanded, gruffly.

She started at the name, and was a moment before she regained her self-possession.

"Jack Terry?" she repeated, hurriedly. "I don't know where he is. How should I?"

Her questioner chuckled derisively.

"You don't know where he is, don't you?" he said, mockingly.

"Of course you don't! How should you! His sweetheart's isn't the likeliest place he'd make for, is it? We know he is here, and we want him!"

"He is not here," cried the girl, with spirit. "He has not been here since—"

"Since when?" interrupted the other, quickly. "Since a few hours ago, eh?"

"No, Jack Pillsbury," said the girl, "he has not been here since Tuesday."

Jake Pillsbury plainly showed his incredulity, and showed it none too pleasantly.

"Look here, Miss Murray," he said, "we are not to be trifled with; you know that well enough. We do not wish to harm you, but if you are unreasonable—well, you must take the consequences, that's all. Our business is with Jack Terry, and it is pretty urgent. You say he is not here. Without in any way doubting your word, we can easily prove it by searching the house. So please stand aside."

A look of terror flashed across the girl's face. It was gone in a second and left her strangely pale; but it seemed to infuse new courage into her. Instead of moving away, she drew closer to the door and shut it behind her.

"He is not here," she said, firmly, "nor has he been here for some days. I am telling you the simple truth, and with that you must be content."

Jake Pillsbury swore softly to himself at her plucky audacity; but not half so strongly as his followers expected, or as some of them actually did.

"I am not in the habit of repeating warnings," he said, his eyes flashing angrily; "and to be defied by anyone, let alone a young girl, is quite against my principles. If you don't allow us in quietly, I fear you may be roughly handled. Your manner tells us, even if we did not know before, that Jack Terry is here. It is therefore useless to try and shield him further. We have proved him false this time, and he shall pay the penalty. For the last time, will you stand aside?"

"No!" came the emphatic reply. "Not while I can stand at all!"

"Then seize her, boys!" cried Jake, he himself rushing forward to set the example.

But on a sudden they all stopped short, as if pulled up by a single mighty hand.

Yet the hand that checked them was only a small and dainty one, seeing that it belonged to Miss Murray herself. In it, however, was a revolver, held very steadily—and that explained everything.

"Another step forward," she said, "by any man, and I fire!"

Miss Murray was a notorious shot. Every man knew it well. That is why their impetuosity was quelled so thoroughly.

Jake ground his teeth in angry impotence.

Then he looked quickly away, and pointed excitedly to the end of the building.

"See!" he exclaimed. "There he is!"

Everybody's attention was drawn away.

Darting forward, Jake snatched the revolver from Miss Murray's slackened grasp.

"Merely a ruse!" he said to her, in a gloating tone. "I thought it would trick you!"

Then he brushed past her and dashed into the house, followed by two or three of his party.

They searched the interior with hasty impetuosity, eager to come upon their quarry. One room after another was invaded, the sanctity of none being respected. Cupboards were thrown open, beds looked under, the most improbable nooks and corners examined. But all to no purpose. It almost seemed as if they, and not Miss Murray, had been tricked.

Then one of them gave a shout, which brought all the others trooping to where he stood triumphant. A heavy oaken chest had at length betrayed its trust and yielded up its half-stuffed victim.

He was dragged from under a pile of clothing, blinking with the strong light—a man getting on in years, grey, unkempt, with the fear of death upon him.

Jake, however, stood aghast. He regarded him silently a moment, dumb with amazement. Then he burst into speech.

"By all that's lucky," he cried, as if disbelieving his own eyes, "this isn't Jack Terry at all! It is the villain he helped to escape! Gosh! boys, what a find!"

They crowded round the prisoner in high glee, like hounds who had run their prey to earth, and all imbued with about as much mercy as the fiercest of the pack. Jack Terry could wait. Here was sport enough for one day.

"Boys," said Jake, "when a man pinches another man's gold in the settlement and fails to get away, how do you treat him as a rule?"

"String him up!" said one, with an oath.

And all the rest heartily agreed. Or, rather, not quite all the rest. There was one notable dissentient—Miss Murray.

"You coward!" she cried, forcing her way through them and standing by the wretched captive.

"How do you know he stole the money? Whose word have you for it? Have you listened to his denials? Have you credited one word of his defence? No! And why? Simply because Jake Pillsbury chooses to say he is a thief. It is word against word; nothing more. Jake Pillsbury is rich and all-powerful; this man is poor, and so without friends. Why should you believe Jake Pillsbury more than you believe him?"

It was not necessary for Jake to argue his own case. He had plenty of willing supporters, who all clamored to speak for him.

"We have absolute proof of his guilt," Miss Murray said, one of them, a fat little squat man, with shifty eyes. "What about the gold found in his hut?"

"It was my own!" exclaimed the prisoner, vehemently. "It was my own—I swear it!"

"Mebbe it was," assented the squat man, "while you actually had it; but where did you get it?"

"Ask Jake Pillsbury where I got it," said the accused. "He knows well enough, because he gave it me!"

Uprarious laughter greeted this statement, in which Jake himself heartily joined.

"Is it likely," he said, "that I should give him the biggest half of all I possessed? Is it likely that I should work all these years and then hand over thousands of dollars to the first beggarly stranger who took a fancy to them? I ask you, boys, is it likely?"

"No!" they thundered, with one accord.

"String him up for a thief!" cried some.

"Hang him for a liar!" shouted others.

All were excited beyond measure. With difficulty they kept their hands off the prisoner. Yet something in Miss Murray's demeanour held them back. Her courage and daring awed them, without their knowing exactly what it was that did so.

"Before you do anything desperate," she said, addressing the men collectively, "I have a question to ask and something to tell you. Will you give me permission to do both?"

She gazed at them frankly, appealingly. They were all rough men and had many vices. But somewhere, deep down in their nature and long hidden away, there still lurked a fading sense of something better—a dwindling spark of honor. And somehow this weak, commanding girl reached and awoke it. So they nodded or murmured a half-ashamed assent to her request, and she knew they would keep it.

"First, then, as to the question," she said, quietly. "It is to Jake Pillsbury. She looked him straight in the eyes. "Had you ever seen this man before he came to the settlement?"

Jake returned her steady gaze a moment, then glanced at the crouching man by her side and round the assembled company.

"No," he said, shortly. "I had never seen him before."

The man started up with a cry of protest, but Miss Murray motioned him to be silent. She knew they would hear her to the end when they would not tolerate even a word from him.

"You have made the answer," she said to Jake, "that I expected you would make. Under the circumstances it is not possible, of course, for you to know Pete Aston. So be it, then; you did not know him before he came to the settlement."

"What I have to tell you companions," she said, in the same quiet tones, "is more interesting than the question. It concerns events, not of recent date—events that happened many miles from here. Two bankers were in business together, and the business prospered. Profits were large, and both partners became wealthy men."

"Presently, however, money began to disappear; in small amounts at first, and finally in very large ones. Detectives were utterly at a loss with the case. Who took the money or how it vanished baffled all and sundry. Suspicion fell everywhere, but could never be brought home to anyone."

"Then news of the huge defalcations began to leak out, and the public got alarmed. They made a run on the bank. The strain of this, together with the robberies, which still continued, at last proved fatal. The bank's credit and resources became exhausted, and the doors were shut. Of course, the matter caused a great sensation, but in time this died away, and the affair was forgotten by all except the unfortunate creditors and the two partners."

"One of the latter went abroad. The other stayed at home, and never rested in his attempts to fathom the mystery. One day his perseverance met with success. A bundle of partly-burnt papers revealed the whole puzzle to him, and that thief was none other than his own partner."

Stunned by the discovery, he set out to find him, and eventually did so. There was a stormy interview, with fierce denials and threats. But the papers were too clear and conclusive. So the culprit agreed to buy them, together with his partner's silence, for the amount he had stolen."

"After the transaction, however, the thought of losing his ill-gotten gains was too much for him. Besides, might not his partner make further use of his knowledge? Was it not dangerous for one man to know something so dangerous about another? Why not get rid of him, and thus regain the gold he had been forced to give up? If this could be done in a natural manner, who would ever know of the inner relationship between them? So he lured his partner away to a spot where the penalty for crime was lynching, and trumped up a charge of—"

"It's a lie!" broke in Jake, crimson with passion. "A convicted felon from beginning to end! Do

you fancy the boys will believe such a silly, rambling tale? Ask them and see!"

"Why should I?" said Miss Murray. "It would only be another case of word against word, and the boys, unfortunately, are prejudiced very much in your favor. But if it could be proved that you are one of the characters in the story, and that Pete Aston here is the other, then perhaps they might alter their views."

"If it could be proved," sneered Jake, "perhaps they would; but proof is just what is lacking. There can be no proof of something that does not exist."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Murray. "But the papers Pete Aston brought out with him—have you destroyed them all?"

"Destroyed them!" retorted Jake, exultantly. "Aye, as completely as fire can do so."

Like a flash Miss Murray pounced on his words.

"Then you admit having had them?" she declared, losing all her calmness. "You hear him, boys— he is convicting himself. He confesses to burning the papers. But not all of them. Jack Terry found some. That's why he believed Pete's story; that's why he broke the camp's laws and helped him to escape; that's why he got him away here; that's why he has gone for—"

But she never finished the sentence. It ended in a piercing scream. With a fearful oath Jake sprang towards her, something bright flashing in his hand.

He was too quick for the others to intercept him; she too dazed and panic-stricken to avoid the coming blade.

Down it sped, with a sickening thud—but not on her. Pete received it, having hurled himself between them.

He staggered back under the blow, but caught Jake by the throat as he fell, and they rolled over and over on the floor, locked in a deadly embrace.

All was uproar and excitement. Shouts and cries and curses filled the air. In the midst of it all the door opened, and Jack Terry and several armed men rushed in.

The two struggling figures were torn apart, though not without an effort; and while Jake was firmly secured by the sheriff and his officers, Miss Murray devoted her attention to poor Pete, and tried to staunch the ghastly wound that was intended for her.

"Boys," said Jack Terry, "I can see you have heard all about it by now. I knew my setting Aston free meant sudden death if you caught me. Yet what else could I do? You refused to delay his execution past sunset, and there was no chance to do anything in that short time. So I sent him on here, not finding the papers till afterwards. It was no use bringing them back to you then, as you would simply have lynched me off-hand, without hearing a word. I therefore posted away for the sheriff's escort, as the only safe means of being able to clear Pete and justify myself."

There is no longer a Miss Murray. Not that she has passed away into the land of shadows, for how could Jake be as happy as he is if such a calamity had happened?

Pete, also, is well and strong again, thanks to her careful nursing. Moreover, every creditor of the old bank has long been paid in full; so that it might almost be said that Jake did far more good by his untimely death than he had ever done in his unscrupulous life.

—LONDON TIP-BITS.

—QUAINT NEW BERLIN.

Kaiser's Capital Plans Beautiful Suburbs.

The "garden city" or the "city beautiful plan," which is so wonderfully transforming the suburbs of London, is being taken up in Germany, and Berlin is to be extended on a scale of great beauty. The Kaiser is deeply interested in the project.

Berlin has grown up in a peculiar way. The whole metropolis has been built up solely to its limits to a height of five and six storeys, and then it stops suddenly and open farming country begins immediately beyond. This open land is owned by peasants, who usually very stubbornly refuse to let the land be cut into streets and lots.

The main radiating and circumferential traffic streets are to be carried out scientifically, while intermediate residential streets are to be made most agreeable places to live on. There will be intermittent use of trees, or short rows of trees, or small trees, shaped open spaces at a street corner, all of which break the line of a street and give every street its own individuality. No street is to continue in an absolutely straight line, as in America, nor do cross streets intersect opposite to each other. The streets are to be of different widths, and even the same street will vary as to width. Some houses will set back, others will project. This will give a most picturesque and old-time air to the neighborhood.

## WILL IT BE BLOOMERS?

Airships May Help Change Style of Woman's Dress.

So long as woman remained a creature of earth most any old style of dress skirt, from the balloon-shaped crinoline to the hobble, served her purpose. Now, all is changed. Her ladyship wishes to imitate the birds and whirl through the air, far above the envious crowd. But none of the old styles of skirt are quite the thing for this new sport, and so a change is imminent. As though to hasten the matter, the hobble skirt put in its appearance recently, and now-shrewd forecasters believe they hear a sound in the air like bloomers.

Never before in the history of fashion has the longing for a change been more just, declares one woman. It was a man who said: "Let the galled jade wince!" And she is wincing with a vengeance! But wincing in shackles she has forged for herself, shackles that are more galling to her than any that the most tyrannical of men ever devised to hold her in bondage. Is it any wonder that men laugh at the appeals of their wives and sisters and daughters for a wider sphere of activity and freedom when they see us deliberately, wantonly, putting our feet in fetters that prevent us from walking, disguising the graceful curves of our bodies under gowns patterned after stove pipes and hiding under vast extinguishers whatever beauty we may have in our faces?

No harem slave is more thoroughly in chains than the woman with the hobble skirt. No African water-carrier balances upon her head a more unwieldy burden than the modern hat. No prisoner wearing chains but had more freedom in the use of his arms than the fashionable woman of to-day, whose kimono sleeves forbid her raising her hands above her head.

How can a woman wear a hobble skirt if she is interested in any of the modern sports and pursuits? She may wear a hobble skirt once or twice, just because it is new, but her common sense and her desire for freedom above all things, as well as her innate sense of beauty show her that the extremely tight skirt is not artistic.

When the short skirt was introduced some years ago, argues another woman, no one believed that it had really come to stay among the leisure classes. It was supposed to be only a necessity for the working woman, but it is no longer elegant even for the motor habitué to be seen shopping in the morning with long skirt. Fashion must adapt themselves to the occupation, and they must be practical above all things. Whatever is impractical is conspicuous, and what is conspicuous is out of place, except in the evening, one might say, and then the conspicuous must be conspicuous for its beauty.

The new motor bonnet and the tight-fitting caps and turbans, especially those which can be worn without hats, are worn because they are practical in the first place and as they happen to be beautiful and most generally becoming I think the hat problem for the future is very nearly solved.

No one can think of a time when women will not wish to look beautiful. To want to be beautiful is not only a natural instinct of the race, but is a highly cultivated instinct as well, one to which all women truckle and to which artists and artisans have catered since just after the Garden of Eden episode.

But women have found out that unless they have some interest or some occupation they fall behind even in the race for pleasure, and these occupations, whether they be the sailing of an airship or the finger of a typewriter, influence the future of the clothes question.

Just what the future dress may look like one may be able to gather from a glimpse at some of the reform dresses and some of the costumes used in the latest sport, aviation. No woman will attempt to sail the air wearing a skirt. Modesty, comfort and self-protection necessitate a tighter fitting garment, in which she would not run the risks incurred in the full skirt, no matter how short.

Women have been getting closer and closer to the bloomer idea for some years. Bloomers were worn when bicycling first came in and were discarded chiefly because they were not necessary for safety. Every now and then the bloomer or pantaloons garment raises its bifurcated head, but it was forced upon the public long before the time was right for it. With the advent of the airship and the tremendous interest developed by women in aviation, however, some sort of garment which will combine the freedom of pantaloons and the modesty of a skirt will eventually become popular; and when it does no one will give its propriety a second thought, for the proper and practical garment is always the most inconspicuous and modest.

Breechloaders.

Breechloading in artillery and small arms is popularly supposed to be an invention of the middle of the last century, but such is by no means the case. In a Dublin gunsmith's shop at Cork Hill is on view a breechloading rifle offered to the British War Office at the close of the eighteenth century and rejected as it was considered to need too much ammunition!

An Easy Comparison.

Uncle Ethan was in a cautious frame of mind. "Which," somebody asked him, "do you think is the worst, a flood or a drought?"

"Uncle Ethan scratched his head. "It always depends," he replied. "I should say that a flood was a great deal worse, providing, of course, that there was a flood."

Would Suit Him.

Subbubs—Swampthurst is the most unhealthy place in the world. Since we have lived there my wife can scarcely speak above a whisper.

Henpeck—Gee! Do you suppose I could get a house out there?

It Flies Away.

"Why do they call a theatrical bankrupt an angel? He hasn't got wings."

"No, but his money has."

## SCOUTING IN AIR.

Army Scouts Use Ingenious Battery of Kites to Lift Them Up.

The armies of France, England, Russia and Italy have been experimenting with kites as a means of making military observations, kites from which a basket similar to that of a balloon is suspended and in which the observer is lifted to a great height.

The kite has this advantage over the balloon or aeroplane, that it can go up in the greatest storm; in fact, the higher the wind the easier it is to ascend by means of the kite. Furthermore, the stronger the wind the smaller is the lifting surface required.

The operator employs from eight to ten kites and a heavy anchored winch with two barrels each bearing about 1,000 yards of line. A pilot kite is sent up first at the end of the principal line. At intervals of about 50 yards, one, two, three, four or five kites are attached tandem-wise to the line, the number varying according to the strength of the wind. This first battery is the sustaining power and it is sent up to a height of about 1,500 feet.

A second battery, attached to the secondary line and threaded by rings up on the principal line, is then sent up. It supports a framework rolling upon the principal line, and from this framework is hung the basket in which the aeronaut sits.

The first battery holds the principal cable tight and the second battery drags the aeronaut in his basket up this aerial railway.

By this means a man may rise with safety several hundred yards above the earth, and communicate with his friends below by telephone (using the primary cords) or by messages, sent up as boys send messages up a kite string or down by means of a small weight.

Cellular box kites with automatic ladders, made of a bamboo frame covered with fine oiled silk, is one form in use. They weigh very little, are collapsible into small space and can be unpacked and sent up so easily that the aeronaut may be up in the air within 20 minutes of reaching the scene. It is claimed for this system that it is safer and more convenient than ascensions by balloons or aeroplanes.

Greeting the New Moon in Fiji.

In Colo, the mountainous interior of Viti Levu, the largest island of the Fiji group, the natives have a very curious method of greeting the new moon. On seeing the thin crescent rising above the hills they salute it with a prolonged "Ah!" at the same time quickly tapping on their own mouths with their left hands, thus producing a rapid, vibratory sound.

An old chief, when asked regarding the meaning and origin of this curious custom, said: "We always look and hunt for the moon in the sky, and when it comes we do as you see to show our pleasure at finding it again. We don't know the meaning of what we do. Our fathers always did so."

Comes That Way.

A young minister who was naturally of a shy disposition was rather embarrassed at his first marriage ceremony and unwittingly reversed the usual order of the service, thus making the bridegroom promise to live and obey his blushing bride. The error passed unnoticed at the time, but shortly afterwards it dawned upon the father of the bride that a mistake had occurred, and he said to the minister: "I believe, Mr. —, you have made John promise to love and obey my daughter. Ah, well," he added, after a pause and with a shy look at his better half, "I suppose it won't matter much. It generally comes to that anyway."—Pearson's.

The Spectroscope.

Originally the spectroscope was applied only to chemistry and in that limited field proved itself an invaluable aid in accurate analysis. By holding in a burner flame a platinum wire moistened by contact with the skin the presence of a few grains of salt swallowed a few minutes previously can be detected with the spectroscope. Indeed, so wonderful is the work of the spectroscope chemist that he can discover in a substance the presence of one three-millionth of a grain of metal.

Cause of His Sorrow.

"Why do ye look so sorry, Dennis?" asked one man of another. "I just hear'd—well, man, call another a liar. And the man that was called a liar said the other man would have to apologize or there would be a fight."

"And why should that make you look sad?"

"The other man apologized."

How to Boil Ham in Cider.

Wash well a fine ham. Soak overnight in water and in the morning set it to boil in a kettle of hot cider to cover. The kettle must be porcelain on account of the acid. Boil slowly five to eight hours, or until thoroughly cooked, and set to cool in the liquid. A small bag of spice—cloves, mace, cinnamon—thrown in the boiling cider gives flavor.

Not in the Rainbow, However.

Margaret and her little playmate were exchanging confidences. "What's your favorite color?" asked Elizabeth.

Margaret looked thoughtfully for a moment and then said brightly, "Pleide!"

The Lucky Party.

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife.

"It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear."

"Well, yes; it is extremely—for her," was the rejoinder.

On the Verge.

A woman and her daughter were at sea during rough weather. After a silence of some time the mother asked: "Are you seasick, dear?"

"No, I think not," replied the daughter, "but I'd hate to be a sea-sick."





## 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.



## M. W. CALDWELL GENERAL MERCHANT

Special Values in Clothing and Foot wear. Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware

Conducting a strictly pay-down business I am able to sell at close prices.

BRISTOL, N.

## REAL ESTATE

11. A farm of 100 acres near boundary line. About 6 acres cleared. Good room house with stone walled cellar, etc. Two barns, woodshed and hog house. Orchard of 75 trees. A good farm to be sold for small cash payment, balance on terms.

12. A fine 100 acre farm within 1/2 mile of station, village and all conveniences of same. 20 acres of finest woodland, balance in good state of cultivation. Plenty of excellent buildings. House with first floor cellar. Excellent water privileges convenient. Will sell with cattle, horses, hogs and full set of good machinery or without.

13. A house and lot in small village on St. John River and C.P.R. House 18 x 36 on good stone wall with cellar. Woodshed attached with well in shed. A pleasant home. A snap at \$500.

14. A house and lot St. John River. House new and pleasantly situated. Convenient to church and school. A snap in a cheap home for someone.

15. A farm of 270 acres, 160 cleared. Balance has plenty of wood and growing lumber. This is a level farm free from stone, in good condition, within 3 miles of Hartland. An easy haul. Buildings are good. A fine house with good cellar, bathroom, etc. Splendid water. Good orchard. A fine farm, will be sold with or without stock on easy terms.

16. A farm of 75 acres, within 1/2 mile of Hartland. 65 acres cleared, balance wood and lumber. A large house, almost new, good barns. Well watered. Good orchard. Pleasant location. Level, easily worked farm. Convenient to market, school, church and post office. On easy terms.

17. A farm of 185 acres, 60 acres cleared, 12 acres outready to clear. On C.P.R. and St. John River within 1/2 mile of station office, school and church. Almost new 2 story house on good wall and cellar. 2 barns with outbuildings. Excellent water at door and can be put in house and stable. A pleasant home on easy terms.

18. A farm containing 275 acres, 165 cleared and in good state of cultivation the balance in splendid Hemlock and hardwood. A good 10 room house with water in same. 4 barns hog house, machine house, granary, hen house, etc. A windmill. Has a small orchard. 20 rods from school. Will sell with horses, stock, sheep, farm machinery etc. Half cash. Balance on time. Note the lumber.

## Three Lots in Hartland

Pleasant location. Secure one of these at once.

For particulars of any of the above or anything you have to sell, address

**Carleton Real Estate  
Agency**  
Hartland, N. B.

**D. Fitzgerald & Son**  
Double and Single  
**HARNESS**

Shoe Packs and Moccasins. Cash paid for Hides, etc. General Fire Insurance.

## Our Neighbours

### Carlisle.

Stephen Fowler and family have gone to Colorado. We will miss them very much.

Arthur Prosser bought S. Fowler's farm.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Abel Grant a boy.

Harvey Faulkner and wife are re-joining over the arrival of a girl.

Born, to the wife of Frank Wilson a boy.

The post office has been changed from Frank Wilson's to Colby Orser's. Lily Orser is teaching at Howard Brook.

Ethel Orser is teaching our school again this term.

Guy Prat and Guy Melvin have returned from Uncle Sam's domain where they did big work picking up the Murphy's.

All the men have been hunting in this place. But we have not had many stews yet. I guess moose and deer know where they are safe.

Mary Moores is visiting at Robert Clendenings.

Robert Clendenings has purchased a phonograph; lots of music now.

Mr. Tompkins will have service here Sunday morning and Mr. Malory in the evening.

[From another correspondent]

A. W. Pratt and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Tompkins of River Bank.

F. B. Carvell, M. P. and A. Foster passed through this place one day last week by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Kimball and little daughter Bernice made a trip to Woodstock recently.

John Orser has returned from the west and has been visiting friends of this place.

We are glad to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Willie Orser expect to return home in the near future from Presque Isle where they have spent the summer.

You are not experimenting on yourself when you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for a cold as that preparation has won its great reputation and extensive sale by its reliable cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. It is equally valuable for adults and children and may be given to young children with implicit confidence as it contains no harmful drug. Sold by all dealers.

### Armond

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Melvin of Carlisle came up to attend church here on Sunday and spent the remainder of the day at the home of Mrs. Robert Henderson.

Mrs. Clark of Hartland spent last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Archie Robinson.

Benjamin Todford visited friends in this vicinity before leaving for his home in Dayton, N. S.

The many friends of George Simms of South Knowlesville will be glad to know that his little daughter, Marian, is progressing toward recovery from her lameness in the Children's Hospital of Boston where she went a few weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyer of Victoria passed through here recently in their auto, stopping in route to dine with Mrs. Robert Henderson.

On Saturday a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Henry London with their daughters Edna and Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Spinney and Willie Kimball drove to Bath to visit friends and relatives, returning Sunday evening after a pleasant visit.

On Friday night Henry London closed his singing school at Carlisle after a successful term.

Don't trifle with a cold is good advice for prudent men and women. It may be vital in case of a child. There is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs and colds in children. It is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

### Windsor

Rev. J. H. Cahill preached in this place on Sunday evening last and Mr. Young will be here Sunday night.

Stephen Orser, Sr., made a flying trip to Woodstock last week.

Mrs. James McIsaac of East Florenceville visited relatives in this place recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Connelley of Hartland spent Sunday with their daughter Mrs. M. S. Orser.

F. B. Carvell, M. P., and A. R. Foster, Chief of Police of the G. T. P., passed through this place by auto last week.

Miss Frances Britton who for the past few weeks has been caring for Burns Glass returned to her home in Wakefield Friday last. Miss Whalen has taken her place.

Miss Ella Robinson is spending a few days with her sister Mrs. Cheney of Lindsay.

Benjamin Todford who has been spending the summer in this place leaves Wednesday for his home in Nova Scotia.

Born to the wife of Sandy Thomson Sept. 30, a boy.

The best plaster. A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Liniment and bound over the affected parts is superior to a plaster and costs only one tenth as much. For sale by all dealers.

### Bath

(Delayed from last week)

Dr. Commins, Patrick Corbett, Winslow Dyer and Rankine Smith, were out for several days last week hunting on the Odell, Tobique branch. They were successful in getting a good number of partridges and Winslow Dyer a fine moose.

Miss Gertrude Shaw left on Tuesday last for Vancouver. Many of her friends were at the station to bid her good bye.

Mr. and Mrs. Clows Phillips left on the same day for their home in Cranbrook, B. C.

Mrs. P. P. Brennan arrived last week from St. John where she had been for a few weeks visit.

Garfield Larlee and family are moving into James Jones house.

Edwin Squires of Wicklow was on a successful hunting trip recently.

The U. Baptist Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. Amos F. Giberson on Thursday.

Biliousness is due to a disordered condition of the stomach. Chamberlain's Tablets are essentially a stomachic medicine, intended especially to act on that organ; to cleanse it, strengthen it, tone and invigorate it, to regulate the liver and to banish biliousness positively and effectually. For sale by all dealers.

(Continued from first page)

McFarlane, for Hastland papers.

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Rutherford presided over the opening exercises, holding a conference on the benefit of wearing the white ribbon, at which several pleasant and helpful incidents were recounted. Two young ladies from Fredericton sang very sweetly "God Will Take Care of You," after which Mrs. Sprague presided over the memorial service. This was in memory of the members who have "been promoted" during the past year. The following were lovingly mentioned, and are tenderly cherished in the memories of those who knew them:

St. John Union—Mrs. Enns and Miss Betts; Centerville Union—Mrs. F. E. Lunn; Summerside Union—Mrs. D. A. Pickering and Mrs. D. S. Wright; Charlottetown—Mrs. Desbrisay; Fredericton—Dr. Creed (Honorary.)

As each name was read, a member of the union to which deceased belonged arose and spoke a few words of loving appreciation. All then arose and sang "Shall We Gather at the River."

The committees on finance, plan of work, courtesies and resolutions then reported.

The following resolutions recommended by the committee were unanimously adopted:

First—Believing that the sale, legal or illicit, of alcoholic drinks is one of the most dangerous foes to our race. Resolved, that we return thanks to God for the work of reformation begun years ago, and increasing in momentum with each successive year; and look to Him for help in further effort.

Second—Knowing that the manufacture and illegal sale of the cigarette has alarmingly increased during the last year, and that the practice is not confined to boys and men, but is being adopted by girls and women. Resolved, that this convention

requests that every union employ every effort in resistance of this evil.

Third—Believing that the white slave traffic is the most terrible menace to the young girls in the homes of both rich and poor. Resolved, that we take up the crusade against it, and, to that end, the subject be frequently discussed in our unions; that literature bearing upon the subject be purchased and sent to bastards in remote districts; and that our members bring the subject before mothers of young girls.

On Thursday evening the convention gathered for the last time for a public meeting. A thoughtful address was given by the Hon. J. K. Flemming, in which he gave the amount of money received by the government from the issue of licenses, and showed how much greater was the expense caused the country from the sale of alcoholic drinks.

Mrs. Rutherford followed with an energetic appeal to voters to be more business like and apply the valuable information which Mr. Flemming had so impressively furnished.

Mrs. Gray, the provincial president, gave a sketch of her trip to the Glasgow convention, and the banners were awarded to the societies having gained the greatest number of new members. The St. John union and the Fredericton "Y" were the successful competitors. Finally the Aaronic benediction was said by all, together, and hands were joined all around the church, while the parting hymn was sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Lame back is one of the most common forms of muscular rheumatism. A few applications of Chamberlain's Liniment will give relief. For sale by all dealers.

I am producing the latest and best styles in Photographs. My line of photos will convince you of the quality I am putting into my work so let me in and look them over.

## F. N. GRANT

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs

## BOHAN BROS.

BATH, N. B.

Buyers of

Produce of all Kinds

at Highest Cash Prices

International Harvester Co's

Farm Machinery

BEST IN THE WORLD



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Campbellton, N. B.," will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m. on Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1910, for the construction of a Public Building at Campbellton, N. B.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of Mr. D. H. Waterbury, Clerk of Works, Custom House, St. John, N. B. on application to the caretaker, Post Office, Campbellton, and at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

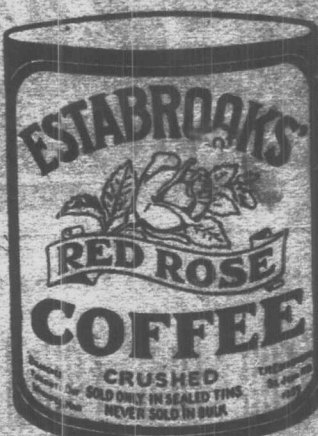
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
By order  
R. C. DESROCHERS,  
Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, September 22, 1910.  
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

## Crushed Coffee— what it is

By a process of crushing between steel rollers, instead of grinding, the skin, which remains in the eye of the bean after roasting, is separated from the kernel and removed by air suction, while the kernel is broken into small even grains. These grains when steeped, being free of the skin or chaff, settle quickly, leaving the liquid clear and bright, and give the true coffee flavor.

Estabrook's Red Rose crushed Coffee is as easy to make as Red Rose Tea. Directions are in each tin.



Estabrook's Coffee for Breakfast and Red Rose Tea for other meals.

## Estabrooks' RED ROSE Coffee

Try it for Breakfast To-morrow

# WANTED!

## Winter Fruit!

We want to purchase all the  
**Alexanders, Fameuse, Wealthy,  
and Other Winter Apples**

that we can secure and will give the highest  
**CASH** prices

## ESTEY & CURTIS CO., Ltd.

## Get Ready to Shoot

Don't wait until the  
Rifles are all gone.  
Get YOURS now!!

RIFLES of all kinds; Ammunition of every description

## Hardware Store

A Splendid  
Line of.... **Drag & Crosscut Saws**  
of different makes.

## See my 49c. AXE!

We have an extensive line.....  
of Axes.....

**Builders' Supplies of all kinds at Lowest Prices.**  
**A beautiful Front Door Bell set for \$2.50.**  
**Scotch and American Hard Coal.**

You always find satisfaction at the Hardware Store

## WIBA ORSER