

THE OBSERVER

No. 3.

HARTLAND, N. B., July 4, 1912.

Vol. 4.

LIBERTY SHOES

For
MEN
Sizes 5 to 9.
The Style is Correct
And the Quality is the Best

We have some Handsome Pallette Silk at 60c. per yard for Dresses and Waists, also Different colors in Trimming braids, and allover Net for Dress yokes.

IN GROCERIES

Plain and stuffed Olives
Pickles in bottles and in Bulk
B. Tea at 35c.
Ridgway's Tea 40, 50 and 60c. per lb.
King Cole Tea 35 and 40c.
High grade Spices of all kinds at the

THE DAYLIGHT

A. L. Baird,
Hartland, N. B.
Opposite the Bridge
Massey-Harris and McCormick Repairs for Sale

Closing Out Sale!

Just a Few of the Bargains:
Suit Cases from \$1.40 and upward.

Trunks at lowest ever bought in this country.

Shaker Blankets and Corsets at accordingly low prices.

We have some nice **DRESS GOODS** at prices you will not get again for a long time.

WOOL taken in exchange for yarn at prices lower than ever given in this country. We have some cloth, also, in exchange at accordingly low prices. All kinds of produce taken.

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS
ROCKLAND.

Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

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

Do You Intend to Build

or repair your house this year?

Call and see us. We can quote you on anything you require.

Plans and MATERIALS at lowest Prices

Doors, Sashes, Mouldings, Stair Finish, Hardwood, Spruce and Pine Flooring, Verandah Posts, solid or built, Rail, Flooring and Balusters, Clapboards and Siding

Ask to see Sketches of Verandahs and Porch Fronts

We handle the very best grade of Roofing.

Hartland Woodworking Co., Ltd.

SUNDAY MORNING FIRE

Commercial Hotel Intirely Destroyed

On Sunday morning fire destroyed the Commercial hotel. At 7:30 George McCollom, the proprietor, built a fire in the kitchen stove and returned to bed. Half an hour later he was awakened by the odor of smoke. Arising he found the house full of it. It seems that the fire burst in the attic, and when discovered it was found that the attic was full of fire. A very high wind was blowing at the time, and from the start it was plain that a big fight to save the town was inevitable. The volunteer fire corps, called from their Sunday morning nap, were soon on the spot, and to these volunteers, alone, is due the salvation of one half the village.

The fire was confined to the interior of the building for more than half an hour after the alarm was given when it burst through the roof in the middle of the building. The firemen confined their efforts to the staying of the flames in the direction that the wind was blowing. Immediately in danger were the ware-houses formerly owned by the late De Witt Bros., Ltd. Had these caught the fire must have spread to all the buildings lying in the path of the wind. This would mean a large part of the residential portion of the village. The

part of the building next to the wind was allowed to burn down, but that south, and in the way of the wind, held the attention of the firemen, and here the flames were checked.

James Montgomery, who is soon to leave the village, is deserving of profound thanks for the efficient manner in which he directed the men under him. The water supply, augmented by the pump installed last year was altogether sufficient. Although the water was poured on the roof from eight until twelve the water in the reservoir declined only two feet.

Some of the furniture of the hotel was saved in damaged condition, but Mr. McCollom suffered a loss upwards of \$1,500. J. T. G. Carr, the owner of the building, suffered the loss of \$5,000, which was amply covered by insurance. A. F. Randolph & Son had a large stock of groceries stored in a portion of the building but this was saved in a more or less damaged condition. The C.P.R. dining-rooms on the first flat, were destroyed. At the present time the other hotels are caring for the C.P.R. trade and it is not known what the railway Company will do in regard to the handling of passengers who desire to dine.

Smith-Rockwell

Dibble Smith of Summerfield and Bessie Rockwell of Jackson town were married at the bride's home on June 25 at 5 p.m. by Rev. W. H. Johnson of Jacksonville.

The ceremony was performed on the lawn in front of the house and witnessed by about ninety guests.

The bride wore a becoming dress of white silk chiffon with crystal trimming, a wreath of orange blossoms and a veil, and carried a shower bouquet. She was attended by Miss Della Long as bride's maid, who was dressed in white silk with oriental trimmings.

The groom was attended by Walter Estabrooks, the bride's cousin.

A corridor was marked out from the house to the bridal arch by paper ribbon, and the wedding march was played as the bridal party passed out of the house.

The happy pair was the recipient of a large number of useful

presents, and were given a royal send-off after supper as they left by auto for a destination unrevealed.

On their return they purpose making Carleton Co. their home, awhile at least.

Mrs. I. N. Boyer.

At Bristol on June 21, Ruth Anne, Widow of I. N. Boyer, died in her 79th year, after nine days sickness of paralysis. Her daughter, Mrs. Tabor, of Lowell, was with her until the last. She leaves to mourn two daughters Mrs. Burr Tabor and Mrs. Gustavus Burandt of Deer Trail, Col., and two brothers, Barton and Samuel Rogers of Bristol; one sister, Mrs. Harriette Bell of Stickney; one grandson Burr Tabor of Lowell, with many relatives and friends. Her funeral took place on June 24 in the Primitive Baptist church at Bristol. Burial took place at Florenceville. Funeral service was conducted by D. E. Brooks assisted by C. H. Orser and G. E. Orser.

WOOL

We want your **WOOL**, washed or unwashed. Highest prices paid for good Wool in exchange for goods

We still have a small quantity of

Timothy and Clover seed at both stores

If you are going to need any better get it at once

Remember that buying for two stores we buy heavier and get better prices than our competitors. Consequently we can sell cheaper.

S. W. SMITH

General Merchant--Two Stores

Mount Pleasant

East Florenceville.

Special Offering

IN

Summer Dry Goods.

We have a very choice assortment of
Ribbons, Cotton Land Linen Laces, Dress Linens, Silks, Lawn Waists, White Wear
and Men's, Women's and Children's
Summer Underwear.

The above goods are being sold at very low prices.

Taffeta Silk, 49c. yd.

19 inch' in Black, Navy, Brown, Garnet, White, Cream, Dark and Moss Green, Gray, at 49c.

Priestly's ALL WOOL SERGE, 60c. yd.

in Black, Navy, Garnet, Tan, Brown, White, Grey, dark Green;

A full line of Ladies' and Children's Aprons.

House Dresses for Women.

Boys' Blouses. Wash Suits, 3-6 years.

Child's Dresses, white and colored, 6-14 years.

You will always find us busy from 7 in the morning to 10 at night except on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays when we close at 6 p.m.

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS

BRISTOL

Wedding Presents

We have many beautiful things in Sterling and Plated Silver Ware exactly suitable for the purpose of a wedding gift. We also have an exhaustless stock of

Genuine Haviland China

in beautiful patterns, an array of delicate designs that may be matched with other pieces whenever the bride desires to increase her assortment.

Hammocks and Kodaks.

It is now time that the hammock was out. We have many styles and the prices range from \$1.60 to \$4.50. We also have Kodak cameras at \$2.00 and upwards, each of which is capable of taking a fine picture.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., LTD.,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Hartland, N. B.

QUEER HONG KONG CUSTOM

WOMEN'S WORK AND THE EVER HELPFUL "BOY."

People From Almost Every Country in the World Are Found in the Colony.

A peculiarity of the Hongkong colony is the anomaly of the men's and women's occupations—according to our English ideas. The women work just like the men; they drag huge loads harnessed like horses, carry heavy weights strung over their shoulders as yokels carry milk cans in the country.

They stagger up the peak for about 100 yards, when they pick down their burden, go back, pick a new lot up, carry this up to the first dumping place, then take the first load on a few yards further, and so on, all under a blazing sun. All the bricklaying, road mending, coaling, etc., is done equally by both sexes, but perhaps the most curious sight, writes the Hongkong correspondent of the Westminster Gazette, is to see a woman straining at an oar or at the steering of a sampan.

If the boat be a very heavy one, two of the women will work an oar together, one pulling one way and the other pushing, while a little baby is perched on the back of each in a sort of cradle or papoose arrangement.

On the other hand, up on the Peak, which is the European settlement, one often sees a Chinese boy walking along sedately.

PUSHING A PERAMBULATOR. While the English nursemaid walks empty handed by his side and superintends operations. Of course all the housework is done by "boys."

The next point is the very cosmopolitan nature of the place. This was most forcibly borne in upon me the other day when I was walking with an American on one side and an Australian on the other. Just in front of us were a couple of Germans, a Parsee stood at the door of his shop, a Japanese girl followed by two Portuguese boys passed us, and a moment later a richshaw went by in which sat a Spanish maiden.

There were of course Chinese scattered all over the place as usual, so that here within a hundred yards of one another at least nine nationalities were represented. It would be hard to name a country which could not produce its type here.

A contingent of the Baluchistan Infantry is here; we have Sikh policemen; Indians of all kinds are represented officially in the civil and police courts; next to the "Chinks" I think the Germans predominate; there is a large sprinkling of Malays and Lascars, heaps of French men and Swedes; Italians, Turks, Portuguese and Spaniards, all have their place in the colony; the

SCOTSMAN AND IRISHMAN are here in large numbers, and then come a few straggling Englishmen.

It is an interesting experience to go shopping in the Chinese quarters. The other day a friend wanted a piece of blackwood furniture for a wedding present and we ransacked some of the more likely shops to find it, and interviewed the proprietors.

They betray no eagerness to sell, but puff slowly and sourly at their tremendous pipes containing, one small pinch of tobacco, or perhaps opium, and allow you to pull about the articles exposed for sale as much as you please—it saves them trouble. Some of them speak practically no English, but they usually have a small son who has been educated at Queen's College here, a large Anglo-Chinese boys' school, and he acts as interpreter.

The more you bargain the more lethargic the shopkeeper becomes; you feel you are boring him to death, and stammer apologies which he accepts gracefully. "No, he's not got what you want," "Will he have it later on?" He can't say. Perhaps, you suggest, tentatively, he may have the article in his godown. He doesn't think so; anyway, the godown's locked up, and it's too much trouble to bother about opening it. Then you are afraid you must go somewhere else. He thinks it might be as well, and then he and his assistants can all go to sleep.

THE NEXT SHOP

you call at you find a more wide-awake man in charge, who has marked you down as "a sure thing," and greets you with an oily smile. "Yes, plenty stuff have got. Yes, he savvy what you want. 'How much?' An absurdly extortionate amount is named. You suggest a third of this price, whereat he laughs pleasantly, and skillfully changes the conversation and chats of the weather, and inquires "How long you have Hongkong been."

You return to the business in hand and begin to bargain. You are a great nuisance, but he will humor you. He slightly reduces the original price. You tell him you are not satisfied in the rich flowery language of the Orient. He becomes pained, one might almost say shocked.

Hours seemed to have passed and

you suggest splitting the difference. The tears stand in his eyes. You are cruel and unreasonable. As you step outside there is a groan of anguish. You turn. "Maskee," he moans. "Can do." He packs it all up for you, fastens it, seals it, with a chastened air, as of one who has been robbed of his own lamb against his will—and all the time he is making at least 50 per cent. over the transaction!

OLD RACING DAYS.

An English Horseman's Reminiscences of Good Old Times.

Of all the innovations that have taken place of recent years on the turf, writes an English horseman in Baily's Magazine, not one strikes an old stager like myself so much as the style of riding now adopted by the jockeys.

Not only is the crouching seat most displeasing to the eye—one celebrated amateur horseman goes so far as to characterize it as positively indecent—but very few of the jockeys seem to have mastered its difficulties, with the natural consequence that swerving and boring, not to mention accidents, are of far more frequent occurrence than formerly.

Fordham, John Osborne, Wells, Tom French, Fred Webb, Custance, Tom Challoner and Charles Wood were all names to conjure with in the past, but for elegance of style and perfection of seat and hands commend me to Tom Cannon; while for dash and nerve in getting out of a difficulty Fred Archer had no superior.

Few, for instance, who witnessed it will ever forget his riding of Janette in the Leger of 1878, when, apparently hopelessly shut in, he took advantage of a momentary opening to dash through and win. Fred Webb, who was Archer's great rival latterly, always declared that the latter not only wanted to be first, but second as well.

The only time I ever saw a horse fairly get the upper hand of Archer was in a selling race at Newmarket once, when a two-year-old belonging to the Duke of Beaufort fairly bolted with him and ran to the top of the town before he could be pulled up. So easily did he win that there was a rare competition for him when put up for auction; but strange to say, the colt never did any good afterward.

Newmarket after all is the place to see racing at its best, and enjoyable as it always is on a fine day it was never more so, in the view of the old turfman, than in its more primitive state before modern improvements set in, when a hack was a necessity, and if one wanted a glass of sherry you were dependent on a friend with a dog or a dog cart, as the case might be.

At that period there were many more picturesque figures on the turf than at the present time, when everybody dresses more or less alike, and nowhere did one see them to greater perfection than at Newmarket. The massive figure in dark colored frock coat and high jack boots, with an antiquated drab colored hat on his head, who jogs past in animated converse with his old friend, Peter Price, is easily recognizable as Edmund Tattersall.

Lady Astley, perfectly habited as usual, comes along just in time to pick up her "Mate" as he mounts the old gray horse, his faithful comrade of the Crimea, who is in waiting for him outside the rooms.

On his old favorite's decease at an advanced age what more appropriate than that his epitaph should be written by his sorrowing master? Accordingly the following lines, which though perhaps not quite up to the standard expected from a poet laureate had the merit of emanating direct from the heart, were duly inscribed on the headstone:

Under this here sod
Lies my poor old quod,
He was very fond of me,
And so was I of he, you see.

SAFETY IN BRITISH LINERS.

Only Nine Passengers Lost Their Lives in Ten Years.

A question in the British House of Commons recently showed how almost absolutely safe Atlantic travel had been so far as British ships were concerned till the Titanic disaster. A president of the Board of Trade, Hon. Sydney Buxton, in reply to Mr. Fell, M.P., for Great Yarmouth, said: "The total number of passengers of all classes and all nationalities carried outward and inward on board British and foreign ships between the United Kingdom and the United States and Canada (including Newfoundland) during the ten years ending December 31, 1911, was 6,053,382, of which the great proportion were carried in United Kingdom ships. The number of passengers reported to the Board of Trade as having lost their lives by casualties to vessels belonging to the United Kingdom (I cannot give those on other ships) on voyages between the United States and Canada during the period named was nine."

Coal-miners in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries entered into a bond not to strike, form combinations, or unions, or absent themselves from work.

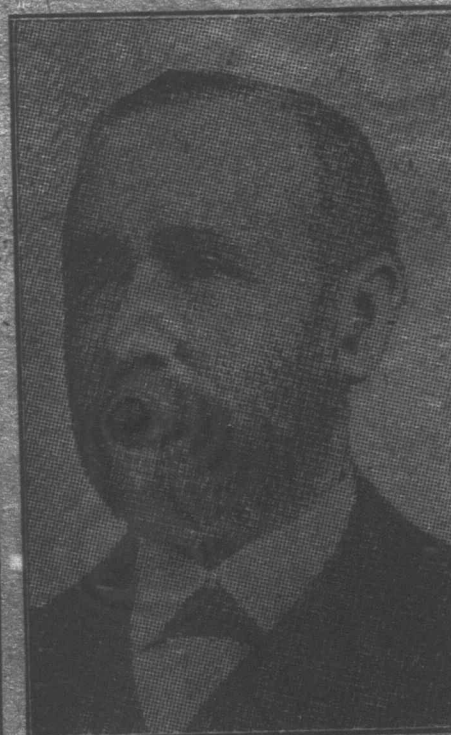
LORD PIRRIE.

"Respect your parents' wisdom and good advice. At the outset of his career a young man could not do better than resolve that, by the help of Divine grace, nothing shall enter his life of which his mother would not approve or which would cause her pain."

These are maxims which Lord Pirrie, the famous Belfast ship-builder, advises young men to make the chief cornerstones of their lives. Lord Pirrie considers that he owes most of his success in life to his mother.

Of silver and gold she had little to give, but she gave him what was more valuable than either silver or gold in the shape of a little manuscript book, in which with loving care she wrote down, in simple sentences, the love of a lifetime.

It was upon the code of laws laid down in this book by his mother that the future Lord Pirrie based his career. The treasured little volume in which his mother wrote down her thoughts and aspirations



Lord Pirrie.

concerning him has, it is said, never been far from his hand. It has accompanied him on all his voyages. It has lain snug in his pocket while he has been negotiating deals with the princes of money and industry on both sides of the Atlantic.

With his mother's maxims in his head, and her inspiring influence behind him at home, young Pirrie soon made his mark. He rose rapidly in favor. He was steady, energetic, and pushing. He had a head on his shoulders, an observant eye, and he never spared himself when work had to be done. By degrees he was trusted with more important work. When he was hardly out of his teens he was sent off to sea to learn the miseries and discomforts of sea-travel as they then existed. And what he had to do when he came back was to take note of his difficulties and privations, and so improve his master's ships that these discomforts and disabilities should be remedied.

APPALLING STATISTICS.

German School Discipline Cause of Hundreds of Suicides.

Dr. Reinhold Koerner, a well-known authority on pedagogy, has startled Germany by publishing some appalling statistics of child suicides, showing how they are growing in number from year to year.

Coming on top of a work on the same subject by Prof. Eulenburg and of an enquiry into school life by Dr. Alfred Graf, of Nurnberg, Koerner's revelations have made a sensation, and there is fierce criticism of German school and domestic discipline.

Last year in Prussia alone 731 pupils or students at educational establishments took their lives. That is almost exactly two a day. The figures for the whole Empire number over 1,000. That is at the rate of 8 suicides per 100,000 children of school age. In 1885, the proportion was 6 1/2 per 100,000.

Dr. Koerner's analysis shows that 31 out of 100 child suicides are traced to troubles connected with schooling; that 35 are due to family or personal reasons, while the causes of the remainder are vague or unknown.

Prof. Eulenburg publishes an inquiry into 1,215 recent cases of school suicides. Of these 475, or 37 per cent., were caused by fear of punishment, or fear of not passing examinations. At least a third, says Eulenburg, must be put down to the school system. The critics of the school system allege too much work, too little play, too official relations between teachers and scholars, and the lack of a moral influence in the school.

Owing to these factors, trifling troubles which would cause no ill in England or America, lead in Germany to suicide. Thus a boy, after receiving a slight box on the ear, made for the nearest window and threw himself into the street.

The United Kingdom, the United States, and Germany account for about 80 per cent. of the world's total output of pig iron.

COUNTRESS DIDN'T FORGET

FROM MILLINERY STORE TO A PALACE.

Lady Dudley, the Woman Who Has Restored Cottage Lacemaking in Ireland.

Over in Ireland, from Glengarriff to the Connemara coast, they speak her name in reverent, almost awed tones.

Around the peat fires, of winter nights, when the old Senachies weave their artful tales of the good little people that dwell in fairy raths and dells; in the warmer months, when happy parties scamper over the heeling crags or lovers wander by the mirrowing lochs, there is one name that is never forgotten, never left unsaid.

In the gray masses of the morning day the prayers that arise omit not the fervid blessing upon the one that is loved and cherished. Poverty-ridden Ireland does not forget kindness nor fail to see the beauty in the life of a woman who once was poor, who rose to the greatest heights of affluence, who looked down, understood and then went back to where her sympathies and her ideals lay. Before her face they speak of her as Lady Dudley, wife of Earl Dudley, Viceroy of Ireland. But among themselves, their faces alight with gratitude and thanksgiving, they call her the Countess Who Didn't Forget.

And the life of the countess who didn't forget has been one of romance. It was in a millinery store that her real course of life began to shape itself. Her father, a bankrupt, and her mother had separated. It was necessary for her to

EARN HER OWN LIVING.

And she did willingly. Nor was she so intent upon her own poverty that she forgot those around her who were even less fortunate. Persons who had been aided by her knew her as "Miss Gurney, the good little girl."

One day there came into the millinery shop Lady Dudley and her son, Lord Dudley, known as the Plunger. He was one of the richest young men in England. He also was one of the most rapid. His gambling, his vices, his escapades, formed stories for all the select little gossip parties. His passion for gambling was intense. There was nothing he would not wager a small fortune on. There was nothing he would not risk to appease his gambling appetite.

Young Lord Dudley did not know that when he crossed the threshold of that millinery shop he changed the whole course of his life. A little later, however, he began to realize it. He gazed into a face that entranced him. The creations about him, the furnishings of the place faded. The words his mother addressed to him went unheard. Lord Dudley felt that he was looking into the eyes of the woman he wanted for his wife. And, despite the entreaties of his mother, who had seen a great match ahead for her son, despite the possibility of more gossip than ever, Lord Dudley set out to win Miss Gurney.

Then came the difficulties. The Duchess of Bedford saw the young Miss Gurney and liked her almost as much as Lord Dudley had. She took her out of the millinery shop and into her own home, where she dressed her in

WONDERFUL GOWNS.

introduced her into society and made her one of the belles of the London season. Rivals there were in plenty then for the hand of the beautiful young woman who had once been a shopgirl. There were men of millions who sought her, men of exemplary habits and handsome faces. Miss Gurney was bewildered by offer after offer of marriage.

And all this time Lord Dudley was working for her hand just as hard as anyone. He had dropped his dissolute habits, he became as famous for his solidity of character as he once had been for his looseness. And Lord Dudley won.

The mother, who had seen for him a marriage with some famous feminine member of nobility, wept at the thought of his marriage to a shopgirl, but the weeping did no good. Lord Dudley loved Miss Gurney, who had reformed that he might make himself worthy of her. And so the wedding came, with brilliance and with all the elegance that the approval society could give it. There was a honeymoon such as only dreams and money can make, and happiness.

The season followed in London. It was one of superwonderful gaiety; and in the midst of it was the new Lady Dudley, smiling, happy, and indulging in the enjoyment of it to the limit. The years that she had spent behind a counter were to be made up for. The days of work were to be forgotten—and Lady Dudley saw that no recess of her memory held recollections of the other days. At least she tried—

BUT IN TRYING FAILED.

Poor Lady Dudley could not forget. She could not stamp out the memory that she, too, was once

poor and that there had been a time when she wished for things she could not have. She began to think more and more of those to whom luxuries were denied, even necessities. Sometimes, at dinners, where the lights glowed soft, and the laughter flowed around the tables, intermingled with joking and small chat; at dances, where the swishing of the waltz formed a sort of underlying accompaniment for the smooth rhymed music of the hidden orchestra; at the races, where rainbow-like colors flared gaudily peacock-like, there would come to the face of the woman a wistful expression, almost sorrowful in its intensity. The scenes before her were fading; for she was remembering—remembering that all was not happiness in the world, that there was suffering and privation and hunger, and that she should be doing something to alleviate it.

She had become the countess who didn't forget. Soon the squalid parts of London began to hear of a wonderful Lady Bountiful, who distributed money and clothing among the poor, who cared for the ill and the despondent. Soon London society began to laugh at what it called a whim of Lady Dudley. Later it began to sympathize and to follow the leader in a work that was good for humanity. And those members of London society also, knowing the story that was back of it all, called her "the countess who didn't forget."

FREAKS OF BUILDING.

Parts of Old London Bridge Distributed All Over England.

Some of the most curious among freak structures are those which have been transplanted. The ceaseless change in crowded cities constantly brings about the demolition of buildings. The material of which they are composed is either sold piecemeal and incorporated in other structures or wholly re-erected on other sites.

Large quantities of such stuff are sold for building purposes, though they often prove bad investments. No structure was ever more scattered owing to this form of speculation, says the Wide World, than old London Bridge, which is now distributed all over the south of England.

Some of the balustrades are round a fountain at Banktower, Sheerness; others are at the land end of the pier at Herne Bay; one of the alcoves is a feature of Victoria Park, in East London; and many of the stones went to build Ingress Abbey, Greenhithe, a lordly dwelling house which cost a fabulous sum. Its owner said that after he had spent £100,000 on it he "abandoned the attempt to keep the account."

Few bits of old London, however, have had stranger adventures than the railings which formerly enclosed the space in front of St. Paul's, and which cost no less than £11,200 and originally weighed 500 tons. These are to-day fragmentarily represented in all parts of the civilized world. The largest portion was bought by a man for no other reason than that he had, when young and poor, courted his wife near the cathedral.

He consigned his purchase to America, where he had made a fortune and was then living, with the intention of giving his helpmeet a pleasant surprise. And so he did, though not so soon, nor to such a degree, as he had contemplated. The ship which should have carried the ironwork safely across the Western ocean sank at sea, and only a part of the railings was recovered. That part now surrounds his wife's grave at Toronto.

Perhaps the most remarkable scrap of old London out of town is Temple Bar, which stands at the entrance to Theobald's Park, near Cheshunt. Removed from its original site in 1879, it lay in a heap disintegrated till 1887, when it was given to Sir H. B. Meux, who set it up anew on its present site a year later. Very curious, however, is the gateway of Dyham Park, South Mimms, since it bears witness that transplanting London structures in the country has been going on for centuries. It originally played the part of a triumphal arch at the residence when Charles II. entered Whitehall amid the acclamations of the people.

To the traffic in second hand building material are due many grotesque freaks in building. Stones, ironwork, etc., are pressed into surface somehow, whether they are suitable or not, and the results are frequently amazing. What, for instance, less likely to serve as a churchyard gate than a prison window? Yet the entrance—and an odd entrance it is—to a churchyard in Canning Town was formerly a window in Newgate. The biggest one-man structure in the country is St. Michael Church, near Coventry. James Green, a native of that city, not only worked the stones used in it, but with the help of a single laborer placed them all in position, and, in fact, constructed the whole of it from foundation to turrets. How long it took him to accomplish the feat is not clear. He is said to have been engaged on the task for forty years, but the interval which elapsed between the demolition of the old church and the opening of the present one was only seven years.

There are in Paris 200,000 more women than men.

FORTUNES IN FLOWERS.

Rare Plants and Bulbs that Sell for Almost Fabulous Prices.

"Something new!" is ever the cry, and for those who can respond to it there are rich rewards. New flowers, in particular, fetch astonishing prices, which represent a very handsome profit to their fortunate producers, says London Answers.

The most costly flowers, with one exception—orchids—are those which herald the spring—daffodils. As blooms, they are among the cheapest which can be bought; but then there are "daffs" and "daffs," just as there are eggs and eggs. Now daffodils are more precious than gold, because they are leaving out of account occasional "sports" or "freaks"—raised from seed, which takes a goodly slice of a man's lifetime to reach maturity. Ten years, perhaps, pass before flowers are thrown up, and then those flowers may be worthless, or they may point the way to fortune.

If the bloom is a new variety, there is emphatically "money in it." When the late Mr. Peter Barr introduced the daffodil which bears his name, he catalogued it at what he thought to be the prohibitive price of £50 a bulb, but even at this sum several bulbs were quickly sold.

Other new daffodils have also fetched astonishingly high prices. The Blazing Star sold a season or two ago at £15 15s. each, the Uncle Robert at £18 15s., the Bedouin at £25, the Jasper at £30 and the Tarrina also at £30. As for bulbs of daffodils at £5, £10 or even £15 each, these are comparatively common.

For costliness, however, daffodils are completely outclassed by orchids, a new variety of which may be worth anything. Speculators in these remarkable flowers buy the plants as imported. They are then "dark horses" in the full sense, no man, not even the greatest expert, knowing their value. This is because most of the plants which come to England have never bloomed, and because it is impossible to say what an orchid flower grows. A well-known grower, for instance, once bought a plant by auction and then sold it before it had flowered, for £30. Soon afterward it came into bloom, whereupon he promptly offered to buy it back for 800 guineas. The owner refused to sell, even at this tempting price, though ultimately he accepted 1,000 guineas for the plant.

There was another remarkable transaction a few years back. A firm of experts sold a quantity of Cypripedium insignis to another firm for £50. When the plants bloomed, one of them turned out to be a Cypripedium Sandierianum. Before then its value was something less than half a crown, afterward it was worth £75. And this sum was actually given for it by the very people who had sold it as Cypripedium insignis!

Remarkable bargains, therefore, are sometimes picked up at auctions. A little piece of Alexandra was once knocked down for 2s. 6d. Two years later it flowered, and its fortunate purchaser then sold it for 80 guineas.

But there have been still greater bargains in orchids. One of the most profitable deals on record was in connection with a plant which had never flowered, and it was bought purely as a speculation for something less than 10s. The purchaser kept it for three years before it flowered. Then it came under the hammer, and was knocked down for 1,000 guineas!

MUST HAVE BEEN COLD.

Two men were disputing as to which had experienced the greatest cold in winter. Said one: "In the part of Iceland where I was last summer the ground is frozen so hard all the year round that when they want to bury a man they just sharpen his feet and drive him in with a pile hammer." The other replied: "Yes, I know that place. Didn't stay there long—found it not bracing enough for me. Went on to a small town further north. The hotel where I was staying caught fire. My room was on the top story. Staircases burned away. Luckily kept my presence of mind. Emptied my bath out of the window and slid down the icicle."

DIDN'T LIKE IT.

Little Horace was about to have his photograph taken for the first time. He didn't seem to like the notion. To show that he didn't like the notion he set up an ear-piercing howl. "Hush, hush, sonnie!" said his mother soothingly. "Don't be silly! What is there to cry about in a camera. It'll be all over in a minute, you know, and the gentleman won't hurt you." "I know," sobbed little Horace. "B-b-but that's what you told me at the d-d-d-dentist's!"

HOME EVERY EVENING.

Husband—I know a man who has been married a good many years, and he spends every evening at home.

Wife—I suppose you will admit that it's love!

Husband—Can't. It's paralysis.

THE OBSERVER

Pub. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

Published by The Observer Limited
Hartland, New Brunswick.

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

VOL. 4 JULY 4 No. 3

Induction Service.

Rev. Mr. Miller, a recent arrival from Ireland, was on Thursday evening inducted into the charge of the Presbyterian church at McKenzie Corner. Revs. Frank Baird of Woodstock, M. McPherson of Harvey, and M. H. Manuel were the officiating clergymen. Visiting clergymen. Rev. Kenneth McKay and Rev. Mr. Arbuckle of Houlton, Rev. Mr. Kerr of Kirkland, Rev. Mr. Gould, Richmond, Methodist. After the service a reception was given Mr. and Mrs. Miller in the manse.

Rev. Mr. Calhoun came as a representative of the Presbyterian church in Ireland, especially to assist in this induction.

Mr. Calhoun preached in the church at Glassville on Sunday evening.

Benjamin Kilburn.

Benjamin Kilburn, considered the richest man in Victoria county, died at his home at Kilburn on Wednesday morning of cancer of the stomach, aged 63 years. He was born at Muniac. Later the settlement was named after Mr. Kilburn. He made several trips west, and invested quite heavily in real estate. He survived by his wife, formerly Miss Harper, of Jacksonville, whom he married in 1883, four daughters, Beesie, Alva, Gertrude and Mary; one son, Fred, and two sisters, Mrs. Ida Coy, Saskatoon, and Mrs. B. L. Gaskin, Kilburn. He had been a member of the Andover Masonic lodge for the past thirty-four years, and a member of the L. O. F. He was postmaster at Kilburn at his death, a prominent temperance worker, and a valued member of the Methodist church.

Florenceville vs Hartland.

With a 7 to 6 victory in which there were all kinds of fireworks, Hartland celebrated their first game on home grounds. It was an interesting game at every stage, and when at the end of the eighth the score stood at 6 to 6 the excitement was intense. The climax was reached in the ninth when Reid singled and stole second and then scored on a two base hit of Williamson's. Mahoney and Mooney did the twirling for Florenceville, while Reid was on the mound for Hartland and performed his work well. He was found for but five hits, while he struck out nine of the Florenceville men and had four assists and two two-base hits to his credit.

Score by innings:
Hartland 4 0 0 0 1 0 1 1-7
Florenceville 2 1 0 3 0 0 0 0-6
Press.

Dalling-McIntosh.

At the residence of Mrs. Fraser Dalling, Belleville, on June 26, Miss Clara Mabel Dalling was united in marriage with John K. McIntosh of Bath. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. H. Manuel. A large number of guests were present and gifts were numerous and costly.

After a honeymoon spent at St. Andrews the couple went to Bath to reside.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dickinson wish to thank the neighbours and friends who were so kind to them during the illness and at the time of the death of their father, Peter Hallett.

School Closing at Knowlesville.

The Knowlesville school held its closing day exercises on Thursday, June 27, at the home of Geo. W. Whitehouse on the opposite side of the road from the school building. The spacious grounds in front of the house, shaded by the large trees, made a beautiful place for the children to play, also for the spreading of the tables which were loaded down with every known delicacy dear to the childish heart, including ice cream. Miss Frances Sinnett, the teacher, had prepared a fine program which was carried out in full, the children speaking from the wide piazza in front of the house.

Following is the program:
Address of Welcome, Della Kenney.
Singing, Lisle Leaf Forever, school.
Rec., They ask me why I'm so sad, Katie Corey.

Exercise, Questions and Answers, Four Little Girls.

Rec., Face of the Floor, Miss Ruby Phillips.

Rec., The Grumbler, Mae Doucette.

Singing, Britannia, Gem of the Ocean, school.

Rec., Little Midget, Florence Doucette.

Motion Exercise, Albert Carle.

Rec., Cats Explanation, Jennie Avery.

Singing, I have a Little Shadow, A number of Little Girls.

Rec., There once was a Toper, Miss Edith Cook.

Rec., One thing Lacking, Blanche Phillips.

Dialogue, Women's Rights, Lillian Phillips, Cecil Whitehouse, Alton Avery.

Rec., When the Teacher gets Cross, Della Kenney.

Rec., City and Country Girl, Annie Corey.

Singing, Meet me Dar, Alberta, Annie, Esther and Earle Corey.

Rec., Little Miss Mischief, Jennie Phillips.

Exercise, Working Together, Eight Girls.

Rec., Rich Man, Poor Man, Georgia Doucette.

Dialogue, Sick Doll, Jennie Phillips, Della Kenney and Earle Corey.

Rec., A Young School Ma'am, Lily Avery.

Rec., Two and two are always Four, Velma Whitehouse.

Rec., Mortifying Mistake, Erma Corey.

Valedictory, Alberta Corey.

Saluting of Flag and National Anthem, School.

At the close of the program the Pastor, Rev. J. Corey, made a few appropriate remarks to parents and children, proposing a vote of thanks to Miss Sinnett for her untiring efforts and Christian influence with the children, which was heartily responded to by all. Although Miss Sinnett has been asked to remain with the Knowlesville school for another term, she has declined the offer, and we understand will take a school near her home. She leaves this place with the good wishes of both parents and scholars.

Buy it now, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by all dealers.

Black-Sipprell.

A very pretty wedding took place Saturday evening, May 11, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Keero in Haines, when Miss Ethel Effie Black, sister of Mrs. Keero, was united in marriage to Mr. Guy C. Sipprell, Rev. A. F. McLean performing the ceremony.

Only immediate members of the bride's family were present, with the exception of Mr. S. Regan, who was groomsmen.

The bride wore a handsome gown of white voile trimmed with silk embroidery while the groom was attired in a suit of black.

The decorations were of white and green. Potted plants were draped from each corner to the center of the parlor to a large white wedding bell.

Many beautiful potted plants were arranged in the rooms. A delicious wedding supper was served at 10.30.

Mrs. Sipprell was raised in Skagway from a child where she was well known by everyone. Mr. Sipprell is a native of Summerville N. B. but has lived in Skagway for the past four years.

Mr. and Mrs. Sipprell left on the Georgia for Skagway where they will make their future home in the cozy little Foster cottage. They received many pretty wedding gifts.

Haines Pioneer Press.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing, dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out in the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you should become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all dealers.

West Side Notes.

By NICODENUS

There is nothing new under the sun! Crops in our district are hardly up

to the prevailing standard. Grain is not doing much, and grass is heading with very limited growth, while potatoes are just doing fairly well. Taken all in all the crop returns bid fair to be rather less than an average.

The Victoria School closed a successful term under Miss Harper, with a grand field day and picnic on the grounds of Jos. York. Miss Harper, who has become very popular during the several terms that she has been engaged here, will not return after the holidays, she having taken the school in her home town, Jacksonville.

J. McLeod Boyer is home from a St. John school, spending his holidays.

Mrs. A. S. H. Boyer is at present writing a guest at Highland Farm.

Miss Cora Tilley has been spending the last two or three weeks with friends and relatives in Millville.

Camp Sussex lured several West Siders, temporarily from their legitimate vocations. Among those at camp are Lieut. Arthur Shaw, Sergt. Wilnot Rideout and son, Willie, Sergt. Wm. and Oscar Haywood, Halvard Bruin and Sergt. Russell L. Boyer, who is our general all around professional Soldier and local Fish Warden, he having recently landed this government appointment.

Carey B. Baker and son George left one day last week for a two weeks outing on Miramichi waters. The Baker's are genuine sportsmen and are outfitted with everything to make camp life enjoyable.

Havelock Hoyt and J. Frank Albright indulged in a fishing trip on "north branch" last Saturday and succeeded in annexing more fly bites than was to say the least, enjoyable.

Next years dollars are made out of this years dimes. A dime invested in an Endowment Policy NOW with The Manufacturers Life, means future dollars for you or your family. Get rates from T. A. Lindsay, Woodstock, N. B.

ARRESTED ON A SERIOUS CHARGE.

Alleged to Have Stolen Logs, Everett Crabb is in the Tails of the Law.

A few days ago Everett Crabb of Cloverdale was arrested charged with stealing seven logs from F. E. Sayre. The logs had during the high water drifted away from the bed of the stream, and Crabb is said to have taken them to Stockford's mill and had them sawn up and used the lumber.

In the first instance Mr. Sayre offered to settle by expressing a willingness to accept the value in cash of the logs. Crabb would not do this and his arrest followed.

He was brought before John Barnett, Justice of the Peace, on Saturday last. Mr. L. Hayward appeared for the prosecution and Thane M. Jones for the defense. The trial was postponed to Tuesday and again until tomorrow. At first Crabb was held under \$100 bonds, but so serious was the revelation of the court that his honor deemed it advisable to raise the amount necessary to his recognition to \$500. This was more than Crabb could secure backers for and at the present time he reposes in jail.

One day last week a dam and other perishable property belonging to Sayre was destroyed by fire and the evidence points strongly to Crabb's being involved. On Monday night one of Sayre's lumber camps, situated within 40 rods of the place where the logs were stolen, was also destroyed by fire. The camp cost to build about \$500 and provisions stored there were valued at a similar amount.

No formal charge of arson has been laid but there is strong evidence that Crabb could give more information than anyone as to the origin of the fire.

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for any unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

To Tour Europe in Van.

Lady Arthur Grosevevor of England is planning a tour of Southern Europe, but she will use neither the automobile nor the train. Accompanied by her husband and her children, she plans to make the tour in two light caravans, which her horses can haul without difficulty at least 20 miles a day. She has tried the gypsy idea of traveling and likes it. Last year she made a caravan tour of North Wales, under the name of Sarah Lee.

Lady Grosevevor will go from Cheshire through England and then cross to France. From Bordeaux she will travel through the south of France, and will stop for a time in the Duke of Westminster's French hunting chateau. She will continue through the south, and may go as far as Greece.

Mount Pleasant.

Some of our boys returned rather early from camp.

The Smith Bros. will finish their last winter's cut on the Coldstream, in about two weeks. They have been doing a rushing business.

The annual shoot of the Carleton County Rifle Association, will be held on the Woodstock range on the 18th and 19th inst. All marksmen are requested to attend.

The merchants match was started this year by Jas. McManus, of Woodstock who donated a gent's umbrella. We hope our other friends will not forget us.

Mr. and Mrs. Queenaw of Lowell are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Burt Clark.

The Orangemen of Carleton county (north) intend celebrating the twelfth of July, at Mount Pleasant. All are cordially invited to attend. There will be a steam merry-go-round and all the usual amusements.

Mrs. S. W. Smith left Saturday for Sussex where her husband is attending camp.

We are sorry to learn that Samuel Crandemire is no better.

For soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This Liniment relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

Wash Suits

Put the little chap into one of our COOL WASH SUITS, then turn him loose for the summer.

Our Cool Tubable Clothes

are a great specialty of our Boy's Department. We've a great number of pretty styles, SAILORS and Russian Blouses, and each of the many pieces stands for excellent value.

Romper Suits in abundance

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK
Outfitters for the Little Fellows.



Charlie Joseph

is now located in the former Reed Chase stand and has a splendid line of New and Fresh

Fruits, Groceries,
Footwear, Clothing,
Dry Goods, etc.

Just to make the acquaintance of a number of new customers he will sell for spot cash at these low prices:

Nectar Tea, Regular 25c kind, for 22c. This is the equal of any 30c. Tea on the market.

6 lbs of Fresh Oatmeal for 25c. Brooms, 25c. to 45c. Each excellent value.

Men's Dusters, were \$1.75, to be sold for \$1.25.

Top Shirts that were \$1.25, now \$1.00. The same that sold for 90c. now going for 65c.

Ladies' Fine Black HOSE, 2 pairs for 25c.

New Summer Dress Goods, just in, regular \$1.25 goods, now being sacrificed at 35c. a yard.

Think of it!

Ladies' Silk Coat, black, finely made and in correct style, that we have been offering for \$12.00 will now be sold for only \$8.50. This is a big bargain for some bright woman.

Corsets that formerly sold for \$1.00 now only 65c.

Fine Felt Hats, popular colors, were \$2.00, now \$1.50.

Men's Straw Hats that once brought \$1.00 each now offered for 60c.

Fine Assortment of Pocket Cutlery, big values at 5c. to \$1.00.

See the clasp hunting knife we are selling for 70c. Others ask a Dollar for the same thing.

We also keep a full line of Fresh Imported Vegetables and Fruits, Cucumbers, Cabbage, Watermelons, etc.

Full line of Tobaccos and Cigars. Canned Goods, etc.

Joseph's,

Where Chase used to keep, Main st. Hartland.

RELIABLE INSURANCE

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT

Perley S. Marsten,

Successor to

Astle & Cosman,

Representing the

OLDEST AND STRONGEST COMPANIES

Queen Street, Woodstock, N. B.

FOR SALE!
Blacksmith Shop
and Business.

Situated at end of the river bridge Hartland. There is a large and steady custom and the amount of business done per year can be shown. Two tenements in connection.

SCOTT SIPPRELL

Hartland, N. B.

W. P. Jones, K. C.

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.

WOODSTOCK N. B.

Hotel for Sale

I wish to sell my hotel property in the village of Hartland, the house is two story with commodious office, parlor, dining room seating 30. Ample kitchen and pantry room, eleven bedrooms, bath room and all sanitary conveniences. Good stables. Apply to Joseph E. Clowes, Hartland, N. B.

Important Real Estate Announcement!

Having made a mutual agreement with a leading Real Estate agency of St. John all property enlisted with us receives more than local advertising and has an equal chance with any other in the province to be placed with the prospective Old Country Settlers.

WANTED

We want you to list all Real Estate you have for sale.

Improved Farms

Abandoned Farms

Wood Lots

Lumber Land

Town Lots

Mill Sites, etc.

It costs nothing to list. Get busy and partake of the coming prosperity in New Brunswick. Buyers would do well to see our list before purchasing.

Carleton Real Estate Agency,
Hartland, N. B.

COW FOR SALE.

A nice 4-year-old cow is for sale at Maplewood Farm.

C. M. SHAW,

Local News and Personal Items

James Scott is very ill at his residence.

Charles Parker of Woodstock was here on Friday.

Rev. C. H. Orser of Mars Hill was here yesterday.

Henry King of Limestone was a guest at H. H. Hatfield's home last week.

Arthur Estabrooks has a few iron beds at prices you can't afford to miss.

The wild strawberry crop is meagre, the June frosts having killed the blossoms.

Thane M. Jones, Judge of Probates, Woodstock, was in Hartland on Saturday.

BORN—to Mr. and Mrs. Carey Dickinson, of Middle Simonds, a ten-pound boy, on June 26.

Mrs. Guy McGinley and son, Douglas, went to Houlton on Saturday for a visit.

Rev. M. H. Manuel will preach at Upper Brighton next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Rev. Percy R. Hayward of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting his brother, M. L. Hayward, Esq.

A. S. Estabrooks is offering a few pairs of kip boots, Boyer's make, at \$3.00 and calf boots at \$3.50.

Mr. Waddleton, the well known clerk in Manzer's store at Woodstock, spent Dominion Day in Hartland.

John G. Dickinson, of the Bank of Montreal, St. John, was visiting his brother here a few days ago.

Castling a fly in the river opposite the village the other day, W. A. Hayward raised a fair-sized salmon but it got away.

Many people have lately gone on fishing trips to the headwaters of the Guimac and Miramichi.

Mrs. T. S. VanWart returned yesterday to Houlton after visiting her niece, Mrs. C. H. Taylor.

Mrs. Paul Taylor and daughter came from Andover on Friday to visit her former home and old friends here.

Mrs. James Reid and son, Charles, of Toronto, came on Saturday to visit her mother, Mrs. C. A. Harmon at Peel.

Stanfields' underwear, in all sizes, for men, women and children, at less than the advertised price, at A. S. Estabrooks.

The Woodstock Athletic club will run on excursion to Grand Falls next Tuesday. A special train will leave Woodstock at 7 o'clock, Hartland at 7.35.

The annual picnic of the United Baptist congregation at Bath will be held on July 10. The Perth Brass Band will discourse music and there will be the usual sports.

The person who lost a purse with a small sum of money in it may recover their property by calling on L. A. J. Ward, at Keith & Plummer's store and paying for this ad.

Michael Burke of Lake George has been visiting friends at Somerville, where he lived up to 30 years ago. He had not visited this section for more than 20 years.

H. N. Boyer and A. L. Baird were down on the Gibson branch on a fishing trip on Monday. They had good luck and the editor thanks Mr. Boyer for a feed of the speckled beauties.

Chester Culbertson of Waterville last week fell from a steel land-roller, to which a team of horses was attached and was twice run over by the heavy implement. Strangely he was not seriously injured.

On Tuesday, June 25, Stanley Hatfield, a well known bachelor of Peel, joined the army of benedicts by marrying Miss Hattie Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell. Rev. E. C. Jenkins of Victoria tied the nuptial knot.

Prof. W. F. Watson, of Greenfield S. C., with his family, arrived here on Friday to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Watson. Prof. and Mrs. Watson are soon to start on a round-the-world journey that will occupy two years.

The United Baptists of Florenceville held their annual picnic on Dominion Day. A large crowd was in attendance and a happy time was enjoyed by all. There was an exciting ball game wherein the Mars Hill team got trimmed. Reid and Kyle of the Hartland team pitched good ball for the Florenceville team.

The annual roadwork is being done in this district.

Eldon Davies of Woodstock was here yesterday.

Harry Gillen was in Montreal on business last week.

The annual school meeting will be held next Monday at 10 a.m.

Mrs. George Wilkinson has gone to Washburn, where her husband is at work.

Rev. M. H. Manuel of Florenceville was a visitor at The Observer office on Friday.

Mrs. Mansfield of Philadelphia, accompanied by her children is the guest of Mrs. MacIntosh.

Work on the substructure of the new bridge at the Becaguimac is progressing.

A ton or more of good quality loose hay is offered for sale by H. M. Stevens, Somerville.


Mrs. W. A. Hayward has returned from Campbellton and has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. I. B. Curtis.

Confidently Guaranteed

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR

Or you get your money back.

25c., 40c., 50c. per lb.



KING COLE TEA

Miss Tina Davidson came from Fredericton and was the guest of Miss Sadie Currie from Saturday to Monday.

A young daughter of Joseph Craig, Lower Windsor, was last week operated on for appendicitis by Drs. MacIntosh and Rankin.

Clarence G. Hay of Richmond, will take charge of the Presbyterian church at Glassville. Services will begin next Sunday morning.

Miss Georgia Churchill, Randolph and Winston Churchill of Brooklyn arrived on Tuesday to spend a few weeks at the home of W. H. Sippell, Somerville.

O. F. Baker of the Bank of Montreal, staff at Newmarket, Ont., formerly in the Hartland branch arrived on Monday to spend a portion of his vacation here.

Yesterday George G. Gray received word from Los Angeles, Calif., that a son was on Tuesday born to his daughter, May, who a year ago was married to William McLaughlin.

Sunday was considered the coldest day on record for the time of year. There was a high wind which averted frost. Since Sunday the weather has been reasonably warm and crops are thriving.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Montgomery and Mrs. Brewer intend leaving Hartland for Saskatoon next Wednesday. The three will leave many close friends and the whole village will regret their going away. As chief of the fire corps Mr. Montgomery's place will not be readily filled.

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it when malignant and epidemic. For sale by all dealers.

Concerning the Election.

New Brunswick Liberals, having to battle with the allied Provincial and Dominion Government forces, were snuffed out in Thursday's Provincial elections, only two independents being returned. The Liberal leader, Mr. A. B. Copp, an able and very conscientious advocate of popular rights, went down to defeat, as did his eleven followers in the previous House. In view of all that has been happening in the Province lately the defeat of the Liberals was looked for, although such a clean sweep for the Conservatives was not expected. The Governments at Ottawa and Fredericton were ill-advised in the course they pursued of wiping out the Opposition. It reveals "the machine" hand too openly, and the retribution when it does come, as it assuredly will, is likely to be as sweeping and severe as that which the machine has meted out to Mr. Copp and his followers. Toronto Globe.

LOANS ON WORD OF HONOR.

Unique French Society Aids Many and Suffers Little Loss.

The Loan of Honor society is one of the most peculiar organizations in France, according to United States Consul Carl Bailey Hurst, at Lyon. It is an association of philanthropists established a few years ago for the purpose of lending money to clerks, operatives and others in pecuniary distress.

"The sole obligation on the part of the borrowers," said Mr. Hurst, "is to promise on their word of honor to return within a certain time the amount loaned. The success of the undertaking from a charitable point of view has been striking. During the last fiscal year money was lent to 384 persons, among whom there were 61 clerks, 17 small trades people, 12 railroad employees, 9 teachers and mill hands, mechanics, pharmacists, typewriters, students, tailors and carpenters. Of those aided sixty-eight were women, nearly all occupying humble positions.

"The chief causes that brought about the requests for loans were: sickness, 110 cases; lack of work, 83 cases; debts, 84 cases; starting house-keeping, 27 cases; and in smaller number redeeming pawn tickets, etc. All those granted loans were married people, with the exception of twenty-seven, although sixty-four couples were childless. When a loan is solicited a question blank is usually given to the petitioner asking for information that will enable the society to decide whether money can be judiciously advanced. Investigation is made as to the merits of each seemingly favorable case after the question sheets have been returned.

"Naturally the sums lent are not large, ranging between \$5 and \$50. Most of the loans have been paid back either fully or in part, and the society has not had to put down more than \$200 to profit and loss. The society's receipts are derived from the dues of members, an annual bazaar, small contributions by the city and departmental governments and from occasional private donations.

"It is proved practical usefulness in an untitled field tends to strengthen the presumption that the work of the society, especially among those holding minor posts in commerce and trade, will be of lasting benefit in teaching young clerks and others the value of unwritten obligations in business dealings."

COMING FROM THEIR TOMB.

The Official Standards of Weights and Measures in England.

In April of this year a ceremony is due to be performed in London which occurs only at intervals of twenty years. This is the comparison of the standards of weights and measures.

The official standards in use at the office of weights and measures are compared with the original standard yard measure and pound weight, which repose in the wall of one of the inner staircases of the house of commons.

The hole in the wall where the two standards are kept is rather like a small tomb, and it can only be opened by actually tearing down the wall.

The yard measure is a bronze bar thirty-eight inches long, on which thirty-six divisions of one inch—i. e., a yard—have been marked off. The standard pound is of platinum, and, despite its weight and the fact that the metal of which it consists is worth \$200, in size it is no more than a cubic inch.

No variations were detected when the standards were last compared in April, 1892, and the precious standards were then walled up once more in their dark little tomb, where for twenty years they have been undisturbed. Pearson's Weekly.

Baltimore and Conventions.

Down to the period of the war between the states Baltimore was a favorite place for national conventions. Candidates for president nominated there by all parties, beginning with 1822, include Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, John Tyler, Zachary Taylor, Lewis Cass, Franklin Pierce, General Scott, Stephen A. Douglas, John C. Breckinridge, John Bell and Abraham Lincoln (in 1864).

New York's Wealth.

According to the tabulation figures in the tax books for 1912 real estate in New York is assessed at \$7,325,474,003. Estimating the realty which is exempt from taxation at \$2,500,000,000, the value of all real estate in the five boroughs approximates \$10,000,000,000. The assessed valuation of taxable property in New York has been raised in the last fourteen years, or since consolidation, from \$2,463,135,087. New York American.

Moving Picture Lion Hunting.

The inhabitants of Fontainebleau are protesting against some of the uses to which the picturesque forest, with its huge volcanic bowlders, is being put by some of the cinematographic companies. There was a lion hunt with a real lion in the forest of Fontainebleau a few days ago, and the people who live in the neighborhood think that freedom in trade matters is being pushed somewhat too far. Paris Letter.

Attacking the Gulf Stream.

The idol shatterers have now assailed the gulf stream and say that the temper the stolid cold of the British islands is all bosh. In the name of science they say that the stream has no influence whatever on the climate of Great Britain.

EMBARRASSING.

But Presumably the Young Man Recovered His Candy.

Seated in the third row of the stalls, the young couple were enjoying themselves immensely. The newness of the young lady's clothes, the devotion of her attendant man and the huge box of chocolates they were sharing suggested that they were honeymooners.

The first act of the play had just got well under way when a stout, elderly and pompous lady swept rustlingly to her seat right in front of the bride.

At first the young couple paid no attention to her; then—

"Excuse me, madam," the bridegroom began deferentially, "but—"

The lady addressed swung slowly round and eyed him coldly. Even in the darkened theater he felt the chill of her glance. But, undeterred, he began again. This time he got a reply.

"Kindly explain why you persist in annoying me," said the stout lady haughtily. "My seat does not obscure your view of the stage, does it?"

"Not at all, madam; but all the same, I must ask you to move. You're—"

But she would not listen.

"I am not interfering with you in any way, so please mind your own business."

But the young husband was desperate, although his lips were trembling with laughter.

"Pardon me, madam," he persisted, "but you are sitting on an open box of chocolates!"—London Answers.

Fine the Preacher.

"Would you," inquires the Greenwood Journal, "give the deaf man a verdict, if you were on the jury, who is suing for damages because he alleges that he is paying for preaching he can't hear?"

Personally we'd be inclined to render a verdict after the fashion of the immortal Paddy Dwyer. As the story goes, a loyal houseman of the clan named Danny was arrested for an enthusiastic and successful assault upon an innocent third party. It was just before election, and Danny sent for his leader. The leader heard Danny's story and went to see Paddy Dwyer.

"Paddy," he said, "I wish you'd be light on Danny. He's a good fellow and can help us a lot in the election."

"All right," said Paddy: "I'll give him thirty days!"

"But that will keep him in jail over the election!" the leader protested.

"Rats!" said Paddy. "I don't mean Danny. I mean the plaintiff!"—New York Evening Sun.

The Happy Man.

It would be hard, indeed, to tell who is the happiest man in all the world unless he be the individual who devotes most of his time to his dog, gun and fiddle in winter and to his fishing tackle in summer. His heart is as free from care as his pockets are of coin, and he enthusiastically obeys the injunction to "take no thought of what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or where withal ye shall be clothed." In short, indeed, he is too happy and contented to be worth a dang to himself or to anybody else.—Marion County (Mo.) Applet.

A Puzzle.

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—How is your little girl?

Caller—I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl.

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation)—How is your little boy?

Caller—My dear, I haven't any little boy, either.

Small Girl—What are yours?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Those Neighbors.

The maid was in the back yard hanging out the clothes.

"And that," said the queen ruefully, "is the way we lost her. The woman who lives next door looked over the fence and offered her a dollar a week more than we were giving her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Much Chance.

Patience—Do you think there is any chance of women proposing marriage to men in leap year?

Patrice—About as much chance as there is of a man proposing marriage to a suffragette.—Yonkers Statesman.

Why She Didn't Tell.

Pert—Say, Ma, you didn't tell anybody that secret I told you last night, did you?

Ma—Why, no! You see, I didn't know it was a secret.—Judge.

For Future Use.

Mother—I see you have written me a letter to say how sorry you are you took the jam. Well, I'll forgive you.

Johnny—Yes, ma, but please don't destroy the letter. It will do for next time.—New York Mail.

The Safest Ever.

Purchaser (to street peddler)—Call these safety matches? Why, they won't light at all.

Peddler—Well, wot could yer 'ave safer?—Tit-Bits.

The Great American Game.

Slide, Veskokosleski, slide!

Nemishany, hold your base!

Coveleski, are you tied?

Coskoliskmet, take a brace!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ST. JOHN:

The Future Metropolis of the East.

St. John is already the centre of a net-work of Railways reaching every part of eastern Canada, making it the natural distributing point of the East.

It is already a city of 60,000 people.

It is the Canadian terminus of Fifteen Steamship Lines, operating steamers to every part of the world.

It is already the Atlantic Terminus of Two Great Transcontinental Railways, and others will be built.

St. John is already the Second Largest Shipping Port in Canada.

St. John already shows a larger actual increase in exports during the last ten years than all the other Atlantic ports, viz: Montreal, Halifax and Quebec COMBINED.

Government returns show the following trade increase for the past two years for the above ports:

Montreal,	\$13,429,959
Halifax,	4,837,352
Quebec,	575,532
ST. JOHN	17,325,969

St. John will be to the East what Vancouver, Prince Rupert and Port Mann, combined, are to the West.

Buy Real Estate in St. John NOW.

You can buy **BAY VIEW LOTS** at the old prices. Other Properties have already advanced. Ours will soon.

Wire, write, or Phone, for further information,

JOHN T. G. CARR

HARTLAND

A Good Life Policy

will compel a young man to save money. He will be glad of it when he is older. It trains him also to the habit of saving, and is the only sure way to guarantee adequate estate to his family—when he has one.

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.

Issues None But Good Policies
Communicate with or consult

T. A. Lindsay, Inspector, Woodstock, N. B.

or The E. K. Machum Co., St. John, N. B.

Managers for Maritime Provinces.

DO IT NOW.

It is well known to experienced salesmen that the largest and best business in Fruit trees is done during the summer months. The man first on the ground secures the cream of the trade, therefore

SECURE YOUR AGENCY NOW.

We want a good reliable man for this district, because the demand for fruit trees never was so good. Good Pay, Outfit free. Whole or part time agreement; and you represent a firm of thirty-five years experience with over six hundred acres of land under cultivation. Write, PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Ont.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful **Marvel Douche**



Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. **WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.** General Agents for Canada.

WANTED—Old Coin, old church communion token, old postage stamps used 50 years ago, which are worth most if on original envelopes; also all kinds of old antiques.
W. A. KAIN, 116 Germain St., St. John.

IN ENGLAND'S DEEPEST PIT

VISIT PAID TO INHABITANTS OF THE UNDERWORLD.

Miners Take Annual Holiday at Seaside and Ponies Romp On the Surface.

Quite recently I paid a visit to the pit ponies, says a writer in the London Standard. I visited them in the deepest pit in England, more than a half-mile underground, and found them happy indeed. They belonged to no trade union; they demanded no minimum wage, content with the full measure of oats already given them.

The pit I descended was one of those belonging to the Sneyd Colliery Company, Limited, at Buslem, a magnificently equipped concern, which owes the beginning of its present high efficiency to the late Mr. William Booth, himself once a working miner with a pick. He did not remain a working miner long. He had more than a spark of that industrial genius which another Buslem man, the famous Josiah Wedgwood, applied so open-handedly to pottery, and who transformed a rude industry into a refined art.

There are 1800 miners employed in the Sneyd pits, and as every one of them would admit, they work under as perfect conditions as the collier can hope for. It is a model mine, and these men owe the efficient conditions under which they work to the original enterprise of a man who was once one of themselves. Relations between masters and men could not be more cordial or more free from "tyranny." But, of course, the 1800 went on strike to join the army of a million.

FORTY SECONDS' PLUNGE.

"We go down 880 yards—that is, ten yards over the half-mile," said Mr. John Gregory, the manager. "That is, I believe, the deepest shaft in England." I was divesting myself of all matches and smoking materials as he spoke. He handed over a blue dungaree jacket and a little round cap. "This cap," he said, "was made for the head of a king." I handled the cap most reverently. "It was King Khama of Bechuanaland," he went on, with a smile, "who went down, with two of his dusky princes." But, after all, a king is a king, and the fact that this one was coal-black only helped in the picture.

Lamps were brought, and in a few moments, accompanied by the under-manager, I stood in the iron cage over half a mile of black nothingness. The wheel above turned, and we dropped smoothly into the black pit, the cage plunging down with perfect steadiness between the guides in the shaft. There was a roaring and a drumming in the ears as the speed and the air pressure increased. "Swallow!" said the under-manager. "I swallowed," and the pressure on the ears disappeared.

Some forty seconds of steady plunge, and we pulled up gently at the bottom, with the sunlight half a mile above us. But down there the air was as fresh and cool as on the pitbank. The bottom of the Sneyd pit is as comfortable and as spacious as Regent Street. Two great roads branch away to left and right and arched, smoothly bricked, and with electric lights shining so brightly. We turned down Regent Street, S. W., and swung along for some hundreds of yards by the light of electricity. Then the roof dropped, pit-props took the place of piers, and we had to stoop a little. I lifted the lamp, and the roof shone black and hard under the yellow rays. We were walking through a tunnel of polished ebony: the famous Holly Lane seam of house coal.

COLLIERY STABLES.

A quarter of a mile of walking and we came to the pit ponies, each one stabled in a warm, dry house hewn out of the solid coal. There are only some twenty-four ponies down the Sneyd pits; electric haulage has almost entirely displaced them. But those that are left are a positive delight to the eye of the horse-lover. Dear old ladies still think that pit ponies are poor emaciated beasts, half-blind, decrepit, and ill-used. They ought to see the fat, powerful little animals that live happily half a mile under the smoky potteries. Polo ponies could not have more care lavished upon them.

Their liquid eyes shone under the rays of the lamps as they turned to regard the visitors. We found the stablemen pottering about the coaly stables. He called each one by name—Turpin, Bob, Billy, and Sam—patting them proudly and pointing out their various excellences. Each had won a special point. One had won a first prize at a pit pony show; another was the most gorgeous pony that ever pulled a "fub," and so on. With their close-cropped bristly manes they looked like the horses of the Elgin marbles.

Turpin, an iron-grey veteran, who has been six years down the mine, and Bob, were brought out to show their paces up and down the road. Trotting decorously along, their heads-carrying the leather shield

which takes the shock when they butt open doors in the mine—held well down, not a scratch was on their glossy coats, and they would have done credit to any doctor's gig. Then we left the stableman with his charges, going from stall to stall with his lamp, patting their fat sides and talking to them. And as we walked back to the pit-mouth his voice came startlingly clear along the dark and deserted road: "Come over, Turpin!"

Once a year the ponies come to the surface. At Stokes wakes the miners all go to the seaside, and the ponies have their "wakes" also. That is their week's holiday. They are brought to the surface in boxes, and once they have got over the shock of the sunlight they gambol round the fields like mad things, throwing up their heels in delight.

In a few minutes we arrived at the bottom of the shaft again, where a few men, "by courtesy of the union," were attending to the cages. We stepped in, and the telephone bell rang. The winder who sits up aloft in the engine-house, the guardian angel for 1,800 men, started his engines, and at the end of the half-mile of steel rope which weighs ten tons, we were shot up again to daylight. A rushing tornado of wind best down, presently light appeared on the sides of the shaft, and with a gentle lilt, light as the step of a dancing master, we were at the surface again, level to half an inch.

THIRTY MILES OF ROADS.

We came up at thirty miles an hour. Often the speed is forty-five or fifty. I saw the winder enthroned in a capacious armchair, his hands to his levers in a palatial engine-house, where turbines whirl round with a soothing hum. The reduced speed of ascent, I suggested, was perhaps due to the fact that there was a timid visitor on board. Oh, no, he said; in these slack times there might be a little water in the steam pipes, and he did not want to blow a cylinder cover off! The winder loves his engines just as much as the stableman loves his ponies, and thinks they are just as "human."

There are some thirty miles of roads with rails laid down in the Sneyd pits, not counting the narrower workings of the mines. On a good day no fewer than 2,800 tons of coal are raised, which go to feed the ovens and kilns above that send the pottery to the wide ends of the earth. Every ton of it is got under the best conditions that brains can devise. Everything that man can do is done to make coal-getting as easy and safe as possible. And when one considers the brains that are used and the money that is spent from the gleaming engine-house down to the last yard of the miles of workings, one realizes vividly that there is a master's side to these great industrial disputes, as well as men's. The collier goes down to get the coal, it is true, but he is watched over every minute by all the aids to ease and safety that science and money can bring. And when we talk of the miner, do not let us forget the mining engineer, whose courage in the hour of trial is as high as that of the miner, which is saying a great deal.

DEEP WATERS.

Inhabited by Strange Fishes That Never Come to the Surface.

It is not easy to realize that there are chasms in the sea as deep as the Himalayas are high. In the Caribbean Sea south of Cuba is a depression a hundred and fifty miles in length that has a depth of more than twelve thousand feet. Still farther south is a smaller cleft, more than twenty thousand feet deep. These lower waters are inhabited by strange fishes that never come to the surface. What must be some of the conditions of their life is conjectured by Mr. P. L. Lowe in "A Naturalist on Desert Islands." The creatures of these nethermost depths brood forever in the appalling silence of uttermost night; preying one upon another in constant carnivorous strife; living under a pressure that is almost inconceivable, and in a temperature so low that it actually seems to defy the possibility of organic life.

Every hour of their life, every day, every year, is passed in the same stagnation of hideous changelessness, under circumstances of almost absolute uniformity. For them there is no night; there are no seasons; there is no sun, no moon. There are no changes from warmth to cold, or from cold to warmth. We cannot even conceive that there is anything in the nature of sound. There is absolutely nothing to mark the flight of time.

Perhaps it is not strictly correct to speak of absolute darkness, since many deep-sea fish are phosphorescent, and are provided with most wonderful luminous contrivances by which they are enabled to project rays of a feeble light in front of them, for the purpose of groping their way about or capturing prey. But this light cannot have much carrying power, beyond the immediate vicinity of the fish itself.

The great cold of the bottom waters of the ocean is best brought home to those who have examined the contents of a haul of the trawl. The bottom ooze is intensely cold; and it is a strange sensation, while

BOVRIL

Gives Stamina.

It will benefit your children or your invalid.

E-212

your back is broiling beneath a tropical sun, to have your hand nearly frozen from the stiff cold mud or ooze that you are compelled to handle while assuring the contents of the trawl.

The pressure at a depth of eight thousand six hundred and thirty-four feet amounts to nearly two tons to the square inch. We ourselves, living at ordinary levels, are subjected to a constant pressure of nearly fifteen pounds on every square inch of our bodies. We can calculate, but only feebly conceive, what the pressure must be at the bottom of these Caribbean abysses.

Take again the question of light. Photographic plates, let down beneath the surface of Lake Geneva, showed that at a depth of five hundred and ten feet the effect on the plates was no more than that which would be produced on a dark moonless night. Similar results in the Mediterranean, whose waters are unusually clear, were reached at a depth of twelve hundred feet; so that we may conclude that in general, at any depth below this a profound darkness exists. This complete absence of sunlight at once puts out of account the possibility of plant life. And this all-important factor in the economy of all animal life, human or otherwise, at once raises the question. How do deep-sea animals ultimately live?

WENT DOWN MT. VESUVIUS

REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE CRATER.

Two Italians Make an Extraordinary Trip, Descending One Thousand Feet.

The London Chronicle's Milan correspondent sends the following despatch:

"Prof. Mallada, of the Royal Observatory at Mount Vesuvius, accomplished recently the extraordinary feat of descending the depths of the crater of the volcano. Since the awful eruption of six years ago, numberless attempts have been made in vain, owing partly to the penetration of the funnel of Vesuvius, but in vain, owing partly to the precipitous nature of the slopes of the interior, but principally because of the dense and deadly vapors of sulphur and chloric acid gases.

"The actual diameter of the crater is about 550 yards. Prof. Mallada, accompanied by an able young expert attached to the observatory, started at eight o'clock in the morning toward the Pompeii side, taking a quantity of scientific instruments for observation purposes, photographic cameras, a couple of stout ropes, one 350 feet and the other 500 feet in length.

LOWERED BY ROPES.

"Using the long rope for the first part of the descent, they were lowered inside the volcano to a depth of 380 feet, till they landed upon huge areas of lava overhanging another horrid abyss 150 feet lower down. After exploring this perilous slope of 90 degrees, amid gigantic masses of petrified lava, they found the means to fix the second rope, whereby they were able to reach an enormous fissure created some years ago, when the volcano was suddenly torn asunder. The explorers discovered that this huge fissure extends to the very bottom of the crater, which was finally reached at a depth of 1,000 feet. There they remained a couple of hours.

"PHOTOS AND OBSERVATIONS. "Prof. Mallada was able to take a number of instantaneous pictures of avalanches and showers of red-hot ashes, which were taking place at the time in contiguous parts of the crater.

"Despite the precautions taken, the explorers were at times almost overcome by the suffocating gases. They found the temperature varying from 80 to 98 degrees Fahrenheit. Levelings were taken with a barometer on the floor of the crater. A valuable collection of minerals was also made, consisting of volcanic matter falling off from the side walls of the funnel, which, on striking the bottom, raised clouds of fine, choking cinder dust.

TOOK NINE HOURS.

"The explorers planted a red flag on the crater floor, as a memorial of

their trip, and then began the fatiguing upward journey. Finally, they reached the surface, nearly worn out, after two and a half hours of continuous effort. The whole expedition lasted nine hours."

J. R. BOOTH'S WORK.

John R. Booth, the lumber and paper king of Canada, recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday in Ottawa. All his life he has been a hard worker and was never much given to dress, style or titles. When the editors of "Who's Who in Canada" asked him to state what his favorite recreation was, Mr. Booth replied, "work," and so it appears in that publication. Notwithstanding that he is a millionaire many times over, Mr. Booth never stood on dignity or ceremony. In this respect he differs from a certain glib ex-alderman of the Capital City who once managed to squeeze into the Council, and although he was never successful in being re-elected, he was particularly fond of referring to himself as Ex-Alderman D—.

Now "Ex-Alderman" is a peculiar designation in that you can hang on to it until the day you die if you feel disposed to make use of the prefix. The proud retainer of the title, going to the telephone one day, rang up Mr. Booth, who had



Mr. J. R. Booth.

some cattle to sell, for the former civic functionary was a drover by trade. In answer to the ring of the instrument, he inquired, "Is that you, Booth?"

Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he proclaimed, "This is Ex-Alderman D— speaking. I understand, Booth, you have some fat cattle to sell. What is your price for them?"

Mr. Booth told the inquirer, but evidently the figure did not meet his fancy.

"Too dear, Booth, we cannot deal at the quotation you name," and the speaker rang off.

A bystander remarked, "Don't you think that Ottawa's leading captain of industry might have been styled Mr. Booth?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," observed the ex-alderman. "He is entitled to no special distinction. You see, he never occupied a seat in the Council."

SPAIN'S PREMIER TOREADOR.

How Madrid Welcomed Return of Bombita to the Ring.

Bombita, the darling of Spain, has recovered from the dangerous wound he had received in a bull fight, and last Sunday all Madrid went to the Plaza de Toros to welcome the greatest of all toreadors to the scene of former triumphs, writes a correspondent of the London Standard.

The sun was beating down on the tiers of seats opposite me, where a thousand fluttering fans looked like brilliant butterflies. King Alfonso and the Queen were in the royal box surrounded by the flower of the Spanish aristocracy. All the women wore the graceful mantilla and the Queen had red roses in her hair.

Charmed as the people were to see the youthful King and Queen, their chief thoughts were for Bombita, the dashing Bombita, whose photograph appears in dozens of newspapers every week. He is as daring and as expert a toreador as the men of the old school, but he is not in ordinary life, the toreador with a little pigtail, happier in the cafe than in the drawing-room.

The fabulous fees he receives for his dangerous work permit of his keeping a motor car and enables him to dine in the most fashionable restaurants. He is faultlessly dressed by a London tailor, and when I met him the other night at an evening party I took him to be a diplomatist or a Spanish grandee.

In the arena Bombita was radiant in rose color silk and gold lace, and he wore white silk stockings and dainty shoes—a charming costume for a masquerade, but inappropriate for the work of slaying ferocious bulls. But Bombita was superb. He played with death like a child with a toy.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

QUARTERLY BOND LIST

A booklet giving complete particulars of our current offerings:

GOVERNMENT BONDS

To yield 3.90%

MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES

To yield 4% to 5 1/4%

RAILROAD BONDS

To yield 4 3/4% to 5%

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS

To yield 4 3/4% to 5 1/4%

PROVEN INDUSTRIAL BONDS

To yield 5 1/4% to 6%

A copy sent on request.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901
HEAD OFFICE, 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.
MONTREAL LONDON, E. C. ENG.

He knelt for a moment in the sand as his second bull, snorting with fury, rushed upon him. The creature's horns seemed within an inch of his body when he rose, stepped aside with the grace of Nijinsky, and plunged his short sword into the animal's neck.

The dexterity, the amazing daring of the man, filled the critical audience with new wonder at the prowess of their favorite. A great shout went up. "The ear! The ear!" The toreador who has pleased the public by his skill is accorded the right to keep the ear of the bull he has killed as a trophy. It is for the spectators to judge whether he deserves the supreme reward.

On Sunday some were opposed to the award and for at least two minutes it hung in the balance whether Bombita would take home the trophy and, as I suppose he does, nail it to the wall of his dining-room. King Alfonso decided the matter by joining in the popular cry, and Bombita received his reward.

NEW FRENCH BATTLESHIPS.

British Models Followed—England to Store Oil Fuel.

French battleship designers appear to be following the general lines of British constructors in their 1912 building programme for capital ships of the first class, except that the tonnage of the French ships will considerably exceed that of the British ships of the Orion class, the displacement of which is

22,080 tons. The French are placing ten 13.4 inch guns on the new ships as a primary armament, mounted on five twin gun turrets; all placed on the centre line after the Orion model. These guns are of slightly less calibre than the British 13.5 inchers, though the French ships will be larger by over 1,000 tons.

The new French ships will be 541 feet long and 88 feet 6 inches broad. Their speed will be 20 knots. The time for building and completing is to be three years, compared with the two years of the British builders.

The secondary armament will remain of the same calibre as in previous ships, that is, 5.5 inches, while in future ships the British will carry six inch guns. The armor will not be quite so extensive in area, but will be thicker in parts than in previous types. Turbine engines will be used.

The British Admiralty is making a considerable increase in oil fuel storage. This was determined upon when the coal strike was by no means regarded as a certainty. Still further extension has since been decided upon.

At Portsmouth the amount of expenditure in providing storage has been raised from \$65,000 to \$250,000; on the Humber from \$210,000 to \$600,000; at the Invergordon from \$40,000 to \$230,000; on the Medway from \$210,000 to \$650,000. A sum of \$35,500 is to be spent to provide new accommodation for oil fuel at Hambroviene Dockyard; \$125,000 for new works at Hong-kong and \$68,500 at Pembroke.



THE newest thing in sugar—and the best—is this 5-Pound Sealed Package of **Redpath Extra Granulated**. In this carton 5 pounds full weight of Canada's finest sugar comes to you fresh from the Refinery, and absolutely free from any taint or impurity. Ask your Grocer for the **Redpath 5-Pound Package**.

CANADA SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING GOSPEL FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

Good Story From Ottawa-Princess Patricia's Royal Family's Visit-Monroe by Sir William Mackenzie.

(We have arranged for a regular Weekly Letter about Ottawa and Ontario affairs. These letters have proved of the utmost interest to our readers. They are from the pen of one of Canada's foremost journalists, a man who has reported some of the world's greatest happenings, and whose complete knowledge of Ottawa and Ontario affairs is beyond question on one of the Ontario dailies.)

Toronto is disposed to smile at the pretensions of Ottawa society. Consequently it has enjoyed the story, which has been circulating for some months, to the effect that the Duke of Cornwall was obliged to desert from his visit to the Ottawa Golf Club because the citizens of Ottawa were so anxious to do the right thing that they always rose to their feet every time the Duke of Cornwall entered a room. Sir Royal Highness, who is visiting the club had been merely to enjoy himself and mix on terms of equality with the other members. But when he found this was impossible he had to abandon this particular form of recreation.

But, perhaps, some Toronto people have been putting their foot in it, too, during the two weeks' visit of the Royal Highness, though not always through an error of formalities. It is related that at one of the balls one of the guests was hurrying to get into the ballroom and was finding a broad back blocking the doorway. He tapped the owner of the said broad back on the shoulder and asked him to kindly stand aside. The funny guest was horrified to find that the man was the Duke of Cornwall. He had then, of course, to make a dash for it. The Duke, however, was not so easily deterred. He turned and said, "Don't be afraid, I am not the Duke of Cornwall. I am only a commoner."

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

This question of the Princess's beauty since her coronation has had an opportunity of looking at her face to face. On the whole it may be said she has come up to the advance notices. If one may speak of a Princess, though most observers, however, have said that she has the mental reservation that one or more of her acquaintances styled in most looks and manner, she is a sweet, gentle, and charming girl.

THE PRINCESS'S BEAUTY.

HIS FAVORITE NAME

Of women's names, that of Margaret occurs most often in the works of J. M. Barrie. There was a Margaret in "The Little Minister," in "Quality Street," in "The Admirable Crichton," and Margaret, called "Maggie" Wylie, was the heroine of "What Every Woman Knows." The name to Mr. Barrie sums up everything that is tender, simple, noble, and true in fine womanhood. And why not? Margaret Ogilvy was the maiden name of James Matthew Barrie's mother. And surely it was of his mother, Margaret Barrie, that the playwright was thinking when he wrote these lines descriptive of Margaret Darling, mother of Wendy, in "Peter Pan":

"She was a lovely lady, with a

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

J. M. Barrie.

romantic mind and such a sweet,

mocking mood. Her romantic mind

was like the little boxes one within

the other that come from the puzzling

Rast; however many you discover

there is always one more."

