

THE OBSERVER

No. 22.

HARTLAND, N. B., Nov. 16, 1911.

Vol. 3.

The DAYLIGHT

HARTLAND, N. B., NOV. 9TH 1911.

DEAR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS:-

I want to thank you for your increased patronage since we have moved into the Hagerman Block. It has enabled us to add to our stock a larger variety which has been an advantage to both of us.

New customers are being added to our list every week. If our goods suit you and the prices are right tell your neighbors; if not tell us. Our desire is to please EVERYBODY. If there is anything we are out of we will be only too pleased to get it for you.

Our stock of Dress Goods is not large but well selected. We have almost anything you want in Flannelette, Kimona, Cloth and Waistings, also Print, Duck and White Vesting. We have a good assortment of Towels from 25c to 75c per pair; guest toweling at 35c per yd and roller toweling. Our prices are right on Tubular Pillow Cotton, Bleached and Unbleached Sheeting, White and Grey Cotton.

Our fall stock has arrived of Children's Gloves in all colors, Ladies' Kid and Cashmere Gloves, Ladies' Black and Tan kid gloves at \$1.00 and heavy tan kid winter gloves at \$1.25. We cannot give you a worthy description of our Ladies' Neckwear, Belts, Jabots and Mufflers but they are strictly up-to-date as we buy our neckwear and belts from one of the largest houses in Canada who make a specialty of these lines. We have Ladies' Vests and Drawers at 25c 35c 55c and 75c and Combination Suits in all wool at \$2.25 and we expect some more in to sell at \$4.50 which are not all wool. We can give you Children's and Misses' fleeced lined underwear in all sizes. Our stock of Mens' and Boys' Underwear is complete. We have the fleeced lined in two qualities, light wool pants 75c to \$1.00 per garment and the Blue and Black Label Stanfield's Shirts and Drawers. We have a job lot of Ladies' and Children's hose in black wool all sizes for 25c pair. Children's Cashmere hose in black and tan at 25c and 30c per pair, Ladies' Cashmere and Lama hose in black at 25c 35c and 50c per pair.

We can beat the mail order houses for price and quality on Cotton Blankets in 3 sizes, 10/4, 11/4 and 12/4.

Our Flannelette Ladies' Shirt Waists are in good demand, also the better qualities in dark stripes in prices ranging from 50c to \$1.75 each.

We have a Cream Lustré waist at 85c and a Striped Lustré at \$1.40, both good values. About December 1st we have some ecru net waists coming to sell at \$2.98. They are beauties. We will have some better qualities also.

Aviation caps are in great demand. We have some in stock and a new supply to arrive in a few days. Our Ladies' Long Coats will be sold less than cost to clear. For Children's coats in Navy and Red Blanket Cloth will be just the thing—it is 34 in. wide and \$1.10 yard. We have Dresses for Children from 6 to 14 years of age for \$1.00 and \$1.50 each.

In Mens' wear we have Fine Shirts, all wool Flannelette and Knit Shirts, Sweater Coats, Linen Collars and the famous Kant-Krack Collar and an up-to-date stock of Ties.

Shoes, Rubbers and Overshoes for Men, Women and Children. Everybody can afford Overshoes this winter, as the prices are very low.

We are just opening up some Crockeryware and we have most every thing you want. There are special bargains in Dinner Sets and Tea Sets.

Our supply of Fall Groceries is coming in now. You can depend on the quality of our Spices as we buy only the best that can be procured. Dried Fruits will be a little higher this fall but we bought ours early when the prices were lower than they are now. Buy your winter supply of molasses NOW as the price is advancing. We are selling lard in 20 lb. pails at a low price. If you don't use Ascepto Soap, try it. The quality is good and it weighs more than most soaps. We have just received a barrel each of Sweet Potatoes and Bog Cranberries.

Thanking you for giving us so much of your time, I remain,
Yours truly,

A. L. BAIRD - - Hartland, N. B.

HORSE BLANKETS

A wide range in qualities at prices that you can afford. Keep your horses warm and they will take on flesh. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

STANFIELD'S UNDERWAER

in three qualities. These goods are the long-wearing, unshrinkable kind; the best.

JUMBO LANTERNS Excel all Others.

We keep them, as we do all useful goods. Our expenses being considerably less than our competitors, we can sell lower than others.

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS
ROCKLAND.

GREAT BARGAINS IN Horse Blankets

Woolen-Lined and others.

20 Dozen that must be sold. CALL AND SEE US.
LETSON BROS. MAIN STREET

Team Harness, and Straps of all kinds.
Also Horse Collars.

Centreville News Notes.

Oddfellows Entertain—Roads Bad—Vehicles Collide.

Everything quiet here as the roads are bad, extremely rough after the rain. A small quantity of hay is being handled, price from \$7. to \$10., according to quality. Oats are not moving at present, price 84 cents. A few potatoes are being handled at \$1.50 but the majority are holding for higher prices.

Rev. C. W. Walden preached a strong temperance sermon in the Baptist church on Sunday morning. Rev. Thos. Pierce also preached on temperance in the afternoon, in the Methodist church.

The Oddfellows had an oyster supper on Monday night, the first we hope of a series of similar entertainments to take place the coming winter.

Burt Cliff expects soon to return to Fredericton to complete his business education.

Mrs. F. D. Tweedie is slowly recovering from her severe illness.

Samuel Cormier and Dr. Field had a collision Thursday evening before the moon rose. The doctor broke a shaft and some straps of his harness but no bones were broken.

Fred Williams and party expect to leave soon for New Westminster, B. C.

Office-holders here are shivering in their boots. The time will soon arrive for some of them at least, to walk the plank. We hope our Customs Collector will hold his job as he is a very satisfactory officer.

Jesse Dougherty brought home a bride last week who was a Miss Foster of Forest City, and is living in his home. Fred Stewart also brought home a bride last week. The happy lady was Miss Smith of Williamstown.

We will soon have snow and good driving on the pond. The merits of the different horses are already being discussed and we expect some hot racing this winter.

To Encourage S.S. Attendance

Novel Plan of the United Baptists

H. R. Nixon, teacher of the young ladies' class in the United Baptist Sunday School, and Mrs. S. S. Miller who similarly instructs a class of young men, have hypothetically started, each with their class, on a cruise to the Holy Land. Mrs. Miller and her boys have chartered the Lusitania and Mr. Nixon commands the chartered Mauretania. The OBSERVER does not know how many miles the vessels will have to travel to reach the coast of Palestine, but every new scholar that attends either class advances the ship of that class ahead 25 miles. Every scholar that attends advances the ship of his or her class five miles. So until the end of the race, each class will strive to induce new scholars to come, and each present member will certainly endeavor not to miss a Sunday as for every scholar attending, as explained, the vessels' speed five miles.

Last Sunday Mr. Nixon's class was leading by 100 miles. The total attendance at the session was 123. (There are three other Sunday schools in Hartland, too.)

This plan is a novel one and one that other schools might work successfully, the prime object in view being to increase the attendance.

"It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I ever used," writes Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Lavonia, Ga. "I have used it with all my children and the results have been highly satisfactory." For sale by all dealers.

Another Shooting Accident.

Girl of Seven Shoots A Lad of Fourteen—He May Recover.

Another sad shooting case took place last Saturday afternoon. The scene of what may yet prove a tragedy took place at Wilmot, six miles from here, and as a result a boy of fourteen years lies in a critical condition.

The story as it reaches this office is to the effect that the boy, Chester Stackhouse, whose home is near Boundary Line, but who at the present time is stopping with John Frosser, had been out shooting with a .22 calibre rifle. Returning, he set the gun, loaded, down, and Mr. Frosser's seven-year-old girl, Faye, who "didn't know it was loaded," picked it up and aiming at the boy pulled the trigger. The bullet entered his right side, passed through a portion of the lungs, beneath the heart, and lodged against a rib on the left side.

Dr. Macintosh was summoned and extracted the bullet from the left side. That the lad survived is remarkable, and there is still danger of internal hemorrhage or of infection.

While there is no doubt that on the child's part the shooting was accidental, the careless handling of fire-arms is unpardonable. There should be a stringent law governing the use of fire-arms and the law should be enforced. Each year in New Brunswick more lives are lost through the careless handling of guns and revolvers than can be directly attributed to alcohol, yet no one is engaged in attempting to prevent the evil.

It is lamentable that the blood of this generation is so strongly tinged with that of the "bow and arrow breed." It is amazing to know that there are in Carleton county communities where a man considers himself equipped for his life's work if he becomes the possessor of a rifle and a bull-dog. These people comprise a class that is of little use, and while they may be among the most contented people in the world, they do little toward the betterment of mankind.

Within a month a lad was killed at Penniac by the careless handling of a gun. A similar occurrence took place at Moncton last week. A boy at Somerville was painfully shot a few days ago; we have just recorded the sad occurrence of Saturday. What next?

Is your husband cross? An irritable fault finding disposition is often due to a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion is nearly always good natured. A great many have been permanently cured of stomach trouble by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. For sale by all dealers.

The Maine Law's Fight for Life

Final returns in the Maine election give a majority for constitutional prohibition of 768 thus disappointing the liquor advocates who were loud in their rejoicings when the first returns seemed to indicate that prohibition had been defeated. It must be confessed, however, that the majority for the law looks woefully small beside the remarkable majority of 47,000 and more which put prohibition into the state constitution in 1884.

Roads are Bad

Residents of the country districts are complaining of the condition of the roads in many sections. There has been little wet weather this fall but notwithstanding the fact the roads are even worse than they were last year. Many bridges and culverts are also in a dangerous condition as the result of neglect.

You are Interested

in getting the best value for your money. We are interested in selling our large and varied stock of

General Merchandise

and we want to sell some of the stock to you. We can certainly make it to your advantage to buy from us. Let us show you and quote prices.

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS BRISTOL

In addition to general goods we also have a stock of Cheap and Medium Priced

FURNITURE.

Chairs, Tables, Stands, Dressers, Sideboards
Iron Beds, Springs, Mattresses, etc.

Millinery

Largest assortment ever seen in this town. More than FIFTY Trimmed and Made HATS, of the most up-to-date Style to select from. HATS MADE TO ORDER WHILE YOU WAIT.

Have now a full stock of

Fresh Groceries

An unusually large stock of

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,

Shoe Packs, Gum Rubbers, Shoe Rubbers, Overshoes for Men, Women and Children.

Ready-to-Wear Clothing of all Kinds

Men's, Women's and Misses'

Underclothing in all sizes.

We wish to buy your Poultry, Butter in prints, Eggs, Oats and Hay.

Hartland Farmers' Exchange

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR

POOR COPY

THE OBSERVER

Fred. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

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

Exit Party Lines.

Premier Flemming would, no doubt, have felt more at home at the recent banquet at Woodstock at which he was the guest of honor, had he been the people's choice instead of one man's selection. The Conservatives fired mighty guns on this occasion. What will be a fitting celebration when the People elect Mr. Flemming as premier? It must be kept in mind that this leader is in office by choice, not by election. But of course the idea of the banquet was to confirm Mr. Hazen's choice.

The Premier has said he will run his government independent of Federal party lines. His predecessor said the same—but he failed to do it. It is up to Mr. Flemming to carry out his promise. It is much to expect from him, however, for as Provincial Secretary, he put forth the supreme effort of his life to defeat the member for Carleton—and that only a few weeks before the heroic utterance at Woodstock.

People throughout the province will watch Mr. Flemming when there is another Dominion election. They will also scan—and not in vain, let us hope—the pages of the Royal Gazette for the name of a Liberal appointed to office. Perhaps some of those who endured the official guillotine will be restored.

Convolution.

The editor of a country newspaper is innured to trouble and vex by reason of the multiplicity of things he must know how to do to keep the machinery of his own business moving, besides trying to live up to the standard of an encyclopedia for the benefit of the public. We congratulate Editor Harvey of the Fort Fairfield Review—the newest weekly that reaches this office—upon the installing of a linotype machine to do away with hand composition. Like the OBSERVER the Review is frequently a tri-weekly—trying to get out one week and coming out the next. But Bro. Harvey's composition troubles will be at an end when his 2,250 dollar linotype gets busy—at least we hope so. But it is said that once an editor, a man not only never recovers, but his troubles follow him to the grave. Mr. Harvey, besides installing what is well known to be the most complicated machine in the world, is having a new floor laid in his office, is short of help in the composing room, has the fall rush of work on, and is laid up with rheumatism. But he should cheer up. Think of the sweet by-and-by—which will not be sweet at all if there is no old print-shop round the corner where one can get a whiff of fresh ink—sweeter than all the balsams of Peru.

G. T. P. Practically Completed in New Brunswick

The railway line of the National Transcontinental in this province was completed during the last summer, with the exception of some work in the yards at Edmunston, Napadogan, and Moncton. A little work will be done during the winter and the last touches which will be needed to make the line complete will be

given to the work next summer. C. O. Foss, resident engineer, has returned after a trip over the line between Edmunston and McGivney's Junction, which covers the sections on which work is being done, except that at Moncton. He reports that everything is progressing satisfactorily, and that the line is practically complete.

At Edmunston the yard is all graded but the tracks and the buildings are still to be completed. All the work at Napadogan has been completed except the buildings, which are still to be finished. It is probable that work on them will be continued during the winter, and that this will be about the only work that will be in progress after Christmas.

There is still some grading to be done in the yards at Moncton and this is the only work on the extreme eastern section which remains uncompleted.

The main line of the Transcontinental and all the bridges along the line are now ready for use, and trains could be run over the line from one end to the other.

Mr. Foss said that the New Brunswick line would be entirely ready for operation by next summer, but he has no information as to when it will be operated.

The chief difficulty in the way is the missing link at Quebec, where the bridge across the St. Lawrence has yet to be built, and in the meantime the operation of the Eastern section will depend on the policy adopted by the government and the G.T.P. with regard to a car ferry between Quebec and Levis.—Ex.

Mrs. Albert Orser, sr.

Mrs. Albert Orser, senior, died at the residence of her son, Moses, at Highgate on Tuesday morning. Last December she was stricken with paralysis and while she recovered from the first effect she was never well again. Eight days before her death she had a second shock and never fully rallied. She was formerly Rosa Gillin, and she leaves her aged husband, "Squire" Orser, four daughters, Mrs. Chester Browne of Boston, Mrs. Clifford Mason, New York, Mrs. M. E. Thornton, Calgary, Mrs. C. H. Clapp of Lowell, and two sons, Moses of Highgate, and Albert, who lives with his family on the homestead. Miss Gillin is a brother and Mrs. Hugh Riley of Bangor, a sister. The remains were brought to the home on Tuesday and the funeral takes place this morning, Rev. O. H. Orser conducting the service.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Clapp arrived on Friday, and Mrs. Mason came last night to be present at the funeral. Burial took place in the upper burial ground.

RIVER BANK

Harry Smith of Hazelton, B. C. formerly of Madgeville, spent the week and with Rupert Long and Mrs. J. Long.

Mrs. T. S. VanWart of Houlton is visiting at Mrs. H. C. Hunter and Mrs. G. F. Jones.

A part of the Hartland praying band spent Nov. 5 at Riverbank, where they were much appreciated especially the singing. Many would like to see them again.

Rev. G. W. Tompkins preached in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollie Chase were present at the meetings. We all wish them much joy. Everybody keep their eyes on River Bank for there will be lots news before spring.

Mrs. J. N. and Henry Bell and Miss Minnie Bell were calling at the "hub" a few days ago.

Mrs. Ed. Waugh is home for a few days.

Arthur and Bertha Brooks are visiting friends in Sunbury Co.

Mrs. Alfred Ebbott is home again after her trip.

Mrs. B. E. Tompkins took tea with Mrs. G. F. Jones Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. George McGoldrick spent last evening in Woodstock.

Maplewood Rhode Island Reds!

Get into the 200 class by doing business where the goods are produced. A few Cockerels and Pullets to go. It's up to you. CHAS. M. SHAW, Victoria, N. B.

West Side Notes.

By NICODEMUS.

Several West Siders went to Simonds one night last week to the missionary sociable held at the home of Aaron Shaw. The trip proved extremely enjoyable.

One day last week while Mrs. Abner Sippell was walking down the Parker Street side walk, she met with an accident that might have resulted in injuries of a severe nature. As it happened she was only badly shaken up and bruised considerably. A little girl who was walking with her had just spoken of the danger of tripping when she placed her foot on the end of a loose plank. The other end naturally flew up and the elderly lady caught her toe under it and having less spring than a young person, got the full benefit of a full length collision with the walk. The plank walk is being eliminated in this town by degrees and a safe, durable and entirely adequate walk of gravel is replacing it. What remains of the old wooden affair, however, should be thoroughly gone over twice or three times each season and all loose planks and holes securely fixed. Those in authority accountable for this work, should have their attention drawn to this and have the work done, for these tumbling accidents are very unpleasant and fraught with considerable danger from broken limbs or worse. It is all very well for a kid to take a header, he skins his shins and likewise his nose, and goes on looking for more trouble; but to older people such an experience is extremely unpleasant. Several ladies have fallen on these walks during this last summer and in a town like this such conditions are unnecessary and uncalled for and should be remedied forthwith and immediately, without fear or favor.

T. C. Baker went down one day last week to the hunting grounds at Shevan, under guidance of Hayden Hamm. I have been unable to learn particulars as to the result of the trip.

Russel N. Boyer is away up country somewhere, guiding a party, out after big game. The game is there all right, for on Boyer's last trip down he remembered Nic with a hunk of the nicest moose venison any one ever laid their sides to. Here's hoping that he lives to return again!

Fred Seely is looking after the McCain produce business in Hartland. He expects to run his hay press for McCain's during the coming season.

There appears to be no change up to the middle of the week in the condition of Chas. A. McCormick's hand. He has been suffering for some six weeks with an obstinate case of blood poisoning in the hand, and up to this writing medical skill seems to accomplish little in the way of a cure. Dr. Curtis has the case in charge and had Dr. Tracy over in consultation, but it seems that the local practitioner was following the only advisable course of treatment.

A Nursery Proposal Company

Farmer's Magazine is urging on to the Agricultural Department at Ottawa the necessity of stricter legislation in order to prevent nursery frauds. Too many wrongly named trees are being sent out. In this regard, it suggests the registration of every nursery with the department along with a censorship of the agents literature. Send for a copy to the MacLean Publishing Co., 143-149 University Ave., Toronto.

Hartland's New Pumping Station.

Perpetual Supply of Spring Water is now Assured

Hartland's new pumping station is now in working order, and there is no apparent reason why henceforth the town may not have all the water it can drink, lave in or put out a fire with supposing the fire rages for 40 days.

The water, as has already been stated, is taken from the never failing springs at the foot of Maple street, a neat brick building located on contiguous ground houses the "plant" that consists of a Gould Triple Plunger Pump, made at Seneca Falls, N. Y., and a Fairbanks—Morse gasoline engine of 15 horse-power. Water is pumped into the main and thence to the reservoir, which the pump is capable of filling in a few hours and keep full at trifling cost. The entire cost of the outfit is not yet computed, but it is thought to be in the vicinity of \$3,000—perhaps not so much.

The Youth's Companion in 1912

No other paper is quite like The Youth's Companion. It is taken in half a million homes, where the choice of reading is made with as much care as the choice of friends.

For years The Companion has enjoyed contributions by distinguished men and women of Great Britain and Canada. Among those already engaged to write for the 1912 volume are General Baden-Powell, who has something of interest to say about the Boy Scout movement, Sir Harry Johnson, who recalls the last of the Great South African hunters, William T. Stead, Jerome K. Jerome, Jane Barlow, Frank T. Bullen, Rev. W. J. Dawson, Richard Whiteing, Sir James Crichton-Browne, and the Duke of Argyll, former Governor-General of Canada.

The serial stories alone, which will follow one another the year through, will be worth \$1.50 each when published in book form. By taking the Companion the Canadian Subscriber gets them all and 250 other complete stories for \$2.00, and the Articles, Miscellany, Boys' Page, Girls' Page, Household Page, etc. put in for good measure. Now is the time to subscribe, for on January 1, 1912, the subscription price will be advanced to \$2.25.

Do not forget that the new subscriber for 1912 receives free The Companion's Calendar for 1912, lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1911 from the time the subscription is received.

The Youth's Companion, 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

Card of Thanks

We wish to convey our heartfelt thanks to the many friends who showed so much sympathy to us in the death of our dear son and brother, Addington.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES PEARSON and Family.

FOR SALE.

Yukon Heater, in good condition, at a bargain. A good Work Horse, on easy terms or to exchange for a colt or cattle.

L. DEC. MACINTOSH.

Christmas Comes Again

Once again the good old Earth Anticipates the Christmas mirth.

In years gone by the Magi old Brought precious gifts of gems and gold.

The Greatest Gift God gave that day—His Son—whose Love endures alway.

In memory of God's Gift, the men Of earth make glad at Christmas when Friend to friend some gift presents

And men forget the difference 'T'wixt each. And all forgive And strive in Peace and Love to live.

More than ever before we have strived to secure the right goods for Christmas. Our great expanse of show-rooms will enable us to make a wonderful showing. While our goods are not on display yet, we shall be glad to show you what you want and put it away for you. "Shop Early" is the slogan this year.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., Ltd.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Men's & Boys' Sweater Coats!



A good Sweater Coat is almost an indispensable garment to the Man or Boy who is out of doors these chilly days. We are showing a fine assortment of Sweater Coats at prices from 75c. to \$5. in Men's sizes and from 50c. to \$3. in Boys' sizes with Low Collars or High Button-up-close Collars. In all the popular colors. Buy yourself or your boy a sweater coat and get the protection you or he should have.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

Hartland Department Store!

John T. G. Carr, Proprietor

It is our desire to close our business here THIS MONTH. In order to do this we know we shall have to make

Sweeping Reductions

We can save you money if we never did before. Bring along your EATON'S Catalogues (or any others) and compare prices. Buying from us you see what you are getting; buying from them you don't.

Special values in Ladies' Cloth Coats, Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

FUR GOODS

including

Mens' Coon, Wombat, Dog, Saskatchewan and other Coats.

LADIES' Fur and Fur-lined COATS, Astrachan Jackets, Boas, Stoles, Throwovers, Muffs &c.

Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Mocassins, Shoe-packs, Larrigans, etc.

In JEWELRY we have Watches, Clocks, Necklets, Breast Pins, Cuff Studs, Watch Fobs, Charms, Rings, (including solid gold Wedding Rings) Brooches, Badges for Masons, Oddfellows and other orders.

Remember UP STAIRS in the same building as formerly.

John T. G. Carr.

Hartland Woodworking Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND, N. B.

Manufacturers of Doors, Shades, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Rails, Newells, Ballusters, Brackets.

Doors and Window Frames,

Dressed or Tongued and Grooved

Birch, Ash, Pine, Butternut, Spruce, Basswood, &c., for Flooring, Sheathing, Wainscoting, &c., Verandah Posts, Mantles, Dadoes and all kinds of interior and exterior house finish.

Let us quote you prices on large or small orders.

We can also furnish sketches and floor plans for any buildings.

THE OBSERVER

Frederic H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

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TUBERCULOSIS:

The Golden Touch of Sunshine Its Greatest Foe.

(Written for THE OBSERVER.)

Note of us need be told to love the sunshine. The love of it is born in us. But do we really appreciate its full value? As I roam through the fields of this most beautiful country of yours I wonder if you people realize the treasures you have and which are denied those who live in the cities. Do you ever stop to think of the countless hordes of people in the large cities of this as well as in the old world, who might count in minutes the amount of time they see the sunshine each day? Oh! what would these give for one day in the country? We need the sunshine as much as the plants do, and we know what happens to them if they are left in our living rooms. One reason for our extraordinary neglect in failing to have a proper appreciation of sunshine is the fact that it costs nothing. As Josh Billings once remarked: "What people gets for nothing they generally value at about what it costs 'em." We say, "Oh, yes, sunlight is a delightful thing, a most necessary thing—but it is always there. We can get it whenever we want it, there for we won't bother with it now." But let me say that by the street of By-nd-by we reach the house of Never.

The ideal day for health ought to be spent two thirds outdoors and one third indoors, but we have absolutely reversed this ratio. Then we sigh and wonder why we are pale and flabby and neurasthenic, and always ready to fall a victim to any vagabond infection that comes straggling along. We are nothing but embodied sunshine ourselves, and what we term eating is simply shovelling fresh supplies of it into our system. But we can't take it all second hand, bottled up in the seeds of plants and the flesh of animals. We have to take a little of it direct.

There are three great tonics known to the medical world, and only three—food, air and sunshine. All others are frauds or mere temporary substitutes. Let the sunshine pour into your rooms every day that it shines, and all of the hours that it will. Blind and curtains are an invention of the Evil One. Never mind your carpets or furniture, sunshine will put more color into you than it will take out of them. Do as much of your work as you possibly can out of doors, and in the sun, so far as its heat will reasonably permit. There are no advantages, of course, in blistering or cooking yourself, and the perpetual glare of hot sunlight in our midsummer months is very trying to our nerves. But where one person dies of sunstroke, a thousand die from shutting themselves up indoors. The chief risk of exposure to sunshine is its effect upon the eyes; and if these are protected by properly fitted glasses, or a broadrimmed hat well pulled down, or, for long exposure, an umbrella or awning—two thirds of the possibilities of getting too much exposure to sunshine will disappear.

Don't, on any account, attempt to read, or do fancy work, or anything that puts a strain on the eyes, in open sunshine. You will tire your eyes out, and make your head ache, and produce three times as much discomfort or damage as any amusement or enjoyment it can give you. Never, if you can avoid it, sleep or work all day in a room into which the sun never shines. Incidentally, of course, if you plan or select your room so as to get plenty of sunshine into it, you at the same time can get good ventilation by opening the windows.

But the value of sunshine in tuberculosis goes much further than this. Not only is it a most valuable tonic to the patient—building him up, improving his time and his appetite, and enabling him to digest the bacillus or throw off an infection, if it has once become lodged—but it also has a powerful effect upon the bacillus, and by a most fortunate coincidence this effect is in exactly the opposite direction. Sunlight is just as harmful to germs of all sorts as it is helpful to us. In fact, it is one of the best germicides known. While the bacilli are plants, these are divided into two

great classes, green and colorless—and germs of all sorts belong to the latter. Now, while the well-known property of green plants is that they flourish in the sunlight and perish without it, the peculiarity of the colorless plants, like the bacteria and fungi, is that they flourish best in the dark, and are stunted or even actually killed by direct sunlight. What wonder that we depend so much upon sunlight as a weapon against tuberculosis, since it is as deadly an enemy of the bacillus as it is a fast friend of our own!

This is one, indeed the main reason why unsullied rooms have the well deserved reputation of being the most unhealthy to live in.

Darkness and damp furnish a literal hot-bed for the breeding of all kinds of germs, moulds and slimes. As the original old Italian proverb has it: "Where the sunlight never comes the doctor often does." This is peculiarly true of tuberculosis, for there are few germs to which direct sunlight is so deadly as to the tubercle-bacillus. In cultures through which the sun can readily stream, or in the fine spray in which they are deposited upon walls or floors from a cough, exposure to direct sunlight for an hour or an hour and a half will prove fatal, and under certain conditions the germs have been killed in half an hour's time. In masses of sputum sunlight would probably take from two to three times this length of time to reach the germs imbedded in the centre, but even these will usually be killed, or so weakened that they will be easily digested, in from six to eight hours of bright daylight without any sun, especially if they are dried at the same time, as by the action of wind or warmth. Each little journey to the home of the tubercle-bacillus brings as the consoling knowledge that it is practically dangerous only when housed, either in our own bodies or in our habitations.

Moral: Don't give him either food or shelter! Quit feeding this tramp and vagabond, and he will starve or freeze to death. The millions upon millions of tubercle-bacilli expectorated into our streets and highways are fortunately a comparatively trifling source of danger unless they are carried indoors upon shoes or street-sweepers, for, except in rainy, foggy, or muggy weather, they generally die of sunstroke, light stroke or cold. The tubercle bacillus has been a parasite for so long that he has become a positive hot house plant, sensitive to the slightest change of temperature, and unable to breed or live for more than brief periods of time at a temperature more than ten degrees below or five above that of the human body. If dried, and the weather be not too hot or too cold, he can linger along in a dormant state for a short period out of doors. But this would probably seldom exceed a week or so, and generally not more than a fraction of a day. So that, if we can just keep him out of our houses and our bodies he can be frozen out as effectively as a minority stockholder. But, on the other hand, in a dark, unventilated, ill-lighted room, especially if damp, he may lurk in the corners and grimly hide his time for the next victim, for weeks and possibly for months or even years. So long as society permits such living rooms as these to exist, it grants a perpetual franchise to the Tuberculosis Transit Company, with free transfers at all connecting points. Old Diogenes struck a basic chord when he answered the great Alexander's question as to whether there was anything he could do for him: "Yes, get out of my sunshine!"

A million of our twentieth century Diogeneses, equally "born of the gods," are making the same request today of a handful of modern Alexanders. If you want to keep the tuberculosis wolf from your own doors, "Messieurs," let the sunlight into the eyes and burrows where he breeds, even if you don't care for the people on whom he is feeding there. The tubercle bacillus cannot live outdoors, the tubercle bacillus cannot thrive indoors if a man lives, as a man should! The tubercle bacillus can flourish and multiply where men live kennelled like beasts of burden—there and nowhere else. The slum, like Carthage, must be destroyed, not merely in the interest of its citizens, but in the interest of the entire community. The White Plague is one of the revenges of the half submerged two-fifths.

Don't waste your money buying strengthening plasters. Chamberlain's Liniment is cheaper and better. Dampen a piece of flannel with it and bind it over the affected parts and it will relieve the pain and soreness. For sale by all dealers.

Patriotic Canada

Canada gave an emphatic decision upon many points on Sept. 21. It overthrew the party which had governed the Dominion for many years, and retired from leadership Sir Wilfrid Laurier, its greatest statesman. It rejected the reciprocity agreement with the United States, and indicated that it regards any concession, however slight, as too great a sacrifice to make for the establishment of closer

trade relations with this country.

More than this, the election was in Canadian estimation a real declaration of independence, industrial, commercial and political. The people of the Dominion have resolved, as the people of the United States resolved after the War of 1812, to become and ever to be economically self-supporting. They will have no "entangling alliances" in tariff matters to impede their growth. They look with patriotic indignation and resentment upon any suggestion that they can be led or forced into a union with this country.

It is quite possible that the importance of the reciprocity agreement was exaggerated on this side of the boundary by both the advocates and the opponents of the measure. Public opinion here will be general that it was exaggerated on the northern side of the boundary, but Canadians are better qualified than are we to determine that question. Nevertheless, leaving wholly out of the account the merits or demerits of that agreement, the patriotism of the Canadians, even though mistaken, challenges admiration.

The attitude was wholly and enthusiastically patriotic. It resembles closely, even in detail, that of the United States three-quarters of a century ago—in the sentiment that their country is incomparably the best in the world, in the feeling that in national freedom and in the excellence of Government they are immeasurably superior to the nation which they wrongly suspect of wishing to bring them under its rule. America went through the same phase of national sentiment with reference to suspected designs on its independence on the part of England.

Every American knows that the fears of Canadians are groundless. The wildest politician among us does not dream of a war with Great Britain to wrest Canada from its possession. The apprehension of such a conflict probably did not exist in the mind of any politician on the stamp who uttered it. So, although Americans are amused by the furious outbreak, they may fairly admire the patriotism of those who took it seriously, and who have expressed their love for independence with the strongest emphasis.—Youth's Companion.

Is your husband cross? An irritable fault finding disposition is often due to a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion is nearly always good natured. A great many have been permanently cured of stomach trouble by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. For sale by all dealers.

A Surprise in Store

Several subscribers to "The Family Herald and Weekly Star" in this district have received their copy of the beautiful premium picture entitled, "Home Again." A copy has also reached this office. It certainly surpasses any picture ever given by that great paper before. How such a beautiful work of art, all ready for framing, can be included with such a great paper for the small sum of one dollar a year is a mystery. "The Family Herald and Weekly Star" should add thousands of new subscribers this season. They well deserve it, for no such value has ever before been given. There is a big surprise in store for those who receive the picture "Home Again." The Observer and the Family Herald both for \$1.25 a year.

"It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I ever used," writes Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Lenoir, Ga. "I have used it with all my children and the results have been highly satisfactory." For sale by all dealers.

The Rev. I. R. Hicks 1912 Almanac

Before a great drought of 1901, the Hicks Almanac gave timely warning. For over two years prior to 1911, the Hicks Almanac again sounded a warning of drought danger. And so for forty years this same friend of all the people has steadfastly refused the speculators and continued to warn the public of the coming dangers of storm and weather. As they should have done, the people have nobly stood by Professor Hicks, their faithful public servant, who have grown old in their service. Send only one dollar to Word and Works Publishing Company, 3401 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, and get his Magazine and Almanac both for one year. The Almanac alone, a fine book of 150 pages, is only 35c. by mail. Let everybody respond and receive the warnings of our National Year for the coming year.

The boy's appetite is often the source of amazement. If you would have such an appetite take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only create a healthy appetite, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. For sale by all dealers.

Go to Arthur Estabrooks for winter clothing and horse blankets.

Home Decoration in Canadian Home Journal.

Artistic taste combined with practical common sense makes Miss Rorke's department of "Household Decoration" in Canadian Home Journal very interesting. It is a subject that is important to the bachelor girl as well as to the (lucky?) married lady. When you find so many homes of all classes fairly "reeking" with bad taste, mostly from ignorance and not vulgarity, you wish that every woman would look for some instruction and not trust to her untrained ideas.

Writing of window curtains in November number she describes the two and often three sets of curtains for prominent windows. "For women of moderate means she has plans that are inexpensive, yet dainty and effective, instead of the cheap imitations of expensive material that are utterly condemned. 'Flowers at Christmas' is an attractive part of her November article.

There are excellent house-stenciling suggestions for walls, curtains, table covers, pillows, etc., and instructions for a most fascinating home-made silk shade to take the place of the ugly cheap colored ones. The minister of many marriages evidently encounters amusing incidents, some of which are related to Murdoch Mackinon. Imagine the embarrassment of the man who suddenly realizes in the midst of the ceremony he has no ring, or the lady whose finger was too large and while wetting her finger in the accepted way heard a small boy call, "Do you want some soap?"

"Children of the Mormons" is written by one who has taught among them, undoubtedly few have a better opportunity to know them in their home lives. In one place he writes: "One wishes to witness but once the mental anguish of the proselytized woman, weeping bitterly and wringing her hands. 'I can do it! My God, I'm not good enough!' as wife No. 1 struggles for the spiritual power to present her husband with wife No. 2 that she may indicate her own saintship and devotion to the will of Heaven."

The Canadian Girls' Club offers a way for girls of all ages to earn money in their spare time. Each number has menus and receipts for a luncheon, excellently illustrated not only to show the table arrangement and decoration but showing how to serve each dish to be most attractive. The November issue shows a luncheon for a child's birthday party. In the culinary department are many most delectable receipts. Among them is one for Chop Stew which we usually associate with the Chinese, but on closer acquaintance proves to be an appetizing mixture of our ordinary ingredients. A page of music, another of gardening, embroidery, a children's page of stories and serials make Canadian Home Journal as entertaining as helpful.

What is Your Family Worth?

If your family is worth the best you can afford in house and food and clothes, is it not worth the best reading as well? And the best reading—best for boys and girls, best for men and women—is to be found in the Youth's Companion.

Of stories alone The Companion will print nearly 300 in 1912. With all the rest of the paper thrown in, and counting the glorious long serial stories, they cost the subscriber less than a cent apiece. Moreover, you will look long before you will find stories so varied and interesting stories of coolness in the face of peril strange adventures with creatures of the forest and the sea; moving stories of life's obscure heroisms; stories breezy with good-natured humor, quaint and curious character sketches.

Now is the time to subscribe, for the new subscriber in Canada will receive free from the time his \$2.00 is received all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1911, containing the opening chapters of Ralph D. Pain's great serial story of the Boxer Rebellion, "The Cross and the Dragon." And there is the gift of The Companion Calendar for 1912. "On the New England Coast," lithographed in twelve colors and gold. Only \$2.00 now to Canadian subscribers, but on January 1, 1912, the subscription price will be advanced to \$2.25. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

FOR SALE.

Yukon Heater, in good condition, at a bargain. A good Work Horse, on easy terms or to exchange for a colt or cattle. L. DEC. MACINTOSH.

Maplewood Rhode Island Reds!

Get into the 200 class by doing business where the goods are produced. A few Cockerels and Pullets to go. It's up to you. CHAR. M. SHAW. Victoria, N. B.

Men's & Boys' Sweater Coats!



A good Sweater Coat is almost an indispensable garment to the Man or Boy who is out of doors these chilly days. We are showing a fine assortment of Sweater Coats at prices from 75c. to \$5. in Men's sizes and from 50c. to \$3. in Boys' sizes with Low Collars or High Button-up-close Collars. In all the popular colors. Buy yourself or your boy a sweater coat and get the protection you or he should have.

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It is our desire to close our business here NEXT MONTH. In order to do this we know we shall have to make

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Manufacturers of Doors, Shades, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Rails, Newells, Ballusters, Brackets.

Doors and Window Frames,

Dressed or Tongued and Grooved Birch, Ash, Pine, Butternut, Spruce, Basswood, &c., for Flooring, Sheathing, Wainscoting, &c., Verandah Posts, Mantles, Dadoes and all kinds of interior and exterior house finish.

Let us quote you prices on large or small orders. We can also furnish sketches and floor plans for any buildings.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "QUIDA"

"Charge! Charge! Tue, tue, tue!" Above the din, the shouts, the tumult, the echoing of the distant musketry, that silvery cadence rang. Down into the midst, with the tricolor waving above her head, the bride of her fiery mare between her teeth, the raven of the dead swoave flying above her head and her pistol leveled in deadly aim, rode Cigarette.

The lightning fire of the crossing swords played round her, the glitter of lances dazzled her eyes, the reek of smoke and of carnage was round her, but she dashed down into the heart of the conflict as gayly as though she rode at a review, laughing, shouting, waving her torn colors that she grasped, with her curls blowing back in the breeze and her bright young face set in the warrior's lust. Behind her by scarcely a length galloped three squadrons of chasseurs and spahis, trampling headlong over the corpse strewn field and breaking through the masses of the Arabs as though they were seas of corn.

She wheeled her mare round by Cella's side at the moment when with six swift passes of his blade he had warded off the chief's blows and sent his own sword down through the chest bones of the Bedouin's mighty form. "Well struck! The day is turned Charge!" She gave the order as though she were a marshal of the empire. The sun blazed full on her where she sat on the swirling, fretting, half bred gray, with the tricolor folds above her head and her teeth tight gripped on the chain bridle, and her face all glowing and warm and full of the fierce fire of war, a little amazon in scarlet and blue and gold, a young Jeanne d'Arc, with the crimson fess in lieu of the silvered casque and the gay broderies of her fantastic dress instead of the breast-plate of steel. And with the flag of her idolatry, the flag that was an her religion, floating back as she went she spurred her mare straight against the Arabs, straight over the lifeless forms of the hundreds slain, and after her poured the fresh squadrons of cavalry, the ruby burnouses of the spahis streaming on the wind as their darlings led them on to retrieve the day for France.

Not a bullet struck or a saber grazed her; but there, in the heat and the press of the worst of the slaughter, Cigarette rode lithely and thither, to and fro, her voice ringing like a bird's song over the field in command, in applause, in encouragement, in delight, bearing her standard aloft and untouched, flashing heedless through a storm of blows, cheering on her "children" to the charge again and again, and all the while with the sunlight full on her radiant, spirited head, and with the grim, gray raven flying above her, shrieking shrilly its "Tue, tue, tue!" The army believed with superstitious faith in the potent spell of that veteran bird, and the story ran that whenever he flew above a combat France was victor before the sun set.

In the echo of the raven's cry, and the presence of the child who, they knew, would have a thousand musket balls fired in her fair young breast rather than live to see them defeated, made the fresh squadrons sweep in like a whirlwind, bearing down all before them.

Cigarette saved the day.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEFORE the sun had declined from the zenith the French were masters of the field, and pursued the retreat of the Arabs till for miles along the plain the line of their flight was marked with horses that had dropped dead in the strain, and with the motionless forms of their desert riders. When at length she returned, coming in with her ruthless spahis, whose terrible passions she feared no more than Virgil's Volscian hunters feared the beasts of forest and plain, the raven still hovered above her exhausted mare, the torn flag was still in her left hand, and the bright laughter, the flash of ecstatic triumph, was still in her face as she sang the last lines of her own war chant. The leopard nature was roused in her. She was a soldier; death had been about her from her birth; she neither feared to give nor to receive it; she was happy as such elastic, sunlit, dauntless youth as hers alone can be, returning in the reddening after-glow at the head of her comrades to the camp she had saved, while all who remained of the soldiers who, but for her, would have been massacred long ere then, threw themselves forward, crowded round her, caressed, and laughed, and wept, and shouted, and all the changes of their intense mercurial temperaments, kissed her boots, her tassets, her mare's drooping neck, and lifting her, with wild vivas that rent the sky, on to the shoulders of the four tallest men among them, bore her to the presence of the only chief officer of high rank who had survived the terrors of the day.

And he, a grave and noble looking veteran, uncovered his head and bowed before her as courtiers bow before their queens. "Mademoiselle, you saved the honor of France. In the name of France, I thank you." The tears rushed swift and hot into Cigarette's bright eyes—tears of joy, tears of pride. She was but a child still in much, and she could be moved by the name of France as her children by the name of their mothers.

"But, I did nothing," she said rapidly. "I only rode fast." The frenzied burrahs of the men who heard her drowned her words. They loved her for what she had done; they loved her better still because she set no count on it.

"The empire will think otherwise," said the major of the zouaves. "Tell me, my little one, how did you do this thing?"

Cigarette, balancing herself with a

foot on either shoulder of her supporters, gave the salute and answered:

"Simply, my commander, very simply. I was alone, riding midway between you and the main army—three leagues, say, from each. I was all alone; only Vole-qui-vue flying with me for fun. I met a colon. I knew the man. For the matter of that I did him once a service—saved his geese and his fowls from burning one winter's day in their house, while he was at his hands and looked on. Well, he was full of terror and told me there was fighting yonder—here he meant—so I rode nearer to see. That was just up a palm tree." And Cigarette pointed to a faroff slope crowned with the remains of a once mighty palm forest. "I got up very high. I could see miles round. I saw how things were going straight to you. Then I thought I should do more service if I let the main army know and brought you a warning. I rode fast, I rode fast. My horse dropped under me twice, but I reached them at last, and I went at once to the general. He guessed at a glance how things were, and I told him to give me my spahis and let me go. So he did. I got on a mare of his own staff, and away we came. It was a near thing. If we had been a minute later, it had been all up with you."

"True, indeed," muttered the zouave in his beard. "A superb action, my little one. But did you meet no Arab scouts to stop you?"

Cigarette laughed. "Did I not? Met them by dozens. Some had a shot at me; some had a shot from me. One fellow nearly winged me, but I got through them all somehow. Sapsit! I galloped so fast I was very hard to hit flying. Those things only require a little judgment. But some men always are creeping when they should fly and always are scampering when they should saunter, and then they wonder when they make fiasco. Bah!"

And Cigarette laughed again. "Men were such bunglers. Out!" "Mademoiselle, if all soldiers were like you," answered the major of zouaves curtly, "to command a battalion would be paradise."

"All soldiers would do anything I have done," retorted Cigarette, who never took a compliment at the expense of her "children." "They do not all get the opportunity. Opportunity is a little angel. Some catch him as he goes; some let him pass by forever. You must be quick with him, for he is like an eel to wriggle away. If you want a good soldier, take that aristocrat—that handsome Victor. Puff! All his officers were down, and how splendidly he led the troop! He was going to die with them rather than surrender. Napoleon—and Cigarette uncovered her curly head reverently, as at the name of a deity—"Napoleon would have given him his brigade ere this. If you had seen him kill the chief!"

"He will have justice done him, never fear. And for you—the cross shall be on your breast, Cigarette, if I live over tonight to write my dispatches." And the major saluted her once more and turned away to view the carnage strewn plain and number the few who remained out of those who had been weakened by the clash of the Arab arms in the gray of the earliest dawn.

Cigarette's eyes flashed like sun play on water, and her flushed cheeks grew scarlet. Since her infancy it had been her dream to have the cross to lie above her little lion's heart. It had been the one longing, the one ambition, the one undying desire, of her soul, and, lo, she touched its realization.

The wild, frantic, tumultuous cheers and carresses of her soldiers, who could not triumph in her and triumph with her enough to satiate them, recalled her to the actual moment. She sprang down from her elevation and turned on them with a rebuke. "Ah, you are making this fuss about me while hundreds of better soldiers than I lie yonder. Let us look to them first. We will play the fool afterward." And although she had ridden 50 miles that day if she had ridden once, though she had eaten nothing since sunrise and had only had one draft of bad water, though she was tired and stiff and bruised and parched with thirst, Cigarette dashed off as lightly as a young goat to look for the wounded and the dying men who strewed the plain far and near.

She remembered one whom she had not seen after that first moment in which she had given the word to the squadrons to charge.

It was a terrible sight—the arid plain, lying in the scarlet glow of sunset, covered with dead bodies, with mutilated limbs, with horses gasping and writhing, with men raving like mad creatures in the tortures of their wounds. She had seen great slaughter of men enough, but even she had not seen any struggle more close, more murderous, than this had been. The dead lay by hundreds, French and Arab locked in one another's limbs as they had fallen when the ordinary mode of warfare had failed to satiate their violence, and they had wrestled together like wolves fighting and rending one another over a disputed carcass.

"He killed? Is he killed?" she thought as she bent over each knot of motionless bodies where here and there some faint stifled breath or some moan of agony told that life still lingered beneath the huddled, stiffening heap. And a tightness came at her heart, an aching fear made her shrink as she raised each hidden face that she had never known before. "What if he be?" she said fiercely to herself. "It is nothing to me. I hate him, the cold aristocrat. I ought to be glad if I see him lying here." But despite her hatred for him, she could not banish that hot, feverish hope, that cold, suffocating fear which,

turn by turn, quickened and stakened the bright flow of her warm young blood as she searched among the slain. A dog's moan caught her ear. She turned and looked across. Upright among a ghastly lot of men and chargers sat the small, snowy poodle of the chasseur, beating the air with its little paws as it had been taught to do when it needed anything and howling piteously as it begged.

"Flick-Flack! What is it, Flick-Flack?" she cried to him, while, with a bound, she reached the spot. The dog leaped on her, rejoicing. The dead were thick there—10 or 12 deep—French trooper and Bedouin rider flung across one another, horribly entangled with the limbs, the manes, the shattered bodies of their own horses. Among them she saw the face she sought as the dog eagerly ran back, cussing the hair of a soldier who lay underneath the weight of his gray charger that had been killed by a musket ball.

Cigarette grew very pale, as she had never grown when the hall storm of



She forced the end between his lips.

shots had been pouring on her to the midst of a battle, but, with the rapid skill and strength she had acquired long before she reached the place, lifted aside first one, then another, of the lifeless Arabs that had fallen above him and drew out from beneath the suffocating pressure of his horse's weight the head and the frame of the chasseur whom Flick-Flack had sought but and guarded.

For a moment she thought him dead. Then, as she drew him out where the cool breeze of the declining day could reach him, a slow breath, painfully drawn, moved his chest. She saw that he was unconscious from the stifling oppression under which he had been buried since noon. An hour more without one touch of fresher air and life would have been extinct.

Cigarette had with her the flask of brandy that she always brought on such errands as these. She forced the end between his lips and poured some down his throat. Her hand shook slightly as she did so, a weakness the gallant little campaigner never before then had known.

It revived him in a degree. He breathed more freely, though heavily and with difficulty still, but gradually the deadly leaden color of his face was replaced by the tinge of life, and his heart began to beat more loudly. Consciousness did not return to him. He lay motionless and senseless, with his head resting on her lap and with Flick-Flack, in eager affection, licking his hands and his hair.

"He was as good as dead, Flick-Flack, if it had not been for you and me," said Cigarette, while she wetted his lips with more brandy. "Ah, bah! And he would be more grateful, Flick-Flack, for a scornful scold from me."

Still, though she thought this, she let his head lie on her lap, and as she looked down on him there was the glimmer as of tears in the brave, sunny eyes of the little friend of the flag.

"He is so handsome, so handsome!" she muttered in her teeth, drawing a silky lock of his hair through her hands and looking at the stricken strength, the powerless limbs, the bare chest, cut and bruised and heaved pathetically by each uneasy breath. She was fully of a vivid, voluptuous, artistic nature; she was thoroughly womanlike in her passions and her instincts, though she so fiercely contemned womanhood. If he had not been beautiful, she would never have looked twice at him, never once have pitied his fate.

And he was beautiful still, though his hair was heavy with dew and dust, though his face was scorched with powder, though his eyes were closed as with the leaden weight of death and his beard was covered with the red stains of blood that had flowed from the lance wound on his shoulder.

The restless movements of little Flick-Flack, and detached a piece of twine passed around his favorite's throat; the glitter of gold arrested Cigarette's eyes. She caught what the poodle's impatient caress had broken from the string. It was a small blue enamel hallion bonbon box with a hole through it by which it had been slung—a tiny toy once costly, now tarnished, for it had been carried through many rough scenes and many years of hardship, had been bent by blows struck at the breast against which it rested, and breast against now with blood. Inside it was a woman's ring of sapphires and opals.

She looked at both close in the glow of the setting sun, then passed the string through and fastened the box afresh. It was a mere trifle, but it sufficed to banish her dream, to arouse her to contemptuous, impatient bitterness with that new weakness that had for the hour broken her down to the level of this feverish folly. He was beautiful—yes! She could not bring herself to hate him; she could not help the brimming tears blinding her

eyes when she looked at him stretched senseless thus. But he was wedded to his past; that toy in his breast, whatever it might be, whatever tale might cling to it, was sweeter to him than her lips would ever be. Bah! There were better men than he. Why had she not let him lie and die as he might under the pile of dead?

"You deserve to be shot—you!" said Cigarette, fiercely abusing herself as she put his head off her lap, and rose abruptly and shouted to a Tringlo who was at some distance searching for the wounded. "Here is a chasseur with some breath in him," she said, curtly, as the man with his mule cart and its sad burden of half dead, moaning, writhing frames drew near at her summons. "Put him in. Soldiers cost too much training to waste them on jackals and kites, if one can help it. Lift him up! Quick!"

"He is badly hurt," said the Tringlo. She shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, no! I have had worse scratches myself. The horse fell on him; that was the mischief. Most of them here have swallowed the leaden pill once and for all. I never saw a prettier thing—every lascar has killed his own little knot of Arabics. Look how nice and neat they look!"

She was not going to have him imagine she cared for that chasseur whom she lifted up on his little wagon with so kindly a care—not she! Cigarette was as proud in her way as was ever the Princess Venetia Corona.

Nevertheless she kept pace with the mules, carrying little Flick-Flack, and never paused on her way, though she passed scores of dead Arabs, whose silver ornaments and silk broderies, commonly after such a fantasia, replenished the knapsack and earned in profusion the uniform of the young filibuster, being gleamed by her right and left as her lawful harvest after the fray.

"Leave him there. I will have a look at him," she said at the first empty tent they reached. Cigarette, left alone with the wounded man, lying insensibly still on a heap of forage, ceased her song and grew very quiet. She had a certain surgical skill, and she dressed his wounds with the cold, clear water and washed away the dust and the blood that covered his breast.

"He is too good a soldier to die. One must do it for France," she said to herself in a kind of self apology. And as she did it and bound the lance gash close and bathed his breast, his forehead, his hair, his beard, free from the sand and the powder and the gore a thousand changes swept over her mobile face. It was one moment soft and flushed and tender as passion; it was the next jealous, fiery, scornful, pale and full of impatient self disdain.

He was nothing to her! He was an aristocrat, and she was a child of the people. She had been besieged by dukes and had fought princes. She had borne herself in such gay liberty, such vivacious freedom, such proud and careless sovereignty—bah, what was it to her whether this man lived or died? If she saved him, he would give her a low bow as he thanked her, thinking all the while of mischief. And yet there she staid and watched him. She took some food, for she had been fasting all day. Then she dropped down before the fire she had lighted and in one of those soft, curled, kitten-like attitudes that were characteristic of her kept her vigil over him.

She was bruised, ailing, tired, longing like a tired child to fall asleep. Her eyes felt hot as flame, her rounded, supple limbs were aching, her throat was sore with long thirst and the sand that she seemed to have swallowed till no draft of water or wine would take the scorched, dry pain out of it. But, as she had given up her fete day in the hospital, so she sat now—as patient in the self sacrifice as she was impatient when the vivacious agility of her young frame was longing for the frenzied delights of the dance or the battle. Every now and then, four or five times in an hour, she gave him wine that she kept the soap or the wine that she kept warm for him over the embers. He took it without knowledge, sunk half in lethargy, half in sleep, but it kept the life glowing in him which, without



She dropped down before the fire.

It might have perished of cold and exhaustion as the chill and northerly wind of the evening succeeded to the heat of the day and pierced through the canvas walls of the tent. It was very bitter, more keenly felt because there was no cloak or covering to fling over him. She took off her blue cloth tunic and threw it across his chest and, shivering despite herself, curled closer to the little fire.

She did not know why she did it—she was nothing to her—and yet she kept herself wide awake through the dark autumn night lest he should sigh and stir and she not hear him.

"I have saved his life twice," she thought, looking at him. "Beware of the third time, they say!"

He moved restlessly, and she went to him. His face was flushed now; his breath came rapidly and shortly; there was some fever on him. The linen was displaced from his wounds. She dipped it again in water and laid the cooled hands on them. "Ah, bah! If I were not unsexed enough for this, how would it be with you now?" she said in her teeth. He tossed wearily to and fro. Detached words caught her ear as he muttered them:

"Let it be; let it be! He is welcome! How could I prove it at his cost? I saved him. I could do that. It was not much!"

She listened with intent anxiety to hear the other whispers ending the sentence, but they were stifled and broken.

"Listen!" she murmured below her breath. "It is for some other he has ruined himself."

She could not catch the words that followed. They were in an unknown language to her, for she knew nothing of English, and they poured fast and obscure from his lips as he moved in feverish unrest; the wine had saved him from exhaustion, inflaming his brain in his sleep. Now and then French phrases crossed the English ones. She leaned down to seize their meaning till her cheek was against his forehead, till her lips touched his hair, and at that half caress her heart beat, her face flushed, her mouth trembled with a too vivid joy, with an impulse, half fear and half longing, that had never so moved her before.

"If I had my birthright," he murmured in her own tongue—"if I had it, would she look so cold that? She might love me—women used once. O God, if she had not looked on me I had never known all I have lost!"

Cigarette started as if a knife had stabbed her and sprang up from her rest beside him.

"She—she—always she!" she muttered fiercely, while her face grew dusky scarlet in the fire glow of the tent, and she went slowly away, back to the well wood fire.

This was to be ever her reward. Her eyes glistened and flashed with the fiery, vengeful passions of her hot and jealous instincts, yet she did not leave him.

She was too generous for that. "What is right is right. He is a soldier of France," she muttered, while she kept her vigil. He did not waken from the painful, delicious, stupor that had fallen on him. He only vaguely felt that he was suffering pain; he only vaguely dreamed of what he murmured—his past and the beauty of the woman who had brought all the memories of that past back to him.

And this was Cigarette's reward—to hear him mutter wearily of the proud eyes and of the lost smile of another.

The dawn came at last. Her constant care and the skill with which she had cooled and dressed his wounds had done him infinite service. The fever had subsided, and toward morning his incoherent words ceased, his breathing grew calmer and more tranquil. He fell asleep—sleep that was profound, dreamless and refreshing.

She looked at him with a tempestuous shadow darkening her face that yet was soft with a tenderness that she could not banish. She hated him. She ought to have stabbed or shot him rather than have tended him thus. He neglected her and only thought of the woman of his old order. As a daughter of the people, as a child of the army, as a soldier of France, she ought to have killed him rather than have caressed his hair and soothed his pain.

Then gently, very gently, lest she should waken him, she took her tunic skilful with which she had covered him from the chill of the night, put more broken wood on the fading fire, and with a last lingering look at him where he slept passed out from the tent as the sun rose in a flushed and beautiful dawn.

"He will never know," she said to herself as she passed through the disordered camp and in a distant quarter coiled herself among the hay of a forage wagon and, covered up in dry grass like a bird in a nest, let her third limbs lie and her aching eyes close in repose. She was very tired, and every now and then as she slept a quick, sobbing breath shook her as she slumbered like a worn-out fawn that has been wounded while it played.

CHAPTER XIV.

WITH the reveille and the break of morning Cigarette woke herself again. She gave a little the petulant shake to her fairy form when she thought of what Tolly she had been guilty. "Ah, bah, you deserve to be shot!" she said to herself afresh. "One would think you were a silver pheasant, you grew such a little fool!"

Her first thought was to take care that she should never learn what she had done for him. The Princess Corona would not have more utterly disdained to solicit regard through making a claim upon gratitude than the fiery little warriors of France would have done. She went straight to the Tringlo, who had known her at her mission of mercy.

"Have a heed, Georges, never to whisper that I had anything to do with saying that man I called to you about," she said.

"And why, my little one?" "Because I desire you," said Cigarette, with her most imperious emphasis. "They say he is English and a ruined milord. Now, I would not have an Englishman think I thought his six feet of carcass worth saving for a ransom."

The Tringlo chuckled. He was an Anglophobe. "I understand. Thou art very right, Cigarette. If we have ever obliged an Englishman, he thinks his obligation to us opens him a neat little door through which to cheat us. It is very dangerous to oblige the Eng-

(Continued next week)

Best Subscription

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of the Season

The Observer 1 year Both \$1
Weekly Witness 1 year

You know the OBSERVER. It needs no recommendation. The MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, 24 or more pages, is the cleanest, purest paper in the world today. It gives all the news of the world, is non-partisan, and is a weekly treat in the way of agricultural and household articles, stories, boys page, etc.

Send One Dollar to the Observer and you will get BOTH PAPERS each one year.

Observer Office, Hartland, N. B.

Local News and Personal Items

School Inspector Meagher was here on Tuesday.

The first real winter storm came upon us yesterday.

Frank Bixby of St. John was at the Exchange on Monday.

A. R. Foster made the round trip to St. John yesterday.

Mrs. H. H. Hatfield visited Woodstock Tuesday evening.

Miss Blanche Kelley visited Woodstock a few days last week.

Miss Marion Lindsay of Woodstock, is the guest of Miss Ella McCormac.

A. S. Estabrooks' new ad. should attract the public eye, as should those new ads. of Estey & Curtis and Mrs. C. A. Phillips.

Persons indebted to the firm of D. E. Morgan & Son will kindly make payment on or before Dec. 10.

Miss Marion Stevens returned on Monday from Grand Falls where she had been nursing in the family of T. D. Parent.

There will be Church of England service in Burr's Hall next Sunday evening at seven o'clock. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

For Sale: A horse, 7 years old sound; 3 sheep; a pung good as new and a rubber-tired wagon. Can be seen at any time at the residence of Roy E. Craig, South Gordonsville, N. B.

Estey & Curtis now sell Fleischman's Yeast Cakes, having taken over J. T. G. Carr's business in this line.

Dudley Day and son Wiley, proprietors of Day's Hotel, East Florenceville, were visitors to Hartland on Monday.

D. J. Doherty, A. Isaacs and Geo. McConnell of St. John were among other commercial men at the Exchange on Tuesday.

Moses Hillman of Meductic, has been visiting Rev. Smith Dow. He was here seeking to purchase a medium priced farm.

Charles H. Perkins, of the Carleton Co. Monument Works, Woodstock, was here on Tuesday. He formerly did business here.

The Southampton Railway is well under way and it is expected that trains will be running as far as Pinder's by Christmas and that the line from Millville to Hawkshaw will be completed by spring. —Mail.

Premier and Mrs. Fleming went to Ottawa on Saturday. The Premier there conferred with members of the Dominion cabinet concerning the Valley railway and, it is said, with encouraging results.

Why is the OBSERVER often late? The chief reason is that correspondents and advertisers send their copy in too late. Changes for ads. should be in by Monday, and the earlier correspondents copy comes the better attention it receives. Type-setting begins on Friday for the following week's paper.

Our subscribers will earn a blessing if they will telephone items of news that they know about. The editor works eighteen hours a day in the office and seldom has time for outside work. If a member of the family is ill, dead, born or married, kindly tell us. If you have a visitor from out of town, or if you visit elsewhere, let us know. Your friends like to hear from you.

F. B. Carvell, M.P., left Woodstock for Ottawa on Monday.

Fleischman's yeast cakes fresh every day at Simms.

H. H. Hatfield went to Woodstock on Monday evening.

LYVOLA Olive Oil (the best) may be obtained at Estey & Curtis.

Charles McCormick who is suffering from bloodpoisoning is reported unimproved.

J. W. Woolverton and T. A. Lindsay of Woodstock, were here on Saturday.

H. M. Martell and wife, of East Florenceville, were at the Exchange on Tuesday.

Mrs. Wentworth Dow of Lower Brighton has been visiting Mrs. Milton Price at Tracy Station.

Girl Wanted: Capable girl at once for general housework. Apply to Mrs. N. P. Grant, Woodstock, N. B.

I. T. G. Carr is prepared to receive Tenders for the balance of his Stocks in Trade. He has to vacate his present premises at the end of this month.

On Nov 7, Miss Edna L. Clark, daughter of Fred Clark of Coldstream, was married to Nathaniel J. Choate of Van Buren, by Rev. H. Smith Dow.

At the roller carnival on Tuesday evening there was a big crowd, many coming by train and otherwise from out of town. The prize winners were Susie Downie, fancy; Scott Allbright, original; Jessie Young (Woodstock) ladies original, and Hal Sipprell gents comic.

Donald Foster, who is having a run of typhoid fever, suffered a hemorrhage from the lungs on Sunday morning, which gave his friends somewhat of an alarm. No further symptoms have developed, however, and the last report is that he is doing nicely.

J. R. Lunney, of the Dominion Immigration department, was here this week. He has been in New York as immigration agent and is now going over the province gathering information that will assist in the location of new settlers.

On Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25, Henry Sharpe will sell at his residence, opposite Clowes' hotel a lot of household furniture, according to advertisement elsewhere in this issue. He also desires to sell the house, a neat cottage of seven rooms, ell, woodshed and stable attached.

E. W. Harmon has sold out his horse shoeing business, and good will to Turner Bros. and intends to devote his entire time to carriage and sled work. He wishes to thank his many friends and patrons for past favors and solicits their continuance in this special line of business. Now is the right time to have your pungs repaired. —Mars Hill View.

Mrs. Billings, an elderly widow living at the south end, died on Saturday morning after a long and distressing illness of cancer of the stomach. A funeral service was held at the house at 8 o'clock Sunday evening by Rev. H. S. Dow, and on Monday morning the remains were taken to Southampton and laid beside those of her husband.

William Maharey of Russell, Ont., is importing twenty Clydesdales from Scotland and they will arrive in St. John about the 28th of this month. This is a private enterprise on the part of Mr. Maharey, but the Provincial Government have offered to assist him as much as is in their power and the sale will take place at Woodstock on Dec. 28. —Gleaner.

Where are the OBSERVER correspondents? Wake up you people—let the people know what is going on in your neighborhood. The editor more especially desires correspondents in the principal centres, such as the Florencevilles, Bristol, Bath, Glassville, Coldstream, Lakeville, Avondale, Waterville, Bloomfield, etc. But items of news from the lesser places are equally welcome. Send items AT ONCE for the next issue, sign your name and address, and we will make you an interesting proposition.

BARGAINS

every day in the week at Carr's. He is selling out.

Calling the Moose in New Brunswick.

A Native of the Miramichi Country Describes How it is Done.

When the snow leaves the ground in April or early May the moose leave their winter haunts in New Brunswick and approach marshes, ponds and rivers in search of food, consisting mainly of aquatic plants. Their favorite diet is the Water lily upon which they browse, as soon as it makes its appearance in early summer, always wading deep and dragging up the plant from the roots. About this time, or a little later, the females go apart, seeking the most impenetrable thickets near or bordering on the river, and there bring forth their young, generally one at a birth. As the season advances the moose visits the water more, often remaining in it for hours at a time in the heat of midsummer, not only to enjoy its cooling effect but to escape the plague of flies. In thunder storms the Indians say it affords the animals the acme of enjoyment.

The female during her visit to the waters, hides her young with great care to protect them from the ferocity of the old males. The mother generally selects a very dense clump of spruce thicket.

The horns of the bull begin to sprout in April and grow very rapidly, generally by September they have lost their glossy coverings or in other words, "are out of the velvet." At this period they are frequently very fat and generally fierce and savage. In the course of a few weeks the

horns grown thin because of continual roaming and combats and for the fact that at this time they also refuse food.

At this time the loud bellow of the female is frequently heard and distinguished by the sportsmen for two or more miles in the stillness of the night. The bulls make a different noise. From the nature of the sound the hunter calls it "grunting." The call of the cow the hunter imitates through a horn made of birch bark: a series of grunts, ending with a prolonged, dismal and rather solitary sounding roar which in calm weather can be heard at a considerable distance. One peculiarity of his lordship is that he can go straight to the point whence the call proceeds.

From late September until November is the season for moose calling and the full of the moon is the best time as a moose seldom comes up to the caller before sunset. The most successful callers are Indians and it is an education to hear their low, half suppressed call, which is needed to bring a wary old bull within range. The Indian selects a calm, still, moonlight night. When he sees the smoke from his camp fire rising up straight through the trees he knows it is going to be an ideal night for calling. As the sun goes down and the full moon rises over some lofty ridge, the Indian takes his horn and blanket and proceeds to the edge of the water. There he selects a site to his satisfaction; he carefully places the horn to his lips, with his head tipped back and with his coarse but mellow voice, he gives forth that dismal sound echoing through the forest. Presently he hears a crash far away over the ridges. He knows the moose is coming to his decoy yet not within shot—and it requires the greatest skill—a false note and all is lost.

WINTER is NEAR

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

Foot Wear especially Felt Goods Shoepax &c.



consists of everything that can be desired.

Our Stock of **T Under-Clothing** is large and varied. We look specially to the comfort of men who work out of doors.

Don't forget Nixon's **SPECIAL Tea and Coffee.**

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

H. R. NIXON
The Peoples Shoe Store

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.

KING COLE TEA

Here is a real tea-treat that will surpass your fond recollection of 'the nicest cup of tea I ever tasted!' King Cole Tea will truly make an even nicer cup of tea an every day reality. Such richness, such vigorous fullness of flavor, such pleasant smoothness were never concentrated so deliciously in your tea-cup before. And the cup you enjoy a month hence will be as nice as your very first sip. Its delicious flavor never varies. You will love it more and more.

YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR

AUCTION!
ON
SAT. NOVEMBER 25th.
at 1.30 o'clock
Household Goods

consisting of
Home Comfort Steel Range,
Parlor Stove,
Bedroom Set,
Bedsteads, Tables,
Chairs, Oilcloth.
and Sundry Articles.

Also
Bell Organ and a Gramophone
and
A Double and a Single Wagon.
All in first-class condition.
Residence For Sale!

Desirable location and at present occupied by W. E. Thornton. Will be sold at a bargain. For further particulars apply to
HENRY SHARPE, Howard Brook.

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

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

Thornton's Barber Shop
When you want barbering call on W. E. THORNTON. Thornton is the only up-to-date Barber in Hartland. Work done twice as quick as anywhere else.

OLD FACES MADE NEW
Exchange Hotel
W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.
Main St., Hartland, N. B.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.
Repair work neatly done. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Agent Crown Tailoring Co.
T. B. THISTLE, Hartland, N. B.

Millinery
Call and see our
Grand Display of Millinery

If you have not already purchased your fall hat
Do Not Fail to See Our Goods.

THE HARTLEY STAND
East Florenceville.

OUR MOTTO: Quick sales, Small profits.
BENNIE C. McISAAC.

Six
minutes is all the time required for brewing Red Rose Tea; and the result is a beverage of matchless flavor and satisfying strength. The verdict of your family will be th...

RED ROSE TEA is good tea

BANKING BY MAIL

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

BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

East Florenceville, N. B.

P. R. SEMPLE

East Florenceville, N. B.
Dealer in
Hardware, Plumbing, Tinware, Furnaces and Stoves

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

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

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

J. RICE WATSON

MOUNT PLEASANT, N. B.

F. N. GRANT

PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Upstairs

BREAD

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

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

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

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

The Immigrant.

Shall I then leave my native land
Where oft I did with glowing pleasure roam,
And bid adieu to this domestic land,
These joyous inmates of my happy home?
Shall I forsake the soil my father tilled,
The sanctuary where they did convene,
The grave yard with their sacred ashes filled
Where many a mound is richly clad in green?

And must I travel far beyond the seas,
A more commodious dwelling, place to find
In regions where the thickly shaded trees
Afford a shelter from the raging wind?
'Twas thus reflecting pensively and sad
The Immigrant prepared to leave his home;
For who with such reflection would be glad
So far in unknown countries to roam?

At length upon the borders of the ocean,
He bids his friends and home a long farewell.
But with that thrilling keenness of emotion
Even he who felt the pain could scarcely tell.
But soon new scenes are open to his view
The vast expansion of the trackless main
That seems to involve the firmament so blue.

Awakes his power to consciousness again
A mighty mass of water he is crossing—
The raging billows driven by the blast,
While the stout vessel on the surges tossing,
Trembles as the storm is sweeping past.

'Twas after many dangers he had seen,
And much anxiety of mind endured,
He reached the western margin of the Main
And saw the toilworn vessel safely moored

He now beholds a vast extent of wood
In which a future home he hopes to find;
What wonder, if, as pensively he stood,
He cast a longing, lingering look behind?

Into the country far he shapes his way,
But yet uncertain whether he shall go,
Or where he is to find a place to stay
Or whether he shall yet return, or no.

But trusting still in Providence Divine
He and his young companion now pursue
Their lonesome journey through the groves of pine,
Or up the river in a frail canoe.

Through pathless wilds unmeasured and untrod
O'er hills and valleys never yet explored,
Except by the red savages of the wood,
The hiding place of many a beast and bird.

'Twas after many places they had viewed,
That near a lake of limited extent,
And by a brook that murmured through the wood
The Immigrants set up their humble tent.

'Twas where the plow now turns the fertile soil
That various crops successfully do crown
That they began with unremitting toil
The lofty forest trees to tumble down.

Oh! what a heartless task it must have been
To spend their time in silent solitude,
And in a wilderness thus to begin
To cultivate the land and make it good.

But persevering minds will seldom fail
If not extravagant, their end to gain,
And resolution oft will prevail
Where strength alone may be applied in vain.

Ere long an opening in the forest seen
Admits the sunshine to the fruitful soil,
And then the corn appears in splendid green
A promising reward for all their toil.

E'er long a habitation is erected,
And friends are from their native home expected,
In their adopted land their lot to cast.
The hospitality of a cheerful fire invites,
The wearied hunter to enjoy
In calm repose the dreary winter night.

Meanwhile the infant settlement increases
And strangers all the while are flocking in
Still anxious to prepare a dwelling place
And their important labors to begin.

But now our tale assumes a darker shade,
A gloomy tint is traced in every line
One life a sacrifice must now be made,
To gratify some dark unbest design.

He who formed an opening in the wood
And broke the mighty mass of forest trees,
A savage proposes to shed his blood
When first an opportunity he sees.

Heaven seemed at first to frustrate his design,
When he discharged his piece and missed his aim,
But his unhalloved unrelenting mind
Though disappointed remained the same.

At length his attempt he did renounce—
A group of willows marks the place he stood
His well aimed instrument of death he drew,
And shed the unsuspecting victim's blood.

His sister in her arms the sufferer caught,
She brought him in and laid him on the bed
And though assistance speedily was brought,
He soon was numbered with the silent dead.

THE EPITAPH.
Dost thou inquirer curiously wonder who

Stone Bruises, Cuts, Aches, Pains, and other like troubles of children quickly relieved by.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The old reliable household remedy. Give inwardly for Coughs, Colds, Cholera Morbus and Bowel Complaint. Sold by all dealers.

25c and 50c Bottles

L. E. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Reposes here in this retired spot?
He was no boasted hero it is true.
Or one that for an empty name has fought.
Yet he deserves a better name, and one
That we ever should most happily prize,
For to a Christian's pious race he ran,
And dies the death a pious Christian dies.
Then we owe a debt of gratitude
For a true patriotic man he was;
He found a home for us far in the wood
And dies a victim in the generous cause.
—JAMES MORRIS, 1849.

The subjects of this poem was John McGeorge and Alexander Lawson, immigrants from Scotland, 1820, who were the first settlers at Lake George, York Co. N. B.

Railway To Riley Brook.

Construction To Begin At Once.

Credit must be given to John E. Stewart for rebelling against a further delay in the building of the Plaster Rock extension. Mr. Stewart has to use a metaphor not only kicked over the traces but taken the bit between his teeth as well.

The information given in this paper this week that he has secured the financial backing of George B. Jaques and other financial men to take the bonds of the Tobique & Campbellton Railway Company as a first mortgage and advance the necessary money to build the road is good news. Mr. Stewart has the written guarantee of the Dominion Government to advance a subsidy of \$3,200 per mile for a road not exceeding 28 miles or \$5,400 if the total cost of construction exceeds \$18,000 per mile. Under the contract the grade must not exceed 80 feet to the mile and the minimum curvature not to be less than a radius of 819 feet or seven per cent. He has the promise of Vice-President McNicoll of the C. P. R. and Vice-president and General Manager Chamberlain of the G. T. P. that either road will lease the extension on a basis of 60 per cent of the gross earnings to pay operating expenses. Experts have gone over the route and declared the road will pay expenses within three years—something unusual for a branch line.

With affairs at such a stage and as the Dominion subsidy will lapse on December 1, unless the work be undertaken by that time, Mr. Stewart is justified in refusing to see his efforts wiped off the slate of endeavor. He is imbued with the desire to have the people living between Plaster Rock and Riley Brook enjoying the comforts of railway transportation as soon as possible and declares that, although four years have been wasted, there is no excuse that the road cannot be built within a year.

There is much to be done. Ties to the number of 2500 to the mile will be required. To tap the G. T. P., should that plan which does away with two miles of construction be considered preferable, the old survey must be submitted to the Dominion government. These are but preliminary steps following the more important execution of the papers that tell from what source the funds with which to build the road come. And the estimate places the total cost of construction at about \$18,000 per mile.

The people need the road. The time is ripe for its construction. May the same haste and efficacy which has marked "Johnnie" Stewart's many efforts for the public good continue and one can buy a through ticket to Riley Brook.—Victoria County News.

coat gave way, releasing me from the ash box.

"I was safe from that danger for the moment, but I feared the break beams. They are fastened in the centre with steel rods, and I knew that if I were caught by the ends of the bolts I would be killed. I edged to the side of the track to escape them. I felt the wheels of the tender and cars scraping my arms. I crouched down as close to the ground as I could to escape them. When the first truck passed over there was some space before the rear ones came. Then I yelled. Three cars had passed over me before the engineer heard me. He stopped when part of the fifth had gone by, and I was found under the cars. My companions rushed up expecting to find me ground to pieces. However, I was only bruised."—Canadian Courier.

(The late Edgar Blakelee had almost an identical experience in Hartland, but he received injuries from which he afterward died.)

Prohibition Bill.

A committee of the New Brunswick Temperance Federation is now engaged drawing up a bill providing for the total prohibition of the sale of liquor in this province. It is their intention to present to the local legislature at the next session and ask for its immediate enactment. Besides the prohibition of the sale the bill will also contain very strict provisions regarding the importation of liquor for private consumption.

WELL, WELL!
THIS IS A HOME DYK that ANYONE can use

I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye. I used

DYOLA

A New Real Estate List.

24. A farm in parish of Brighton, of 200 acres, 75 cleared balance in spruce, fir and hardwood. Seven miles from Hartland. Good new buildings, cement cellar, under house.

25. A farm in parish of Simonds of 150 acres, 80 cleared balance well wooded with hemlock and hardwood. A fine new 2 1/2 story house, 13 rooms finished throughout. Good cellar with new furnace carriage house, well house, Summer Kitchen. A new hip-roof barn 45x75 with 24ft. posts. A good well and spring near house, spring brook across farm. Situated on St. John river, convenient to school, Post Office, Church and station. Easy terms.

26. A farm of 150 acres within 2 1/2 miles of Fredericton, 80 acres cleared balance woodland with some timber. A good 10 room house well finished with cellar. A spring near the house. A large barn, woodshed and wagon house. Near school and church. Quite level and in a fair state of cultivation. An orchard of 50 trees. Part cash, balance with yearly payments.

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

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

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

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

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

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

33. A nice home of house and stable and lot of 8 acres in country. A nice little home with a good chance for gardening in a nice location very cheap.

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COLLECTOR'S NOTICE

The following named non-resident rate-payer, of School District No. 4, in the Parish of Brighton, in the county of Carleton, is hereby notified, that unless its School Rates, as below mentioned, together with the costs of this advertisement are paid, within two months from this date, proceedings will be taken as provided by law for the collection of said rates:

	1902	1907	1908	1909	1910
J. F. Alcorn & Co.	\$13.50	.55	\$1.16	\$1.32	.68

Dated the 30th day of August A. D. 1911.

ANDREW BLACKIE,
Secretary to School Trustees
School District number 4
Upper Brighton, Carleton Co., N. B.

JOB PRINTING

Promptly done at this Office.