

# THE OBSERVER

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No. 14.

## The DAYLIGHT

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

### We Give Premium Coupons

With all goods sold for CASH with the exception of Flour, Sugar, Molasses, Farm Produce and goods sold at reduced prices.

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Rifle sizes; 33, 30-U. S., 303, 38-55, 32 Special, 32-40, 30-30, Mauser, Snider, 32 and 22.

SHOT SHELLS in 12, 16, and 20 gauge.

Primers and Percussion Caps, and Bullets in 30, 32 and 38 Calibers.

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We have Rifles for sale in 30-30, 303 and 32 caliber and if you want a nice Shot Gun see ours of 20 gauge.

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

Special values in Fruit and Confectionery  
Chase, Main St., Hartland.

## The Favored Nations

One plain fact, among a number of others, is amply sufficient to demolish completely the laborious arguments which opponents of Reciprocity have tried to base on the "Favored Nations" matter.

That plain fact is that the British government has agreed to have any of the "Favored Nation" treaties abolished, in so far as they apply to Canada or any other overseas dominion of the Empire on the request of that dominion.

Therefore, if Canada desires that the Argentine or Denmark or Norway or any other of the countries concerned be barred from "Favored Nation" treatment in Canada, the British government will see that its "Favored Nation" treaty with that country be made of no effect so far as regards Canada.

Hon. Mr. Flemming and Messrs. B. F. Smith, Donald Munro and other anti-Reciprocity speakers, who have been depicting the awful result to Canadian producers of the competition of these "Favored Nations" in the Dominion when the Reciprocity Agreement is ratified, may not be aware of this promise of the British government for these gentlemen rely upon partisan Conservative papers for their information, and papers of that class have suppressed information regarding this particular matter. But

HON. MR. SIFTON KNEW OF THIS PROMISE MADE BY THE HOME GOVERNMENT AND OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH LED TO THE GOVERNMENT'S ASSURANCE SO HE WAS DELIBERATELY TRYING TO DECEIVE THE PEOPLE HERE ON MONDAY WHEN HE DISCUSSED THE "FAVORED NATIONS" MATTER WITHOUT MAKING ANY REFERENCE TO THE COURSE WHICH THE IMPERIAL AUTHORITIES HAVE TAKEN, A COURSE WHICH RENDERERS UNDUE COMPETITION FROM THE "FAVORED NATIONS" ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE.

At the Imperial Conference in London this summer Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced the following resolution (See page 333 of the "Minutes of Proceedings of the Imperial Conference, 1911):

"THAT HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT BE REQUESTED TO OPEN NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE SEVERAL FOREIGN GOVERNMENTS HAVING TREATIES WHICH APPLY TO THE OVERSEAS DOMINIONS WITH A VIEW OF SECURING LIBERTY FOR ANY OF THOSE DOMINIONS WHICH MAY SO DESIRE TO WITHDRAW FROM THE OPERATION OF THE TREATY WITHOUT IMPAIRING THE TREATY IN RESPECT OF THE REST OF THE EMPIRE."

Because he moved this resolution Sir Wilfrid has been condemned by Conservative papers as a separatist, desiring to disrupt the Empire. In the light of that slander upon him it is interesting to read the statements of other members of the Imperial Conference on this question.

Mr. A. Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia, said, (Page 336): "I support the resolution. It seeks the amendment of treaties which restrict the self-governing powers of the Dominions. Relief is desired as early as possible."

Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand, said (Page 336): "I agree with the resolution submitted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is not necessary for me to do more than say I concur in the proposal."

Sir E. P. Morris, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, said (Page 336): "I am entirely in favor of the resolution as put forward by Sir Wilfrid Laurier."

The resolution was passed but not before Sir Edward Gray, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Imperial government, had spoken. How did he regard the matter? Here are extracts from his remarks as given on Page 336:

"The resolution is one which I think from the facts of the case it is clear should be adopted because as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has pointed out the mere fact that for some fifteen years the necessities of the case have required that in negotiating commercial treaties between the United Kingdom and other countries option should be left to the Dominions to adhere or withdraw shows that the modern state of things which exists in consequence of the developed separate fiscal systems of different parts of the Empire is something which is different from the state of things when older treaties were negotiated. . . . As a matter of fact, the question has been opened already. It was opened at the request of the Commonwealth of Australia last year with the Government of Italy and the Government of Austria. . . . So what I would propose is that we should accept the resolution with the intention of opening negotiations as soon as possible with the particular countries whose treaties are now out of date, etc."

Premier Asquith, the president of the Conference, said: "It appears to be the unanimous wish of the Conference that this resolution should be carried and put on record."

Thus, we see, that the resolution which Conservatives say it was disloyal for Sir Wilfrid to move had the unanimous support of every member of the Imperial Conference, including the British ministers present.

More than that, we see that the British government, not only by having its representatives at the Conference vote for the resolution but also through the specific declaration of its Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has agreed to bring about the abolition of "Favored Nation" treaties, so far as they apply to Canada or any other dominion, on the request of that dominion.

UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES HOW ABSURD TO SUPPOSE THAT THE CANADIAN MARKET WILL BE ENDANGERED BY THE COMPETITION OF THESE "FAVORED NATIONS" AFTER THE RATIFICATION OF THE RECIPROCITY AGREEMENT.

And HOW GROSS THE DECEPTION of a man who, knowing of this resolution and the British government's assurance, as Mr. Sifton knew of them, would seek to persuade electors that there is danger in the Reciprocity Agreement because of the "Favored Nations."

### Selling Sheep to Americans

Last week mention was made in these columns that a certain large sheep-buyer named Emery of Bangor had bought, here, several carloads of sheep and lambs for the American market. He has since been back looking for more.

William Armstrong of Lakeville and a well known buyer of Glassville sold him this stock.

(Were they disloyal in selling to the American?)

Mr. Armstrong and the Glassville man bought the lambs from the farmers of Carleton and resold to the American market at a good profit—for more profit

than they could have secured in the Canadian market. Then Mr. Emery paid 75 cents and \$1.50 per head duty to Uncle Sam. What must they have sold for in Bangor in order to give Emery a profit and courage to come again?

Under reciprocity these buyers will continue to come for our lambs. It is reasonable to suppose that the middle buyers will be cut out, or that our shrewd local buyers will nose out an American market for themselves, and if the farmers do not get at least 75 cents a head more for their lambs they will be cheated—that's all. Competition will be keen and higher prices must prevail.

## AT BRISTOL

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—AND—

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STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS

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# The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

## TESTED RECIPES

**Little Rhubarb Pies.**—Line some patty pans with short paste, fill them with pink rhubarb, cut small, add sugar, grated lemon rind and ginger to taste. Cover with paste, as for mince pies, and bake. Before sending to table sift caster sugar over.

**Portugal Rice Milk.**—Wash half a teaspoonful of rice, and place it in a double saucepan with one pint of milk. Let this cook slowly till the mixture is like cream. Beat it thoroughly, and let it cool, then stir in the yolks of two eggs and sugar to taste. Stir while the mixture heats thoroughly, but does not boil. Flavor to taste, and when cooled place in a glass dish.

**Savory Eggs and Salad.**—Have some small cups and butter them thoroughly. Scatter into each mould chopped tongue or ham, Season with pepper and salt. Break an egg into each cup and place in the oven to set thoroughly, so as to be hard when cold. Have a dressed salad ready, arrange the eggs in a circle on it, and garnish with beetroot before serving.

**Little Mutton Pies.**—Take a pound of scraps of mutton, par-boil half a pound of potatoes, chop an onion and some parsley. Line some patty pans with pastry, filling them with equal quantities of meat and potato. Bake in a very hot oven for five minutes, then draw to a cooler shelf, and give the meat time to steam gradually. The pastry for this should be made as dry as possible.

**Oxford Toast for Breakfast.**—One teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, one of Harvey sauce, and one of anchovy sauce, a quarter of a pound of chopped tinned beef, pepper and salt. Mix the sauce, pepper and salt with the beef, and stir over a slow fire till the mixture is very hot. Add the beaten yolk of an egg, stir all together, and serve on buttered toast. Never let the mixture boil.

**Cup Custards.**—Boil one pint of milk, and directly it has cooled a little pour it on to two beaten eggs. Beat all together thoroughly, add some sugar and flavoring. Pour into buttered cups, which can be sent to table. Stand the cups in a pan of boiling water till the custards are set. When done, take the cups out of the water, garnish each with a little ground cinnamon, and serve.

**Mock Goose Pudding.**—Soak a quarter of a pound of scraps of bread in cold water, and beat well with a fork. Add a large boiled onion, chopped finely, half a teaspoonful of powdered sage, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one of flour, and a good seasoning of black pepper and salt. Grease a baking tin, put in the mixture and some dripping on top. Bake for an hour. When cold, cut in slices, flour well, and fry a nice brown. Serve with boiled vegetables.

**Lamb Pudding.**—Make a light crust, adding a teaspoonful of baking-powder. With this line a basin. Cut the meat from a small breast of lamb, and again into cubes about one inch, and a half thick. Dip each into a mixture of flour, pepper, and salt, and pack lightly into the basin. Cover with a round piece of paste, wetting the edges to make thick, tie over with a cloth, and boil slowly for three hours. Serve in a basin with a cloth folded round.

**Lemon Pickle.**—Grate the peel from a dozen sound lemons, and let them remain in salt and water for nine days, rubbing daily with fresh salt. Then take up, dry them, and put into a stewpan with three pints of vinegar, one ounce and a half of mixed spice, and half an ounce of turmeric. Let the lemons boil in the pickle for twenty minutes, then place in jars, and pour the pickle over. When cold tie down with bladder. The grated peel is not required for the pickle, but can be dried and used for flavorings.

**Braised Beef.**—Is excellent either hot or cold. Take four pounds of beef and braise it slowly if you want it to be very tasty. Place two or three slices of salt pork in a stewpan and let them cook slowly, then add the beef, and let it brown on both sides; place it on a plate to keep hot, and line the bottom of the pan with carrots and turnips, each cut in half; also an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs. Pour in half a pint of water or stock. Place the meat on this, and let all cook for three hours. To serve hot, take up the meat, strain off the vegetables, and thicken the gravy.

## IRONING TIPS

Do not leave your iron to cool while you do the ironing. Iron a white napkin straight and true and

## A SURPRISE PACKET

Relations between George Grainger and Henry Burlew had never been cordial; for the past few weeks, indeed, they had barely spoken to one another. But affairs had never before come to open rupture.

"Here! What do you mean by knocking my coat down?" Burlew scowled.

Grainger was one of Messrs. Peterson's clerks, and Burlew the foreman in the timber-yard. The latter had started as an ordinary "hand." Big and brawny himself, he despised the staff of indoor workers. Grainger and he, too, were rivals.

"I haven't touched it!" returned George Grainger, jerkily.

The foreman flushed, stepping nearer, with doubled fists.

"Easy, easy! What's the trouble here?"

Both turned towards the newcomer, an elderly man, who waved them apart. They glared at one another from either side of him.

"I'm surprised! What can you two have to get so hot about?"

There was a twinkle in his eye as he put the question. For Joe Tarrant knew very well the mischief his daughter had caused.

"Now then, Henry Burlew, haven't you anything to do? Grainger, you're wanted inside!"

They withdrew slowly; but Burlew waited till Joe Tarrant was out of hearing, then spoke curtly, over his shoulder.

"I shall see you at the side gate, six o'clock, when you're comin' out."

There was a threat in his voice. George Grainger stared after him uncomfortably. He was no coward, and decided that to avoid the meeting was out of the question. Yet what chance had he, if Burlew resorted to physical arguments?

Meanwhile it was the dinner-hour, and Joe Tarrant, who lived close by, walked on home. His daughter was waiting, and the meal ready. He sat down thoughtfully.

"I caught Burlew and young George Grainger having a few words just as I came away."

The girl looked across at him quickly.

"Why, what was the matter, father?"

He hid a smile.

"Oh, I don't know! Any excuse would do. I expect you know the real reason. They're not particularly good friends."

"If you mean," began Nellie Tarrant indignantly, and stopped.

"Settle it," her father suggested. "Take the one with the best position. That's always the wisest plan."

The girl regarded him scornfully.

"If that's your idea, it isn't mine! Because Mr. Burlew happens to get a little more a week."

"Half as much again."

"The great, blustering—" She broke off contemptuously.

"So Grainger's the favorite—eh?"

"Oh, Mr. Grainger's far too smeeek and mild for me!"

"Then, it's to be neither, Nellie! H'm! Pity they don't know that! It would save 'em a good deal of trouble."

During the afternoon Grainger and Burlew did not meet. The former looked forward to six o'clock with some uneasiness. The side gate, little used, was behind the large store, and led to a quiet lane; yet Grainger reflected that occasionally Nellie Tarrant waited there to meet her father after working hours.

Doubtless, Burlew had remembered this, and purposely wished to make him out a poor figure in front of the girl.

The time came. He put away his books, and with a hasty good-night to Mr. Tarrant, walked through the timber-yard doggedly. Burlew swung round.

"Ho! So you've come, have you?"

"I choose to leave this way, that's all."

"Half a minute! First let's finish our little argument! You haven't apologized yet for—"

"I didn't touch your coat and I've said so already!"

"There's a lot of ways you've been annoying me lately!" persisted the foreman.

"Indeed?"

"Yes indeed!" He caught Grainger's collar. "And I've a jolly good mind—"

Grainger shook himself free. His face was white but he eyed Burlew defiantly. The foreman sneered.

"Just because you work at a desk with a pen behind your ear, and wear a pair of cuffs, you make yourself out to be better than other people! You'd find out your mistake if you was man enough to stand up to me for five minutes!"

Grainger faced the humiliating truth. He was neither tall nor athletic. He had only to lift his hand, and Burlew would promptly knock him down. Therefore, he made no movement.

"Ah, I expected as much!" declared the foreman derisively.

You're afraid! All right, I won't hurt you then! But just look 'ere, you keep out of my way in future! Understand that! And, another thing, don't you go dandin' round Nellie Tarrant—hear what I say?"

Grainger could only mutter a weak defiance.

"Go on, now! You can get off 'ome!"

He set his teeth in impatient self-contempt; then turned slowly. The girl just outside the side gate met him with a cold stare.

"I—I— You've been here long?"

"Long enough to overhear. So you take your orders from Mr. Burlew?"

Grainger winced at her tone, and began to speak; but she passed him scornfully.

The foreman advanced, smiling confidently. To his dismay, she turned upon him icily.

"I don't wish to speak to you. Has my father gone?"

"He'll be out in a minute. I say, Miss Tarrant,"—she moved away from him—"won't you—"

"You needn't wait!" added the girl haughtily.

Henry Burlew, discomfited, departed reluctantly.

Meanwhile, George Grainger, fifty yards away, had halted, breathing fast. On his face was a look of determination.

Suddenly he began to retrace his steps.

"Well, it's not fair. He's a bigger man, and—"

"You leave them alone! Come along home!"

She shook her head.

"I'm going to wait! Why don't you go and stop them, father?"

"Not me! Look here, Nell, I've got something to tell you!"

But she would not listen, and at last he began to move off alone.

"Why, there's one of 'em coming back! It's Grainger."

His daughter had started towards the slowly approaching figure. As she drew near, he hurriedly wiped the signs of combat from his face.

"Oh, George," she cried, clutching at his arm, "did you—did you get away from him?"

Mr. Grainger regarded her half-incredulously.

"Were you worried about me, then?"

Nellie Tarrant answered incoherently.

"Good gracious! I never hoped for this," affirmed Mr. Grainger, happily. And, slipping an arm round her waist, he kissed her suddenly. She did not move.

"Has he hurt you? Did—did you escape?"

"Escape!" he echoed. "What do you think I've been doing while I was at Parkside? Taking lessons in boxing—yes, and practising all the time. What do you think I ran for? To get him out of breath, and in a quiet place, where we wouldn't be interrupted?"

"Then—then—"

"I licked him!"

Miss Tarrant broke away from him wondering.

"Oh, George!" was all she could murmur.

Her father, moving towards them, had now reached her side. He shook hands solemnly with Grainger when he heard the news.

"Bravo! Burlew wanted taking down a peg. But you're a regular surprise-package, you are! Do you know what he's been doing at Parkside, Nell? Why, testing a patent of his own—improvement in the steam saw. The firm's going to take it up."

"That's right!" agreed George Grainger confusedly. "And I ought to make a good bit out of it, so Mr. Peterson says."

"Take the one with the most money, Nell," ventured her father sily. "That's what I've always said, haven't I?"

"I should have taken him, anyway!"

"Well, bring him home then," Mr. Tarrant ordered, "and look sharp about it. I don't know how you two feel, but I want my tea!"

—London Answers.

more often than not, is exercising all his ingenuity not to be found. In comparison, the hunting for a needle in a bundle of hay seems as easy task.

## POLICE METHODS

But let us see how New Scotland Yard attacks these thousands of problems. Let us take a solitary case. A resident in the suburb is alarmed to find that his son does not return home one night. He is a steady, well-conducted young fellow, who has never stayed away all night before. The parents are alarmed, and naturally fear the worst. Inquiries the next morning at his office disclose no clue to his disappearance. He left work at the usual hour, in good spirits, presumably to return home as usual. What can have become of him?

Consumed with anxiety, the father hurries to the nearest police-station to tell his story and to ask for help to discover the missing son. The inspector smiles at his fears. "Don't worry," he says, encouragingly; "he'll turn up soon. You leave it to us, and we'll find him for you, right enough. Now, what's his description?"

The relieved father describes his son's appearance and dress as minutely as possible, while the inspector enters the information in a book; and with a final word of cheer to the father, bids him "Good-day!"

Before the father has well left the station the description of the lost youth is being telegraphed to every police station in greater London, and also to New Scotland Yard. Within a few minutes of the disappearance the circumstances and the description of the lost one are in the possession of hundreds of inspectors and station-sergeants.

The first step has been taken. This done, our buoyant inspector summons from an adjacent room a couple of "special inquiry officers," who are experts in quests such as this, and who know every shady street and obscure corner in their district, and obscure corner in their district, and puts them in possession of all the facts. In a few minutes they are on the trail, like a couple of blood-hounds, scouring every likely hiding place for the fugitive, after making inquiries at every hospital to make sure that no accident has befallen the young man.

By the time our brace of sleuth-hounds have well started on their hunt Scotland Yard has the matter well in hand. All the particulars are put swiftly into type and incorporated in the next issue of the "Gazette" (of which three or four issues are printed daily), and in an inconceivably short time the Yard's printing presses are turning out copies by the hundred. These are distributed, hot from the press, to every police-station in London in the swiftest ways possible, many of them being conveyed by mounted policemen.

DESCRIBED IN THE GAZETTE.

On receipt of the Gazette, the officer in charge of each station takes the matter seriously in hand. As each batch of constables, before proceeding on duty, is paraded before him, he reads aloud the description of the missing man; and every constable starts on his round with the picture of him in his mental eye, complete to his "small dark moustache" and "glace kid lace boots."

Thus, within a few hours of the anxious father's visit to the police-station a vast army of constables, parading thousands of miles of London's streets and alleys, are as familiar with his son's appearance as he is, and anxious to be the first to discover and restore him to his parents.

In three cases out of four the cheery inspector's optimism is justified. The young man is found, and within a day or two is once more safe under the parental roof, giving such explanations as he can of his wanderings.

**BRAVO! SCOTLAND YARD.**

If crime is suspected, Scotland Yard sets another part of its complex machinery to work. The Criminal Investigation Department takes the matter up. A detective-inspector and his clever subordinates set to work, bringing all their shrewdness, experience, and knowledge of the seamy sides of London life to bear on the task.

They interview the young man's employers, his office colleagues, all who have seen or spoken to him shortly before his disappearance. In various disguises, from City clerk to omnibus conductor, they shadow anyone suspected of a hand in the disappearance; and, sooner or later, if crime has played any part in the vanishing, they discover it and its victim, whether he has been lured to a shady lodging-house and drugged and robbed, or, in an extreme case, has been done to death.

Thus, in thousands of cases during a year, the vast machinery of New Scotland Yard works ceaselessly, doggedly, through its army of nearly 20,000 servants, to track and restore the missing ones of London. That the world at large knows little of their work and its results, that rarely a line in the newspapers makes it public, matters nothing. It is part of their regular routine, their daily task. They do it as a duty, and expect no thanks.

Dolly—"Why aren't you at the cooking-school?" Polly—"Teaching elderest, and often misleading, especially when that individual, er's laid up with dyspepsia."

## SOME MODERN MYSTERIES

### FINDING THE LOST IN OLD LONDON.

#### How Scotland Yard Finds Missing Men and Women in the World's Metropolis.

To ninety-nine persons out of every hundred New Scotland Yard—that massive, fortress-like red-brick building which frowns down on the Thames at Westminster—is the great rallying centre of the sleuth-hounds of justice, whose mission it is to track criminals to their lairs; and the heart of our great police system, which spreads its tentacles over 700 square miles of Greater London for the safeguarding of something like 7,000,000 people.

But New Scotland Yard has other duties than solving crime mysteries and directing its blue-coated legions; and one of the least-known of them is that of probing the mystery of lost persons and restoring them to "their friends and relations."

#### MARRIED MEN RUN AWAY.

Every year, incredible as it may seem, nearly 40,000 persons are lost in London, which is truly called the finest hiding place in the world. They drift away from their homes—often for good reasons, often without any apparent cause at all—and are merged in London's millions, in her labyrinths of streets and slums, as a pebble is lost when flung into the sea. It is said that 90 per cent. of them are married men who seek escape from their responsibilities. Many are criminals driven by the lash of a guilty conscience; others wander aimlessly away and lose even their identity.

And Scotland Yard is the great agency—one of the several, including the Salvation Army, which does excellent work in this direction, often dealing with as many as 2,000 cases in a week—for tracing these derelicts and runaways.

This excellent work New Scotland Yard performs the year round—quietly, unostentatiously, often without thanks even. It is all in the ordinary routine, in the day's work, they will tell you; but it is a wonderful and most praiseworthy work.

Think of it for a moment! Think of trying to find, among 7,000,000 of human beings scattered over 700 square miles, a solitary vagrant, whose description is perhaps of the slenderest, and often misleading, especially when that individual, er's laid up with dyspepsia."

"You seem excited."



## THE FARM

### Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

#### RETURNS PER COW

Out of 2400 cows tested last month in Ontario for members of cow-testing associations, 886 of them, or over one-third of the total number recorded, gave yields of over 1,000 pounds of milk and 33 pounds of butter fat. Many cows gave over 40 pounds of fat. In sharp contrast are some below average yields, from all cows included in three or four associations, of less than 25 pounds of fat. With butter fat valued only at 30 cents per pound, this means that good cows are earning \$3.00 per month more than poor cows. If this average is multiplied by a milking period of ten months, it follows that there is actually a difference in the income from two such cows of as much as \$30.00 in the season.

These astonishing differences are only brought to light and to the apprehension of owners when they begin to record weights of milk and to take samples for testing. If cows are valued from a right perspective (a full season's satisfactory production and not a brief, near-sighted glimpse of a record for a day or a week) not one will be retained in the herd that does not return a good profit; and such common differences as noted above will not be possible in the properly selected dairy herd, each cow selected in the basis of her individual demonstration of profit made. Every dairy farmer will find it advantageous to keep dairy records.

C. E. W.

Ottawa, July, 1911.

#### JULY CROP REPORT.

A bulletin on the crops and live stock of Canada was issued July 15. The condition of the field crops of Canada for the month ending June 30, as compiled in the Census and Statistics Office from the reports of a large staff of correspondents, is on the whole quite satisfactory, although on account of uneven rainfall it is not uniform for all the provinces. Even in parts of the same province, as in Ontario, there is a considerable inequality. For the most part in that province excellent reports are made, but there are districts in which the grains and hay have been badly affected for want of rains in May and June.

For the whole of Canada the condition of winter wheat is only 75.25 per cent. as compared with 100 for a full crop. This is ten per cent. less than last year, two per cent. less than in 1909, and nearly 14 per cent. less than three years ago. In Ontario it is only 73 per cent. of a full crop, as compared with 94.25 last year, 79.00 in 1909, and 88 in 1908. In Alberta, the only other province in which winter wheat is largely grown, the condition this year is 63.25 per cent., compared with 63.63 in 1910, 65.55 in 1909 and 65 in 1908. Spring wheat in all the provinces this year is given the high average condition of 94.75 at the end of June, which is better than in 1910 by 12.62 per cent., better than in 1909 by eight per cent., and better than in 1908 by nearly 15 per cent. Ontario and British Columbia are the only provinces in which the conditions are under 90, and in Saskatchewan and Manitoba it is close to 100.

The average for barley is 82, which is six to ten per cent. better than in the preceding three years. It reaches close to 95 in the Northwest provinces, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, and over 90 in Nova Scotia and Quebec, a point below 90 in Ontario and only 84 in British Columbia.

Oats shows an average of 94.40 for all provinces, which is higher than any year since 1908, and is 95 or higher in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec and Northwest provinces. In Ontario it is close to 90, and over 90 in British Columbia.

Rye, peas and mixed grains are given a condition of about 90 for the Dominion, and are higher than in any year beginning with 1908. Hay and clover and alfalfa are both below last year's condition, and pasture is a point higher. In the three Northwest provinces the condition of pasture is over 100.

The feature of late cereals is the increase of area in flax, which is nearly 300,000 acres more than last year. The largest increase of flax is in Saskatchewan, where this crop in recent years has grown into great favor.

The numbers of live stock do not show much change from last year, but their condition at the end of June is very satisfactory. All classes are within less than two

points of 100, and an excellent uniformity is shown throughout all the provinces.

#### POTASH AND ITS USES.

All fruit crops and most vegetables where starch is a constituent part require the presence of potash as one of the mineral elements of the soil. The only known source of potash was wood ashes when the value of this element of plant food was first recognized, but ashes now play but a very unimportant part commercially, having been superseded by the potash salts from Germany. This does not mean that they should be disdained by farmers having even a limited supply, such as comes from the fires for domestic use, but should be carefully saved and applied where most needed.

Kaifit is a form of potash fertilizer which is extensively used as a direct application, especially on cotton as a specific to prevent blight, and on corn to drive away cutworms and rot lice, as a constituent of home-mixed fertilizers, and is also an ingredient of low-grade commercial fertilizers. It is not the best form in which to secure potash when it has to be shipped far, as the available plant food consists of about 12.5 per cent. of actual potash, equal to 23 per cent. sulphate, the remainder being sulphate and chloride of magnesium and chloride of sodium, all of little if any value as plant food.

It is best therefore, when a high-grade article is desired, to use sulphate or muriate of potash. Sulphate of potash is suitable for every crop and soil. It contains forty-eight pounds of actual potash in each 100 pounds. It is the right form to use for tobacco, potatoes and fancy fruit and vegetables. The manufacture of sulphate is more costly than that of muriate, hence the selling price of sulphate is somewhat higher. Its mechanical condition is the best of any of the potash salts, it being in the form of a fine, heavy, dry powder.

The muriate of potash used for fertilizing purposes, contains 60 pounds of actual potash in each 100 pounds, a higher per cent. of actual plant food than is furnished. It is suitable for all crops except tobacco, potatoes and a few fruits and vegetables raised for exhibition purposes. It can be applied long in advance of planting the crop without danger of loss by leaching. It is suitable for use on swamp-land, and a pound of real potash in this form costs less than in any other. At the low cost of potash, and since it may be bought direct from the importers, it seems wise on the farmer's part to "get a plenty while getting it."

This is also true in applying potash; use plenty, for it unites with other elements in the soil forming combinations which are available for plant food, but are not quite so soluble in water as the potash alone. Of course in sandy soils the loss of any plant food is greater than in soils of a clayey nature, hence the former soils must be fertilized mostly for present needs, unless care is taken to apply barnyard manure or to otherwise fill the soil with humus. The humus question is one, however, that deserves the consideration of every farmer, whether he uses commercial plant foods or not, for decaying vegetable matter in the soil improves its mechanical condition, thus making it work easier, and it also is a medium through which the roots of plants can secure air, and, more than all, it fortifies the soil against both deluge and drought and prevents the baked condition which users of commercial fertilizers sometimes complain of, and which is so easily prevented.

#### THE ORCHARD.

Three years of spraying, pruning and cultivation will bring an orchard that you are ashamed of into a condition that you will be proud of.

If you think of setting out an orchard and have had no experience, better hire a good man to show you how.

If you can get a man from your neighboring experiment station you will indeed be fortunate. If not, the ntry to get the man who grows the best fruit in your country.

The inexperienced planter thinks he is getting a bargain when he buys trees three or four years old, but experience will show him that yearlings are better and he should never plant anything over two-year-olds.

Always buy clean, straight trees with short stems and even then do not be afraid to prune before planting.

## WAYS OF COOKING TROUT

### RECIPES FOR EACH DAY OF THE YEAR.

#### The Brook Trout Concluded to be the Best Eating of all Varieties.

As for cooking the trout after it is caught, there is a different recipe for every day in the year, varying with the epicurean tastes of the country. Whether it appears on the menu as truite, Bachforelle, Teichforelle or Gwiniad, or plain "brook trout" does not matter, for there are a hundred and one disguises for the delicate pink and white flesh.

The French do it up a la Cambaceres in Rhine wine, with olives and truffles, says the Epicure, and a la Chambard means that Chablis is used also with truffles and other good things in the seductive sauce. Gautier style is supposed to be a credit to the great Theophile Gautier, and Jeanne d'Arc has also received the compliment of having a ragout of trout named for her. A la St. Florentin, a la Champignol, Daumont and Francaise are other accepted modes, and trout a la Conde is often found on formal dinner menus.

Spaniards dress with anchovy butter and stuff it with fine herbs, and in France and Spain the red trout or char are a great delicacy when simply cooked.

Canny Scots dress their trout from Loch Lomond with white cream sauce, and it is not to be despised with hot bannocks or fresh oat cakes.

The Dutch serve trout with sauce Hollandaise, usually

**BOILED AND SERVED HOT,** and in Norway and Sweden trout broiled with their roe is a dainty which American fish and game laws do not permit people here to enjoy.

Russians and Poles boil trout more frequently than to broil it, and the Russians are past masters in the making of coulibiac or a delicious hot pie made with puff paste, trout, truffles and other good things.

The Polish dish of trout Romanow is an epicurean delight, and Russian matelote of brook trout and medallions of brook trout with Russian salad are in their way quite as delicious as the Swedish cold boiled trout in jelly of the Italian mode invented by Count Carlo Borromeo of Milan, which includes sardine butter and Italian sauce in its composition.

Brook trout Provencal have a dash of garlic, like everything else from Provencal kitchens, but their trout in court bouillon is preferred by the Normans. The Germans combine trout with the roe of their national fish, the carp, and in Geneva and other Swiss towns the trout is simply broiled and served with lemon and melted butter.

The English have various dishes of trout, including

**TROUT WITH POTATOES** and shrimps, trout with crayfish tails, trout with green peas, brook trout with caper sauce and trout with shrimp sauce. Bouchees of trout with Bechamel sauce are not half bad, neither are trout masked in anchovy cream sauce, or fillets of trout with white Finescentaise, truffles or trout with carp balls.

The sea trout which are caught in the mouth of the Saguenay River, are cooked a la Pierre or some of the French Canadian guides of the Richelieu and Ontario preserves, and back in the mountain lakes not far from Tadoussac one may bring out hundreds of speckled trout from their haunts, or perhaps if one wishes greater sport let him go to the haunts of Henry van Dyke, the scenes of his "Days Off" in the Marguerite salmon rivers, and after he has caught the great gamy salmon let him wrap their fillets in green leaves, then a coating of wet clay or mud and bury them in the hot ashes under a crackling fire of birch and poplar logs.

Or is the Rangeley Lakes if he wants something new, let him hunt up Spot Flint, who is known from Rangeley to Errol Dam, and ask him to make one of his famous trout chowders with great slices of salmon trout, milk, onions and potatoes.

"But," the writer says in conclusion, "after all the globe trotter who has eaten trout in all climates at state banquets, at gilded Parisian restaurants, at foreign embassies and mountain hotels in the Tyrol, is likely to agree with me, I think, and say that a brook trout, dipped in Indian meal and fried with crisp slices of salt pork in a plebian frying pan, is the king of all modes of cooking the speckled beauties."

#### A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Our Father in Heaven, to Thee  
Our hearts and our voice we raise,  
For Thou hast ordained us to be  
Employed in the service of praise.

For us Thou dost all things provide,  
While unto Thy promise we cling;  
For Thou art our Keeper and Guide,  
Our Father, and Saviour, and King.

A path for our feet Thou dost make;  
Thou rulest the land and the sea;  
We know Thou wilt never forsake  
The souls that are trusting in Thee.

Help us in all knowledge to grow  
And set our affections above;  
And through us lead others to know  
The measureless wealth of Thy love.

T. WATSON.

Iona Station, Ont., 1911.

#### FALSE HUNGER.

A Symptom of Stomach Trouble  
Corrected by Good Food.

There is with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of harmful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry."

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches."

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching, if I wished to save my life."

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying."

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and that have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Postman Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

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

## CURED OF CONSTIPATION

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many diseases that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills."

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."

For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box.

## THE BEST PRESERVES

### DURING THE PRESERVING SEASON

**Redpath** Extra Granulated Sugar

IS DAILY WINNING FRESH LAURELS.

Its uniform high quality commends itself to all good housekeepers.

"BEST FRUIT, BEST SUGAR, BEST PRESERVES."

Ask your Grocer for Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar

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

## HOW FREIGHT GOES BY RAIL

### THE RAILWAY WAYBILL AND BILL OF LADING.

#### The Two Documents on Which All Freight Reports are Founded.

The waybill and the bill of lading are the two documents upon which all the vast fabric of railway freight reports is founded. The waybill plays the larger part by far.

Ordinarily it is a printed form on tough paper to stand the many hard knocks it receives both indoors and out before it is safely filed away. It is four and one-half inches wide by sixteen inches long. On its back many roads print in detail various instructions for its use. It is the connecting link, says the Railroad Man's Magazine, between the point from which the goods are shipped and the point of delivery.

It is an itemized statement of each consignment. Where the contents of a car are all being shipped to the same point but to several consignors there will be several bills, but if the carload is for but one consignee only one waybill is used.

Each car must have at least one waybill. It forms the initial blank in the system of freight accounts, as the check book in bank accounts. It is an order on the property and a document that the transaction has been recorded.

Each waybill must be numbered by the agent who issues it. These numbers generally run consecutively beginning each month with number one. If a carload of freight is loaded at a point where there are no track scales, the estimated weight is inserted by the forwarding agent. The car is then weighed at the first weighing point and the actual gross, tare and net weights are entered.

The gross weight is that of the car and contents as shown by the track scales, the tare is the weight of the car, which is stencilled on a lower corner of the outside of the car, and the net weight the difference between the two.

Upon many lines only one form of waybill is used. On others there are many varieties. Live stock way bills, for example, are often longer by some four inches than the ordinary kind and are on different colored paper. This is to prevent their being overlooked. Live stock must be fed and watered in transit at stated intervals, and if this is not attended to serious consequences for everybody concerned are quite certain. Perishable freight, ore, coal, coke, and other things that can be moved by the railroad have special forms and sizes of bills.

The conditions under which property is shipped must be carefully recorded on the waybill, such as "owner's risk," "carrier's risk," "released," "strapped, corded and sealed," "knocked down," "set up," and so on. These are much abbreviated, "K. D.," being used for "knocked down," and "S. U." for "set up."

The possession of an original bill of lading by a properly identified individual establishes that person's right to claim the property it covers when it reaches its destination. The original bill of lading is thereupon surrendered to the railroad company, the charges paid and the consignee removes the goods. That is the reason why certain classes of bills of lading are used as collateral upon which to borrow money, they being indorsed in that event as a bank draft would be. Certain classes of bills of lading are negotiable—that is, they may be bought and sold, the title or ownership of the property covered passing to the person who buys the bill of lading, and to whom it is therefore indorsed.

#### THE BARGAIN HUNTER.

Story of a Man Who Bought a Book from Franklin.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a longer stepped in to the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand

asked the shop boy the price. "One dollar," was the answer. "One dollar," said the longer; "can't you take less than that?" "No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed when the longer said: "Is Mr. Franklin at home?" "Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the longer.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the longer, with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?" "One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why your young man only asked me a dollar." "True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than to have been taken out of the office."

The longer seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said: "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half." "A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The longer paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any and Franklin into the printing-office.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE TARIFF.**

Manufacturer and Farmer Should Have Protection.

It was Abraham Lincoln who gave popularity to the Protectionist side of the tariff question when he said: "When we buy goods abroad we get the goods and the foreigner gets the money; but when we buy goods at home we get back the goods and the money." This sound philosophy characterizes another of the late President's famous homilies:

"The farmer and the manufacturer," the president once said, with his characteristic shrewdness, "are both in the same boat and I reckon they've got to learn to navigate the craft together or they'll upset." "He compared the case of a Pennsylvania farmer," continues the historian in question, "and a Pennsylvania iron implement maker whose properties adjoined. Under a protective policy the farmer supplied the ironmaker with bread, meat, vegetables, fruit, fodder for horses, etc., and the ironmaker supplied the farmer with all the iron, iron implements, etc., which he needed. Assuming that a change is made and the Protective policy abandoned, the farmer then discovers that he can buy his iron implements cheaper from Europe than from his neighbor, assuming that he sells a sufficient quantity of flour in Europe to enable him to effect the purchase of the iron. He ultimately discovers that the cost of carriage to the coast, transportation by sea to England, insurance and bargeage on arrival, does not enable him to receive such a good reward for his labor as he formerly did when selling his flour to his neighbor, the ironmaker. He therefore, determines to sell his flour as before to his neighbor. But while he has been purchasing his iron implements from Europe his neighbor, the ironmaker, has been compelled to stop his works and dismiss his employees not having sufficient work for them. The farmer, therefore, now finds that he has more wheat than he knows what to do with; also, that he is no longer able to sell his fruit, vegetables, fodder, meat, horses, etc., to his neighbor, the ironmaker, as he has gone out of business. In fact, he finds that through buying abroad in the cheapest market he has destroyed the home market for his own products and thrown a number of his fellow-countrymen out of employment."



# THE OBSERVER

Frederic H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

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## A REAL HOME TEST

What the "de Facto" Will Accomplish

(The Evening Times)  
With only a rail fence separating him from the United States—the boundary between Carleton county and the State of Maine being the dividing line between his farm and that of an American farmer—T. H. Barker, of Listerville, Carleton County, knows whereof he speaks when he says that under the reciprocity agreement the New Brunswick farmer will be greatly benefited.

"I think that the Liberal party with reciprocity as the issue will carry Carleton county," Mr. Barker said to a Times reporter this morning, "and I don't see any logical reason why it shouldn't. There are many Conservatives who are going to vote for it and for Mr. Carvell, but I know a few who are making a great mistake by clinging to party principles who are afraid to let their private feelings prevail, because their party is opposing the pact, which they certainly know is going to let the farmer have his turn."

Mr. Barker gave sound sensible reasons for his action in favoring reciprocity agreement, and said that he was certainly going to reap a benefit from it. He had not farmed for several years in Carleton county without knowing what fruits of reciprocity would be.

"Prices in the larger American market are so much better than in the Canadian centres," he said, "that it is little wonder the farmers want an outlet for the products of his farm. Take such articles as potatoes and hay, which everyone knows are grown in Carleton county in abundance. Only a row of posts separates New Brunswick from the United States, but look at the difference in the prices, compare them, and then you will certainly see why the Carleton county farmer is strong for reciprocity."

"Early in the spring the Americans paid well for their potatoes and up to a short time ago they have been paying \$1.80 a barrel in Maine, while we have been getting \$1.50 on our side of the line, and the duty of sixty cents prevents any shipment. There is almost always a difference of from thirty to fifty cents a barrel in the price of potatoes against Carleton county as compared with Maine. Of course, referring to Maine this way really means the large American cities because the shippers send their goods for the most part there."

"Do you think that the exporting of large quantities of potatoes to the states," the reporter asked Mr. Barker, "would have a tendency to keep them out of the Canadian market, out of St. John for instance? It has been said here that this is what would happen, and that the local consumer would have to pay more dearly for his farm and dairy products."

"I can't see that," replied Mr. Barker. "We always have quite a surplus of stock, and are always able to supply enough for home consumption, and the extension of our markets would not prevent our raising more, but would encourage us to do so. Why, then, should there be any danger

of a local scarcity? It is not every farmer in New Brunswick who gets the best results possible from his land, or if it were so, far more produce could be raised than is the case, and there would not be so many vacant farms. Under reciprocity I look forward to seeing the purchase of these farms or many of them at least."

As to the hay market, Mr. Barker said: "Well, it's just a matter of dollars and cents. If we can get \$10 a ton for hay across the border and can dispose of all we desire, and on this side of the line get \$6 for the same quantity, which in your opinion, would be the more profitable bargain? The duty is \$4 a ton, so that now we do not make anything by selling across the line, but under reciprocity that duty is taken off. "Practically the same may be said of butter and eggs, and I might add other farm products where the price is better on the larger American market than on our side of the line and it is plainly to be seen that the farmers are anxious to see the agreement ratified by the electors on September 21, because it means so much to them."

Mr. Barker, accompanied by his wife and daughter, came to the city yesterday to attend the Laurier demonstration, and will return home today.

## SOMERVILLE

Mrs. Mary Sipprell is improving in health after a serious illness. She is stopping at the home of Miles Rideout.

George Crandemire has moved to Hartland, occupying a part of the H. N. Boyer tenement south of the bridge. Warren Rideout has moved into the house he formerly owned and occupied and which he recently sold to Scott Rideout.

Prosperity and progression shine out from the W. J. Boyer homestead lately bought by B. G. Nixon. The house has been made over and enlarged and a large barn has been erected.

Miss Etta L. Alexander of Fredericton was the guest of Mrs. Charles A. McCormack last week. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stevens entertained a party of relatives in honor of their guests Alan and Kenneth MacIntyre. There were present Mrs. C. T. Phillips, Misses Georgia and Mabel Phillips of Jacksonville, Miss Mildred McGibbon of Woodstock and Miss Cora Stevens of Hartland.

## ARMAND

Mrs. Armand Henderson and her little daughter Hilda are to go to Hartland this week where Dr. Curtis will perform a surgical operation on the little child.

Miss Jennie Henderson has returned from a pleasant visit to the home of James Simms of Bath.

Miss Evelyn Todford of Windsor has charge of the school and is winning the good will of the children.

Among those who went to St. John to hear Laurier were Edmond Robinson, Willie Kimball, Armand Henderson, Henry London, and Edmond Spinney. This district is solid for Laurier and Reciprocity.

William Cogswell of Centreville was a recent guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. Kimball. Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Lewis of Athens, Pa. made a pleasant visit to this place recently.

On Thursday Mrs. Edmond Robinson attended a party at the home of Mrs. Arthur Avery at Knowlesville.

On Sunday morning Rev. J. Corey preached an instructive and able discourse to an attentive congregation.

Mrs. Annie A. Kimball and her son Lynn returned on Monday from a visit to Centreville.

Mrs. James Sewall and her two children have gone to Boston to reside permanently.

## WILMOT.

Miss Viola Estabrooks has returned from Montana where she has been for a number of years.

Miss Helen DeLong is clerking in the store at Avondale for G. W. Green of Hartland.

Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Collins of Amesbury, Mass., have been visiting friends and relatives of this place.

F. B. Carvell and other speakers held a grand meeting in the True Blue Hall Thursday evening and had a very large attendance.

Mrs. Bird Teed from Houlton is visiting Friends and relatives at this place.

## Wedding Anniversary.

On July twenty first at their home, Newburg Junction, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dickinson celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage.

The presents, which consisted of money, linen, china, silverware, and furniture, were costly and numerous showing the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson are held by friends and relatives.

The invited guests numbered over one hundred and twenty-five, among those present being their daughter Mrs. George Lewis of East Port Maine, grand daughter Mrs. John Foley of Providence, R. I. and Mr. Dickinsons niece, Miss Ida Dickinson of Alberta.

Tes was served at five o'clock, after which an enjoyable evening was spent in games and talk from which the guests dispersed for their various homes leaving behind their best wishes for the future health and prosperity of Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson.

## Chasing a Moose.

How an auto, chased a moose at top speed, first along a highway and then through a field of grain in the Tobique River section is now being told in Perth. Robert Loupin was the driver of the car. He was returning from Riley Brook one evening recently when he saw ahead of him on the road a bull moose. The light of the car seemed to confuse the animal for a time as it stood still and watched the car approach. It next turned and ran off at full trot but the car gained on it rapidly. The race continued until the moose left the road but the car followed.

Through a field of oats the chase continued, the car keeping up a constant din with the whistle and exhaust. The end of the sport came when the moose tore into some woods at the farther end of the field.—news

## Progress of the Campaign

On Saturday evening Messrs. Fleming and Tilley addressed a meeting in the Foresters' Hall. In spite of the fact that twenty-four of the seats had been removed no one present had to stand for want of a chance to sit down.

The same evening W. P. Jones made an excellent speech in the Liberals' Main street committee room. F. B. Carvell spoke briefly. The room was filled.

There were rousing meetings at Lower Brighton and Connell last evening, Carvell speaking at the former place. In both instances the enthusiasm was great.

At a recent meeting in Pembroke the building was packed. It is said five conservatives attended and two of them declared they would stick to their old policy and vote for reciprocity.

Carvell, A. B. Copp, M. F. P., and H. F. S. Paisly will address a meeting in Foresters' hall, Thursday night of this week. This will be one of the most important meetings of the campaign.

## Want Ads.

Use for this heading ads. will be inserted at the rate of 5 cents per line per week. Seven words count as a line. Cash must accompany orders. Write plainly and address OBSERVER Office, Hartland, N. B. No extra charges will be made if the advertiser wishes to have the replicas sent direct to this office to be forwarded.

## PUBLIC AUCTION

I am authorized to sell by public auction at the residence of W. N. Raymond, Simonds on Monday, Sept. 18th, 1.30 P. M.

### THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES

ONE HORSE 7 YEARS OLD 1300 LBS.  
ALSO DRIVER 7 YEARS OLD 1050 LBS.  
ONE DRIVER 3 YEARS OLD unless previously disposed of.  
ONE YEARLING COLT, Sire Green Horse.  
GOOD FAMILY COW.  
3 YEARLING BULLS.  
ALSO DOUBLE-SEATED CANOPY TOP DRIVING CARRIAGE.  
SINGLE CARRIAGES, SLOVEN WAGGON, SLEIGHS, PUNGS,  
DOUBLE SLED, BOB SLEDS, CHAINS, DOUBLE SET OF  
DRIVING HARNESS, SINGLE DRIVING HARNESS, DOUBLE  
HARNESSES, PLATFORM SCALES,  
CREAM SEPARATOR, CHURNS.  
HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS consisting of Bedroom Suits, Carpets,  
Sofas, Chairs, Writing Desk, Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Stoves,  
Dishes, Jars, Sap Cans  
SEASONED WOOD, and many other useful articles at a bargain.

Outside the live stock sales, approved notes will be taken for amounts exceeding \$10.

J. E. McDOUGALL,

Auctioneer.

## Potatoes Wanted

AT THE OLD STAND OF

DeWITT BROS.

I am open to buy good potatoes and to pay the highest market price.

Clyde Rideout.

## Fancy Prices? NO!

It's not necessary to pay a fancy price to get a

### GOOD SUIT

But you say

"I want a Good Style"

Of course you do and you can get it here at

### A Reasonable Bargain.



Again you say "I want durability" Very well at Our Store at from \$10.00 to \$20.00. You can rest assured will give entire satisfaction in this respect

### HOW ABOUT THE FIT

We have yet to hear of a Tailor that can give you a better fit at any price. Come in for a look anyway, you can try on to your hearts content and if you don't want to buy now, all right.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK  
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

## Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

George G. McColloim, 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.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

50,000  
FARM LABOR RS  
WANTED

IN WESTERN CANADA

IN A FEW DAYS

WATCH FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

W. B. Howard, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John.

## HARTLAND ROLLER RINK

Will open for the Season

Tuesday, Sept. 12

Every effort will be made to make the Rink a success and a desirable place to spend an evening in harmless pleasure. Absolutely no dust; no pumice stone used.

Prices Same as Usual.

Skates in excellent order.

ORCHESTRION MUSIC.



## Local News and Personal Items

Archie Ebbett of Lansdown was in Hartland on Thursday.

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

T. J. Hurley has in his garden a cucumber 14 inches in length and 9 inches in circumference.

Mrs. S. S. Miller and family have returned from their outing at "The Lodge," St. Stephen.

Alfred Knox of Houlton, with Mrs. Knox and children has been spending a few days at the home of C. Humphrey Taylor.

Arthur Estabrooks has only the best quality vinegar and spices for pickling purposes.

There will be a liberal meeting at Windsor on Friday evening addressed by F. B. Carvell and others.

At the Bristol mill first quality country wheat flour may be obtained for \$5.25 per barrel.

Rev. G. W. Tompkins has bought from H. H. Smalley a lot in the rear of his residence and has a dwelling in course of erection.

WANTED: A bright girl of at least ordinary school education to learn typesetting. Apply at once to the OBSERVER, Hartland.

Rev. S. Walter Schurman and family returned last week from a five weeks vacation spent in Nova Scotia. He occupied the Baptist pulpit on Sunday evening.

Rev. J. D. Wetmore of Florenceville was in the village on Thursday. He will soon go to St. John to take the pastorate of the Tabernacle church.

Your butter and eggs will pay you more goods at Carr's than elsewhere. From the simple fact that he is selling off at reduced prices.

Mrs. Sidney Hagerman and daughter Miss Ada have returned home after spending several days with Mrs. Hagerman's sister, Mrs. J. A. Parker, Chester.

HORSES FOR SALE:—1 four year old, kind and sound, weight 1200. I bay horse about 1100. Will be sold at reasonable prices. Allen Waters, Upper Brighton.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL:—The Estey & Curtis Co., Ltd., who have bought the store now occupied by J. T. G. Carr, will move in the first of October.

J. T. G. Carr who has sold his store to The Estey & Curtis Co., is selling off his stock at greatly reduced prices, preparatory to vacating the premises.

Charles Comben, a well known barrister and prominent Conservative of Woodstock is out stumping the county for Carvell and Reciprocity.

LOST: A gentleman's linen duster, between Hartland and William McGee's Lower Brighton. Finder will please leave it at McLaughlan's Store.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Gray, daughter of H. E. Gray, proprietor of the Harris Hotel, Bath, and Edmund W. Longstaff of Knoxford will take place next Wednesday.

Last Thursday evening F. B. Carvell addressed the electors of Wilnot in the True Blue hall. The building was packed with an appreciative audience. Rev. G. W. Tompkins also spoke at some length.

I. C. Yetton spent Saturday evening in Woodstock.

Hear Carvell in Hartland tomorrow evening.

Mrs. Lizzie Brewer has gone on a vacation trip to St. John and other points.

Mrs. Mansfield has returned to Philadelphia after a visit with her sister Mrs. L. deC. Macintosh.

C. E. Allen has rented his barber shop to Frank Day but will continue to work, engaging with Mr. Day.

Albert Tedford, late of St. John, has engaged with W. E. Thornton as barber. Mrs. Thornton will take two or three weeks vacation.

Mrs. James Gardiner recently underwent an operation for the removal of tumor at the Carleton Co. Hospital.

Mrs. C. H. Gray and children of Caribou are visiting her sister, Mrs. H. N. Boyer and Mrs. A. Plummer.

Mr. Fred W. Sherwood of Ft. Fairfield who has been visiting his sister Mrs. George Beckwith returned home today.

The three-year-old daughter of Havelock Waugh of Windsor took ill of cholera on Friday and died the following day.

C. E. Allen, besides paying his road tax has constructed a neat piece of concrete sidewalk the width of his building.

Miss Elva Turner who has been visiting her mother at Wilnot returned yesterday to her work at Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. A. C. Smith and Mrs. Norman P. MacLeod of St. John have been visiting Mrs. Fred J. Royer at Victoria.

The two-year-old child of Stanley Shaw of Windsor died during Friday night of pneumonia and was buried on Sunday.

Guildford D. Farley of Lowell, a former Somerville boy was calling on friends in this vicinity over Sunday. It is several years since he visited this section.

Church of England Services will be held next Sunday as follows:—Northfield 11 A. M., Glassville 3 P. M., Beaufort 8 P. M., a hearty welcome to all.

Don't forget the meeting in Foresters hall tomorrow (Thursday) night. Reciprocity will be the question and F. B. Carvell, A. B. Copp, M.P.P., and H. F. S. Paisley the speakers.

The people of the big cities of the New England states are a unit in favor of reciprocity. Will anyone say that they are anxious to dump their farm products into New Brunswick?—Mail.

Mrs. J. A. B. Belyea and daughter of Mars Hill have been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity. They formerly lived at Ashland N. B. Miss Belyea is a compositor in the office of the Mars Hill View.

The marriage of Arnold G. McFarland, son of L. E. McFarland of Hartland and employed as travelling auditor for the C. P. R. with residence at Saskatoon, and Miss Helen Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bowser is announced to take place at the bride's home on Sept. 20.

Remember that the reciprocity agreement, after it goes into effect, can be broken at any time, a month, a year, or twenty years afterward, by the vote of the Canadian parliament without consulting any United States authorities whatsoever.

New subscribers may get the OBSERVER until Jan. 1st, 1912 for 10 cents, or until Jan. 1st 1913 for only 50 cents. Remit in any way except by postage stamps, and the sooner you subscribe the longer you will get the paper for your money.

On Monday Mrs. A. D. Hartley of East Florenceville left for an extended visit west. She goes directly to Aspin, Colo., to see her brother, G. W. Boyer, and will also visit relatives on the coast. Her famous museum will always be open to any persons who desire to visit on week days or Sundays.

On Wednesday, Aug. 30, at 3 P. M., Guy L. Kimball and Miss Maud Dickinson both of Armond, were united in marriage by J. A. Corey at his residence, Knowlsville. The couple were unattended and immediately after the ceremony returned to Armond where they will reside. Mr. and Mrs. Kimball will receive friends after Sept. 15th.

Frank L. Hamm of St. John was here on Monday.

The wedding of Roy W. Cameron, a popular young man who has grown up with the Estey & Curtis Company's business, and Miss Mabel, oldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Curtis, is announced to take place on Tuesday next at two o'clock. The invited guests will include only the relatives of the contracting parties and those connected with the firm.

Newspapers that make a specialty of nasty, slurring paragraphs should be called off by their bosses. When an argument is so strong on the one side that opponents resort to vituperative language, bring in matters that do not hinge on the question at all, it is their sign of defeat. The one who loses in an argument is the one who first gets "fussy".

The Mars Hill View has these items of interest to Carleton county people: Miss Hildred V. Smith has gone to Pioneer to resume her duties as school teacher. Mrs. Amos Margison of Knoxford is visiting her son N. W. Margison. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Shaw of Hartland visited Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Seeley recently. Mrs. Warren Burlock, died at the home of her son Wilbur in Bridgewater on Wednesday night.

Dr. E. W. Kirkpatrick of Woodstock, lately trade commissioner of Canada in Cuba, has spoken against reciprocity. During the past summer he has been promoting a company in Cuba, for handling Canadian farm produce and he fears that if the nearer market is opened his company may not succeed. Of course he cannot consistently say the reciprocity agreement would lead to annexation to the United States any more than that shipping produce to Cuba would lead to annexation to that country.

Potatoes are bringing \$1.50 per 160lb barrel.

Mrs. S. S. Morgan and Miss Laura of Millinocket are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Morgan.

James McLeary and his daughter, Mrs. Henry Saunders, have gone to Macan, N. S. to visit relatives for two weeks.

Rev. J. H. Paddington of Bath, and J. E. Porter, a leading produce merchant of Andover, will address a meeting here on reciprocity, on Saturday night, next.

## TENDERS

Will be received for the building of the Presbyterian Manse, at Florenceville, up to Tuesday, September 12th. Plans and Specifications may be seen at the home of Rev. M. H. Manuel at Greenfield, or at H. D. Thompson's Tailor Shop, East Florenceville. The building committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest of any tender.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. John, N.B., Deep Water Wharves" will be received at this office until 4 P. M., on Wednesday September 20, 1911, for the construction of a series of Wharves in the Harbour of St. John, at St. John West, N. B.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of E. M. P. Shewen, Esq., District Engineer, St. John, N. B., Geoffrey Stead, Esq., District Engineer, Chatham N. B., A. R. Decary, Esq., District Engineer, Post Office, Quebec, J. L. Michaud, Esq., District Engineer, Montreal, J. G. Ging, Esq., District Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, and H. J. Lamb, Esq., District Engineer, London, Ont.

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the honorable the minister of Public Works, equal to ten percent (10 p. c.) of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be returned, the accepted cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order  
R. C. DESROCHERS  
Secretary  
Department of Public Works  
Ottawa, August 2, 1911.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—at once for work in your locality. Will guarantee \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day. Opportunity to advance rapidly. Will pay liberally for spare time. Work not difficult. Experience not required. International Bible Press, Toronto, Ont.

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

### Drivers for Sale

Red Glenn mare, seven years old, brown with black points, kind, not afraid of autos.

Lord Dufferin mare, dam, Red Glenn. This is three years old, brown with black points, well broken, lots of grit, kind, a beauty for someone.

W. N. RAYMOND  
Middle Simonds, N. B.

## F. N. GRANT

PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs

## BREAD

Like MOTHER used to make.  
Fine Confectionery  
and Soft Drinks.

## SIMMS

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

## BOHAN BROS.

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

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

M. W. CALDWELL  
GENERAL MERCHANT  
BRISTOL.  
has added to his stock  
Lime, Brick, Cement and Shingles  
at lowest cash prices.  
special values in  
Footwear and Clothing.

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.

New Barber Shop.  
H. B. BOYER  
Everything new, neat and clean. Ladies Massage and Shampooing a specialty  
Over Gesien's Store, 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.

## DON'T FAIL

To Take Your Vacation and Visit

## New Brunswick's Big Fair Fredericton Exhibition

Sept. 16 to Sept. 23

THE BIG SHOW OF 1911

\$15,000 - IN PREMIUMS - 15,000

Competition Open to Canada and State of Maine.  
New Buildings! Enlarged Grounds!  
Education and Amusement Combined.  
The Greatest Special Attractions Ever Put on at a Provincial Fair.

3 Days -- RACING -- 3 Days

Special Fairs on all Railways and Steamers. Write the Secretary for Price List, Programme of Attractions and Further Information.  
JOHN A. CAMPBELL, President  
W. S. HOOPER, Secretary

## MILLINERY

Should you need a New Hat Made to Order  
Call Quick, My Millinar will be out of the store from August 10 to August 25.

HATS ALLREADY MADE-UP

Will be Sold at a Much Reduced Price during August.

## August Sale of Wall Paper

It may seem late to buy Wall Paper, we stock the whole year, during August you can get enough paper to brighten up your home at this store for 30 to 50 cents for each room.

Ladies Suits in Cloth Linen and Duck

At Cost to Close. Also Rain Coats, Childrens Cotton and Linen Suits from age 3 to 10, 86 cents to \$1.68 less than cost to clear

Hartland Farmers' Exchange  
C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR

## Rideout & Sipprell

proprietors of the

## "Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25 cents

Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clean.

Fresh Fruits, Finest Chocolates,  
Canned Goods, etc.

Step in and see us. We guarantee to please you.

## 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.

Yes

ALL teas may look alike to you—but the difference in Red Rose Tea is in the taste and the smell. Another marked difference is the agreeable strength that puts real quality in the cup with less tea in the pot. Will you try it.





The Worlds Standard  
for tea is  
**LIPTON'S TEA**  
OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

# VENGEANCE OF BLUEJAYS UPON A HORSE THAT HAD DESTROYED THEIR NEST.

## The Owner of the Equine Had to Take a Hand in the Furious Attack.

"I hated to do it," said a suburban dweller, "for the birds were so pretty and had remained about my place in the country all winter, serving greatly to brighten things up during the sombre season, but I had either to make away with them or let them make away with my horse."

Along one side of the field that stretches away from the rear of my place is a thick growth of bushes. Various kinds of birds find that thick favorable for their nesting places. The field itself is let as a pasture, and in the spring and early summer the cattle and horses, pasturing there vary their diet by browsing on the sweet and tender young foliage of the thickets. Among the three or four horses in the field, along in May was my horse, an unpretending and kindly old fellow and almost one of the family.

"One day I was working in my garden when I heard bluejays down in the thicket along the field fence making more noise than is usual even with these birds of harsh and strident voice. Looking down that way, I saw four bluejays engaged in fierce and persistent assault on my horse."

"They were darting at him from all sides, pecking at his face, striking him in the neck and nipping his ears. The poor old nag ran first one way and then another to escape the assaults of the excited and SHRIEKING BIRDS."

but he was headed off by them whichever way he turned.

"As there might be danger of the horse being blinded by some well aimed stroke of a bluejay's sharp bill, I hurried down to lend him my aid in escaping from the vicious birds. Even after I arrived on the scene and took the horse by the mane and led him away from the spot the infuriated jays hovered about and followed us, making frequent bold dashes on the horse and inflicting jabs that made him jump."

"I led the horse to the far side of the field and the birds returned to the thicket, where they held toasty consultation at one particular spot and seemed to be in great tribulation. It was evident that my horse had offended the bluejays in some way, and to discover it possible in what way I walked up to the thicket. At the spot where the clamor of the jays was concentrated I found on the ground the bodies of three newly hatched bluejays."

"The four old birds circled about me with noise and fury for a while as if inclined to hold me responsible in some way for the tragedy. Then they dashed away across the field toward where my horse had resumed his quiet feeding and arriving there angrily renewed their attack upon him."

"I hurried thither, and again rescued him from."

**THE FURIOUS BIRDS.**

and they flew yelling back to the thicket. As often as the horse was left to himself in the pasture the jays attacked him as fiercely as ever, and I was compelled to remove him from the field. The birds made no attack on any other of the horses, although two of them were feeding near the spot where the birds were clamoring in the bushes."

"The jays became quiet after a while and presumably went about their business. Believing that the unfortunate incident was closed I turned my old horse into the pasture again, but he had no sooner begun to crop the grass than the jays emerged from the thicket again and renewed the assault on him with all the old fury. I rescued him once more and took him home and shut him in the barn."

"A road passes along the field on the other side of the thicket, and is much travelled by teams. Two or three days after the affair between the bluejays and my horse I hooked the horse to my buggy for a drive to the village. As he was jogging along by the thicket these bluejays recognized him and in-

stantly assailed him. That was too much for even the staid old nag to put up with, and he took the bit in his teeth and in spite of all I could do, ran away.

"And didn't those infernal jays keep right along with him for half a mile, urging him to still greater effort in his runaway stunt by pecking him and jabbing him and yelling in his ears! They quit then and went back to the thicket, yelling congratulations to one another at the top of their lungs. I never got the old horse allowed down until we got to town, about two miles."

"No damage was done except to my temper. That was wrecked so that when I got home, returning by a roundabout way to escape the danger of another furious bluejay assault and possibly more damage to my temper if to nothing else, I went for those jays with a shotgun."

"I hated to do it, but I couldn't stand by and see my horse constantly in jeopardy, and I didn't want to sell him. At the same time I suppose the jays had some excuse for their enmity against the horse, for there is no doubt that while he was browsing along the edge of the thicket he had pulled down a limb on which a family of bluejays had their nest and tumbled the young ones out of it to the ground. The jays were simply wreaking vengeance on the despoiler of the nest, although I am sure the old horse wouldn't have dumped that nest for all the juicy foliage there was in the thicket if he only had known."

# BELIEVE GRAVE CURSES THEN Afflicted Persons Visit Burial Place in Ireland for Relief.

Two quaint old ceremonies, one of very ancient date, the origin of which is not quite known, have just taken place, one in Ireland and the other in the old world village of Braunstone, in Leicestershire.

In North Kilmurry, some 12 miles from Cork there is a grave to which certain country people still make pilgrimages at certain periods of the year, believing that they will be cured of rheumatism and other ills. On the grave are a number of crutches and sticks which have been left by pilgrims who have been "cured." The pilgrims bring with them cups and jars of holy water, which they place on the burial place, some of them also tearing off parts of their clothing, which they hang on a thorn bush beside the grave. The tombstone bears the inscription, "Erected by a friendly hand to the memory of Rev. Patrick Dilworth, died January, 1838, aged 66 years."

"The Holme Meadow," at Braunstone, is always mowed on the Thursday before "Feast Sunday," and the hay taken by the parish clerk, who, having it removed to the village church, has it strewn all over the aisles. The origin of the custom is not known, but it is thought that it had its beginning in the time when the floors of churches and houses were on earth and covered with rushes, times in which there took place each year the ceremony of rush beating, the villagers going in processions to the churches to strew the floors with new rushes.

Few men carry a bigger roll of bills than the professional detector of counterfeiters. It is a felony to have counterfeit money in one's possession, but each counterfeit detector has a special license from the treasury department at Washington to carry about 150 samples of bogus money. For each counterfeit bill the detector carries a genuine note of the same kind and denomination for the purposes of comparison. The total value of this good money that is carried side by side with the bad is between \$10,000 and \$50,000. The bills run from \$1 up to \$1,000 in denomination.

A little boy was learning his letters, and found it much easier to remember them by appearance than by name. One day, wishing to know the identity of the letter "L," the puzzled youngster asked:

"Mother, what is this letter that goes straight out north on one side and up to God on the other?"

# SIGNOR! It sounds a bit mean of me to say it was all Amy's fault, but it really was. The idea was hers, and its execution was hers. And that was everything—everything except the trifling contribution I made to the sum total of conspiring circumstances.

My affairs had not been quite so flourishing as they should have been, and I had put the position frankly before Amy, as I hold a husband should be quite frank with his wife when things are gloomy, whatever he may do when they are bright; and we had discussed economies for four successive evenings, and finally agreed that rather than give up our little house and move into a smaller one or a wretched flat, if we could get someone to share its comforts, conveniences and expenses, we might meet the difficulty.

Amy's cousin, in West Hampstead, had met a similar difficulty in that way, and Amy didn't see why we shouldn't. The notion seemed so excellent, indeed, that I consented, and left the whole matter for Amy to arrange, the more readily because she had an idea that her West Hampstead cousin had mentioned to Amy that she, the cousin—had said to her—that is to Amy—that her (cousin again) guest, a German gentleman, had mentioned having a friend, also a foreigner, who was anxious to find accommodation in a gentleman's house, where he could pick up English quickly amid congenial surroundings.

For this he was prepared to pay four or five guineas a week, according to circumstances. Amy thought she could get this German to come to us, if she mentioned the matter to her cousin; and as he seemed all right, since he was a personal friend of Amy's cousin's guest, I left the matter entirely in her hands, as I said before.

I'm obliged to explain all this in order to be understood. But to justify myself saying to you it was all Amy's fault, I must tell you the rest from her standpoint.

She saw the West Hampstead cousin the following afternoon, and was introduced to the German. No, come to think of it, he was an Italian, though it is not material, since the real point is that he only spoke enough English to nod affirmatively when asked a question, and shrug his shoulders and point when he required anything. He had come to England to learn our language by residing with people who couldn't make themselves understood in any other language.

It must have been a trifle difficult for Amy to make the exact purpose of her visit clear to the distinguished foreigner, but she was quite satisfied with her success when she told me all about it in the evening.

"A charming man!" she declared. "What his lips can't say his eyes can. He is to see his friend to-morrow—at least, I think so; and he'll let me know if I am when his friend will come to us—I fancy that's what he meant. A most charming man, Alfred! So genial and vivacious. So alive!"

"Well, I hope his friend will be equally genial and vivacious and alive," I observed, not particularly happily.

Two days elapsed. Then Amy was summoned to the front door to "try and make sense of what a nasty foreigner was saying," as Emily, the housemaid, explained. Amy rushed out to find her West Hampstead cousin's Italian guest, who had called to try to make her understand the arrangements he had made with his friend. She experienced great trouble in comprehending his volubility and gestures that his friend would arrive to take up his abode with us the following day.

Her greatest uneasiness arose from the fact that the charming Italian had dropped so many words in his native language that she hadn't the faintest notion which of them represented the name of his friend. However, she consoled herself with the reflection that she would be perfectly safe in addressing the coming guest as "signor," and that he himself might have finished his education in conversational English.

Amy confided all this to me on my return home in the evening, and as she was so sure it was all right, and I was so uncertain that it wasn't, that I did not disturb her mind particularly as she was somewhat ruffled by her anxiety to have everything prepared for "signor's" reception on his arrival the next day.

It happened most unfortunately, that when I arrived at business the following morning and went through my correspondence, I found it would be necessary for me to start tomorrow which I had been anticipating for some days. It was extremely awkward having to leave Amy to receive this stranger, and entertain him, in my absence; but as my trip was in connection with

Gillett's Perfume  
Conforms to the  
highest standard of  
Gillett's goods.  
Useful for  
five hundred purposes.  
**GILLETT'S  
PERFUME**  
Made in  
Canada

# BLACKBIRD MUSICIANS. One That Accompanied a Band Another Gave Cavalry Call.

One April while studying bird voices in a wood near a breezy upland village in Banffshire Scotland, I was startled by a whistler, who produced again and again part of the opening phrases (six notes) of the fine English song "Should He Upbraid," says the Scotsman.

No professional clarinet player could have rendered the phrases with closer attention to quality of tone and to exactness of time and pitch. At first I thought that it had been whistled by a ploughman who was working in a neighboring field. Other blackbirds in the same wood whistled the phrase, but no one performed it so well as the bird I first heard.

Two summers ago a blackbird that patrolled a small beat in the garden to the south of Buccleuch place, Edinburgh, whistled a part (over a dozen notes) of a five-finger exercise for the piano, which he had without doubt picked up from some player in one of the neighboring houses. Some years ago in the month of June I attended a concert in the Luxembourg Gardens which may be considered the central point of the Latin Quarter of Paris.

The performers were the band of the Garde Republicaine (the finest band in the world), and the programme they submitted consisted wholly of extracts from Beethoven's works. While the Adagio of the "Sonata Pathetique" was being played a blackbird sitting high up in a tree near the band stand accompanied the instruments and stopped when they did.

He sang during the whole movement—beautiful, leisurely snatches of melody. His notes seemed like an instrument added to the band and quite equalled in quality any of the wood winds. The way in which his extempore melody fitted in with Beethoven's composition was perfectly marvellous.

All through that summer the heat in Paris was terrific. Often every day I had occasion to pass along a torpid old street in the Latin Quarter, near which I lived, the Street of the Four Winds—a narrow thoroughfare, lined by high white painted houses above which could be seen a mere ribbon of dark blue sky.

In this street a cobbler, an ex-bugler in a Cuirassier regiment had his booth. Above the booth hung a large wicker cage in which was a blackbird with a tremendous voice—a "hundred throated" bird to borrow the adjective which Ten-Tyson qualifies the nightingale.

The ex-bugler had taught his merle (the French word for blackbird) a cavalry call, and many times a day the street reverberated with the blood-stirring sounds. One brooding day in July an old abbe stopped in front of the cobbler's stall, and began to mop his crimson face. "Monsieur," he said to the cobbler, "accept my congratulations: your merle is the most eloquent preacher in Paris, for his notes are a battle call to the strong and a sursum corda (lift up your hearts) to the despairing."

**CAREFULLY EXPLAINED.**

"Good-bye," said Mrs. James to her husband, as she left for a short visit to her mother. "I've put everything in order for you. If you can't find anything write me and I'll let you know where it is."

Two days later Mr. James missed a favorite hat of his and wrote to ask where it had been put. This is the reply:

"I think I put it in the wardrobe in the front bedroom, but if it isn't there you might try in the hatstand drawer, or the hall-table, or perhaps it has fallen behind the dressing-table in our bedroom. I think it's upstairs somewhere. P. S.—Perhaps after all I changed it at the door for some ferns."

As an old lady who was ill seemed much easier, the nurse in attendance said: "Now, I think you will be all right if I put this bell beside you, and I will go and get a sleep." "A sleep!" exclaimed the only lady in evident wonder. "Why, I thought you were a trained nurse!" "I am," said the nurse drily, "but unfortunately we are not trained to keep awake for ever."

# CASE OF BLIND JUSTICE. Peasant Convicted of Murder He Never Committed.

The sum of \$6,000 has just been awarded by the Cher Assize Court in France as compensation for seventeen years' penal servitude undergone by a peasant named Charles Michaud, who received a life sentence for a murder he did not commit.

A rich old peasant farmer was murdered and Michaud, a neighbor, was convicted, chiefly on the evidence of a necktie which had belonged to the dead man and of some stains on his clothes supposed to be blood. Michaud protested his innocence throughout and declared he knew nothing about the tie and that the stains were caused by cider. He was convicted and sent to French Guiana for life.

While he was there a fellow convict confessed or rather boasted that he had committed the murder. This man later succeeded in escaping from the penal settlement, but newspapers having taken up his case and found confirmation of his story, the Court of Cassation decided that his confession was the necessary new fact which would allow it to set aside the condemnation and order a new trial.

Michaud, who was twenty-nine when convicted, is now 46, but looks like a broken down old man. His wife, always convinced of his innocence, was present at the second trial. His counsel asked for \$30,000 damages, but the court awarded \$6,000 and the placarding of the judgment.

"John," she said gently, "you are interested in temperance movements, are you not?" "Or course I am," he answered. "Well, suppose you go and make a few of them at the pump-handle. I want a pail of water at once."







# UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "QUIDA"

He carves in ivory. I suppose he has a good sale for those things with you?" The Moor looked up in amazement. "In ivory, madame? He? Allah! Allah! I never heard of it. It is strange."

"Very strange. Doubtless you would have given him a good price for them?" "Surely I would; any price he should have wished. Do I not owe him my life?"

At that moment little Musjid let fall a valuable coffee tray inlaid with amber. The noise startled Cecil, and his eyes unclosed to all the dreamy fantastic colors of the place and met those bent on him in musing pity—saw that lustrous, haughty, delicate head bending slightly down through the many colored shadows.

He thought he was dreaming, yet on instinct he rose, staggering slightly, for sharp pain was still darting through his head and temples.

"Madame, pardon me. Was I sleeping?"

"You were—and rest again. You look ill," she said gently. And there was for a moment less of that accent in her voice which the night before had marked so distinctly, so pointedly, the line of demarcation between a princess of Spain and a soldier of Africa.

"I thank you, I am all right."

"I fear that is scarcely true," she answered him. "You look in pain, though, as a soldier perhaps you will not own it."

"A headache from the sun, no more, madame."

"That is quite bad enough. Your service must be severe?"

"In Africa, miladi, one cannot expect indulgence."

"I suppose not. You have served long?"

"Twelve years, madame."

"And your name?"

"Louis Victor." She fancied there was a slight abruptness in the reply, as though he were about to add some other name, and checked herself. She entered it in the little book from which she had taken her bank notes.

"I may be able to serve you," she said as she wrote. "I will speak of you to the marshal, and when I return to Paris I may have an opportunity to bring your name before the emperor."

The color flushed his forehead.

"You do me much honor," he said rapidly, "but if you would gratify me, madame, do not seek to do anything of the kind."

"And why? Do not you even desire the cross?"

"I desire nothing, except to be forgotten."

She regarded him with much surprise, with some slight sense of annoyance. She had bent far in tendering her influence at the French court to a private soldier, and his rejection of it seemed as ungracious as it was inexplicable. At that moment the Moor joined them.

"Miladi has told me, M. Victor, that you are a first rate carver of ivories. How is it that you have never let me

benefit by your art?"

"My things are not worth a sou," muttered Cecil hurriedly.

"You do them great injustice and yourself also," said the grande dame more coldly than she had before spoken. "Your carvings are singularly perfect and should bring you considerable returns."

"Why have you never shown them to me at least?" pursued Ben Arsil. "Why not have given me my option?"

The blood flushed Cecil's face again. He turned to the princess.

"I withheld them, madame, not because he would have underpriced but overpriced them. He rates a trifling act of mine of long ago so unduly."

Ben Arsil stroked his great beard, more moved than his Moslem dignity would show.

"Always so," he muttered, "always so. My son, in some life before this was not generosity your ruin?"

"Miladi was about to purchase that lamp?" asked Cecil, avoiding the question. "Her highness will not find anything like it in all Algiers. May I bear it to your carriage, madame?" he asked as she moved to leave, having made it her own, while her footman carried out smaller articles. She bowed in silence. She was very exclusive; she was not wholly satisfied with herself for having conversed thus with a Chasseur d'Afrique in a Moor's bazaar. Still she vaguely felt pity for this man; she equally vaguely desired to serve him.

"Wait, M. Victor," she said as he closed the door of her carriage. "I accepted your chessmen last night, but it is impossible I can retain them on such terms."

A shadow darkened his face.

"Let your dogs break them, then, madame. They shall not come back to me."

"You mistake; I did not mean that I would send them back. I simply desire to offer you some equivalent for them. There must be something that you wish for—something which would be acceptable to you in the life you lead?"

"I have already named the only thing I desire."

"To be forgotten? A sad wish. Nay, surely life in a regiment of Africa cannot be so cloudless that it can create in you no other?"

"It is not. I have another."

"Then tell it to me; it shall be gratified."

"It is to enjoy a luxury long ago lost forever. It is to be allowed to give the slight courtesy of a gentleman without being tendered the wage of a servant."

She understood him. She was moved, too, by the infection of his voice. She was not so cold, not so negligent, as the world called her.

"I had passed my word to grant it. I cannot retract," she answered him after a pause. "I will press nothing more on you. But, as an obligation to me, can you find no way in which a rouleau of gold would benefit your men?"

"No way that I can take it for them. But, if you care indeed to do them a charity, a little wine, a little fruit, a few flowers (for there are those among them who love flowers) sent to the hospital will bring many benedictions on your name, madame. They lie in infinite misery there."

"I will remember," she said simply. "Adieu, Mr. Corporal, and if you should think better of your choice and will allow your name to be mentioned by me to his majesty send me word through my people. There is my card."

The carriage whirled away down the crooked street. He stood under the awning of the Moorish house with the thin, glazed card in his hand. On it was printed:

"Madame la Princesse Corona d'Amague, Hotel Corona, Paris."

In the corner was written "Villa Al-aussa, Algiers." He thrust it in the folds of his sash and turned within.

"Do you know her?" he asked Ben Arsil.

The old man shook his head.

"She is the most beautiful of thy many fair Frankish women. I never saw her till today. She seemed to have an interest in thee, my son. But listen here. Touching these ivory toys, if thou dost not bring henceforth to me all the work in them that thou dost thou shalt never come here more to meet the light of her eyes."

Cecil smiled and pressed the Moslem's hand.

"I kept them away because you would have given me a hundred plasters for what had not been worth one. As for her eyes, they are stars that shine on another world than an African troop's. So best?"

Yet they were the stars of which he thought more, as he wended his way back to the barracks, than of the splendid constellations of the Algerian evening.

Meantime the Princess Corona drove homeward—homeward to where a temporary home had been made by her in the most elegant of the many snow white villas that stud the sides of the Sahel and face the bright bow of the sunlit bay. She passed from her carriage to her own morning room and sank down on a couch a little listless and weary with her search among the treasures of the Algerian bazaars.

"Not one of those things do I want—not one shall I look at twice. The money would have been better at the soldiers' hospital," she thought, while her eyes dwelt on a chess table near her—a table on which the mimic hosts of chassours and Arabs were ranged in opposite squadrons. She took the white king in her hand and gazed at it with a certain interest.

"That man has been noble once," she thought. "What a fate! What a cruel fate! How bitter his life must be! When Philip comes, perhaps he will know some way to aid him. And yet—who can serve a man who only desires to be forgotten?"

Then, with a certain impatient sense of some absurd discrepancy, of some unseemly occupation, in her thus dwelling on the wishes and the burdens of a corporal of light cavalry, she laid aside the little and put the white king back once more in his place. Yet even as she set the king among his mimic forces the very carvings themselves seemed to re-act their artist in her memory.

There was about them an indescribable elegance, an exceeding grace and beauty, which spoke of a knowledge of art and of refinement of taste far beyond those of a mere military amateur in the one who produced them.

"What could bring a man of that talent, with that address, into the ranks?" she mused. "Persons of good family, of once fine position, come here, they say, and live and die unrecognized under the imperial flag. It is usually some dishonor that drives them out of their own worlds. It may be so with him. Yet he does not look like one whom shame has touched. He is proud still—prouder than he knows. More likely it is the old, old story—a high name and a narrow fortune, the ruin of thousands. Well, it is no matter of mine. Very possibly he is a mere adventurer with a good manner. This army here is a mixture, they say, of all the varied scoundrelisms of Europe."

The Moslem had said a right of her beauty. Many besides the old Moslem had thought it "the fairest that e'er the sun shone on" and held one grave, lustrous glance of the blue imperial eyes above might else on earth. Many had loved her, all without return. Yet, although only 20 years had passed over her proud head, the Princess Corona d'Amague had been wedded and been widowed.

Wedded, with no other sentiment than that of a certain pity and a certain honor for the man whose noble Spanish name she took; widowed by a death that was the seal of her marriage sacrament and left her his wife only in name and law.

The marriage had left no chain upon her; it had only made her mistress of wide wealth, of that villa on the Sicilian sea, of that light, spacious palace dwelling in Paris that bore her name, of that majestic old castle throned on brown Estremaduran crags. The death had left no regret upon her; it only gave her for awhile a graver shadow over the brilliancy of her youth and of her beauty and gave her a plea for that indifference to men's worship of her which their sex called heartlessness, which her own sex thought an ultra refined coquetry and which was in real truth neither the one nor the other, but simply the negligence of a woman very difficult to charm. It was not ambition that had killed her on his deathbed with Beltram Corona d'Amague, but what it was the world could never tell precisely. The world would not have believed it if it had heard the truth—the truth that it had been, in a different fashion, a gleam of something of the same compassion that now made

her merciful to a common trooper of Africa which had wedded her to the dead Spanish prince. Corona d'Amague had been her brother's friend, the only one for whom he had ever sought to break her unvarying indifference to her lovers, but for whom even he had pleaded vainly until one autumn season when they had staid together at a great archducal castle in south Austria. In one of the forest glades she rejected for the third time the passionate supplication of the superb noble. He rode from her in great bitterness, in grief that no way moved her. An hour after he was brought past her, wounded and senseless. He had saved her brother from imminent death at his own cost, and the tusks of the mighty Styrian boar had plunged through and through his frame as they had met in the narrow woodland glade.

"He will be a cripple—a paralyzed cripple—for life," said the one whose life had been saved by his devotion to her that night, and his lips shook a little under his golden beard as he spoke. "My God, what a death in life! And all for my sake, in my stead!"

She was silent several moments; then she raised her face, a little paler than it had been, but with a passionless resolve set on it.

"Phillip, we do not leave our debts unpaid. Go; tell him I will be his wife."

"His wife! Now? Venetia?"

"Go!" she said briefly. "Tell him what I say."

"But what a sacrifice! In your beauty, your youth?"

"He did not count cost. Are we less generous? Go; tell him."

He was told and was repaid. Such a light of unutterable joy burned through the misty agony of his eyes as never, it seemed to those who saw, had beamed before in mortal eyes. At midnight, in the great, dim magnificence of the state chamber where he lay and with the low, soft chanting of the chapel choir from afar echoing through the incensed air, she bent her haughty head down over his couch, and the marriage benediction was spoken over them.

"You are my own! Death is sweeter than life!" he said.

And before sunrise he died.

Some shadow from that fatal and tragic midnight marriage rested on her still. Men thought her only colder, only prouder, but they erred. She was one of those women who, beneath the courtly negligence of a chill manner, are capable of infinite tenderness, infinite nobility and infinite self reproach. A great French painter once in Rome, looking at her from a distance, shaded his eyes with his hand, as if her beauty, like the sun, dazzled him. "Exquisite! Superb!" he muttered. "She is nearly perfect, your Princess Corona!"

"Nearly!" cried a Roman sculptor. "What in heaven's name can she want?"

"Only one thing!"

"And that is—"

"To have loved."

He had found the one flaw—and it was still there. What he missed in her was still wanting.

## CHAPTER IX.

CIGARETTE was as caustic as a Voltaire this morning. Coming through the entrance of the hospital, she had casually heard that Mme. la Princesse Corona d'Amague had made a gift of singular munificence and mercy to the invalid soldiers—a gift of wine, of fruit, of flowers, that would brighten their long, dreary hours for many weeks. Who Mme. la Princesse might be she knew not; but the title was enough; she was a silver pheasant—lady! And with a word here and a touch there, tender, soft and bright, since, however ironic her mood, she never brought anything except sunshine to those who lay in such sore need of it, beholding the sun in the heavens only through the narrow chink of a hospital window. At last she reached the bed she came most specially to visit—a bed on which was stretched the emaciated form of a man once beautiful as a Greek dream of a god. The dew of a great agony stood on his forehead; his teeth were tight clinched on lips white and parched. She bent over him softly.

"Good day, M. Leon. I have brought you some ice."

His weary eyes turned on her gratefully. He sought to speak, but the effort brought the spasm on his lungs afresh. It shook him with horrible violence from head to foot, and the foam on his ashurn beard was red with blood.

There was no one by to watch him. He was sure to die; a week, sooner or later—what mattered it? He was useless as a soldier—good only to be thrown into a pit, with some quicklime to hasten destruction and do the work of the slower earthworms.

Cigarette said not a word, but she took out of some vine leaves a cold, hard lump of ice and held it to him. The delicious coolness and freshness in that parching noontide heat stilled the convulsion. His eyes thanked her, though his lips could not. He lay panting, exhausted, but relieved, and she, thoughtfully for her, slid herself down on the floor and began singing low and sweetly as a fairy might sing on the raft of a water lily leaf.

"Ah, that is sweet," murmured the dying man. "It is like the brooks—like the birds—like the winds in the leaves."

He was but half conscious, but the lulling of that gliding voice brought him peace. And Cigarette sang on, only moving to reach him some fresh touch of ice, while time traveled on and the first afternoon shadows crept across the bare floor. It was a fete day in Algiers. There were flags and banners fluttering from the houses; there were Arab races and Arab maneuvers; there was a review of troops for some foreign general; there were all the mirth and the mischief that she loved and that never went on without her. But still she never moved, though

(Continued next week)

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