

THE OBSERVER

Vol. 4.

HARTLAND, N. B., June 27, 1912.

No. 2.

Shirt Waists

A large and well selected stock of all kinds.

House Dresses

in Gingham and Prints.

Children's Dresses

in White and Light and Dark, Gingham and Print.

Boy's Blouses Only 45c.

Summer Corsets, 50 to 75 cents.

Ladies' Neckwear

A fresh supply of the newest things in Stiff Collars, Dutch Collars and Jabots.

A Full Line of Snappy SHOES

For Men, Women and Children

Canned Apples, Gallon size, only 20c. per can.

THE DAYLIGHT

A. L. Baird,

Hartland, N. B.

Closing Out Sale!

Just a Few of the Bargains:

Suit Cases from \$1.40 and upward.

Trunks at lowest ever bought in this country.

Shaker Blankets and Corsets at accordingly low prices.

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

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

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS
ROCKLAND.

Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

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

Do You Intend to Build

or repair your house this year?

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

Plans and MATERIALS at lowest Prices

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

Ask to see Sketches of Verandahs and Porch Fronts

We handle the very best grade of Roofing.

Hartland Woodworking Co. Ltd.

Peter Hallett.

Peter Hallett who has been failing in health for the last year or more on account of old age passed to rest shortly after sunrise on June 11.

Mr. Hallett who had reached the grand old age of 86 years and 10 months, only gave up regular work when he became almost totally blind some two years since.

He was the oldest resident by several years and always one of the most respected. Fifteen years ago he lost his beloved wife, Emeline, leaving him a large family, and the care of a number that were still quite young. He resided at his death on the farm that he had changed by the work of his own hands from a wilderness of virgin forest to large and well cultivated fields. Of late years he has been kindly cared for by his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dickinson.

Mr. Hallett was a member of the Primitive Baptist church and the contentment of the last days and hours of life, and beauty of the passing of his soul, expressed the zealous faith that was his in the Lord Jesus. The funeral on Thursday was attended by a great number of friends and acquaintances, the text, which was his own choice, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ," was the theme of the sermon preached at the church by Rev. G. A. Giberson, assisted by Rev. J. M. Mallory, the remains were laid to rest in the church cemetery, where kindly friends had made the grave beautiful with evergreens and ferns.

The deceased is survived by one brother, Samuel Hallett of Upper Brighton, and eight children, Scott E. and Mrs. W. B. Dickinson of Upper Brighton, Obed and Cyrus of Concord, H. H., Enoch, Mrs. Miles and Miss Minnie of Lowell, Mass., and Miss Adelaide who is in the west.

Political Victories.

When a political party is strongest it has most to fear from influences within itself. A healthy and vigorous opposition is good for the party in power as well as for the country at large. The noisy element of a party, which does not think, would rejoice in a victory which left no opposition; but the cooler heads, and those citizens who know that no party in any country may safely be trusted with almost unlimited power for a prolonged period, do not regard with satisfaction such a result. But human nature itself provides a safeguard when such a condition is

brought by a political campaign. There are always the quarrels over the distribution of the spoils, the ambitions that run counter to to each other, the sectional jealousies, and other disintegrating factors at work; and sooner or later the all-powerful party destroys itself. That has always been the experience of political parties, even though some of them in their period of strength have done great injury to the public interest. Time brings its revenges. There were both Liberals and Conservatives working with all their energy for the government of New Brunswick yesterday who, when next it appeals to the people, will be working against it with equal earnestness and vigor.—Times.

Big Real Estate Deal.

What is considered about the largest real estate deal yet transacted in the Courtenay Bay district was successfully concluded last week when D. F. Pidgeon, manager of the Eastern Terminal Real Estate Company sold to a Toronto syndicate the ninety acres of land known as the Lee property, which has been under option to them for about a month. The price was approximately \$100,000, a little more than \$1,000 an acre, which would have seemed phenomenal only a short time ago.

The Lee property is considered one of the most valuable in the bay territory, as it is directly opposite the site of the dry dock and comprises some splendid acreage. It extends from the Municipal Home to Little River. It is not definitely decided as yet whether the Toronto real estate men, who are large capitalists, will make sub-divisions of the land, or will keep it unopened for a while.—Daily Telegraph of June 21.

Fort Fairfield Market.

Potatoes are from \$1.75 to \$1.90 on the street, having worked up about half a dollar the past week. Little is doing in them. Following are some prices of other farm products: oats, 75c; butter, 25c-30c, retail; eggs, 20c, retail, stores paying 15c; hay \$24; straw, \$8; corn, \$2.00 a hundred.—Review

Made \$55,000 This Year.

One Fort Fairfield farmer and potato-buyer has the past year cleaned up \$55,000 in cash, and now carries a deposit of more than \$30,000 in one of the Fort Fairfield banks. That is the way they do business in Aroos took.—Review.

WOOL

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

We still have a small quantity of

Timothy and Clover seed at both stores

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

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

S. W. SMITH

General Merchant--Two Stores

Mount Pleasant

East Florenceville.

Special Offering IN Summer Dry Goods.

We have a very choice assortment of

Ribbons, Cotton Landinen Laces, Dress Linens, Silks, Lawn Waists, White, Wear

and Men's, Women's and Children's

Summer Underwear.

The above goods are being sold at very low prices.

Taffeta Silk, 49c. yd.

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

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

in Black, Navy, Garnet, Tan, Brown, White, Grey, dark Green; A full line of Ladies' and Children's Aprons.

House Dresses for Boys.

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

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

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

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS
BRISTOL

Spectacles!

For fifteen years we have been fitting the public with Spectacles and Eyeglasses and still maintain a record of

Not One Dissatisfied Customer

If we fail to fit it does not cost a cent. We rarely fail where it is at all possible to correct defective eyesight with glasses. We are always here change them or to to furnish new lenses or bows. You can safely come with your eye trouble to us.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., LTD.,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

Hartland, N. B.

THE NIGHT OFFICER'S WATCH

ON THE BRIDGE OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.

Realistic Account of Life at Sea While 1,000 Passengers Sleep Below.

(The 8 to 12 Watch, and ice was in sight at nightfall.)

Two bells have just gone. It is 9 o'clock. You walk to wind'ard and sniff anxiously. Yes, there it is, unmistakably, the never-to-be-forgotten smell of ice. A small, as indescribable as it is unmistakable, writes W. H. Hodgson in the Westminster Gazette.

You stare, fiercely anxious (almost incredibly anxious, to wind'ard, and sniff again and again. And you never cease to peer, until the very eyeballs ache, and you curse almost insanely because some door has been opened and let out a shaft of futile and dangerous light across the gloom through which the great ship is striding across the miles.

For the least show of light about the deck 'blinds' the officer of the watch temporarily, and makes the darkness of the night a double curtain of gloom, threatening hatefully. You curse, and 'phone angrily for a steward to go along and have the door shut or the window covered, as the case may be; then once again to the dreadful strain of watching.

Just try to take it all in. You are, perhaps, only a young man of 26 or 28, and you are in sole charge of that great bulk of life and wealth, thundering on across the miles. One hour of your watch has gone, and there are three to come, and already you are feeling the strain. And reason enough, too, for though the bridge-telegraph pointer stands at half-speed, you know perfectly well that the engine-room has its private orders, and speed is not cut down at all.

CHILL-OF-DEATH.

All around, to wind'ard and to looard, you can see the gloom pierced dimly in this place and that, everlastingly, by the bursts of phosphorescence from breaking sea-crests. Thousands and tens of thousands of times you see this ahead, and upon either beam. And you sniff, and try to distinguish between the coldness of the half-gale and the peculiar, and what I might term the 'personal' brutal, ugly, Chill-of-Death that comes stealing down to you through the night, as you pass some ice-hill in the darkness.

And then those countless bursts of dull phosphorescence, that break out eternally from the chaos of the unseen waters about you, become suddenly things of threatening, that frighten you, for any one of them may mean broken water about the unseen shore of some hidden island of ice in the night.

Some half-submerged inert Inesensate Monster-of-Ice, lurking under the wash of the seas, trying to steal unperceived athwart your hawse.

You raise your hand instinctively in the darkness, and the cry 'Hard a Starboard!' literally trembles on your lips; and then you are saved from making an over-anxious spectacle of yourself; for you see now that the particular burst of phosphorescence that had seemed so pregnant of ice is nothing more than any one of the ten thousand other bursts of sea-light that come and go among the great mountings of the sea-foam in the surrounding night.

INFERNAL ICE SMELL.

And yet there is that infernal ice smell again, and the chill that I have called the Chill-of-Death is stealing in again upon you from some unknown quarter of the night. You send word forward to the look-out, and to the man in the 'nest,' and redouble your own care of the thousand humans who sleep so trustfully in their bunks beneath your feet.

Trusting you—a young man—with their lives, with everything. There, and the great ship that strides so splendid and blind through the night and the dangers of the night, are all, as it were, in the hollow of your hand.

A moment of inattention and a thousand deaths upon the head of your father's son! Do you wonder that you watch, with your very heart seeming dry with anxiety on such a night as this!

Four bells! Five bells! Six bells! And now there is only an hour to go; yet, already, you have nearly given the signal to the quartermaster to port or starboard, as the case may be; but each time the conjured terror of the night, the drear, suggestive foam-lights, the infernal ice-smell, and the Chill-of-Death have proved to be no true Prophets of Disaster in your track.

Seven bells! My God! Even as the sweet silver sounds, wander fore and aft into the night, and are gulped by the gale, you see something close upon the starboard bow.

A bill of phosphorescent lights over some low-lying, sea-buried thing in the darkness. Your night-glasses are glaring at it; and then, even before the various look-outs can make their report, you know. "My God!" your spirit is crying inside of you. "My God!"

But your human voice is roaring words that hold life and death for a thousand sleeping souls: "Hard a starboard!" "Hard a starboard!"

WHIRLS WHEEL WRONG WAY.

The man in the wheel-house leaps at your cry . . . at the fierce intensity of it; and then, with a momentary loss of nerve, whirles the wheel the wrong way. You make one jump, and are in the wheel-house. The glass is tinkling all about you, and you do not know in that instant that you are carrying the frame of the shattered wheel-house door upon your shoulders. Your fist takes the frightened helmsman under the jaw, and your free hand grips the spokes, and dashes the wheel round towards you, the engine roaring away in its appointed place. Your junior has already flown to his post at the telegraph, and the engine-room is answering the order you have flung at him as you leaped for the wheel-house. But you . . . why you are staring, half mad, through the night, watching the monster bows swing to port, against the mighty background of the night . . . The seconds are the beats of eternity in that brief, tremendous time . . . And then, aloud to the wind and the night you mutter, "Thank God!" for she has swung clear. And below you the thousand sleepers sleep on.

A fresh quartermaster has "come aft" (to use the old term), to relieve the other, and you stagger out of the wheel-house, becoming conscious of the inconvenience of the broken woodwork around you. Someone, several people, are assisting you to divest yourself of the framework of the door; and your junior has a queer little air of respect for you that somehow the darkness is not capable of hiding.

THOUSAND SLEEPING MEN.

You go back to your post then; but perhaps you feel a little sick, despite a certain happy elation that stimulates you.

Eight bells! And your brother officer comes up to relieve you. The usual formula is gone through, and you go down the bridge steps to the thousand sleeping ones.

Next day a thousand passengers play their games and read their books and talk their talks and make their usual sweepstakes, and never even notice that one of the officers is a little weary-looking.

The carpenter has replaced the door; and a certain quartermaster will stand no more at the wheel. For the rest, all goes on as usual, and no one ever knows.

I mean no one outside of official circles, unless an odd rumor leaks out through the stewards.

And a certain man has no deaths to the name of his father's son.

And the thousand never knew. Think of it, you people who go down to the sea in floating palaces of steel and electric light. And let your benedictions fall silently upon the quiet grave, neatly-uniformed man in blue upon the bridge. You have trusted him unthinkingly with your lives; and not once in ten thousand times has he ever failed you. Do you understand better now?

Earrings were worn so far back as 1728 B.C.

For 1911-1912 the total number of officers and men, active and on the reserve list, in the British Navy is 192,403.

Pioneer settlers in Saskatchewan want land grants, following out a precedent established in Manitoba. Saul Ste. Marie will run four special trains to Toronto in June, to boom New Ontario. A parade and mass meeting in the city are planned.

When the Appetite Lags

A bowl of **Post Toasties** with cream hits the right spot.

"Toasties" are thin bits of corn; fully cooked, then toasted to a crisp, golden-brown.

This food makes a fine change for spring appetites.

Sold by Grocers and ready to serve from package instantly with cream and sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Made by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. Pure Food Factories Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

MAKING SAFE INVESTMENTS

UNWISDOM OF BUYING CERTAIN SHARES ON PRESENT MARKET.

Several instances of Where the Investor Should Leave the Field Severely Alone and Let the Speculators Take the Chances and any Ultimate Profit.

The articles contributed by "Investor" are for the sole purpose of giving prospective investors, and if possible, of saving them from losing money through placing it in wild-cat enterprises. The impartial and reliable character of the information may be relied upon. The writer of these articles and the publishers of this paper have no interests to serve in connection with this matter other than those of the reader.

(By "Investor.")

At the present time the Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges are showing the greatest activity for some months past. Several important securities, like Rio de Janeiro Tramways, Sao Paulo, Winnipeg Electric Railway, and others, are showing a decided advance. For those who are not in the habit of buying shares of a number of industrial companies, which may be justified from a conservative point of view, but which one should purchase under the impression that he was investing in the true sense of the word. For those who are not in the habit of buying shares of a number of industrial companies, which may be justified from a conservative point of view, but which one should purchase under the impression that he was investing in the true sense of the word.

The most recent of these securities is the "Steel Company of Canada." Most of this stock was given away by the company, and is now being sold at a profit. The company is now selling at a profit of 100 per cent. The company is now selling at a profit of 100 per cent.

Other shares like Sawyer-Massey common shares are about 15 per cent. It should be some years before any dividend is attempted on the common shares, and so they are not worth what they are selling for today, though the speculative chance that a dividend may be paid is not generally expected gives them a value in the market quite distinct from that which one would give them from an investment point of view.

Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company common shares have also been moving steadily for some time now, but as these interests closest to the inside are at a loss to justify the present prices for as yet earnings do not justify them, though they may before long there is not much to be said on the subject.

Other shares like Sawyer-Massey common shares are moving upwards too. The Sawyer-Massey common stock is doubtless nearer dividends than many other shares recently issued, but the water hasn't been squeezed out in a sufficient degree to justify the purchase of the stock as an investment, albeit an unimpressive one, for there is no dividend in sight for some years on this stock either.

The policy of not paying dividends until a good substantial reserve is built up is a sound one, and any shareholder who urges his company to act otherwise is so eager for the fruits of the present that he jeopardizes the possibilities of large crops in the future.

And so, anyone who buys non-dividend industrial common stocks at the present time, unless he has reason to think the period of reserve building is at an end, is not investing wisely. In any case his investment favors rather too much of speculation to be in any sense sound.

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TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING GOSSIP FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

A Clergyman's Mistake—The Race Meeting—Similar Borden's Visit—Seattle—Hobbit's Return.

(We have arranged for a weekly letter about Toronto affairs, which we believe will be of great interest to many of our readers. These letters will be from the pen of one of Canada's foremost journalists, a man who has covered some of the world's greatest happenings and now occupies a leading position on one of the Toronto dailies.)

Rev. J. D. Morrow's campaign for \$40,000 to complete his big down-town church has not been helped by his action in marrying a young girl to a Chinaman at a 12 o'clock hour, and the subsequent Police Court proceedings. Mr. Morrow is the "marrying" minister of the city, and he of all the clergymen, has the greatest number of marriage ceremonies to his credit in a year. He boasts that he turns all the fees over to his church fund, but the fees as a rule from his patrons are not large. He boasts that he has a decided prominence in recognition of his interest in athletics and his former prowess as a sprinter, have raised a goodly sum, and the row still a long way off. Some of the wealthier congregations have given generously, and when Mr. Morrow chances to go to another minister's pulpit he tells a touching story of his work among the down-town cuts and his struggle with the financial question. But large subscriptions are infrequent. Apparently to many people Mr. Morrow is accountants.

WOODRIDGE GAXETY. Possibly the gayest social function in the Toronto calendar is the opening of the Woodridge Gaxety. It is a scene not to be duplicated anywhere on the American continent. United States race, mile and not modern functions. They draw a sporting crowd pure and simple. And none of them has the usual feeling of the Woodridge provides the lake across the meadow, the unimpaired green sward, the stately oaks and the lower beds. Given the sunshine and May breezes the whole setting is lovely.

The crowd is the most cosmopolitan that gathers in Toronto. It is a society in a vertical section. The highest in the world, so to speak, is the lowest. About the stables one may see some rare specimens of humanity. So also in the public stands, and in the boxes, some are no doubt, attracted thither by the love of man's most trifling interest, the fever of gambling in their veins.

PREMIER IS DEMOCRATIC.

The first visit of the Right Honourable Mr. Borden to the Province of Ontario, to the Premier's house, was the occasion of a warm welcome, as was natural in a city which is so strongly devoted to his cause and party as is Toronto. While Mr. Borden's character seems on the surface to lack something of warmth, newspaper men know him to be one of the warmest public men in Canada. In view of his predecessor, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, refused always, and still refuses, to be quoted on an interview about anything, Mr. Borden, on the other hand, rarely declines to be interviewed, though, naturally, he does not make any startling announcements by this method. To say that he is easy to interview does not mean that he is a social publicist or has not a keen sense of dignity. Quite the contrary.

Mr. Borden's visit, his host during his visit, has always expressed himself as a warm admirer of Mr. Borden's abilities and character. Mr. Borden is one of Canada's wealthiest men, the Canadian Pacific and Northwest lands having furnished him with a means of fortune building.

LIVE WIRE IN LACROSSE.

The lacrosse situation has been conducted by a live wire this season, and live wire being no less a personage than our old friend R. J. Fleming, General Manager of the Toronto Street Railway, whose chief hobbies heretofore have been Jersey cows and their school activities. Until last year "Bob" Fleming did not know a lacrosse stick from a baseball bat. Then he had the Toronto Lacrosse Club given to him. It was literally forced on him. The owners had been losing money. They saw no way of getting even. They had been playing on the Toronto Railway Company's grounds at Scarborough Beach, and so they went to the railway's manager and calmly informed him that it was up to him to take the team off their hands.

He went to see his boys play. They lost. He decided to get some new players. But he was informed that under the rules of the N. L. A. he could not engage new players at the age of 17 or 18. The incident shows what a novice he was.

But this year he was not to be fooled again, with the result that those players have been making contracts at undreamed of prices. There never has been such delirium. Of course, the game in this league has been thoroughly professionalized, and no one plays for glory. And hitherto they have played for moderate cash considerations. But between R. J. Fleming and Con Jones, an ex-Australian, who runs a big billiard parlor in Vancouver, and who is the lacrosse magnate of British Columbia, salaries have been boosted to dizzy heights. In a New York Lacrosse affair it is understood that Jones paid \$5,000 for a one-season contract after Fleming thought he had him at \$4,500, of which \$2,000 had been paid over.

When friends went out that at such salaries he can't hope to make money, even if he filled the largest grand stand in a city at every game, Mr. Fleming declares that all he cares about is to get a team that will win games. With his league lacrosse so thoroughly commercialized it is a pity that the situation in the amateur leagues of the national game is not better. But there is a hope that the rivalry between the Canadian and Ontario associations will be straitened out before another season.

DR. NESBITT HOME AGAIN.

Dr. Bentie Nesbitt is again in our midst. The method of his home-coming was quite in keeping with his character. How to get from the Chicago train to the city without running into a reporter or a photographer was a problem that gave a new turn to the game of life, but at a game which offered some measure of enjoyment it appealed to the jovial doctor, and as such he entered into it with his accustomed zest.

Those who saw the doctor in court declare he has aged greatly in the sixteen months since he left Toronto. He has lost weight, added wrinkles and lost some of his accustomed lightness of manner. Sympathy is expressed for his wife and child, a little girl. Mrs. Nesbitt was one of the two daughters of the late Mr. Hubbard, who had built up a big business in dental supplies and left at his death an estate of some \$200,000. Dr. Nesbitt managed the business for a period, but unsuccessfully.

PAT AGAIN.

An English clergyman turned to a Scotchman and asked him, "What would you be were you not a Scot?" The Scotchman said, "Why an Englishman, of course!" Then the clergyman turned to a gentleman from Ireland and asked him, "And what would you be were you not an Irishman?" The man thought a moment and said, "I'd be ashamed of myself!"

By always taking out and never putting in the bottom is soon reached.

GILLET'S PERFUMED LYE



FOR MAKING SOAP, SOFTENING WATER, REMOVING PAINT, DISINFECTING SINKS, CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.

SOLD EVERYWHERE REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

WHO OWNS SOUTH POLE LAND

Question Raised by Success of the Amundsen Expedition.

The question of whether Norway owns the territory surrounding the South Pole, which has just been discovered by Captain Amundsen, already is being discussed by authorities on international law.

Ever since 1778, when Capt. Cook's expedition planted a flag in the Antarctic, explorers of various nations have carried their flags to various parts approaching the South Pole. It is generally believed the land in the Antarctic will be regarded in the same way as the Spitzbergen archipelago, which is inhabited by men of various nations, and now is regarded as a joint possession of all mankind.

John Bassett Moore, professor of international law at Columbia University, points out that leading authorities have taken the position that discovery alone does not suffice to give good title to a new unoccupied land and that the customs of the nations for centuries has crystallized into a part of the law of nations that in order to perfect the right given by discovery it must be followed by general occupation. Prof. Moore says that the task of occupying the territory surrounding the South Pole undoubtedly will prove more difficult than its discovery and that it was extremely unlikely that the question of ownership would ever be brought up to the joint commission of arbitration for settlement.

6% INTEREST AND SAFETY

Price Bros. and Company Bonds pay 6 per cent on the investment. They offer the strong security of first mortgage on 6,000 square miles of pulp and timber lands—which are insured at Lloyds against fire. The earnings of the Company at present approximate twice the bond interest. The new pulp mill in course of construction will double this earning power. Purchased at their present price they pay interest at the rate of 6 per cent. The best posted investors in Canada and England have purchased these bonds. Owing to the security and increasing demand of the products of the Company, these bonds will unquestionably increase in value.

If you have money to invest write us for complete information.

ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED
164 ST. JAMES STREET - MONTREAL, Que.
TORONTO OTTAWA QUEBEC MONTREAL LONDON, ENGLAND

\$50,000 WANTED

FOR LARGE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

The business of the Stemon Company, Limited, has been growing so rapidly that an immediate increase of capital is required. We are instructed to offer \$50,000 preference stock, in shares of \$100, in this Company, on the following terms:

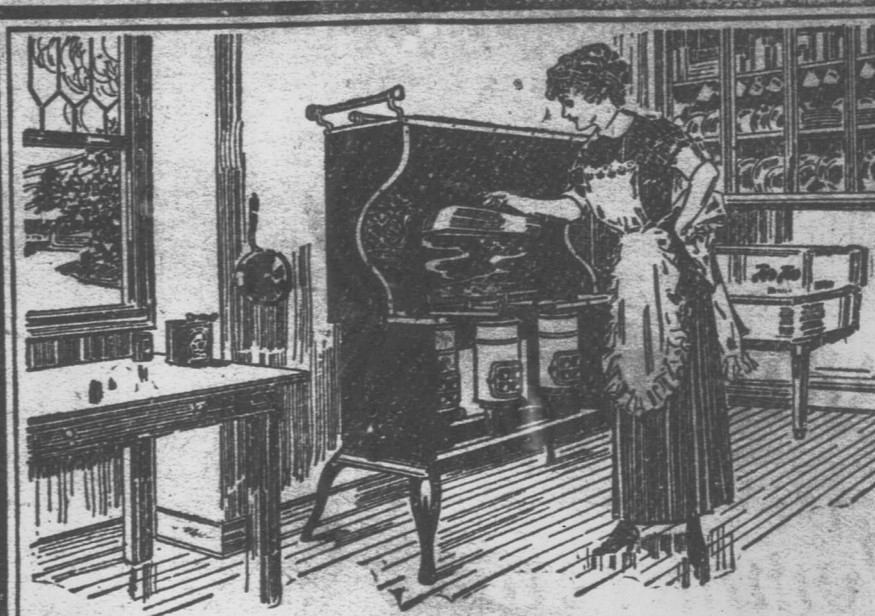
We guarantee a dividend of 7 per cent, payable on June 1st and December 1st.

This dividend has never been passed. Investors desiring the names of parties all through Ontario who have been receiving dividends of 7 per cent, for eight or nine years will kindly write us, and we shall be pleased to send full particulars.

Preferred stockholders also share in the dividends on common stock, as follows:—If the common stock pays 3 per cent, the preferred pays 3 per cent, in addition to the 7 per cent, guaranteed, or 10 per cent, in all.

Investors may redeem their shares at par at any time after one year upon giving sixty days' notice.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LTD.,
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.



Our New Perfection Broiler

Is pleasing many women. It enables the housewife to broil as well on the New Perfection Stove as over a coal fire.

It uses all the heat. It cooks evenly. It broils both sides at once. It doesn't smoke.

And of course you are familiar with the New Perfection Oil Cook-stove.

It is such a convenience all the year round. It will bake, broil, roast and toast just as well as a regular coal range. Ask to see the New Perfection Store at your dealers. It is handsomely finished in nickel, with cabinet top, drop shelves, travel racks, etc. It has long, enameled, turquois-blue chimneys. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners. Free Cook-Book with every stove. Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing cost.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited
Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax and Queen City Division, Toronto

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

CHOICE RECIPES.

Foamy Sauce.—One and a half teaspoons cornstarch, one egg white, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, one cup boiling water. Mix cornstarch and sugar thoroughly together. Pour over this boiling water and boil five minutes. Then pour gradually on to egg, white beaten stiff, add vanilla and serve hot.

Ham Baked in Milk.—Two pounds ham sliced thick, milk, flour, pepper, one tablespoon butter. Soak ham an hour in warm water, then place in baking pan, sprinkle thickly with flour, season with pepper, cover with milk and put butter in bits on the top. Bake until ham is tender, about forty minutes. Serve for breakfast or luncheon.

Apples Baked in Maple Syrup.—Six apples, one cup maple syrup, bananas, one cup water, lemon peel. Core apples and insert in each a piece of banana. Set apples in a baking dish, add syrup, lemon peel and water; cover and bake gently until tender, basting occasionally. Remove apples, boil down syrup till it threads, pour over apples and serve cold with soft custard or whipped cream flavored with maple syrup.

Asparagus Loaf.—Two tablespoons butter, one-half cup minced chicken or veal, four tablespoons flour, one teaspoon salt, one cup cooked asparagus cut in inch lengths, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, one cup milk, four well-beaten eggs, two cups of asparagus tips for lining mold. Cut the tips from two bunches of cooked asparagus in 3-inch lengths. Select a quart mold about 3 inches deep, butter it thickly and line the bottom with paper; line it with the tips, putting the green tops pointing downward. Line the bottom with some pretty pattern. Then make a sauce by melting butter, adding flour and milk slowly, allowing it to boil. Then add chicken, seasonings and asparagus, and when boiling pour on to the well-beaten eggs. Pour carefully into mold and set into a pan having bottom covered with several thicknesses of brown paper. Surround with boiling water and cook till firm in an oven so slow that water will not boil. Serve with mouseline sauce, or with creamed asparagus tips.

Flaked Fishcakes.—Two cups hot rice, potatoes, one cup fish flakes, one teaspoon minced parsley, one-half teaspoon onion juice, one-half teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, eight slices bacon, hot milk or cream to moisten, one tablespoon melted butter. Mix together potato, fish seasonings and butter, moisten as needed with milk, form into flat cakes and dip in flour. Fry out fat from bacon, in the oven, cooking until bacon is crisp and brown. Fry cakes in the hot fat on both sides and serve a slice of bacon on every patty. Tomato or cream sauce may be used with these if desired.

Braised Ham.—Boned and rolled ham, one-quarter cup sliced onion, two cups diced carrots, two tablespoons sugar, one cup diced turnip, one cup grape juice, celery leaves, six cloves, 2-inch stick cinnamon. Soak ham overnight in cold water containing a little soda. Bring to boiling point and discard water. Caramelize sugar in braising pan, add onion, and when well coated put in the vegetables and grape juice. Set ham in place, nearly half cover with boiling water, cover and bake gently in the oven till tender. Then remove skin, dust with crumbs and a sprinkling of sugar, brown quickly and serve with grape-juice sauce.

Mild Salad.—Romaine, chervil, one and one-half cups diced celery, one green pepper, shredded, four tablespoons olive oil, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons vinegar, one-eighth teaspoon pepper. Wash romaine and chervil thoroughly and let crisp. Remove strings from celery and cut in dice, then let it stand thirty minutes in cold salted water. Arrange in salad bowl or individual plates as follows: First the romaine leaves, then the chervil plucked from the stem, and the celery and pepper last, on top. Pour over French dressing and garnish with radish roses.

Coffee Cream Cake.—Three-fourths cup sugar, one-half cup cold coffee, one-half cup butter, one and one-half cups flour, two eggs, one-half teaspoon flavoring, three teaspoons baking powder. Cream butter, add sugar, flavoring and eggs, well beaten. Beat well. Mix and sift baking powder with flour and add alternately to mixture with cold coffee. Pour into oiled and floured layer cake tins, and bake in moderate oven. Put together with coffee cream filling and finish with a plain coffee icing.

Coffee Cream Filling.—Three-fourths cup milk, six tablespoons sugar, one tablespoon ground cof-

fee, four tablespoons pastry flour dissolved in one-fourth cup extra milk, one egg, one-quarter teaspoon vanilla, few grains salt. Scald coffee in milk five minutes. Strain through cheesecloth and add to milk the flour dissolved in extra milk. Stir over hot water till thickened, then add eggs and sugar beaten together and stir four minutes. Cool and add salt and vanilla.

PUDDINGS.

Grated Apple Pudding.—Grate seven large tart apples; beat the yolks of eight eggs with two cups of pulverized sugar until thick like a batter; add the grated apples, one dozen lady fingers grated, the grated peel of one lemon, and the stiff beaten whites of the eggs. Strain blanched almonds on top. Bake in a well greased spring form. Eat with whipped cream.

Batter Pudding.—One quart milk, four eggs, half teaspoon salt, eight tablespoons sifted flour. Beat with mixing spoon until thoroughly blended and bake in buttered dish in hot oven about twenty minutes. Sauce is creamed butter and sugar flavored with lemon juice.

Oatmeal Pudding.—Take one quart cooked oatmeal, add one cup sugar, two eggs, pinch salt, butter size of hickory nut, one cup chopped raisins, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, and one pint of milk, stir all together, then bake a golden brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

A new brick house is, as a rule, far damper than a stone building. To make a very strong glue that does not get thick or pasty dissolve ordinary glue in nitric ether, and add a little bit of caustic soda.

Few people know that an onion cut up into four parts and put in a sick room where there is any infectious disease takes in all the infection.

Old collars and cuffs that have become worn at the edges from wear and laundering can be used again by sandpapering the edges of same with a fine piece of sandpaper.

If we would understand the ways of the young we should remember what we ourselves were at their age and make the same excuses for their wayward faults and passions that we once did for our own.

To prevent new kid gloves from splitting when first worn place the gloves between the folds of a damp towel for an hour or so before putting them on. This will stretch them and prevent them from splitting.

To reduce the coal bill do not use the poker too freely. To make a fire last long get some waste paper, soak it in water, and roll into balls. When the fire is red place these on top and cover with small pieces of coal. You will then have a fire that will last for hours.

To prevent cold feet at bedtime it is advised that just before retiring the ankles and feet should be well rubbed with the hand for five to ten minutes. This treatment creates a grateful glow, which is more beneficial, as the discomfort that may otherwise be experienced may act as a direct cause of sleeplessness.

Keep a mangle wringer well oiled, as the labor of working it is then much less. Occasionally it should be oiled with paraffin to cleanse the bearings, but in a general way proper machine oil should be used, as paraffin oil is of no use as a lubricant. In order to work the wringer with the least amount of strain stand in front of the machine and facing it.

WERE CLEVER SMUGGLERS.

English smuggling has stories as amusing as the recent Italian incident. There is, for instance, the case of the gloves on which duty was never paid. An agent bought the consignment abroad and shipped over only the left-hand ones to England. These were duly seized by the customs and eventually put up for sale. No one wanted odd gloves, and it was easy for those in the plot to acquire them at a nominal price. Then, after a suitable interval, the right-hand gloves came over, similarly sold and found their long-lost partners.

WHALE'S GREAT BLOWER.

A Perfect Valvular System Connects It With Lungs.

A whale is purely mammalian, like ourselves. The young are born alive and suck milk; their blood is warm, they have a four-cavitated heart; their bones, muscles, and nervous system resemble in structure those of other mammals.

But these great mammals must live all their lives in the water. How, then, is their breathing to be managed? In the seal we find self-acting valves that close the aperture in a wine bottle when the creature descends beneath the waves.

In the whale we find a different kind of self-acting breathing valve. The windpipe does not communicate with the mouth. A hole, as it were, bored right through the head. Engineers would do well to copy the action of the valve of the whale's blow-hole. A more perfect piece of structure it is impossible to imagine.

Day and night, asleep or awake, the whale works his breathing apparatus in such a manner that not a drop of water ever gets into the lungs.

Again, the whale must of necessity stay a much longer period of time under water than seals and other aquatic animals. This alone might possibly drown him, inasmuch as the lungs cannot have access to fresh air.

We find that this difficulty has been anticipated by a peculiar reservoir in the venous system, which reservoir is placed at the back of the lungs. Seemingly this is unimportant, but it is of the greatest practical value to whalers. If the harpoon wounds this reservoir the animal will bleed to death.

Gardening is taught in connection with the schools of forty-six out of the forty-nine county areas in England.

Extra Hands

Mr. Charles Grimwood, other name "Chalky Charlie," was gazing at the glittering array in the shop window of Mr. Carl Ziegelheimer, jeweller, with covetous eyes, when a motor-brougham glided up and stopped just behind him. A stylishly-dressed lady descended, and passed into the shop with an impressive sweep.

"Mr. Ziegelheimer!" she exclaimed, in a high-pitched treble. "Yes, my lady!"

The stout German proprietor, naturalized in England—hurried forward, and a tall young man who had been choosing a lady's ring stepped back quickly into the darkest corner of the shop.

"Oh, I want you to send someone to see to the grandfather's clock—the one on the first landing, you know. It has stopped striking."

"Certainly—the very first thing in the morning, my lady."

"Oh, but cannot you see to it this evening?"

Mr. Ziegelheimer looked perplexed. "I am afraid not, my lady. All the men have left."

"Oh, how provoking! The servants rely upon it so."

The jeweller pondered a moment; then his face cleared. "I will come myself, my lady, after eight o'clock, if that will do?"

"Oh, quite well, so long as it is seen to-night! I shall depend upon you."

"I promise faithfully, my lady." And the stout German puffed obsequiously around to bow his distinguished visitor out.

The brougham whirled off, and the tall young man came forward. "Lady Veringham—rich—ah!" said Mr. Ziegelheimer proudly.

probably. Mr. Grimwood crept cautiously around to where he could command a view of the interior of the kitchen through a huge window. At length there were signs of bustling activity, and Mr. Grimwood, from his point of vantage beheld a large soup-tureen depart as vanguard of greater things.

"Na, then," he muttered, "play up, Chawlie!" with which self-exhortation he marched boldly to the back-door, bag in hand. An apple-faced maid answered his ring.

She shook her head.

"Nothin' wanted," she said.

"That's a good job for yer!" retorted Mr. Grimshaw. "But, as it happens, I ain't offering anyfink. I'm come to put that clock o' yours to rights."

He distrusted his memory as to the pronunciation of Mr. Ziegelheimer's name. There was a brief consultation, and the apple-cheeked servant was deputed to conduct Mr. Grimwood to the upper regions, via the back stairs. Arriving at the clock, whose hands pointed tranquilly to half-past three, he placed his bag on the floor, and opened the case with a professional air.

"Na you can run away and play," said Mr. Grimwood. "or you'll hev the 'igh chief butler on your track!"

"Butler's got nothin' to do with me," answered the maid. "I'm kitchen-elp, Hi am!"

"Well, go an' 'elp the kitchen," retorted Mr. Grimwood.

"Struck forty-nine last night," said the girl. But receiving no reply, she tossed her head and vanished, much to Mr. Grimwood's relief.

"Na, then!" he whispered softly. He stood on a roomy landing, with several corridors branching from it. Mr. Grimwood, after a moment's careful listening, left his professional outfit convincingly arrayed on the floor, and, choosing haphazard, turned a handle softly and entered one of the rooms. He visited more than a dozen in this

ly. "Fancy old Ziegelheimer sending somebody after all! I have reason for doing this, but I've no time to explain."

Mr. Grimwood suddenly grasped the situation. This was a fellow-practitioner on the same lay as himself, and who took him—Chalky Charlie—for the genuine article! Well, there were plenty of fish left for the new hand; but so far as Mr. Grimwood was concerned, he—

Then there occurred another development, which almost took Mr. Grimwood's breath away.

Running swiftly and noiselessly up the stairs came a young girl in white evening-dress.

"Oh, Reggie!" she exclaimed, in subdued tones. "I got your note—but how could you?"

Then she saw Mr. Grimwood, and shrank back. "Who is this?" she gasped.

Mr. Grimwood promptly took in the new aspect of matters.

"That's all right, miss," said he. "I'm just off."

"Stop, you fool!" exclaimed the young man, in an urgent undertone. "You haven't finished, have you?"

"Quite," replied Mr. Grimwood laconically. And, picking up his bag, he vanished in the corridor leading to the back stairs, whence he found his way into the open air without being challenged.

"Lummy!" he whispered as he sped down the dark drive. "Just a case o' Romeo an' Juliet—an' I took him for a high tobyman! Hello!"

He stepped softly aside in the shrubbery just in time to avoid a portly form panting up the drive.

"Old Ziegelheimer!" exclaimed Mr. Grimwood, under his breath. "An' art an hour afore his time!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer's statement of his business was received with what seemed to him disrespectful levity on the part of the footman. Information as to his predecessors, and an emphatic denial on Mr. Ziegelheimer's part, however, cast a more serious light upon matters, and Lady Feringham herself was consulted, discreetly, under cover of proffered dessert. She came out at once, and was admirably cool and decisive.

"No disturbance, if it can possibly be avoided," she said. "Sir Philip's heart would not stand it. John, get the butler and the chauffeur, and any other messengers about. That ought to be enough."

The entire posse crept upstairs quietly. Lady Feringham herself, fearlessly in the van, and Mr. Ziegelheimer forming rearguard. Her ladyship arrived at the stairhead, to behold a light overcoat in painfully close proximity to a white dinner-dress. She turned slightly pale, and wheeled around sharply.

"Go down, all of you," she gasped, with commendable presence of mind. "A foolish practical joke!"

The startled servants obeyed; but Mr. Ziegelheimer, his curiosity overcoming his respect for the British aristocracy, lingered on the stairs.

"Mr. Gilbraith, what does this mean?" asked her ladyship haughtily.

The young man was pale, but quite self-possessed.

"I am entirely to blame, Lady Feringham," said he. "I said for South Africa to-morrow—the girl standing with her face buried in her hands gave a little sob—and I could not leave without bidding Lucy good-bye. I suddenly found my opportunity, and managed to make an appointment here. I know it was wrong, and I regret my action now, though had not Mr. Ziegelheimer been early—"

The German nodded violently.

"It was a vet evening," said he. "I shoot oop mein shop early."

"But to bring an accomplice—that was inexcusable," said Lady Feringham. "The scandal—abominable!"

This led to further explanations and denials, until at last the truth evolved itself.

"Der police!" exclaimed Mr. Ziegelheimer.

As he spoke he stumbled over something in the dim light, and, stooping, picked up a handbag.

"That is mine," said Mr. Reginald Gilbraith, somewhat confusedly. "I had to bring something, you know. It only contains a lot of old rusty keys—But, halo! That isn't my bag, either!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer opened the bag, and plunged in his hand, which he withdrew grasping a tangled mass that sparkled and gleamed in the subdued light.

"Got in himmel!" he exclaimed, momentarily forgetful of his company. "Dimonds—chevels!"

"He has taken my bag in mistake—it was on the floor, I remember!" excitedly cried Reginald Gilbraith. "Egad, it was lucky I came here."

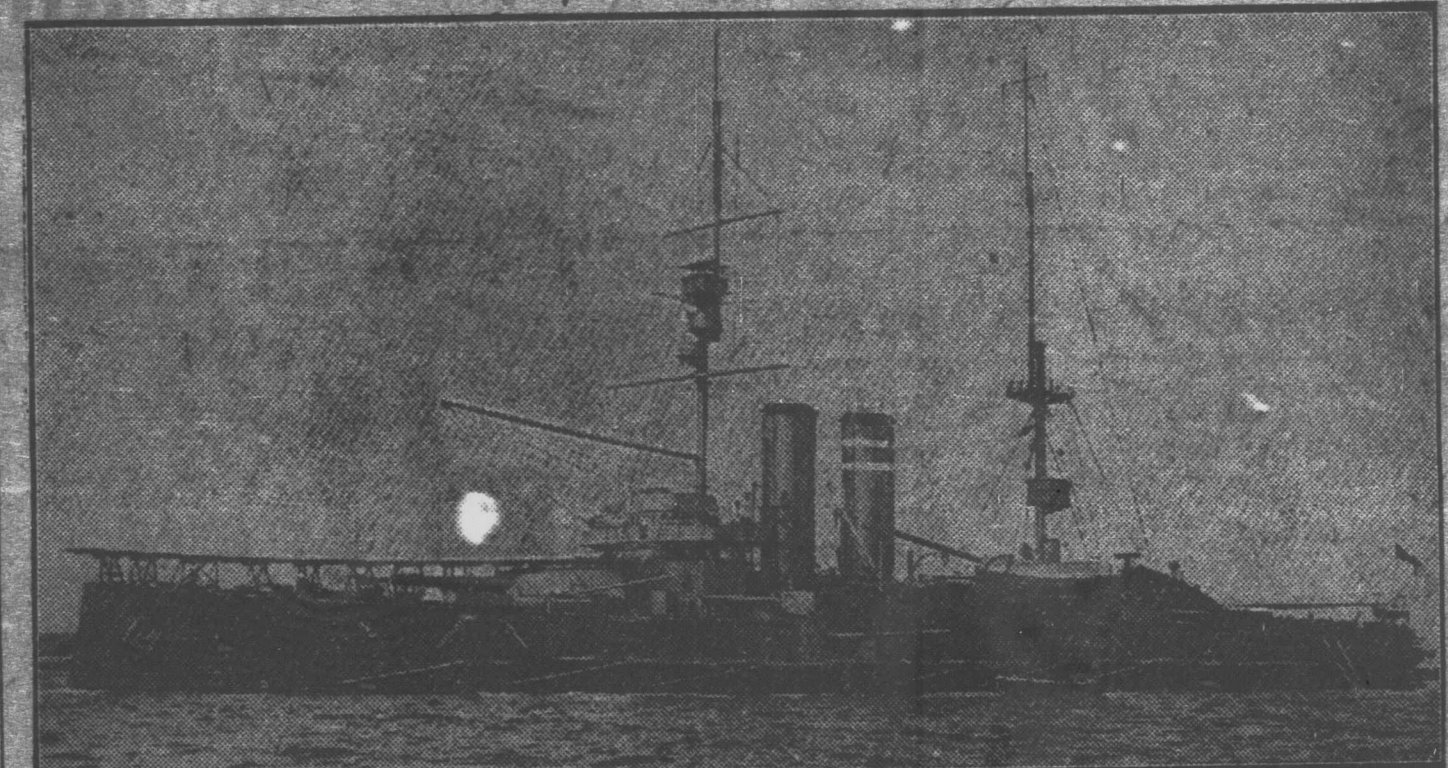
Lady Feringham regarded the speaker dubiously. Then she turned abruptly to the girl.

"Lucilla," she said, "bathe your eyes, and go downstairs. Say I shall rejoin them in a few minutes. You may as well accompany me, Mr. Gilbraith," she added grimly.

Mr. Ziegelheimer was left alone with the clock, which, in response to his touch, struck eighteen, and then subsided with a husky whirr.

"Ah, loaf, loaf!" sighed Mr. Ziegelheimer sentimentally. "Dot vos vot makes de veels go round. Dot young rascal vorgot; boot de odder—ach, he was a misvial! Ach, yee—"

—London Answers.



AT THE PORTLAND MANOEUVRES.
The British Battleship Hibernia, Fitted With Temporary Platforms
During the King's Visit to Portland. Launching of Aeroplanes

NEW OUTFIT OF BRAINS.

Scientists Claim We Get Six Set Yearly.

What the average human brain does not know about itself would fill a big cavity in the place where most persons store the unused portion of their "gray matter." In fact, the most learned scientists admit that they have made only a beginning in the study of the most important part of the human body.

Perhaps the most interesting fact regarding the brains of men and animals is that weight does not always indicate a high state of mentality. Repeated tests have proved that the average male brain weighs about 49 ounces, and that the average female brain weighs about 44 ounces. However, the relative weight of the male and female brains to that of the body is about the same in both sexes.

The taller the individual the greater is his brain weight, but tests have shown that short persons have proportionately heavier brains than tall people. At both the weight of the average male infant's brain is 11.65 ounces; of the female infant, 10 ounces. After the age of 30 the brain loses an ounce in weight every 10 years.

According to some scientists, every human being gets a complete new outfit of brains about every two months. They estimate that the duration of a nerve's life is approximately 60 days and that every brain cell is destroyed and renewed that often. In other words, we all have six brand new sets of brains each year.

The following figures, showing the comparative weights of brains of persons of different nationalities, are interesting. According to Bastian and other brain experts, the average Scotch brain weighs 50 ounces; German brain, 49.6 ounces; English brain, 49.5 ounces; French brain, 47.9 ounces; Zulu brain, 47.5 ounces; Chinese brain, 47.2 ounces; Pawnee brain, 47.1 ounces; Italian brain, 46.9 ounces; Hindoo brain, 45.1 ounces; Gipsy brain, 44.8 ounces; Bushman's brain, 44.6 ounces; Eskimo's brain, 43.9 ounces.

"HASN'T SHE GOT MORE THAN ONE CLOCK?"

The jeweller shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Always wants everything at once—immediate. Lady Veringham is not you call impulsive—so!"

"Ah," sighed the young man, "I want things, too; but I can't get them at once—luck if I get 'em at all!"

Mr. Ziegelheimer smiled benignly.

"Now, sir, ring," he began, with a view of returning to business. But the young man had grown suddenly thoughtful.

"Give me one of your cards," he said. "I'll look in again, or possibly write you."

Mr. Ziegelheimer gave a little sigh, and did as he was requested, whereupon the tall young man left.

Meanwhile, Mr. Charles Grimwood had strolled away, deep in meditation. He had ascertained from a communicative errand-boy that the brougham was that of Lady Feringham, of the Cloisters—

Here was a better game than the other. Risky, of course; but there was risk in everything worth doing at all. He was "broke." To-morrow it would be absolutely necessary for him to seek work, and, worse still, he might, by some unfortunate chance, find it!

Work! He was sick of the very word! Only yesterday he had completed a Government contract; entirely one sided, it was true, but it had been none the less binding on that account, and the Dartmoor quarries had given him his fill of manual labor.

Mr. Charles Grimwood's mind was made up. Firstly, he bought a small brown leather hand-bag; then a pair of wire-nippers and a tiny screwdriver. Whilst the latter articles were being made up into a parcel, he casually annexed a packet of screws from the counter and slipped it into his pocket.

It was quite dark and beginning to drizzle. Mr. Grimwood made his way leisurely up the hill. The carriage-drive seemed miles in length; but at last he saw lights ahead. A clock somewhere struck six. They wouldn't be dining before seven,

way, listening carefully each time he emerged.

He could hear the subdued clatter of the dippers below, but not one came his way. The two or three people who knew of his presence in the house had probably forgotten all about him. There were other rooms—plenty of them—but the spot already scoured quite filled his little bag, and he had gathered enough cash—gold and silver left on dressing-tables—to keep him in luxury for a month. The contents of the bag, if Mr. Grimwood knew anything of jewellery—and he had had some experience—was good for at least a couple of hundred from the most close-fisted "fence."

So Mr. Grimwood resolved to let well alone, and "get out" as expeditiously as possible, without risking a longer stay. The sudden sound of footsteps, however, caused him to drop his bag and imitate the proverbial ostrich by thrusting his head into the clock's interior.

A tall young man appeared, accompanied by a footman, and carrying a small handbag about the size of Mr. Grimwood's own.

"Hello," said the menial familiarly, "here's somebody afore you!"

"That's all right!" said the young man hastily. "I didn't know the governor was sending you, Jenkins," he continued, addressing all that could be seen of Mr. Grimwood. "By the way, here's your keys. You left them at the shop."

Mr. Grimwood withdrew his head from the clock, prepared for trouble; but the young man, standing somewhat in advance of the footman, was winking strenuously, and holding out covertly what Mr. Grimwood's widening eyes saw to be a sovereign.

He took it as in a dream.

"That's o'rl right," he said, dazedly.

"Well," said the footman, in high good-humor, "I dessay you'll be able to manage the job between you. She struck forty-seven last night when we turned in; but it wasn't so late as that." And, with a chuckle at his own wit, he left the pair alone.

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HIS SECOND CHANCE.

Premier Flemming and his government are returned to power with practically the whole provincial representation supporting them. The great sweep was not altogether due to the desire of the people for a continuance of the administration but rather to an apathy of the electorate. With the free franchise that Canadian citizens have, practically every man being eligible to vote, there is at every election a sufficient number of indifferent ones, those who place no more value upon their franchise than the price it will bring on election day, to swing any election. The purchasable vote holds the balance of power between the parties so that no matter what are the issues of the day the party that can buy the most votes wins. That is the political situation. That is without doubt the secret, if there be any secret, of the fact that once a government gets in power in Canada it is hard to rout it. The government parties have resources. It is not known that any special interests have ever financed a campaign for those out of office except in the defeat of reciprocity. The manufacturers and American interests contributed to defeat that great issue. In the local contest the Opposition was entirely without "the sinews of war" and that portion of voters that is purchasable—some place it as high as one-third of the electorate—cast their ballots for the government. There is the suspicion that the railway interests that would naturally be opposed to a competitive valley road may have put up money, and if the two Conservative governments could not arrange for a fund aside from that, it must go on record as the first time. There is abundant evidence that money was available for those voters who wanted it.

But it is profitless now to discuss the matter of the government's return to power from this view-point. The Opposition made many predictions of disaster that would follow in the event of Premier Flemming's return to power. He has the whole thing in his hands with no restraining power but his own conscience. Liberals will do well to let matters rest and see what we shall see. Perhaps their predictions have been born of exaggerated fancies and a too ardent longing for power. There are four years more for Mr. Flemming to redeem his pledges. If by the end of four years he has succeeded in keeping the expenditures within the income, if he adds no more to the public debt, if he builds the Valley road through to St. John and to Grand Falls and has secured for it I.C.R. operation, he shall then have gone a long way toward assuring his return a third time.

CELEBRATING THE VICTORY.

On Saturday evening a large crowd of supporters of the local government gathered at Hartland to publicly congratulate Premier Flemming and his colleagues on their sweeping victory at the polls. Two large bonfires were lighted and from the balcony above the entrance of Keith & Plummer's store Premier Flemming, Donald Munroe and G. L. White addressed the throng in the street below.

M. L. Hayward, Esq., and J. C. Hartley, editor of the Wood-

stock Press, were at their best and won plaudits from the Conservatives who heard them.

The Woodstock brass band was brought for the occasion and rendered good music.

The post office was brilliantly lighted and looked imposing; it was a fitting monument to F. B. Carvell whom the Premier declared dead and buried.

Centreville.

Election passed off very quietly here. The parish of Wilnot being divided made a much smaller crowd at each polling place and there was no rowdiness.

The complete victory of the government force will probably work their downfall. Already even here there is a rush for offices and certainly a great number of applicants are doomed to meet with disappointment and consequent soreness.

The Valley Road will now surely be built from St. John to Grand Falls if the promise of the Premier is to be at all believed. We also hope to have Mr. Gould make Centreville the Junction for his Electric Railroad. This will all mean prosperity for our village and we certainly deserve it, as we have struggled along now for years without railroad facilities. Our village is the centre of one of the best agricultural districts of the province and we only need better shipping facilities to encourage a just development.

A real estate dealer from St. John was here yesterday looking over some property through which the railroad is to run.

Roland Estabrooks is home from the west on a visit to his sisters, Mrs. J. O'Hara and Mrs. A. J. Lee.

We have a bunch of fast horses in this vicinity but no place to show their extreme speed. Better get together boys and fix up a speedway.

The Misses Henderson of St. John are visiting at Burt's hotel.

Sherwood's mill has been running for two weeks, sawing shingles.

We congratulate the writer of the "Centreville letter" in the Mars Hill View. If his professional duties will permit he should keep at it and write more articles booming our village. The great trouble with our citizens is that we are too conservative; do not make noise enough and try to make outsiders believe that there is no place on earth like Centreville. Get busy; boom our town. We want water works, better streets in our town and some industries that will give employment to those who do not wish to farm.

Charles Crone is building a house on his farm recently bought from John Reid. W. Wiggins is boss carpenter.

Rev. Harry Pierce soon leaves here to take the pastorate at Portland St. John.

Rev. Henry Penna takes Mr. Pierce's place here.

Mr. McInerney has opened a candy store and ice-cream parlor in the corner store of the hotel building. George Titus of St. John is in charge.

When your child has whooping cough be careful to keep the cough loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as may be required. This remedy will also liquify the tough mucus and make it easier to expectorate. It has been used successfully in many epidemics and is safe and sure. For sale by all dealers.

River Bank.

C. J. Smalley has returned from the west, after visiting different places in Sask. and Alta., satisfied that N. B. is good enough for the present.

Too many men there looking for work and crowds arriving every day. Only the few secure jobs while the rest are hunting for them. In the meantime every one has to have some thing to eat and a place to sleep whether they get work or not. And it all costs something, and a good big thing at that.

Arthur Brooks is all the soldier we could scare up for the military drill this year. He went with others from East Florenceville to Petawawa, Sunday June 23. Its to be hoped there will be no war here until our younger boys grow up. We have a lot coming on.

Mrs. Henry Smith and Mrs. Willie Smalley with Mary and Charlie from Houlton, are visiting their sister, Mrs. James Bell.

Mrs. H. C. Hunter was visiting relatives in East Florenceville last week.

Rev. Saunders Young is visiting his sisters, Mrs. C. M. Dow and Mrs. R. Long.

Mrs. Moody Brooker returned from a week's visit to relatives in Foreston, Sunday.

Mrs. K. Eblett was visiting Mrs. Isaac Chase a few days ago.

Mrs. Edward Waugh, Mrs. James Bell and Mrs. B. E. Tompkins were visiting at Mrs. C. J. Smalley's one day last week.

Our Sunday school is progressing nicely, only our superintendent, H. M. Smalley has not put in an appearance yet.

Mr. G. F. Jones and granddaughter, Laura Hunter spent the week end at Argyle with his daughter, Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rideout went to Florenceville today. Mrs. Herbert McDonald went to Hartland.

Leon and Joseph Tompkins drove to Peel one evening last week.

F. D. Lovely is working at the Peel L. Co's mill as engineer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Holmes have returned home from their trip to Houlton and Burleigh, Me., where they were visiting relatives. They stopped at Jacksonville en route, calling on nieces, Mrs. John Harper, Mrs. Nelson Tarney and Mrs. Henry McCain.

Mrs. H. Longstaff was calling on Mrs. Edward Waugh recently.

Mrs. Dow and Mrs. B. E. Tompkins drove to Stickney one morning last week.

It is now well known that not more than one case of rheumatism in ten requires any internal treatment whatever. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment and massaging the parts at each application. Try it and see how quickly it will relieve the pain and soreness. Sold by all dealers.

Florenceville.

Miss Kate McGaffigan, who has been studying at the Curry School of Expression, of Boston, returned to her home on Saturday.

Willie Barrett, a child of four years, had his leg broken, Wednesday, while playing with his dog.

Mrs. York of Somerville is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Roy McCain.

H. Gillispie and family have moved to East Florenceville.

The old Nicholson meat market is now occupied by a party of Jews.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell spent a few days last week with their daughter, Mrs. Barrett.

Mrs. Cook Boyer, who has been visiting her mother, at Smithtown, Kings Co., returned home Saturday.

Born to the wife of R. L. Simms, a son on June 19. See Bob's smile.

A sprained ankle may as a rule be cured in from three to four days by applying Chamberlain's Liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by all dealers.

RELIABLE INSURANCE

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT

Perley S. Marsten,

Successor to

Astle & Cosman,

Representing the

OLDEST AND STRONGEST COMPANIES

Queen Street, Woodstock, N.B.

FOR SALE!

Blacksmith Shop and Business.

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

SCOTT SIPPRELL

Hartland, N. B.

W. P. Jones, K. C.

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.

WOODSTOCK N. B.

Hotel for Sale

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

Teacher

Wanted.

For School District No. 12, parish of Brighton, Carleton, county, a second class male teacher. Apply stating salary to E. A. Britton, Windsor, N. B.

Native of New Brunswick.

(Oakland, Cal., Maple Leaf)

Captain Benjamin Rideout, pioneer sea captain, shipbuilder and banker and an associate of Senator George C. Perkins in the banking business in the early days of California, passed away at his home in Berkeley, Cal., on June the 9th. He was a native of New Brunswick and had attained the ripe age of eighty-six years.

The deceased came to this State in 1853 and for the past twenty-five years has been a resident of Berkeley. He had the distinction of having built one of the first steamers which in later years plied on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. It was during the "gold fever" days that he became intimately associated with Senator Perkins. Prior to coming to California he was in the shipbuilding business with his father at Bath, Maine. At one time he was captain of a steamer on the St. John river, New Brunswick. Captain Rideout leaves a widow, two sons and one daughter.

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

Wash

Suits

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

Our Cool Tubable Clothes

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

Romper Suits in abundance

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK

Outfitters for the Little Fellows.



Hartland Farmers' Exchange

ESTABLISHED 1891

Wall Paper

All wall paper and bordering will be sold at your own prices during the next 20 days; 8 to 32c. a roll. Assortment good as at any time.

Millinery

Pattern Hats, especially, at big discounts as we mean to clean out this season's stock.

All House Cleaning Materials such as

Paint, Oils, Turpentine, Alabastine, etc., etc.

I have stocked the finest assortment of

Up-to-date Boots, & Shoes Rubbers

that I have ever handled

I have also opened a

Furniture Store on Main st.

I am after your cash. I have the goods you want and am anxious to show them to you

Ready Made Clothing, Factory Cloth, Yarns, Legging, etc.

Wool, Butter and Eggs wanted. Highest prices paid.

C. Humphrey Taylor

Local News and Personal Items

Great growing weather.
Miss Sadie Barnett is on a trip to different cities in Ontario.

Mrs. Willard Thornton of Bangor is visiting her father, A. Thornton.

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

Miss Sally Tinker of Fort Fairfield has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Frank Hagerman.

The day school picnic was held on the flat near the school building on Friday afternoon.

G. H. Lawson of South Knowlsville was a caller at the Observer office on Wednesday.

All the village and district schools close tomorrow for two long months of glorious holidays.

You can get a high grade American 8 Day Clock for \$2.00 at Arthur Estabrooks closing out sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Shaw of Victoria are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter on Thursday, June 20.

The country is temporarily depopulated of young men, many from every district being in camp at Sussex or Petawawa.

Mrs. Fred Hartt and Mrs. Henry Foster of Bangor are here on a visit with their father, Alfred Thornton, and sisters, Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Harrison of Houlton were at the Exchange hotel on Sunday, having come over by auto.

A fire which swept over Canning, N. S., Sunday left only three places of business standing. The fire loss is \$65,000, and insurance \$38,000.

John Riordan, aged 92, one of the oldest residents of Carleton County, passed away Sunday at Woodstock. He is survived by a family of five children.

Principal Robert L. Simms of the Florenceville Consolidated school is receiving congratulations over the advent of a baby girl, born on June 19.

Rev. Mr. Freeman, missionary to India sent out by the United Baptists of the maritime provinces, and who is returned on furlough, preached in the United Baptist church on Sunday to the usual large congregation.

On Monday Andrew Aiton, C. P. R. Trackmaster, accompanied by his daughters, Misses Helen and Tressa, left for the west. They will go through to the coast and visit Mr. Aiton's other daughter, Mrs. A. C. Carr at Vancouver.

On Tuesday of last week Rev. S. W. Schurman was called to Nova Scotia on account of the serious illness of his mother-in-law. He is not expected to return until after Camp Sussex closes, he being chaplain to the 67th Regiment, Carleton Light Infantry.

The annual meeting of the village fire and water corporation will be held next Monday evening at eight o'clock. There will be several taps of the fire bell to call the rate-payers together, and every one who is taxed should make it a point to be at the meeting.

W. R. Gillin shipped a carload of swine to Montreal Tuesday. It is only 20 years since the first carload of live hogs was shipped from this county. It was sent from Hartland by the late Joseph McGee. Nowadays weekly shipments are made throughout the summer.

Do not forget that next Monday is Dominion Day and will be observed as a public holiday in Hartland and the surrounding villages and in Bristol. All places of business on that day will be closed, and to visit the village on that day with a view to doing business will be useless. Everyone will take a day off.

Mrs. H. Y. Tommy asks the Observer to print the following apology, which is self-explanatory: "I had Mrs. Cecil Boyer staying with me. I missed my pocketbook containing \$15. She went away the same night it was stolen which is how she came to be belated. I went to see Mrs. Gordon Biggar the afternoon she went away and lost the pocketbook there and it was returned to me. I want to apologise to Mrs. Cecil Boyer. She is an honest woman and no thief. Signed, Mrs. H. Y. Tommy."

W. R. Hatfield of Limestone is visiting here.

It has been a long time coming but no one doubts that summer is here.

The thermometer has registered close to 90 degrees during the week.

J. F. Murdoch has returned to Edmundston after being home during election.

Robert and Alfred Goodwin have returned to Millinocket after a visit home.

Miss Mabel Galle of Florenceville was here a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stephenson of Woodstock were registered at the Exchange on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Cameron were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Thistle at Littleton.

Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Day of East Florenceville and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyd went to Houlton by auto yesterday.

The election in Northumberland came off on Monday and four more supporters of the government were elected.

The annual meeting of the first district of the United Baptist church was held at Upper Kent from Friday to Sunday.

Rev. C. Frank Rideout, formerly of Simonds, who is pastor of a church in Connecticut, is seriously ill of malaria and nervous breakdown.

RICH AND MELLOW
You'll Like The Flavor
Money back if you don't.
25c., 40c., 50c. per lb.
KING COLE TEA

Rev. Harry C. Rice, for two years pastor of the Methodist church here (1900-1901) is ill of appendicitis at Hampton where he is now stationed.

At the closing exercises of the Florenceville Consolidated school tomorrow there will be a splendid evening program. Miss Ada Saunders is the class valedictorian. The choir of the Windsor church will give a selection.

Rev. Hubert T. Smith will preach his farewell Sermon in the Methodist church on Sunday evening. He will go to Ormoco to supply until September, when he will go to Mount Allison.

Two barns belonging to Ira Earle, of Blissfield, were struck by lightning during the storm on Friday and completely destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Earle were badly burned about the face.

While picking strawberries near the railway track on Saturday, the little eight-year-old son of Car Inspector Colburn, Oxford Junction, N. S., was run over by the train and died a short time after.

Arthur Estabrooks reports a big sale of boots and shoes and he has a good stock of same yet and can offer Ladies Low shoes and slippers, mens shoes of all kinds, and a few pairs of Mens Long Boots at prices to suit the customer.

Elisha Phillips, brother of the late Rev. Dr. Phillips, who for many years has been a resident of St. Thomas, Ont., is here to visit his sister, Mrs. E. F. Shaw at Bath, his sister-in-law, Mrs. C. T. Phillips at Jacksonville, and his uncle, H. M. Stevens at Somerville. Mr. Phillips bears a most striking resemblance to his late brother, so much so that strangers accost him to know if he is a relative. As was his brother, he is a native of Somerville, but has not been here for 21 years.

The marriage of Miss Madge Manuel, daughter of Emery Manuel of Knowlsville, and Harry Raymond Campbell of Arthurville, took place at Woodstock on June, Rev. A. C. Berrie performing the ceremony. The happy couple passed north on the express today to their home at Arthurville.

Pratt-Shaw.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Shaw of Carlisle was the scene of a very pretty little wedding on Wednesday, June 19, when their daughter, Inez Mabel was united in wedlock to Foy Gilbert Pratt of Carlisle. Rev. A. L. Tedford was the officiating clergyman. The charming bride, neatly attired in white net over satin de chene, her veil being fastened by a delicate wreath of lilies of the valley, was led in supported by the arm of the happy groom. The ceremony was performed at 3 p. m. in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom, also a few of the brides most intimate friends, numbering in all about fifty. A sumptuous tea was served in the dining-room which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bride was the recipient of many useful presents, the groom's present to the bride being a gold watch and fob. The happy couple will reside in Carlisle.

Not Necessarily Dead.

Some high-minded Tory journals are putting forward the claim that because the Liberals suffered defeat in Thursday's election, the province will have no more use for such men as Hon. Dr. Pugsley, Hon. Mr. Emmerson, Mr. F. B. Carvell, Col. McLean and other Liberal public men. All great political leaders in Canada who have given their time and talents for public good, have met with reverses. This province has furnished some striking examples in previous elections. In 1899 for instance Hon. Mr. Foster and Hon. Mr. Hazen took an active part in a local election, which resulted in their being almost annihilated at the polls. But these gentlemen came back and today both are members of the Dominion Cabinet. — Mail.

John McIntosh of Glassville was recently operated on for cancer by Dr. Rankin at Woodstock.

DO IT NOW.

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

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

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

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
Marvel Whirling Spray Douche
Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, secure one other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sent. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies. **WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.**
General Agents for Canada.

THE MERINO'S PLACE IN SHEEP HUSBANDRY

America owes a great deal to the breeders who developed the Merino sheep and also a great deal to those who maintained their flocks in the times when they could not sell them, when wool was below the profit line and shepherds of all classes losing money and discouraged. The American Merino breeder has produced from the Spanish stock of a century ago the world's best wool producer, and then he has gone further and made a combination wool and mutton sheep that is very useful.



The wrinkly Merino has not been a popular sheep for the masses for a long time, but it is indispensable to our sheep industry nevertheless. To its blood breeders of the smoother

ports must resort to keep the wool on their flocks. Breeding smooth sheep to smooth sheep for generations will result in loss in fleece, and the use of the dense fleeced rams of American Merino blood is the quick and sure way of restoring it. It would be a tremendous calamity if those who breed A-Type Merino should sacrifice their flocks.

The great part played by Merinos in our mutton industry is not generally realized, says the National Stockman. The Merino ewe is the foundation of that industry on the ranges and on many of the farms in this country. The Merino's flocking qualities, its hardiness, its ability to prosper without grain, its capacity for wool bearing and its ability to rear one good market lamb have made it indispensable to the sheep industry in a large part of our country. The Merino ewe and the Mutton ram are for many, if not for most, lamb raisers the most economical and consequently most profitable mutton producers that can be found. The Merino's place in American sheep husbandry is secure and will be until American people come to English methods of raising roots and feeding and caring for their flocks—which is infinitely remote.

THE VALUABLE SILO.

In considering cheap feeding and feeding for the best results the silo must not be overlooked. The silo is growing in popularity year after year. It furnishes cheap feed and good feed. It is an easy solution to the feed question. One acre of corn stalks in the silo is worth five acres outside. One hundred tons of silage in the silo can be housed in this form much cheaper indeed than can a hundred tons of hay in the mow.

Silage alone is not a complete feed, but it is identical with the green cornstalk and during the season of dry feed supplies the cow with that succulence which nearly all other rations, excepting a ration involving alfalfa hay, do not have. Silage and alfalfa hay will make a balanced ration and cheap. Study the silo question. It is worth while. It is worth while whether you are milking a single cow or not. Horses, hogs, pigs and calves eat silage and thrive on it as well as does the dairy cow.

ST. JOHN:

The Future Metropolis of the East.

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

It is already a city of 60,000 people.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Buy Real Estate in St. John NOW.

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

Wire, write, or Phone, for further information,

JOHN T. G. CARR

HARTLAND

A Good Life Policy

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

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Co.

Issues None But Good Policies
Communicate with or consult

T. A. Lindsay, Inspector, Woodstock, N. B.
or The E. R. Machum Co., St. John, N. B.
anagers for Maritime Provinces.

MELOTTE Cream Separators

are equal to any, surpass many. You will make a mistake if you buy without investigating this machine. It takes out all the butter-fat, the price is reasonable and terms to suit.

See our truck and Platform Scales and the Portable Hay Scales. We quote a special low price on Kitchen Cabinets. It won't cost anything to talk to us about a carriage before you buy elsewhere, possibly at a dearer trade.

J. W. Adams & Son.

Base Ball

Friday Evening, 6:30 o'clock

FLORENCEVILLE

and HARTLAND

Hartland, N. B.

EVERYBODY COME

To submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort.
To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 124

Remember the
St. Lawrence
Sugar

Try it—test it—see for yourself—that “St. Lawrence Granulated” is as choice a sugar as money can buy. Get a two pound bag—or even a 20 pound bag—and compare “St. Lawrence” with any other high-grade granulated sugar.

Note the pure white color of “St. Lawrence”—its uniform grain—its diamond-like sparkle—its matchless sweetness. These are the signs of quality.

And Prof. Hersey's analysis is the proof of purity—“99.99/100 to 100% of pure cane sugar with no impurities whatever.” Insist on having “ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED” at your grocer's.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

TRAPPED IN A PILOT-HOUSE. Capt. Langren's Adventure in San Francisco Bay.

Partly to his own coolness and presence of mind, partly to sheer good luck, Captain Langren of the tug Sea Prince owes his being alive to-day. His tugboat had towed the steamer Graystone Castle out into San Francisco Bay, and having cast off the tow-line, was proceeding as pilot for the larger craft, when a collision between the two occurred. Captain Langren tells his thrilling experience in the Wide World Magazine:

I was standing at the wheel of the pilot-house of the tug, when suddenly I saw the big vessel almost upon us. I spun the wheel over, but in less time than I can speak the words, the bow of the huge steamer had crashed into the starboard quarter of the Sea Prince.

The blow stove in the side of the little tug. As she heeled over and sank, the steamer's bow slid on her side until it was about midships. I realized that to jump from the pilot-house would mean death, for though I'm a good swimmer, I knew that I could not swim fast enough to escape the suction of the sinking craft.

So I determined to remain in the pilot-house. I believed that the boat would come to the surface, and that I should then have a chance to save myself. The ceiling was a little higher than my head. I stood with my back against the door, and braced myself in that position by pressing my hands

against the window-ledge just a few feet away, across the narrow room. Soon the force of the water broke in the narrow window of the pilot-house, which began to fill. I was submerged nearly to the chin.

The water had hardly closed over the deck-house when the Sea Prince began to capsize. First she turned over on her port side, then completely upside down, and finally righted herself. My sensation as I was rolled over in the house cannot be imagined. I was turned upside down with the rolling craft, and for an instant stood on my head with my legs straight up toward the overturned floor. A moment later I was thrown back on my feet. What a dreadful feeling it was!

Now I heard terrific grating noises, and realized that the Sea Prince had rolled right under the large steamer, and was grinding against its bottom. Over and over we rolled. One moment I was standing erect in the water-filled house, and the next I was on my head. Each time the tug righted I caught a breath of air before I went over again.

The Sea Prince came for a moment to the surface on the opposite side of the steamer, opposite the bridge, and as she rose I pulled open the door of the house and jumped out. By this time I was nearly exhausted. I tried to get away, but I could not swim fast enough, and was drawn under the water by the suction of the sinking tug. Battling desperately, I rose again, and succeeded in grasping a life-belt. A moment later I was picked up and taken aboard the steamer.

Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

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

DYOLA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods. See to it that you get the DYE from the Dyola Dyeing Co. or from a Dealer. FREE Color Card and DYEING Booklet in the Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

MAXWELL'S

LAWN MOWER

adds to the pleasure of possessing a well kept lawn.

You'll notice the difference in the Maxwell's Lawn Mower the first time you cut the grass with it.

Crucible Steel Cutter Blades cut clean and close, and hold their edge. Cold rolled steel shafts mean easy running. The whole mower is so compact, so strong and perfectly balanced, that cutting the lawn is a light, pleasant exercise, that you will really enjoy.

Made in 4 styles: from 10 to 20 inches wide—with and without grass-catcher attachment.

Your hardware man probably has all sizes in Maxwell's Lawn Mowers—if not he can get it for you. Insist on Maxwell's.

Write us: David Maxwell & Sons, St. Mary, Ont.

TWICE ESCAPED SHIPWRECK THE ASTOR FORTUNE TRACES TO THE SEA.

Early Struggles of Great Grand-Father of Late Col. John Jacob Astor.

It is recalled—that John Jacob Astor, the great grandfather of Col. John Jacob Astor, who went down with the Titanic, twice escaped shipwreck; and that the fortunes of the great house were really laid on board the vessel in which the German lad sailed to America. In September, 1783, Astor, who was destined to become the richest man in the New World, was working in London for his brother George, the proprietor of a flute factory. He had toiled in the factory for two years, and at the end of that time was the possessor of fifteen guineas and two suits of clothes. When the news came that Benjamin Franklin and his associates in Paris had at last signed the treaty which completed the independence of the United States, young Astor determined to seek his fortunes in the new land. He took a steamer passage for Baltimore and paid five of his guineas for the accommodation, which entitled him to sailor's fare. He took with him seven flutes, and when he stepped aboard had £5 of capital remaining.

LOCKED IN THE ICE.

That early sailing took two months in fair weather, and the vessel in which Astor was a passenger encountered very rough winds; so that it was the middle of January



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON
Well-known Canadian authoress, lecturer, and explorer, who died suddenly in Victoria recently.

before she reached Chesapeake Bay. There, as far as the eye could see, was nothing but ice. The ship was buffeted about, and was forced against some of the bergs with such force that she threatened to sink. Astor, in alarm, changed his everyday suit for his Sunday clothes, so that if he had to swim for it and was saved, he would have his best clothes with him. It is also recorded that he ventured on the quarter deck only to be roughly ordered forward by the captain, and that in less than twenty years he owned a vessel manned by the same officer. Within a day's sail of Baltimore the vessel became locked in the ice. Some of the passengers were able to walk out on the ice and reach the shore, but young Astor declared that as the owner of the ship had contracted to land him in Baltimore and lodge him in the interval, he would remain on board.

TOLD OF THE FUR BUSINESS.

One of his companions was an elderly German who was returning to America after a visit to his native land. He and his young countryman became quite friendly, and it was from this chance acquaintance that Astor learned about the money to be made in the fur business. The elder man had been a penniless immigrant himself, but had made a fortune out of furs, and did not hesitate to give young Astor many pointers that later on were invaluable to him. They remained on the ship until the ice broke up in March, and it is to be assumed that the owners of the vessel lost money on the contract of lodging Astor. On his arrival on shore he went to New York, and took employment with a furrier at \$2 per week, and the practical knowledge he acquired there, coupled with the information about the buying and selling of furs which he had picked up from his fellow-passenger as they whiled away the long winter nights on the icebound boat, were the foundation of the great fortune that he built up in the course of the next forty years.

A SEASICK MILLIONAIRE.

His second notable adventure with the sea was half a century later. He had been to Austria and had spent three years with his daughter, who had married Count Rumpf, and was on his way home in consequence of the panic that had been caused by President Jack-

Amundsen Discovered The South Pole But Scott Remains To Polish It Up.

The best by test. Absolutely free from Acid, Turpentine or other injurious ingredients. It's good for your shoes.

2 IN 1

SHOE POLISH

Will not rub off or soil the daintiest garment. Is quick, brilliant and lasting. No other even half as good. roc. at all Dealers.

son's attack upon the Bank of the United States. At this time Astor was worth \$40,000,000 and was the richest man in the United States. He reached the boat shortly before she left Havre, and induced the captain to give up his stateroom for his use. No sooner had the vessel cleared the port, however, than Astor, who had been so eager to embark, wanted to be set ashore. Head winds kept the vessel in the channel for several days, and the millionaire became convinced that he would die on shipboard. So he asked the captain to put him ashore on the English coast. At first, frugal soul that he was, he did not offer any inducement except the very obvious one that the captain would be rid of a passenger who was becoming a nuisance. Finally he said he would give \$1,000 if the captain would send him ashore.

THE ILLEGIBLE DRAFT.

It was arranged that he would be sent back the next day, but the wind changed and the vessel got out into the Atlantic. In a couple of days she was driven back near the coast of Ireland, and the terrified millionaire offered \$10,000 if the captain would put back with him. The captain refused, because of the dangers of the Irish coast. Finally he agreed to turn back if Astor would insure the ship against loss, and would write a draft for \$10,000 besides securing the consent of the other passengers. All these conditions were complied with, except that the draft was illegible, and the captain refused to accept it. The seafaring millionaire went below to write another draft, but was so

long about it that by the time he reappeared on deck the vessel was many miles on her way, and the deal was declared off. This was the last time John Jacob Astor went to sea, though he lived for 14 years after.

TO BE PRECISE.
New Cook—When I serve dinner should I say “Dinner is ready” or “Dinner is served?”
Mistress—If it is as bad as last night, just say “Dinner is spoiled.”

Refined to absolute purity—sealed tight and protected from any possible contamination—

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar

in this new 5-Pound Package is the cleanset, purest sugar you can buy. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar.

Ask your Grocer for it.

Canada Sugar Refining Co. Limited.

Which is his

THERE'S no mistaking the expression of a man whose farm is well “improved.” He looks as prosperous as he feels.

It isn't the size of a place that counts most, nor its actual dollars-and-cents value. It's rather that “well-kept” thrifty appearance; the appearance that makes you think of fat stock, and well-filled barns, and comfortable, contented living.

Neat, permanent improvements go further in giving a farm this appearance than any other feature.

Concrete Is The Ideal Material

for such improvements. It is neat, harmonizing with its surroundings in the country. Everlasting, it cannot be injured by fire, frost, wind or lightning. Age—instead of causing it to decay—actually makes it stronger.

Concrete never needs repair—first cost is last cost. New improvements can be added year after year with less expense than would be required to keep wooden structures in repair.

Concrete walks, feeding floors, dairy-barns, ice-houses, root-cellars, well-curbings, fence posts, silos—these are some of the things your farm needs most? Whatever you want to build, it's best to build it of concrete.

Do you want to know more about this subject of permanent farm improvements? Then write for your copy of

“What The Farmer Can Do With Concrete.”

It's a book of 160 pages, telling how other farmers have used the “handy material” to good advantage. Published to sell at 50c. a copy, it is now being offered free to all farmers who write for it. Address

Canada Cement Co., Ltd., 30-35 National Bank Building, Montreal.

SEND ME YOUR BOOK.

BANKING BY MAIL

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

BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

East Florenceville, N. B.

NOTICE OF SALE

To Robert Lee of the Parish of Aberdeen in the county of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Laborer, and Lydia Lee his wife, and all others whom it may concern.

Take notice that there will be sold at public auction in front of the office of Marvin L. Hayward, Barrister at Law on Main Street in the village of Hartland in the county of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick on Saturday the twentieth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twelve, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, the following lands and premises, namely:

ALL and singular that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Aberdeen in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded and described in manner following as follows, To-wit:

Beginning at a stake on the Easterly side of the settlement road at South western angle of lot number fifty-four, granted by the Crown to one George Crowe thence south 72° 30' East fifteen chains to a stake thence south 73° 40' West till it intersects the north line of Lot number fifty-two, purchased by one Alf. Lindsay & Co. thence along said line north 72° 30' west to the settlement road, thence along the Easterly side of said road north 17° 30' East to the place of beginning. Containing twenty-two and one half acres more or less and being the westerly part of lot number fifty-three range four of lot number fifty-three range four of Knowltonville, purchased by one George Gilmore from the Crown and by Indenture of Deed from George Gilmore bearing date June nineteenth A. D. 1888 and Recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book "K" number three of Records the 24th day of July A. D. 1889 by the official number of 31490 conveyed same to Caroline Stockford.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon.

The above Sale will be held under and by virtue of a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 20th day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and made between the hundred and nine, and made between the said Robert Lee and Lydia Lee his wife, said Robert Lee and the undersigned Caroline Stockford, of the Parish of Aberdeen in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, said Indenture of Mortgage is duly Registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds for said County of Carleton in Book "K" number 4 of said Records on pages 685, 686 and 687. Default having been made in the payment of the moneys thereon secured.

CAROLINE STOCKFORD, Mortgagee.
M. L. HAYWARD, Solicitor.

H. M. Martell

Graduate Optician

Resident in Carleton Co. six years. Always here to back up a guarantee of perfect satisfaction. Perfectly satisfied is every patron. Old faces made young. Scruffy beards made presentable. Tangled heads untangled.

W. E. Thornton

BARBER and HAIRDRESSER.

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

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

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

Money to Loan

on Real Estate

Large or Small Amounts
M. L. HAYWARD,
Hartland, N. B.

Message from Gen. Booth

London, Eng. June 4, 1912.

MY DEAR COMRADES: If the unexpected blow regarding the loss of my eyesight has not actually fallen, as the newspapers have stated, it is hovering dangerously near. Instead of the restoration of sight for which I know you have so earnestly prayed, the Doctors tell me I am on the very edge of darkness.

In a few brief hours my comrades may be under the painful compulsion of announcing that The General is hopelessly blind. In that event, what an indescribably painful loss will be mine, never again to see the light of day, or behold the countenances of my friends, or look into the sympathetic eyes of my comrades; never again to witness that which for over sixty years has been to me the sight of sights—men and women kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

Then, too, I have lost the hope of being able with any facility to write, while it will be an absolute impossibility to read well.

Pile up all my losses, they are many and serious, I admit, but look at the mercies left me!

First, there is my confidence in God—I am not going to allow the existence of a few things which are in conflict with my judgment to interfere with my confidence in His wisdom—confidence that is inspired by a lifelong knowledge of His loving care.

Then, I have not lost the assurance of my own happy relations with my Heavenly Father. I have not lost the confidence and love of my own dear people. I have not lost the inestimable blessing of life.

I want the continued loyalty of my own people, and the heartier co-operation of all men and women whose hearts are fired with the same purpose as my own.

In a few weeks time I hope to be found once more on the battlefield. Anyway my dear comrades, in the light or in the dark, you may count upon your General to trust in God and go forward!

WILLIAM BOOTH

Each age of our lives has its joys. Old people should be happy, and they will be if Chamberlain's Tablets are taken to strengthen the digestion and keep the bowels regular. These tablets are mild and gentle in their action and especially suitable for people of middle age and older. For sale by all dealers.

HOW TO KILL CATERPILLARS.

Lettuce Leaves Recommended as a Diet for the Pests.

It begins to look as if the destructive brown tail and gypsy moths and the pestiferous caterpillar have been conquered at last. A simple diet of lettuce leaves, it has been found, is the easiest and best way to get rid of them. All that you have to do if the caterpillars are spoiling your shrubs and trees is to catch one or two of them and feed them on some lettuce that has been soaking in water four days. After they have eaten all they care to, turn the caterpillars loose again. They will do the rest.

The explanation is simple. It has been discovered that watered lettuce leaves give caterpillars the cholera. One caterpillar so infected quickly spreads the disease among its fellows. In Massachusetts the epidemic is spreading among caterpillars, brown-tails and gypsies, much to the delight of the state entomologists, who almost despair of ever getting rid of the pests.

A caterpillar suffering from caterpillar cholera or wilt disease soon stops eating according to the explanation offered by Professor William Reiff of Harvard. It becomes weak and lazy and usually crawls up on some object as the trunk of a tree, a fence, a wall or other vertical surface where it remains without motion. In a few hours there drops from its mouth a blackish liquid, the caterpillar becomes more and more flaccid, one leg after another loses its support and finally the creature, reduced to a black skin, hangs dead, still holding on with one or two of its false feet.

There is no real need of anyone being troubled with constipation. Chamberlain's Tablets will cause an agreeable movement of the bowels without unpleasant effect. Give them a trial. For sale by all dealers.

Grand Falls.

Clarence Estabrooks and George Estey left last Wednesday for Winnipeg to remain some 5 months working for the Dominion Bridge Company.

Mrs. George West returned Friday from a week's visit in Woodstock.

Mrs. W. S. Hay of Richards was in town over Sunday.

Mrs. G. A. Hallett, Miss Rena Evans and Miss Bertha Kelley were in Van Buren Friday to attend the Sparks circus.

Frank McCloskey and Fred Pirie were in Van Buren Friday.

Thomas Kelley of St. John spent last week in Grand Falls.

Dr. C. A. Kirkpatrick is building a fine residence on Church street.

A new gravel sidewalk has been put in from the C.P.R. depot to the Catholic church.

Bishop Richardson was in town from June 15 to 16, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. B. A. Piddington, at "The Bungalow."

Mr. and Mrs. Morin Bertleson are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, whose advent was made Tuesday, June 11.

James Burgess' Sons expect to have or three writers and art workers among whom was a little, wiry, alert man, with ruddy face and big, beaming spectacles; and this one said quickly:

"Oh, yes, twenty-two years ago I snowshoed up from Mattawa to the place where Halleybury now stands."

"You don't say so?"

"When there were only two white men on the west side of Lake Temiskaming—C. C. Farr and another."

"But what in the world did you do it for?"

The artist was Arthur Heming, who was born in Paris, Ont., and since he got the first desire to run away from home to go cowpunching down in Texas has seen more and found out more about the wild life and the outpost edges of the Canadian north than any other artist or writer alive.

Heming has gone on seventeen separate trips to as many parts of the country where railroads never ran, and by means of about as many modes of travel. Why?

Gentle reader—not to get away from Paris, oh, no. For Heming still likes the old town where his nine brothers and sisters lived, where he himself went to the old Art School—save the mark—the town that has sent out four of the leading present-day American illustrators; from where he got his first drawing into Texas Kings, illustrating a joke for five dollars, and thought he had fame and fortune within his grasp.

But the miles Arthur Heming has traveled in the uncouth places since he left Hamilton would stretch

him for nine years where he purchased the beautiful farm on the North Road, Littleton, where with his family he has lived happily for twenty years. Three years ago, fire swept away almost all of his personal property, with his home. With the courage of a master he set about to re-establish his home and the other day while he entered his heavenly rest he left to his family one of the most beautiful and thoroughly equipped farms in this section.

To him were born seven children, four daughters and three sons, with the mother four of these survive: Miss Edith, a school teacher in Houlton, Edwin, agent of the Grange store, Sterling and Kenneth, both farmers.

Arthur Heming.

As far as all the railroads of Canada the animals he has drawn and sketched and written about would fill a very respectable zoo. The Indians and the lumber-jacks and the drivers and the fur-trappers and the miners and the Mounted Police and the whalers he has barked and grubbed with would make a Midway of strange peoples most of whose business it is either to keep or to conquer the wild places of the earth.

Heming took to this wild way when he was a lad. He did not go cowpunching in Texas, as he felt inclined; but before he was twenty he had a passion for athletics, for rowing and running and wrestling and lifting—mainly because he expected some day to develop into an artist.

And he's as hard as a nail, chunky and small and lithe, like an Indian, long of portage, just the sort of man that can travel the limit without fatigue, eat hardback and fat pork, sleep like a top and be as fresh as a daisy in the dawn, ready for the trail or the river again.

His first trip on the outward trails was the snowshoe tramp to Temiskaming. He was gone thirty days, took \$32 and came back with two in his jeans. His first work as a result of this was a series of illustrations of Iroquois Indians done for Harper's Weekly. In 1894 he was sent by Harper's Weekly on a jaunt around Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis; a year later with Caspar Whitney to the Barren Grounds—though an accident and a lame back kept him from getting there.

Four years later Heming hit the trail with J. W. Tyrrell to the Rocky Mountains. Tyrrell had the job of running the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia south to Crow's Nest; and it was a result of this trip that Heming got a fine series of mountain sketches, before he had ever heard much of Thompson's Beton. Remington was at first the sort of artist he took for his model; and when he got into his gait sketching the wild life of the hintermost trails he had an ambition to do for Canada something what Remington did for the United States.

It was in 1899 that he illustrated "Mooswa," the animal story by W. A. Fraser, running in the Saturday Evening Post. And "Mooswa" was his first serial work in the animal line. It got him the entire New York publishing houses; took him down up so many talented Canadians, and with a view to getting more art education than practical work could give him, he went into the Art Students' League, half of each day, however, spent in the class of Walter Appleton Clark, from whom he learned much—Augustus Bridle in The Globe.

For the first time in England men and women are soldiering together on equal terms. The second London division of the Territorial Army Supply Corps camp in Herts. At training at Radlett, 30 strong, of the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy Corps. The women erected their own tents and dug out their own camp oven. At night their sentries, who march their best castles, raring torches. Reveille is sounded at six o'clock and the women must all turn out for parade. They are put through several drills during the day at double-quick time.

Fruitarian Tobacco.

A fruitarian variety of tobacco has made its appearance in a few London shops. Though it would be idle to suggest that there is a tobacco flavor about the "weed," it is at least pleasant to the taste, and if a correspondent who has tried it and diagnosed it as one of the ingredients proves correct in his suspicion, this fact ought to commend it to the public. It comes in a big section of the continent, is extremely light and rather bulky, probably costs no more than 50 cents a pound, judging by the size of the packet offered for four cents.

Warm the Water For Cows.

The right way to water cows in winter is to keep the water before them in the stable. If you turn them out in the cold the strong will get all they want and the weaker ones will go without. Besides, the good dairy cow will be chilled by the change and will refuse to drink what she needs.

ARTIST OF THE TRAIL

CANADIAN PAINTER OF THE NORTHLAND HAS MADE HIMSELF A CAREER SINCE THE DAYS WHEN HE STARTED OUT FROM PARIS, ONT., TO KNOCK ABOUT THE WORLD—HE JUST WANTED TO BECOME A TEXAS COWBOY.

A few days ago a mine-owner from Porcupine was talking about the Cobalt country in the presence of two men, one of whom was a little, wiry, alert man, with ruddy face and big, beaming spectacles; and this one said quickly:

"Oh, yes, twenty-two years ago I snowshoed up from Mattawa to the place where Halleybury now stands."

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For the first time in England men and women are soldiering together on equal terms. The second London division of the Territorial Army Supply Corps camp in Herts. At training at Radlett, 30 strong, of the Women's Sick and Wounded Convoy Corps. The women erected their own tents and dug out their own camp oven. At night their sentries, who march their best castles, raring torches. Reveille is sounded at six o'clock and the women must all turn out for parade. They are put through several drills during the day at double-quick time.

Fruitarian Tobacco.

A fruitarian variety of tobacco has made its appearance in a few London shops. Though it would be idle to suggest that there is a tobacco flavor about the "weed," it is at least pleasant to the taste, and if a correspondent who has tried it and diagnosed it as one of the ingredients proves correct in his suspicion, this fact ought to commend it to the public. It comes in a big section of the continent, is extremely light and rather bulky, probably costs no more than 50 cents a pound, judging by the size of the packet offered for four cents.

Warm the Water For Cows.

The right way to water cows in winter is to keep the water before them in the stable. If you turn them out in the cold the strong will get all they want and the weaker ones will go without. Besides, the good dairy cow will be chilled by the change and will refuse to drink what she needs.

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Cut Out

and mail us this ad. with \$6.00 and we will send you by freight.

One White Iron Bed, with pretty Roseate Trimmings, One Woven-wire Spring, and tufted soft-top mattress to fit. All 4ft. wide by 6ft. long.

Read our New ad. next week.

W. E. Reed & Co.

Bridgetown, N. S.

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.

Main St., Hartland, N. B.

YOUNG MEN

LISTEN to the demand for Station Agents, Dispatchers and Commercial Telegraph Operators. Over 200 new railway stations and 100 commercial telegraph offices (the latter can be filled by lady operators) to be opened in 1912. The C.P.R. pays from \$55 to \$150 per month for their operators. We are turning out young women and men who are getting these salaries. Let us tell you about it. Only \$50.00 for a course. "Day and Evening Classes." Call or write O. P. R. SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY and RAILROADING, O'Regan Building, St. John, N. B.

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HARDWARE

for the House Keeper, Farmer and Blacksmith.

Paints for the House and Barn, inside and outside.

Oils for the Painter, Automobile, Engine, Cream Separator, Sewing Machines and all kinds of Machinery.

Varnishes for the Wagon, furniture Oil Cloth and the Floor.

Agent for the:

Empire Cream Separator, Empire Gasoline Engines, Enterprise-Monarch Cook Stoves.

ZIBA ORSER

Metallic Roofing Co.

Ceilings, Clapboard Siding, Eastlake Shingles, Ereltroughs, Conductor Pipe.

For inside or outside work, direct from the factory.

Latest Designs; measures taken; diagrams made free. Give us a call and save money.

L. E. McFarland, Agent

Hartland, N. B.

During the absence of Mr. McFarland this business will be handled by Arthur Dickinson.

Western Assurance Co.

(INCORPORATED 1851)

ASSETS - - - - \$3,213,438.26

DIBBLEE & AUGHERTON, Agents

Woodstock, N. B.

Telephone: Office, 18-11. Residence, 16-11.

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT

70% PURE WHITE LEAD BRANDRAM'S 85 GENUINE 30% PURE WHITE ZINC

There is a B-H. "English" Paint for every color you wish to paint. Ask for a sample card.

Ziba Orser.