

The Observer

WE FIGHT THE BATTLE OF THE PLAIN PEOPLE

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CONSISTENCY

There are some individuals who are blaming THE OBSERVER for inconsistency. In many ways we admit the charge. If consistency means always maintaining the same ideas and always fighting for the same things then we are inconsistent. After giving considerable thought to the question, we have come to the conclusion that the most consistent thing that has come under our observation is a bump on a log. The bump is always there and could it talk it would no doubt intimate its utter abhorrence for animated creatures who skip all over a back pasture.

The greatest fact in the world is the fact of life. In the studying of life, and of the vitalizing forces in the material, mental or spiritual realms, to always maintain the same point of view is to limit the discussion of the problems of life to a narrower range than nature herself has laid down. The prohibitionists believe that the liquor traffic is one of the greatest curses at present afflicting humanity. We agree with them and as a practical maxim we believe in the statement that wine is a mocker. We must admit, however, that many men evidently find more enjoyment in being mocked than they do in keeping a wise head on cool shoulders.

In the realm of our duty towards our fellowmen we find that the socialists are about correct in their philosophy. This does not prevent us from perceiving that many men, through the perversity of their inherited characteristics, are more fitted to be governed than they are to govern themselves.

Consistency to our way of thinking, means taking hold of one idea and sticking to that idea through thick and thin, no matter how disagreeable the idea may be and no matter how erroneous it may be.

Shelley declares that "Life," like a dome of many colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity." For ourselves we intend to discuss the various colors in which life presents itself to us. If sometimes life appears blue and sometimes rosy, if at times life appears good and sometimes evil, that is the fault of the variegated nature of life itself and not the result of our inconsistency.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Charles Edward Russell, writer for Everybody's, author of "Soldiers of the Common Good" and many books dealing with social subjects has recently formally allied himself with the Socialist party of the States. Next to Upton Sinclair, another Socialist, Russell is perhaps the best paid writer of the American republic. His income is twenty thousand dollars a year.

The general impression through the Eastern Townships is that the Socialists want to divide up with each other. According to many of the Socialists want to count noses and then count the aggregate of the bank accounts and divide that aggregate by the number of individuals there are in the world. We are certain that a man with an income of twenty thousand dollars a year would not be willing to divide up with a man with an income of two hundred dollars a year.

The ignorance in the Eastern Townships on the subject of Socialism is colossal. Socialism does not stand for dividing up the visible wealth. It does not stand for the equality of mankind and a dead level state of society. It does not stand for anarchism. It does not stand for government ownership as such. The things which it does not stand for and which it is blamed for standing for are so numerous that it is impossible to enumerate them all.

Charles Russell, having joined the Socialist party, can now be comraded to Eugene V. Debs, the ex-jail-bird, Haywood, who narrowly escaped being hung for the murder of Steuenberg, and many others of the same stripe. Regarding these gentlemen from one point of view they are little better than felons. Regarding these gentlemen from the view-point of the Socialist organs of the States; they are martyrs and heroes, worthy to take their place by the side of St. Paul the prisoner, and other early Christians who suffered

unjustly because of their intense desire to render the lives of the oppressed brighter.

FOR A PURER GOVERNMENT

The consensus of opinion among newspapers is that Sir Wilfrid has been given a mandate to finish his work and also to clean house. Many Liberals who stuck to the party through the elections did so with the distinct intention of insisting on a clean up after the fight was over.

There were many Liberal supporters, some of them Cabinet ministers whom the country as a whole would like to have seen defeated. The verdict of the people is that these persons should not be re-trusted with power.

There are many problems facing Canada. The English periodicals warn us against becoming enslaved by our own material success. The development of great national resources and the consequent gathering up of wealth is apt to dazzle the eyes of the people and to make them forget the sterner lessons of life. Races as well as men forget their early training of adversity in the days of their prosperity. Canada may be on the verge of corruption in national life such as that from which the American nation is just emerging.

If Laurier, however, heeds the voices of his friends and the advice of the Liberal as well as of the Conservative press, we may yet emerge from the coming period of national development with a reputation for government honesty second only to that of Great Britain.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

The distribution of wealth is a subject of study all by itself. The little present is apt to overshadow the great past, and the little localisms are apt to be regarded as the law of the great world.

We are apt to regard the maker of goods as the one who should be rewarded with great wealth. We find that the captains of industry are the ones to whom this age gives the power of controlling others to his own sweet liking. The type our twentieth century civilization raises to the apogee of material success is a type which former ages looked down upon.

In former ages the person exalted was the strong individual who could go forth and fight for what he received. The warrior conqueror was the man revered as worthy of having laid at his feet the best the earth produced. This individual breathed the free air of heaven and cultivated the manly graces of vigor and strength.

In India and the East it was frequently the religious fanatic who was considered the one who was worthy of the good things of this life and today the Yogis are treated with respect and gifts are brought to them.

Our own age elevates these individuals who can shut up the greater number of men for ten or twelve hours a day amid the smoke and grime of a factory away from the fresh air and the green fields. Great is our twentieth century civilization.

AERIAL CARS

Regarding Zeppelin's present plans Director Tollman, who is associated with him in the German company bearing the distinguished aeronaut's name, has made the following interesting statements:

"We have received," he said, "a large number of orders for airships from societies which propose to organize tourist trips through the air. These can only be filled upon the completion of new buildings, where the work can be carried on. This will be, probably in 1909. In from three to five years, however, we will probably have gone so far that airship tours over Germany will be feasible.

"It may sound fantastic, but the Zeppelin Company has already worked out plans for a series of round trips of this kind from Friedrichshafen to Cologne, Hamburg and Berlin and back. On such a tour it should be possible to provide accommodation for 30 persons on each trip without inconvenience. This is the music for the future, but of the possibility of realizing these ideas the members of the Zeppelin Company are convinced.

RIGHT OF EMINENT DOMAIN

Great Britain and European countries have not altogether forgotten the laws of injuria. These old laws have taken the form in public matters of the right of eminent domain. This right is the right the people possess of taking some land or thing for the benefit of the people as a whole.

As long as the new continents possessed vast unsettled resources the right of eminent domain was little regarded. This right is coming more to the front as the people find that all natural resources are more or less trust controlled. The demand is growing for government ownership of public utilities and the management thereof in the interests of the people. The large corporations stand in the way of this reform, but when the people really become awakened to their own interests the great corporations will have to yield.

One of the greatest examples of the right of eminent domain was the French Revolution. The King and his nobles thought they owned the country and the people in it. The laws declared that they did possess the land and the people also to a certain extent. The people, however, without studying deeply the rules of law, exercised the right of eminent domain and confiscated all the property of the king and nobles for the use of the people. Democratic government originated in the exercise by the people of the right of eminent domain.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The woman suffrage movement is again to the fore in England. The ladies have been interrupting the deliberations of the House of Commons. The police in endeavoring to remove them found that some of them had chained themselves to the House itself. These ladies have been fined and, as they were not willing to pay their fines, they have gone to jail.

The thinking women of England have become convinced that they want the suffrage. They want the right to vote. Thoroughly convinced of this they have started out to get and will succeed.

Woman should have the franchise if she wants it. If she does not want it then there is no use giving her that which she cannot appreciate.

Our Canadian women are more or less asleep on this question. They are content to let the men monopolize all the questions of government. Consequently parliament occupies itself with such secondary questions as the tariff and the incorporation of railways. Questions of the sanctity of the home are not considered. The overcrowding in the slums and the stunting of little children in mills are considered only as fourth rate questions to be taken up when there is absolutely nothing else to do.

In England the women are awake. The male party leaders are disgusted because they see that they must soon cease to putter about those foolishly grave questions with which they have been accustomed to occupy themselves and to take up such questions of social reorganization as the hearts of the women say are necessary.

SOCIALISTS AND RELIGION

One of the planks in the socialist platform is that all religious matters should be left entirely to the discretion of individual members of society. This idea is more or less a new idea for the Western world. We of the West during the past nineteen hundred years have generally considered that the religion of our neighbors was our own particular charge. So far as danger and threat are concerned we have not considered ourselves to be our brother's keeper. He was left to shift for himself. But so far as his soul was concerned that was our own particular charge.

We Protestants are apt to regard the Roman Catholic church as the mother of all persecution. This is erroneous. The Catholic church has not persecuted more than has the Greek church, nor than the American church according to its power. The Presbyterian church is not free from blame in

this matter and the poor old Quakers suffered at the hands of the stern Puritans.

It is the boast of the Buddhists that not one individual has gone to his death because of opposition to the Buddhist beliefs. It has been the boast of the various branches of the Christian church in the past that many infidels have gone to their death in bloody battle as well as in peacetime torment because they were opposed to the doctrines of the Prince of Peace.

If the Socialists can impose upon the quarrelling sects the doctrine that every man's religion in his own particular business they will have rendered a great service to humanity.

INJURY IN CONTRACTS

Under the old French laws injury was one of the grounds for the annulment of a contract. If a man in a trade found that he had been injured in that trade to the extent of twenty-five per cent. he could go to the courts and ask that the contract be set aside on the ground of injuria. He did not have to prove that there was error, or fraud or violence but simply that he had been mistaken in the value of the bargain.

This idea has completely disappeared. Contracts are now binding. In the United States, according to the Constitution, no law can be passed for the breaking of a contract. It is this constitutional law which makes franchises and gas contracts so valuable.

Through trickery or bribery carried out in such a manner as to be absolutely impossible of proof, a group of capitalists will be given a franchise to run a street railway. Fares will be high and the group of capitalists will become very rich men. The franchise would be extremely valuable and the city would find that it had made a very bad bargain. Nevertheless the contract would be absolutely binding and unbreakable.

Did the people reenact the law that injury would be a ground for breaking a contract there would be many rich men who would become poor. The cities would benefit to a great extent. Car fare would be cheaper, gas and electricity would become commoner commodities and the excessive price of many services would be lowered.

PROTECTION

We are glad to see those staunch organs of official Liberalism, the Montreal Herald and the Toronto Globe, coming out against the protection of home industries. The cry for protection is an insidious one. The eyes of the people are taken off the real issues by the appeal that the poor workman needs to be employed. Our American friends have invoked the laborless man to help them protect industries and now many American industries have received so much protection that their added revenues given them by protection more than pay all the expense accounts due to the hiring of workers.

If the editorials of these two papers are going to make for reduced protection it is well. We would like to know whence comes the campaign funds for the Liberal cause in the last election. If duties are raised we can understand the source of the large sums spent. If the duties are reduced then we can know that the manufacturers have been frozen out. We believe they will get the cold shoulder.

Whenever a commercial traveller or a book agent calls upon us and tells us how much we will be benefited if we would only purchase what he has to sell we always feel that he is looking more to his own interests than to ours. In the same manner, whenever the manufacturers put forth a plea of how much we will be benefited if they can only make a fortune by artificial means we always feel as if they were endeavoring to pull the wool over our eyes for their own gain. The great west is now coming to the front and the agricultural interests of that region are opposing the granting of protection. This being the case it is doubtful if the Liberals would dare to increase the protective duties even should they desire so to do. Protection is not likely to be increased and there is a chance that it may be lowered.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Canada has yet to develop an adequate law of eminent domain.

The Conservatives call it graft; the Liberals call it developing the country.

Everybody is radical now except the Canadian Pacific Railway and Standard Oil.

We wish to deny the rumor, before it gets started; that we have demanded a recount in Brome.

Our local contemporaries are saying that we received only seven votes. We received five times that number.

We call our civilization Christian, but it is hardly more Christian than was the civilization of old pagan Rome.

Men used to persecute because they really believed that the future life meant something. Now men do not persecute simply because men have ceased to believe dogmatically.

The labor leaders are provoked at Taft. When Taft was on the bench he handed down some famous labor decisions against the right to strike. Taft is all right with the trusts but labor does not love him over much.

Now that the elections are over the Liberals are telling Laurier to go carefully. During the elections from the tone of the Liberal orators we were under the impression the Liberals wanted Laurier to run away with the country.

The difference between a trader and a professional man is that you pay the trader when you get the goods; you pay the professional man whether you get the goods or not.

A lawyer of London has given away a quarter of a million dollars to the poor and is now suffering hunger along with his fellow poor. But of course the average Christian will say that such conduct is foolish.

If we are so interested in Socialism why is it that we do not join them? Simply, gentle reader, because we are too well pleased with the fleshpots of capitalism.

Texas Halloween roistersers started a fire that destroyed a quarter of a million dollars worth of property. The boys of Texas when they start out to do a thing generally manage to do it up brown.

The cry of the hunger smitten is going up from all the cities of the continent. We have not noticed, however, that the ordinary individual of the city is cutting out his theatre going in order that he might feed the hungry.

If we loved our neighbor as ourself, our neighbor would have a mighty good time of it as long as our money lasted. But such maxims are impossible. Ministers do not preach them from the pulpit except until after certain conventional restrictions have been tacitly set up.

The New Zealand parliamentary elections will take place on the 17th, when the maintenance, reduction of or total abolition of liquor licenses will be decided. In an interview concerning the suggestion that arrangements should be made for the Free mail to be forwarded to Wellington immediately on its arrival at Sydney. Premier Ward stated that the arrangement would necessitate the employment of a special steamer, and the granting of a subsidy to provide a first-class service. He said it would be incomparably better to spend the money on the Vancouver route.

We are apt to regard whisky as the fountain of all suffering among the poor. This is a comforting doctrine. Formerly when a man went down in the struggle of existence men comforted themselves with the theory that he went down because he had sold himself to the Devil. Now they say that whisky did it. And in neither case did or do the critics stop to discover whether the Devil or whisky had anything to do with the matter.

In 1904 there were forty Socialist publications in the United States. Now there are a hundred and fifty. The unprincipled manner in which the corporations have carried on the commerce of the country is responsible for the growing idea that the people must themselves manage the business of the country.

We do not go out and capture slaves as did the old Romans. Why should we capture slaves when we can buy shirt waists already made for fifty cents apiece? Some hungry woman has worked her finger bones nearly off to make such cheap articles, so you see to keep slaves would really be more expensive.

Paris spends a quarter of a million dollars from its municipal funds in feeding the hungry school children of the city. Chicago will soon begin the same duties. Chicago is finding out that the process by which multimillionaires are produced will also produce city-fed children.

And still another libel suit. Hon. Geo. E. Foster has given notice of an action for damages against the Ottawa Free Press for alleged libel. Early in the campaign the Free Press published an editorial on Mr. Foster's handling of the I. O. F. funds, and upon certain statements contained in this the action is based.

The South Africans have been holding a conference to see whether South Africa would federate. Our daily papers have been saying little about this conference. They have preferred to discuss little questions of Canada than great questions of the empire.

A statement of exports from St. John to United States ports during the quarter ended September 30, prepared by United States Consul Willich, shows exports of \$589,137.83, a decrease of \$260,800.53 as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1907.

We hear much of the sacred rights of property, but little of the sacred rights of human life. People are starving in our great cities and they have no right to demand bread. We recognize the right of a man to own property but not the right of a man to live.

We do not lead our enemy captive through the streets as did the Romans. That sort of thing is considered vulgar. We undersell our enemy and take his business away from him. He may die a beggar but he should have recognized that business was business.

Let us see. The whole commandments consists of loving the Lord with all our hearts and our neighbor as ourself. We are all pretty well content to love the Lord but when it comes to our neighbor, well you know such a thing is impossible.

And the U. S. elections are over. Taft is elected and his sunny smile shines forth from every daily paper you pick up. This is the fourth consecutive victory for the Republicans.

There has been a large strike on in the cotton mills of Lancashire, England. So far £100,000 has been spent and £750,000 lost by the cotton workers since the lockout.

Governor Hughes has carried his election in New York state, and the moral forces throughout the continent rejoice.

EDITORIAL

CHRIST AND MODERN BUSINESS

Our civilization has advanced and we no more fling men to the beasts to be devoured. But the Christian doctrine is far from being fulfilled in the hearts of men. Christianity must not be allowed to come into dividends or into stock promoting. If it did the profits would be gone.

If a company shows a greater earning power than was expected the lot of the company's workmen is not benefited. The owners of the company find that their shares have gone up in value.

The owners of the company need not work so hard. Perhaps, owing to the prosperous condition of the company, they can cease to work altogether and smoke a more expensive brand of cigars. They may go to the theatre and enjoy wine suppers with the chorus girls after the play. The workers who produce the wealth have to work their ten hours a day for the same bare-living wages. The children of the workers will have to be taken out of school early and set to work to increase the family income, while the increased values of the company go to those who do not need them.

Christianity should teach that every man is a brother and the laborer should be given a higher wage than a mere life in death. Christianity should teach that human happiness should come before dividends.

The business ethics of the day are not Christian. They are based on the struggle for existence and the most ruthless struggles bring the greatest wealth. He is regarded as a success who can control the greatest amount of wealth. Our civilization may be energetic. It certainly is cruel and it is not Christian.

THE GLEANINGS

The Israelites of old were a primitive people. Consequently they had the idea that the poor should be looked after. We have changed all those ideas. We now have the idea that if the poor belong to our own church there rests upon us the disagreeable moral duty of seeing that they do not actually starve. If the poor belong to some heathen land the conventional belief is that a special blessing rests upon us if we help them out with a little corn and many Bibles. But the poor of our own land can go hang for all we care. Our cities are crowded with starving wretches and we comfort ourselves with the idea that these people are starving through their own iniquitous doings.

If one of these starving wretches should come and take a little food to help him out, our civilization would yank him into jail as a thief. The old Jewish belief was that the gleanings of the field should belong to the poor. We have got away from that old idea. The gleanings of the field are gathered up and sold. If the man has the price he can get anything he wants, but if a man does not have the price he will find that this twentieth century of the Christian era is a mighty uncharitable age.

ON CHURCH ORGANS

We believe that somewhere in the Book, which in our early infancy we were taught to regard as sacred, it is stated that the Lord does not delight in burnt sacrifices. The modern idea is that while He does not delight in burnt sacrifices nevertheless He takes a most pertinent delight in organs, and

Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! This was because Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair medicine. Falling hair is caused by a germ, and this medicine completely destroys these germs. Then the healthy scalp gives rich, healthy hair.

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CHERRY PECTORAL

the more expensive they are according to the modern notion, the more does He delight in them.

Moreover, it would appear, the Lord takes great delight in fashioned seats, and large stone edifices. Our civilization is dotted with large and expensive edifices devoted to the glory of God, and in these edifices are erected the organs aforesaid.

During the past few years whenever we have entered a large and expensive church we have wondered whether the money invested in such a building would not have been better spent in cleaning out the slums of the city, in feeding the hungry, and in carrying messages of human sympathy to those classes of people who are down and out in the struggle for existence. To us the beautiful tones of the church organ have always seemed a direct insult to the Supreme Being as long as any of our fellow creatures are suffering material want.

THE CHURCH OF A BOURGEOIS INSTITUTION

The charge has been brought against the church that it is a class institution catering for the snug middle classes. Working classes do not feel at home in the churches. The comfortably off middle classes have captured the churches and now the churches represent the views on religious, social and economic subjects which tickle the fancy of the middle classes. The church endeavors to please its audience and it succeeds. If it did not we would not see so many prosperous business men and women in it. The church endeavors to instill a certain amount of personal virtue into its audience, and it also endeavors to teach a little charity, but the church certainly does not teach any broad doctrine of social regeneration. If the church can instill into the human heart certain subjective sentiments as to a future state of blessedness it is more or less content.

The workingmen are justified in staying away from the churches. The ministers fight shy of the test about the rich man selling all that he had and giving to the poor. If they preach from it at all they take the position that the message was for that particular rich man of the past and not for the rich men of today. They do not preach from the text that we are all equal in Christ or if they do preach from it they take the position that the text is simply spiritual and that it has no application with regard to the material inequalities of the very rich and the very poor.

We have often wondered why, if the story of Christ is true, the truth has not conquered in the hearts of men. If the story be true, then serious error has crept into the preaching of it and the great mass of non churchgoers as well as the great mass of incredulous churchgoers are wise in not accepting all that is at present preached from the pulpits as Gospel truth.

ROME AND THE CHRISTIANS

The Minister of today is up against the same problem that the fathers of the primitive church had to face. Christ came to preach the brotherhood of man. Now with brotherhood there is no superiority or inferiority. There may be intellectual or spiritual distinctions, but so far as material riches go there is mutual helpfulness.

Many persons cannot understand the old persecutions. The traditional explanation of Nero's conduct was that the Devil was behind him and had entered into his heart to make him persecute the followers of the true God. This explanation does not seem satisfactory. The Romans were as tolerant if indeed they were not even more tolerant in religious matters than is the modern Englishman in India. All religions were welcomed at Rome. So much was this the case that there was a Pantheon at Rome, a building erected for the reception of all Gods and the proposition was laid before the primitive Christians that Christ should be enshrined in this temple along with the other gods. The Christians of course refused.

The real reason for the Christian persecution under the Roman emperors was the fear the Romans entertained of slave wars. Rome and Italy were filled with slaves and every little while there would be an attempt on the part of the slaves to break loose and become free. Rome lived in constant dread of these servile wars for they were always accompanied with barbarous acts of cruelty against the slaveowners.

The Romans believed that the slave had no soul. He was an inferior creature, a beast of burden, an animal subject to all proprietary rights on the part of the owner at a time when there were no Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Christians came along and taught

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Have you ever tasted anything more delicious than the fresh, ripe, luscious fruits? These are Nature's medicines. A regular diet without fruit is positively dangerous, for the system soon gets clogged with waste matter and the blood poisoned. Fruit Juices stir up Bowels, Kidneys and Skin, making them work vigorously to throw off the dead tissue and indigestible food which, if retained, soon poison the blood and cause Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and a host of other distressing troubles.

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the doctrine that slaves were human beings, equal to their masters, and worthy of human treatment. Such a doctrine was revolutionary. It interfered with proprietary rights. It threatened to bring about those deadly foundations of the state. When the Christians, to propagate their doctrines of the equality of all men, even slaves in the spiritual realm, took to gathering in secret caves, the air of mystery about their proceedings aroused the worst fears of the rulers, and the Christians were hung, on the basis of burning torches.

The Romans did not act hastily. They gave every Christian a chance to become a decent citizen again according to the ideal of decent citizenship of that day. They would all go unpunished if they would only promise to leave the slaves alone and allow the things to go on in the good old-fashioned way. The Christians preferred death and in most cases they got it.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS

"Who are the Socialists?" and "What do they stand for?" are questions frequently heard in these days. We hear them on the streets in the work shops, and on the cars in the cities; wherever men and women congregate, these questions and others of a like nature, are heard.

It is perfectly right and proper that they should be asked, for unless the Socialists are understood, how can they be fairly and intelligently judged? The Socialists are a force in the United States. At the last election they polled 409,230 votes as against 66,931 in 1902, so that they increased their strength 322 per cent in four years. The late Mark Hanna saw this party growing at a tremendous, but steady rate, and over and over again declared that in the course of a few years there must be a definite struggle upon a clear issue between the Republican Party and the Socialist Party. That prophecy may or may not be true, but it is certainly true that all the signs of the times seem to point that way.

In Germany the Socialists are rapidly growing in numbers and strength, and it is universally conceded, by friends and foes alike, that they are invariably on the side of peace, progress, and in purity of government. In Italy, France, Belgium, England and other European countries, the same thing is true. It is always known with absolute certainty what stand the Socialists will take upon any question involving the interests of the working class. They are always on the side of the workers in their struggles for better conditions; they are always against the oppression of the weak by the strong. Even their opponents admit that the Socialists in all countries where they have any influence are doing more to promote international peace and goodwill than any other body of people, whether religious or political. And the same might be said of their in-

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fluence on the side of decency and honesty in government. The Socialists are always the most implacable foes of corruption and graft. Whenever in England and the United States Socialists have been elected they have fearlessly and consistently exposed graft and corruption wherever found. Not long ago, for example the wholesale corruption in Milwaukee attracted almost universal attention. The Socialists were in the vanguard of the fight for decent honest government, and they elected several of their own representatives. Ever since they have been elected these men have been resolutely pursuing the grafters and have done more to rescue the city from the clutches of the garrulous boodlers than all the "Reform" parties Milwaukee ever had.

Now it is not claimed for the Socialists that they are superior beings, better men, and women than other people. They are not perfectionists. They do not take their stand on the side of the weak and oppressed, and against war and plunder of the public treasuries, because they are of a superior moral or intellectual order. No Socialist would make such a claim, and no sensible man or woman would believe him if he did. What, then, is the reason of this strange phenomenon—how shall we account for the fact that a great world-wide party, counting its adherents by the millions and constantly growing, a party that is gaining ground in all parts of Europe, America, Australia, Africa, Asia, and which is of considerable power in the late election, should always be found existing all its strength on the side of Justice and Right?

The Spirit of Progress

Mother and Maker of Progress,
Parent of Motion and Fame;
Strong with the iron of Empire,
Wearing the laurels of Fame;
Red with the blood of the conquered—
Actarist and applied thy name!
Thou art a spirit of splendor,
Fair as some daughter of Kings,
Clad in soft garments of ermine,
Crown'd with sceptre and rings,
Under the rose on thy bosom
Crouches a serpent that stings!
Thou art the pride of the Modern,
Dominant Lord of Today;
Thou art the shame of the Nations,
Rank with disease and decay
Foliant, arrogant, ignorant,
Turning our pride to dismay!
Thou art the lure of the miser,
Drunk with the passion for gold;
Thou art the gear of the wanton,
Spurious, brilliant, and bold;
Thou art the God of the young man,
The virulent foe of the old!
—Elizabeth Newport Hepburn in
New York Times.

A Strength Giver

If you feel depressed and tired; if your appetite is not good and you sleep badly, Campbell's Quinine Wine will bring you back to strength and vigor. It is the best, the most pleasant and the most effective of all tonics. Recommended by the medical profession.

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RANGE

The Recipe

"Ladies, here's my recipe for Apple Custard Pie: Two eggs, four or five apples, grated, a little nutmeg; sweetened to taste; one-half pint of new milk or cream; pour into pastry—then



The Oven

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PROHIBITION FIGHT THE WORLD OVER

The Editor's Views and Other News on This Great Movement

THE LICENSE QUESTION IN TORONTO

The next municipal elections in Toronto will be fought on the license question. At the beginning of the present year numerous licenses were cut off by the council. Through a technicality these licenses were regranted by the courts much to the disgust of many prominent citizens of the city.

The argument put forth by the license holders was that as they had spent much money in remodelling their places of business it was a confiscation of their property to take away their licenses, thus rendering their fittings worthless, until they had a chance to recoup themselves out of the funds contributed by the thirsty ones.

It is the earnest desire of the people of Toronto that the number of saloons should be reduced. Every saloon will attract a certain amount of custom. Were there fewer saloons there would be less drinking. It is a well-known fact that men will spend their money for whiskey if a saloon is on their way to the office or shop which they would otherwise save were the saloon a block or two out of their way. Many drinking men consider the saloons altogether too numerous. Hence in the coming fight for saloon reduction, temperance men and moderate drinkers will be on one side and the beer lords and a few old toppers will be on the other. The beer lords and whiskey princes will be apt to see their present prerogatives seriously curtailed.

WORMWOOD AND GALL

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne,
Sink neath the blow by father dealt:
And the cold world's proud scorn.
Then suffer on from year to year,
The sole relief the scalding tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive a besotted heart to melt:
The downward course to stay.
Be dashed with bitter curse, aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every promised blessing swept:
Youth sweetness turned to gall.
Life's falling flower strewn all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;

Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear,
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,

The grey that streaks her forehead now,
With withering frame and trembling limb
And trace the ruin back to him
Who pledged faith in early youth,
Promising eternal love and truth.

But who forswore had yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And led her down through love and light
And all that made her prospects bright,
And chained her there through want and strife,
That lowly thing—the drunkard's wife,
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul had felt and known
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can induce
Think of its flavor you will try
When all proclaim—"it's drink and die."

Tell me that I hate the bowl,
Hate is a feeble word,
I loathe, I abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is filled
When I see, or hear, or feel
Of the dark beverages of hell.

—Contributed by a young lady who has been accused of being insane on the subject of temperance.

How Jewels Are Faked

The making of false gems and the doctoring of others which are real, but slightly blemished, has become a profession so widespread that in some countries the workers of entire towns do nothing else.

Artificial rubies are sold in every

city, large or small, in the civilized world. The method of manufacturing them is simple. A small crystal of silicate of alumina, colored by bichromate of potash, is rotated at a high speed, and under a high temperature. It is then nursed with minute particles of natural ruby, which adhere and become melted onto the center cone. With care and patience a large head can thus be built up from which the ruby is afterward cut.

It is said that almost every pink topaz now on the market has been "pinked," as the topaz, although it occurs in many colors, is rarely pink. Sometimes precious stones have blemishes which are removed by burning in sand and iron filings. White spots on rubies and black spots on diamonds are removed in this manner.

The Man Who Wins

The man who wins is an average man: Not built on any peculiar plan, Not blest with any peculiar luck; Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess"—

He knows, and answers "no" or "yes"; When set a task that the rest can't do, He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three things he's learned: that the man who tries

Finds favor in his employer's eyes;

That it pays to know more than one thing well;

That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits; till one fine day There's a better job with bigger pay.

And the men who shirked whenever they could

Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes,
The man who wins is the man who tries.

The Proper Care of Show Cases

A great many glass show cases are ruined each year from the lack of proper attention. Small cracks appear, caused by heat or contact with hard heavy bodies, and if these cracks are not at once attended to they soon spread. Cracks may be kept from spreading by making a short scratch at right angles with a diamond or glass cutter, says the Sporting Goods Dealer. A case should set perfectly level on the floor, especially the new all-glass variety. Use a solution of 1 oz. of white wax dissolved in a pint of pure turpentine to remove scratches. For cleaning the glass, a good method is to use 1 oz. of whiting, 1 oz. alcohol and 1 oz. of water of ammonia in a pint of water. Apply with soft cloth, allow to dry and then wipe off.

By a vote of miners and mine officials it was decided to adopt fulminate powder as an explosive in the Hazel mine at Canonsburg, Pa., the belief being that this explosive is much less liable to cause explosions of gas than the powder formerly used.

War on Mosquitos

A novel mode of warfare against the mosquito, but one that is proving highly successful, is being carried on in the city of Tampa Fla. There are many rain-water tanks and cisterns throughout the city for supplying water for lavatory and various other purposes, and these are favorite breeding places for mosquitoes. The warfare against the annoying pest consists in stocking these reservoirs with small fish to feed on the mosquito larvae. This method has been tried in one place and another in Florida, and has proved successful in every case. The fish eat the larvae greedily, keeping the water clear of them, and live for years, even in tanks that are covered, and their living place one of darkness.

AUTUMN.

A path thick-strewn with leaves
A field of barley sheaves;
A naked tree;
A rose, a thought, a sigh,
A dead leaf whirling by—
And memory.
—From "The Soul of the Singer," H. Graham Du Bois.

THE APOSTATE

A Child Labor Problem

BY JACK LONDON

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION

CONTINUED

At the end of his second year at the looms he was turning out more yards than any other weaver, and more than twice as much as some of the less skilful ones. And at home things began to prosper as he approached the full stature of his earning power. Not however, that his increased earnings were in excess of need. The children were growing up. They ate more. And they were going to school, and school-books cost money. And somehow, the faster he worked, the faster climbed the prices of things. Even the rent went up, though the house had fallen from bad to worse disrepair.

He had grown taller; but with his increased height he seemed leaner than ever. Also, he was more nervous. With the nervousness increased his peevishness and irritability. The children had learned by many bitter lessons to fight shy of him. His mother respected him for his earning power, but somehow her respect was tinged with fear.

There was no joyousness in life for him. The procession of the days he never saw. The nights he slept away in twitching unconsciousness. The rest of the time he worked, and his consciousness was machine-consciousness. Outside this his mind was a blank. He had no ideals, and but one illusion, namely, that he drank excellent coffee. He was a work-beast. He had no mental life whatever; yet deep down in the crypts of his mind, unknown to him, were being weighed and sifted every hour of his toil, every movement of his hands, every twitch of his muscles, and preparations were making for a future course of action that would amaze him and all his little world.

It was in the late spring that he came home from work one night aware of an unusual tiredness. There was a keen expectancy in the air as he sat down to the table, but he did not notice. He went through the meal in moody silence, mechanically eating what was before him. The children um'd and ah'd and made smacking noises with their mouths. But he was deaf to them.

"Dye know what you're eatin'," his mother demanded at last, desperately. He looked vacantly at the dish set before him, and vacantly at her.

"Floatin' island," she announced triumphantly.

"Oh," he said.

"Floatin' island!" the children chorused loudly.

"Oh," he said. And after two or three mouthfuls, he added, "I guess I ain't hungry tonight."

He dropped the spoon, shoved back his chair, and arose wearily from the table.

"An' I guess I'll go to bed." His feet dragged more heavily than usual as he crossed the kitchen floor. Undressing was a thankless task, a monotonous, futile, and he wept wearily as he crawled into bed, one shoe still on. He was aware of a rising, swelling, smarting inside his head that made his brain thick and fuzzy. His lean fingers felt as big as his wrist, while in the ends of them was a remoteness of sensation vague and tuzzy like his brain. The small of his back ached intolerably. All his bones ached. He ached everywhere. And in his head began the shrieking, pounding, crashing, roaring of a million looms. All space was filled with flying shuttles. They darted in and out, intricately, amongst the stars. He worked a thousand looms himself, and ever they speeded up, faster and faster, and his brain unbound, taster and faster, and became the thread that fed the thousand flying shuttles.

He did not go to work next morning. He was too busy weaving colossally on the thousand looms that ran inside his head. His mother went to work, but first she sent for the doctor. "It was a severe attack of la grippe," she said. Jennie served as nurse and carried out his instructions. It was a very severe attack, and it was a week before Johnny dressed and tottered feebly across the floor. Another week, the doctor said, and he would be fit to return to work. The foreman of the loom-room visited him on Sunday afternoon, the first day of his convalescence. The best weaver in the room, the foreman told his mother. His job would be held for him. He could come

back to work a week from Monday.

"Why don't you thank 'em, Johnny?" his mother asked anxiously.

"He's ben that sick he ain't himself yet," she explained apologetically to the visitor.

Johnny sat hunched up and gazing steadfastly at the floor. He sat in the same position long after the foreman had gone. It was warm outdoors, and he sat on the stoop in the afternoon. Sometimes his lips moved. He seemed lost in endless calculations.

Next morning after the day grew warm, he took his seat on the stoop. He had pencil and paper this time with which to continue his calculations, and he calculated painfully and amazingly.

"What comes after million?" he asked at noon, when Will came home from school. "An' how d'ye work 'em?"

That afternoon finished his task. Each day, but without paper and pencil, he returned to the stoop. He was greatly absorbed in the one tree that grew across the street. He studied it for hours at a time, and was unusually interested when the wind swayed its branches and fluttered its leaves. Throughout the week he seemed lost in great communion with himself. On Sunday, sitting on the stoop, he laughed aloud, several times, to the perturbation of his mother, who had not heard him laugh in years.

Next morning in the early darkness, she came to his bed to rouse him. He had had his fill of sleep all week and awoke easily. He made no struggle, nor did he attempt to hold onto the bedding when she stripped it from him. He lay quietly, and spoke quietly.

"It ain't no use, ma."

"You'll be late," she said, under the impression that he was still stupid with sleep.

"I'm awake, ma, an' I tell you it ain't no use. You might as well kemme alone. I ain't goin' to git up."

"But you'll lose your job!" she cried.

"I ain't goin' to git up," he repeated in a strange passionless voice.

She did not go to work herself that morning. This was sickness beyond any sickness she had ever known. Fever and delirium she could understand; but this was insanity. She pulled the bedding up over him and sent Jennie for the doctor.

When the doctor arrived Johnny was sleeping gently, and gently he awoke and allowed his pulse to be taken.

"Nothing the matter with him," the doctor reported. "Badly debilitated, that's all. Not much meat on his bones. He's always been that way," his mother volunteered.

"Now go away, ma, and let me finish my snooze."

Johnny spoke sweetly and placidly, sweetly and placidly he rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

At ten he awoke and dressed himself. He walked out into the kitchen, where he found his mother with a frightened expression on her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he announced.

"An' I jes' want to say good-by."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

Aerial Letter Boxes

Aerial letter boxes have been placed in all large tenement houses and apartment buildings in Budapest, Hungary. When the postman enters the hall on the first floor of a building he places the boxes in the boxes attached to the different families. A spring is then pressed and electricity does the rest. The boxes are shut up to the floor required, where they remain until emptied, or until the postman comes again and brings them down by tugging another spring.



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EDITORIAL

CHRIST AND MODERN BUSINESS

Our civilization has advanced and we no more fling men to the beasts to be devoured. But the Christian doctrine is far from being fulfilled in the hearts of men. Christianity must not be allowed to come into dividends or into stock promoting. If it did the profits would be gone.

If a company shows a greater earning power than was expected the lot of the company's workmen is not benefited. The owners of the company find that their shares have gone up in value.

The owners of the company need not work so hard. Perhaps, owing to the prosperous condition of the company, they can cease to work altogether and smoke a more expensive brand of cigars. They may go to the theatre and enjoy wine suppers with the chorus girls after the play. The workers who produce the wealth have to work their ten hours a day for the same bare living wages. The children of the workers will have to be taken out of school early and set to work to increase the family income, while the increased values of the company go to those who do not need them.

Christianity should teach that every man is a brother and the laborer should be given a higher wage than a mere life in death one. Christianity should teach that human happiness should come before dividends.

The business ethics of the day are not Christian. They are based on the struggle for existence and the most ruthless struggles bring the greatest wealth. He is regarded as a success who can control the greatest amount of wealth. Our civilization may be energetic. It certainly is cruel and it is not Christian.

THE GLEANINGS

The Israelites of old were a primitive people. Consequently they had the idea that the poor should be looked after. We have changed all those ideas. We now have the idea that if the poor belong to our own church there rests upon us the disagreeable moral duty of seeing that they do not actually starve. If the poor belong to some heathen land, the conventional belief is that a special blessing rests upon us if we help them out with a little corn and many Bibles. But the poor of our own land can go hang for all we care. Our cities are crowded with starving wretches and we comfort ourselves with the idea that these people are starving through their own iniquitous doings.

If one of these starving wretches should come and take a little food to help him out, our civilization would yan's him into jail as a thief. The old Jewish belief was that the gleanings of the field should belong to the poor. We have got away from that old idea. The gleanings of the field are gathered up and sold. If the man has the price he can get anything he wants, but if a man does not have the price he will find that this twentieth century of the Christian era is a mighty uncharitable age.

ON CHURCH ORGANS

We believe that somewhere in the Book, which in our early infancy we were taught to regard as sacred, it is stated that the Lord does not delight in burnt sacrifices. The modern idea is that while He does not delight in burnt sacrifices nevertheless He takes a most pertinent delight in organs, and

the more expensive they are according to the modern notion, the more does He delight in them.

Moreover, it would appear, the Lord takes great delight in cushioned seats, and large stone edifices. Our civilization is dotted with large and expensive edifices devoted to the glory of God, and in these edifices are erected the organs aforesaid.

During the past few years whenever we have entered a large and expensive church we have wondered whether the money invested in such a building would not have been better spent in cleaning out the slums of the city, in feeding the hungry, and in carrying messages of human sympathy to those classes of people who are down and out in the struggle for existence. To us the beautiful tones of the church organ have always seemed a direct insult to the Supreme Being as long as any of our fellow creatures are suffering material want.

THE CHURCH OF A BOURGEOIS INSTITUTION

The charge has been brought against the church that it is a class institution catering for the smug middle classes. Working classes do not feel at home in the churches. The comfortably off middle classes have captured the churches and now the churches represent the views on religious, social and economic subjects which tickle the fancy of the middle classes. The church endeavors to please its audience and it succeeds. If it did not succeed we would not see so many prosperous business men and women in it. The church endeavors to instill a certain amount of personal virtue into its audience, and it also endeavors to teach a little charity, but the church certainly does not teach any broad doctrine of social regeneration. If the church can instill into the human heart certain subjective sentiments as to a future state of blessedness it is more or less content.

The workingmen are justified in staying away from the churches. The ministers fight shy of the text about the rich man selling all that he had and giving to the poor. If they preach from it at all they take the position that the message was for that particular rich man of the past and not for the rich men of today. They do not preach from the text that we are all equal in Christ or if they do preach from it they take the position that the text is simply spiritual and that it has no application with regard to the material inequalities of the very rich and the very poor. We have often wondered why, if the story of Christ is true, the truth has not conquered in the hearts of men. If the story be true, then serious error has crept into the preaching of it and the great mass of non-churchgoers as well as the great mass of incredulous churchgoers, are wise in not accepting all that is at present preached from the pulpits as Gospel truth.

ROME AND THE CHRISTIANS

The Minister of today is up against the same problem that the fathers of the primitive church had to face, Christ came to preach the brotherhood of man. Now with brotherhood there is no superiority or inferiority. There may be intellectual or spiritual distinctions, but so far as material riches go there is mutual helpfulness.

Many persons cannot understand the old persecutions. The traditional explanation of Nero's conduct was that the Devil was behind him and had entered into his heart to make him persecute the followers of the true God. This explanation does not seem satisfactory. The Romans were as tolerant if indeed they were not even more tolerant in religious matters than is the modern Englishman in India. All religions were welcomed at Rome. So much was this the case that there was a Pantheon at Rome, a building erected for the reception of all Gods and the proposition was laid before the primitive Christians that Christ should be enshrined in this temple along with the other gods. The Christians of course refused.

The real reason for the Christian persecution under the Roman emperors was the fear the Romans entertained of slave wars. Rome and Italy were filled with slaves and every little while there would be an attempt on the part of the slaves to break loose and become free. Rome lived in constant dread of these servile wars for they were always accompanied with barbarous acts of cruelty against the slaveowners.

The Romans believed that the slave had no soul. He was an inferior creature, a beast of burden, an animal subject to all proprietary rights on the part of the owner at a time when there were no Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Christians came along and taught

NATURE A VERY SKILFUL PHYSICIAN

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Have you ever tasted anything more delicious than the fresh, ripe, luscious fruits? These are Nature's medicines. A regular diet without fruit is positively dangerous, for the system soon gets clogged with waste matter and the blood poisoned. Fruit Juices stir up Bowels, Kidneys and Skin, making them work vigorously to throw off the dead tissue and indigestible food which, if retained, soon poisons the blood and cause Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and a host of other distressing troubles.

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the doctrine that slaves were human beings, equal to their masters, and worthy of human treatment. Such a doctrine was revolutionary. It interfered with proprietary rights. It threatened to bring about those dreaded servile wars. It subverted the very foundations of the state. When the Christians, to propagate their doctrine of the equality of all men, even slaves in the spiritual realm, took to gathering in secret caves, the air of mystery about their proceedings aroused the worst fears of the rulers, and the Christians were flung to the beasts or burnt as torches.

The Romans did not act hastily. They gave every Christian a chance to become a decent citizen again according to the idea of decent citizenship of that day. They would all go unpunished if they would only promise to leave the slaves alone and allow the things to go on in the good old-fashioned way. The Christians preferred death and in most cases they got it.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS

"Who are the Socialists?" and "What do they stand for?" are questions frequently heard in these days. We hear them on the streets in the work shops, and on the cars in the cities; wherever men and women congregate; these questions and others of a like nature, are heard.

It is perfectly right and proper that they should be asked, for unless the Socialists are understood how can they be fairly and intelligently judged? The Socialists are a force in the United States. At the last election they polled 409,230 votes as against 96,931 in 1900, so that they increased their strength 322 per cent in four years. The late Mark Hanna saw this party growing at a tremendous, but steady rate, and over and over again declared that in the course of a few years there must be a definite struggle upon a clear issue between the Republican Party and the Socialist Party. That prophecy may or may not be true, but it is certainly true that all the signs of the times seem to point that way.

In Germany the Socialists are rapidly growing in numbers and strength, and it is universally conceded, by friends and foes alike, that they are invariably on the side of peace, progress, and in purity of government. In Italy, France, Belgium, England and other European countries, the same thing is true. It is always known with absolute certainty what stand the Socialists will take upon any question involving the interests of the working class. They are always on the side of the workers in their struggles for better conditions; they are always against the oppression of the weak by the strong. Even their opponents admit that the Socialists in all countries where they have any influence are doing more to promote international peace and goodwill than any other body of people, whether religious or political. And the same might be said of their in-

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fluence—on the side of decency and honesty in government. The Socialists are always the most implacable foes of corruption and graft. Whenever in England and the United States Socialists have been elected they have fearlessly and consistently exposed graft and corruption wherever found. Not long ago, for example the wholesale corruption in Milwaukee attracted almost universal attention. The Socialists were in the van-guard of the fight for decent honest government, and they elected several of their own representatives. Ever since they have been elected these men have been resolutely pursuing the grafters and have done more to rescue the city from the clutches of the garrulous hoodlums than all the "Reform" parties Milwaukee ever had.

Now it is not claimed for the Socialists that they are superior beings, better men, and women than other people. They are not perfectionists. They do not take their stand on the side of the weak and oppressed, and against war and plunder of the public treasuries, because they are of a superior moral or intellectual order. No Socialist would make such a claim, and no sensible man or woman would believe him if he did. What, then, is the reason of this strange phenomenon—how shall we account for the fact that a great world-wide party, counting its adherents by the millions and constantly growing, a party that is gaining ground in all parts of Europe, America, Australia, Africa, Asia, and which is of considerable strength in Canada, five candidates having run in the late election, should always be found enlisting all its strength on the side of Justice and Right?

The Spirit of Progress

Mother and Maker of Progress,
 Parent of Motion and Flame;
 Strong with the iron of Empire,
 Wearing the laurels of Fame;
 Red with the blood of the conquered—
 Accurst and applauded thy name!

Thou art a spirit of splendor,
 Fair as some daughter of Kings,
 Clad in soft garments of ermine
 Coronal, sceptre and rings.
 Under the rose on thy bosom
 Crouches a serpent that stings!

Thou art the pride of the Modern,
 Dominant Lord of To-day;
 Thou art the shame of the Nations,
 Rank with disease and decay—
 Insolent, arrogant, ignorant,
 Turning our pride to dismay!

Thou art the lure of the miser,
 Drunk with the passion for gold;
 Thou art the gem of the wanton,
 Spurious, brilliant, and bold;
 Thou art the God of the young man—
 The virulent foe of the old!

—Elizabeth Newport Hephurn in
 New York Times.

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SURGEON-DENTIST

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ADVOCATES, ETC.

HULL BLOCK COWANSVILLE

PANDORA

RANGE

The Recipe "Ladies, here's my recipe for Apple Custard Pie—Two eggs, four or five apples, grated, a little nutmeg; sweetened to taste; one-half pint of new milk or cream; pour into pastry—then



The Result "Four—pies—that—don't—last—long." Four pies and pans of bread can be baked in a "Pandora" oven at one time.

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Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! This was because Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair medicine. Falling hair is caused by a germ, and this medicine completely destroys these germs. Then the healthy scalp gives rich, healthy hair.

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Ayer's

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PROHIBITION FIGHT THE WORLD OVER

The Editor's Views and Other News on
This Great Movement

THE LICENSE QUESTION IN TORONTO

The next municipal elections in Toronto will be fought on the license question. At the beginning of the present year numerous licenses were cut off by the council. Through a technicality these licenses were regranted by the courts much to the disgust of many prominent citizens of the city.

The argument put forth by the license holders was that as they had spent much money in remodeling their places of business it was a confiscation of their property to take away their licenses, thus rendering their fittings worthless, until they had a chance to recoup themselves out of the funds contributed by the thirsty ones.

It is the earnest desire of the people of Toronto that the number of saloons should be reduced. Every saloon will attract a certain amount of custom. Were there fewer saloons there would be less drinking. It is a well-known fact that men will spend their money for whiskey if a saloon is on their way to the office or shop which they would otherwise save were the saloon a block or two out of their way. Many drinking men consider the saloons altogether too numerous. Hence in the coming fight for saloon reduction, temperance men and moderate drinkers will be on one side and the beer lords and a few old toppers will be on the other. The beer lords and whiskey princes will be apt to see their present prerogatives seriously curtailed.

WORMWOOD AND GALL

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink neath the blow by father dealt;
And the cold world's proud scorn.
Then suffer on from year to year,
The sole relief the scalding tear.
Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive a besotted heart to melt:
The downward course to stay.
Be dashed with bitter curse aside.
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defiled.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every promised blessing swept:
Youth sweetness turned to gall.
Life's fading flower strewn all the way,
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear.
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The grey that streaks her forehead now,
With withering frame and trembling limb
And trace the ruin back to him
Who pledged faith in early youth,
Promising eternal love and truth.

But who forsaken had yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And led her down through love and light
And all that made her prospects bright,
And chained her there through want and strife,
That lowly thing—the drunkard's wife,
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight—the drunkard's child.

Go bear, and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul had felt and known
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone
Think of its flavor you will try
When all proclaim—"it's drink and die."

Tell me that I hate the bowl,
Hate is a feeble word.
I loathe, abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
When I see or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverages of hell.

—Contributed by a young lady who has been accused of being insane on the subject of temperance.

How Jewels Are Faked

The making of false gems and the doctoring of others which are real, but slightly blemished, has become a profession so widespread that in some countries the workers of entire towns do nothing else.

Artificial rubies are sold in every

city, large or small, in the civilized world. The method of manufacturing them is simple. A small crystal of silicate of alumina, colored by bichromate of potash, is rotated at a high speed, and under a high temperature. It is then nursed with minute particles of natural ruby, which adhere and become melted onto the center cone. With care and patience a large head can thus be built up from which the ruby is afterward cut.

It is said that almost every pink topaz now on the market has been "pinked," as the topaz, although it occurs in many colors, is rarely pink. Sometimes precious stones have blemishes which are removed by burning in sand and iron filings. White spots on rubies and black spots on diamonds are removed in this manner.

The Man Who Wins

The man who wins is an average man:
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess"—

He knows, and answers "no" or "yes";
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.

Three things he's learned: that the man who tries

Finds favor in his employer's eyes;
That it pays to know more than one thing well;

That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits; till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay.

And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the man whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries.

The Proper Care of Show Cases

A great many glass show cases are ruined each year from the lack of proper attention. Small cracks appear, caused by heat or contact with hard heavy bodies, and if these cracks are not at once attended to they soon spread. Cracks may be kept from spreading by making a short scratch at right angles with a diamond or glass cutter, says the Sporting Goods Dealer. A case should set perfectly level on the floor, especially the new all-glass variety. Use a solution of 1 oz. of white wax dissolved in a pint of pure turpentine to remove scratches. For cleaning the glass, a good method is to use 1 oz. of whiting, 1 oz. alcohol and 1 oz. of water of ammonia in a pint of water. Apply with soft cloth, allow to dry and then wipe off.

By a vote of miners and mine officials it was decided to adopt fulminate powder as an explosive in the Hazlemine at Canonsburg, Pa., the belief being that this explosive is much less liable to cause explosions of gas than the powder for nery used.

War on Mosquitoes

A novel mode of warfare against the mosquito, but one that is proving highly successful, is being carried on in the city of Tampa Fla. There are many rain-water tanks and cisterns throughout the city for supplying water for lavatory and various other purposes, and these are favorite breeding places for mosquitoes. The warfare against the annoying pest consists in stocking these reservoirs with small fish to feed on the mosquito larva. This method has been tried in one place and another in Florida, and has proved successful in every case. The fish eat the larvae greedily, keeping the water clear of them, and live for years, even in tanks that are covered, and their living place one of darkness.

AUTUMN.

A path thick-strewn with leaves
A field of barley sheaves.

A naked tree;
A rose, a thought, a sigh,
A dead leaf whirling by—
And memory.

—From "The Soul of the Singer,"

H. Graham Du Bois.

THE APOSTATE

A Child Labor Problem

BY JACK LONDON

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
CONTINUED

At the end of his second year at the looms he was turning out more yards than any other weaver, and more than twice as much as some of the less skilful ones. And at home things began to prosper as he approached the full stature of his earning power. Not however, that his increased earnings were in excess of need. The children were growing up. They ate more. And they were going to school, and school-books cost money. And somehow, the faster he worked, the faster climbed the prices of things. Even the rent went up, though the house had fallen from bad to worse disrepair.

He had grown taller; but with his increased height he seemed leaner than ever. Also, he was more nervous. With the nervousness increased his peevishness and irritability. The children had learned by many bitter lessons to fight shy of him. His mother respected him for his earning power, but somehow her respect was tinged with fear.

There was no joyousness in life for him. The procession of the days he never saw. The nights he slept away in twitching unconsciousness. The rest of the time he worked, and his consciousness was machine consciousness. Outside this his mind was a blank. He had no ideals, and but one illusion, namely, that he drank excellent coffee. He was a work-beast. He had no mental life whatever; yet deep down in the crypts of his mind, unknown to him, were being weighed and sifted every hour of his toil, every movement of his hands, every twitch of his muscles, and preparations were making for a future course of action that would amaze him and all his little world.

It was in the late spring that he came home from work one night aware of an unusual tiredness. There was a keen expectancy in the air as he sat down to the table, but he did not notice. He went through the meal in moody silence, mechanically eating what was before him. The children um'd and ah'd and made smacking noises with their mouths. But he was deaf to them.

Dye know what you're eatin'?" his mother demanded at last, desperately.

He looked vacantly at the dish set before him, and vacantly at her.

"Floatin' island," she announced triumphantly.

"Oh," he said.

"Floatin' island!" the children chorused loudly.

"Oh," he said. And after two or three mouthfuls, he added, "I guess I ain't hungry tonight."

He dropped the spoon, shoved back his chair, and arose wearily from the table.

"An' I guess I'll go to bed."

His feet dragged more heavily than usual as he crossed the kitchen floor. Undressing was a Titan's task, a monstrous faculty, and he wept weakly as he crawled into bed, one shoe still on. He was aware of a rising, swelling something inside his head that made his brain thick and fuzzy. His feet felt as big as his wrist, while in the ends of them was a remoteness of sensation vague and tuzzy-like his brain.

The small of his back ached intolerably. All his bones ached. He ached everywhere. And in his head began the sickening, pounding, crushing, roaring of a million looms. All space was filled with flying shuttles. They darted in and out, intricately, amongst the stars. He worked a thousand looms himself, and ever they speeded up, faster and faster, and his brain unwound, faster and faster, and became the thread that fed the thousand flying shuttles.

He did not go to work next morning. He was too busy weaving colossally on the thousand looms that ran inside his head. His mother went to work, but first she sent for the doctor. It was a severe attack of la grippe, he said, Jennie served as nurse and carried out his instructions.

It was a very severe attack, and it was a week before Johnny dressed and tottered feebly across the floor. Another week, the doctor said, and he would be fit to return to work. The foreman of the loom-room visited him on Sunday afternoon, the first day of his convalescence. The best weaver in the room, the foreman told his mother. His job would be held for him. He could come

back to work a week from Monday.

"Why don't you thank 'em, Johnny?" his mother asked anxiously.

"He's ben that sick he ain't himself yet," she explained apologetically to the visitor.

Johnny sat hunched up and gazing steadfastly at the floor. He sat in the same position long after the foreman had gone. It was warm outdoors, and he sat on the stoop in the afternoon. Sometimes his lips moved. He seemed lost in endless calculations.

Next morning after the day grew warm, he took his seat on the stoop. He had pencil and paper this time with which to continue his calculations, and he calculated painfully and amazingly.

"What comes after million?" he asked at noon, when Will came home from school. "An' how d'ye work 'em?"

That afternoon finished his task. Each day, but without paper and pencil, he returned to the stoop. He was greatly absorbed in the one tree that grew across the street. He studied it for hours at a time, and was unusually interested when the wind swayed its branches and fluttered its leaves.

Throughout the week he seemed lost in great communion with himself. On Sunday, sitting on the stoop, he laughed aloud, several times, to the perturbation of his mother, who had not heard him laugh in years.

Next morning in the early darkness, she came to his bed to rouse him. He had had his fill of sleep all week and awoke easily. He made no struggle, nor did he attempt to hold onto the bedding when she stripped it from him. He lay quietly, and spoke quietly.

"It ain't no use, ma."

"You'll be late," she said, under the impression that he was still stupid with sleep.

"I'm awake, ma, an' I tell you it ain't no use. You might as well lemme alone. I ain't goin' to git up."

"But you'll lose your job!" she cried.

"I ain't goin' to git up," he repeated in a strange passionless voice.

She did not go to work herself that morning. This was sickness beyond any sickness she had ever known. Fever and delirium she could understand; but this was insanity. She pulled the bedding up over him and sent Jennie for the doctor.

When that person arrived Johnny was sleeping gently, and gently he awoke and allowed his pulse to be taken.

"Nothing the matter with him," the doctor reported. "Badly debilitated, that's all. Not much meat on his bones. He's always been that way," his mother volunteered.

"Now go 'way ma, and let me finish my snooze."

Johnny spoke sweetly and placidly, sweetly and placidly he rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

At ten he awoke and dressed himself. He walked out into the kitchen, where he found his mother with a frightened expression on her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he announced, "an' I jes' want to say good-by."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

Aerial Letter Boxes

Aerial letter boxes have been placed in all large tenement houses and apartment buildings in Budapest, Hungary. When the postman enters the hall on the first floor of a building he places the letters in the boxes affixed to the different families. A spring is then pressed and electricity does the rest. The boxes are shot up to the floor required, where they remain until emptied, or until the postman comes again and brings them down by touching another spring.

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A VALUABLE PRESCRIPTION FOR RHEUMATISM KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES CAN BE MADE AT HOME.

We are pleased to be able to publish for the benefit of our readers the prescription of a celebrated specialist. This is the result of years of scientific investigation and experience, and is taken from a reliable publication.

This is an exact copy of the original:—
*Fluid extract Cascara 1/2 oz
Carriana Compound 1 oz
Alyssa Sarsaparilla 1/2 oz
Dutch.
One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime*

The ingredients are vegetable and have a gentle and natural action, giving a distinct tonic effect to the entire system. It is a wonderful mixture in the treatment of Lame Back and Urinary Troubles. It cures Rheumatic Pains in a few hours. The ingredients can be bought separately and mixed at home, or any druggist can fill the prescription.

If not in need of it now we would advise our readers to cut this out and save it.

THE Eastern Townships Bank

Employs a System which makes it easy for its out of town depositors to open accounts and transact business by mail with any of its

81 = EIGHTY-ONE BRANCH OFFICES = 81

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Gold Dust Stands Alone

in the washing powder field—it has no substitute You must either use

Gold Dust Washing Powder

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Buy GOLD DUST and you buy the best.

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Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, cleaning walls, cleaning bath rooms, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

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GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

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If you already take The Observer, why not send it to a friend. Three months for only 25c. Clip and fill out the above coupon, and with postal note for amount, mail to us.

WEST BROME

The News of the Week as our Correspondent Hears It.

INTERESTING BUDGET

Mr W. Hyslop left for Ottawa last Monday morning.
Mr Dean H. Pettes left for Montreal Saturday.
Mr W. Pettes spent last week end at home.
Master Linford Miltimore spent last week end with his aunt and uncle here.
Miss Muriel Short has tonsillitis at a very unfortunate time; the family being in the midst of removing to the village.
Mrs C. Miltimore gave a Halloween party for little Miss Galley's school friends. The only "grown-ups" invited were Mr and Mrs F. S. Miltimore who enjoyed the fun as much as the young ones.
The Ladies Aid held their annual meeting for the election of officers, at the home of Mrs Cooley last Friday.
Mrs L. Darbey's resignation as President was greatly regretted. Mrs French was voted next president but being absent from the meeting no definite decision could be come to. Miss Maud Cooley still retains the office of Sec. Treasurer with Mrs Milton Miltimore assistant Sec. Treas. Mrs Cooley provided an excellent supper which was enjoyed by those who braved the wild stormy elements to be present.
The quarterly board meeting in connection with the Methodist church was held Monday afternoon, details of which have not reached us on account of the weather.
The Rev G. S. Schugel is making the Thursday evening prayer meetings attractive during the fall and winter months by a series of discourses on the lives of biblical characters.
The Basement of the church of the Ascension is now finished, and with its new coat of paint looks much improved. Many thanks are due to J. D. Scott who so generously gave his time and labor in laying the cement floor. Also to Messrs L. D. B. Fuller, J. C. Pettes, G. Manuel, R. Salisbury and others who contributed their labor.
There will be a service in the above church Thanksgiving day at 10.30 a. m.

SCOTTSMORE

Mrs P. J. Lavery and Mrs Aitkens and daughter Marian were guests at Telescope Hill farm last Thursday.
Mrs Dean H. Pettes left for her home in Montreal last Saturday.
We notice Mr L. Darby being on the retired list these days.
Miss Orpha and Master Ebbie Miltimore of Cowansville were guests of Mrs E. S. Miltimore last week end.
Mr W. Miltimore and daughter were visiting at Mr E. S. Miltimore's on the 1st inst.

NORTH SUTTON

Mr and Mrs Bart of Enosburg Falls were in town the past week.
Mr Foster Strong has moved to East Dunham.
The Methodist society are quite successful. The one at J. H. Taylor's on Friday night was well attended.
Mr Thos. Johnson of Dunham has rented Mrs E. Darby's farm for the coming year and taken possession.
Mr Edward Palmer is in the employ of Nelson Wyatt of Sutton.
Mr Aylmer Hawley has reshingled his house. It is a question which is best, metal roofing or wooden shingles for dwelling houses.
Mrs B. Bresse is not as well as her many friends would wish.
Mr Wm. Strong has resumed farming at Maplewood. His farm has been rented the past year.
Mr Harry Hawley's conditions is still critical. His daughter, Mrs W. Durkee is with him.
Mr Ogden Sweet is improving his Seymour house with two lighted windows.

IRON HILL

Mr Garland has finished sawing the timber, purchased here, into handle stock, and removed his mill and engine to Sutton last week.
Mr Ira Hunt is home from the Northwest harvest and threshing.
Mr and Mrs Thos. Shufelt have moved to West Brome to Mr W. Beattie's farm which they have rented for a year.
Mrs J. Rutter is at Dr. Brbn's, West Shefford for an operation which was

successfully performed by the doctor, last Wednesday. Her friends hope for a speedy recovery.
Mrs Nelson Keet who has been visiting friends in South Dunham returned home last Friday.
Mrs F. D. Shofelt was called to Brome Pond professionally last Friday.
Mrs Jas. Scott of Farnham has sold his farm, known as the Ed Benham place to Messrs Taylor and Mason of West Brome who have immediate possession. We heartily welcome our new neighbors and wish them success. Price of purchase, \$5,000.
Mr McNeill Miltimore has completed the line of citizens telephone between his place and West Shefford, and will put in about twenty-five instruments this week. This puts us in communication with all the adjacent villages.

EAST FARNHAM

Mrs Wm. Billard is on the sick list, also Mrs Catudel, who had a partial stroke of paralysis last Sunday. Dr. Fuller, of Sweetsburg, is attending her.
Mrs Cortez Buck and Miss Lucy Buck have spent the past week at Cowansville, guests of Mrs W. F. Vilas.
Mrs J. Buchanan, of Farnham Glen, was visiting Mrs McClay on Tuesday.
Mr Vaughan and family have moved to Mr Arthur Collins' farm at Fordyce.
Mrs Arthur Collins and baby are with Mrs Azro Collins for the winter.
Mr Lapointe and family have moved to Cowansville.
Mr and Mrs Riddick, of Farnham, have gone home, after visiting a few days with Mr and Mrs Griggs.
Mrs Frank Hulburd entertained the Ladies' Aid last Friday afternoon. About twelve ladies were present and a very pleasant afternoon was spent, and a fine tea was served by the hostess.
The scholars of the Methodist Sunday School will give a Missionary program in the basement of the Union Church here, next Sunday evening, Nov. 8th, at 7 p.m. All cordially invited. A collection at the close to help on the work.

FARNAM'S CORNER

The rain of Monday night was welcomed by the fire fighters.
Miss Maggie Cannon spent the week end in Dunham, the guest of Mrs H. Gilbert.
Mr. D. H. Jewalls returned from Millington Sunday where he has been spending a few days with his daughter Mrs J. Taylor.
Mr G. Russell had the misfortune to lose a valuable horse one day last week.
Miss Laura Harvey has returned home from Fulford.
Mr Orrin Gleason passed away Sunday, after suffering for some months. The funeral services were held at the house Tuesday afternoon.
Mr Woodworth of Richford, Vt., has been spending a few days in town on account of fires.
Mrs. T. Bryce is much improved.
Mr L. Harvey found daises in full bloom while ploughing this week.
Miss Louella Harvey has returned home after spending a few weeks in Richford.
Miss J. Taylor of Quebec city has been spending a few days with her brother R. Taylor.
Messrs Woodworth, and Willard were in town Monday on business.
The youngest child of Mr. T. Bryce has been ill, but improving at present writing.
Master Fred Jolibois was removed to Montreal Sunday night, where he had a successful operation for appendicitis.

FRELIGHTSBURG

A retreat was held last week at the Roman Catholic church, services being held both night and morning. Father Couture of the Dominican Order giving the sermons in both English and French, being greatly interesting to all.
Rev. Father Larose, of Dunham was in town Thursday.
Mr Andrew Boulet and sons were at Hillside on Saturday.
Mrs W. Baker and friend were in town on the twenty first.
Mr Eli Paquette, went to Stanbridge Saturday.
Mr E. Marshall and mother are moving to East Dunham.

EAST DUNHAM

Foster Strong of Sutton has taken possession of Mrs John Buchanan's farm here, and Wm. Westover has moved from the same place to Dunham.
Joil Hart of Meigs' Corner was the guest of his father Mr J. Hart on Sunday last.
Wm. Sawyer is moving from the Thomas Dymond farm into his own residence, lately purchased from S. W. Westover.
Mr D. Braut of Dunham has moved into Mr Thomas Selby's house here.

SUTTON ITEMS

Latest Items from Our Correspondents There and in

SURROUNDING PLACES

—Mr Silas Dow continues quite ill with pneumonia.
—Misses Addie Reed and Annie Powers, are visiting Sutton friends.
—Mr A. Miltimore is moving on to his farm at Glen Sutton.
—Mr and Mrs L. L. Jenne recently had a splendid carriage trip to Eastman.
—Miss Calla Powers leaves on Saturday for Millington, where she will teach this winter.
—Letters received from Mr Parsons state that there is two feet of snow in Maple Creek, Sask.
—Mr Frederick Beaudry is erecting a new house on his recently purchased "Schöfeld" property.
—Dr McDonald has we understand about completed his house on Western Avenue and it is called "Silver Castle."
—Reports continue very discouraging about Mr A. J. Dyer, who is still in the hospital in Montreal, attended by his wife.
—The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church held a session on Thursday afternoon last in the basement of their church.
—The Leap year ball in the Town Hall on Wednesday night, Oct. 25th was a great success about forty couples being present and a very good time enjoyed by all.
—Mr Judson Longfellow will shortly move to Cowansville where he has employment in Vilas' shops. Mrs Longfellow was an efficient and valuable member of the Methodist choir here.
—The baby daughter of Mr and Mrs Geo. Thompson, who was ill so long has passed out of suffering. Mr and Mrs Thompson have the sympathy of many friends in this second affliction.
—One of the desirable things in our prosperous town, would be a caretaker for the cemetery. Many who are personally unable to care for their lots would we are sure, gladly bear the expense of having it done.
—Little Marion Milner was recently rescued from a perilous position on the main line of the track here. Too young to know the danger, she had wandered on the line, and if not seen and removed in time the result might have been serious.

BRIGHAM

Do not forget the concert on the 9th inst., at the Congregational Church. A fine programme has been prepared. Tickets 25 and 10 cents. A cordial invitation to all.
Mr H. Monte, of the C. C. C. Montreal, preached here on Sunday.
Mrs J. H. Smith is the guest of her sister Mrs Hawthorne in the city, for a short time.
Mr and Mrs Ernest Doe, of South Granby, and Mr G. E. Allen, of Granby, were recent guests at Mr W. Carter's.
Mr Gerald Carter, of South Granby, was at Mr J. R. Carter's recently.
Mr F. Ingalls and family have moved onto a farm on the Dunham road.

CIGARETTE AD.

While the tobacco trust is busy producing night riders on whom the Kentucky militia may practice, the Khedival Tobacco company of New York, which is called an independent company, is trying to advertise its Oxford Cigarettes by making cigarette "fiends." An example of this laudable desire for business may be found in the cigar store of Leopold and Mergentheim, in the Stock Exchange building, La Salle and Washington streets, New York. The particular example is a youth of yellow complexion who sits in the window on the La Salle street side, wearing as his professional costume a cap and gown of the student pattern.
Beside him stands a heaped up ash tray and near at hand are all the cigarettes which he may fancy, provided he makes it clear that he prefers "Oxfords." His complexion has taken on a deep saffron tint, while the index and second fingers of his right hand are

turning the color of an old meerschaum. Of course, in these times of industrial depression one must live and the youth says that he is earning good pay.
Two boxes, or twenty cigarettes a day are the minimum which this proud advertising expert is supposed to get away with, just to show the public that "he is the goods."
Women of the Lucy Page Gaston anti-cigarette persuasion have stood before the window and gazed and gazed into the young man's sunken, tired eyes and mourn over his slavery to nicotine. One woman, motherly soul, stood watching the scene yesterday.
"Dear me, dear me, the police ought to stop that," she said, "that poor boy is just smoking himself to death."
The boy works from the time the store opens in the morning till it closes at night, or he sits in this window fondling cigarettes ten hours every day.—Chicago Daily.

—We present no Dunham news this week as our correspondent was out of town and unable to write up in his usual manner.

BIRTHS

BALL.—At East Bolton, to Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Ball, Overlake Farm, a daughter, on October 31st.
TETREAU.—At Farnham Glen, Oct. 30th, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tetreault a son.
CANADA Province of Quebec District of Bedford County of Missisquoi In the Circuit Court AT FARNHAM
EUSEBE LEMAIRE, of the parish of Ste-Brigide, district of Berthier, trader, PLAINTIFF
vs.
ARSENE LAROCHE, formerly of the same place, but now absent to the United States of America, DEFENDANT
The defendant is ordered to appear within a month.
Farnham, 28th October, 1908.
L. A. BERIAU, C. C. C.

We Perfect Sight
Perfect sight is a question of perfect adjustment, a mechanical process which we accomplish with glasses. We are experts in perfecting sight.

FRANK E. DRAPER
Jeweler and Optician
COWANSVILLE, QUE.

FRESH BULBS
Hyacinths
Tulips
Easter Lilies
Chinese Lilies
Narcissus
Geo. W. Johnston
Cowansville
FOR
Upholstering
Furniture Repairing
Picture Framing, etc.
CALL ON
Neill & Miller
Successors to B. C. McNab
COWANSVILLE
Undertaking and Embalming a Specialty.

Warm Gents' Furnishings

Though our Underwear Stock is notable for its beauty of texture and finish, as well as for its great size and its unusual completeness. The brands are chosen as carefully, and individual kinds picked out as if each were the only one to be shown. This secures the best as well as the handsomest. Such well known lines as Penman's, Wolsey's Natural Wool, guaranteed unshrinkable, are special features of our stock.

OUR UNDERWEAR

Cannot Help Giving You Satisfaction
We have different weights to select from, different fabrics and weaves, and all priced to secure extra value for you, from 50c to \$2.00 the garment.



FOR YOUR SHIRTS
you should have the best your money will buy, and our shirt stock represents perfection. Colored Neglige Shirts, or hard bosom, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Dent's, Fownes and Perin's famous Gloves all represented in our stock. See our special Fownes' Glove for \$1 per pair.

Semi-Ready CLOTHING

In our special order samples you can have delivery in four days time any Overcoat or Suit which you may want. We have about 300 samples in all qualities in all the latest patterns of cloth.

Suits \$15 to \$30
Overcoats \$18 to \$30

Specials in Our Grocery Dept this Week

New Prunes, Large and juicy, 2 lbs. for 25c. New this season Peaches 15c per lb. New this season Apricots, 15c per lb.
New Canned Goods—Corn, Peas and Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Strawberries and Raspberries in one and two pound cans.
We shall have about 100 packages of those fine Seeded Raisins in 1 lb. packages, quality and weight guaranteed, 3 packages for 25c.

ED. GOYETTE
The Store of Quality Cowansville

A Barb WIRE Bargain
3 cents a Pound

Here is bargain. We have several rolls of Barb Wire which is being sold at 3c a pound, as we wish to clear it out this fall. Only to be found at this price at

MINER'S, DUNHAM

We have just received a carload of Salt, both Coarse and Fine. Come here and have savings to salt.
And as to Overcoats. Seeing is believing, and we invite you to take a look at them. Prices as we have told you before are away down.
In Millinery Miss Beauvais is making a great display of the very latest creations, and we are sure you cannot produce such stylish hats as she is prepared to show you. And it will pay you to come for miles to get a hat "Rubber" at Miner's for goods to keep out the wet.
If you do not want millinery let us show you some Cotton and Flannelette, or Prints, or anything in dry goods. Quality the best, prices not to be duplicated.
Taking into consideration the quality of goods, and lowness of prices it is worthwhile coming to Dunham to trade at Miner's.

Top and Rubber Boots
Lots of Coarse Top Boots at \$2.50, \$3.15, \$3.25 and \$3.40. Come in if you need a pair and see them.
Rubber Boots, all sizes and snag proof, at \$4.00 a pair. Not only Rubber Boots but Rubbers of all kinds. But we have not had the right kind of weather for them. Now the rain is coming and we must sell you something to keep your feet dry. "Rubber" at Miner's for goods to keep out the wet.

Seasonable Goods
Just in, another lot of Stockings at 20c and 25c a pair. No excuse for going with your toes out.
We have Gloves and Mitts galore. We will glove or mit you at a price that will keep you warm every time you think of the bargain.

Now Ladies
Some splendid Skirts for ladies, seasonable weight and everything just right, including price.

Seasonable Goods
Just in, another lot of Stockings at 20c and 25c a pair. No excuse for going with your toes out.
We have Gloves and Mitts galore. We will glove or mit you at a price that will keep you warm every time you think of the bargain.

H. H. MINER, DUNHAM
The Store of Bargains for Cash

COWANSVILLE and SWEETSBURG

A Record of the Happenings During the Week in

THESE TWO VILLAGES

Guy Fawkes Day

Today is Guy Fawkes day, the historical fifth of November.

New Story Commences

Our new story commences this week. "The Last Stroke" will be found fully as interesting as the one which finishes in this issue.

Has Left Town

Mr. Alfred Mills has accepted a good position with a jeweller in Lennoxville. Mr. Mills will be much missed in musical circles and by numerous friends.

Keep a Scrap Book

We would advise our women readers to keep a scrap book for the various recipes which appear on our woman's page each week. They will be found valuable.

Moving to Adamsville

Mr. D. Papineau and family, are moving to their home in Adamsville. Their children are leaving the convent here with honor and distinction to their merit.

Ran at Sherbrooke

The Record Road race came off at Sherbrooke on Saturday last, and Cowansville was represented by Harry Johnston. The following is a quotation from the Record's account of the race: Johnston, of Cowansville, made a plucky run. Two weeks ago he injured his leg, and this finally forced him to discontinue the race, but not until he had kept well up with the contestants for over 4 1/2 miles.

Thanksgiving Day

Monday is Thanksgiving day and a public holiday. Single fare rates are in effect on the railroads, and probably a good many will take advantage of it. There is nothing on in Cowansville except in the evening, when the Ladies Aid of the Methodist church are holding a monster harvest supper and entertainment. The Rev. Mr. Hinman, a China missionary, also speaks in the Congregational church the same evening. The big attraction in Montreal on Monday is the Herald road race around the mountain. Monday is also the King's birthday.

Grant for School Garden

Secretary Duboyce, of the School Board, has received a cheque of twenty dollars, being a grant through the Macdonald Rural Schools Fund, for having successfully conducted a school garden in connection with the Academy here. This grant is made on the recommendation of Dr. Brittain for the encouragement of this Branch of Educational work, and shows the appreciation of Dr. Jas. Robertson. Miss R. A. Ingalls a member of the Academy staff, had charge of the school garden and also received a grant of \$30 from the same source. She has been very successful in garden work.

Cowansville Club

The annual meeting of the Cowansville Club was held in their club rooms on Tuesday evening, at which the following officers were elected for ensuing year:

- Hon. President—Hon. Justice McCorkill.
- President—T. H. Harper.
- Vice Pres.—A. C. McPhee.
- Sec.—F. J. Vail.
- Treas.—J. I. McCabe.
- Ex. Com.—E. Lavery, E. J. Ruiter, W. G. Brown.
- Auditor—A. C. McPhee.
- Finance Com.—W. Oliver, Ulric McCrum, J. J. Barker.
- Investigating Com.—W. McCabe, C. E. Lavery.
- Room Com.—G. D. Nightingale, F. J. Vail, M. W. Guthrie.
- Janitor—G. D. Nightingale.

ALL HALLOWE'EN

Some of the Boys Seem to Have Had Pretty Good Time

Saturday night was Hallowe'en, and it passed off as usual in a quiet manner, the services of a constable, as far as we can learn, not being in request. Some

of the younger fry were in evidence early in the evening, with blackened faces and other dress appropriate to the occasion.

However, the bigger fry got in their work before morning, and seemed to take delight in putting their marks on the highest vantage point. Several useful things belonging to citizens were left on top of the telephone poles along South street. The new bank building steps were decorated with a conglomeration of bill boards, etc., signs were taken down, the academy steps were moved, but too heavy evidently to move far, and two waggons in Bell & Kerr's shed scattered to a considerable distance. Rev. Mr. Brown was also called upon, and his buggy left in front of his residence in a turned-over position. Many other little discrepancies might be reported, but there was only one place where the mischief makers got up against it as far as we can learn. They attempted to take down the sign of our hustling baker, W. Daniel, but he being awake doused them with water.

THE AVERAGES

In the Recent Examinations at the Academy.

PRIMARY DEPT.

Grade I—Willie Candia 75, Bella Candia 71, Howard Dewel 57, Ruth Barker 53, Dorothy White 50, Irene Stables 33, George Golder 31, Carleton Farrow 29.

Grade II—Alban Brown 77, Willie Judson 75, Viola Laraba 72, Charlie Spears 70, Earl McFadden 67, Doris Foster 63.

ELEMENTARY DEPT. JR.

Grade II—Marjorie Bell 84, Gladys Vail 81, Florence Laduke 77, Willie Dunn 75, Mildred Corey 71, Alice Draper 70, Susie White 69, Emma Gleason 62, Mildred Soule 51, Clare Mooney 50, Curtis Brown 42.

Grade III—Ina Soule 82, George Whitley 81, Donald Barker 76, Percy White 74, Clarence McClatchie 73, Henry Ross 72, Jessie Brown 71, Mary Taber 68, Agnes Flegg 62, Willie Brown 59.

ELEMENTARY DEPT.

Grade III—George Johnson 78, Wilfred Taber 70, Gordon Steele 69, Bella Johnson 68, Hazel Mooney 67, Rufus Farrow 66, Clare Buzzell 65, Thomas Sykes 62, Willard McClatchie 57, Raymond McClatchie 54, Kenneth McClatchie 53, Harry Harper 46, Eben Miltimore 35.

Grade IV—Orpha Miltimore 90, Albert Laduke 70, Alfred Farrow 69, Jennie Barker 68, Norman Soules 67, Harold Taber 66, John Flegg 65, Curtis Taber 65, Lyntord McClatchie 62, Annie Whitley 60, Carl Vail 59, Leonard Golder 59, Grace Gleason and Jessie Foster 58, Theo Webb 57, Willie Griggs 56, Ward McFadden 54, Foster Draper, 46, Abbie Judson 45, Carl Ruiter 44, Grace Booth 43.

MODEL DEPT.

Grade I—Dyson Hawk 85, Gladys Dunn 78, Myrtle McClatchie 76, Reginald Buzzell 67, Orabel Larocque 67, Hastings Ross 66, Gertrude Bell 65, Hilda Doherty 64, Ruby White 64, Murray Ruiter 64, Gordon Brown 63, Nellie Nightingale 62, Katie Doherty 52, Lillian Harden 30.

Grade II—Shanley Kerr 79, Martin Pickel 78, Reginald Dean 74, Frank Beach 68, Percival Vail 66, Willie Stewart 65, Bessie McClatchie 64, Elythe Harper 64, Ella McFadden 62, John Doherty unranked.

Grade III—Calvin Church 85, Hugh Scott 84, Beatrice Harper 81, Annie Stewart 80, Irene Grant 79, Percival Williams 78, Annie Pickel 78, Ruth Aitken 69, Muriel Ruiter 67, Carl Jones 65, Mabel Foster 62, Evelyn Miltimore 59, Willie Ross and Gordon Persons unranked.

ACADEMY DEPT.

Grade I—Stella Soles 94, Gordon Heslam 89, Mattie Taylor 82, Carleton Hawley 81, Linford Miltimore 73, Earl Kathan 68, Bernice Morey 67, Max Strange 66, Clare Pettes 62, Grace Laduke 59, Conrad Hall 56, Ivan Foster 54.

Grade II—Fred McCrum 73, Muriel Burnet 72, Etta Buck 71, Charles Hawk 67, Ulric McCrum 65, Helen Stewart 65, Donald Hawk 60.

Ladies Aid

The Methodist Ladies' Aid meets tomorrow afternoon at the residence of Mrs. J. O. Dean, William street.

Young People's Club

The first meeting of the Young People's Club will take place next Thursday evening.

Any person who drinks 25c tea and once tastes 30c "Salada" will see that it is not only finer in flavor, but that as one pound makes many more cups, it is economical to use.

Elect Officers
The organization of the Young People's Club took place Thursday evening last in the basement of the Methodist church, with a large attendance present. The only business was the election of officers for the ensuing year and this was done by ballot, in every case except that of the President. Following are the officers elected:
A. L. McClatchie—President;
Mrs. J. O. Dean—First Vice-President;
Mr. H. D. Hale—Second Vice-President;
Miss Donna Scott—Third Vice-President;
Mr. Thos. Jones—Treasurer;
Mr. Donald Hawk—Secretary;
Mattie Taylor—Organist;
Clara McClatchie—Assistant Organist;
Miss Nora McFadden—representative on the executive.
These officers comprise the executive committee which met the following evening at the parsonage to lay out work for the coming winter.

Fordyce School

Following is a report of Fordyce school for the month of October:
Grade II Model—Nellie McCulloch 95, Mabel Jones 85.
Grade I Model—Claude Tilson 91, Cecil Meikle 71.
Grade IV—Geraldine O'Brien 84, Daisy Jones 85.
Grade III—Howard Jones 91, Harold Tilson 88, Francis O'Brien 80.
Grade II—Helen Teel 87, Carl Jones 85, Kathleen Moore 79, Alida Teel 74, Jimmy O'Brien 74, Lucy Smith 72, Myrtle Teel 68, Clarence Smith 68, Alma Meikle 60, Hilton Smith 55.
Grade II Junior—Ronald Meikle 58.
Grade I—Earl Dryden, Jessie Meikle, Bertram Smith.

Stores Close Monday

We the undersigned merchants of the village of Cowansville, do hereby agree to close our places of business on Monday Nov. 9th, Thanksgiving Day, and farther that this agreement will hold good for Thanksgiving Day in future.

- J. McQuillen
- E. Goyette
- J. Smyth & Co.
- Buzzell Bros.
- J. A. McLaughlin
- Neill & Miller
- McClatchie Bros.
- Wm. Oliver
- Frank E. Draper
- Miss McQuillen
- D. Kerr
- J. M. McFadden
- Miss P. Ellison
- E. A. Fitchett
- J. F. G. Barette
- The Hub (W. G. Brown)

Personal Mention

Miss Hazel Skinner is spending Thanksgiving with Miss Evelyn Miltimore.
Mrs. Chas. H. Gleason, who has been very ill during the past week with an attack of quinsy, is slowly improving.
Messrs. J. and W. Vaughan of Bolton Centre have been the guest for a few days of Mr and Mrs. J. W. Brill.

Send in \$1.25 and get THE OBSERVER and The Home Journal for a year. The home Journal is a splendid Canadian Magazine published monthly by The Canadian Woman's Magazine Publishing Co., of Toronto. We highly recommend it.

You can have THE OBSERVER for a year and the Weekly Mail and Empire of Toronto till Jan. 1st, 1910, for \$1.50 This a genuine bargain.

Your home is what you make it. Cheap furniture, cheap home—Hingson furniture, attractive home.

A little ad. in the want column of THE OBSERVER will do the trick every time.

USE THIS Want Column

The Rates are Reasonable Results Sure

The rate for small ads. under this heading is as follows: One insertion 50c; two for 65c; three for 80c, and four for \$1.00.

PURSE LOST

LOST a Brown Leather Purse, between Post Office and Sweetsburg. Reward will be given to finder on return to the OBSERVER OFFICE, Cowansville, Nov. 5th-11

SALE OF POTATOES

Rare chance for Farmers to get good Seed Potatoes from the Lower Provinces, the great potato country. The remainder of a carload shipment must be disposed of immediately. Apply to C. A. BULL, Cowansville, Nov. 5-11

Cows Wanted

WANTED, 5 or 6 freshly-calved Cows. Must be good milkers. Apply immediately personally or by letter, stating price and other particulars. L. E. N. PRATTE, Cowansville, Nov. 5-11

FOR SALE

One Mare about 1400 lbs., sound, \$125.00.
Three young White Holland Turkey Gobblers, each \$4.00.
African Pheasants, per pair, \$5.00.
English Pheasants, yearlings, per pair, \$6.00.
Ring Neck Pheasants, young, per pair, \$6.00.
Pigeons—Extra Plymouth Rock Homers from 3 to 12 months, per pair \$1.00.
The parents of the above birds have been wintered in an open front house and are perfectly hardy and healthy.
L. E. N. PRATTE, Cowansville, near Station, Nov. 5-11

WEATHER BEATEN STONES CLEANED. Simple directions given for resurrounding old weather-beaten gravestones or monuments of either granite or marble. No acid, no injury to the stone, but a lasting and satisfactory result easily obtained. Price 50c.
THE MUTUAL SUCCESS CO., No. 1 Highland Ave., White Plains, N. Y. Oct 29-41

OUR GUARANTEE

First—All trees replaced free that fail to live the first winter.
Second—All trees true to name.
Third—All trees delivered in good condition.
Fourth—Our guarantee is bonafide. Established over thirty-five years and in a position to fulfill our contracts.
We want a reliable agent to work for us in Cowansville and vicinity and sell our guaranteed hardy Apple Trees, Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, etc., on above terms. Good pay weekly, exclusive territory. Outfit free to right party. Write now to PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Ontario.

Start Well the Day

At breakfast time you're blithe and gay,
It's good to be alive you say,
When there's a loaf to start the day
Of Daniel's Nice Sweet Bread

There's none so tasty and so sweet
None that so pleasing is to eat,
None that deserves the name of treat

Like Daniel's crispy Buns
When once his toothsome pies you've tried,
You'll buy again nor be denied,
The best there is, you will decide
Nor be mistaken

His cake is always made just right
One reason why its nice and light
Be sure you keep the name in sight,
DANIEL'S BAKERY
Cowansville

You can have THE OBSERVER for a year and the Weekly Mail and Empire of Toronto till Jan. 1st, 1910, for \$1.50 This a genuine bargain.

Your home is what you make it. Cheap furniture, cheap home—Hingson furniture, attractive home.

A little ad. in the want column of THE OBSERVER will do the trick every time.

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You can have THE OBSERVER for a year and the Weekly Mail and Empire of Toronto till Jan. 1st, 1910, for \$1.50 This a genuine bargain.

THE HUB

The Bargain Centre of Missisquoi and Bromfield

Furs Furs Furs

Now is the time to make selections in Furs. We have over \$3,000 worth on display including fifteen Men's Coon Coats from \$50, all extra choice garments. Twenty-five Men's cheaper Fur Coats from \$12 up. Twenty-two Women's Black Astrachan Jackets very best makes and all sizes up to 46 bust. Also fifteen other Fur Jackets in low priced Furs from \$15. Ten Women's Coon Jackets, Electric Seal Jackets, German Otter Jackets, Men's and Women's Fur Lined Garments, including one very nice Man's Coat, rat lined, with otter collars and revers, at \$70.

In Small Furs our collection is very select. We are showing very nice stoles in Mink at \$50. A Stone Martin Stole at \$35. Sable pieces from \$10 up to \$30. Sets in Grey Squirrel, marmot, mink and coon. A very large line of Low-priced Furs. Now is the time to make your selection while the stock is complete. They are selling readily.

Women's and Children's Cloth Jackets

We are selling more than usual in this department at this time of the year. Do not delay in making your choice. See those 7-8 Beaver Coats in black, brown, green, navy at \$12.50. Other cloths from \$6 up.

Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth Suitings

We are showing the new shadow effects in Dress Goods, and they are very popular. We are keeping this department in good supply.

Millinery Millinery

New Goods received this week makes our assortment most complete. Kindly bring in your orders early as possible.

Boots and Shoes

Fall stock all now on hand. We have made our Slipper Department very complete for Men, Women and Children. Ask to see our Solid Comfort Line of which we make a specialty.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT—Clothing, Furnishings

New Suits, New Overcoats. The best makes in Underwear, unshrinkable and all-wool.

NOTICE—All Departments are being well assorted, and we are out for Big Fall Trade.

Wanted in Exchange

For week commencing Monday, Nov. 2nd.

- 5,000 lbs. Maple Sugar in cakes at 7c per lb.
- 300 dozen New Laid Eggs at 25c per dozen.
- 200 bushels Potatoes at 70c per 60 lbs.
- 10 bushels White Beans at \$1.50 per 60 lbs.
- 200 cords Hard Block Wood at \$2.00
- 100 lbs. good Butter at 25c a lb.

The Hub, Cowansville

Thanksgiving Proclamation

Our stock is most complete for the Fall Trade. A look over our stock will convince anyone that they will have cause for thanks for money saved in buying here. Here is a partial list of many excellent articles:

- Kitchen Chairs and Tables, and Dining Chairs in great variety.
- Wood Seat Rockers from \$1.00 up.
- Oak Cobble Seat Rockers, Roll Seat Rockers
- Dressers and Stands in Oak, Mahogany and Bird's Eye Maple.
- Sideboards in Quartered Oak, Ash, Elm, Birch.
- Iron Beds, Spring Mattresses.
- Parlor Furniture in choice assortment.

We Sell a Splendid \$6.00 Lounge, covered with best figured velour, for only

\$4.98

Cowansville Furniture Store

JOS. HINGSTON, Proprietor

Picture Framing a Specialty

A Year's Subscription to The Observer only \$1.00

ADVERTISING FOR ADVERTISING

We will devote this space regularly to a series of advertisements to stimulate interest in our Classified Want Ads.

We are publicity advocates and practice our own precepts because we appreciate their value.

This series will be pregnant with pertinent points of general interest, whether you wish to buy or sell, to employ or be employed, to borrow or to lend, to find a finder or an owner.

It will pay us to run these advertisements. That is the best proof we have to offer that it will be profitable to you to use our Classified Want Ad. Columns.

Copyright 1908 by W. W. Hingson

INTERESTING THINGS FOR LADY READERS

Home and Other Helps with the Latest Notions in Dress from the Near-by Metropolis

SYSTEM

It is a good plan for a busy housewife to have hanging up in her kitchen, a time table, or general plan of her week's work.

She should also have a calendar. It saves a great deal of energy, to be able to see at a glance the day of the week, without having to think about it.

Each year, I always buy from a friend an extra one of those same calendars to hang above my writing desk.

One housekeeper who hitherto had not followed this plan, now says, that the work of her housekeeping has been cut in two.

TIME TABLE FOR BAKING

- Veal—well done, per pound, 20 minutes. Turkey—10 pounds, 20 minutes per pound. Beef—Sirloin, rare, per lb. 8 to 10 minutes.

WELL-TRIED RECIPES.

An Egg Nog

To make an egg nog, stir a teaspoonful of granulated sugar into the yolk of an egg, and beat until very light.

How to Whip Cream

To whip cream successfully, have it at the utensils very cold. Sweeten the cream to taste, pour into a chilled bowl or shallow bowl, and with a wire whip beat in even strokes, keeping it as cool as you can do, or near an open window.

Fudge for Girls

For fudge, break half a pound of sweetened chocolate into bits, and melt it to its weight in butter, one and a half pounds of brown sugar and a pint of milk.

dropped into iced water is brittle, stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla, and take from the fire. Begin at once to beat the candy hard, and keep this up until it "sugars."

Snow Pudding

Pour one pint of boiling water over one half box gelatine. When dissolved, add one cup of white sugar, and juice of two lemons.

The Signs of the Times

The signs of the times are full of interest to Biblical students. Much is being written in the papers at present about Turkey, and the eyes of the world are centered on that troublesome and much troubled country.

The powers are trying to carve Turkey up, and they are quarreling over the size of the slice that each one is to receive as his share.

At present the Mohammedans rule over Jerusalem. But their desecration of the Holy City is to cease when the Edom shall end.

After the coming conflict, we, the whole house of Israel, are to gain the title deeds to that land of Palestine, promised long ago by God himself, to our forefather Abraham.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Cleaning Paint

Put two ounces of soda in a quart of hot water, and wash the paint with it, then rinse off with pure water.

Grass Stains on Clothing

An easy way to remove grass stains from clothing, is to saturate the spot with alcohol for a time, then wash out in clear water.

To Curl an Ostrich Plume

When an ostrich plume needs curling, put it in a warm oven for a few minutes and the heat will restore it to its natural condition.

To Prevent Fruit Molding

When putting away your fruit, turn the jars upside down, and no mold will form. This is an old idea which I have always found successful.

Winding a Curtain Roller

Using a button hook to wind up a curtain roller, when the spring has run down, is a great saving on the fingers, and it certainly saves the temper.

Ink Spots on Fingers

It is said that ink can be removed from one's fingers by the very simple manner of rubbing the wet finger with the phosphorous end of a match.

For Mending Buttonholes

For mending buttonholes in the neck bands of bosom shirts, stitch pieces of tape flat along each edge of the buttonhole, bringing them together at its ends.

Ever-Ready Clothes Pins

Upon a clothes line that is in almost constant use, where there is sickness in a home or little ones to care for, attach several clothes pins with common twine and the steps for the needed pins are obviated.

Powdered Sugar in a Hurry

When the powdered sugar has given out, and you want some in a hurry, try running granulated sugar through the food chopper, using the same cutter as for making peanut butter.

When Baking Cake

When baking a loaf cake, place the cake on the bottom or lower grate of the oven, and on the grate above place a large shallow pan containing an inch of water (hot if the oven is just right, and cold if too hot.)

Baking Powder

To make baking powder at home, mix bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar in the proportions of one tablespoonful of the soda to two tablespoonfuls of the cream of tartar, and to a cup of this mixture add about a tablespoonful of wheat flour.

To Wash Velveteen

That velveteen may be washed successfully will probably surprise many persons. Make a lather of some pure white soap and hot water, sause the velveteen up and down in it a number of times, then put it in two more hot lathers, and finally rinse thoroughly in clear, warm water.

Washing Fluid

An excellent washing fluid which will whiten the clothes without any injury to the fabric, contains gasoline and the making of it should, therefore, be done out-of-doors, or in a room where there is no fire or artificial light burning.

Girls Taught Life-Saving

A course in life-saving has been instituted among the women students of Columbia University for the purpose of making them as adept as men in rescuing drowning persons.

The OBSERVER and the Home Journal Canada's Leading Home Magazine, at \$1.25 per year.

Advertisement for Gillett's Perfumed Lye, featuring a logo and text: 'MADE IN CANADA GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE'.

BLACKBEARD.

The Tragic End of the Bloodthirsty English Pirate.

All the world has heard of "Blackbeard," the English sailor who, after having been a highly respected officer in his majesty's navy, turned pirate and raised the black flag against everything afloat.

This notorious sea robber, whose real name was Teach, I believe, took his pseudonym from the fact that he wore a very heavy black beard, which he was in the habit of doing up in two large braids and tying them up behind his ears.

In the early years of the eighteenth century Blackbeard patrolled the waters of Europe, but it finally became too hot for him there, and he struck out for the coasts of North America.

In a captured ship of forty guns he entered Charleston harbor and held the town up for a large ransom. From Charleston he passed into the waters of North Carolina, plundering and slaying right and left, and in their distress the "Tar Heels," being able to get no aid from their own governor, Eden, appealed to Governor Spotswood of Virginia to relieve them of the terrible pirate, who was making their lives a living hell.

Spotswood did not listen to the appeal in vain. Looking about for some one to put a quietus upon Blackbeard he found the person he wanted in one Robert Maynard, a young officer on his majesty's ship Pearl, which happened to be lying at the time in Chesapeake bay.

Manning a couple of small craft with some sixty resolute men, Maynard set out early in November, 1718, in search of Blackbeard, and on the 21st of the same month found him at Ocracoke inlet, North Carolina. Blackbeard did not know what fear was, young Maynard was as full of fight as a hungry wildcat, and the ball opened at once.

Blackbeard sprang to the rail of his ship and seizing a bottle of whisky, drank from it and shouted, "Damnation seize my soul if I give you any quarter or take any from you!"

In the shallow waters of the Carolina sound the pirate's ship grounded, and Maynard made for her, intending to board her in the final death grapple, but as the two vessels came together Blackbeard anticipated his intended movement and jumped aboard of him with sixteen of his followers.

With the sea robber's head swinging by its long black hair from the bowsprit of his little craft Maynard sailed back to Virginia to receive the congratulations of the governor and the loving thanks of all dwellers along the American seaboard.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in New York American.

His Interest in His Health.

An Alameda man's young hopeful was very ill, and Willie and the other little boys in the surrounding blocks had been asked not to make any noise when they played in the streets, says the San Francisco Call.

Bridge Spans.

In the Forth bridge there is a horizontal pull of 10,000 tons on the chief spans and a weight of 100,000 tons on their bases.

Things Theatrical.

Arnold Daly is to close his season in Chicago. A new play of political corruption in New York is called "The Governor and the Boss."

"OXOL" FOR CATTLE



FEEDS FATTENS CURES S. K. & T. C. Windsor, St. Paul street, Montreal (WHOLESALE ONLY)

Large advertisement for 'The Observer' newspaper, featuring a decorative border and text: 'A Small Price TRY The Observer FOR THREE MONTHS ONLY 25 CENTS A Large Value'.

PSALMS. Psalm 18. 25 With the merciful thou wilt show thyself pure; and with the upright man thou wilt show thyself upright.

Weir, Macallister & Cotton, ADVOCATES ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDING MONTREAL, P. Q. McKEOWN & BOVIN, ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c. Offices: SWEETSBURG and GRANBY. W. K. McKEOWN - G. H. BOVIN

Partial view of another page with text: 'THE Author of "The... It was a May... Pretty, pictured...'

The Last Stroke.

BY LAWRENCE L. LYNCH,

Author of "A Woman's Crime," "John Arthur's Ward,"

"The Diamond Coterie," "Against Odds," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was a May morning in Glenville. Pretty, picturesque Glenville, low lying by the lake shore, with the waters of the lake surging to meet it, or coyly receding from it, on the west side, and the green-clad hills rising gradually and gently on the other, ending in a belt of trees at the very horizon's edge.

There is little movement in the quiet streets of the town at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, save for the youngsters who, walking, running, leaping, sauntering or waiting idly, one for another, are, or should be, on their way to the school house which stands upon the very southernmost outskirts of the town, and a little way up the hilly slope, at a reasonably safe remove from the willow-fringed lake shore.

The Glenville school house was one of the earliest public buildings erected in the village, and it had been "located" in what was confidently expected to be the centre of the place. But the new and late-coming settlers, which had changed the hamlet of half a hundred dwellings to one of twenty times that number, and made of it a quiet and not too fashionable little summer resort, had carried the business of the place northward, and its residences still farther north, thus leaving this seat of learning aloof from, and quite above the newer town, in isolated and lofty dignity, surrounded by trees in the outskirts, in fact, of a second belt of wood, which girdled the lake shore, even as the further and loftier fringe of timber outlined the hilltops to the edge of the eastern horizon and far away.

"Yes, call for the academy?" suggested Elias Robbins, one of the builders of the school house, and an early settler of Glenville. "What's to hinder?"

"Nothin'," declared John Rote, the village oracle. "Twit sound first rate."

They were standing outside the building, just completed and resplendent in two coats of yellow paint, and they were just from the labor of putting in "hangin'" the new bell.

All of masculine Glenville was present, and the other sex was not without representation.

"Suits me down ter the ground!" commented a third citizen, and no doubt it would have suited the majority, but when Parson Ryder, was consulted he smiled gently and shook his head.

"It won't do, I'm afraid, Elias," he said. "We're only a village as yet, you see, and we can't even dub it the High School, except from a geographical point of view. However, we are bound to grow, and our titles will come with the growth."

The growth, after a time, began; but it was only a summer growth; the school house was still a village school house with its minister and one under, or primary, teacher; and to-day there was a frisking group of the smaller youngsters rushing about the school yard, while the first-bell rang out, and half a dozen of the older pupils clustered about the "grill" under-teacher, full of questions and answers; for Johnny Robbins, whose story it was to ring the bell this week, after watching the clock, and the path up the hill, alternately, until the time for the first bell had come, and was actually twenty seconds past, had reluctantly but firmly seized the rope and began to pull.

"Tant no use, Miss Grant; I'll have to do it. He told me not to wait for nothin', never, when 'twas half-past eight, and so—clung, clang, clang—I'm bound—clung—ter do it!" (Clang "o-see," clang, "even if he ain't here.") Clang, clang, clang.

The bell pulled lustily at the rope for about half as long as usual, and then he stopped.

"You don't s'pose that clock 'ud be wrong, do you, Miss Grant? Mr. Brierly's never been later'n quarter past before."

Miss Grant turned her wistful and somewhat anxious eyes toward the eastern horizon and rested a hand upon the shoulder of a tall girl at her side.

"He may be ill, Johnny," she said, reluctantly, "or his watch may be wrong. He's sure to come in time for morning song service. Come, Meta, let us go in and look at those fractions."

Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed and the two heads bent still over book and slate. Twenty minutes, and Johnny's head appeared at the door, half a dozen others behind it.

"Has he come, Johnny?"

"No'm, shan't I go an' see—"

"But Miss Grant arose, stopping him with a gesture. "He would laugh at us, Johnny. Then, with another look at the anxious faces, "Wait until nine o'clock, at least."

Johnny and his followers went sullenly back to the porch and Meta's lip began to quiver.

"Somethin' happened to him, Miss Grant," she whispered; "I know somethin' has happened!"

"Nonsense," said Miss Grant. But she went to the window and called to a little girl at play upon the green.

CHAPTER II.

"Yes m'—"
"And—quite well?"
"Why—I guess so. He talked just like he does always, and asked the blessing. He—he ate a lot, too, for him. I member ma speakin' of it."

"You remember, Nellie?"
"Miss Grant kissed the child and walked to her desk, bending over her roll call, and seeming busy—over it—until the clock upon the opposite wall struck the hour of nine, and Johnny's face appeared at the door, simultaneously, with the last stroke."

"Sh'll I ring, Miss Grant?"
"Yes." The girl spoke with sudden decision. "Ring the bell, and then go at once to Mrs. Fry's house and ask if anything has happened to detain Mr. Brierly. Don't loiter, Johnny."

There was an unvoiced flush upon the girl's usually pale cheeks, and sudden energy in her step and voice.

The school building contained but two rooms, beside the large hall, and the cloak rooms upon either side; and as the scholars trooped in, taking their respective places with more than their usual readiness, but with unusual bustle and exchange of whispers and inquiring looks, the slender girl went once more to the entrance and looked up and down the path from the village.

There was no one in sight, and she turned and put her hand upon the swaying bell rope.

"Stop it, Johnny! There's surely something wrong! Go, now, and ask after Mr. Brierly. He must be ill!"

"He'd a sent word, sure," said the boy with conviction, as he snatched his hat from its nail. But Miss Grant only waved him away and entered the south room, where the elder pupils were now, for the most part, assembled.

"Girls and boys," she said, the color still burning in her cheeks, "something has delayed Mr. Brierly. I hope it will be for a short time only. In the meantime, what we know—know what to expect, you will, of course, keep your papers and take up your studies. I am sure I can trust you to be as quiet and studious as if your teacher were here; and while we wait, and I begin my lessons, I shall set no monitor over you. I am sure you will not need one."

The pupils of Charles Brierly were ruled by gentleness and love, and they were loyal to so mild a ruler. With low whispers, and words of acquiescence, they took up their books, and Miss Grant went back to her more restless small people, leaving the connecting door between the north and south rooms open.

Mrs. Fry's cottage was in the heart of the village, and upon the hillside. But Johnny stayed for nothing, running hither, hat in hand, and returning panting, and with a troubled face.

"Miss Grant," he panted, bursting into her presence with scant ceremony, "the aint there?" Mrs. Fry had been out, and had not returned, he said.

"Nellie's hair—she aint seen him since!"

Miss Grant walked slowly down from her little platform and advanced, with a waving movement, until she stood in the doorway between the two rooms. The color had all faded from her face, and she put a hand against the door-pane as if to steady herself, and seemed to control or compose herself with an effort.

The Badge of Honesty

Is on every wrapper of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery because a full list of the ingredients composing it is printed there in plain English. Forty years of experience has proven its superior worth as a blood purifier and invigorating tonic for the cure of stomach disorders and all liver ills. It builds up the run-down system as no other tonic can in which alcohol is used. The active medicinal principles of native roots such as Golden Seal and Queen's root, Stone and Mandrake root, Bloodroot and Black Cherrubark are extracted and preserved by the use of chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce at Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet which quotes extracts from well-recognized medical authorities such as Drs. Bartholow, King, Scudder, Cox, Ellingwood and a host of others, showing that these roots can be depended upon for their curative action in all weak states of the stomach, accompanied by indigestion or dyspepsia, as well as in all bilious or liver complaints and in all "wasting diseases" where there is loss of flesh and gradual running down of the strength and system.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" makes rich, pure blood and so invigorates and regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, and through them the whole system. Thus all skin affections, blotches, pimples and eruptions as well as scrofulous swellings and old open running sores or ulcers are cured and healed. In treating old running sores, or ulcers, it is well to insure their healing to apply to them Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve. If your druggist don't happen to have this Salve in stock, send fifty-four cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and a large box of the "All-Healing Salve" will reach you by return post.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic, medicine of known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

"Boys—children—have any of you seen Mr. Brierly this morning?"
"For a moment there was utter silence in the school room. Then, slowly, and with a sheepish shuffling movement, a stolid-faced boy made his way out from one of the side seats in Miss Grant's room, and came toward her without speaking. He was meekly dressed in garments ill-matched and worse fitting; his arms were abnormally long, his shoulders rounded and stooping, and his eyes were at once dull and furtive. He was the largest pupil, and the dearest, in Miss Grant's charge, and as he came toward her, still silent but with his mouth half open, some of the little ones tittered audibly."

"Hence!" said the teacher, sternly. "Peter, come here." Her tone grew suddenly gentle. "Have you seen Mr. Brierly this morning?"
"In hum!" The boy stopped short and hung his head.

"That's good news, Peter. Tell me where you saw him."
"Down there," nodding toward the lake.

"At the—lake?"
"Yes!"
"How long ago, Peter?"
"Fore school—hour, maybe."
"How far away, Peter?"
"Big ways. Most by Injun Hill."
"Ah! and what was he doing?"
"Set on ground—lookin'."

"Miss Grant!" broke in the boy Johnny. "He was goin' to shoot at a mark. I guess he'd got a new target down there, an' some of the boys shoots there, you know—Gracious!" his eyes suddenly widening. "By a s'pose he's got hurt, anyway?"

Miss Grant turned quickly toward the simpleton.
"Peter, you are sure it was this morning that you saw Mr. Brierly?"
"In hum."
"And, was he alone?"
"In hum."

"Who else did you see down there, Peter?"
"The boy lifted his arm, shielding his eyes with it as if he expected a blow."

"I bet some one's tried ter hit him!" commented Johnny.
"Hush, Johnny! Peter, what is it? Did some one frighten you?"
"The boy wagged his head."
"Who was it?"
"Nothin'." Peter began to whimper.

"You must answer me, Peter: was anyone else by the lake? Whom else did you see?"
"A—ghost!" blubbered the boy, and this, as all she could gain from him.

And now the children began to whisper and giggle of the elder to suggest possibilities.
"Maybe he's met a tramp."
"Preaps he's gained his ankle!"
"Preaps he's talled into the lake, teacher," piped a six-year-old.

"John!" retorted a small boy. "He kin swim like—anythin'!"
"Children, be silent!" A look of annoyance had suddenly relaxed the strained, set look of the under teacher's white face as she recalled, at the moment, how she had heard Mr. Samuel Doran, president of the board of school directors, ask Mr. Brierly to drop in at his office that morning to look at some specimen school books. That was the evening before, and, doubtless, he was there now.

Miss Grant bit her lip, vexed at her folly and fright. But after a moment's reflection she turned again to Johnny Robbins, saying:

"Johnny, will you go back as far as Mr. Doran's house? Go to the office door, and if Mr. Brierly is there, as I think he will be, ask him if he would like me to hear his classes until he is at liberty."

Johnny made no longer thought up his flapping straw hat, while a little flutter of rebel ran through the school, and Miss Grant went back to her desk, the look of vexation still upon her face.

Five minutes' break trailing brought the boy to Mr. Doran's door, which was much nearer than the Fry household, and less than five minutes found him again at the school house door.

"Miss Grant," he cried, excitedly, "he wa'n't there, no hint been, an' Mr. Doran's startin' right out, with two or three other men, to hunt him. He says 'ther's somethin' wrong about it.'"

CHAPTER II.

"I suppose it's all right," said Samuel Doran, as he walked toward the school house, followed by three or four of the villagers, "scalded" because of their nervous rather than "choked" state. Brierly's ordinary matter kept him from his post. We'll hear what Miss Grant has to say."

Miss Grant met the group at the gate, and when she had told them all she had to tell, ending with the testimony of the boy Peter, and the suggestion concerning the target-shooting.

"Sho!" broke in one of the men, as she was about to express her personal opinion and her fears, "that's the top an' bottom of the hull business! Brierly's regularly took with ashootin' at a mark. I've been out with him two or three evenings of late. He's just got intrusted, and forgot ter look at his watch. We'll find him safe enough some're along the woods; let's cut across the woods."

"He must have heard the bell," objected Mr. Doran, "but, of course, if Peter Kramer saw him down there, that's our way. Don't be anxious, Miss Grant; probably Hopkins is right."

The road which they followed for some distance ran a somewhat devious course through the woods, which one entered very soon after leaving the school house. It ran along the hillside, near its base, but still somewhat above the stretch of ground, fully a hundred yards in width, between it and the lake shore.

Above the road, to eastward, the wooded growth climbed the gentle upward slope, growing, as it seemed, more and more dense and shad-

owy as it mounted. But beneath the food and the river the trees grew less densely, with much undergrowth, here and there, of hazel and sumach, wild vines, and along the border of the lake the low overhanging scrub willow.

For more than a fourth of a mile the four men followed the road, walking in couples, and not far apart, and contenting themselves with an occasional "hallo, Brierly," and with peering into the openings through which they could see the lake shore as they passed along.

A little further on, however, a bit of rising ground cut off all sight of the lake for a short distance. It was an oblong mound, so shaped, so evenly proportioned that it had become known as the Indian Mound, and was believed to have been the work of the aborigines, a prehistoric fortification, or burial place.

As they came opposite this mound the man Hopkins stopped, saying: "Hadn't a couple of us fellows better go round the mound on t'other side? Course, if he's on the bank, an' all right, he'd ort to hear us—but—"

"Yes," broke in the leader, who had been silent and very grave for some moments. "Go that way, Hopkins, and we'll keep to the road and meet you at the further end of the mound."

They separated silently, and for some moments Mr. Doran and his companions walked on, still silent, then—

"We ought to have brought that simpleton along," Doran said, as if meditating. "The Kramers live only a quarter of a mile beyond the mound, and it must have been near here—Stop!"

He drew his companions back from the track, as a pony's head appeared around a curve in the road; and then, as a black shetland and low phaeton came in sight, he stepped forward again, and took off his hat.

He was squarely in the middle of the road, and the lady in the little phaeton pulled up her pony and met his gaze with a look of mute inquiry. She was a small, fair woman, with pale, regular features and large blue eyes. She was dressed in mourning, and, beyond a doubt, was not a native of Glenville.

"Excuse my haste, ma'am," said Doran, coming to the side of the phaeton. "I'm James Doran, owner of the stable where this horse belongs, and we are out in search of our schoolmaster. Have you seen a tall, young man along this road anywhere?"

The lady was silent a moment, then—"Was he a fair young man?" she asked, slowly.

"Yes, tall and fair."
"The lady gathered up her reins. "I passed such a person," she said, "when I drove out of town shortly after breakfast. He was going south, as I was. It must have been somewhere not far from this place."

"And—did you see his face?"
"No, the pony was fresh then, and I was intent upon him."
"She lifted the reins, and then turned as if to speak again when the man who had been a silent witness of the little dialogue came a step nearer."

"I s'pose you haven't heard any news—a pistol shot—nor anything like that, have ye, ma'am?"
"None! No, indeed! Why what has happened?"

"Before either could answer, there came a shout from the direction of the lake shore.
"Doran, come—quick!"

They were directly opposite the mound, at its central or highest point, and, turning swiftly, James Doran saw the man Hopkins at the top of it, waving his arms frantically.

"Is he found?" called Doran, moving toward him.
"Yes, he's hurt!"

With the words Hopkins disappeared behind the knoll, but Doran was near enough to see that the man's face was scarred and pale. He turned and called sharply to the lady, who had taken up her whip and was driving on.

"Doran, stop! There's a man hurt. Wait there a moment, we may need your horse." The last words were uttered as he ran up the mound, his companions close at his heels, and the lady checked the willing pony once more with a look half reluctant, wholly troubled.

"Wait a position," she said to Doran, "I must get my word."

"I'll wait," she said, "but I must get my word."

"I'll wait," she said, "but I must get my word."

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"I'll wait," she said, "but I must get my word."

"I'll wait," she said, "but I must get my word."

The woman In the Alcove.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,
Author of "The Millionaire Lady," "The Filigree Bell," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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CONTINUED.

"When he realized the trend of public opinion, when he saw a perfectly innocent man committed to the Tombs for his crime, he was first astonished and then amused at what he continued to regard as the triumph of his star. But he did not start for El Moro, wise as he felt it would be to do so. Something of the fascination usual with criminals kept him near the scene of his crime, and an anxiety to see how Sears would conduct himself in the southwest. That Sears had followed him to New York, knew his crime and was the strongest witness against him was as far from his thoughts as that he owed him the warning which had all but balked him of his revenge. When therefore he read in the papers that "Abner Fairbrother" had been found sick in his camp at Santa Fe he felt that nothing now stood in the way of his entering on the plans he had framed for ultimate escape. On his departure from El Moro he had taken the precaution of giving Sears the name of a certain small town on the coast of Maine where his mail was to be sent in case of a great emergency. He had chosen this town for two reasons—first, because he knew all about it, having had a young man from there in his employ; secondly, because of its neighborhood to the inlet where an old launch of his had been docked for the winter. Always astute, always precautionary, he had given orders to have this launch loaded and provisioned, so that now he had only to send word to the captain to have at his command the best possible means of escape.

Meanwhile he must make good his position in C—. He did it in the way we know. Satisfied that the only danger he need fear was the discovery of the fraud practiced in New Mexico, he had confidence enough in Sears even in his present disabled state to take his time and make himself solid with the people of C— while waiting for the sea to disappear from the harbor. This accomplished, and cruising made possible, he took a flying trip to New York to secure such papers and valuables as he wished to carry out of the country with him. They were in safe deposit, but that safe deposit was in his strong room in the center of his house in Eighty-sixth street—a room which you will remember in connection with Sweetwater's adventure.

To enter his own door with his own latchkey, in the security and darkness of a stormy night, seemed to this self confident man a matter of no great risk. Nor did he find it so. He reached his strong room, procured his securities and was leaving the house, without having suffered an alarm, when some instinct of self preservation suggested to him the advisability of arming himself with a pistol. His own was in Maine, but he remembered where Sears kept his. He had seen it often enough

In that old trunk he had brought with him from the Sierras. He accordingly went upstairs to the steward's room, found the pistol and became from that instant invincible. But in restoring the articles he had pulled out he came across a photograph of his wife and lost himself over it and went mad, as we have heard the detective tell. That later, he should succeed in trapping this detective and should leave the house without a qualm as to his fate, shows what sort of man he was in moments of extreme danger. I doubt, from what I have heard of him since,

—any message I can deliver. I am a stranger, but I understand the need of haste. I ought not those pupils be sent home?"

"He put his hands upon the reins. "Stop him," he said. "You are quick to think, madam. Will you take a message to the school house—to Miss Grant?"

"She had passed the school house and as the pony stopped, Doran stepped out and offered his hand, which she scarcely touched in alighting.

"What shall I say?" she asked as she gazed down.

"For Miss Grant. Tell her privately that Mr. Brierly has met with an accident, and that the children must be sent home quietly and at once. As once, mind."

"I understand." She turned away with a quick, nervous movement, but he stopped her.

"One moment. Your name, please? Your evidence may be wanted."

"By the corner, to corroborate our story."

"I see. I am Mrs. Jamieson, at the Glenville House."

"She turned from him with the last word, and walked swiftly back toward the school house.

Hilda Grant was still at the window. She had made no attempt to listen to recitations, or even to call the roll, and she hastened out, at sight of the slight black-robed figure entering the school yard, her big grey eyes full of the question her lips refused to frame.

"They met at the foot of the steps, and Mrs. Jamieson spoke at once, as if in reply to the wordless inquiry in the other's face.

"I am Mrs. Jamieson," she said, speaking low, mindful of the curious faces peering out from two windows, on either side of the open door. "I was stopped by Mr.—"

"Mr. Doran?"

"Yes. I wisher me to tell you that the teacher, Mr.—"

"Brierly?"

"Yes, that he has met with an accident—and that you had better close the school, and send the children home quiet, and at once."

"Oh!" Suddenly the woman's small figure swayed, she threw out a hand as if for support and, before the half-dazed girl before her could reach her, she sank weakly upon the lowest step. "Oh!" she sighed again. "I did not realize—I—I believe I am frightened!" And then, as Miss Grant bent over her, she added weakly: "Don't mind me, I—I'll rest here a moment. Send away your pupils. I only need rest."

To BE CONTINUED.
Have you anything you want to sell. Put a want ad. in THE OBSERVER.



He came across a photograph of his wife.

If he ever gave two thoughts to the man after he had sprung the double lock on him; which, considering his extreme ignorance of who his victim was or what relation he bore to his own fate, was certainly remarkable.

Back again in C—, he made his final preparations for departure. He had already communicated with the captain of the launch, who may or may not have known his passenger's real name. He says that he supposed him to be some agent of Mr. Fairbrother's; that among the first orders he received from that gentleman was one to the effect that he was to follow the instructions of one Wellgood as if they came from himself; that he had done so, and not till he had Mr. Fairbrother on board

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THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1908

INDIA AND THE UNREST

India is in unrest. The agitation will not down. The authorities may arrest editors for seditious articles and exile them but new editors arise to take their place.

The Indians want self government. They are tired of being ruled from London through Calcutta and they are anxious to enjoy some of the fat salaries now going to Englishmen.

Many persons consider India not ripe for self government. This is a secondary question. The primary question is whether India is strong enough to extort what she desires from the English.

Sometimes a young child will not eat. The mother does not know what the trouble is until, in a flash of inspiration she allows the youngster to wield the spoon.

ON INTEREST

Modern capitalists regard interest as the life of business. Dividends come first and foremost. According to our company laws and according to the general method of doing business, interest on borrowed monies or upon invested capital is regarded as the "sine qua non" of a successful undertaking.

Through trickery and chicanery mostly, at times through being able to perceive which way the population would move, and rarely through hard work, certain individuals have accumulated a certain amount of capital.

In old biblical times, the idea was that if a man did not work neither should he eat. In modern times if a man does not work but possesses the legal right through the possession of interest-bearing bonds to make other people work for him without his doing any work in return he is regarded as a desirable citizen.

The old ideas were that a man should have what he made and no more. Our ideas now are that a man shall have not only what he makes but also a considerable bit more.

Modern civilization, by accounting honourable the taking of interest, a

thing the old Jews and Venetians despised, has built up a civilization which elevates a few men into the domain of actual princes and keeps down the workers to a bare existence.

ACCIDENTS

One person out of every seven of the inhabitants of the United States is injured annually, according to the statistics of accident underwriters and during the last three years the annual average of accidents in New York on the surface, elevated and subway traction systems has been 34,000 persons.

Edwin B. Quackenbush, executive agent of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, has gathered statistics which show that while there are 107,000 persons seriously injured and 10,466 killed annually on the railroads of that country, the loss of life due to steam railroads in England, Germany and France is about 100 each year.

This disparity is ascribed variously to the hours of the employees on the foreign roads, to the limited schedules under which trains are operated, and of course, to the limited mileage of track.

The Public Service Commission, in its last monthly report, gave the number injured in New York City by the common carriers as 5,280.

An interesting fact drawn from the statistics is that although popular impressions are to the contrary, the passengers on ocean liners are about as safe as if in their own homes.

For Woman Suffrage

A local branch of the Canadian Suffrage Association, which aims to extend the suffrage to women, was formed with an initial membership of forty at a largely attended meeting of the ladies of Ottawa in the Carnegie Library Saturday afternoon.

The meeting was addressed by Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen of Toronto, President of the Canadian Association, and by Dr. Amelia Youmans of Winnipeg. The former urged that home and industrial interests of women and children were not now sufficiently well looked after by the male Parliamentarians, who represented only their own financial and other interests.

Mr. A. E. Fripp, M.P.P., in addressing the meeting, said that if the matter came up for discussion in the Legislature at Toronto he would support a motion to extend the suffrage to women.

Sympathizers with the women's suffrage movement in the capital Tuesday night organized the Ottawa Suffrage Association. The officers are: President, Mrs. J. H. Brown; vice-president, Mrs. Edwin Cole; corresponding treasurer, Mrs. Geo. C. Holland.

Wife for Five Pounds

Samuel Lee, 70, small holder, was committed for trial at Dunmow, England recently on a charge of ill-treating three children.

Mary Custerick, a comparatively young woman, said her husband had sold her to the defendant twenty-two years ago for £5, and she had lived with the defendant and had had twelve children in that time.

Evidence was given of the deplorable

condition the children were in. The defendant elected to be tried by a jury and was committed for trial.

THE CORRECT COUNT

Official Returns for Brome and Missisquoi Counties

BROME

The official count in connection with the Brome county election took place on Saturday at Knowlton. It fixes Mr. Fisher's majority over Mr. Olmstead at 441. Mr. Cotton received more votes than were first credited to him, 35 ballots being marked in his favor.

Table with columns for candidates and votes. Includes candidates like Fish, Olm, Cot, West Brome, Iron Hill, Brome Corner, Fulford, etc.

Total votes for S. A. Fisher 1674 Total votes for F. A. Olmstead 1233 Total votes for W. U. Cotton 35

Total polled 2942 Spoiled ballots 42

Majority Fisher over Olmstead 441 Over all 402

MISSISQUOI

The following is a detailed result of the Missisquoi election as given by the returning officer at Bedford on Saturday. The total number of votes cast was 3819, which is 199 more than the vote polled last June, and is also the largest vote ever polled in this county.

Table with columns for candidates and votes. Includes candidates like Meigs Pickel Ford, Cowansville, Dunham Village, etc.

Majority for Meigs 15. There were 20 rejected and 19 spoiled ballots.

Thirty Days for a Spoon

Miss Claire Silliman, a Connecticut nurse, who was arrested on a charge of larceny was recently sentenced in the Criminal court at Washington to pay a fine of \$50, or serve thirty days in jail for the theft of a 25-cent souvenir spoon.

The woman who equips her home with Hingston's furniture ought to wear a broad smile, for to the victors belong the smiles.

NEW GERMAN TAXES

The German Government's bills to meet the financial deficit, provide, among other things, that the Government will take over the wholesale buying and selling of spirits, the sale price to be regulated so as to produce a net revenue of 220,000,000 marks.

The customs duty on foreign unmanufactured tobacco and the tax on home-grown tobacco remain unchanged, but an ad valorem tax will be placed on manufactured tobacco, varying from four to 96 marks on 1,000 cigars, 1 1/2 to 24 marks per 1,000 cigarettes, and 80 pfennigs to 12,80 marks per kilogram on tobacco.

A tax will be levied on electricity and gas of 5 per cent of the supply price, on incandescent electric lamps and gas mantles of from 5 to 30 pfennigs, and on advertisement of from 2 to 10 per cent of the advertising charge, according to the frequency of their appearance.

The death duties will be made more comprehensive, varying from 1/2 to 3 per cent, according to the value of the estate.

If it is estimated that the new taxes will yield 475,000,000 marks.

Makes No Difference

After all, what difference will it make to the bulk of the people of Canada which party is given the job of running the government. Borden is just as honest a man as Laurier. Both have good men behind them. Both have some of the rottenest grafters on earth as followers.

Unveil Monument

The monument to Bernard Lazare, the first person in authority to proclaim the innocence of Dreyfus, the man who started the whole Dreyfusard campaign was unveiled at Nimes, France on Monday, despite the protests of the nationalists and royalists, who attempted to prevent the unveiling of the monument by a round robin which they sent to the magistrature.

Commandant Guignat, Leon Daudet and Delegate Vaugeois, as well as the novelist Gregori, signed the round robin of the nationalist party but no attention was paid to it.

In order to prevent any trouble at the unveiling of the monument, M. Hennion, Chef de Surete of Paris, came in person to the ceremony accompanied by a number of the best detectives from the capital. The police maintained order without outside help, however, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed when the veils were withdrawn.

Cedar Shingles

High Grade 16 Inch N. B. Cedar Shingles

We have the largest and best equipped Shingle Mill in the Province, with a yearly capacity of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS, and are always in a position to ship promptly all orders entrusted to us.

We also make a specialty of Planed and Matched SPRUCE LUMBER.

The best of Raw Material, combined with careful attention to details of manufacture and milling, ensure perfect satisfaction to our customers.

The Metis Lumber Co. PRICE, RIMOUSKI Co., P. Q.

A PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the people of our city have been led to purchase so-called remedies from which they have received no benefit whatever, and having thus wasted so much hard-earned money, it has come to pass that they know not what to believe.

Inasmuch as this unsatisfactory state of affairs exists, KNOW, THEREFORE, ALL PERSONS who are in need of such a medicine that we will supply them with VINOL on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE that if it does not succeed in benefiting them we will refund the entire amount of money paid us for it.

There is no one medicine that will cure everything, but there are some we know to be honest, reliable, and of great curative value. Such is VINOL; it is not a secret medicine,—just peptonate of iron, wine, and all the curative extractives of cod liver oil, combined.

Could any offer be more fair than this? You are ill; we offer you medicine which we believe will help you, and if it does not we will return your money. Is there anyone foolish enough not to accept this offer? You owe it to your family, to your friends, and yourself to try this medicine which we give you our pledge is a genuine cod liver and iron preparation of great merit.

We unhesitatingly recommend Vinol as a Body Builder and Strength Creator for Feeble Old People, Delicate Children, Frail Women, All Run Down Persons, and Those Needing a Good Tonic after the Grippe or any Severe Illness, and for Chronic Coughs, Colds and Bronchitis.

Do you think we could afford to lend our name to its praises, as we have been doing in the newspapers, if we did not know VINOL to be an honest and unusually valuable remedy for the ills for which it is prescribed? We certainly could not; we therefore ask you, our neighbors, friends and acquaintances to accept our assurances that this is a genuine offer, and that any and all persons who need a medicine of this character should feel a sense of security in accepting it.

You will absolutely be under no obligation to us whatever, if after you have tried one bottle of VINOL, and have not received any benefit, you have only to tell us so, and we will return the entire amount of money you paid us for it.

VINOL is an old and valuable remedy improved by modern science—tastes good and agrees with every one.

Call and get a bottle to-day. You won't be sorry.

EVERYBODY

"Every little bit added to what you got makes just a little bit more."

We are adding to our Large Stock in the Several Departments every day.

We have used great care in the selection of these goods and we should be pleased to have you call and let us supply your wants.

Everybody is busy every day. Business is good and is getting better.

Let us attend to your Heating and Roofing necessities before it gets any colder.

McCLATCHIE BROS.

Hardware Merchants, Cowansville

We Give Satisfaction AND THAT IS THE REASON OF OUR SUCCESS. The 'all is here. If you intend putting in a heating system, it won't do to delay it much longer. We handle all our jobs in a first-class manner and quick. See us for

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Roofing, etc. Canada Dairy Utensil Co., Ltd Buzzell Block, Cowansville

P. C. DUBOUCHE NOTARY, COMMISSIONER, ETC. HULL'S BLOCK COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

A man is known by the company he keeps, a woman by the home she makes. Hingston, Cowansville.

COWANSVILLE... The Prince... The system... The scientist... The public... The author... The proprietors... Sir Hennick... The charge... Sir Hennick... The benefit... Sir Hennick... The prospect... The strength... The unity... Try a want... It will fill you