

THE OBSERVER

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No. 13.

The DAYLIGHT

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

OUR FALL GOODS

Are Coming in

Bleached and Unbleached Cotton, Flanelett, Wrappert, Kimona Cloth, Ladies Wool Combination Suits, Ladies Vests and Drawers, Ladies Jackets, Men's, Boys' and Girls Sweaters, Men's Shirts and Drawers.

XTRA BARGAINS IN

COTTON HOES and
LOW SHOES

HOOVER DIGGER
McCORMICK
MASSEY HARRIS

Repairs FOR SALE

AMMUNITION

We keep all the well known makes of
Ammunition

Winchester, Kynoch and Dominion.

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

SHOT SHELLS in 12, 16, and 20 gauge.

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

POWDER and SHOT in different grades and sizes.

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

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ROCKLAND.

The most complete stock of
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CHASE'S

HARTLAND, N. B.

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

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

Food High in Boston

An Opportunity to Sell Produce

Almost any kind of a statement may be supposed to be of value in an election contest. Probably that is why we find a prominent Ottawa journal, which is opposed to the reciprocity pact, publishing a letter to the following effect. The letter is written from a "Holiday House" in the country about forty miles from Boston. "In that district of the country," the writer says, "times are hard among the working classes; that food is dear and work cut down; factories are closing up or working only half the time"; the poor cannot provide even potatoes for their children, inasmuch as that vegetable is selling at an unusually high price in the market; and there is much more in the same line. Then, the correspondent who furnishes the alleged information to the newspaper says, "if this is the kind of prosperity President Taft desires to offer to Canadians we better hesitate," and so on. President Taft is not making any offer of the kind. He is giving us the opportunity to send many articles of our natural products into the United States free of duty. We will not be compelled or required to send them, but it is reasonable to expect that if we send them one result will be that we will be able to sell our potatoes or anything else on free list at a reasonable price to those who need them, and thus materially assist in limiting the famine which, if the writer is to be believed, is threatening the suburbs of Boston. The advantages of free trade are limitless and with it we will not have to depend upon President Taft, but rather upon our own industry, energy and prudence. Take the barriers down, and we will help save the Bostonians from the starvation which, according to this fearsome correspondent, is threatening them.

The Agents of Disunion

In the province of Quebec the Nationalist allies of Mr. Borden are instilling into the minds of the people fear and hatred of the British. In the English provinces Mr. Borden's partisans are seeking to arouse popular fear and hatred of the United States, a friendly nation lying along the Canadian border for three thousand miles. Can these conflicting elements give Canada good government? Can these appeals make for harmony of races in Canada and the growth of friendship among the people of the Anglo-Saxon race? Can unity be promoted by disunion? Has patriotism become a by-word, and the Union Jack a mere cloak for unscrupulous politicians who seek to attain power? Was there ever a meaner campaign than that which Borden and Bourassa are waging together against the best interests of Canada and the Empire?

In Carleton County

The Conservative speakers in Carleton county are sore distressed. At one time they picture the unhappy farmers' crops rotting in the fields, while the towns are supplied with produce from the State of Maine. At another time, they describe the unhappy people of Centerville, Hartland, Florenceville, Woodstock and other places shutting up their stores because the proud and haughty farmer, with his nose in the air, drives past their doors to get big prices for his produce and to purchase his supplies from towns in Maine. It does not at all detract from the fervor of the oratory that both of the conditions described cannot exist at the same time. Neither do these speeches alter the fact that farm land is much higher in price in Maine than in Carleton county. In the words of one of the orators, not spoken for publication, reciprocity is all right, but the party is against it.

One of the speakers at a Conservative meeting in Carleton county was moved to take the platform because of what he heard an American say in London a year ago. The American said the United States would own Canada some day. Thus great events sometimes hinge on very insignificant incidents. That American may have been joking, or he may have been a person of feeble mind, but his chance remark has produced momentous results in the county of Carleton, N. B.

The people of Carleton county know, however, that great numbers of their people have within the last dozen years moved into Maine and taken up farms, in order to get free access to the larger market. These families have prospered. They present an argument in favor of reciprocity which cannot be refuted. Times

Aroostook Potatoes are "It" This Year

How can you tell farmer? That's easy! By the smile of course. The long-drawn face have been shortened up this fall; the round shoulders have been straightened up, and the pocket-books are being fast filled with long green in place of statements and notices of overdue notes.

This is indeed a "farmer's year in clover," way up to his chin, and may the price for spuds soar until he is completely buried.

The market started firm and continues to improve daily, and the Lord only knows where it will end. The View hopes it will be obliged to pay \$5.00 a barrel for every potato we buy to eat, and if the price get anywhere near that figure, we will take Scott's Emulsion to stimulate our appetites so we can eat more potatoes and help make the price higher.

Everybody eat potatoes this year, and help the poor farmer out of the tight corner he has been in since Adam was obliged to eat the apple to keep from starving.

Potatoes will be worn by the fashionable set in New York as diamonds before spring, and the Aroostook County farmers and merchants will be playing upon harps of gold. Let'er come.—Mars Hill View.

(Reciprocity will enable Carleton county farmers to share the good times. Vote for Carvell and better times.)

How the Tories Manufacture Arguments Against Reciprocity

(Collier's Weekly)

Not long ago a carload of Buffalo sheep was sold in the Toronto market at 25 cents a hundredweight less than the Canadian farmer could do it for, but at a net loss of \$140 to the politicians who paid for the smart trick. The argument against reciprocity was cheap at the price. It is not often you can make so much mistaken public opinion for that amount of money."

THE DIFFERENCE

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his lieutenants are espousing the cause of liberty and justice and the greatest good to the greatest number; while Mr. Borden and his motley band are fighting under the banner of class privilege and international ill-will.—Montreal Witness.

AT BRISTOL

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VARNISHES

Sherwin-Williams' and Ramsay's

PAINTS

Screen Doors, Window Screens, Locks,
Haying Tools, etc.

Just to hand, a line of every-day

CROCKERY,

that we will put a low price on.

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS
BRISTOL

Apples Wanted

New Brunswickers wanted right away
We are paying higher prices than some other
dealers along the line.

Come and See Us or Telephone

5000 BARRELS WANTED

Will buy all varieties of Early and Late.

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THE REWARD OF SUSAN

The baby was dying.

He lay in his cot, with the blue of his eyes showing through the closed, heavy lids, with a waxen pallor on his cheeks, drawing wheezing breaths which stabbed the heart of his mother, who bent over him.

Sue Giles went to the cottage window in despair. Before her stretched the moor—wild, rugged, almost purple against the flaring western sky. Then she glanced at the clock. It wanted half an hour before the six-forty stopped at Barleycombe, and it took Ben, her husband, twenty full minutes to trudge the mile to the lonely cottage down the line.

There were no neighbors nearer than Barleycombe. Yet the doctor ought to be summoned. And Dr. Kent lived two and a half miles down the line, in the opposite direction to Barleycombe, nearer Lakehampton. The railway ran past his garden, half a mile after Archer's tunnel and the cutting, and it was the nearest route. Sue had often trudged there and back.

But to go meant to leave the baby alone. To stay meant—She glanced at the child once more, shaking her head and repressing a sob.

Ben was Barleycombe's solitary porter, and his lantern, ready-trimmed for the nine-fifteen, stood in the corner. Sue lit it, scribbling a note to her husband, and laying it on the dresser. "Good night, doctor," she said. "I'm here."

Then she kissed the baby, very lightly for he seemed asleep, and slipped to the door.

It seemed terrible to leave the child alone. But she comforted herself as she hurried on, that he was young to walk, that the fire was safely guarded, and that before long Ben would take her place.

It was weary walking, plodding over the heavy ballast beside the permanent way. She dared not run, for she was not strong; but she pressed on, mutely praying, passed the signal, her face to the glowing, fiery sunset. She reached the stunted bushes round Wolf's Hollow, left them behind, and crossed the trestle bridge over the babbling Aze.

Now she passed Highwayman's Oak—a landmark to stragglers lost on the moor—and now the mouth of Archer's tunnel, black and grim, was before her. She had always feared its depths and its darkness, had usually climbed the hill and plunged into Archer's Wood, to descend the steep sides by the jaws of the cutting a quarter of a mile on, in preference to the more direct route which the tunnel's grimy, reverberating hollows afforded.

But she could not think of herself now. The tunnel was the quickest, and therefore the only way, and she chose it, without pause or hesitation.

It was long, and the lantern's feeble rays seemed swallowed up, mocked at, in the gloom. The light from its mouth faded. Pitch darkness settled down before and behind her. But she had forgotten herself; she was only counting her steps, hoping to reach the doctor's garden, praying to find him in.

A dim light began to pervade the blackness; it grew stronger, and the air sweeter. She trudged on round the curve of the line, and presently the arched opening of the tunnel's mouth showed more like a bite taken out of a huge slice of black bread.

Only the cutting now, she rejoiced, quickening her steps; only the cutting, half a mile of level road, and her journey was done! Dr. Kent would get out his trap, the old grey cob would be coaxed into his ambling canter, and—

She tripped, stumbled a few paces, regained her balance, the lantern swinging. Without stopping, she looked over her shoulder. Once more her feet found an obstruction; she turned the lantern forward, with a scream of horror.

For fifteen yards ahead of her, rails, sleepers, the ballast-path she trod, were obliterated in a pile of rock, on which the ferns and wild flowers still grew. One glance told her what had happened. She remembered such an occurrence before. The face of the cutting had slipped. Stresses of storm, beating rain, and the constant vibration of passing trains had loosened its foundations, letting down tons of red rock, of red earth and loose stones, in piled confusion on the rails.

But though she had stopped, the delay was but momentary. The subsidence was an obstacle, no more. Nothing short of the will of Heaven should prevent her reaching Dr. Kent. She clambered up the fallen rock, sending a volley of stones which turned beneath her feet down the steep sides of the mass, catching at ferns and roots to aid her ascent, and was almost on her feet when she felt the litter.

The thought of her baby—only

that. Only that till the summit was reached, the descent before her, the difficulties surmounted.

And then she thought of the six-forty. The six-forty! It stabbed her to think of it; it set her trembling, shaking, her lips quivering, her forehead damp—this sudden remembrance.

The six-forty with its five mile run before it, its clear road, its passengers, its huge speed, its tearing whistle as it slid into the tunnel, the roar of it as it shot into the open of the cutting.

She saw the end—saw the engine rolled over, with a shriek of escaping steam; saw the coaches piled one upon another, heard the screams, the groaning and the moaning of the passengers; saw red fire creeping over the ruins, quaked at the thought of imprisoned men, women and children—babies like her own!—being roasted as the debris of the wrecked train fed the flames.

And in fifteen minutes—fifteen minutes at the most—it would be done!

She could save it—might save it—if she turned her back on her own errand, faced the tunnel once more, changed meeting it there and her death.

But even if she won through, even if her lantern brought the train to a standstill, a precious half-hour would be lost. It meant death to her baby. She could not doubt that. She had seen Death come to a little brother, to the babies of others innumerable, and she knew his approach.

Her baby! She began to clamber down the steep sides of the fall. The mother in her kept her on. What matter if the whole world perished, if her baby lived! She had come so far to save her child—

She paused. Why, she could come back. Suppose she ran to Dr. Kent! There would be time. She would come back! She would stop the train when her errand was done.

But as she struggled on, the hot arguments of her heart died down. She began to feel chill. She knew there would not be time. It was one or the other; she knew that.

But still she kept on her way. Her baby—her baby! Why did Heaven ask this thing of her! And as she reached the level ground on the other side of the fallen mass, she fell on her knees, shaking with sobs, crying out:

"Ah, them people! Ah, them people!"

She sank down, throwing out her arms, letting her head fall on them, weeping piteously, moaning.

When she struggled to her feet, she stared dimly down the cutting, and her lips moved.

"Oh, Heaven, save my baby! I can't!"

She turned her back on her destination, feverishly began to retrace her steps, fought her way over the slipping debris with fierce energy of a mind made up.

Down the other side she scrambled with a alither of pattering stones, along the littered pavement way to the ballast, free from the fall, nearer the tunnel.

Then she darted into the darkness, running, panting, her heart burning and her breast torn with each wild breath. She passed the middle of the tunnel, where the walls ran water, and drip-drip it fell in melancholy cadence from the roof. She was nearing the other end when first the rails began to hum, and she knew the six-forty was upon her!

Out of the night came the rumble, the roar, the clatter of the onrushing train. She rounded the curve of the cutting, catching sight of the headlights; of the steam by the driving wheels, floating backward like pennants; of the scudding smoke overhead, illuminated, as it passed the cab, by the ruby glow of the furnace.

She stood upon a rail, balancing herself, holding the lantern high above her head, waving it madly, screaming, though even then she knew her puny cries were swamped in the roar of the whirling wheels.

Suddenly the pennants died away. With a hideous, grating whir the brakes were put on. The engine glided on, and she slipped from the rail with it only a dozen feet away from her. Still the lantern waved as a hoarse voice shouted to her and the train went by.

It began to draw up. Heads appeared at every window. The guard leapt down, lantern in hand. The fireman left his engine, groping his way back to the screaming woman at the rail side.

"A fall—a fall in Archer's cutting!" she wailed, and toppled forward into the fireman's arms.

"'Twas as she said," she heard a gruff voice saying as she came to. "The train must ha' bin wrecked—several hundred tons—rock. (She saved the train and all of us!"

Sue opened her eyes. A man bent over her, and a pair of kindly stern eyes looked into hers.

"All right—feeling fitter! I'm a doctor. You saved us all, we hear. You're a brave woman—"

"A doctor!" she cried shrilly. "Then come—my baby—e's dying—at the cottage—not far back—come. Please come!"

"I'm afraid it's impossible. I've a very important operation—"

"You can't get on to-night, sir—at least—not yet awhile," announced the guard. "We shall have to

run back to Barleycombe, and have a gang sent down to clear the line. It'll be several hours afore we're—"

"The train passes my cottage—on the way back. Won't you come, sir?"

The doctor nodded.

"If I can't get on I'll come," he said, gently. "If it had not been that I could allow no one in the kingdom to delay me, I wouldn't have refused at first. Are you running back now, guard?"

He helped Sue into the first-class compartment he had left, and climbed in beside her. A word from him to the guard brought the train to a standstill at the little track-side cottage. Ben met them at the garden-end, his face white.

"E's nearly gone!" he whispered. "Dr. Kent!—Why, Sue, couldn't you find the doctor?"

A few minutes afterwards Ben found himself driven from the cottage.

"Where's your nerve, man?" growled the doctor. "Oh, give me a woman where there's illness and something to be done!"

Later on Ben fetched Dr. Kent. The two medical men talked together in the garden till the train passed the cottage once more, picked up the stranger, and went on its journey through the cleared cutting.

Dr. Kent went into the cottage, where Ben and Sue stood hand-in-hand, the woman rosy, with tears of thanksgiving in her eyes, the man white and shaking.

"You were lucky, Mrs. Giles," he said. "The boy'll recover. Never have I seen a more delicate or more skilful operation. Had it been delayed an hour, death must have ensued. Had the fall in the cutting not taken place, had you come straight on to me, I should not have been prepared for an operation, and the child would have almost certainly perished before I could have sent home for my instruments. You don't know, I suppose, who attended you? You don't know the name of the man, so providentially equipped for the emergency you summoned him on!"

Sue shook her head. How near she had been to going straight on! How swift her punishment would have been!

"A Royal personage lies ill at Devermouth; an operation was decided on yesterday. When you saved the train, Mrs. Giles, by your bravery, you also saved Sir Alexander Beaton-Bruce, O.B., Surgeon to his Majesty the King, and—incidentally—your baby's life!"—London Answers.

FORTUNES THAT WERE FOUND

Valuable Finds That Have Been Made by Picnic Parties.

Most people think that holidays are a blessing, but some have had more cause to look back with satisfaction on their holidays than others.

Six years ago a Glasgow man, named Killowen, took a trip to London. One day he was wandering along the Thames embankment near Chelsea Bridge when the tide was low. His attention was attracted by something sticking out of the sand and mud. On investigation, this proved to be a wooden box containing ingots of copper to the value of £950.

An extraordinary piece of luck came to a Bradford man, named Jensen, while on his holidays a few years ago. An uncle of his had invited him to come and stay at his farm in North Lincolnshire. While there he began collecting birds' eggs, and one day he climbed an apple tree to investigate the contents of a nest. Finding it was an old one, he pulled it down, when several fragments of paper fluttered from the broken nest. They proved to be three five pound notes.

One of the richest oil fields in Pennsylvania was discovered by a holiday tripper. He happened to be a miner, and while picnicking in the district, he laid some of his sandwiches on the grass. When he picked them up, he found that they tasted of petroleum. He knew at once that there was oil underground, and keeping the secret to himself, he bought several acres of land in the district. He put down a drill, and at a depth of seventy feet "struck oil," and ultimately retired with his holiday-won fortune!

Bournemouth was the starting point to fame of one of our best-known doctors. While spending a holiday there, he witnessed a disastrous carriage accident, the only occupant, an old lady, being seriously injured. He immediately rendered all the assistance he could, and by his timely aid saved her life. She died suddenly a year later, and the astonished young doctor found that he had been left £50,000 for his help at the time of the accident.

A fortune was literally thrown away on holiday once. A man named Kinghorn, while taking it easy at Digby, in Nova Scotia, saw a lump of tallow substance floating about in the bay. He took it home and endeavored to boil the lump down to make soft soap.

He failed in his attempt, however, and threw away the supposed soap. The lump when he first found it weighed about 100 lb., and he kept about 5 lb. of it as a curiosity.

Imagine what he thought when he discovered, a little while later, that what he had thrown away was ambergris, worth \$35 an ounce! He had unknowingly thrown away thousands of dollars.

More than one mine has been found when on holiday bent. The first nugget of gold in the Carolinas, for instance, was picked up by a man named Budd, who was spending a few days in the district. This nugget alone fetched \$4,250!

Two brothers, who were paying a visit to Chili after an earthquake there, came across a huge block of almost pure silver in a newly opened crevice. They set up a mining plant there, and in a couple of years netted \$750,000! Not a bad holiday—ah!

A WOMAN'S TRAP

I.

"Good-morning!" said the jovial, red-faced man pleasantly. "Fine view from here!"

Dick Fenchurch started. He felt his own face suddenly, flush as he looked into the smiling grey eyes of the man who had spoken.

For, after one has been in prison for nearly three years, it comes as something in the nature of a shock to be addressed once again as an ordinary respectable human being. And it was only two hours since Fenchurch had left the cells of Markdale Prison.

An hour ago, he had noticed this red-faced, fresh-looking man behind him, and once or twice had tried to shake him off. He wanted to be alone. Now, as he stood by a gateway, leading to the fields, which bounded the road on one side the stranger had overtaken him, and went on, without waiting for any reply.

"Making for Farnwood, I suppose!"

"Yes," Dick got the word out this time.

"Then, if you don't mind—what d'you say—we'll go along together."

Dick nodded, and the two walked on. Fenchurch was a clean, well-built fellow of thirty; his companion, inclined to stoutness, but ruddy of cheek, healthy, and very clearly of jovial disposition. The stranger was not lacking in conversation, and Fenchurch listened.

The name of the red-faced man was Westmere, and he was in business in Farnwood. Walking was his great recreation. He would sacrifice his business to it, if necessary.

"Went down early this morning to Markdale by train to see a man who wanted to come as assistant," Westmere continued. "But he wouldn't do. Can't take anyone into a business like mine!"

He laughed and turned round on Dick.

"Suppose you don't want a soft berth, with fair pay? Guess you've already got something decent?"

And now Fenchurch laughed—for the first time in three years.

"Do you know where I came from this morning?" he asked. It was the longest speech he had made so far. "I came out of prison—came from three years' penal servitude!"

Westmere whistled, but appeared in no way shocked.

"Why! Now I'd never have thought that! D'you know what I took you for? I sized you up all as soon as I stopped and spoke to you. I put you down as a legal man—a solicitor, you know."

"Ah!" Dick had become suddenly very calm. He was even enjoying this scene, though it made him feel the bitterness still more keenly.

"That's what I was before—before the crash came."

"Tell me about it," said Westmere. And it seemed the most natural thing in the world now for Fenchurch to give this stranger the history of those tragic events three years ago.

They were tragic, though the story was neither uncommon nor remarkable. Simply he was a young solicitor, engaged to be married to a girl who was somewhat above him in social position. Anxious to have sufficient money to keep his wife, when he did marry, in the manner in which she had been accustomed, Fenchurch had speculated, had lost, and had raised money in a mad moment from his bank on certain shares which he held jointly in trust. He had forged the name of his co-trustee to be able, fully convinced that he would be able to replace the money before any inquiries were made.

But discovery of his sin was not long delayed. There came a day when he stood in the dock, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude, and, of course, had been struck off the Roll.

"And the girl—the young lady you were engaged to?" asked Westmere, when Fenchurch paused.

"She—she said she would wait," Fenchurch was struggling to keep control of himself. "I—But, of course, it was impossible. I hope she's found some man more worthy of her now."

"And you'll not attempt to see her?"

"I don't think I shall," Fenchurch said, with a little smile.

"I promised to wait, Dick," she said. "But, oh, I didn't think I should have so little to offer you!"

"So little?" he asked. "Why, darling, it's wonderful! I am almost glad that this—"

But, seeing the look which came into her eyes, he kept clear of the subject which might bring her pain. When, an hour later, he left her, his heart was filled with a new joy. He would fight and make his name one that both he and she would not be ashamed to bear!

He told Westmere this, much to the astonishment of the good-natured "accountant."

"I'll raise your salary," the red-

"No, no. I hope and trust she has forgotten me. No; not quite that. But let's turn to something else, or—"

And he laughed cynically. "We're coming to the town—Farnwood, I suppose. Perhaps you'd prefer to drop me now. Ex-convict 271 isn't quite the company you'll want."

"Poon!" Westmere was as genial as ever. "Perhaps you'll take that job I offered you—eh? Pay isn't wonderful—two pounds a week—but I guess you won't mind that for a start?"

Fenchurch stared at him.

"Do you really mean it? I've told you the truth. I came out of prison this morning."

"Tut! Lots of us make mistakes—only we don't get caught. You've paid the full penalty for yours, haven't you? Well, will you take the job?"

"Yes," Fenchurch said nothing more. He scarcely realized that there was so much good in human nature, and he could not express what he felt. He gripped the other's hand, and Westmere understood.

II.

That same day Richard Fenchurch began his duties as assistant to John Westmere, accountant and estate agent, of Farnwood.

After a time, in fact, he began to wonder how Westmere made an income out of his business. But John Westmere was perfectly serious, and sometimes very busy, and Fenchurch formed the opinion that Westmere had private means, and indulged in this business as a hobby.

It would be, perhaps, five weeks after his release from gaol, and Dick was beginning to recover some sense of independence, some faint desire to win a place for himself in the world, some little feeling that he might yet live down his disgrace, when one day Westmere came to him. In his hands he held three of four sheets of foolscap, which he handed to Dick.

"I want these typewritten," he said, "and we haven't a typewriter. But there's a girl upstairs—Miss Austin, I think her name is—who has just started. Get she doesn't get much work in this town. You might take these up to her, and ask her to do them for me some time—no hurry."

"Right!" said Dick, and rose. "I didn't know we had a typist here."

"No; she's only just come. Nice girl—come down in the world, I think. We ought to give her any work we can."

Dick nodded and went out. Had he observed the smile which came over Mr. Westmere's face after he left the room, he might have been suspicious.

But he was ascending the stairs. On the topmost floor there were two small rooms, and at first Dick Fenchurch did not see the very small brass plate attached to one of the doors—"Miss Austin, Typewriter."

Just as he did espy it, the click, click of a machine began within. He stepped to the door, and tapped. Above the click of the typewriter came a soft voice, somewhat nervously: "Come in!"

Fenchurch opened the door and walked inside. Opposite him sat the typist, her head bent low over the machine. By her hair, that wondrous golden-red—surely, it could not be—Unconsciously, he gasped.

The head was raised. Then Dick cried, in amazement:

"Millie! You here! What does it mean?"

He was too astounded himself to notice that she was not wondrously amazed. He mistook her nervousness for astonishment.

"I!" she cried, and rose to meet him. "Oh, Dick, I'm so glad to see you!"

Forgetting everything, save that her arms were stretched out toward him, and that her eyes called him, he took her in his arms.

Only, a little later, he asked: "But tell me, Millie, how has it happened. Your money—your father—has he lost?"

"Don't, Dick!" she begged. "I'm trying to forget that."

And Fenchurch, because he was a man, thought he understood. He did not question her again. Later he would do so. But for the present it was sufficient that she still loved him, as she had loved him before those black days came. And now, because she was only a typist, because she was alone, he could offer her something—a name that was tarnished, perhaps, but one that for her sake should be made bright again.

Almost unwittingly, it seemed, he told her this, and she acquiesced.

"I promised to wait, Dick," she said. "But, oh, I didn't think I should have so little to offer you!"

"So little?" he asked. "Why, darling, it's wonderful! I am almost glad that this—"

But, seeing the look which came into her eyes, he kept clear of the subject which might bring her pain. When, an hour later, he left her, his heart was filled with a new joy. He would fight and make his name one that both he and she would not be ashamed to bear!

He told Westmere this, much to the astonishment of the good-natured "accountant."

"I'll raise your salary," the red-

faced one said promptly. "Three pounds a week; you can manage comfortably on that. Now, if I were you, I'd get married as soon as possible, and take Miss Mildred Austin—or Miss Mildred Austin-Challinor, as you say her name is—away from this typewriting business. Get a nice little house for her to look after; they're quite cheap round here."

"I will! By George, I will!" Fenchurch said, still intoxicated with the sudden joy which had come into his life.

"And, look here," Westmere went on, "take my advice, and don't you mention anything to her about her own trouble. I don't know what it is, of course; but you wait until you're comfortably married, then she'll tell you all about it, I expect. But you just pretend you know everything until then. See what I mean?"

"Yes," Fenchurch nodded. "Perhaps it will be as well."

Two months later they were quietly married at a small church near Farnwood, in the presence of Westmere and a friend. It was Westmere who gave the bride away and Westmere who gave the only wedding present—a ten-pound note, to be spent on a honeymoon of at least a week's duration. That was Westmere's stipulation.

They had been married in the early morning, and late in the afternoon they sat on the cliffs at Westbeach, where their honeymoon was to be spent.

Dick Fenchurch had been repeating over and over again the fact that his joy was too great to be expressed. But on the face of Millie there had come a little look of fear.

"Dick," she said at last, and he turned suddenly. The fear had crept into her voice.

What is it, dearest?" he asked quickly.

She took his hand. "You love me, Dick? Could you forgive me if—if I had deceived you?" Her voice was very steady, almost emotionless.

"Forgive you?" he repeated. "Of course. But why? What is there to forgive?"

"Oh, Dick, it's hard to tell you! And she gasped a little. "But I have deceived you. My father—we have had no trouble at all. I am still as wealthy as I was before—before you went away. No; let me tell you everything."

For Dick had risen suddenly, and opened his lips as though to speak. "Let me tell you everything," she repeated.

And he remained motionless.

"It was my plan," Millie said, trying to speak calmly. "I found out the date when you would be free, and I talked it over with my father long before. You know, Dick, he liked you—likes you now. And, though at first he wished me to give you up, afterwards he agreed to help me."

"We knew you would never come to us again. So I—we asked father's friend, Mr. Westmere, to help. He was to wait for you, follow you, and find you employment. It was he who took the office, and played at being an accountant. Then later, when he thought you were recovering from your—your trouble, he went word, and I came to act my part. I never really said I was poor, Dick."

She rose hurriedly, and faced the man, who stood staring blankly at her.

"Don't, Dick!" she cried, and held out her arms towards him. "You are not angry, are you? I don't think I trapped you; I wanted to stand by you and help you to fight your way back again. Tell me, Dick—tell me! You don't hate me because I loved you too much to lose you?"

A moment's silence—a moment of agony for the girl who waited—and then Fenchurch had seized her, and was kissing her madly, rationally.

"Hate you!" he gasped, for a wild torrent of love was surging through his veins. "My love, I can hardly believe it possible. You did this for me! I'm not worth it, Millie! But, please Heaven, I'll fight and try to make my name—our name—dearest—more worthy of your love!"—London Answers.

STRANGE POLICE COURTS.

The recent instance of a judge and the officers of the court proceeding to a plot of ground to try a case upon the spot, is by no means the first instance of its kind. Cases have been heard in all sorts of queer places. A few months ago a witness who was very ill had to be examined, so a magistrate and the parties interested went to his private house, which was converted in a police court for the time being, the matter being satisfactorily settled. On one occasion an urgent application was made to a judge just as he was about to set out for the assizes. It was imperative that he should not miss his train. The upshot of the matter was that a first-class compartment was reserved for the party, and before the judge arrived at his destination the matter, which had been argued en route, was disposed of.

Probably the supreme human achievement is self-mastery.

ED. 6

Fashion Hints

NOTES FROM PARIS.

Large dots of chenille are seen on many voiles. Black braid on checked materials is quite the favorite trimming. Tailored suits of linen or silk are showing revers of bright colors. Some smart shoes have white buckskin tops and patent leather vamps. Braid is a factor to be reckoned with in the planning of new dresses or suits.

Striped sheer linen is favored for simple little frocks, china blue and white being the most popular. Irregular shapes and plenty of uncurled ostrich plume mark the latest large hats, as a rule.

A beautiful piece of jade is apple green, opaque and crystalline, almost as handsome as an emerald, and often ranges from white to dark green, and it combines beautifully with diamonds. Just now the light shades are stylishly select, never cheap, and bring good luck to the wearer.

Artificial flowers are being worn in bouquet form on tailor made suits or afternoon dresses, the small flowers being used. The lily of the valley, sweet peas, heather, and forget-me-nots are claiming great favor.

Many of the lingerie dresses are distinguished by the new collar. This latest evolution of the collar is a deep, square, or rounded lace cape collar reaching the belt in the back, and sometimes hanging just a little below it.

Interesting features of evening gowns lie in the trains and the décolletage. The trains are eccentric in cut. One gorgeous crepe meteor gown noted was gracefully draped with the left end allowed to drag to a point on one side.

On blouses the sailor collar and cuffs are contrasting material and color. There is the ever popular foulard, dotted, striped and figured.

The favorite fichu can be fastened in many ways. It can be short and crossed at the front under the girdle or fastened by a pin in the centre of the girdle. Then the longer shape can be tied around the waist and finished in a short butterfly bow made of the ends.

OLD ENGLISH GARDENS.

Some Noted for Their Mazes, Others for Unusual Hedges.

The maze at Hampton Court is world renowned, and there is a good maze in the garden at Hatfield. The grounds of the latter go back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. There is an old fashioned garden and a yew tree garden, where rows of thick yews make dark and sheltered pathways. And there is also a walled vineyard, where grapes for the sacramental wine were grown by the monks of past centuries.

Some country houses are noted for the special hedges in their gardens, says the Queen. Baby Castle has enormous yew hedges; Howth Castle, in Ireland, has fine, upstanding beech hedges; Melk House, in Scotland, owned by Lord Lansdowne, has a beech hedge eighteen feet in height and a quarter of a mile in length; there are huge holly hedges at Tynningham, which belongs to Lord Hadington, and a holly hedge of vast proportions is to be seen at Keele Hall, in Staffordshire, which was for so long rented by the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby.

Gardens with grass paths and paved paths have a charming Old World appearance. Grass paths may be seen to perfection at Knole, Lord Sackville's wonderful old home near Sevenoaks. Knole, by the way, was the Vaux of Disraeli's Lothar. And the grass paths at Sutton Place, which belongs to Lord Northcliffe, are most exquisite.

Paved paths are also a pleasant variant from commonplace gravel. Helmingham, Lord Tollemache's place in Suffolk, has its garden paths paved with stone, and the same may be seen at Hackwood Park, which is now owned by Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Blue tiles are used as paths and edges to flower beds at Wood End, Sir Hugo de Bathe's place, near Chichester.

Some people go in for specialties in horticulture. The fuchsia walk at Penrhyn Castle is a sight to see, and so are the rhododendrons at Heron Court, Lord Malmesbury's place near Christchurch. In the late spring a valley like part of the park seems a blaze of brilliant colors—pink, red mauve, yellow and orange. Two rivers, the Avon and the Stour, run through the grounds, and later on this latter will be covered with water lilies.

Lady Ilchester's garden at Abbotbury is rich with the pomp of magnolia and camellia, and gay with spiraea, mimosa and coronilla. Lady Pembroke's garden at Wilton is very fair to see. Near the Italian garden is an evergreen oak with a girth of twenty feet and the cedars are older than those at Warwick Castle.

DUTIES OF SHIP'S PURSER.

Has Many Duties—Is Always Polite and Courteous.

I doubt whether anybody on earth has a more trying time than a ship's purser, says a writer in London Answers. For the last twenty-five years I have acted in that capacity on many first-class mail-boats, and I am paid for being polite and courteous; whatever happens, it should be easy to see that the life of a purser is not all beer and skittles.

If any of the two thousand people on board find a grievance, they, a perfect right to demand to see the purser, and tell him all about it. His duty consists of smiling, or looking grave, according to what the circumstances demand, and convincing the passenger that the grievance will be removed, at any cost, if possible.

The complaints are weird and wonderful at times, and display the most extraordinary ignorance. Quite recently an apparently intelligent man came to me to tell him why we were avoiding the Red Sea. We were in those waters when he spoke, and I told him so, but he clearly did not believe me until he had obtained corroboration from others that the sea was not red there.

Another very odd thing is that an astonishing number of people complain that they have not had an opportunity of seeing the line when they crossed the Equator. What they imagine it could consist of is beyond me.

Tourists are the bane of a purser's life. They regard him as a walking encyclopaedia. For some time I was in a boat that ran to the coast of Norway, and the question that I was asked more often than any other was "What time does the midnight sun rise?" It takes tact to indicate that the sun never sets there, without making the passenger look a fool.

Often, when there has been a lot of work to do, the purser gets no sleep for two or three nights. It would tax the patience of the mildest of men if, after such an experience, an hour after turning into his bunk, to be asked if he thought the ship was going to roll, or whether he will get up and arrange a deck cricket match, please.

The smile with which the purser replies on those occasions is liable to be a little strained. The passenger's one reward is that the purser is "one of the nicest men he has ever met," though he little dreams that the purser may have had murder in his heart when he was apparently so amiable.

One of the little comedies of our lives is that at the beginning of every long voyage we pursers usually get two or three people who confide in us "the perfect remedy for sea-sickness." Sometimes they offer to sell it. I am sorry to say that my experience tells me that there is no remedy for sea-sickness, and when the ship begins to roll about, the advocates of these wonderful "cures" are usually among the first to retire to their berths.

RUBBER BOOM.

Ceylon Has Now Taken to Rubber Cultivation.

One of the certainties of the future is a rapidly increased supply of rubber. Millions of rubber-trees are being set out every year in the Malay Peninsula and in the islands of the East Indies, especially Sumatra and Borneo. Ceylon has turned from tea and coffee and coconuts to rubber, in such large measures that the island will be an important factor in the rubber trade of the world.

A similar rush of rubber-planting is going on in some districts of Brazil. It is a great and growing industry in parts of Central America. There are many rubber plantations in Mexico. There will be rubber groves in bearing before long in the Philippines and Cebu.

If rubber becomes much cheaper, its use in the tyres of vehicles will increase enormously, while it will surely be used for pavements and floors, particularly where there is special reason to avoid noise. It will be employed in large quantities for making boots and shoes, and an increasing use of rubber will be shown in telegraph and telephone apparatus. More rubber is being used every year in aviation devices, particularly in dirigible and ordinary balloons. Another novel use for rubber is in submarine vessels.

It is probable that the product of rubber plantations will all find a market, though the price may have to come down far and fast when the millions of trees growing in various parts of the world come to maturity.

ONE WAY OF PROPOSING.

"I plead not for myself, Adeline," murmured the young man passionately. "It is for my brother Albert I speak."

"What of your brother?" asked the maiden, blushing deeply. "I plead for him, dearest; he is my only brother, and he is lonely—oh, so lonely!"

"Yes, and—"

"And he wants you to be a sister-in-law to him! Will you, Adeline? For his sake, will you?"

ON A NILE DAHABEAB.

An 800 Mile Sail Is Not Advised for a Man in a Hurry.

"If a man wishes to take a course in advancing by going backward and in hastening by sitting still," says a writer in the Congregationalist and Christian World, "let him try to sail up the Nile in a dahabeab."

"At first we were restive. When the river took a great curve and we found our prow pointed at the North Star instead of the Southern Cross, we felt wronged. We wanted to go south and we were going north. We were advancing by retrogression."

"The worst of it was that it turned over the prevailing fair wind into a head wind. We stuck fast a whole week on such a curve at Korosko. We asked the reis (captain), a wizened old Arab, about it and he said it was Joseph's fault."

"It stems that Joseph, finding Egypt in a state of terrible famine and without any water, went up into the Southland seeking a supply. He found the head waters of the Nile and led it down into Egypt, riding himself on something which the reis supposed to be one of those remarkable wheels described by the prophet Ezekiel, which he had adapted as a bicycle."

"He had travelled day and night, and when he reached Korosko, he became exceedingly weary and as he rode he dropped asleep. The wheel swerved suddenly and before he could recover it had made this erratic curve, and the river, of course, followed. Hence our woes."

"We were amazed to discover on reaching Wadi Halfa in the Sudan that only two other dahabeabs had sailed the 800 miles from Cairo in the last twenty years."

"Our dahabeab bears the name Gazelle and boasts that she has the swiftest heels of any on the Nile. She is 50 feet in length, has pleasant staterooms for us all and a pretty saloon. Somewhere she has a kitchen and laundry and accommodations for our crew of twenty men. The huge rakish spar that sweeps back from her foremast is 50 feet long and when our sailor boy climbs to its tip to furl the sail he resembles closely the traditional ant. With its canvas spread and the other sail at her mizenmast a good breeze will send us dashing past the plodding tugboats."

Our sailors are most religious. They are regular at prayers morning, noon and evening, though they have a hard time facing toward Mecca when the dahabeab is rotating on its axis. Often they throw in special and extra prayers. They were engaged in some of these special prayers when we were passing the battlefield of Toshike, where the emirs of the Mahdi, Wad Nejm, who had carried torture and ruin and outrage through a defenceless province, was at last defeated and slain by Gen. Grenfell.

"Being interested in the religious progress of our men we inquired the subject of their prayers. They answered, 'We were thanking Allah that he has received Wad Nejm into heaven and sent Gen. Grenfell to hell.'"

"But our sailors hardly live up to their theology. They are always practising little kindnesses. On the birthday of one of the children they spent the day in decorating the boat and in singing and dancing to amuse them. It has made me wonder if our theology was really as much apart from our daily life."

A SPOON SHAKER.

Straight From Coffeedom.

Coffee can marshall a good squadron of enemies and some very hard ones to overcome. A lady in Florida writes:

"I have always been very fond of good coffee, and for years drank it at least three times a day. At last, however, I found that it was injuring me."

"I became bilious, subject to frequent and violent headaches, and so very nervous, that I could not lift a spoon to my mouth without spilling a part of its contents."

"My heart got 'rickety' and beat so fast and so hard that I could scarcely breathe, while my skin got thick and dingy, with yellow blotches on my face, caused by the condition of my liver and blood."

"I made up my mind that all these afflictions came from the coffee, and I determined to experiment and see."

"So I quit coffee and got a package of Postum which furnished my hot morning beverage. After a little time I was rewarded by a complete restoration of my health in every respect."

"I do not suffer from biliousness any more, my headaches have disappeared, my nerves are as steady as could be desired, my heart beats regularly and my complexion has cleared up beautifully—the blotches have been wiped out and it is such a pleasure to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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

Ever read the above letter? A new and better way to live. This is genuine, true, and full of human interest.

DISPLACING THE COMPASS.

The Gyro Compass Has Proved to be Reliable.

The magnetic needle is in danger of being displaced. The magnetic compass is easily deranged, that is its one great disadvantage. Its rival is the gyro compass.

This device carries a compass card of the ordinary description, and is placed similarly in the binnacle. The heavy disk is mounted within the machine in such a way that the disk is kept absolutely vertical and the axis horizontal, in accordance with the lines laid down by Foucault, the eminent French scientist. It is driven by means of a small electric motor at 20,000 revolutions a minute.

With this instrument the true geographical and not the magnetic north is indicated, while, moreover, it is not affected by the metal in the ship as is the ordinary magnetic compass.

The gyro compass is the invention of some German scientists, and in the land of its origin exhaustive tests have proved it to be so reliable that it is now being introduced into the German navy. The British Admiralty propose to submit the invention to searching trials.

The one obvious weak spot is the rotation of the disk. Should this fall below the critical speed it would become unreliable in operation, while dependence upon the electric motor might arouse misgivings. This is not the first attempt to supplant the ancient compass, and whether it will meet with any greater measure of success than other efforts in the same direction time alone can show.

JIMMY SOLVED IT.

"James," said his mother, "you eat and eat, and never seem satisfied. Here is one more helping of pudding, but it must be the last."

James started on the pudding with delight. "Once upon a time, James," went on his mother, "there was a little boy who ate, and ate, until one day he ate too much pudding and he burst."

"There ain't such a thing as too much pudding!" grunted Jimmy as he finished his helping.

"There must be," said his mother, "or why did the little boy burst?"

"Not enough boy!" replied James, and handed up his plate for a fifth helping.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

The Greens had a new piano, and Eleanor was telling Mildred and the girl across the street about it. "What's the name of your piano?" Mildred enquired of the girl across the street. "Steinmacker," was the answer.

"The name of ours is Pickering," said Mildred.

"Well, ours just came last night," piped Eleanor, "and we haven't named it yet."

Mildred—"Anna, I found a cake of soap in a bowl of water. When you wash your hands, take out the soap and empty the bowl!" "It isn't me, mum. I've not washed my hands since I've been here!"

Nothing is so wearing as an effort to get along with people who grate on your nerves.

"THE BEST HOME PRESERVES"

These are made by rightly combining luscious fresh fruits with

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EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

The best results are then assured.

Ask your grocer for Redpath Extra Granulated Sugar. He knows then that you want the best.

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

THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

UTILIZING FARM WASTES.

When an animal dies upon the farm instead of sending the carcass to the phosphate factory or dumping it in some out of the way place, if the body is reduced by the owner,

several loads of the best fertilizing material will be the result. The carcass should be drawn to a suitable spot and placed upon a bed composed of four or five loads of soil or muck, then covered thickly with quicklime and at least a dozen loads of soil placed upon it. Let it remain undisturbed for nearly a year and the result will be several dollars' worth of a good fertilizer for all crops. In this way all dead animals may be utilized, using less soil or muck as size of animals warrants.

Bones furnish valuable fertilizing material also, and should be saved. To 100 pounds of bones add the same quantity of wood ashes, 25 pounds of lime, and 12 pounds of sal soda finely pulverized. Let remain about three weeks. Add water to moisten well. After decomposing it should be turned out upon a dry place and mixed with dry soil to prepare it for use.

If diluted sulphuric acid is poured over bones, they will be ready for use sooner, and will prevent escape of ammonia. Caustic lye may be used also in reducing bones speedily.

A good fertilizer is made by gathering the refuse from pigeons and poultry houses, with muck leaves and wastes of different kinds. Stable manure may be added. Unslacked lime should not be mixed with manure, as better results are had by the use of lime and ashes by themselves; if used together a large portion of the ammonia will be liberated and wasted. But if a large amount of soil, muck or other absorbent matter is added to the compost, then ashes

or lime may be used, as the carbonic acid will be produced in decomposition in sufficient quantity to take up the ammonia as fast as it is set free.

A cow produced in a year about 2½ cords of solid manure, and three cords of liquid manure. This if all saved, would equal in value her milk. Yet not one out of 20 farmers save or make an effort to save the liquid manure. It is comparatively easy to construct a water tight basin in the stable yard in which liquids may be deposited. Gutters can be made at the rear of cow stables and the liquid refuse carried from there to the basin in the yard.

By turning to account all the farm "waste" mentioned many dollars can be saved which have been heretofore spent in the purchase of commercial fertilizers.

FOR THE HOG RAISER.

It is common sense that a mature sow will produce larger and more perfect pigs than a very young one.

Do not attempt to raise fall pigs without having first prepared a perfect system of housing for the winter.

Spring pigs can get along very well without shelter except from rain until fall, then if you are so shiftless as to fail to provide shelter they are better able to stand cold and rain.

Some people claim that a hog is a scavenger by nature, but he certainly thrives better on clean feed and decent surroundings.

Free range for hogs does not mean that they should be allowed to run in the highways and through the neighbors' fences.

Every enclosure for the hog should be perfectly tight, and with the excellent wire fences that are now manufactured this is an easy matter.



\$3,600
in Cash Prizes for Farmers

Your Photograph May Win a Prize

AMONG the prizes we are offering in our big Prize Contest is one of \$100.00 (Prize "C") for the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing the best of his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. For this prize, work of every description is included.

Now just as soon as you finish that new silo, barn, feeding floor or dairy, that you've been thinking of building, why not photograph it and send the picture to us? The photograph doesn't necessarily have to be taken by a professional. In fact, your son's or your daughter's camera will do nicely. Or, failing this, you might use the kodak of your neighbor's son nearby. In any event, don't let the idea of having a photograph made deter you from entering the competition. Particularly as we have requested your local dealer to help in cases where it is not convenient for the farmer to procure a camera in the neighborhood. By this means you are placed on an equal footing with every other contestant. Get the circular, which gives you full particulars of the conditions and of the other three prizes. Every dealer who sells "CANADA" Cement will have on hand a supply of these circulars—and he'll give you one if you just ask for it. Or if you prefer, you can use the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—send it to us and you'll receive the complete details of the contest by return mail.

If you haven't received your copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," write for that, too. It's a finely illustrated book of 160 pages full of useful and practical information of the uses of concrete.

Write us to-night, and you'll receive the book and the circular promptly.

Do not delay—at right down—take your pen or pencil, and fill out the coupon NOW.

Please send Contest Circular and book.

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ANNEXATION—WHY?

If, in the middle of the last century, a trade treaty was made with Canada and the United States to appease the Annexationists, why, now, should there be fear of annexation when a similar trade agreement is sought? If Reciprocity served once to kill the annexation cry, why should Reciprocity again revive it? Why? Can anyone tell why?

Election three weeks from tomorrow. A long campaign and no one will be sorry when it is over.

And people now are smoking who never smoked before. Perhaps because cigars are cheap at the Conservative committee rooms.

In an interior portion of the Parish of Peel (in which parish B. Frank Smith lives) the census enumerator met with a characteristic case of how the Conservatives make things blue for the simple folk. The enumerator went to a certain house and on stopping at the gate was surprised to see father and son making long and rapid strides for the woods. His knock at the door brought a frenzied wail from a woman—"G'way, G'way I tell ye! If ye come in here the dog'll eat ye up." The census man was firm, however, and insisted upon and gained admission to the house. It was not difficult to explain his errand and when this was done the woman said, "Why Frank Smith was out here t'other day and said we's goin' to have the biggest fight yet pretty soon, and Paw and the boy struck for the woods when they saw you a'comin', thinkin' you's goin' to draft them into the army."

B. F. Smith says it is disloyal for the farmers of Carleton county to seek an American market. If the American market should suddenly close to him the same Mr. Smith would be bankrupt inside of a month. The workmen in his mills would need to find new jobs—and yet does Mr. Smith preach that it is disloyal to trade with Yankees.

Are the Conservatives such a weak-kneed class that they dare not have friendly relations with their neighbors for fear they will be tempted to give them all they own? Perhaps Mr. Fleming may speak from a little experience. You know he once accepted a friendly ride in a palace car, and annexation—!

If there is any annexation feeling in Canada today, reciprocity will go a long way toward killing it.

Young Conservatives in this parish are commended for their zeal. They are fighting valiantly, and the Liberals do not want to talk of big majorities unless each is preaching to his neighbors the Reciprocity gospel.

Stock buyers—certain of them—are pouring into the farmers' ears tales of calamity that will follow if reciprocity becomes law. They want to retain their monopoly and are not willing for the farmer to have his chance.

Potato Growing on Scientific Principles

Interesting Experiments on P. E. Island

Great interest is being taken by the farmers of P. E. Island in the experiments in potato growing, which are being conducted by Dr. Andrew McPhail, of McGill University, Montreal, and brother Professor Alexander McPhail, of Queen's University, Kingston, on their part of their spring and summer vacation.

Five years ago they took up potato growing according to scientific principles. The first year their work was wholly experimental. It consisted in testing various varieties, and selecting from any given variety the best seed, with the result that they obtained half a bushel from half an acre. The next year these were planted out of the crop fifteen bushels were selected. They kept on planting from year to year so that they now have developed a type known as "The Orwell Square." Three acres of the thirty under potatoes are planted with "Orwell Squares." They claim that this variety represents the best that can be accomplished in the growing of seed. Its chief characteristics are freedom from rot, uniformity of size, regularity of shape, toughness of skin, and fine quality and flavor. In conducting their experiments one of the problems they sought to solve was, "Will potatoes breed true to form, irrespective of variety?" Heretofore it was found that a single stalk might have growing on it long round or square potatoes. The great problem, however, before Island potato growers is, "Can we produce a crop of the requisite quality and quantity to command a ready sale in the larger markets?"

On the Orwell farm the potatoes are all packed for shipment in two bushel boxes, being handled as carefully as if they were fruit. This season they will be stored in a frost proof warehouse and carried over to the spring. Last year they received about twenty cents a bushel more than the market price prevalent for Island potatoes handled under ordinary conditions. They ship their crop to a small special market, which cannot absorb large quantities at the price they receive, namely, 55c.

The expectation three years ago of having access to the large market of the United States induced Dr. McPhail and his brother to grow potatoes on a large scale. The opening of the American market under reciprocity they contend should make potato growing a profitable venture in this Province, not necessarily because it will equalize it from year to year.

On being asked, "You are therefore in favor of reciprocity?" the Doctor replied, "This is not a treaty of reciprocity." The people of the United States have decided by a vote in the Senate of fifty-three to twenty-seven that they would like to pay lower duties to themselves upon the goods which they import. The people of Canada are asked at this election if they would like to pay lower duties upon goods which we import. If we don't like these low duties we can raise our taxes next year and the people of the States can do the same. The Doctor claims that reciprocity is the beginning of an attempt on the part of both people to free themselves from tyranny of protection. He says that back of reciprocity is an issue as old as the world, namely, the interests of the few against the interests of the many. It is one of the signs that the whole grotesque fabric of protection in America, including Canada, is coming down; that is the cause of the outcry against reciprocity.

On the thirty acres of potatoes an eight thousand bushel crop is expected, but the drought this year, the worst that section of the Island has known for sixty years, has upset their calculations. The Messrs McPhail have about fifteen varieties on the thirty acres, the earliest of which mature in ninety days and the latest, including the "Orwell Square," in about one hundred and five. During the five years the experiments have been carried on they have found that potatoes grown year after year on the same land have shown no falling off in production. No stable manure is used on the farm, but instead of that a fertilizer consisting of sulphate of potash, nitrate of soda, and basic slag, applied at the rate of eight hundred pounds to the acre by means of a planter. At the same time the seed is put into the ground. They said they used fertilizer because it is more convenient than the other although a combination of both would probably be most effective. They were satisfied that certain soil will grow potatoes with fertilizer exclusively for a long time.

One of the handicaps to successful potato growing on the Island is the presence of the scab, for which they have as yet discovered no remedy.

Both the doctor and his brother are carrying out their work at Orwell

with great enthusiasm. They are applying to it scientific minds trained to solve the practical problem of farming. We have on the Island, said the Doctor, the most fertile soil in the world, a soil that yields most kindly to treatment. Farmers are just upon the eve, he says, of tremendous discoveries in agriculture. Science, which heretofore has been mainly directed to transportation, is turning its attention to farming. Already in this Province there has been a great advance in recent years in scientific agriculture.

The Messrs. McPhail are also conducting experiments in tobacco growing. They are trying five different varieties and are looking for one that will ripen the quickest in this country. The Montmillian, introduced by Doctor Charlan, the expert of the Tobacco Division in Ottawa, has shown good results.

Anti-Reciprocityists Are Surely Mad

It would be difficult to pay a worse compliment to our people's intelligence and information than by the persistent assertion that Canada had given no mandate for reciprocity in natural products with the United States.

Up to 1866 she enjoyed such reciprocity. It saved her from commercial distress and downed the only annexation movement Canada ever knew—movement among the Montreal Conservatives.

1866, A. T. Galt visited Washington unofficially, and subsequently he and W. P. Howland, both Conservatives, went on an official mission to secure, if possible, an extension of the reciprocity treaty which had been denounced by the United States. The Canadian Government appealed to the House Government to use its influence at Washington to avert what would be regarded as a great calamity.

1868, A standing offer of reciprocity on the lines of the 1854 treaty, was incorporated in the first tariff law passed by the Dominion Parliament under the control of Sir John A. Macdonald, Conservative.

1869, Sir John Rose, Finance Minister of Canada, Conservative, went to Washington and tried, unsuccessfully, to negotiate a reciprocity treaty.

1870, Canadian tariff amended, but standing offer of reciprocity retained.

1871, Sir John A. Macdonald, Conservative, on the occasion of the drafting of the Washington treaty, sought, unavailingly, to reopen the question of reciprocity.

1874, George Brown, Liberal, went to Washington and negotiated a treaty in natural products and in a selected list of manufactures. Treaty rejected by the United States Senate.

1879, Standing offer of reciprocity incorporated in the National Policy tariff by Sir John A. Macdonald, Conservative. By this the Canadian Government took power to take off the duties on United States Congress doing likewise.

1888, Sir Charles Tupper, Conservative, went to Washington commissioned to negotiate a reciprocity arrangement approaching as possible that of 1854. As a consideration Sir Charles offered all privileges enjoyed under the fishery articles of the Treaty of Washington. This would have opened the Canadian fishing waters to United States fishermen.

1891, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson and the Hon. George E. Foster, Conservatives, twice visited Washington. They made what Sir Charles described as "an unrestricted offer of reciprocity."

1893, Unofficial overtures. "Sir John Thompson, speaking in April, 1894, said he had taken occasion to let the United States know that Canada was prepared to negotiate a reciprocity treaty."

1896, Unofficial discussion of reciprocity by Representatives of the Liberal Government.

1898, Unsuccessful attempt of the Joint High Commission, sitting first at Quebec and afterwards at Washington, to negotiate a reciprocity treaty.

The reason why the matter has been in abeyance since then was that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had declared upon this rebuff that Canada would go no more to the United States—that the subject would not be reopened again till the United States came to Canada. There has never been any reversal of the uniform attitude of Canada on the subject. The United States did come to Canada and Canada would have stultified herself by not receiving them. There were no premonitions of the protectionist squall till after the agreement had been come to.

Last week W. G. Emery of Bangor purchased seven carloads of lambs in Carleton county for the American market. He said that the Canadian people were crazy if they turned down reciprocity, and that if the agreement had become law he would pay a cent pound more for lambs.

RECIPROCAL TRADE

Here is an observation from the Montreal Witness in regard to the proposed reciprocal trade relations with the United States which has in it a substantial stratum of common sense that must appeal to the ordinary person who desires to deal with these reciprocal projects on their merits:

"If what the anti-reciprocity party calls tapping the prosperity of Canada is intended as a joke, it is a poor one at which we can hardly smile, but should it be meant seriously it would be difficult to restrain our laughter. Our trade with the United States, owing to proximity and the requirements of them and ourselves for the interchange of the natural products of each is large, while the desire to increase that trade is as easily understood as would be the efforts of a couple of merchants in different lands doing business together to enlarge their commerce with each other. Canadians selling say a hundred million dollars worth across the border will surely be benefited by increasing that to a hundred and fifty million dollars worth, for it is ridiculous to suppose that we would send any of our goods there without advantage in doing so. They would give us fifty million dollars for the extra export, and the increased sale and the increased profit would give us so much wealth to distribute among our people. It is equally preposterous on the other hand to deny that by purchasing certain articles we absolutely require cheaper than at present, we should suffer instead of gain by the change."

Of course a reasonable argument like that quoted will have no effect whatever upon the man who believes that the United States are going to destruction and need reciprocal trade with us, and our eventual absorption in order to save them from the ruin that is impending. —St. John Globe.

KNOWLESVILLE

J. W. Lawson and Emery Manuel attended the Nomination of B. Frank Smith at Woodstock.

J. R. H. Simms, wife and family of Bath were guests of his brother George over Sunday.

Miss Myrtle Whitehouse, telephone operator of Woodstock spent her vacation at home.

Rev. John Puddington of Bath was calling on friends here, last week.

C. Hayward and son of Rockland passed through here on Tuesday with a large drove of lambs.

Ronest Sewell and wife of Bristol were guests at Albert Frost's on Sunday.

The school house is being extensively repaired, Chas. Swin of Rockland is the carpenter.

Miss Barbara Wilson of Arnyle will teach the school at South Knowlesville next term.

Miss Nettie Manuel leaves on Saturday to take charge of the school at Maxwell, York Co.

Robert L. Simms will return to Florenceville, on Saturday, to resume the principalship of the school there.

Mrs. Emery Manuel entertained the Ladies Aid Society on Thursday.

Hedley Fraser and Geo. Lawson are receiving congratulations on the arrival of young sons at their homes.

Frederic Hemphill wears a smile—it's a girl.

Miss Edith Cook visited relatives at East Coldstream last week.

Mrs. Hannah Hemphill of East Knowlesville was the guest of Mrs. E. W. Spinney on Wednesday.

Misses Ruby and Eva MacNerlin of Kirkland visited friends here, recently.

Albert Frost entertained the young folks to a very pleasant dance on Thursday evening.

Miss Madge Manuel returned on Saturday from a visit with her sister Mrs. Chas. Lawson at Kars, Kings Co., also with relatives in Fredericton and St. John.

The many friends of Rev. F. T. Bertram will be pleased to listen to him on Sunday evening when he will occupy the pulpit in the church here; Mr. Bertram is a former Methodist pastor of the church.

H. N. Doucette attended the funeral of his brother-in-law Rev. C. T. Phillips at Woodstock.

Miss Dois Frost visited Fredericton, recently.

An oyster supper will be held at the home of James Hibbs on the evening of September the 1st. Everybody is cordially invited. The money raised goes on the fund for repairing the church. Don't forget the date Sept. 1st. Come everybody and enjoy a good time.

C. S. Young was calling on friends here on Friday.

Mrs. A. K. Avery will entertain her lady friends to a party on Thursday.

Miss Minnie Frost of Bristol who has been visiting relatives here has returned home.

Wm. McEwan and wife of East Knowlesville were guests at E. Manuel's on Monday.



Fancy

Prices?

NO!

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

GOOD SUIT

But you say

"I want a Good Style"

Of course you do and you can get it here at

A Reasonable

Bargain.

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

HOW ABOUT THE FIT

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

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK

Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

Commercial Hotel

"A Home Away from Home."

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

HARTLAND, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

50,000

FARM LABOR RS

WANTED

IN WESTERN CANADA

IN A FEW DAYS

WATCH FOR FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

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

Rideout & Sipprell

proprietors of the

"Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25 cents

Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clean.

Fresh Fruits, Finest Chocolates, Canned Goods, etc.

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

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE

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

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

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

JOSEPH PEARSON,

Secretary to School Trustees

School District number 4

Upper Brighton, Carleton Co., N. B.

Local News and Personal Items

John Hasty of Woodstock was here on Thursday.

See Arthur Estabrooks' add re ammunition and rifles.

W. F. Thornton received his new auto on Thursday. It is a dandy.

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

The people of Upper Brighton enjoyed a very pleasant picnic on Thursday.

Born, on Monday morning, Aug. 26, to the wife of A. W. Kyle, a son.

On Friday, J. W. Montgomery and Oscar Baker went to Toronto to attend the fair.

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

Col. and Mrs. G. E. Boyer and family have returned to their home at Fort Fairfield.

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

Misses Edna Shaw and Genie Taylor attended the Baptist picnic at Lower Brighton on Thursday.

George Rideout of Somerville, entertained his young friends at a birthday party on Tuesday of last week.

Miss Tina Davidson returned on Monday from Kincardine where she had been visiting at her home.

There will be Church of England service in Burr's hall next Sunday at 7:50 p. m.; Sunday school at 2.45.

I. S. G. Van Wart, son of the late Rev. T. S. Van Wart, has been chosen as the Liberal candidate for Calgary.

Ten extra trains passed through here Sunday. The potato trade is now in full swing, making prompt shipments necessary.

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

Fred H. Stevens and his guests Alan and Kenneth MacIntyre, spent Sunday with their cousins, the Misses Phillips at Jacksonville.

Miss Ethel Armstrong, bookkeeper for the L. K. Cary Co., has returned from a vacation at Hartland, says the Fort Fairfield Review.

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

Mrs. Geo Peoples of Haverhill is here and has taken occupancy of her house on Bradley street. Her husband will come from Haverhill, later on.

Walter Craig of Carlisle brought to this office the other day a cucumber that measured nine inches in length and the same in circumference.

Miss Gladys Goodrich of Fort Fairfield, has been visiting Miss Edna Hagerman, who on Friday evening entertained a party of friends in her honor.

W. H. Ross, representing the Townshend Piano Co. of St. John placed a new Gerhard-Heintzmann piano in the home of Dr. Curtis, Wednesday.

FOR SALE—Two bicycles at big bargains, \$7 and \$10 each. One of them has coaster brake. They are in perfect repair and will render good service. Write, call or telephone the OBSERVER.

Preston, Donald and Ada Boyd, children of D. B. Boyd of Fort Fairfield, formerly of Peel, have been visiting their grandfather Fred Dickinson at Victoria.

On Wednesday last, at the home of John M. Sewall, Rockland, Colby Derrah of Hartland and Laura Stockford, of Coldstream, were united in marriage by Rev. A. M. McNinch.

Prof. W. F. Watson and family, who have spent several weeks with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Watson, have returned to their home in Greenville, S. C.

Mrs. H. H. Hatfield, Miss Edna Sippell, Mrs. Adolphus Foster and Mrs. I. B. Curtis and the Misses Curtis went to St. John on the excursion on Monday.

On Sunday, Boyd Fisher, Miss Cecil Fisher, of Fort Fairfield, Mrs. Gardiner Chapin and John Sayre Fitch, New York, were registered at the Exchange.

School books and school supplies of all kinds at Estey & Curtis.

The excursion to St. John on Monday, on the occasion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit, drew the largest crowd that ever went from Carleton and Victoria counties. At Hartland 180 tickets were sold.

Mrs. James Reid, who has been speeding the summer with her mother Mrs. Eliza Harmon at Peel, was calling on friends here on Thursday. Mr. Reid came from Toronto on Monday and both return today.

A number of Conservatives went to Woodstock, on Monday evening to hear the ex-Liberal, the man to whom a year ago no adjective was too severe for them to apply, speak against reciprocity.

Hon. P. C. Keegan of Van Buren thinks reciprocity will, by New Brunswick competition, force the Aroostook farmers into general farming and that the result will be good for both sides of the line.

Notwithstanding the ad. on first page Estey and Curtis have all the New Brunswick apples they can handle. They are, however, open to buy famous, Alexanders and wealthies and will pay the highest cash price.

Mrs. Fenderson with two children is the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Thistle. Mr. Fenderson is soon to take charge of the B. & A. station at Mars Hill as agent. Bridgewater Corr. Mars Hill View.

After a long illness the death of Richard D. Currie occurred at his home at Bath on Sunday evening. He was very well known throughout the upper portion of the county. He was 70 years of age and is survived by his wife, two sons and a daughter.

Lieut. S. W. Smith of Mount Pleasant, after winning money in every class in the provincial rifle shoot, returned from the Dominion matches on Thursday, well pleased with what he did in the great competition. He did not do so well as in the last two years, but attributes this to his rifle having become worn.

Alan and Kenneth MacIntyre of Hyde Park, Mass., are guests at the home of their great uncle, H. M. Stevens, Somerville. They came by the water route to Fredericton and from there by tramping and camping along the way. They are charmed with the province, and Carleton county in particular, and say if they were not Yankees they would rather be Canadians.

If any one tells you that the reciprocity trade agreement is a treaty, he states an untruth. If any one tells you the trade agreement must run a certain number of years—two, five, or twenty—it is not true. If any man tells you that the trade agreement cannot be broken by a single vote of parliament without recourse to Washington, that man is a liar. The reciprocity agreement is a safe scheme. Let us try it.

Reports of the campaign from the Liberal side is that throughout the county the outlook is cheering for an increased majority. Carvell is met in every locality with cordial supporters, and it is said that the tour of the county shows marked gains over a similar tour two years ago. There is a reason; Carvell has fulfilled his pledge and the farmers want reciprocity.

Services in the Methodist Church next Sunday morning and evening conducted by the pastor, Rev. Hubert T. Smith. Morning at 10.30, Subject, "Christian Perfection." Evening at 7.30, Subject "The Rejected Christ." Sunday school at 2.30. Special attention is drawn to the morning service which is held every alternate Sunday. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. All invited.

Very strange it is that B. Frank Smith should send to Houlton, Me., U. S. A., for Maurice Buzzell and his auto—an American car—to carry him around canvassing. His American chauffeur, his American car, his American lumber market, do not of course, disturb this ultra-loyal subject; but you farmers, you mere farmers must not have a chance to the same freedom—no open markets for you. You must not vote for Reciprocity or the Yankees will come and get you.

W. N. Raymond is planning to go to Vancouver with his family this fall. He does not intend to remain permanently unless conditions are much better than here.

Garnett Birmingham of the Bank of Montreal, at Canso, N. S., is at his home at Victoria Corner on sick leave. He expects to go back to his duties on Saturday next.

Reciprocity will Make his Farm Worth 2,000 More.

Here is what one well known Carleton county farmer and lumberman thinks of Reciprocity: "If Reciprocity goes through," he said to The Sentinel on Wednesday, "I'll want just \$2,000 more for my property than I do today. Why, my father and his sons have paid enough duty on lumber we've shipped in the past few years to make one of us independent for life." Reciprocity is not a political question for that man. It's a question of dollars and cents. That's why he's going to vote for Carvell and Better Markets.

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

Drivers for Sale

Red Glenn mare, seven years old, brown with black points, kind, not afraid of autos. Lord Dufferin mare, dam, Red Glenn. This is three years old, brown with black points, well broken, lots of grit, kind, a beauty for someone.

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

F. N. GRANT PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs

BREAD like MOTHER used to make. Fine Confectionery and Soft Drinks. SIMMS

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



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

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

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the honorable the minister of Public Works, equal to ten percent (10 p. c.) of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or fail to complete the contract. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order R. C. DESROCHERS Secretary

Department of Public Works Ottawa, August 2, 1911.

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

BOHAN BROS.

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

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

Miles Sherwood Dealer in Fresh Meats of all kinds Buyer and Shipper of Hides FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

M. W. CALDWELL GENERAL MERCHANT BRISTOL

has added to his stock Lime, Brick, Cement and Shingles at lowest cash prices. special values in Footwear and Clothing.

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

OLD FACES MADE NEW

Exchange Hotel W. F. Thornton, Proprietor Well equipped to carry any. Livery Stable in connection. Main St., Hartland, N. B.

New Barber Shop. H. B. BOYER Everything new, neat and clean. Ladies Massage and Shampooing a specialty. Over Gees's Store, Main St. HARTLAND, N. B.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

T. B. THISTLE Hartland, N. B.

DON'T FAIL

To Take Your Vacation and Visit

New Brunswick's Big Fair Fredericton Exhibition

Sept. 16 to Sept. 23

THE BIG SHOW OF 1911

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

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

3 Days -- RACING -- 3 Days

Special Fairs on all Railways and Steamers. Write the Secretary for Price List, Programme of Attractions and Further Information.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL, President

W. S. HOOPER, Secretary

MILLINERY

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

HATS ALLREADY MADE-UP

Will be Sold at a Much Reduced Price during August.

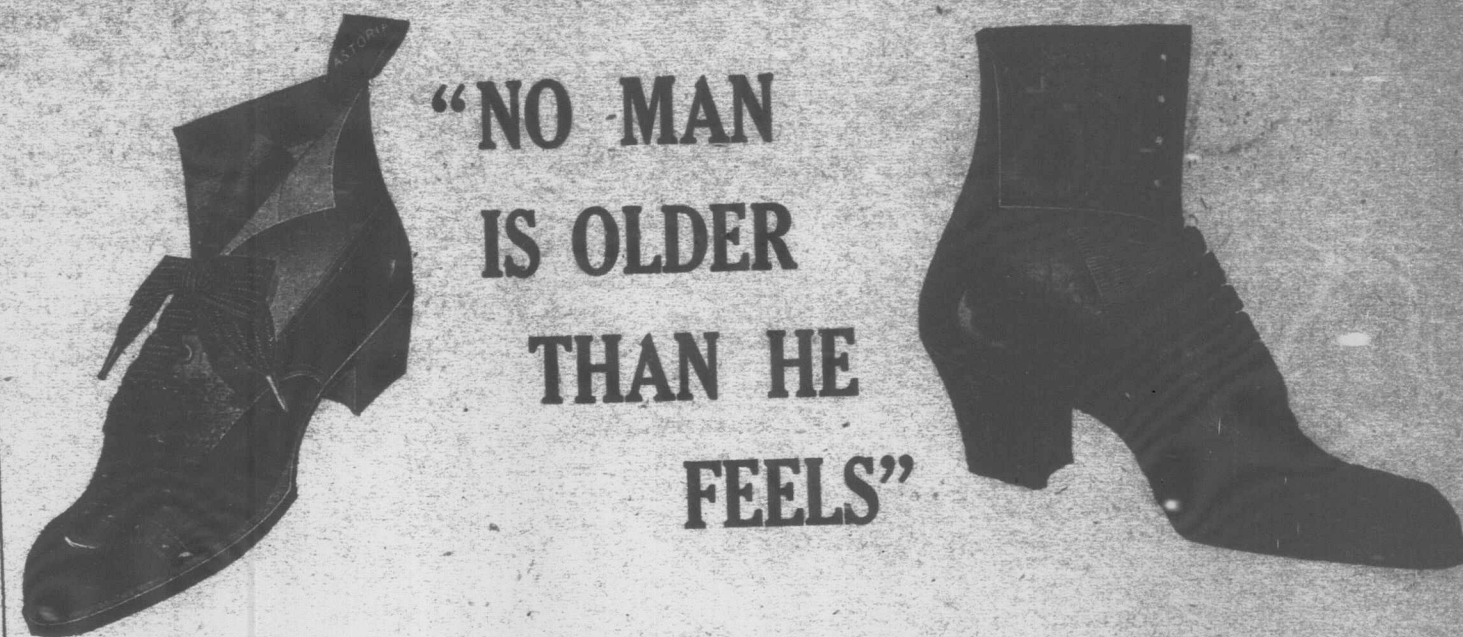
August Sale of Wall Paper

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

Ladies Suits in Cloth Linen and Duck

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

Hartland Farmers' Exchange C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR



"NO MAN IS OLDER THAN HE FEELS"

And the way he dresses his feet has a lot to do with how he feels.

Straighten out the kinks with a pair of our Men's Low Shoes --- you needn't get the gay kind --- but you'll feel gay in any kind that comes from our store.

All leathers --- Patent, Tan, Dull or Bright --- straight swing, high toe and narrow toe.

The Peoples Shoe Store H. R. NIXON

Honest tea is the best policy LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

HUNTING THE QUAY BIRD

HUNTER HAD ONLY TO HIDE
AND REMAIN QUIET.

Spent With the N. C. Heron No
Longer Permit in North
Carolina.

"It is against the law to hunt the quays now," said a native of the "dismals" district of the North Carolina peninsula, "and of course it ought to be, but we used to think we had a heap of fun gathering in the long-legged, wary, keen-eyed critters. I don't know just why we found sport in it, though, for they weren't any good for the table.

"It was the swamps that gave the bird the name of quays bird, applying it from the cry the bird utters at certain times, a cry that sounds like 'quay, quay, quay.' You will perhaps know it better by its proper name of night heron. It is by no means nearly as common in the quays and cypress swamps of that part of North Carolina as it used to be, but it still lingers in the cold time haunts, and continues to be one of the most interesting of all the creatures that inhabit the 'dismals,' as we term them locally, although to the nature lover they are not dismal at all.

To me the only thing that has made them dismal is the invasion of the lumberman, who is spoiling them by chopping away their venerable trees. It is to the undisturbed portions of these dismal that the night heron still resorts in the spring, takes possession of its old haunts and rears its young, usually rebuilding the nest that has been the domicile of its ancestors for time out of mind.

"In three weeks the young herons are hatched and they are so vigorous that they do not

TARRY A MOMENT

in the nest, but climb out and clamber to the topmost branches of the parent tree, where they cling and chatter. There are four young ones in each nest and as every particular nestling leaves the egg with an appetite demanding instant and continuous attention the squawking they keep up would make the untutored visitor to the swamp at once ask for the nearest way out.

"Added to the babel of sound proceeding from the young herons is the shrill cry of the old bird—as if sharply ordering the youngsters to shut up or let their victuals stop their mouths. But although the throats of the parent herons, young and old, might be filling the swamp with a deafening and discordant chorus, the sight of a hunter creeping and crawling through the tangled underbrush and bogs would instantly hush every voice, and the swamp in that immediate vicinity would become as silent as it was noisy before.

"It was at such times that the swamper hunting for his bag of young quays would get his opportunity. They are expert hid-ers and can conceal themselves among the branches of the tree, so as to defy the keenest eyes seeking to discover them. Sometimes when frightened by the presence of foes they will throw themselves into the water beneath them, and although they are not webfooted and as yet very scant of feathers, they can swim and dive like ducks, and they seek safety in the soft mud of the shores or in any hole or hiding place they can find.

"Knowing these traits of the young birds the hunter had only to hide himself and remain quiet. In a few minutes the fears of the quays were abate. They call one another with that peculiar cry of theirs, and as the cries are answered they peep out of their hiding places and begin to set up their squawk again for

SOMETHING TO EAT.

the old birds in the meantime having risen high in the air and circled about as if reconnoitering.

"The old herons are extremely wary. Their sense of hearing is so acute that it was a difficult matter for a person hunting them to get near enough to one for a shot. That was why I found sport in trying conclusions with the full grown night heron, I guess.

"They seemed to know the exact distance at which a shot could reach them and watched every

movement of the hunter. Timing him and measuring his proximity with almost unerring accuracy, they would take wing with an aggravating shriek, as if voicing their satisfaction over their smartness and their enjoyment of his disappointment.

"Even when a hunter succeeded in getting a shot at a night heron, if he did not kill it, or wound it so it was helpless, he was sure to have trouble before he bagged his game. If simply crippled, the bird would seek a hiding place in the bushes or thick reeds. If the shelter was insufficient or the hiding place was uncovered by the hunter, the wounded heron would instantly put itself in fierce battle array, and with its triple feathered crest erect, its long bill snapping, its eyes blazing with fury, prepare to defend itself to the end.

"Brought thus to bay, the wounded heron would fight savagely with bill and claws, and its claws are so sharp and strong that many a time they have proved a weapon so effective that the hunter was compelled to retreat from close combat with the desperate bird. A wounded heron will likewise deliver telling blows with its wings, and more than one overconfident heron hunter has been knocked senseless.

"All the while a heron wounded in its life with a hunter it utters loud and harsh cries, doubtless a signal of distress, for it frequently happened that the hunter would suddenly and himself confronted by other angry but uncorrupted herons, which had come to the assistance of their companion in his difficulty. In such cases the hunter not abundantly supplied with ammunition always found prudence the better part of valor and left the field to the wounded heron and its brethren.

GARDEN DAY BY DAY.

Each Day Brings Its Own Special Work.

Monday.—During a spell of hot weather the lawn should not be mown too closely, and if the clippings are allowed to lie they will protect the sward from the direct heat of the sun.

Tuesday.—If you are troubled with weeds in a gravel path, the following plan will prove effective: First procure a few cents' worth of rough salt, scatter it evenly over the path, and then apply water at as near boiling point as possible. Rake over, and then roll the path.

Wednesday.—Choose showery weather, if possible, for setting out cabbage, cauliflower, and Brussels sprouts plants. Bed them in firmly, but not too deeply.

Thursday.—It is an excellent plan to place bowls of water near the strawberry bed. Many experts declare that birds only peck at the fruit for the moisture it contains.

Friday.—Thin beetroot to eight or nine inches apart in the row.

Saturday.—Vines are often found growing out of doors. The bunches of fruit should now be thinned, each superfluous berry being cut away with a pair of old scissors. If the thinning is not drastic there is little hope of the fruit coming to a useful size.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

What to do and What not to do When They Occur.

"No time like holidays for accidents," said the ambulance man, "and it's a pity more people don't understand something about first aid. But next to knowing just exactly what to do, the best thing is to know what to avoid.

"Don't, for instance, try to give a person who has fainted any liquid of any kind whatever. The only thing to do is to loosen all clothing about the neck, and give them as much fresh air as possible.

"That's the chief point to bear in mind in most cases of accident—plenty of fresh air. If a man has been nearly drowned the same advice applies.

"Where serious bleeding results from an accident, don't rush to tie up the wound with a handkerchief. The safest plan is to press your finger or hand upon the wound, and hold it there till skilled help arrives.

"Except in very exceptional circumstances, don't move the patient; keep him quiet on the spot where the accident happened until the doctor arrives. Don't forget to send for the medical man at once, and until he comes don't give your patient any brandy or similar stimulant."

SPECKLED TROUT EAT THEM

SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS A
BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

They Will Jump After These in
Preference to Other
Bait.

"In spite of a prevailing belief to the contrary, the seventeen year locust is a blessing in disguise," said a Staten Island member of the angling fraternity. "I'm going to tell you about it.

"Last week I ran up to Greenwood Lake, and while I was there I fished some of the little streams near by for trout. They are not wonderful trout streams, but I have never failed to get enough for breakfast. This time I found them so low from the lack of rain that only in the pools was it possible to fish at all. And the trout in the pools were so easy that it was necessary to stalk them with as great care as one would stalk a deer.

"The first day I climbed over the Bellevue Mountain to Black Creek, where there is a stretch of stream about half a mile long tumbling down through a rocky gorge called Buttermilk Falls. There is a series of about half a dozen cascades with intermediate pools and in these the trout were gathered.

"Crossing the mountain, I noticed that on every bush and shrub were dozens of seventeen year locusts that had just made their appearance. They kept up a buzzing, droning chorus sounding unlike the whirr of distant machinery. I picked several of the bushes and examined them closely and found them to be very attractive in their coloring, much more so than the

ORDINARY LOCUST.

we see every summer.

"Well, when I reached the creek I fished down through the gorge with flies, using some I considered especially attractive to rainbows, for this stream was stocked with the Western trout about five years ago. All my best efforts were in vain, so I turned and fished up with angle worms, catching a few native brook trout, only two of which were large enough to keep. All this time the droning of the locusts had been sounding in my ears, and suddenly the thought occurred to me that perhaps the trout might like them as a change of diet.

"I soon had five or six in my bait box, and selecting a likely pool I cast Mr. Locust directly in the shadow of an overhanging rock where there was an eddy of white foam from the waterfall above. He hit the water rather heavily, but that made no difference. His legs began to twitch and his beautifully colored wings gave a slight flutter when bang! the trout had him, and down again into the pool.

"When I beached the fish after a good struggle, for I was fishing with a five ounce rod and had

NO LANDING NET.

I was delighted to find he was a rainbow and measured exactly 12 inches. And I got one in every pool where I had previously fished with both fly and worm, all on locusts and all measuring about the same size.

"On two successive days I tried two other brooks with the same bait and had almost as good luck. These streams have no rainbow in them, but the native trout I got were all worth keeping and the beauty of it was that I wasn't bothered by the little fellows. A locust is a pretty good mouthful, I admit, but you must remember that a full grown trout has a pretty big mouth.

"And another thing. There's a pond near where I live on Staten Island that affords good black bass fishing. After I got back from Greenwood Lake I strolled over there to see how things looked, in anticipation of the opening of the bass season on the 16th of this month. With my trouting experience still fresh in my mind, I caught several locusts and threw them into the pond. And the way those bass gobbled them up almost made me disregard a rule I have followed all my life, never to take game out of season."

THE MAN WHO KNEW.

The disgusted diner hacked away at the toughest of tough steaks that ornamented his plate. After trying in vain to make any impression upon it, he called the waiter to him.

"Waiter!" he cried. "Fetch the proprietor to me at once!"

"Please, sir, you can't—"

"Don't argue with me! I want to see the proprietor!"

"You can't see him now," replied the waiter; "he's gone out to lunch!"

"My doctor told me I would have to stop eating much meat." "Did you laugh him to scorn?" "I did at first. But when he sent in his bill I found he was right."

THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

EXPLORED IN 1910 BY DEPART-
MENT OF INTERIOR.

Report as to Timber Along Pro-
posed Route not very
Optimistic.

"There is probably enough timber available to build the rough construction work of the Hudson Bay Railway."

During the summer of 1910 the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior had a party exploring along a portion of the proposed route of the Hudson Bay Railway and in the words just quoted the head of the party (Mr. J. R. Dickson, B.S.E., Assistant Inspector of Forest Reserves) in his report, just published, gives his impression of the timber of that part of the country.

THE COUNTRY TRAVERSED.

The party started at The Pas and covered some eight thousand square miles of territory. Their explorations included the country around Mitishto lake, the Mitishto river, the Grass river system, with its numerous lake expansions (including Wukusko lake), Pakwa (or Pakwahigan) lake, Setting and Split lakes and the Nelson river system, including Cross and Sipi-week lakes, Wintaring and Landing lakes, return being made by way of the Minago (or Pine) river. The district inspected covered some 235 miles of the line of the proposed railway.

METHOD OF SURVEY.

The method followed was to run inspection lines at three to six mile intervals. The men worked singly, running the lines by compass, and were able to travel from four to six miles per day and return to the line. In this way a rapid reconnaissance was made, which was extended by the use of field glasses.

TIMBER OF THE REGION.

Through the country covered by the exploration, no timber was found at any distance back from the water. "Only a mere fraction of one per cent of the area surveyed now carries merchantable timber," he reports.

"Spruce is, for the most part, the only timber there which is large enough for saw-timber or railway ties. The poplar, birch and jack pine are too short, spindly, limby and crooked for anything but fuel and pulpwood. Practically all the tamarack has been killed by insects. "We did not find two hundred green tamarack above ten inches in diameter all summer," writes Mr. Dickson.

The total number of ties available in the district traversed is estimated at some 300,000; the saw-timber totals about nine and a half million feet. For pile timber dead tamaracks and the largest of the close-grained black spruce could be used. The possible supply of fuel-wood is enormous, and there will also be a large supply of pulpwood, but much of the timber is as yet too small even for pulping.

RATE OF GROWTH OF TREES.

The rate of growth, as far as observed, is generally decidedly slow. Black spruce takes, on the average, one hundred years to attain a diameter of four to five inches, and in the same period white spruce grows to a diameter of eight to twelve inches, and poplar to eight to ten inches. "I saw no jackpine stand where the trees averaged even six inches in diameter, the author says. The slow rates of growth are largely due to the cold wet soil of the undrained muskegs which cover so much of the district.

DANGER FROM FIRE AND INSECTS.

"The fire loss and danger is appalling," to use Mr. Dickson's words. Two great fires have occurred, approximately forty and eighty years ago, respectively, and practically every corner of the region has been burned over by these. Instances were frequently noted where these fires had leaped lakes over a mile in width. Fires frequently live in the dry moss all winter and break out again in spring.

The work of the fires is supplemented by that of the bark beetles. Not only have these insects killed practically all the tamarack, but they are now at work destroying the scattered patches of mature spruce. When the beetles finish their work and killed the trees, a strong wind overthrusts these. Finally lightning sets fire to the tangle of debris resulting and the fire, thus started, may run over a mile after mile of the country.

The report makes a number of suggestions for the better protection of the region from fire, but the district is so extensive and practically uninhabited that, if a fire starts, the chances of controlling it, even with a good ranger system, are not all certain. An interesting point noted is that the Indians of

MAGIC
BAKING
POWDER

INSURES
PERFECT
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RESULTS

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the region are much more careful with fire than the white men.

Brief remarks of much interest are made with regard to the topography, soil, vegetation and climate of the region, its agricultural possibilities, mineral resources, fish, game and fur animals and other topics.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

What the sages have said of man: Man has been defined by Aristotle as "a reasoning animal"; by Plato as "a political animal"; by Dante as "a ridiculous animal"; by Varchi and John Fiske as "an improvable animal"; and Beethoven calls him "mad worked up by the hand of God."

Man is the animal capable of political wisdom.—Plato.

Certainly man is no other than the dream of a cloud.—Pindar.

Why I see all of us to be no more than vain worms and shadows.—Sophocles.

Man is a bundle of habits.—Aristotle.

A man is what he is used to.—Hippocrates.

Philip father of Alexander, had a servant whose sole business it was to remind him that he was human. It is said, accordingly, that he never went from the house, and having returned never gave audience to any one without first this servant would say to him three times in a loud voice: "Philip, thou art a man!"

Man is a compendium of the universe; in reason he is an image of God; in his nutritive and reproductive functions he belongs to the animal order; he grows like a vegetable; besides he has much of the inert substance of minerals.—Pythagoras.

Epicurus said: Thou art an animal carrying a corpse.—Marcus Aurelius.

To men, man is a wolf, not a man.—Plautus.

Man, thou canst only be compared to the dirt from which thou wast made.—Guertazzi.

The nature of a people is first rude, then severe, then kind, then delicate, then dissolute.—Vico.

I have read, I know not where, that man is a beast, humanity divine. It is not true. As for me, I have always had to fix my eye upon the isolated, individual man, to reconcile myself to men in the mass.—Tarchetti.

It was the tragedian, Crebillon, who, when asked why he kept so many dogs about him, said: "Since I have come to know men, I prefer dogs."

"Is well said that man has no greater enemy than himself.—Fierzenzola.

Every man is a poet and an artist in the first years of his life; an arid desert in his last years.—Tarchetti.

The immediate end of humanity is the harmonious development of all its faculties and forces.—Mazzini.

Behold the life of man: At 20 a peacock; at 30, a lion; at 40, a camel (burden bearer); at 50, a serpent (wise); at 60, a dog; at 70, a monkey; at 80, nothing.—Gracian.

Men could not live long in society unless they were dupes of one another.—La Rochefoucauld.

The honest man, deceived in his illusions, but still honest, is a man par excellence.—Chamfort.

KEEP HAIR BRUSHES CLEAN.

One of the secrets of keeping the hair in a healthy condition is to make a point of perfect cleanliness with regard to the hair brush. This should be washed at least once a week, and never with hot water or soap, or the bristles will become very soft and yellow. The proper method of cleaning hair brushes is as follows: Have ready two shallow pans of tepid water—pie-dishes will answer the purpose. To one of these add about a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia. After freeing the brush from hair, dip the bristles up and down in the ammonia solution, taking care not to immerse the back of the brush in the process, and continue until the bristles look perfectly clean and white. Then proceed in the same way with the brush in the pan of clear water, so that the ammonia is rinsed away. Shake the brush well and set it on a rack to dry.

"Why are you crying, my little man?" "Cos Jimmy kicked me." "Why don't you kick 'm 'at?" "Cos it would only be 'is turn again."

HOW YOUR BRAIN WORKS.

New Theory is That Brain is Like
Departmental Store.

Have you ever thought of how your brain works? Most people imagine that their brains work as a whole, but modern science says this is not so. The newest theory is that the brain is like a big department store. When ribbons are wanted it is only the ribbon department that is concerned. Similarly your brain has innumerable tiny niches, corresponding to your various accomplishments and branches of knowledge, from billiard playing to reading French. When you start to study a foreign language, or a musical instrument, you are literally carving a new niche in your brain.

The brain is like a big department store in another way—a store supplied with water-pipes running to each department. In the brain these are represented by a maze of tiny arteries carrying blood. Just as the water-pipes on one particular day might burst and ruin the goods in that department alone, so if the walls of an artery in the brain are weakened by poisoned blood, the blood may burst through and ruin that particular niche. Many a man has risen in the morning to find that he has, say, forgotten how to read. Or if the damage is less wide, he may have forgotten how to read his own language, and still be able to read any other language he knows. This might also happen as the result of an accident. You might lose the use of a small part of your brain, and yet have the rest of your faculties intact.

Even in the niches there are fine sub-divisions. The various parts of speech, for instance, are arranged in a language niche like books on a shelf. And just as the books on a shelf may be squeezed so tight that none of them will come out, so a tumor on a language shelf may jam all the grammatical parts of speech so that the patient is dumb. It is known that on that shelf the verbs are placed first, the pronouns next, the prepositions and adverbs next, and the nouns last.

The reason is that our verbs are the things we learn first, long before nouns. A baby sees long before it knows what is seen. The nouns that we learn last, and so forget soonest, are people's names. That is why old people have such bad memories for names.

Everybody, it is now known, has two brains. They sit side by side, and are exactly alike, but while the nicks in one are crammed with various sorts of knowledge, those at the other side are blank and empty. A right-handed man thinks with the left side of his brain, a left-handed man with the right. The only use each of us makes of our dummy brain is to control the movements of the opposite side of the body—the weaker side. It knows nothing. It learns nothing. You could have it cut away without lessening your mental power. Many a man has had this done.

Only a child can teach it. A man with his utterance niche ruined struggles in vain to use the reserve one. It is too old to be taught. But many a child has been struck dumb and taught its other brain. It has, however, to start all over again with "Mama" and "Dada," even at the age of nine or ten.

MONEY IN POCKET.

In Lanarkshire there lived a laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his peculiarities. On a certain occasion a neighbor waited upon him, asking the favor as a neighbor of a loan of \$100. It was only a bill of accommodation for three months, which led to the following reply:—

"Na, na; I canna do that."

"What for no, laird? Ye have dune the same thing for others."

"Aye, aye, Tammas; but there's wheels within ye ken naething about! I canna do it."

"It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird."

"Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name tell't ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when 't' time cam' round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't, sae you and me wad quarrel. We may as weel quarrel the noo; as lang as the siller is in my pooch."

FORTUNES IN HORSES.

Pick of World's Horses to be Seen at Olympia.

Although the International Horse Show at Olympia was first held only recently as 1907, it has already taken its place as the most popular show in the world. This is easy to understand, for not only are the pick of the world's horses to be seen competing against one another from the breeder's point of view, but the finest riders and drivers also engage in friendly rivalry.

Everything points to this year's Show being the most successful of the series, for the entries are larger than ever, and representatives of all the principal armies of Europe together with officers from the United States, will jump for the King's Trophy.

The amount of prizes has also doubled since the start, the first year showing a total list of \$38,500 while the winners at the forthcoming show will divide \$62,500 between them.

All classes of the community are catered for, one of the most popular items being that for costers' donkeys, and this year there is intense rivalry between the "kings" of different districts as to who shall have the most "pearly" cost.

Tradersmen will have an opportunity of showing their nicely-groomed steeds, and the impassive policeman is not forgotten, while a novelty is a competition for fire-brigades.

But the most looked forward to novelty is the troika-driving of the Russians; the middle horse trots, while two outside animals gallop. In the two-horse vehicles, the near-side or left hand animal trots, while the off-side one gallops.

It is the jumping, however, that attracts the great mass of the public. They may not be able to tell a Suffolk punch from a polo pony, but they can all appreciate a good jump, and it is only at Olympia that the best jumpers of the world can be seen.

Each nation has its own method of training, some of them the Italians, for instance, carefully managing their horses, so that their muscles and coat are kept in the pink of condition. The Belgians adopt a special device to teach their horses to lift their heels when in the air.

Two attendants stand at either end of the hurdle, holding the loose top bar. As the horse jumps they slightly raise this bar, until it just touches the horse's back, causing him to tuck up his legs as he flies over. It calls for skill and quickness both on the part of the horse and groom, as if it is not done fast enough, or raised too high, it may bring horse and rider to the ground.

Even those who know little about horses cannot fail to be interested in the different styles adopted by the various nationalities. The French are dashing riders and use a long rein, whereas the Italians ride with a short rein, and short stirrups, and their arms shoot forward as their horses rise. The Argentine officers lean forward and keep their bodies almost still as they ride, while the Americans and Canadians seem to help their mounts over as much as possible.

The judges who look after the jumping have no easy task. One is stationed at each obstacle, notebook in hand, and the scoring is by faults, the winner being the rider who has the fewest to his name.

Two faults are counted against him if his horse refuses a jump once, three more if twice, while a third refusal to take an obstacle means disqualification. If either horse or rider falls, the competitor scores four faults, while the grazing of a fence means half a fault.

To kick an obstacle over with the forefoot is very bad, and means four faults, while to do the same with the hindfoot only counts half that penalty. Each rider must complete the course in two minutes, or suffer disqualification, while slightly different methods of scoring are adopted in the high and long jumps.

VACATION SEEKERS.

Rural Conditions are not Always Healthful.

The Chicago Health Department has done a useful service for the city in August and September is imported by people who have acquired it on vacation. The department, therefore, has just issued the following seasonal advice. The Tribune is glad to give its readers the importance of obedience:

Look carefully to the water supply, to the milk supply, and to the general sanitary conditions surrounding.

In determining the sanitary quality of water you are to drink, bear the following points in mind: Shallow dug wells, especially those near outcrops and barnyards, are practically always polluted wells; waters derived from lakes and streams into which sewage is deposited are polluted waters; a clear, sparkling water may be

dangerously contaminated water. If you are in doubt about the water supply, send a sample in a properly sterilized bottle (bottle and cork boiled before filling) to the Chicago health department laboratory for analysis. Pending a report on the examination—boil the water.

Automobile parties touring the country should exercise extreme care in the selection of drinking water; the frequent changes of supply mean increased danger of consuming polluted water. Parties on short trips should provide themselves with a sufficient supply of water, boiled in their homes, to meet the needs of the whole trip.

It is now possible to secure bottles which will maintain at a low temperature for a considerable period of time.

Another water danger lies in bathing in lakes and streams near the outfall of a sewer. One can hardly fail to swallow some of this sewage polluted water, certainly some of it will come in contact with the lips and eventually will find its way into the mouth.

Investigate your milk supply. If possible, look over the farm from which it comes. If the barn, the cows, the milkers, or the utensils are dirty, or if there is a case of suspicious illness on the farm, or if you are in doubt about the sanitary quality of the milk, pasteurize it before using.

Shun places swarming with flies. Always look upon these filthy insects as danger signals; you can be sure there's filth, and lots of it, in the neighborhood. Clean, safe food cannot be served in a dining room in which there are swarms of flies. Screens, fly swatters, fly poisons, and fly catching papers are quite indispensable to safety at summering places in country districts.

It is a costly vacation that sends a victim home with typhoid or malaria, and now that we know the sources of these diseases there is little or no excuse for taking them. A plunge in a polluted stream or lake, a hearty swallow of water or milk, the sting of a poison carrying mosquito, may have evil consequences out of all proportion to the pleasure and good a vacation proposes. It is foolish to be over-anxious and to deprive oneself of the benefit of change and wholesome entertainment in country places. On the other hand, a reasonable caution is a very good investment.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

CURE SUMMER COMPLAINT.

Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are babies or young children. At no time of the year is baby in such danger as in summer. At the first sign of illness the Tablets should be given to the little one, for summer complaints come on so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand baby may be beyond help in a few hours. The Tablets never fail to relieve the sick child, and if occasionally given to the well child will keep him well. Mrs. Desire Martin, St. Denis, Que., writes: "I have a baby three months old who suffered from colic and constipation. Castor Oil was of no help at all, but Baby's Own Tablets speedily cured him, and now I always keep them in the house." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A DANGEROUS EXERCISE.

Useful Hints for the Mountain Climber.

These hints are not meant for practised climbers, nor for those well, very adventurous beginners who deliberately undertake notoriously dangerous climbs without guides or experienced companions, says London Answers.

Many people, however, away for a holiday are fired with the ambition of climbing neighboring peaks or rocks, and, though not foolhardy, come to grief, because they do not know the elementary principles of climbing.

Beware of steep grass slopes in summer time, more especially when they end in a fall over cliffs. They are often as slippery as any ice slope in the Alps, and far more dangerous, because no Alpinist in his senses would dream of tackling an ice-slope unless properly roped to companions and armed with an ice axe.

The casual summer climber, however, ventures on a grass-slope of ten wearing ordinary nailless boots, and carrying no axe. Half way up or down he slips, and his situation may easily be desperate.

If you slip descending your heels fly up, and you are sliding down on your back at a great rate before you can realize your danger. In such a predicament, the first thing to do is to turn or roll round on to your face. This will give you a chance of digging your toes into ground, while in any case you will not slide nearly so fast as when on your back.

When a person finds himself sliding down hill, his natural instinct is to spread out his arms above his head and to clutch at anything that offers a hold, such as a bush or a tuft of grass.

This is just how not to do it. You will probably miss the object altogether, going at the pace you are. Even if you succeed in clutching the tuft, the whole weight of your moving body comes on it with a sudden jerk, and probably you either lose your grip or the tuft comes away.

Therefore, having turned on your face, keep your hands waist high, and feel for a hold low down. If you get one, you will be pressing against it from above, which will help to check your speed, while the full strain will be brought to bear gradually, with the result that the bush or tuft will probably hold, anyway long enough to bring you to a standstill.

On steep grass slopes you should always move in zigzags. It is slower than a direct descent, but much safer and much less fatiguing.

The zigzag principle applies equally to rock climbing, but here the golden rule is never to go up or down unless certain of being able to return should you find your progress unexpectedly barred.

The next great principle is never to move hand or foot unless you have at least two good holds—that is, if moving a hand, the other hand and one foot, or both feet, should be secure; while if shifting a foot, then the other foot and one hand, or both hands, should be firmly placed.

Never make a handhold of bushes or grass growing on rocks. Their roots are necessarily shallow, and almost certain to come away the moment any strain is put on them.

If carrying a stick with a handle or crook, don't hook it over a ledge and pull yourself up by it. The ledge may be unsafe, but the stick can't tell you that. Work your way up till you can get your fingers on the ledge, when your sense of touch will soon tell you whether the ledge will hold or not.

Don't spring or jump from one foothold to another. Every movement in rock-climbing should be slow, deliberate, and steady, your weight coming gradually on to the new hold.

Steep rock faces are best descended, face to the rock, as you can then lean outwards and look for fresh holds lower down.

Slopes of moderate steepness are best descended back to the rock, the hands kept close to the sides, and getting their holds about waist high.

BILL AND HIS WATCH.

It Sometimes Gives Pleasure to Ask the Time of Day.

"Bill, can you give me the correct time?" says one of Bill's friends.

"Sure," says Bill, dragging out his watch. "My watch was just seven seconds slow at twenty minutes of 4 day before yesterday afternoon, and I don't believe it's varied more than a quarter of a second since. It's now twenty-two minutes and seven seconds past 5."

"Thanks, old man," says Bill's friend, who then drops his own watch into his pocket and goes on his way.

Really he wasn't so particular about knowing the time himself as he is about giving pleasure to Bill, for he knows that Bill is one of the few million men in the world who think each that his watch is a wonder and who feel themselves flattered when their friends ask them for the correct time.

First Young Doctor—"When will you be able to get married?" Second Young Doctor—"Oh, almost at once! I only want about three more operations."

French millinery shows the tendency for ribbon, silk, and velvet bows.

We admire a girl who can make good fudge—if she can also make good pies.

It Eases Pain. Ask any druggist or dealer in medicines what is the most popular of the medicinal oils for pains in the joints, in the muscles or nerves, or for neuralgia and rheumatism, and he will tell you that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is in greater demand than any other. The reason for this is that it possesses greater healing qualities than any other oil.

CHEAPER TO MOVE.

McGregor's wife was of those who could hardly stay a month in one house. The other day she was again removing, and at Tam, looking rather gloomy, was walking behind the van an acquaintance bewled:

"What are ye gaun noo, Tam?" "Man," said he, "I dinna ken; I'm following the fittin'!"

SATISFACTORY SCARECROWS.

Tourist—"Do those scarecrows save your crops?" Farmer—"They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the field to see if it's clothes is with stealin', which they ain't, an' that scare the crows away."

AFTER THE CORONATION.

Although the "Coronation" has passed, and the flags have been hauled down, its effects will still go on. People who were busy preparing for the event will be almost as busy in undoing their work.

Workmen, of course, will be at work almost immediately removing the barricades, taking down the many stands, and restoring London to its customary appearance. Then jewellers will be hard at work for many of the coronets and ornaments worn by the peers and peeresses were set with family jewels, which will now be reset in different form. Nor will the wearers of the coronets get much rest, for before them, as before their Majesties, lies a heavy social programme.

Westminster Abbey itself will be left for a time as it was at the crowning of the King, and the public will be admitted again, at a small charge, to view the scene of the ceremony. Of the miles of flags and bunting, a certain amount will be stored away, but much of it will find its way to the manufacturers of cheap clothing, for which purpose old bunting is largely used.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarrred from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

BRAVE OFFICER.

An officer in the Army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late at night.

MODERN BABY.

Visitor—"Dear me, how your baby is crying!" Scientific Mother—"Oh, yes, but it's all right. It's a hygienic, lung-expanding, non-tissue-destroying cry."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY.

For Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids, Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. •Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

First Guest—"Won't you join me in requesting young Squalls to recite?" Second Guest—"But I don't like recitations."

First Guest—"Neither do I. But if the young beggar doesn't recite, he'll sing."

Practically all Canadian druggists, grocers and general dealers sell Wilson's Fly Pads. If your storekeeper does not, ask him why.

COMPLIMENTING THE BARBER.

The morning was an inauspicious one for the new barber, for he had just started business. But he was full of hope, and as he industriously scraped away at his first customer he made the usual inquiry—"Razor all right, sir?"

"My good man," said the customer, "if you hadn't mentioned it I should never have known there was a razor on my face."

The tonsorial artist smiled delightedly. Here was a good omen indeed.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "No," added the customer, reflectively. "I should have thought you were using a file."

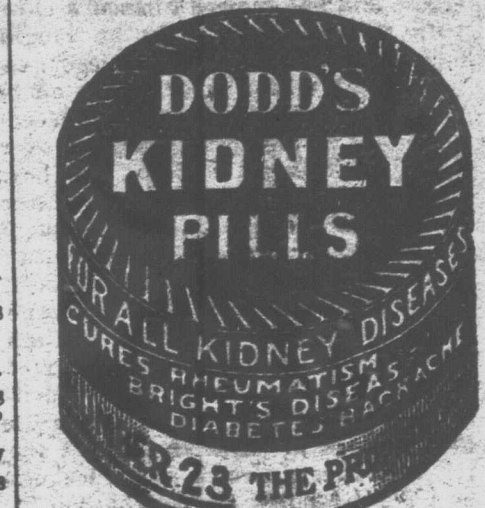
COULDN'T BE DONE.

Sadly the dog's owner watched it chew up a seedy-looking individual. "Call your dog off," shrieked the victim. "He'll murder me. Call him off, man!"

"Sorry," replied the owner sadly, "but really I can't. I only bought the dog this morning, and I forgot to ask what his name was."

And the chawing continued.

"She swept the room with a glance." "Humph! A lot of help that was to her mother."



That Splitting Headache
will vanish if you take
"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Waters
Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists.
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

EMBRACING CLIMATE.

A lady told Lord Palmerston that her maid, who had been with her to the Isle of Wight objected to go there again because the climate was not embracing enough.

"What am I to do with such a woman?" she asked.

"You had better take her to the Isle of Man next time," said Lord Palmerston.

A Doon for the Bilious.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile and the acid liquid flows into the stomach and sours it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

CLEVER!

"Well, I never!" "What's the matter, my dear?" "Why, cook says that those people who live in that insignificant little house opposite came over here while we were away and were photographed sitting on our veranda!"

Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed, and best of all, the hair is growing again, and for DIALYSIS. It is most always the case in horse wounds.

Weymouth. F. M. DOUGER.

BANK DIRECTOR.

Stranger—"Boy, will you direct me to the nearest bank?" Street Gamin—"I will for a shilling."

"A shilling! Isn't that too much?" "Bank directors always get big pay, mister."

BEST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Mrs. Wilson's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING WITH DISTRESSING COLIC, ALLAYS PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and the best remedy for DIARRHEA. It is entirely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Wilson's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "QUIDA"

"Happily for me, or I had been where he lies now. But wait. Let me look. There may be breath in him yet."

Cigarette laughed, offended and scornful as with the offense and scorn of one whose first silence was impeached. "Look and welcome, but if you find any life in that Arab make a laugh of it before all the army tomorrow."

She was at her fiercest. Cecil, disregarding her protest, stooped and raised the fallen Bedouin. He saw at a glance that she was right. The lean, dark, lustful face was set in the rigidity of death. The bullet had passed straight through the temples.

"Did you never see a dead man before?" demanded Cigarette impatiently as he lingered. Even in this moment he had more thought of this Arab than he had of her.

He laid the body down and looked at her with a glance that, rightly or wrongly, she thought had a rebuke in it.

"Very funny. But—it is never a pleasant sight. And they were in drink. They did not know what they did."

"What divine pity! Good powder and ball were sore wasted, it seems. You would have preferred to lie there yourself, it appears. I beg your pardon for interfering with the preference."

Her eyes were flashing, her lips very scornful and wrathful. This was his gratitude.

"Wait, wait," said Cecil rapidly, laying his hand on her shoulder as she flung herself away. "My dear child, do not think me ungrateful. I know well enough I should be a dead man myself had it not been for your gallant assistance. Believe me, I thank you from my heart."

"But you think me 'unsexed,' all the same!"

The word had rankled in her. She could launch it now with telling reprisal. He smiled, but he saw that his phrases, which she had overheard, had not alone incensed but had wounded her.

"Well, a little perhaps," he said gently. "How should it be otherwise? And for that matter, I have seen many a great lady look on and laugh her soft, cruel laughter while the pheasants were falling by hundreds or the stags being torn by the hounds. And they had not a tinge of your courage."

"It is well for you that I was unsexed enough to be able to send an ounce of lead into a drunkard," she pursued, with immeasurable disdain. "If I had been like that dainty aristocrat down there, it had been worse for you. I should have screamed and fainted and left you to be killed while I made a nuisance. Oh, no, that is to be feminine, is it not?"

"Where did you see that lady?" he asked in some surprise.

"Oh, I was there," answered Cigarette, with a toss of her head southward to where the villa lay. "I went to see how you would keep your promise."

"Well, you saw I kept it."

She gave her little teeth a sharp click like the click of a trigger.

"Yes. And I would have forgiven you if you had broken it."

"Would you? I should not have for-

given myself."

"Ah, you are just like Marquise. And you will end like him."

"Very probably."

"Why did you give those chessmen to that silver pheasant?" she asked him abruptly.

"Silver pheasant?"

"Yes. See how she sweeps, sweeps, sweeps so ingenuously, so brilliant, so unobtrusively. Why did you give them?"

"She admired them. It was not much to give."

"Ah, you would not have given them to a daughter of the people."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because her hands would be hard and brown and coarse, not fit for those ivory puppets, but milled and are white like the ivory and cannot soil it. She will handle them so gracefully for five minutes and then buy a new toy and let her lapdog break yours!"

"Like enough." He said it with his habitual gentle temper, but there was a shadow of pain in the words. The chessmen had become in some sort like living things to him through long association. Cigarette, quick to sting, but as quick to repent using her sting, saw the regret in him. With the rapid, uncalculating liberality of an utterly unselfish and intensely impulsive nature she hastened to make amends by saying what was like gall on her tongue in the utterance.

"And yet," she said quickly, "perhaps she will value them more than that. I know nothing of the aristocrats—not I! When you were gone, she championed you against the Black Hawk. She told him that if you had not been a gentleman before you came into the ranks she had never seen one. She spoke well. If you had but heard her!"

"She did?"

She saw his glance brighten as it turned on her in a surprised gratification.

"Well, what is there so wonderful?"

Cigarette asked it with a certain petulance and doggedness, taking a name-sake out of her breast pocket, biting its end off and striking a fuse. A word from this aristocrat was more welcome to him than a bullet that had saved his life!

Her generosity had gone very far, and, like most generosity, got nothing for its pains. "Well, wait!" thought his champion as she made her way through the gay, lighted streets. "I swore to have my vengeance on him. It is a dull vengeance to save his life!"

"Holla, Cigarette!" cried the souzaya Tata, leaning out of the little casement of the As du Pique, as she passed it. "Come in. We have the devil's own fun here!"

"No doubt!" retorted the friend of the flag. "It would be odd if the master fiddler would not fiddle for his own!"

"Come in, my pretty one!" entreated Tata, stretching out his brawny arms. "You will die of laughing if you hear Gris-Grin tonight. Such a song!"

"A pretty song, yes, for a pigsty!" said Cigarette, with a glance into the chamber, and she shook his hand off her and went on down the street. A night or two before a new song from Gris-Grin would have been a paradise to her, and she would have vaulted

over the wall at a single bound. Now, she did not know why she found so much charm in it. And she went quietly home to her little straw bed in her garret and curled herself up like a kitten to sleep; but for the first time in her young life sleep did not come readily to her, and when it did come for the first time found a restless sleep upon her laughing mouth as she murmured, dreaming, "How beautiful she is!"

CHAPTER VIII

"FIGHTING in the Kabaila, life was well enough; but here!" thought Cecil, as, earlier awake than those

of his chamber, he stood looking down the length of the narrow room where the men lay asleep along the bare floor. What made life in the barracks of Algiers so bitter was the impotency, the subjection, the compelled obedience to a bidding that he knew often capricious and unjust as it was cruel, which was so unendurable to his natural pride, yet to which he had hitherto rendered unflinching obedience and submission, less for his own sake than for that of the men around him, who, he knew, would back him in revolt to the death, and be dealt with, for such loyalty to him, in the fashion that the vivandiere's words had pictured with such terrible force and truth.

"Is it worth while to go on with it? Would it not be the wiser way to draw my own saber across my throat?" he thought as the brutalized companionship in which his life was spent struck on him all the more darkly because the night before a woman's voice and a woman's face had recalled memories buried for 12 long years.

This morning he roused the men of his chamber with that kindly gentleness which had gone so far in its novelty as to attract their liking; made his breakfast of some wretched onion soup and a roll of black bread; rode 50 miles in the blazing heat of the African day at the head of a score of his men on convoy duty, and returned faded, weary, parched with thirst, scorched through with heat, to be kept waiting in his saddle, by his colonel's orders, outside the barracks for three-quarters of an hour, whether to receive a command or a censure he was left in ignorance.

When the three-quarters had passed he was told the colonel required him. Cecil said nothing. Yet he reeled slightly as he threw himself out of his saddle, a nausea and a dizziness had come on him. The chasseur who had brought him the message caught his arm eagerly.

"Are you hurt, corporal?"

Cecil shook his head. The speaker was one known in the regiment as Petit Picpon, who had begun life as a gambler of Paris and now bade fair to make one of the most brilliant of the soldiers of Africa. Petit Picpon had but one drawback to his military career—he was always in insubordination.

The old gambler daren't die, not dead in him and never would die, and now he muttered a terrible curse under his breath, cursed mustache.

"If the Black Hawk were pulled up in the sun like a kite on a barn door, I would drive 20 nails through his throat!"

Cecil turned rapidly on him.

"Silence, sir, or I must report you. Another speech like that, and you shall have a turn at Beylik."

Petit Picpon looked as crestfallen as one of his fraternity could.

"Send me to Beylik if you like, corporal," he said sturdily. "I was in wrath for you, not for myself!"

Cecil was infinitely more touched than he dared for sake of discipline or sake of the speaker himself to show, but his glance dwelt on Petit Picpon with a look that the quick, black, monkey-like eyes of the rebel were swift to read.

"I know," he said gravely. "I do not misjudge you; but, at the same time, my name must never serve as a pretext for insubordination. Such men as care to pleasure me will best do so in making my duty light by their own self control and obedience to the rules of their service."

He led his horse away, and Petit Picpon went on an errand he had been sent to do in the streets for one of the officers.

Picpon had been enrolled in the chasseurs at the same time with Cecil and, following his gambler's nature, had exhausted all his resources of impudence, malice and power of tormenting on the "aristocrat," somewhat disappointed, however, that the utmost ingenuities of his insolence and even his malignity never succeeded in breaking the "aristocrat's" silence and contemptuous forbearance from all reprisal.

One day, however, it chanced that a detachment of chasseurs, of which Cecil was one, was cut to pieces by such an overwhelming mass of Arabs that scarce a dozen of them could force their way through the Bedouins with life. Cecil was among those few, and a flight at full speed was the sole chance of regaining their encampment. Just as he had shaken his bridle free of the Arab's clutch and had moved himself a clear path through their ranks he caught sight of his young enemy, Picpon, on the ground, with a lance broken off in his ribs, guarding his head with bleeding hands as the horses trampled over him. To make a dash at the boy, though to linger a moment was to risk certain death, to send his steel through an Arab who came in his way, to lean down and catch hold of the lad's hand, to swing him up into his saddle and throw him across it in front of him and to charge through the storm of musket balls and ride on thus burdened was the work of ten seconds with Bel-a-taire-pour. And he brought the boy safe over a stretch of six leagues in a flight for life, though the imp no more deserved the compassion than a scorpion that had spent all its poisonous stings at every point of unmov-

ered flesh would merit tenderness from the hand it had poisoned.

When he was swung down from the saddle and laid in front of a vedette fire, sheltered from the bitter north wind that was then blowing cruelly, the bright, black, apeline-eyes of the gambler opened with a strange gleam in them.

"Picpon will remember!" he murmured.

Cecil himself, having watered, fed and littered down his tired horse, made his way to a little cafe he commonly frequented and spent the few sous he could afford on an iced draft of lemon flavored drink. Eat he could not. Over-fatigue had given him a nausea for food.

A few doors farther in the street there was a quaint place kept by an old Moor, who had some of the rarest and most beautiful treasures of Algerian workmanship in his long, dark, silent chambers. With this old man Cecil had something of a friendship; he had protected him one day from the mockery and outrage of some drunken Indigènes, and the Moor, warmly grateful, was ever ready to give him a cup of coffee and a bubble bubble in the stillness of his dwelling. His resort was sometimes welcome to him as the one spot, quiet and noiseless, to which he could escape out of the continuous turmoil of street and of barrack, and he went thither now.

"No coffee, no sherbert, thanks, good father," said Cecil, in answer to the Moor's hospitable entreaties. "Give me only license to sit in the quiet here. I am very tired."

"Sit and be welcome, my son," said Ben Arsil. "Whom should this roof shelter in honor, if not thee? Musjid shall bring thee the supreme solace."

The supreme solace was a narghile, and its great bowl of rosewater was soon set down by the little Moorish lad at Cecil's side. Whether fatigue really weighted his eyes with slumber, or whether the soothing sedative of the pipe had its influence, he had not sat long in the perfect stillness of the Moor's shop before he slept—the heavy, dreamless sleep of intense exhaustion.

Ben Arsil glanced at him, and bade Musjid be very quiet. Half an hour or more passed; none had entered the place. The grave old Moslem was half slumbering himself, when there came a delicate odor of perfumed lace. A delicate rustle of silk swept the floor and a lady's voice asked the price of an ostrich egg superbly mounted in gold. Ben Arsil opened his eyes—the chasseur slept on; the newcomer was one of those great ladies who now and then winter in Algeria.

The Moor rose instantly, with profound salaams, and began to spread before her the richest treasures of his stock, and throughout her survey Ben Arsil kept her near the entrance, and Cecil slept on unaroused.

A roll of notes had passed from her hand to the Moslem's, and she was about to glide out to her carriage when a lamp which hung at the farther end caught her fancy.

"Is that for sale?" she inquired.

As he answered in the affirmative she moved up the shop and, her eyes being lifted to the lamp, had drawn close to Cecil before she saw him. When she did so, she paused near in astonishment.

"Is that soldier asleep?"

"He is, madame," softly answered the old man in his slow, studied French. "He comes here to rest sometimes out of the noise. He was very tired today, and I think, ill, would he have confessed."

"Indeed!" Her eyes fell on him with compassion. He had fallen into an attitude of much grace and of utter exhaustion. His head was uncovered and rested on one arm, so that the

face was turned upward. With a woman's rapid, comprehensive glance she saw the dark shadow, like a bruise, under his closed, aching eyes; she saw the weary pain upon his forehead; she saw the whiteness of his hands, the slenderness of his wrists, the softness of his hair; she saw, as she had seen before, that whatever he might be now, in some past time he had been a man of gentle blood, of courtly bearing.

"He is a Chasseur d'Afrique!" she asked the Moslem.

"Yes, madame. I think he must have been something very different some day."

She did not answer. She stood with her thoughtful eyes gazing on the worn-out soldier.

"He saved me once, madame, at much risk to himself from the savagery of some 'Turcos,' the old man went on. "Of course he is always welcome under my roof. The companionship he has must be bitter to him, I fancy. They do say he would have had his officer's grade and the cross, too, long before now if it were not for his colonel's hatred."

"Ah, I have seen him before now."

(Continued next week)

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