

THE OBSERVER

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HARTLAND, N. B., July 5, 1911.

No. 5.

The DAYLIGHT

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

BIG SALE

-OF-

Summer Goods

FROM

JULY 10 to 31

Prices Slashed Recklessly

-ON-

Shirt Waists (some at half price)
White Skirts, Corset Covers, Drawers,
Night Dresses, Wash Belts, etc.
Children's Dresses.

Kimonas, Wrappers, House Dresses, Collars
of all kinds including some new stock.
Hose for Men Women and Children.
Mens Top Shirts, Under Shirts and Drawers.

Don't Miss This Sale.

Goods sold at reduced prices for pay down only and no coupons given.

Watch for our ad. next week

POTATO BUGS

are a good crop. We have lots of

PARIS GREEN and BLUE VITRIOL

and will meet any prices on same. If you want any don't go past and do worse.

BERRIES

there are lots of them this year and we are prepared for them.
FRUIT JARS, RUBBER RINGS for same and
PARAFINE WAX
for making them air tight.

Haying Tools We have lots of Scythes, Rakes, Scythe
Stones, Snaths, etc. We also have the best
Mowing Machine Oil in the market and
Files for Sharpening mower sections.

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS
ROCKLAND.

The most complete stock of
TOBACCO
in this part of the country to be found at
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.

Mrs. William Taylor.

The death occurred on Saturday of Mrs. Permelia Taylor, widow of the late William Taylor, who years ago was widely known as a general merchant at Victoria. Mrs. Taylor was in her 79th year and had been ill for years, being confined to her bed for many months. She leaves no children and for nearly 14 years has made her home with her niece, Mrs. D. E. Morgan, who tenderly cared for her. She was the daughter of the late Geo. W. Boyer of Victoria and a sister of Geo. W. Boyer of Hartland.

The funeral services were conducted at the residence of D. E. Morgan, sermon at the reformed Baptist church, and interment was made at Victoria. Some years ago she affiliated herself with the Reformed Baptists, but in the absence of the pastor the services and sermon were by Rev. S. W. Schurman, from Zach. 9:12; Subject, Prisoners of Hope.

The deceased was a woman of many estimable qualities. During the period of her life spent at Victoria Corner she became widely known for her kindness of heart and her charities.

Amy Alice Kinney

Died at Carlingford, New Brunswick, May 15, Amy Alice Kinney, wife of Clarence J. Kinney, in the thirtieth year of her age, leaving behind her four dear little children.

Words of comfort were spoken from Job. 17:11. "My days are past, my purposes broken off, even the thoughts of my heart."

Summerfield.

The Baptist Aid of Knoxford met at the home of Mrs. John Green on June 23. At three o'clock we had the meeting as usual, singing by the members, reading scriptures, prayer by Mrs. Tomis, Mrs. Green, and Mrs. E. Bartlett, readings by Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Green, recitation by Edna Wolverton, "The Old Arm Chair," roll call, answer by scripture verses, singing by Miss Wolverton, "I send me." Closed by the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. John

Clark was organist. At five o'clock tea was ready, the tables looked very tasty. There was a large crowd from different places, all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. Harry Miller of Tracey Mills was present and gave some very fine music. All were pleased to see Harry back as he was the former teacher. E. W. Green and Miss Danford also furnished music. Everything went fine, many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Green for their kindness. We hope Mrs. Green will live many years to carry on her good work, church, aid, temperance and missionary work and Christmas and Easter concerts. We believe she understands the work well. She has a very fine home and everything so handy it makes a very nice place to have the aid meetings.

Waterville.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner DeGrass were visiting friends in Houlton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Stokoe went to Bloomfield on Thursday to attend the funeral of his sister, Mrs. James McClary.

Mrs. Henry DeWitt, Woodstock, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Plummer.

Miss Lulu Carpenter has returned from Normal School having successfully passed the examinations there.

Mrs. Martha DeGrass has returned to Waterville having spent the past year with relatives in St. John and vicinity.

The ladies of the Methodist W. M. S. intend holding their annual basket picnic on the grounds of Miss Lizzie Robinson Saturday, July 8. Refreshments sold on the grounds. All are invited to come and bring their baskets and enjoy a good time.

Off to Alabama.

On Monday Charles W. Hurst departed for Mulga, Ala., taking his family with him. While he has not sold his property here, he expects, if the family can become properly acclimated, to remain there some years. In competition with many applicants he was selected by a large egg-producing concern to take charge of a farm having 10,000 birds. Not only is Mr. Hurst engaged at a good salary but his son, Frank, receives a good wage as well.

The community will regret the departure of this family but all will wish them prosperity and health.

Closing Exercises F. C. S.

The closing exercises of the Florenceville Consolidated School were held on the evening of June 29. The program as given below was carried out. Rev's. E. C. Turner and D. Fiske gave good addresses and Prov. Sec. Flemming spoke well.

The programs were printed on hand-made deckle edge paper, the covers bearing the school colors, gold and imperial blue, and the school motto. These were produced at the OBSERVER office.

Principal Simms has given good satisfaction during his year and the Trustees have retained him for another year at an increase of salary.

PROGRAM

1. Chorus..... "Tis Canada for me."
2. Devotional Exercises
3. Piano Solo "Nocturne" Chopin.
Miss Alvaretta H. Estabrooks.
4. Essay..... "The Origin and Growth of English Drama."
Miss Willa E. Hunter.
5. Vocal Selection..... Miss Eva M. Smith.
6. Recitation..... "The Clown's Baby."
Miss Ruth H. Smalley.
7. Chorus..... "Where the Sugar Maples Grow."
8. Address to Graduates..... Inspector F. B. Meagher. M. A.
9. Vocal Solo..... "The Shoogy Shoo."
Miss Hazel B. McCain.
10. Essay..... "Agriculture and some of its Problems."
Miss Alice S. Lockhart.
11. Chorus..... "Eventide."
12. Essay..... "Reciprocity—Pro and Con."
Charles N. Chapman.
13. Instrumental Solo..... Paderewski.
Miss A. H. Estabrooks.
14. Essay..... "Lest We Forget."
Prin. R. L. Simms.
15. Valedictory..... Miss Jennie M. Chapman.
16. Address..... Hon J. K. Flemming.
"God Save the King."

OUR BIG SALE

has been a tremendous success and is

STILL GOING ON!

Lots of new goods arriving. Direct importations
of

DRESS LINENS

right from Scotland.

Great line of Towels, Table Linens, etc. being bought direct from the mills the middlemen's profits are entirely cut out. Yours is the saving

Frank W. Slater Shoes, latest models.

D. & A. Corsets in all styles.

Why pay \$2.00 for the HAT that we sell for \$1.25?

100 SUITS

for Men Boys and Children to go at

Half Price

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS

BRISTOL

WEDDING PRESENTS

There is no place in the county where there is a more choice selection of Dainty Things for the Bridal Gift than in our store.

See our beautiful line of

Real Cut Glass

in genuine Bohemian, Belgian and American.

Handsome Gifts in Gold Plate, etc.

WEDDING PRESENTS A SPECIALTY.

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., Ltd.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

STRAWBERRIES.

Cleaning Berries.—Now that the strawberry season is here, an excellent way to cleanse the berries and destroy all germs is to place them in a colander, rinse in cold water, hulk and then pour over boiling water, drain, and follow immediately by cold water, which leaves the berries bright, firm and plump, free from all objectionable matter. Try this and you will never eat them prepared in any other way.

Strawberry Russe.—1 pint whipped cream, powdered sugar, to sweeten, one box of strawberries, crush and mix with cream and beat together. Serve in charlotte russe paper cups with lady fingers. Top off with strawberries.

Strawberry Shortcake.—Make a good biscuit crust, roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, cut into two cakes the same size and shape, spread one over lightly with melted butter, lay the other over it, and bake in a hot oven. When done they will fall apart. Butter them well, mix the berries with plenty of sugar, and set in a warm place until needed. Spread the berries and cakes in alternate layers, berries on top, and over all spread whipped cream or charlotte russe. The juices that has run from the fruit can be sent to the table in a tureen and served with the cake as it is cut.

Strawberry Shoecake.—Make one pint of baking powder biscuit dough. Roll in a round, flat cake about one inch thick. Bake in a quick oven until brown. Split carefully, so as not to make it heavy. Spread with butter. While the crust is baking prepare the fruit, using oranges, berries, or peaches. Add sugar to taste and let stand until shortcake is baked. Spread fruit between the layers and serve immediately.

Jelly and Butter-Jelly.—Cap and wash two quarts of strawberries. Cut up three stalks (large) of rhubarb into small pieces. Place in a granite or porcelain vessel with one pint of cold water. Place over fire. When cooked, pour in sieve and drain. Measure juice and place over fire. To each pint of juice allow one pint of sugar. Put sugar in jar and place in oven to heat. Stir often to prevent burning. When hot add sugar to boiling juice and cook rapidly until done. Test by dropping some in a cold saucer. Put in glasses and cover. **Butter.**—Mix strawberries and rhubarb from which jelly was made and rub through sieve. To each pint of fruit add one pint of sugar. Place over fire, cook until thick; stir constantly to prevent burning. Put up same as jelly.

CHEESE.

Cheese Balls.—To one cup grated bread crumbs, five drops Worcester sauce, and one egg well beaten; mix well and roll into small balls; place in wire basket and fry in hot lard to a delicate brown.

Cheese Ramekins.—Four tablespoons grated cheese, four tablespoons butter, one-half cup of cream, three eggs, pepper and salt. Cook cheese, cream, butter, and seasoning until smooth. Add eggs, well beaten. Fill the ramekins three-fourths full and bake six minutes. Serve hot.

As Seasoning.—Let the left over pieces of cheese get hard, grate, and keep in covered dish, and use with spaghetti or macaroni, with potatoes au gratin, or any dish which will be improved by a sprinkling of cheese.

Cheese Delight.—Toast and butter four pieces of bread and lay in baking dish (casserole), cover with a half pound of grated cheese, then make a cream sauce of butter, one tablespoon, one tablespoon flour, one and one-half cups of rich milk, salt, pepper and dash of red pepper; pour over the toast and cheese and bake about fifteen minutes.

COOKIES.

Molasses Cookies.—Two and one-half cups sugar, two cups molasses, one tablespoon ginger, one tablespoon cloves, one tablespoon cinnamon. Let this come to a boil. When cool stir in four eggs and one tablespoon soda, and flour enough to roll out next day. Moderate oven.

Spice Cookies.—Cream together two and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, add to this two eggs, one cup seeded raisins chopped fine, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice, one

teaspoon cinnamon, two cups flour. Bake in moderate oven.

POTATOES.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Slice as many potatoes as needed, butter a baking dish, place in a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a scant tablespoonful of flour; then another layer of potatoes, and so on until the potatoes are used, then cover the top with cracker crumbs and small lumps of butter, cover all the potatoes with milk, and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

Fried Potatoes.—Cut them into small cubes, put just enough fresh lard into skillet to keep them from sticking; cook on a slow fire until tender, cover them with milk and let cook until the milk disappears. This is quite different from ordinary fried potatoes.

CORNMEAL.

New Use for Cornmeal.—To keep your hands smooth and white, do not buy lotions and cold cream, but try plain cornmeal, mixed with a small quantity of salt. You will find it is most effective.

Gasoline and Cornmeal.—Dip a stiff brush in gasoline, then in cornmeal, and rub over any soiled worsted garment. You will be surprised to see how beautifully it will clean and freshen it. It also removes spots from rugs and draperies.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.

In preparing asparagus wash first, then each piece must be handled separately to test it and take off the tough end where the stalk will break easily, but do not cut it. The tender parts may be left whole or cut into half inch pieces and boiled in salted water until tender. The tips will soften in ten or fifteen minutes, so it is best not to put them in the boiling water until the rest has been boiling for twenty minutes. In another pan heat some milk or cream, and into this drain the liquid from the asparagus. Thicken with butter and flour. Cut square pieces of toasted bread, dip them into the cream gravy, and lay them on a hot platter. Add the asparagus to the remainder of the gravy and pour over the toast. The tough ends can be used for soup, or they can be boiled for a half an hour, skimmed out, and thrown away and the water used for boiling the rest of it.

ANGEL FOOD.

Do not grease pan; you want the cake to stick firmly. Study your oven to find out if it bakes a good brown to the bottom. If cake does not crust on bottom it will fall out and shrink in the fall. Put cake in a moderately hot oven, not hot enough for biscuit, too hot for butter cake. Experience only can teach you on this point. If you see cake browning before it raises to top of pan, throw oven door open and cool oven instantly. Be not afraid; the cold air will not hurt the cake. Watch cake closely. Don't be afraid to open door every three or four minutes. This is the only way to properly bake this cake. When cake has risen above the top of pan increase your heat. When it is done it begins to shrink. Let it shrink back to level of pan, then remove from oven, turn pan upside down till cake is cold. Loosen cake from funnel and sides of pan with a knife and remove.

NOVEL HINTS.

Powdered magnesia will effectively remove grease stains.

When cooking spinach cook in a cheese-cloth bag, easily lifted and drained dry.

Pad the ironing board on both sides. Use one side for white goods; the other for colored.

A teaspoonful of glycerine added to the rinse water makes woolen blankets come out like new.

Clean the rust off the wire clothes line with a woolen cloth dipped first in kerosene, then in sand soap.

To insure finely flavored coffee beat the dry ground coffee before adding boiling water.

A soft finish will be given your chamois cloths after washing by running them through the clothes wringer.

When preparing meringue add one-half teaspoon of baking powder to each, beaten white of egg. Will be wonderfully improved.

When shortening a long coat of dark color use a white dress skirt when trying on. The contrast is a help in obtaining a well defined line.

Do not discard your artificial pink and red roses, but use them for dyeing the rinse water used when washing faded pink stockings, ribbons, or dresses.

OUT OF THE LAW'S CLUTCHES

CRIMINAL CASES WHICH HAVE TURNED ON TRIFLES.

Marks of Identity Have Sent Men to the Scaffold or Saved One From It.

On September 11th, 1875, a man, who carried two parcels wrapped in American cloth, was arrested in the Borough, London. One parcel was found to contain the trunk, and the other held the remaining parts of a human body.

The doctors set to work, and found that the victim was a woman of about twenty-five years, measuring 4ft. 11-in., of slender build, with small hands and feet, and with light-colored hair. She might be any one of a million people, says London Answers.

But a tooth was missing from the right upper jaw, and a scar from a burn was found on the leg below the knee.

This was the famous Wainwright case.

Relatives of Harriet Lane came forward. A year previously she had been seen going into Wainwright's premises, and never seen again. They said her age was twenty-four, her height 5ft. 0.1-in., and that she was generally as the doctors described. The features were quite unrecognizable; but they testified to the missing tooth, and the scar on the leg, caused by a poker. It was these two trifles which proved the identity, and

CONVICTED THE PRISONER.

Some years ago near the village of Ringstead, in Northamptonshire, a laborer, digging in a lane, found the skeleton of a woman. The doctors said she must have been of middle age, was buried between twelve and twenty years before the discovery, and had lost the first grinder tooth of the left lower jaw.

Then it was recalled that fourteen years previously the wife of a man living in the neighborhood had suddenly disappeared. Some witnesses swore that on the evening of the disappearance the husband and wife went quarrelling into their orchard, and she was heard to say, "I believe you mean killing me to-night." Everyone thought him guilty at the time, but there was no legal evidence.

The wife was of middle age, about the same height as the skeleton and had disappeared about the time the doctors said the body was buried. Then a dentist came forward, saw the jaw, and swore that he had drawn just such a tooth—a tooth rarely drawn—from the missing woman two weeks before she had disappeared.

This seemed conclusive evidence. But a certain fact led the Court to order another digging of the ground, and eighteen inches deeper they came upon

ANOTHER SKELETON.

Both bodies had been buried without clothing, the feet were placed in a peculiar manner, close together, and the second body was found exactly under the first, and lying in the same direction. This could not be a coincidence. The conclusion was that the place was a spy grave, and the man was saved by the skin of his teeth.

A very close shave was that of a man who lived on rather bad terms with his brother. One winter's night the younger man disappeared, and was never seen again. He had, said the brother, let himself down from the window by a rope, and next day his footsteps were traced for a considerable distance in the snow. Later on the older brother left the farm, and when the new tenant came to make some alterations in the grounds a skeleton was dug up.

Everybody said it was murder. An inquest was held, and owing to some carelessness, the skeleton was taken for that of the missing man. But a keen-eyed doctor who happened to be present asked permission to examine it. And, instead of being the remains of a tall young man, he found it to be the skeleton of an old and very small woman. On further investigation it was shown that the remains came from an old gravel pit used by the gypsies as a burying place.

In London, some years ago, a woman was found dead in the morning. Her skull was fractured, and two dents in the bone corresponded exactly with the claws of a hammer found in the house. As she was known to have frequent quarrels with her husband, he was arrested, and charged with murder.

THE DENTED BONNET.

In defence, he produced witnesses who swore that the woman had fallen in the street the night before. But this would have served him little, if someone had not thought of examining her bonnet. The bonnet was found, and there, too, were the two dents. Moreover these dents were filled with street mud, and by this trifle the innocent man was saved from the scaffold.

At Bodmin, some time ago, blood and a few hairs were found on a stone beside the dead body of a woman sent a man to the scaffold. He had been seen with the same

stone in his hand some time before the deed.

On the other hand, a hammer with blood and hairs was found under the bed of a man charged with murder, and he would have stood little chance of escape but that a doctor proved that the hairs were those of a goat.

SHERGOLD'S SHEEP.

An English Farm Loofer's Crime and Hard Luck.

One of the most interesting stories of the many concerning sheep-stealing given in Mr. W. H. Hudson's recent book, "A Shepherd's Life," is that of a South Wiltshire farm laborer, named Shergold. The man was out of work, having been discharged from the farm at the end of the harvest. It was an exceptionally cold season; there was no food and no fuel in the house, and he had a wife and several small children to keep.

One evening in late December a drover arrived at Chitterne, one of the lonely isolated villages on Salisbury Plain, with a flock of sheep which he was driving to Tilshead, several miles away. He was anxious to get to Tilshead that night, and wanted a man to help him. Shergold was on the spot, and undertook to go with him for the sum of fourpence. They set out when it was getting dark. The sheep were put on the road, and Shergold followed at the tail.

It was a cold, cloudy night, threatening snow, and so dark that Shergold could hardly distinguish the dim forms of even the hindmost sheep. By and by the temptation to steal one assailed him. How easy—he was a big, powerful man—it would be for him to do it!

With his tremendous strength he could kill and hide a sheep very quickly without making any sound to alarm the drover, who was still far ahead. He thought of what a sheep would be to him and to his hungry ones at home, until the temptation was too strong. Suddenly he lifted his big, heavy stick, and brought it down with such force on the head of a sheep as to drop the animal, with its skull crushed, dead as a stone.

Hastily picking it up, he ran a few yards away and placed it among the furze bushes, intending to take it home on his way back, and then returned to the flock.

They arrived at Tilshead in the small hours, and after receiving his fourpence Shergold started for home, walking rapidly and then running to be in time; but when he got back to where the sheep was lying the dawn was coming, and he knew that before he could get back to Chitterne with that heavy burden on his back people would be getting up in the village and he would be seen.

The only thing to do was to hide the sheep and return for it on the following night. He concealed it in a small hollow, covered it with a mass of dead bracken and herb-ages, and left it.

That afternoon the long threatening snow began to fall, and as snow was on the ground he dared not go to recover the sheep, since his footprints would betray him. But the snow fell all night, and what must his feeling have been when he looked at it still falling in the morning and knew that he could have gone for the sheep with safety, since all traces would have been quickly obliterated.

The weather continued bitterly cold, and during those hungry days even that poor comfort of sleeping or dozing away the time was denied him, for the danger of discovery was ever present in his mind—for sheep stealing was a capital offence. It was his first crime, and he loved his own life and his wife and his children, crying to him for food.

The food for them was lying there on the down, close by, and he could not get it. Roast mutton, boiled mutton—mutton in half a dozen delicious forms—the thought of it was as distressing as maddening, as that full fortnight before the wished-for thaw came. Then with fear and trembling Shergold went for his sheep, only to find that it had been pulled to pieces and the flesh devoured by dogs and foxes.

THE IDEAL HORSE STABLE.

A well-known stockman says: The ideal stable should have the horse facing north to obtain an even temperature, it should not be too large so that you keep the animal heat under control, and not have stable temperature either materially raised or lowered when half a dozen animals are either taken out or brought in.

The ventilation should be perfect and as strong as possible up to the iniquitous draught. Let the ceiling be as high as convenient, and if the wise builder has left an inch or so open around the upper edge, where the stablemen cannot stop it up all the better.

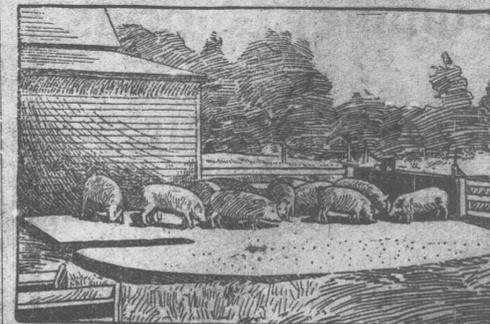
No matter where the ventilation comes from, get it, and here comes in the weak link, the uncontrollable desire of the stablemen to keep the place much too hot, neglecting the horse for the comfort and convenience of the humans.

CONCRETE ON THE FARM.

Its Uses Have Been Largely Extended by a Series of Experiments

It is only a few years since concrete was generally accepted as a reliable building material, yet the difference which this convenient and economical form of construction has made in the outlook of the farmer in these few years, has done much to revolutionize things on the farm. The growing scarcity of lumber and its consequent rise in price, has gradually caused that commodity to assume the general aspect of a luxury. So much lumber is used on the farm for buildings and fences that its extremely high price has made it almost prohibitive to the average farmer unless he has an extra large sum of money to spend on outlay. Wire fencing partially solved the problem, but real relief did not come until concrete was proven by actual tests to be not only practicable, but to possess many advantages over wood as a building material.

The uses to which concrete can be put are practically without limit, more particularly on the farm. Al-



HOGS EATING FROM A CONCRETE FEEDING FLOOR.

ready the list includes forms of construction ranging from the large hip-roofed barn down to a nest-egg that deceives the wisest old lawyer in the brood. These uses have been extended largely, by a series of extensive experiments.

Already much has been accomplished on the farm by the use of concrete. Perhaps the greatest argument in its favor, and one which has developed only since concrete has actually been put into general use, is its health-promoting properties.

If sickness occurs in a city to any great extent, a searching investigation usually follows, conducted

by a medical health officer, with the result that it is traced back to its cause and this cause removed.

The farmer must be his own medical health officer. He must look to the causes to be found on his own farm. A great deal is now being done along these lines, and in many places, particularly in the West, it has been found that a number of the causes of sickness can be avoided by the use of concrete.

A common sense view of the situation shows that this simply-handled material is peculiarly well adapted to measures of sanitation and in preventing germs from spreading.

Possibly the place visited more often than any other by the farmer is his well. If it is so situated that unhealthful ground streams can leak into the drinking water, there is every possibility of this unhealthfulness being communicated to the farmer and his family by the most direct route. Concrete has done much to remedy this. If a well is built of concrete—a solid cylinder set into the ground—it is impossible for such leakage to occur. In the same way a concrete dairy provides but slim accommodation for disease

NEW GERMAN SHELL.

Makes Trench Protection and Shielded Batteries Impossible.

The protection of trenches and armor shielded field batteries is at an end, for, if a loading German military authority is to be believed, security hitherto enjoyed by soldiers through the protection of breastworks or similar shallow intrenchments has ceased to be with the late invention of not less than three different shells which all have the aim to kill or wound everybody thus protected.

The new projectiles are a combination of the grenade-shrapnel shell with comparatively thin walls. Instead of the old arrangement of the bursting charge and the single time fuse producing explosion by concussion, and making the bullets and fragments move like a conical shower, the new shells are designed to produce a two-fold mission. The Krupp grenade shrapnel carries a peculiarly arranged charge of balls placed at regular intervals and angles, and depending on a certain combination of time fuses for their discharge.

The old fashioned grenade was effective only when exploding among the gunners serving a battery, but since it did not possess any penetrative force it was useless against the armored shields with which field guns now are protected. The new Brisanz shrapnel Ehrhardt shell is a particularly powerful one. Its penetrating power is equal to that of a cupronickel solid shot, and through its destructiveness from shattering is equally great.

At the recent official trial of one of these shells tore a hole a square yard in size in a two feet thick brick wall, and a number of mannikins standing behind it were destroyed. Dummy batteries protected by two inch thick armor plate were totally demolished by the new shells fired at 10,000 feet range, and the gunners, represented by wooden dummies, shattered by the fragments and balls.

The third shell is not designed so much with a view to penetrating qualities as to scattering fire, and is in reality an aerial automatic magazine gun. The centre of the shell is filled with explosive materials and shrapnel shot, which is intended to be exploded as in an ordinary shell at a predetermined moment. In addition to this there are four partitions, in each of which there is a series of holes adapted to receive rifle cartridges. These holes form an acute angle with the axis of the shell, and are directed backward. By means of a

timing device the cartridges may be detonated successively to discharge bullets in the wake of the shell.

The idea is to regulate the speed of the bullets so that they will strike backward despite the forward motion of the shell, and hit the enemy behind the trenches. The efficiency of this shell has not as yet been sufficiently illustrated. A great many bullets are wasted by the present arrangement, an account of being directed too high to strike the enemy with sufficient energy. This new weapon, it is believed, will revolutionize the present methods of defence.

BURIED WITH HIS GOLD.

French Miser Took His Wealth to the Grave to Hide From Family.

A miser named Anglade, who died at Pau, France, recently, carried part of his fortune with him into the grave and hid the balance, in order to prevent any one else using the money. He had steadily refused to give any information about his possessions, and after his death his wife made a systematic search of the house, with the result that about \$6,000 was found in gold and banknotes secreted in all his wealth, but when a bank clerk presented a note for payment of a loan promised by the miser and said that Anglade had a document confirming the transaction, the widow decided that her husband must have taken the paper to the grave.

The grave was opened in the presence of a magistrate. Packets of banknotes and bonds, with a number of other documents, including the one sought for, were found under the man's armpits. Opportunity was taken to search a bamboo cane which, according to Anglade's dying wish, was buried with him. Each section of the cane was found to contain notes and gold wrapped in cotton wool.

Hint for opening fruit jars. Instead of prying open with a knife, just hold jar top in warm water for a minute; you will be surprised how easy lid will come off and besides will avoid cutting your hands, as oftentimes has happened.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. The Sobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

Electric Restorer for Men
restores every part of the body to its proper function; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness arrested at once. This wonderful medicine makes you a new man. Price \$14 a box, or two \$25. Mailed to any address. The Sobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

THE SECRETS OF NATIONS

THE RISKS WHICH SPIES RUN TO SECURE THEM.

Remarkable How Information About Forts and Guns Leaks Out.

Two years ago a case of espionage came to light in Germany which revealed that such extensive and valuable information had been given to France as necessitated the replacing of the whole system of Western fortresses, and also sweeping changes in field artillery.

The spy was one Herr Schwara, an ex-journalist, who had become a brewery manager. His method was to entertain non-coms. and soldiers to champagne suppers, and by this means he was able to pump them of the facts he required. That his game was a paying one may be gathered from the fact that he was shown to have received as much as \$1,000 for individual items of information. He had carried on his operations for three years before being found out; but then he was condemned to twelve years' hard labor.

Four years' penal servitude was the sentence meted out only last year to a charming governess, tried in Berlin, and said to have been in the employ of two great Powers.

According to the evidence at the trial, Fraulein Petersen, from Hamburg, obtained a post as governess in the home of a naval officer's widow. This position enabled her to get acquainted with a number of young naval officers, whom she attracted by her

CHARMING PERSONALITY

to such a degree that she was able to get from them charts, plans, and secrets that it was treason to disclose.

At least one payment to this clever woman was traced to Brussels, whence she received \$125 every month, said to be from an agent of France.

It is remarkable to what limits of audacity the spy will go in order to obtain what he knows his employers will pay well for. Some three years ago a well-dressed man of gentlemanly appearance arrived at the entrance to the Breakwater Fort at Portland, England, and presented to the sentinel a card, purporting to come from the admiral then in command. He was shown all over the fort, and not until the card he had presented was returned in due course to the commanding officer was it discovered to be a forgery.

Again, in 1908, sixteen submarines, accompanied by the depot ship Thames and a torpedo destroyer, while engaged in carrying out manoeuvres in the North Sea found themselves always within range of a steam trawler. When twenty-six hours had passed, a commanding officer came to the conclusion that the trawler must be fishing in an unusual sense. He steamed up to her, when what was his amazement to find on the bridge with the British captain two Germans furnished with powerful marine glasses.

The names of the vessel and her captain were taken, and she was warned off.

DESIGNS ON "G.I.B."

The instance of the publication of an interior photograph of the first Dreadnought in a German paper shows how intimate the intelligence secured by spies frequently is. Two years ago, within a short period, negotiations were discovered to be actually in progress for the sale of secrets of our Gibraltar defences, and documents describing our submarine defences were stolen or lost.

On more than one occasion secrets have got out through foreign embassies in one country and another. An officer in the Kaiser's army confessed to the writer that his uncle, while attached to the German Embassy in Paris, succeeded in smuggling a new French rifle out of the country, a rifle with certain parts his Government very much wanted to find out all about. The rifle was obtained by bribery, taken to pieces, and packed in his bag. His official card secured the courtesy of an unchallenged passage of the Customs, and he took advantage of that courtesy to provide his employers with his host's secrets.

SUCCESSFUL HOG RAISING.

Select sows from families that lead you to expect good litters of vigorous, growthy pigs. Keep proven sows as long as they do well or as long as you can control them. Feed enough to give the sows a chance, remembering that for developing themselves and their pigs a large percentage of protein is needed. Keep their bowels in order, especially at farrowing time, (taking care not to feed a loosening enough diet to scour the pigs. Remember, that the development of the mammary glands depends largely on the number of pigs in first litter, and last but not least, make the sow take care of the pigs by compelling her to stay with them a considerable part of each day.

HEALTH

PNEUMONIA.

Pneumonia is not dreaded merely for its power to seize and kill quickly, but also for its apparent power to select the most unlikely victims. Most persons have lived through the shock of hearing that some friend had suddenly died of pneumonia—a friend from whom they had parted but a few days or even hours before, leaving him at what seemed the highest notch of physical well-being, and perhaps protesting that he did not know what illness meant.

This disease is most dangerous to the apparently strong, robust people of heavy weight and hearty appetite, although it may attack any one, for its germs are omnipresent.

The strong and full-blooded individual who is at the same time something overweight is especially in danger of pneumonia, and should take particular care to avoid it. If his diet is too heavy—and that may safely be assumed—it should be ruthlessly cut down, especially as to meat and the elimination of alcohol.

The weighing scale is a good friend to such a person, and should be consulted regularly. The scale does not argue about that extra pound or two, it proves it; and after a weight in accordance with age and height has been determined, it can be maintained, in most cases, by the exercise of a little self-control.

There are hosts of people who indolently permit themselves to get heavy, and even fat, in the winter months. They are the people who should be constantly reminded—"The pneumonia germ'll git yer, if yer don't watch out!"

The condition of the man must be recognized as more important than the presence of the germ, as proved by the fact that there is less mortality among the thin and apparently delicate than among the stout and full-blooded.

Some of the phrases used by the laity on this subject have, after all, more sense than nonsense in them. It is said that some one is "threatened with pneumonia," or that a "bad cold ran into pneumonia," and in a sense it is true, for every one is "threatened" with pneumonia; that is to say, the germ is always present, and ready and willing to begin its work if one only gives it a chance.

The most successful way to give it a chance is to neglect a bad cold, and thus break down the natural defenses of the system. If every bad cold were met with starvation, physic and fresh air it would depart in disgust, and the lurking pneumonia with it, for the large burglar cannot get in through a hole which has refused to admit the smaller one.—Youth's Companion.

REVIVAL.

Hab. 3: 2.

"Review Thy work, O Lord;" All hearts with fervor fill; Lead men to hearken to Thy word And seek to do Thy will.

O Lord, Thy work revive; This is our earnest plea; So may Thy mighty spirit strive That souls may turn to Thee.

O Lord, revive Thy work; And by Thy power divine Cast out the hidden things that lurk In hearts that should be Thine.

Revive Thy work again; We look to Thee, O Lord; May He who was for sinners slain Be everywhere adored.

Revive Thy work, we pray; Send blessing from above; May willing ones their Lord obey And grow in grace and love.

O Lord, Thy work revive, While here our songs we raise; For all that we from Thee desire We render fervent praise.

T. WATSON.

Iona Station, Ont., 1911.

FASHION NOTES.

Bead fringes are a fad of the moment. Changeable cheviot is one of the new fabrics.

Black Russia leather pumps have plain steel buckles. There are some wonderfully pretty hair nets worn, of gold and silver, and old silver is fashionable.

One of the newest sleeves is about three-quarter length and is as wide at the bottom as at the plain top.

Dressy coat sleeves end anywhere between the elbow and the wrist, and ample width is a feature of all.

Fancy effects both in coats and skirts are plainly discernible among the important trends.

It often happens that the misfortunes of a wise man resemble that of any other man; but his good fortune never is anything like the good fortune of a fool.

HOUSE OF PRIMITIVE MAN

SOUGHT WARMTH AND REFUGE IN PIT DWELLINGS.

How the Round Building of Olden Times Became Squares and Oblongs.

The earliest human dwellings were shelter places made by nature, as in caves, but when the progress of man had reached its Neolithic period a form of human architecture was developed and it had much in common with the building methods of burrowing animals.

That is to say, primitive man went to the earth like a hunted fox seeking warmth and refuge in pit dwellings. Why he went underground is a mystery which I venture to explain partly by that human instinct which now reconciles us to coal pits and tube railways, says M. W. Shaw in the *Fortnightly Review*, and partly also by the disappearance of many huge animals which in earlier prehistoric times would have broken through the roof of a pit dwelling.

Each pit was round in shape, just like the entrance to a burrow; it went downward for seven feet and sometimes for ten; and over the mouth was a firm cover of inter-laced branches plastered with clay and mud. From the bottom a tunnel ran upward to the surface, and along it women and men crawled to their pen pit home.

UNDERGROUND HOUSES.

Akin to the Neolithic were built in Germany during the time of Tacitus, the first century of the Christian era, for the Roman historian says that remote German tribes made artificial caves in the earth covered with vast heaps of dung, so as to form in winter a shelter from cold and a storehouse also for harvests.

Through all this unimaginative period of time, from Neolithic days to our own, that first idea of men—his instinctive liking for rounded shapes—has gone on progressing, so that we find it in prehistoric funeral mounds, in the beehive houses in Ireland, in Roman temples dedicated to Vesta, in wheel windows of Gothic architecture, in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the pleasant rooms built only the other day, as in France.

Yet somehow after being the principal form in architecture for a time unimaginably long, the round became a very subordinate thing, yielding empire and precedence to a shape never to be found in nature's own work—i.e., the square, the right angle. Squares and oblongs denote repose and weight, while circles and rounded forms are identified with everything in the universe that suggests life, mystery, intelligence, light and heat, movement and speed, and ILLIMITABLE SPACE.

So long as the diameter of a round house did not exceed from eighteen to twenty feet, traditional methods would suffice, probably their thin walls of wattled poles plastered with clay being strong enough perhaps to bear up the rafters of a good roof—that is to say, a thatched roof, weather-tight and wind resisting. But circular houses of that size were for families only, there was no room in them for a chief with servants and retainers, and so we may suppose that when the headman of a tribe wanted a much bigger round house for his court, builders were troubled, led, since a much larger circle had to be roofed over with heavier rafters.

This put on the simple wattled walls a stronger thrust and a greater burden; there was also a greater surface for the wind to beat against and these new factors upset the old traditional routine of unskilled workmen. It must have taken many centuries for the Saxons to evolve their system of living with retainers in great oblong halls. If the architectural problems were hard nuts to crack during the first periods of Gothic vaults, they must have been a thousandfold more difficult in primitive time, and with primitive methods of construction, and hence the importance of the diameter in building circular huts and halls.

A CELEBRITY.

Mr. Jones was an excellent man, prosperous in his business and modest in his ways, but not distinguished for anything in particular. His wife, however, Mrs. Smith Jones, was a woman of rare accomplishments. She was an artist of more than ordinary ability, a brilliant pianist, and possessed a voice of remarkable sweetness and power.

At a large party one evening, at which she and her husband were present, her singing captivated a stranger who was one of the guests, and he asked to be introduced to her. His request was granted. After a few minutes' conversation the hostess came and took him away.

"You mustn't monopolize her, Mr. Simmons," she said. "I want you to meet Mr. Jones."

"Who is Mr. Jones?" "He is her husband." "What is he noted for?" "Noted for!" echoed the hostess. "Why, for—for his wife!"

SHOWING HIS PACES.

This Old Lady Was Particular About Her Footmen.

In that delightful record of social customs in the eighteenth century, "The Merry Past," Mr. Ralph H. Neville makes a good jest of the extreme formality of the times. Lord Lyttleton was once much piqued by the remarks of a certain old lady, well known for her strong predilection for beauty and athletic form in her footmen, and in consequence fixed upon the following method of making her ridiculous.

A friend of his had an Irish servant of remarkably fine presence, with a great fund of native humor. This man Lord Lyttleton borrowed, and instructed to apply to the old lady, who, as was well known, had advertised for a footman. Her ladyship either was, or affected to be, troubled by the most delicate and irritable nerves, which could not endure the slightest disturbance or noise.

The new servant, handsomely dressed and well powdered, presented himself at the lady's door, and his errand being announced, he was soon ushered into her saloon.

My lady was alone, and after asking the young man a variety of questions the answers to which seemed to be satisfactory, she told him she liked his appearance much as he stood, but she wished to see him walk, to know whether he did that gracefully, a main point with her.

The man walked up and down the room, the old lady's eyes following him closely, and in evident admiration of his six feet of height and his fine figure.

He was next ordered to turn this way, then that way, then to make his bow, then to carry a fan and book; last of all, to walk the length of the room again.

Having walked the last time the man made a profound bow, and said, "Your ladyship has examined some but not all of my accomplishments, which are all equally excellent. You have seen me walk, now you shall see me trot."

With that he trotted up and down the room with the utmost vigor, until the glasses, chairs and everything else danced.

Then stopping a moment, the rascal said, "Now, my lady, you have seen me trot, I'll next show you how I can gallop."

This he also performed with his utmost energy, and running downstairs, bolted out of the hall door.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

There is no inevitable tragedy. The sole way to thwart destiny is to do just the contrary to the evil it would have us do.

We over-emphasize death. If thirty years of felicity end in an accidental death, all those thirty years seem to us lost in the one sombre hour.

He rejoiced in the pleasing name of Wood, and he prided himself on his jokes and smart repartee. One day he met a friend whose name was Stone, and naturally a name like that was too good a chance to miss. "Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said, pleasantly; "and how is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?" "Quite well, thank you, Mr. Wood; and how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

YOUR HOUSE!



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A. RAMSAY & SON CO., THE PAINT MAKERS Montreal, Que., 1912.

THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

THE DESTRUCTION OF HUMUS.

There is so little attention paid to the humus of the soil that it is a wonder that there is any left in the ground. Many people will spend time and money on fertilizers, both green and chemical, when if they had kept all the humus intact they would not have been out for the extra nor have spent as much time and energy.

Humus is the decayed and decaying vegetation—the well rotted particles beneath the sod. Because it is dead is no sign that it has no value in the therapeutics of plant life. It has a most distinct value. Without it there is very little luxuriance and hardly any fruit. It is not in itself a food, but it opens the way for every particle and kind of possible food to reach the young and growing life.

The moisture that flows along the lines of its direction, the chemicals that it absorbs and sustains, the life, the light, the air that makes it possible for the possession of the plant life, are wonderful and necessary beyond words for expression. Yet so many people will not take any of these great fundamentals into consideration and go on ruthlessly destroying it.

Humus is destroyed, generally, three ways. First by overcultivation, by keeping down all growth between trees altogether and never allowing it to get large enough to be of value as humus. Second, it is done by dry ploughing, turning up great quantities of sod and leaving these clods to dry out in the hot sun during summer or hot fall weather. Nothing will so certainly kill a field as this, yet many supposedly good farmers do this. The third way is by burning over a field of heavy grasses, heaving the sod three or more inches deep, and thus drying out the elasticity of both soil and humus, and preventing the seed or vegetation planted from getting a good hold in the ground. With no chance for a living it cannot grow. Take care of the humus and it will take care of you.

ORCHARD SUGGESTIONS.

Field mice been at the young trees? If the bark is gnawed to the wood the trees may be saved by bridge grafting.

If the rabbits have gnawed only the outer bark, wrap the wound with cloth.

A tree can be bridge grafted in less than half an hour and it is better to take this time to do it than to let a valuable tree die.

An hour's work with a sharp wire at the foot of your peach trees killing borers may mean an extra bushel of fine peaches.

If the orchard has gone to weeds plow carefully just deep enough to miss the roots, cultivate as you would for the garden and next fall sow clover, cow peas or some other nitrogen-bearing plant and plow the next spring.

There is just as much sense in planting an orchard and then allowing it to shift for itself as there is in planting a corn field and allowing it to run to weeds.

Keep the fence around the orchard as free from weeds, grass and trash as you would your choicest garden plants. Weeds along the fence are fine harbors for insects.

The best place in the world for the poultry yard is the orchard—any kind of an orchard where insects abound.

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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 or an expert. 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 this 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 150 pages full of useful and practical information of the uses of concrete.

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REGARDING RECIPROCITY.

There was an anti-reciprocity meeting in Hartland the other evening which was very enthusiastic. The thread-bare argument of loyalty, the bugaboo of annexation was thoroughly exploited. In view of the strenuous efforts of the Tory party to block the passage of the reciprocity bill through the House of Commons, their determination to force an election on the issue is evidence that the Conservatives as a whole firmly believe that if once the reciprocity pact becomes law they cannot for years hope for accession to power. It will be well for every voter to remember that if reciprocity proves the disaster our Conservative friends would have us believe it would be that the pact can be terminated by either party alone, or be either party violating its terms.

Monday Evening's Storm

The electrical storm that passed over on Monday evening is considered one of the most severe that ever struck the province. It came from a north easterly direction and was accompanied by torrents of rain, much wind, and, in some localities severe hail.

At St. Thomas the barns owned by Thomas Travers were struck and burned to the ground.

In attempting to get his horses out Mr. Travers was kicked by one of them and quite badly injured. In attempting to save the contents of the barn he continued at work but lost consciousness in a few minutes. It was feared his injuries were serious but he is recovering.

Little other damage reported but many trees in this vicinity were blasted. At Fredericton the Church of England Cathedral was struck and totally destroyed. This was one of the finest church edifices in Canada; it was built sixty years ago at a cost of \$150,000.

A 250,000 Gallon Reservoir.

Important Business at the Annual Village Meeting.

The annual meeting of the rate-payers for the Hartland Fire and Water Corporation was held in the hose house on Monday evening.

There was a good attendance and there were some important questions definitely settled.

The Secretary's and Auditor's reports were accepted and placed on file.

The receipts from all sources exceeded \$1200, of which \$300 was collected in water tap taxes, double that of ten years ago. There was \$30 left over from last year. The expenditure on current account was \$288; interest on bonds, \$405; hydrant and pipe on the hill cost \$427; repairing the hose house, \$130; making a surplus of \$170.

Amasa Plummer was re-elected commissioner.

A. Plummer moved that the present reservoir be lined with concrete

and built six feet higher than the present walls. C. E. Allen seconded the motion.

A. F. Campbell moved in amendment and S. S. Miller seconded that a new concrete reservoir be built to hold not less than 250,000 gallons of water, a little north-east of the present reservoir.

The amendment carried. It was decided to borrow \$4000 to buy land and build the reservoir with.

Moved by Allen Bradley and seconded by S. S. Miller that \$100 be expended to secure an increased supply of water if needed. Carried.

On motion of L. E. McFarland and H. H. Smalley it was decided to extend the water main on Main street south to the school house. Three hundred dollars was voted for this purpose.

The sum of \$300 was voted for current expenses for the coming year.

It is expected the work of the new reservoir and extension of service will be finished this season.

Avondale Rifle Range.

At our shoot over the Avondale Rifle Range, June 17th inst, the following members took prizes as named:

CLASS A. Points made.	
First prize to Henry Gallivan,	75
Second prize, Wilford Grandemire,	73
Third prize, Richard Gallivan,	71
CLASS B.	
First prize, C. W. DeLong,	70
Second prize, Herbert Anderson,	73
Third prize, Robert Upton,	70
CLASS C.	
First prize, Benj. Grandemire,	74
Second prize, Ranford Tracey,	73
Third prize, Arthur DeGrass,	68

Our Rifle Club has just begun to grade for prizes, and at the next shoot, which will be on July 10th, all the members who scored over 70 points or more will be put in Class A; so the members will see that two new men who have not got prizes in Class B and three of prizes in Class C will be men who have not had a prize before. We expect a large turnout for the 10th July, and hope for a good day, as it is the last day of the competition for the Dominion Silver Salver.

Below I am putting a record of our eight leaders, and I wish those eight in particular to be there on July 10th and we will give them every chance for a good score.

Name	Total
Henry Gallivan	65 80 75 220
J. R. Jones	70 76 70 216
Charles W. DeLong	68 64 76 208
Wilford Grandemire	59 76 73 208
Frank Albright	67 69 61 197
Robt. Upton	58 66 70 194
Herbert Anderson	55 63 73 191
Newman Black	57 69 55 181

The reader will please understand that our Club shoots with the bare rifle, under war conditions, and none of the little subtle helps used by some riflemen are used, and that the three former winners of the platter have not their score recorded, and no matter how good a score a member may be putting up if he misses getting on the range on one of the four days set down for this competition, is thrown out and cannot be a winner. There has been a cup provided for the best shot in the Club, not as a prize but as a trophy, to be given to the member of the Avondale Club making the best score at the next shoot; and as his name will be engraved in a book with the number of his points made and the date of his winning the trophy, and he will hold the trophy until next shoot day, when the member making the highest score will take it, and it will be as a trophy from one shoot day until another, but the name will be enrolled on this book every shoot day, which will become the Honor Roll.

CAPT. S. G. BARTER.

Carleton County Council.

(Continued from last week)

I wish to call attention to the new conditions of the Carleton County Hospital. As you know by the will of the late L. F. Fisher he bequeathed to the Town and County his handsome and commodious residence as a hospital, it has been taken over by the directors and in the course of a short time will be occupied as such. This and previous councils have shown their interests by liberal financial assistance. The management is in the hands of a capable and painstaking Board of Trustees. The success which has been attained is largely due to the skill and high standing of the doctors in attendance, and efficient matron and staff of nurses.

In conclusion I wish most heartily to thank every member of the board for the many courtesies shown and excuses made for me during the term so pleasantly yet so rapidly coming

to a close. Coun Phillips' on account of the Building Committee said they had fixed the floor of the goal. They had not fixed the lock but had sent away for sample lock. They had procured a flag and even a flag pole and the flag was not up.

Coun Balmain on behalf of the Finance Committee said they were empowered to borrow \$5,000 if necessary; but he had not been informed nor had he ascertained that this was necessary.

Mr. Hartley said that he had paid off two debentures one for the Court House and the other an old debenture, leaving the debt now at \$39,000 of which \$10,000 was for the goal. All debentures pay 4 per cent.

The Warden named Coun. F. R. Shaw to fill the vacancy in the Finance Committee caused by the absence of Coun Hay.

Coun Phillips regarding the proposed fence about the goal, thought a fence should be put there. The Sheriff was strongly of that opinion and he would like the council to view the lot and decide.

Coun Melville spoke of the position of the photograph of the councillors, Mr. Green, the photographer, was put in a hard position. A motion was carried that it be removed from the walls. Mr. Green had made an improvement in the framing and he moved that the picture be put up in a suitable place in the Court House.

Coun Brown seconded the motion.

Coun Kinney said while there was objection taken last year to the picture, this year an improvement has been made. Last year he and his colleagues looked very inferior, now they looked bright and brilliant, and the same of the rest of the councillors. (Laughter). Carried.

Coun Balmain moved that the picture be hung in the hall at the entrance of the Court House.

Coun Tompkins seconded the motion.

Coun Melville favored it being hung in the Main building.

EXERCISE NEEDED BY BREEDING EWES.

L. W. Kammerer of Brodhead, Wis., who judged the Shropshire sheep at the big Chicago show in December, is one of the most successful sheep breeders and growers in his section of the state.

"Alfalfa is beyond all question the very best winter roughage for sheep," said Mr. Kammerer in discussing the methods he has found successful. "With plenty of good alfalfa hay sheep need little or nothing in the way of roots for succulent feed and but little grain for maintenance. Good, well cured alfalfa will keep breeding



The illustration shows a highly typical Romney Marsh ram. He is the noted, Elicmas Romney that brought \$750 at the Ashford (England) auction sales last year. His owner, A. J. Hickman, Kent, England, says, "I think that the Romney breed is fast becoming the leading breed of the world." This statement will surprise some American readers, the breed being little known in this country. It, indeed, surpasses all other breeds in our country, and we have it at all. Perhaps our sheepmen would do well to inform themselves about its merits.

sheep in fair condition, well covered and vigorous. Clover, of course, is next best, but unless it is of the best quality should be fed in connection with cabbage or root crops of some sort. Sheep naturally need some succulent or juicy feed. This element is pretty well supplied in alfalfa, but not to any extent in any of the other ordinary roughages.

"Plenty of exercise is as essential as liberal feeding to the successful wintering of breeding ewes. I have never thought it best to house the animals closely. Unless the day is wet and stormy they much prefer being out in the field nibbling at a straw pile to being penned up in the barn, and it is much better for them to be out. Nature gives them ample protection against the cold, and the fresh air and snow are what they need. Unless the snow is very deep I feed my sheep their hay several hundred yards from their pens or sheds, thus compelling the animals to take a liberal amount of exercise two or three times daily. This has a mighty important effect upon the quality and hardness of the spring lambs. Generally I have found that the lambs will accurately reflect the wintering of their dams in their degree of hardiness and vitality. My lambs came in February last year. The ewes were accustomed to out of door weather, with a large open shed and plenty of bedding in case of a storm. The lambs were born in an open shed and yet were uncommonly strong and healthy. Only one of the entire lot was chilled so that we had to take him to the fire to revive him."



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BOHAN BROS.

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

Fruits of all kinds Breakfast Foods General Groceries especially Good Molasses

McCormick's Biscuits and Cookies Ganong's G. B.'s

A McCaskey account Register and an Acetylene Machine for sale cheap. F. D. TWEEDIE & Co.

Centreville, 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.

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES



We have met with great success in Dressing Young Men who will have nothing short of the limit of style. There's always an air of smartness about our Young Men's Garments for we show a style that is new and correct.

Our time is always at the disposal of the Young Man who is casting about for just the right suit.

Come and see our suits before you buy.

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.

C. P. R.

St. John to Montreal

WEEK DAYS AND SUNDAYS

THE SHORT ROUTE FROM HALIFAX

AND ALL POINTS IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES TO MONTREAL & WEST

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

H. R. NIXON

says his

Shoe Department

is gaining every month. The reason is, the lines of shoes he carries bring the People to his store. Nixon states that women are buying mostly Patent Pumps in one, two and three strap styles. They are very popular everywhere. Also Ladies High Patent Button, Cloth and Kid, Gun Metal and Tan are coming very fast for fall

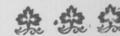


For June Weddings.

Its a grave mistake when a lovely bride making up her trousseau spends lavishly on dress and lingerie and skimps on her shoe buying. This noticeable fault will mar her

wedding finery. Our showing of Oxfords, Boots, Ties, and Slippers should at least be examined by prospective brides. If you want something up-to-date get the Astoria, Gold Bond, Royal Purple, Tru-Fit, McDermott Femina, Eagle Shoes. Sure Comfort in them.

For Men's Shoes, he has many Styles: the High Toe, both in Patent, Oxford and High Blucher and Button are the most popular shoes in the market. They are all the go, they make the foot look so small.



Wedding Invitations!

None finer produced in New Brunswick than those that come from The Observer Office, Hartland, N. B.

Local News and Personal Items

Go to Arthur Estabrooks for fruit of all kinds.

H. M. DeWitt of Upper Woodstock was here on Monday.

H. R. Nixon is having his residence remodelled.

Miss Dora Hayward arrived home from Edmunston on Saturday.

Kenneth Keith has recently come in possession of a fine pony and carriage.

Mrs. H. M. Stevens leaves tomorrow for a few weeks visit at St. John.

Henry Birmingham of Victoria has purchased a McLaughlin Buick touring car.

The railway premises have been newly painted making a brighter, lighter effect.

Mrs. P. H. Bishop returned last week after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Rideout, at Somerville.

Miss Georgia Churchill of Brookline, Mass., is visiting Misses Edna and Robina Sipprell at Somerville.

Expected at the Department Store this week one car cement (best quality)—special price while unloading.

J. A. Belyea, of Rockland, and Mrs. Hattie Nicholson were married on Wednesday, at Rockland, by Rev. J. A. Cahill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Potts are spending a few days at St. Pamphile, Que., and St. Leonards and Van Buren.

Mrs. C. H. Gray of Caribou has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. H. N. Bover and Mrs. A. Plummer.

E. T. Shaw has just received a new cold tire upsetter; he can re-set your tires while you wait, requires only half an hour's time.

A week ago Friday, J. N. Belyea, the mail driver between here and Rockland, and Mrs. Victoria McBurney of Rockland were married.

Bug Death will stop the rust even during a wet season, and sure Death to the Bugs, and increases your crop more than the cost.

To rent, on very reasonable terms five rooms on the ground flat of A. Commings' new house. Rent very reasonable. H. H. Smalley, Hartland.

Joseph Whitley, the well known piano tuner will be in Hartland for business about the middle of July. Those desiring his services may notify the OBSERVER.

Norman D. Cass, son of Percy Cass, has accepted the position of Principal of the school at Nelson, Northumberland County, and will enter upon his duties at the beginning of next term.—Gleaner.

Baird is making big reductions in Summer Goods and every purchase is a bargain. Don't let pass the opportunity for getting fresh, new goods at low prices. Don't forget the Daylight—Baird's handsome store.

It is rumored that in September Richard Dole, now in charge of the Bank of New Brunswick at East Florenceville, will be promoted and given charge of the branch in Halifax, N. S., and that James Powner of Chipman will succeed Mr. Dole at East Florenceville.

Special White Wear sale now in at the Department store.

Sheriff Tompkins was here yesterday.

Prof. H. H. Lockwood, of Woodstock, was here Tuesday.

Miss Pearl Robinson of Woodstock is clerking for Rideout & Sipprell.

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

Sunday was a scorcher, the thermometer going above 90 degrees.

If you want good clean building sand get it from A. R. Rugby, don't need screening.

Miss Helen Fuller of Amherst is the guest of the Misses McCollom.

Mrs. W. W. Estey of Fredericton is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Currie.

For particulars about Bug Death drop a card to A. R. Rigby, Hartland, N. B.

Arthur Estabrooks has lately got in stock a lot of new Trout Flies including Cow Dung and Royal Coachman.

The annual School meetings throughout the province will be held in the different school houses next Monday at 10 a. m.

There will be Church of England service in Burt's hall on July 23, at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45.

During his stay here over Sunday the Rev. David Jenkins was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Potts.

Dyer Brook correspondence of the Houlton Times says that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Welding have gone to Hartland for a short visit.

The Van Buren News is the newest exchange that comes to this office. It is edited by George S. McLaughlan who formerly ran Chat here. The OBSERVER wishes him every success.

Mrs. T. F. Sprague and Miss Sprague of Woodstock were guests at Highland Farm, West Side, over Sunday. Ralph Sprague was the guest of Arthur Thornton.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray have arrived from Nova Scotia and will live in the house occupied by Warren Rideout on the farm of their son-in-law, Henry Ginson, Somerville.

The piece of roadway this side of Cross Creek has had the stones removed therefrom and is in good condition. The road in W. C. Craig's district is spoken of as being in splendid condition, much better than ever before.

The OBSERVER has in stock the most modish designs in wedding stationery and can supply invitations, announcements and cards in a style not surpassed by any, no matter where they may come from. Call and see or send for samples.

For Sale: One Windsor, 6 hole steel Range, for coal or wood, copper tank, used only a month, cost \$45. Reasons for selling, too large for small family; a bargain for cash. Apply M. B. Cox, at Keith & Plummer's.

If you intend putting in a Range, or Heater, this fall or summer you are reminded that H. N. Boyer puts them from Factory to Kitchen and guarantees them. It will pay you in more ways than one to drop him a card.

C. J. Young returned from P. E. Island Monday evening where he had been visiting friends for a few days. Mr. Young will conduct service Sunday July 9 in the following places. Biggar Ridge, 11 o'clock; Knowlesville, 2.30; Winslow, 7.30 p. m.

Mrs. J. J. Barnes, of Millville, who has been ill at Victoria Hospital for the past month, has been able to leave that institution. Her husband, Rev. J. J. Barnes, came here on Saturday and they returned home today. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Cass over Sunday.—Gleaner.

Emerson C. Rice, who very efficiently taught the advanced departments of the school during the past year left on Monday for Fredericton, where he will attend the summer school of science. Later he will go to his home at Wickham, Kings county for a few weeks after which he will take the full Arts course at the U. N. B.

Miss Marion W. Stevens, R. N., returned from Presque Isle on Saturday.

H. N. Boyer is unloading another car of those good cedar shingles. Several grades, exceptional value. If you intend purchasing you'd better see him.

A party of Somerville and Hartland young people met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rideout, Somerville, last evening as a surprise party for their guest, Miss Clara Bishop.

In the storm of last Monday night a barn owned by Mr. Hatfield of Mount Pleasant was blown down and considerable damage was done. The wind there was so severe that portions of the woods were laid low.

Henry Sharpe an employee at Sayre's mill, was badly injured yesterday afternoon by getting his arm caught among live rollers. He is at the mill boarding house resting as comfortably as can be expected.

At the closing of the Hartland School the Fleming prize of \$5. was won by Evelyn Teddie. This for best work in advanced department. The merchants prize of \$5. was won by Reta Murdoch.

The wedding of Dolph E. Nixon of Hartland and Ruth Evelyn White of Lower Hainesville is announced to take place today. The young couple will reside at Hartland and will be home to their friends after July 19.

On Sunday a crew of C. P. R. workmen and Contractor Glass were engaged putting down the concrete sewer pipe at the Maple street crossing. The contract for laying this sewer was let to John Glass, of Lower Windsor, for \$212. The Chief Commissioner's department supplied the concrete pipes, 240 joints of 24 inches in diameter. Household along the line were permitted perpetual use of the sewer, each paying \$25, with the exception of a branch on Main street, where the householders were taxed \$15 each. The work is practically completed. The receipts from rentals left a surplus above the contract price.

Don't forget Carleton County L. O. L. Excursion from Woodstock to St. Stephen, July 12. A big time. The Orangemen of four counties joining in celebrating with several Bands. Base Ball and Horse trotting and other sports. Train leaves Woodstock at 8 a. m., returning leaves St. Stephen at 7.30 p. m. Passengers from Hartland can return on regular train getting home same evening. Fare, Adults \$1.60. Children 80 cents from Woodstock.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

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

New Barber Shop.

H. B. BOYER

Everything new, neat and clean. Ladies Massage and Shampooing a specialty. Over Gesten's Store, Main St. HARTLAND, N. B.

A Snap for the Farmer

I have one Iron Edge potato Sprayer which I will sell at half price. It is a horse pump, four rows, will spray potatoes or orchards. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. H. SMALLEY.

Notice of Sale.

To Myra A. Dickinson widow of the late S. Lorenzo Dickinson late of the Parish of Wakefield in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, Deceased, the Heirs at Law, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of the said S. Lorenzo Dickinson, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the First day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five, registered in the Carleton County Records in Book K No. 4 on pages

366, 367, 368, 369 and 370, made between S. Lorenzo Dickinson and Myra A. Dickinson his wife of the one part; and the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation of the other part; which mortgage was subsequently assigned to the undersigned Carrie F. Boyer, there will for the purpose of satisfying the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis E. Young on Main Street in the town of Woodstock on Saturday the 22 day of July next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, that portion of the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—"All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated in the said Parish of Wakefield on the East side of the Second Tier Road and bounded and described as follows: On the North by lands formerly owned by William Hoyt and now owned by one William Hamilton and by land owned by Christopher Barthwick; on the East by lands owned by the said Christopher Barthwick and Adelaide E. Thomas; on the South by lands owned by one Jones and Wesley Scott; and on the West by the Second Tier Road aforesaid. And being the same lands conveyed to the said S. Lorenzo Dickinson by Sarah A. Dickinson and William W. Snow, the Executrix and Executor of the Last Will and Testament of the late Matthew Dickinson by Deed bearing date the Thirtieth day of October A. D. 1894 and duly recorded in the said Carleton County Records in Book "T" Number Three, on Pages 256 and 257."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging.

Dated this 16 day of June A. D. 1911.

(Sgd) CARRIE F. BOYER, Assignee of Mortgage.

(Sgd) LOUIS E. YOUNG, Solicitor for Assignee of Mortgage.

A GOOD POSITION

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I attended the G. T. P. SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY four months and was well pleased with the instruction given. I highly recommend this school to any one intending to take up Telegraphy. As soon as anyone is qualified they have no difficulty in getting a position. I hold the position as assistant agent and operator at Norcross, Me. on the B. & A. Railroad at a good salary.

Yours truly, E. O. SHELDON, St. Marys, N. B.

What we have done for others we can do for you

Enter any time. For free Catalogue and "Special Offer" Address W. T. LITTLE, Principal, Corner York and King Sts. Fredericton, N. B.

MANLEY H. CRAIG

Deputy Land Surveyor and Timber Land Estimator

Telephone 61-23. PERTH, N. B.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Public Building, Hillsboro, N. B.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P. M. on Monday, July 10, 1911, for the construction of a Public Building at the place mentioned.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the office of Mr. D. H. Waterbury, Supt. of Public Buildings, St. John, N. B., at the Post Office, Hillsboro, N. B., and at this Department.

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 Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10%) of the amount of the 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 work contracted for. 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, June 16, 1911. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

NOTICE

C. E. ALLEN
The Hartland Barber

has
BROWN DICK

a stallion by Lord Dufferin, also a thoroughbred mare colt for sale. Will be sold at sacrifice prices.

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

How About that Bath Room?

Our line is complete and now is a good season for having the work done. We will go anywhere in the county and do the work to your entire satisfaction. All kinds of plumbing in a workmanship manner. Drop us a card and state your wants; let us estimate on the work.

C. I. CHURCHILL

Plumber,

Connell St., Woodstock, N. B.

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

You can guarantee yourself a

SURE CROP OF POTATOES

by using

BUG DEATH

It kills the Bugs and Prevents Rust.

FOR SALE AT THE

HARDWARE STORE

Don't take chances with Paris Green and Bourdeaux Mixture but get the sure thing.

KEEP OUT THE FLIES

Authorities say they carry disease.

A Remedy at the Hardware Store:

Fly wire, all widths. Screen windows, different sizes. Screen doors, all sizes @ \$1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 each.

PARIS GREEN and BUG DEATH

For your Potatoes

HAYING TOOLS Pitchforks, the Beatty fork, (ask to see it) Warp in all sizes. Blocks, Scythes, Snares, Rakes, Fork handles. Everything the hay-maker needs at the right Prices.

Churns, Washing Machines, Wringers. Gasoline and Motor Oils. Special discounts to Blacksmiths.

ZIBA ORSER

HARDWARE MERCHANT

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.

Quality in tea may mean to you flavor or strength or fragrant richness. Red Rose Tea is blended with such nicety that it is the combination of all three points of merit. Will you try a package.

RED ROSE TEA is good tea

The World's Favorite
is
LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

LEGAL MATTERS IN SPAIN

IT IS WELL TO AVOID LAWSUITS IN THAT COUNTRY.

The Troubles of a House Builder—Dilatation in Legal Proceedings.

Spanish law is founded on the old Roman law and leaves but little to be desired, if only it were always put into effect. But the practice and theory of it are two very different things, as many know to their cost. The estate of the gypsy's curse: "Que tengas pleito y que ganes." ("May you have a lawsuit and win it") is still applicable to present day methods of conducting legal matters in Spain, as the following story will show.

A friend of ours decided to build a house in Spain, writes Mrs. Shiers-Mason in the London Evening Standard, and everything went well at first. The contractor was an excellent one and the plot was an excellent one and a most plausible and pleasant man. An old gentleman, however, with much experience of the country remarked to a friend as one of the things they passed the house in process of building: "That house will never be finished, for the builder always absconds in Spain."

THE BUILDER DID ABSCOND, but the house was finished by the owner. The builder had practically paid for nothing and our friend was threatened with several lawsuits. "Pay anything," said his Spanish friends, "rather than go to law, for if you don't you will be ruined." As a matter of fact, the jobster, to whom the builder owed \$25, had already been to law about some other matters and had been so bitten that he did not press his claim at all.

Our friend paid some and left the rest to threaten him with proceedings, which went as far as "the act of reconciliation," in which plaintiff and defendant are brought together before the judge, who tries to act as peacemaker, as though the law realized what a serious thing a lawsuit in Spain may be and tried to save you from itself. As has been said, our friend had to complete the house himself. To make a flat roof he engaged three bricklayers and appointed one to be foreman at an extra rate of pay with the promise of a gift if the work were well done within a certain time.

Some months after the work had been finished he was astonished to find himself sued for \$40 by the foreman for tools that had been used by him to do the work. At the first trial our friend won. Some weeks later, however, he was rather surprised to be told that the bricklayer had appealed to the next court and that he had better go and

"SQUARE" THE JUDGE

If he wished to obtain justice. Our friend, of course, did nothing of the kind, and so lost the case.

It is extremely easy to find false witnesses in Spain in these days, but less than a hundred years ago, when false witnesses in civil cases were punished with ten years' condemnation to the galleys and their property confiscated, it could have been no easy matter to find anyone ready to commit perjury. A perjurer was also looked upon as non compos mentis.

In olden days if the accused considered that he had not sufficient proof after the witness had given evidence he prayed that the accused might be tortured. A witness also if perceived varying in his answers could be tortured in the same manner as the accused. In still earlier days the accused and the accused were tortured that the cause might be proceeded with in greater certainty. By which it will be seen that Spain has in some respects progressed!

It is a person in Spain contests a will when the decision is at last pronounced there is rarely ever anything left for the victorious party. "Necios y porfiados hacen ricos los lerados" (fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich). This proverb is true of every country, but especially of Spain.

Lawyers' charges in Spain offer another reason for avoiding lawsuits, as they have no scale of fees. The friend above mentioned was amazed when he received his bill from his Spanish lawyer. Expecting a bill of \$50 he received instead one of \$200. So he went to

remonstrate with him. After a dramatic interview in which the man of law exclaimed in tragic tones: "GIVE ME WHAT YOU LIKE!" our friend got his bill reduced to a more reasonable figure.

The dilatoriness of Spanish law is almost incredible. A watch was stolen; the owner immediately informed the police of the robbery. Seven years afterward he was called upon to give evidence as to the robbery.

A few years ago there was an accident, three years afterward the people who were responsible for the accident were called upon to give their account of it. They had to travel about 170 miles to give evidence. The case was adjourned and they had to travel home, having accomplished absolutely nothing, and they may be called upon to take the long journey again in a short time, or not for years.

The following story will illustrate the haphazard nature of Spanish justice. Some years ago a young English sailor, accompanied by an American and an Irish sailor, went on shore at Havana. While returning to their ships they were attacked by Chinamen. In the fight that ensued the American hit one of the Chinamen on the head so hard with a stick that the man subsequently died. The Spanish authorities did not trouble to discriminate, but sentenced the three men to two years' imprisonment. The British Consul, being unaccustomed to Spanish ways, took up the case of the Englishman very strongly; the authorities thereupon possibly to teach him a lesson tried the men over again and gave them all

TWENTY YEARS EACH.

The Englishman after three years in a Cuban prison, during which time his companions died of yellow fever, was transferred to Ceuta to do the remainder of his time. After some years he and a fellow prisoner, a Spaniard, escaped into Morocco, where they were captured by the Moors, who after making them work in the fields for six months took them back to Cuba and claimed the reward. The fact that our English authorities had their eye upon our countryman and had often tried to get some remission of his sentence prevented him from sharing the fate of recaptured convicts, which was to be cruelly and repeatedly flogged by some of the biggest blackguards in the prison, who are appointed guardians of the rest.

The food provided in the convict prison of Ceuta consists of two meals a day of garbanzos (chick peas), occasionally flavored with a tiny bit of salt pork, a remarkably healthy, if not appetizing diet, as the Englishman came out of prison in particularly good health. After his twenty years of unjust imprisonment he married a Spanish woman.

A FATAL SHOT.

Duel Between An Englishman and a Frenchman.

Among the less known writers of the nineteenth century was Samuel Rogers. He kept open house, and frequently entertained Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle, and other celebrities of the time. Rogers was a notable wit, but unfortunately his thrusts were not always tempered with kindness. Irving, in a letter says: "I dined tete-a-tete with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it set my teeth on edge."

This same caustic flavor of his wit is shown in a story he was fond of telling to the discredit of French valor.

An Englishman and a Frenchman had got into a wordy squabble, which led to mutual insults and a challenge. Nothing could but a duel. Honor of either of them not to fight to kill. Even serious wounds were unpleasant, and a mere scratch would answer the purpose much better. So that the antagonists might have a better chance of missing one another, they repaired to a dark room.

All was in readiness. The signal was given. The Englishman, no less eager to preserve his foe than himself, groped to the open fireplace. He pointed his pistol up the chimney and fired.

"And by Jove," Rogers was wont to exclaim, "he brought down the Frenchman!"

WHITE RACE FOUND WANTING

WILL VANISH, DECLARES ENGLISH PROFESSOR.

Our Civilization is Declining, Says Dr. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist.

It has been satisfactorily proved on paper—that the original man was black and that the white races can never permanently acclimatize in the black man's country. German scholars have written learnedly on these subjects. Now comes an Englishman, Lionel W. Lyde, professor of economic geography at London University, with the theory that the white man is doomed to vanish off the face of the earth, yielding to the colored races.

Prof. Lyde believes that the original color of the human skin was dark brown. The variations of that color are the results of the weakening or strengthening of the pigment, or skin coloring, under different climatic conditions, the object of the pigment being the protection of the protoplasm beneath the skin from disorganization by abnormal and therefore dangerous rays of sunlight.

The effects of such rays on a man unprotected by a dark skin are, he says, nervous shock, productive sometimes of nervous prostration, and frequently leading to excesses, alcoholic and other kinds. Thus the original brown skin color has been developed to black in those races living in the tropics and constantly subjected to dangerous rays, while on the other hand those races whose home is far from the equator have lost most of the pigment, as the absence of any great heat renders it unnecessary, while white is more advantageous for the

CONSERVATION OF HEAT.

Prof. Lyde holds that in this way the race homes of mankind can be divided into different zones, that of the black peoples being on and around the equator and those of the other peoples further from the equator in proportion to the weakness of their skin coloring. The zone in which the white man can live under normal conditions has, he says, for its southern boundary latitude 35 degrees; that of Copenhagen and he can only settle and thrive in other zones by taking steps to make himself artificially fit by such a laborious process as puts it out of the question.

Taking ordinary precautions and aided by all the great modern knowledge of the microscopic diseases of the tropics, it is possible for the white man after two years' of acclimatization to live in the tropics even more immune from tropical diseases than the black. But the period of this immunity is not much longer than seven years, after which the deteriorating effects of the abnormal heat on a skin not naturally protected begin to show themselves and to render the system open to the attack of any of the great tropical diseases, malaria, yellow fever, cholera, etc. Thus permanent settlement of the tropics by the white is out of the question.

But on the other hand, Prof. Lyde says, the pigment, while being absolutely necessary in the tropics,

IS NOT DANGEROUS,

has no damaging effects, in colder latitudes. The professor concludes: "Pigment is no danger, though unnecessary in high latitudes, while the absence of it is fatal in low latitudes without precautions which no ordinary white man will adopt, and therefore the dark skin intrude permanently into the domain of the fair with more success than the fair can intrude into the domain of the dark."

Add to this the rapid increase of the darker races, compared with the slow increase of whites, and the doom of the white man is inevitably suggested.

Then there is Dr. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, who views present day civilization with a lofty detachment born of dealing with eighty centuries. In his book "The Revolution of Civilization," he attempts to reduce to diagram the movement of human progress in the arts, sciences and acquisitions of wealth covering the period from 600 B.C. to the present age.

It may come as something of a shock to the modern mind to find on nineteenth century art placed on a lower pedestal than the Egyptian art of 4000 B.C., and also to observe that present day art is beginning to move downward.

A CYCLE OF DECAY.

Dr. Petrie says that the advance of civilization is due to strife, strife between man and man, or strife of man with nature. The enormous accumulation of capital and wealth, which is one of the features of this age, is in itself, according to him, a cause of decay, because it diminishes the need for incessant and daily exertion.

To forms of government he assigns little influence and importance. Democracy, however, is the cause and symptom of decline. "The majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civilization

steadily decays until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people," he says.

The rise of new civilizations Dr. Petrie regards as due to immigration of new stock and its admixture with the old. He says: "The complete crossing of two races produces the maximum of ability and from this point repeated generations diminish the ability." And to develop and foster progress he suggests that "eugenics will in some future civilization carefully segregate fine races and prohibit continual admixture until they have a distinct type, which will start a new civilization when transplanted."

Dr. Flinders Petrie's opinion is that in place of looking on the fall of the Roman Empire as a monstrous and inexplicable fact we now see, by the greater extension of our knowledge of the past, that civilization is not only intermittent but is regularly recurring phenomenon.

AN EAGLE AT HOME.

Watching the King of Birds During Early Morning Hours.

Writing of his experience in the London Daily Mail, a student of birds says: "We had crossed the bog and had taken a short nap. The aerie was now faintly visible, and an indistinct white object seemed to suggest the possibility of an eagle, but the light was as yet too indistinct to make out any object with certainty. Shortly before three the chaffinches burst into song, and we now perceived, to our intense satisfaction, the golden eagle standing on the edge of the nest and guarding a solitary chick."

"It is a noteworthy and curious fact that some eighty per cent. of eagles lose one of their young during the first three weeks of its existence. Numerous explanations have been advanced to account for this, but they are all most unsatisfactory."

"The eagle was standing over her young with wings slightly raised, and the chick seemed quite contented with his head alone sheltered by his mother. Before the light had become clear confused movements were noted in the aerie, and the youngster was in all probability having his morning meal. Occasionally the chick would raise his head and appear to beg his mother for an extra tit-bit, but this was refused him with gentle firmness."

"Hour after hour the eagle stood motionless over her young with a look of tender mother-love in her eyes, quite unassociated with the king of birds. The sky shortly after two o'clock had become quite free of clouds, and the air became extremely cold, the touch of frost in the air being by no means conducive to our comfort."

"Almost exactly at half past six the sun rose in the northeast. He came over the brow of a hill looking red and angry, and for the space of fifteen minutes lit up the brooding eagle with a rich red light. The brooding eagle looked particularly beautiful in this light, being transformed for the while to a ruby-red bird of prey, and the young bird also being faintly tinged with pink. The sun reddened the snow-fields on the crater-shaped Cairn Toul with charming effect; but his reign was all too short, for ominous clouds hurrying up from the west, clouded him from our sight. The weather had now completely changed, and soon the Cairn Toul was shut in by the gathering mist."

"I had intended to secure a photograph of the eagle leaving her aerie, but the feeble light effectually put a stop to all efforts in the photographic line, and shortly before six o'clock the eagle slipped noiselessly off the nest and disappeared from sight, having in all probability set out on a foraging expedition."

PRISONERS ON SHIPBOARD

SOME VERY CURIOUS POINTS ABOUT EXTRADITION.

Prisoners May Not Be Handcuffed—One Hour's Exercise on Deck Each Day.

The manner in which a prisoner, extradited to this country from a foreign one, is treated while on the voyage home depends very much on the detective who has him in charge; and also on whether or no there is any suspicion that he may be contemplating violence, either to himself or to others, says Pearson's Weekly.

For instance, in the case of Jabez Balfour, who was brought here all the way from Buenos Ayres, there was a strong suspicion—probably ill-founded—that he contemplated committing suicide. Consequently, Inspector Frost, who had him in charge, decided to take no risks that he could possibly avoid.

The regulations do not permit of an unconvicted prisoner being handcuffed on board ship, once the vessel has left port, and he must be allowed one hour's exercise on deck each day. These indulgences—if indulgences they can be called—were therefore not withheld from Balfour.

BALFOUR'S AMUSEMENT.

But he got few others. For twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four he was immured in a locked cabin. He was not permitted even to enter the public dining room; his meals being brought to him by Mr. Frost himself, after him by Mr. Frost's assistants. He was, besides, constantly watched, and was subjected to a most rigorous search immediately on coming aboard.

His only relaxation was an occasional game of chess with some of the passengers who kindly came to his cabin to play with him, by permission, and in the presence of his keeper. This sea-imprisonment lasted exactly one month and a day, and Balfour has since declared that it was the most trying experience of a captivity that was destined to continue for nearly twelve years.

One of the longest, and in its later stages one of the pleasantest voyages ever undertaken by an unconvicted criminal, was that which Charles Lytton Davidson, the notorious forger, made some years back in the custody of Chief-Inspector Murray, of the Canadian Department of Justice.

Murray tracked the man wanted to Mexico, and secured his extradition to Canada. But then his difficulties began. He could not bring his prisoner to Canada by the direct route through the United States, for, immediately Davidson set foot in that country, he could have demanded to have been released. There was, therefore, no thing for it but to convey him by way of Jamaica and England, and thence back across the Atlantic to Quebec.

RESOURCE TO THE RESCUE.

On the voyage Murray kept Davidson under close observation, although allowing him considerably more freedom than Frost allowed Balfour. When, however, he had got safely as far as London, he was both mortified and astonished to learn that there was the extreme likelihood of his having had all his trouble for nothing.

The law, he was told, that a prisoner extradited from foreign country to a British Colony could not be kept in custody in England for longer than twenty-four hours, nor could he be taken, as a prisoner, on board a British ship sailing from a British port.

Here was a dilemma. Davidson was as free as air—had he only known it. But Murray was equal to the occasion. "Look here, Davidson," he said, "I've got you safe. There is only the last stage of your journey to complete. If I allow you to travel saloon with me as an ordinary first-class passenger, will you give me your word to play me no tricks?"

To this proposition Davidson, knowing nothing of the real state of affairs, was naturally quite ready to agree. And so it came to pass that one of the most notorious criminals Canada has ever known came home in state; free, get not

NO ROOM.

"Bertie," said the hospitable hostess at a Sunday-school treat, "won't you eat some more cookies?"

"I can't. 'Em full!" sighed Bertie.

"Well, then, put some in your pockets."

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A Highlander on his death-bed

called in a lawyer in order to make out his will. The lawyer, after getting pen, paper, and ink, asked him to proceed. "Well," said the Highlander, "I would like to leave £2,000 to my wife, and £200 to each of my seven children, and £500 to the Church." "But," interrupted the lawyer, in surprise, "I had no idea that you were so rich, Donald." "Neither am I; in fact, I've practically nothing, only after they'll a ken the good will has for them."

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ARMED WITH A BOWIE KNIFE.

Some people may be inclined to think that the close watch which is usually kept over a prisoner while he is on shipboard, is somewhat in the nature of a superfluity. That it is not always so, however, is shown by an incident in the career of Inspector Frost, mentioned above.

Frost was bringing a notorious forger named Sloane from Havre on an extradition warrant. There was trouble to begin with over the matter, the French authorities wishing to hand him over to the English detective unsearched and unhandcuffed. To this Frost, knowing the man he had to deal with, strongly objected.

Words nearly led to blows. The French police drew their swords, Frost produced a loaded revolver. Eventually the latter "downed" his man, and searched him, when a murderous looking bowie knife was found in a secret pocket in the seam of his left trouser-leg.

"Useful sort of a toy for a man like this to have in his possession," growled the captain of the steamer, and promptly ordered him to be kept in irons during the passage over.

GENTLE HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Strange Incident Told in a Spanish Newspaper.

About three years ago Havelock Ellis published his book, "The Soul of Spain," in which he analyzes the character of the Spanish people, and presents some strange elements. We expect to find a veneer of humanity overlying hardness and violence. In Spain it is the other way. There the criminal pulse is felt sooner than the claims of humanity are recognized. To prove this theory the author quotes an incident told in a Spanish newspaper.

As regards the Spanish peasant's attitude toward his fellow men, a rounded an instructive story, as recorded by a Spanish magistrate, in an Aragonese newspaper a few years ago, at a time when there was much distress in Aragon.

A laborer determined to rob the first person whom he should meet. That person was a man with a wagon. The laborer made him halt, and demanded his money.

"Here are thirty dollars, all that I have," the thief man replied.

"There is nothing left for me out robbery; my family are dying of hunger," the aggressor said, apologetically; and proceeded to put the money in his pocket. But as he did so his mind changed.

"Take this choco," he said, handing him back twenty-nine dollars; "one is enough for me."

"Would you like anything that I have in my cart?" asked the wagoner, impressed by this generosity.

"Yes," said the man. "Take this dollar back, too. I had better have some rice and some beans."

The wagoner handed over a bag of staples, and they held out five dollars, which, however, the laborer refused.

"Take them for luck money," said the wagoner. "I owe you that," and only so was the would-be robber persuaded to accept.

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UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

Cigarette gave a little petulant twist to the top of her wine barrel. She was not used to that style of salutation. She half liked it, half resented it. It made her wish, with an impatient scorn for the wish, that she knew how to read and had not her hair cut short, like a boy's—a weakness the little vivandiere had never been visited with before.

"You are too fine for us, my brave one," she said pettishly. "In what country, I should wonder, does one learn such dainty ceremony as that?"

"Where should one learn courtesies if not in France?" he answered wearily. He had danced with this girl soldier the night before, but his thoughts were far from her in this moment.

"Oh! You have learned to fence well with your tongue!" cried Cigarette, provoked to receive no more compli-



"Ah, my pretty one, is it you?"

ment than that. From generals and staff officers, as from drummers and trumpeters, she was accustomed to flattery and, wooing, luscious as sugared chocolate and ardent as attraction with a backward glance about it. Commonly, she would, as often as not, be sure, finish it with the butt end of her pistol or the butt end of some bit of stinging sarcasm, but still for all that she liked it and resented its omission.

"They say you are English, but I don't believe it. You speak too soft, and you sound the double 'P's too well. Say what you are at once."

"A soldier of France. Can you wish me more?"

For the first time her eyes flashed and softened. Her one love was the tricolor.

"True," she said simply. "But you were not always a soldier of France? You joined, they say, 12 years ago. What were you before then?"

She here cast herself down in front of him and, with her elbows on the sand and her chin on her hands, watched him with all the frank curiosity and unmoved nonchalance imaginable as she launched the question point blank.

"Before?" he said, slowly. "Well—a fool."

"You belonged to the majority then?" said Cigarette, with a plover's moan a thousand times more poignant by the camp slang she spoke in. "You should not have come into the ranks. Majorities—especially that majority—have very smooth sailing generally."

He looked at her more closely, though she wanted him.

"Where did you get your ironies, Cigarette? You are so young."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Bah! One is never young and always young in camp. Young? Ah, when I was 4 I could swear like a grandee, plunder like a highwayman, lie like a thief and drink like a fish."

Yet with all that—and it was the truth—the brow was so open under the close rings of the curls, the skin so clear under the sun tan, the mouth so rich and so arch in its youth!

"Why did you come into the service?" she went on, before he had a chance to answer her. "Bah! I know an aristocrat at a glance! Now many of these aristocrats come—shook of them—but it is always for something. They have gambled, or bet, or got into hot water, or fought too many duels, or caused a court scandal, or something. All the aristocrats that come from Africa are ruined. What ruined you, Mr. Aristocrat?"

"Aristocrat? I am none. I am a corporal of the chasseurs."

"Diab! I have known a duke a corporal! What ruined you?"

"What ruins most men, I imagine—folly."

"Folly, sure enough!" retorted Cigarette with scornful acquiescence. She had no patience with him. He danced so deliciously, he looked so superb and he would give her nothing but these absent answers. "Wisdom doesn't bring men who look as you look into the ranks of the volunteers for Africa. Besides, you are too handsome to be a sage."

He laughed a little.

"I never was one; that's certain. And you are too pretty to be a cynic."

"A what?" She did not know the word. "Is that a good cigar you have? Give me one. Do women smoke in your old country?"

"Oh, yes—many of them."

"Where is it, then?"

"I have no country—now."

"But the one you had?"

"I have forgotten I ever had one."

"Had you anything you cared for in it?"

"Well—yes."

"What was it—a woman?"

"No; a horse!"

He stooped his head a little as he said it and traced more figures slowly in the sand.

"Ah!"

She drew a short, quick breath. She understood that. She would only have laughed at him had it been a woman. Cigarette was more voracious than complimentary in her estimate of her own sex.

"Your cigars are good," she said impatiently as she sprang up, her lithe, elastic figure in the bright, vivandiere uniform standing out in full relief against the pebbly gray of the raised pillars, the vivid green of the rank vegetation and the intense light of the noon. "Your cigars are good, but it is more than your company! If you had been as dull as this last night, I would not have danced a single turn with you in the camp!"

"And, with a bound to which indignation lent wings like a swallow's, the friend of the flag, insulted and amazed at the apathy with which her advances to friendship had been received, dashed off at her topmost speed, singing all the louder out of bravado. "We have nothing more to say to me after dancing with me all night!" thought Cigarette, with fierce wrath at such contumely, the first neglect the pet of the spahis had ever experienced.

She was incensed, too, that she had been degraded into that momentary wish that she knew how to read and looked less like a boy; just because a chasseur with white hands and silent ways had made her a grave bow! She was more incensed still because she could not get at his history and felt, despite herself, a reluctance to bribe him for it with those caresses whose potency she had boasted to Tata Laron. "Let him take care!" muttered the soldier coquette passionately in her little white teeth, so small and so pearly, though they had gripped a bridle tight before them when each hand was filled with a pistol. "If he offend me, there are 500 swords that will thrust civility into him, 500 shots that will teach him the cost of daring to provoke Cigarette!"

She loitered in a thousand places, for Cigarette to know everybody. Finally she planned before the open French window of a snow white villa, half buried in tamarisk and orange and pomegranate, and, balancing herself lightly on the sill for a second, stood looking in at the chamber.

"Ho, M. le Marquis! The zouaves

have drunk all my wine up. I'll mix my keg with yours for once—the very best burgundy, mind. I'm half afraid your cellar will hurt my reputation."

The chamber was very handsome, hung and furnished in the best Paris fashion and all glittering with amber and ormolu and velvets. In it half a dozen men—officers of the cavalry—were sitting over their noon breakfast and playing at lansquenets at the same table. He whom she addressed, M. le Marquis of Chateauroux, laughed and looked up.

"Ah, is it thee, my pretty brunette? Take what thou watest out of the ice pails."

"The best growth?" asked Cigarette, with the dubious air of caution of a connoisseur.

"Come!" said the marquis, amused with the precautions taken with his cellar, one of the finest in Algiers. "Come in and have some breakfast, my pretty one. Only pay the toll."

Where he sat between the window and the table he caught her in his arms and drew her pretty face down. Cigarette, with the laugh of a saucy child, whisked her cigar out of her mouth and blew a great cloud of smoke in his eyes. She had no particular fancy for him, though she had for his wares. Shouts of mirth from the other men completed the marquis' discomfort as she swung away from him and went over to the other side of the table, emptying some bottles unceremoniously into her wine keg—iced, ruby, perfumy claret that she could not have bought anywhere for the barracks.

"Thou art not generally so coy with thy kisses, petite," cried the marquis. Cigarette tossed her head.

"I don't like bad clarets after good! I've just been with your corporal, Bel-a-faire-peur. You are no beauty after him, Mr. Colonel."

Chateauroux's face darkened. He was a colossal limbed man, whose bone was iron and whose muscles were like oak fibers; he had a dark, keen head like an eagle's, the brow narrow, but very high, looking higher because the close cut hair was worn off the temples, thin lips hidden by heavy curling mustaches and a skin burned black by long African service. Still he was fairly handsome enough not to have muttered so heavy an oath as he did at the vivandiere's jest.

"Sacre bleu! I wish my corporal were shot! One can never hear the last of him."

(continued next week)

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