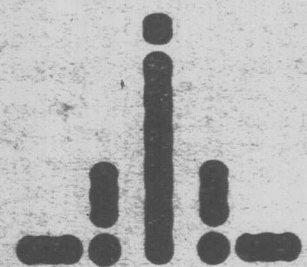


# THE OBSERVER

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No. 28.



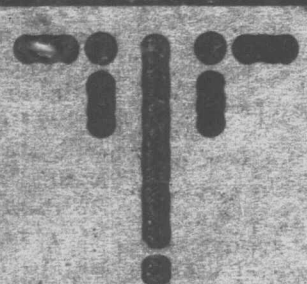
## THE DAYLIGHT

We wish all our Customers and those who are going to be customers

## A Happy New Year LOOK!

on our 10-15-20 and 25c Counters for Bargains

A. L. BAIRD.



## Furniture Store

In addition to my General Store I have opened a Furniture Store on Main street, and invite you to call and examine this fine stock. Just the thing for Christmas presents. A large line and prices the lowest in the country.

I also have a very fine line of Picture Mouldings which I sell by the foot and will be pleased to frame your picture for you. Bring them along.

C. Humphrey Taylor.



### NICODEMUS BECOMES

#### REMINISCENT

I cannot help but think of the changes that time makes in communities, in people and in customs. The advent of cold winter, its chilling winds, its spits of snow and the frost and ice all combine to send my thoughts careering back to the days "when we went gypsying a long time ago." We are wont to rehearse in our minds at this time of year the good times that we enjoyed when it was the fad to skate every night and all night, and all day too on occasions. My! what great times were those, when York's Lake, the Mecca of all skaters of the whole countryside for ten miles around, would be dotted with happy spirits of all ages and both sexes. What a picture of life and sport and enjoyment that old spot presented on those occasions. The roller rink may answer for the present generation, but as for mine I would that you "carry me back to old Virginia!" and the games! Here a group were hard at a game of fox and geese, over in another corner something else animated the crowd and always the singles and pairs were gracefully gliding their sinuous way in and out of those grouped at the games; the great bonfires shedding their warmth and light over the scene all combining to the perfection of the scene and the enjoyment of all. But gone are the enthusiasts who made a point to get there some how as regular as the skating season came. A few years and a new order of things obtain. Other pleasures and pursuits serve to attract the young and growing population, where once nothing less than a night on the ice would fill the bill, and suffice for present day pleasure pursuits that are less strenuous and to one of the old timers, less attractive.

When you come to think of it those were strenuous days and nights for boys and girls of the farm and certainly a "Solomon Slow" got every little fun out of it. But after all who of us would not like one more of those pleasant experiences? Meet the old gang, all there, play the old games, and as a fitting finale, go up at the call of Uncle Josie, God bless him, and enjoy the pop corn and those old-fashioned twisted doughnuts. The hearty welcome and entertainment at Sam York's and other homes in the vicinity are all pleasant and lasting memories. How those good people must many times have been annoyed with the rough, rollicking crowds of thoughtless pleasure seekers.

Gone beyond recall are those days, gone are the old associates, and gone too are those people to whose genial disposition and hospitality we are year after year indebted for many warm meals and skating creates an appetite that will appreciate good things and create a memory that will carry them long.

The glorious weather prevailing during the Xmas season added greatly to the enjoyment of this world wide holiday.

J. Alf. Bowser and J. McLeod Boyer are home from school for the holidays. Later they will return the one to Acadia and the other to St. John.

Miss Agnes Shaw is home at Highland Farm for a few days.

Warren Rideout and wife spent Christmas with their daughter Mrs. Bishop, of Coronation.

The families of E. H. and Howard Cox spent Christmas with B. M. Cox at Hartland.

Mrs. Jos. York is a holiday visitor with relatives in Fort Fairfield.

Mrs. S. L. Dickinson made a

Christmas; had her family with her, with one exception. At this reunion were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McQuarrie, Arthurette, and Mr. and Mrs. C. McQuarrie, Waterville.

H. G. Oliver's family were guests at the Tracy house at Rosedale for Christmas.

Rev. J. M. Mallory was the Christmas guest of C. M. Shaw at Maplewood.

The members of C. J. Shaw's family enjoyed the Christmas re-union at the old home as usual. The families of H. Hale, B. Haley and L. Shaw came from Houlton and Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Shaw were down from Florenceville to join in the Christmas festivities at the old home.

NICODEMUS.

### Hartland and Miramichi Railway Company.

During the fall and winter of 1910 and 1911 a survey was made by the company from Hartland to Knowlesville, a distance of about twenty-four miles, and since that time negotiations have been carried on with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway for the purpose of getting a running agreement when the road is constructed, and the Local Government has also been interviewed in reference to giving a guarantee of bonds for the same. The Directors believe it desirable to call a meeting of the shareholders and those interested for the purpose of giving them an explanation of how matters stand at present, and a meeting will be held in the school house at Windsor on Friday the twenty-ninth day of December 1911. In the meantime as far as possible a financial statement has been mailed to each of the shareholders, and each shareholder and person interested is invited to bring as many with them as possible. The Directors and Officers of the Company will be present and will be prepared to give full explanations on any points desired and officers will also be elected for the ensuing year.

### The Oat Market.

The price of oats is at present very good—40 cents per bushel. The farmers do not for some reason seem to want to sell at that price. A forecast of the market does not seem encouraging for an advance over this price and as so many are holding for more money there is likely to be something drop with a very unpleasant sound when at last the farmers decide to sell. It is always a wise plan to sell on a strong market, not necessarily to dispose of the whole crop at one time, as in doing that there is, of course, the same danger of overburdening the market as there is sure to be if the present holdings are dumped all at one time. Better sell a few oats now and then.

We wish to draw your attention the fact that most infectious diseases such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever are contracted when the child has a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and greatly lessen the danger of contracting these diseases. This remedy is famous for its cures of colds. It contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given to a child with implicit confidence. Sold by all dealers.

### Card of Thanks.

Mr. E. Carey, of Bristol, takes this opportunity of thanking the public for their sympathies and kind attentions during the illness of Mrs. Carey and his recent bereavement.

The Observer and the Montreal Weekly Witness, the highest-class newspaper in the world, both for \$1.00 a year. Send your subscription direct to this office.

## You are Interested

in getting the best value for your money. We are interested in selling our large and varied stock of

### General Merchandise

and we want to sell some of the stock to you. We can certainly make it to your advantage to buy from us. Let us show you and quote prices.

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS  
BRISTOL

In addition to general goods we also have a stock of Cheap and Medium Priced

### FURNITURE.

Chairs, Tables, Stands, Dressers, Sideboards  
Iron Beds, Springs, Mattresses, etc.

We have some

### Aviation Caps and Tuques

to be sold at a discount. Will sell at 25 cents and upwards.

### IRON BEDS, \$2.80 and upwards

Mattresses and Springs accordingly. Chairs and Rockers also.

Toys, Dolls, Fancy Statinners, Crockery, etc.

### Snit Cases, Carriages

Fruit, Grapes, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Apples and plenty of Candy and Nuts.

ART UR 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.



## CAREER OF ADMIRAL TOGO

### EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT JAPANESE SAILOR.

#### As a Young Man He Attended a Naval College in Greenwich, England.

Admiral Togo, of all Japan's great men, is the most Japanese at heart, so it has been said by foreigners who have lived in the empire, and who know at first hand as much of the Japanese character as any foreigner may know, according to a writer in the New York Sun. This means that aside from the purely technical aspect of his training as a commander over modern battle fleets the victor of Tsushima is at heart of the old school of medieval Japanese fighting samurai such as we see on the vases and kakemonos, terrifying in aspect under grinning war masks. Even under the modern conditions, which have changed and bewildered Japan, his code has been the ancient code of Bushido, and his life off the quarterdeck of his flagship is as nearly like the lives of his forefathers as he can order it.

#### "NO RETURN."

On the eve of the departure of the Japanese fleet under his command for Port Arthur, and the beginning of the great struggle with Russia, this admiral of a modern fleet of steel, called his officers to the Mikasa and there, under the shadow of an eight-inch gun breech in his cabin he addressed them. On the table before him lay the "three and a half inches of honor"—the short dagger of harakiri, which in the code of the samurai is the last recourse of a warrior in defeat. Togo made no allusion to the unsheathed dagger. "To-night we shall attack the enemy," he said. "From that voyaging there is no return."

#### HIS LIFE.

The biography of his early life is scanty in detail. He was born in Kagoshima, the capital city of the Lord of Satsuma, in December, 1857. Satsuma, a province in the southernmost island of the Japan group, has been from the age of fable the land of fighters. Togo was born of a family of fighters. His father was a samurai, a retainer of the Lord of Satsuma under the old feudal regime; his mother was a daughter of a samurai. A few days after her child had been born she took him to the shrine of the guardian god of the clan, laid him upon the altar and, after the old custom, dedicated the infant to the defence of the Land of the Gods and to the service of the Prince.

#### STERN SCHOOLING.

The boy's schooling was that of all youths of the fighting clan of Kagoshima. Archery, the use of gun and sword, rigorous training of the body and the development of the mind through reading of the classics, these were the elements of his training. Above all else, after the old code, he was taught absolute self-effacement, the control of all passions and the ability to maintain silence. At the age of 16 he became a sailor on the single warship owned by the Lord of Satsuma, and at 21 he was a petty officer aboard the little cruiser Kasuga, one of the infants of the Imperial navy just then in process of building.

#### FIRST WAR.

The youngster's first engagement came when, in the Enmoto rebellion of 1868, which was all of a part with the civil wars of the Restoration, he helped serve a gun aboard one of the primitive warships against the defences of the Lord of Enmoto. In 1871 he was sent to England by the Government along with thirteen young men to learn the craft of modern warfare. He spent seven years there in a military school near Portsmouth and in the Thames Nautical Training College and returned aboard the warship Hiei, which had just been completed in an English shipyard for the Japanese navy.

In 1887, when Count Saigo, a powerful man of the south, quarrelled with the still weak Government of the Emperor, and the Satsuma rebellion followed Togo fought on the side of Saigo because he was a Satsuma man and all his loyalty was of the old feudal order of personal allegiance. Saigo was defeated and killed, but Togo lived to become chief of the Emperor's defenders on the sea.

#### WAR WITH CHINA.

Togo came suddenly into the eye of the whole world at the outbreak of the war between Japan and China in 1894. He was then commander of the cruiser Naniwa. While cruising in the Yellow Sea Togo encountered the steamship Kowshing, flying the British flag and carrying 1,100 Chinese soldiers bound for Asan. Togo stopped the transport and sent an officer over with peremptory orders that Capt. Galesworthy, the Englishman in command, should put about and follow the Naniwa to the Japanese fleet. The Chinese officers aboard refused to allow Galesworthy to comply with these orders, nor

would they permit him and his crew of white men to put off from the Kowshing in the steamer's boats on Togo's orders.

#### JUSTIFIED.

For four hours the Naniwa lay at a distance away from the transport while Togo tried to bring the Chinese to terms. In the end the Japanese commander fired a shot through the hull of the transport and she sank with all on board. For a time Togo's action threatened to involve his country in international difficulties, but subsequent investigation justified him completely. He served through the rest of the war.

#### WAR WITH RUSSIA.

When the war with Russia for which Japan had been preparing for many years, seemed inevitable early in 1890, Togo was made vice-admiral in command of the entire navy of the island empire. He assembled his fleet at the great naval base of Sasebo; then on February 6, after diplomatic negotiations with Russia had been broken off but before a formal declaration of war had been made, Togo sent part of his fleet to convey transports full of troops to Korea, and on the night of February 8 he launched his torpedo flotilla at the unsuspecting Russian ships in Port Arthur. Immediately after the little Vice-Admiral completed the investment of Port Arthur from the sea side and on April 13, after heavy bombardments of the forts by Togo's fleet, Vice-Admiral Makarov made the fatal sally which resulted in the loss of the first class battleship Petropavlovsk through contact with a string of floating mines which the wily Japanese commander had strung in his advance.

#### BARRED LETTERS FROM HOME.

After long weeks of investment interspersed by bombardments of their land fortifications the Russians again made a showing outside the Tiger's Tail on August 10th and after a running fight had to retreat beaten to the support of the land batteries. This ended the naval campaign of 1890, and Togo was not called upon to do serious work until the Baltic fleet under Rozhdestvensky was despatched from Liban on October 15th, and after many vicissitudes sailed up through the Tsushima Strait toward the Japan Sea.

"You must not distract my mind by sending me letters while I am in command of the fleet," Togo wrote to his wife during the months of strain in which the fleet under his command was preparing for the final conflict with the Russians on the sea. So he devoted himself strictly to the business in hand and he hid his fleet in the Korean port of Masanpho upon the approach of the blundering Russians, ready to dart out and annihilate them in his good time.

#### THE GREAT VICTORY.

On the morning of May 27, 1905, contact with the Russian fleet was established by Togo's scouts. At 1.55 o'clock that afternoon, when the two fleets were less than five miles apart, Togo hoisted this message on the signal halyards of the Mikasa: "The fate of the empire depends upon this battle. Let every man do his best." Then the two fleets engaged.

In less than forty-five minutes the Russians were overwhelmed, but it was not until two days afterward that the last of the Russian ships, except three which limped into Manila, were either destroyed or captured. During the first minutes of the fight, when shells were spattering about the Mikasa, Togo refused to leave the place he had chosen there, and it was not until several of his officers had begun to drag him to the conning tower that he agreed to shut himself in behind steel.

After the battle his return to Japan was made a triumph such as the island empire had never witnessed. He was made a count by imperial decree and head of the naval staff.

#### PROPEL BOATS BY BUBBLES.

Australian Has New Device for Air Power of Vessels.

Inventor Schroeder, an Australian, has devised a system of propelling boats by air bubbles. His idea is to force air through a system of holes in the bottom of the vessel, which are so arranged that there is practically an air cushion between the bottom and the water. Only small engine power is required, as the inventor does not rely on the forcible expulsion of air for his motive power, but on the lifting power of the air bubbles themselves. By shutting off the air from some of the holes near the stern, the bow can be made to rise so that the ship goes astern. The boats are expected to be able to travel at unheard of speeds, and are non-capsizable. The invention has already been tested by the admiralty experts.

#### COULD SATISFY HER.

Lady (to clerk in servants' registry office): "I want a cook, and I want her bad."  
Clerk: "Quite so, madam; that's just the sort we supply!"

## THE KINDS OF HEAT STROKES

### NONE OF THEM ARE USUALLY SEVERE CONDITIONS.

#### Recovery is Result of Loosening Clothes and Giving Cold Water and Ammonia.

Heat collapse is not usually a severe condition. The patient suddenly turns giddy and falls; his skin is moist and cool; his breathing hurried but never stertorous; his pulse small and soft; his pupils dilated his temperature remains at or falls below the normal, while there is no complete loss of consciousness as a rule.

Recovery gradually ensues, says the London Lancet, when the patient is taken into the shade, his clothes are loosened, cold water is dashed on his head and ammonia held to his nostrils. Far different, however, is it with heatstroke.

This may be either direct or indirect. In direct heatstroke or sunstroke the attack may occur in more than one form. In one form the persons affected are more or less untrained to severe exertion as, for instance, young soldiers newly arrived in a hot country and unaccustomed to the fatigue of marching. It is especially likely to affect them when the air is moist, so that the skin action becomes diminished. Violent headache is first complained of; the march, however, is still continued, until the patient at length falls down in convulsions, with teeth firmly clenched.

#### INSENSIBILITY ABSOLUTE.

In a second form the subject, streaming with perspiration, becomes steadily paler, with bloodshot eyes, swollen veins, respiration shallow and quiet, until he slips to the ground. Consciousness is not as a rule entirely lost, and revival occurs if the patient be relieved of all impediments to free respiration.

In a third form the patient becomes exceedingly thirsty without any feeling of fatigue and suddenly falls down in a comatose state. In a fourth variety the soldier, for example, after a long march in the sun is seized with a racking headache, which becomes more and more agonizing. Great intolerance to light sets in and unconsciousness follows. If the patient recovers the intense pain in the head may not disappear for weeks.

In cases of indirect heat stroke the patient is attacked indoors. The temperature may run to 110 degrees, and in case of death remains high for some time thereafter.

To consider the various theories advanced as to the causation of heat stroke, there is first the caloric theory, which attributes the attack to the action of intense heat per se. It is supposed that the intensity of the heat disturbs the regular action of the heat regulating centres of the body. To this, however, it must be objected that stokers of the steamships in the Red Sea are scarcely ever affected by it.

#### HEAT OF THE FURNACES.

Next there is the autotoxic theory, according to which the high temperature causes the blood to become poisonous to the nerve cells, especially those of the vasomotor centres and cardiac ganglia. Then there is the microbic theory of Dr. Sambon, which, however, does not seem to be supported by the facts.

The view that in the opinion of the Lancet best accounts for heat stroke is the actinic theory of Col. F. Maude, R.E. This distinguished officer had suffered from several attacks of sun stroke, when he conceived the idea that the rays of the sun which caused such attacks were not the heat rays, but the actinic rays situated at the other end of the spectrum.

It occurred to him that if he lined his helmet with red to cut off these chemical or actinic rays, just as the photographer lines his dark room with red for the same reason in developing, he would obviate the disastrous effects of the sun. He tried it, with the result that for many years he experienced no further ill effects from the sun.

An officer who did not believe in the theory, however, one day surreptitiously abstracted the red lining from Col. Maude's hat as he was about to expose himself to the sun, with the result that Col. Maude again suffered from sunstroke and experienced great chagrin at the supposed

#### FAILURE OF HIS THEORY.

until the repentant officer told him what he had done.

Another officer who had previously suffered on three occasions from sunstroke, causing him to be invalided for nearly five years, also lined his helmet with red, with the result that as each succeeding hot weather season came round he was enabled to live without and discomfort from the sun, although he had previously suffered severely from headaches.

The plan of lining the head coverings with red or orange flannel therefore certainly seems to deserve a more extended trial. As regards diet, moderation must be practised both with meat and drink. Alcohol-

ic drinks should never be taken by those exposed to a hot sun. The best beverages are tea and coffee.

#### HEALTH IN AUSTRALIA.

##### Observation of Regulations Results in Low Death Rate.

Health conditions in Australia are better than in any other country of the globe if the low death rate of 10.95 a thousand a year may be accepted as an index, says the Medical Record.

The death rate from tuberculosis has steadily been declining during the last twenty-five years and now is less than 9 per cent. of the total deaths, which is a lower percentage than any published by any other country which compiles its statistics in an equally accurate manner.

In New South Wales the notification of cases of pulmonary and throat tuberculosis has been compulsory for over ten years. The walls and ceilings of houses in which cases occur are sprayed with a solution of formalin and the floors are washed with a solution of corrosive sublimate.

The effectiveness of the educational campaign is shown by the fact that open air sleeping is more general than in any other country. There is scarcely a dwelling house constructed nowadays in Australia, even a laborer's cottage, which is not provided with a suitable verandah for outdoor sleeping. There is very little expectorating on the sidewalks or other public places.

Ordinances to prevent the contamination of milk and other food stuffs are well observed. In shops where fresh meat is offered for sale, it is customary to find sheets of sterilizing paper over the front of the counter and walls for the purpose of catching dust. All large cities, like Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and others, have tuberculosis sanatoria and also a large number of beds for chronic cases. The Greenvale Sanatorium, near Melbourne, will compare favorably with similar institutions in Europe and America.

Gratifying progress has been made in isolating chronic and more particularly open cases of tuberculosis. In New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia it is estimated that at least 50 per cent. of these cases have been placed in hospitals and a good proportion of the remainder under supervision. The health officials believe that only a few years will elapse before every case of pulmonary and throat tuberculosis will be under such control as to reduce the danger of transmitting the infection to a minimum.

#### WHITE MAN DOOMED.

##### Professor Thinks Fair Skinned Races Will Vanish From Earth.

If we are to take seriously the predictions of Prof. Lionel W. Lyde, of London University, the outlook for the white man on the face of this earth is gloomy indeed. Much has been written at one time and another regarding the ability of the white man to live in the tropics and to retain his bodily and mental vigor. The consensus of opinion, as pointed out by the Medical Record, has been that he cannot do so, but after a time he will surely deteriorate, physically and mentally.

Furthermore, white natives whose ancestors have lived three or more generations in the tropics are not, with rare exceptions, the peers either in body or mind of their relatives living in the temperate zone.

Prof. Lyde not only insists that the white man cannot live in health in tropical countries, but he also professes to believe that the white man is doomed to vanish from the face of the earth, giving way to the colored races. The English professor bases his belief on the theory that the original color of the human skin was dark brown, the variations of that color being the results of the weakening or strengthening of the pigment under different climatic conditions.

Taking ordinary precautions it may be possible for the white man, two years of acclimatization, to live in the tropics even more immune from tropical diseases than the black. But the period of immunity lasts for only about seven years, after which the deteriorating effects of the strong solar light and heat begin to show themselves on the white skin, and render the possessor thereof peculiarly susceptible to tropical diseases. In consequence the permanent settlement of the tropics by white men is impossible. But while the pigment with which the colored races is provided is indispensable for life in the tropics, it is a source of no danger in the temperate or frigid zones; therefore the dark or yellow man can intrude into the domain of the man of fair skin with little or no danger.

Never judge a woman by the company she is compelled to entertain.

People don't seem to care how you got your money; they are interested only in how you spend it.

## A VALUABLE SUGARSTICK

### SWINDLING THE UNITED STATES CUSTOMS.

#### Smugglers Require a Combination of Ingenuity and Brass-Bound Impudence.

Twenty-four years ago the writer passed, for the first time, through the New York Customs. He had two big trunks full of kit; but less than half an hour's delay in a large, draughty wooden shed was enough to convince the officials that he was not a smuggler, and a payment of four dollars and fifty cents—18s.—duty on a new English saddle was all that was demanded.

Things are very different nowadays. The Customs Houses in New York, Boston, and other big American ports, are regular inquisitions. To deal with women, who are the worst offenders, clever female inspectors are employed, and not only are their skirts searched for lace, but their hair was probed to see if diamonds or other precious stones are concealed in the shining coils.

#### OIGARS RUBY BRAND.

The modern smuggler must be endowed with a combination of ingenuity and brass-bound impudence.

"Anything to declare?" asked the officer of a smartly-dressed first-class passenger, who arrived the other day in New York on a big Hamburg-American liner.

"Yes; two boxes of cigars!" was the reply.

They were handed over for examination, and a duty of a dollar was demanded, and paid on each box. Had the officials only known it, there were hidden inside those cigars not rubies of a value of something over \$35,000.

The man who caused the United States Customs officials more trouble than any other person was a certain famous gem smuggler. It is said that, in all, he imported \$1,500,000 worth of stones without paying a penny in duty.

His dodges were endless. On one occasion he hid \$125,000 worth of diamonds in a rattle, and gave it to a baby-child of one of the steerage passengers—to play with while the officials were conducting their search. At another time he had a consignment of diamonds cast into a lump of sugarstick. The sugar was transparent, but so, too, were the stones, and anyone could examine the lump of sweetness without the least suspicion that it was anything but what it seemed to be.

#### BETRAYED BY A GIRL.

On this occasion, again, he employed a child to help him carry through the deception. A five-year-old girl was borrowed, and taught to call him uncle. She carried the lump of candy in her hand as she left the ship, and when one of the Customs House officials asked if he might have a bite, she cried: "The trick was successful."

It was years before he was even suspected, for he was clever enough to announce openly that he was importing gems, and he always declared a goodly number of stones. Eventually, he was betrayed by a girl. He had induced her to help him under promise of marriage. When she found out that he already had a wife, she made the whole story public, and he was not only heavily fined, but sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

Diamonds are hidden in the hollowed-out heels of boots, in cakes of soap, in the coats of perfumery bottles, and in the hollow legs of dolls.

There are in the Customs Museum in New York over a hundred different articles in which precious stones have been discovered. Among these are a score of 32-calibre revolver cartridges. The smuggler had taken out the contents of the cartridges, replaced the powder with diamonds, and then put the bullets back.

The trick would never have been discovered had not the would-be smuggler been so pleased with his own ingenuity that he boasted of it to a friend. A Customs secret service spy overheard him, and he was arrested on arrival.

Perhaps the cleverest dodge of all for smuggling diamonds was that practised for years by a lady smuggler. She hid them in the artificial grapes which adorned her hat.

There is a heavy duty on silks imported into the States. Uncle Sam was swindled by one firm who sent over packages of, apparently, cotton quilts, and which paid duty as such. They were mere dummies stuffed with silk.

#### WHEN DUTIES GO UP.

Another unscrupulous smuggler was, professedly, an exporter of olive oil. It was a long time before the Customs House accidentally discovered that the flasks were dummies with a large compartment in each, containing fine French brandy.

Smugglers like to see duties go up. Some years ago the tariff on opium imported into the States rose from six dollars to ten dollars a pound. Duty on opium was dropped

one year from \$1,040,000 to \$200,000.

This did not mean that any less opium was brought in—merely that it was being smuggled.

Quantities of the drug came in hidden in blocks of coal in the stokeholds of trans-Pacific steamships. When the ship came into port the cases were extracted from the coal, and dropped overboard with floats attached. Fishing boats came out by night, and picked them up.

An immense cargo of opium was once brought into Long Sound hidden in large barks of timber, bored and plugged to hold the cases.

COFFIN AND THE CORPSE  
Coffins are always looked upon with suspicion by the Customs. Some time ago, a lead casket, accompanied by sorrowing relatives in deepest mourning, was unloaded at New York. The authorities smelt a rat, and insisted upon its being opened. To their discomfiture it was found to contain a corpse.

But at that moment an inspector caught an eye keenly watching his movements from behind a black-bordered nankincherchief. He explored further, and found silks and laces enough to stock a small shop.

#### PRACTICAL RECIPES.

Fig Layer Cake.—Cream one cup of sugar and one-third cup butter till light, add three eggs without separating, beating five minutes between adding the first two eggs and ten minutes after adding the last egg; add teaspoon vanilla and one-half cup milk. Sift twice two cups flour with two even teaspoons baking powder; add to the batter and beat until light and smooth. Put in two layer cake pans and bake in a quick oven twenty-five minutes. When cool fill with fig paste. Fig Paste.—Chop one pound figs fine, add one cup of boiling water, one-half cup sugar, juice of one-half lemon; simmer gently till it makes a smooth paste. Cool before using.

White Fruit Cake.—Whites of ten eggs, one pound of flour, three-fourths pound of butter, one pound of best raisins (seed them) one-half pound crystallized cherries, one-half pound crystallized pineapple, one-half pound citron, one-half pound blanched almonds, one small tumbler of sherry. Cut the fruit up. Chop raisins in two or three pieces; cut almonds across about three or four times with a penknife. Flour the fruit as for other fruit cake, and add last to batter. No baking powder is used.

Ginger Cake.—Two cups light brown sugar, two cups flour, one cup sour cream, one tablespoon of orange peel chopped fine (the white part must be omitted); ginger, cloves and cinnamon to make one tablespoonful, three tablespoons of melted butter (not warm), one teaspoon soda. Mix this well and then stir in two well beaten eggs. Sprinkle the buttered pan well with toast or cracker crumbs. Bake in moderate oven thirty or forty minutes.

Salad Dressing.—Salad dressing is best made at home. This recipe will stand the test of time. Use a small graniteware sarsaparilla and in it stir a teaspoon of sugar, a little salt and dry mustard according to taste, three tablespoons of vinegar, and three of cream. When well mixed add two well beaten egg yolks, place in a pan of boiling water and cook and stir till the mixture is like cream. The quantity can be doubled or tripled, for if placed in a cool place the dressing will keep indefinitely.

#### SAUCE SUGGESTIONS.

The inexperienced housewife is sometimes at a loss as to the proper sauces to serve. The following list, if pasted in the recipe book, will often prove beneficial:

- 1.—Cream sauce with sweet breads.
- 2.—Orange salad with roast chicken.
- 3.—Celery sauce with quail.
- 4.—Stuffed olives with fish balls.
- 5.—Horseradish sauce with boiled beef.
- 6.—Horseradish and fried onions with liver.
- 7.—French dressing with sardines.
- 8.—Mint sauce with lamb.
- 9.—Yorkshire pudding with roast beef.
- 10.—Hard boiled eggs and parsley with boiled salmon.
- 11.—Cream gravy, strawberry preserves with fried chicken.
- 12.—Oyster dressing for turkey.
- 13.—Celery and onion dressing with roast duck.
- 14.—Tart grape jelly with canvassback duck.
- 15.—Currant jelly with roast goose.
- 16.—Cucumber catsup with corned beef.

#### HORRID THING.

Wife (excitedly)—If you go on like this I shall certainly lose my temper.  
Husband—No danger, my dear. A thing of that size is not easily lost.

Just about the time a man gets comfortably fixed in this world it is time for him to move.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

A writer in a recent number of the Paris Figaro gives some interesting facts about Argentina and calls attention to the great progress which that South American republic has made in the last few years. Argentina, according to M. Jules Huret, owes her rapid increase of wealth recently to the Italians, who have come into the country in large numbers and whose ancient genius for agriculture has done wonders in the transformation from cattle keeping to crop raising. The Spaniard was not wedded to methods of farming that were centuries old; the descendant of the Caesars has become a modern agriculturist and uses the latest improved machinery. No wonder he succeeds!

The land under cultivation in Argentina has increased ninefold in the last twenty years; the country is being developed by means of the railways constructed with British capital. It will supply in the near future not only a large share of the world's meat supply, but also a considerable proportion of the grain supply. Under the Southern Cross, possibly, the material civilization will be developed that will enable eventually the Argentinian as well as the New Zealander to stand on the ruins of London bridge and speculate on the greatness that was. That time, however, now seems far distant; the population that lives about London bridge is needed to consume the products of Argentina and of New Zealand under balance-of-trade conditions.

Much has been written about "bad boys" and "boy gangs," and wise writers have elaborately explained to those whose impulse is to call for the "police," for pains and penalties, that juvenile delinquency does not always mean criminality and depravity. The energy and spirit of youth, especially of the male persuasion, imperatively demand channels of expression, and if parents, educators and society are too indifferent or too ignorant to create safe, wholesome channels, unsafe and undesirable ones will inevitably be sought—and found.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick, an authority on exercise and play, dealt instructively with the "gang" question in a recent review article. There is, he shows, nothing alarming in "boy deprecations" of the kind commonly reported in the newspapers. The boy gangs that steal apples, invade vacant houses, throw stones at street signs, and so on, are not lost to good citizenship. They can be reclaimed, and their instincts can be utilized for righteousness. The gang instinct is really the co-operative instinct, the desire to form groups and do team work. The normal boy demands associates of his own kind and wishes to "do things" through emulation, competition or disciplined co-operation. The elements of the gang spirit are loyalty to the leader and other members, a willingness to stand and fall together, endurance, courage. These are fine, masculine qualities—misapplied through no fault of the boys.

What is the moral of this? Simply that team play of the right kind must be intelligently substituted for gang rowdiness. Boys should be organized and led to undertake tasks that call for the exercise of their faculties. Football, baseball, basketball and other forms of sports and athletics give opportunity, as Dr. Gulick says, for the direct employment of the great social force, the gang spirit, in the cultivation of honesty, loyalty and solidarity. We would add, however, that other activities besides those named might be encouraged. The Boy Scout movement recognizes this and teaches boys the art of "roughing it," of conquering difficulties, of avoiding danger or coping with it. Nature study and manual training fascinate boys. It is for society to "catch them young" and provide them with healthy fun and exercise for body and mind under skilled guidance. This is the best anti-delinquency prescription known to social psychology.

## GHOSTS SEEN IN PRISONS

### GRISLY SPECTRES WHICH HAUNT SOME GAOLS.

Awful End of an Over-Zealous Warden in Portland, England, Prison.

If there is any building which ought to be haunted, surely it is a prison. Such a place fairly reeks with tragedy, and there is not one of our great gaols which has not its stories of murders and suicides committed within its walls, says Pearson's Weekly.

One of the grimmest of prison tragedies occurred a good many years ago at Portland. In those days prisoners were not treated with the care and consideration shown in this twentieth century. One warden there was at that period who had gained an evil notoriety by his overdone devotion to discipline. His zeal was approved by his superiors, and one day came the news that he was to be promoted to principal warden. On the night of the very day when the news came he was on duty when, looking through the peep-hole into a cell, he saw the occupant apparently hanging to the window bars. Of course, he rushed in.

The figure was a dummy one; the convict, one who had previously suffered at the warden's hands, was hiding behind the door armed with a cobbler's knife which he had stolen from a workshop.

### STEALING ALONG CORRIDOR.

Before the warden could draw his truncheon the keen blade was buried in his back, and when help came they found him laying on the floor, literally backed to pieces, while the convict, a gibbering lunatic, grinned over the body of his victim.

A man who recently completed a five years' sentence in Portland says that to this day the murdered man may be seen at night, stealing softly along the corridor and vanishing silently into the cell where he met his awful end.

Last April there was a terrible scare in Maryborough, one of the Irish convict prisons. A Scotsman named Grant had been sentenced to death for the murder of a woman in Dublin, but the Lord Lieutenant commuted the sentence to penal servitude for life.

Grant had only been in Maryborough a few weeks when, one night, the wardens on night duty heard fearful shrieks coming from his cell. Rushing in to see what had happened, they found the wretched man cowering in a corner, literally bathed in perspiration, and in a state of abject terror.

He declared that the ghost of the woman whom he had killed had appeared to him in his cell, moving up and down before his eyes, and he clung to the wardens, imploring them not to leave him alone.

This was the first of similar attacks, and his shrieks, ringing through the bare stone passages, soon caused a panic which spread through the whole prison, until eventually it was found necessary to move the wretched man to another place.

### FALL WITH A CRASH.

The most extraordinary case of gaol haunting of which any record exists occurred two years ago in North Carolina. The Asheville county gaol authorities were presented with a petition signed by every single convict, 215 in all, praying that they might be protected against the evil spirits which haunted the place.

It appeared that a negro murderer had recently been hanged in the gaol. Every night since the execution the trap had been heard to fall with a loud crash, and afterwards the murderer's ghost, faintly luminous, moved through the corridors, peering into the cells and terrifying the wretched inmates almost out of their lives.

Wardens confirmed these statements. The result is that the whole building has been abandoned.

Another ghost scare was reported at the great Austrian prison of Lemberg. One night shrieks broke out in a number of different cells simultaneously, and the guard was called in.

Every prisoner had the same story to tell. He had awoken in a most terrible fright, but exactly what about he could not explain. At first it was thought that it might be nightmare, caused by something wrong with the food, but next night the same thing happened again, only now the panic extended through a whole block of buildings. A priest was called in and the evil spirit was solemnly exorcised, and gradually the commotion ended.

### HE COULDN'T THEN.

"I would like mightily to enjoy riches."  
"Then why don't you try to marry 'em?"  
"As I said, I want to enjoy them."

## A PAYING CRIME.

Blackmailing is Profitable in Modern English Society.

Every few days the veil is lifted on a lurid under side of English life where refinements of cruelty which the police cannot remedy are perpetrated by human rascals.

Two elderly blackmailers have just been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment for squeezing large sums of money out of Colonel Bain, an ex-M. P. over many years, by the simple means of threatening to expose an early indiscretion. At last the persecuted man turned at bay, made his wife his confidante, and called in the police.

A Scotland Yard sleuth says that blackmailing is the best organized and most paying line of criminal business in England. Although the police are well acquainted with the harpies who batten upon the indiscretions of the rich, and long to lay them by the heels, they are powerless to act, because in the generality of cases the blackmailed person prefers bankruptcy or death to publicity.

There is one notable gang of blackmailers in London, which owes its success to the fact that it has as its chief an ex-Scotland Yard man, a suave, polished man of the world, who knows how to keep on the safe side of the letter of the law. He is known as the Comte, and has been blackmailing people for nearly thirty years.

Women of wealth and position are the Comte's chief prey, preferably married women. He stays at the best hotels, is always seen at the great race meetings, and was recently at Cowes regatta, for he is an enthusiastic amateur yachtsman.

Although the Comte is known as the King of Blackmailers, there are two others, a man and a woman who work together, known to the London police, whose criminal record is almost as shocking. In this case the woman, a very attractive brunette, acts as the bait. The victims are rich men, preferably married men. A young politician in a prominent position was the first victim, who only escaped from their clutches at the cost of forty thousand dollars.

Their next victim was a young army officer, who, rather than confess his folly to his widowed mother and get the money from her for the exorbitant demands of these blackmailers, blew out his brains.

The Scotland Yard sleuth who supplied this information would have it known far and wide that the shortest cut to peace of mind is for the blackmailed instantly to inform the police when the first demand is made for money, and let the scoundrels know that they have done so. In nine cases out of ten this course will effectually free them from persecution, for the blackmailers fear the police court even more than their victims do.

## THE SECRETARY BIRD.

An Interesting African Bird of Many Curious Ways.

One of the most interesting birds, in both appearance and habits, is the secretary bird from the dry and open parts of central and southern Africa. The male is fully four feet high, the greater part of that length "being contributed by his neck and legs." The general color is ash-gray, the breast white, the wings, thighs, and abdomen black. The middle tail feathers nearly reach the ground, and on each side of the head are two long black tufts which give the bird its popular name of secretary, because, in the days when quill pens were used, writers were in the habit of carrying them stuck over their ears, says Saint Nicholas.

The bird's food consists of snakes, rats, lizards, and other living animals, which it kills with its feet, and swallows whole, unless too big, when the beak tears them to pieces. When ready to kill, the bird lifts either leg as may be convenient, and brings down the foot in a terrific blow like that of a great hammer, usually striking the victim on the head.

If the first blow fails to kill, the bird follows it with others in rapid succession.

When the dead animal is too big to be swallowed whole, the bird, seizing the head in his beak, holds the body down under his foot and stretches and pulls it until its flexibility pleases him when he swallows it, generally head first.

Secretary birds are usually found in pairs, each pair "having a certain hunting-ground which they defend fiercely against intrusion by their neighbors." The nests are very large. They are built of sticks, and are generally placed in a dense thicket or in a small tree. The two eggs are bluish white.

## DIFFERENCE.

She—"I suppose your new baby is a delicate pink?"  
He—"No, she's a robust yellor!"

## LETTERS OF A SON IN THE MAKING TO HIS DAD.

By REX McEVY

[Mr. McEvoy will write for this paper a series of letters from the west. They will appear from time to time under the above heading, and will give a picture of the great Canadian west from the standpoint of a young Ontario man going out there to make his way. These letters should be full of interest for every Ontario father.]

Heron Bay, Ont., Aug. 9th.

My Dear Father,—

Perhaps it would be well to explain the shakiness of my handwriting before going any further in this letter. Although everybody in our car is in excellent spirits, we are all sober. The fact is, however, that in spite of the little movable tables which the porter has fitted up for me, the motion of the car occasionally makes my writing rather shaky. They are great little tables that fit into the side of the car near the windows and they are supported at the other end on one leg. They come in useful for all sorts of things. We use them as dining tables, and just now an old man and his three sons just across the aisle are playing a game of cards on their little table. They are going out to take up some of the irrigated lands of Alberta which are watered by the C. P. R. irrigation canal.

I got acquainted with them through mother not putting a cup in my valise when she packed the grub for me to eat on the trip. I borrowed a cup from them and traded two bananas for a cup of coffee and some dried beef. They are a fine jolly crowd in this car, and there is all sorts of fun all the time, especially at meal times.

I am mighty glad already that we decided I should come out west this summer, even if I don't stop here. Why, I never realized before what a big place Ontario is. Of course, that big map of the Dominion hanging on the school house wall, showed that the Province was some size, but here I have been travelling along for pretty near twenty-four hours, and we have to go over fourteen hours more before we get to Manitoba. We cross the boundary at Rennie, just 1161 miles from the Union Station, Toronto, where you saw me off when I climbed up into this car in the Canadian Pacific train for Vancouver.

Do you know, Dad, for all they talk of the West, we have a good line of country in Ontario. We didn't see much of Muskoka, as we passed through there at night, but I woke at Muskoka station and raised the blind at my window and saw the trunks of the nearest trees looking ghostly in the electric lights of the station. Behind them was black mystery. Of course, I couldn't see much, but it looked as though the folks that go there for their holidays ought to get a pretty good change from the cities.

At breakfast time, on the first morning of our trip, we were in the Sudbury district, and it's something to make us throw out our chests, and feel proud to think that the richest nickel and copper deposits in the whole world are right here in Ontario. Moose Mountain Range is close here, too—the greatest known iron range in Canada. This ought to be a great manufacturing district some day.

There is not much timber round the line just near Sudbury. The trees die when they get to be six or nine inches through. Poplar trees grow about twenty feet high and then they die, and everywhere you can see these young trees covered with dead, shrivelled leaves. Low bushes give the only touch of green to be seen, and everywhere there are rocks of all kinds, sizes and shapes. There are rocks that you could play duck on the rock with, and others that are bigger than our barn at home, with all sizes in between. It must have been a tremendous job putting the railroad building here. It seems like railroad building was what mother says woman's work is—it's never finished. Every little while we pass a gang of men who are busy doing something to the track. They build culverts of concrete sections and turn streams through them, then they fill in solid all round them, so that a number of little bridges have been done away with. Long trestles have been filled in the same way with solid banks in some places thirty or forty feet high. The line crosses deep valleys on these high banks, and if there is a stream in the bottom of it, the railway may cut a new channel for it through the solid rock. I would like to see how they managed to get over this country in the days when they

used to go to Winnipeg by ox-cart. I saw my first real live Indian to-day. There are lots of lakes all through this country, and you are hardly ever out of sight of water in this part of Ontario, and just as we passed one lake I caught sight of an Indian tepee on an island, with a squaw bending over a fire. There was a birch-bark canoe—the genuine thing—drawn out of the water and lying upside down, close to the tepee. You go for miles and miles in the train without seeing anybody, and then you may come on a little clearing with a little bit of a wooden house, unpainted and looking more like a box with windows than a house. But there may be a flag-pole alongside, where the Union Jack is run up on holidays. The children who run out of these cabins and wave at the train, as it goes by, seem quite glad to see someone, even if it's only to shout "howdy," as the train rushes by.

We passed a grave to-day, where, I suppose, some settler is buried. It was all alone in a small cleared space among the trees and bushes. It looked awfully lonely in that wilderness, but there must have been someone to think kindly of the man who is taking his last rest there, for a wooden picket fence had been built round the grave, and a weather-worn wooden cross stood at its head.

Say, Dad, I do wish you could have been with me this last half hour. We have just come into view of Lake Superior. All day we have been rolling along between fairly high hills. Just as the shadows of evening were coming on we turned down the valley of a river, and suddenly came in full view of the wide expanse of Lake Superior. It was grand. The lake was a bright blue, far out to the horizon, where a blue mountainous island loomed up. In shore, a hundred feet or so below us, the waves were dashing in snowy breakers on the rocks. All about the lake were high, rolling hills, their wooded sides bathed in the mellow ruddy light of sunset. The track here winds in and out around the hills, and sometimes goes through tunnels, while at other times it runs along a precipitous wall, at the foot of which the waves constantly dash.

For some reason, the view of those great hills, and the mighty lake in the sunset light made me think of us singing "Abide With Me" in the church at home, especially that verse:

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
Q Thou, Who changest not, abide with me."

Perhaps it was the thought that the waves of this lake were dashing about that distant island, and at the feet of those hills, for untold centuries without change, that made me think of the hymn. It was a sort of glimpse of eternity. We are running on with constantly changing views of the lake, which is disappearing in the gathering night. It is immense. I would sort of like to hear the hum of the separator at home now, and I can imagine that you are about hitching up. Nellie to go to the post office. Well, I must say goodbye now as the porter is beginning to make up the beds. Tell mother I will write to her.

Your loving son,

JIM.

## UPSET HIM.

Hub (angrily)—"What! Thirty-five dollars for that new hat? You told me hats could be bought from \$4 up."

Wife—"Yes, dear, this is one of the 'ups.'"

## "THE BEST HOME PRESERVES"

These are made by rightly combining luscious fresh fruits with

**Redpath**

EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

The best results are then assured.

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

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

## HEAD ACHE

Stop it in 30 minutes, without any harm to any part of your system, by taking

### "NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers

20¢ a box, 50¢ a dozen

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED, MONTREAL, 27

## WAR AND BRITISH CREDIT.

Boer War Increased Debt Eight Hundred Million Dollars.

In 1899 the debt of Great Britain stood at the lowest point since the Napoleonic wars, and for four years Government bonds bearing two and three-quarter per cent interest had sold at a premium averaging about ten per cent. Then came the Boer War, increasing the debt by eight hundred million dollars and making the total nearly four billions. "This," the editor of the Economist recently observed, "was the highest point since 1867; so that the national savings of thirty-six years of peace were swept away by national borrowings during three years of war." And in April, 1903, interest on consols was reduced to two and a half per cent.

For a good while consols have been selling at a discount of about twenty per cent., and in the middle of July they dropped to seventy-eight and a quarter—the lowest price in eighty years. The drop was attributed to apprehension over the Morocco situation—which naturally raises a question as to what would become of consols if there were a real war scare.

Money cannot be had at two and a half per cent. because there are too many competitors for the world's savings. The relative prices of British two and a half per cents and French three per cents suggests that investors do not like a very low-rate bond, even at a discount.

The more important point is that about a year of actual fighting with a handful of Boers caused Britain's debt to increase three-fourths, as much as twelve years of fighting with Napoleon at the height of his power. That suggests the colossal destructiveness of modern warfare.

## GET POWER.

The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed."

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed."

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 93 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

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

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

It is easier to accept a position than it is to hold a job.



## THE OBSERVER

Fred. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

Advertising Rates made known on application.

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

### RAILWAY NEEDS.

Readers will notice by an article on the first page that the Hartland & Miramichi railway project is not a dead one. It should not be. Now that the Valley railway is assured and work has commenced, it is up to all on the eastern side of the river to look for something in the way of a boost. It is certain that we are at a point where we cannot stand still. If we remain inactive we shall be forced back, for when the Valley road is under construction the section it traverses will be the centre of activity, and the road will eventually become the throughfare for the great part of the traffic passing through the county, although of course not for the traffic originating within the county. The road will not run where it will capture the most of the county trade. Yet its influence will be against the river villages and the country east of us. Hence the urgent necessity of the early construction and operation of the road to the eastward. There is no part of the county, or of New Brunswick, needing railway accommodation more than the route to Knowlesville and to the G.T.P.

The road will double the value of the property along its length, and this will be a magnet to draw back to the deserted farms and homes the strong young men who have left us for parts where there is push and hustle.

### Hartland School Exams.

Following is the result of the Christmas examination of the Hartland school. Those marked with an asterisk, made an average of 70 or over.

GRADE IV—Beatrice Tompkins, \* Etta Stevens, \* Ruth Sippell, \* Florence Smalley, \* Harold White, \* Mary McMullin, \* Clara Boyer, \* Alice Ward, \* James Sippell, \* Percy Morehouse, \* Kenneth Thornton.

GRADE V—Herbert Rogers, \* Frank McAdam, \* Richard White, \* Jean Miller, \* Mabel Morgan, \* Edna Allen, \* Claire Thistle.

GRADE VI—Hazel Crawford, \* Weldon Ward, \* Harry Taylor, \* Herbert Bradley, \* Agnes Belyea, \* Carrie Noddin, \* Ruby Dickinson, \* Hershel Lilley, \* Willie Clowes, \* Kelsie Crabb.

Yes

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

**RED ROSE**  
TEA is good tea

## Our Neighbours

### Summerfield.

The Christmas concert at the school house was a great success and we thank our school mistress, Miss Waid very much for her time and trouble and all wish her a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Mrs. Eleanor Brown passed away Thursday night after a long illness. Deceased leaves four sons and one daughter Mrs. Chas. Lunn, Charles and James of this place and Geo. of Mars Hill, Me., and Nelson of Middle Simonds. Interment will be made in the Methodist cemetery of this place Mrs. Brown has been a member of this church for many years where she has always been present up to her recent illness.

Charlie Lunn while hauling wood last Thursday received a severe injury. Dr. Sommerville, of Bristol was called and an examination was made and found that no bones were broken, only a severe shaking up. Mr. Lunn cannot tell how it happened.

Mrs. Eddie Lunn has been visiting at the home of her father Mr. William Lunn the past week.

Mr. Harvey Green is working in the shop with his brother-in-law, Mr. Giddeon Green in the capacity of wood worker.

Mr. Howard Lunn drove to Baiderville Friday evening to attend the concert there. Wonder what the attraction?

Mr. Waid, of Royalton, brother of the school mistress attended our concert Friday evening.

The writer wishes all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

"First, I want to state in the strongest, most emphatic language possible, that the rejection of that agreement is not an indication of there being any ill-will or hostility on the part of Canada towards the United States. There is no hostile sentiment in Canada towards this great country, neither is there any sentiment in our country in favor of annexation. That question is not an issue, and if you will permit me to say it, never will be an issue in Canada."

### EAST COLDSTREAM

Smith's new mill on the Markey Brook is nearly finished. It will be sawing in a few weeks.

John Irving and crew are cutting logs on the Miramichi.

James and Aaron Greer with a small crew cutting logs on the Coldstream.

Mrs. John Stickney and little son have returned home, having spent several weeks with relatives in Houlton, Me.

Mrs. Wilmet Tracy who has been visiting at Grand Falls came home last week.

Miss Minnie Crandall who has been teaching school in the west, for the past two years is home on a visit.

Leo Hatfield a student of the U. N. B. is spending the Xmas vacation with his parents here.

Miss Viola Greer traces at Mt. Pleasant is spending the holidays at her home here.

Miss Elbert, who very successfully taught our school for the past year, held her examination Wednesday Dec. 20. She returned to her home at Stickney Wednesday evening.

Miss Greer of this place will teach our school the coming term.

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effect of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by all dealers.

### MUNTAC.

James and Louis Paul returned home from Baker Lake on Wednesday.

Quite a number from here attended the Xmas tree at Kincardine Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miles were visitors at Fort Fairfield, Tuesday.

Mrs. A. McDougall went to Woodstock Friday to spend Christmas with her mother, Mrs. Robertson.

John McLennan came home from Tobique for Christmas holidays.

Miss Ruby Salmon was the guest of Mrs. W. Miles one day this week.

T. O. Morehouse and H. H. Morehouse made a business trip to Perth recently.

W. Miles has made himself a Xmas present of a fine new pump.

Miss Agnes Adams spent Sunday at her home in Kincardine.

Auguste McClue, of Grand Falls has been here for several days buying horses.

Mr. Dexter was doing business here Friday, taking the early train Saturday for Florenceville.

A. A. Grant is doing a fine business supplying the wants of his customers.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Cox of Coronation were calling on friends here this week.

## NEWBURG JUNCTION

Miss David Dickinson who was reported seriously ill last week died at her home on Wednesday, leaving six sons and four daughters to mourn their loss; besides a large number of relatives and friends. Funeral at her late home was attended by a large number of people. Rev. S. W. Schurman, of Hartland attended the service.

Mrs. Robert Robinson is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Archibald at Milo, Me.

Mrs. Samuel Dickinson left Saturday morning for Eastport, Me., to visit her daughter and grand daughter and will also visit North and South Lubec.

A donation for the benefit of Rev. J. M. Malloy was held at John Mc Kinney's last Monday evening. An enjoyable evening was spent, and a nice sum of money was made up for the Reverend Gentleman.

As Xmas will be passed before this appears in your paper I take this opportunity of wishing you all a happy New Year.

You will find that druggists everywhere speak well of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. They know from long experience in the sale of it, that in cases of coughs and colds it can always be depended upon, and that it is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

### PEMBROKE

Not seeing any items from this place for a long time I will try to write a line.

The warm weather has taken almost all our snow.

Ziba Gray went to Nackiwick on Monday with George Upham to cruise over a lumber chance. He intends to work there this season.

Miss Ada Hovey, school teacher, had a very pleasant program.

When you have a bilious attack give Chamberlain's Tablets a trial. They are excellent. For sale by all dealers.

### Building Big Fertilizer Plant at St. Stephen.

To meet the increasing demand from the farmers and fruit growers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Quebec for high grade commercial fertilizers, a 10,000 ton plant is being completed by United States interests at St. Stephen, N. B.

In planning the factory, provision has been made for increasing its capacity to 20,000 tons annually. The plant is 90 by 252 feet, equipped with up-to-date machinery for the manufacture of fertilizers according to the most advanced ideas. A co-operative will also be operated by the company.

Located at tide-water, the St. Stephen plant will have the advantage of receiving raw materials by direct shipment—potash from Germany, nitrates from Chili and acid phosphate from Southern States ports. Little or none of the ingredients of fertilizers, except fish-scrap are produced in Canada.

As a distributing centre St. Stephen has the advantage of location on the lines of the Canadian Pacific, and of water transportation to many points. Fertilizers from the States pay a duty on the average of \$3.30 per ton, and must be ordered far in advance with great uncertainty as to deliveries and the condition in which the goods will be received. A thoroughly modern plant of large capacity, favorably located, will give the fertilizer consumers of this district far better service than was possible heretofore.

A Des Moines man had an attack of muscular rheumatism in his shoulder. A friend advised him to go to Hot Spots. That meant an expense of \$150.00 more. He sought for a quicker and cheaper way to cure it and found it in Chamberlain's Liniment. Three days after the first application of this liniment he was well. For sale by all dealers.

### James Love.

Many friends and relatives throughout the country will regret to hear of the death on Saturday of Mr. James Love at his home in Glassville, after an illness of several weeks. The funeral took place on Sunday.

Deceased is survived by a widow and three children; one brother, Wm. Love, who conducted the Glassville House, four sisters, Mrs. Michael Welch of Bristol, Mrs. Wm. Hagerman, of Florenceville, Elizabeth Johnson and Agnes Dawson, of Marysville, with whom lived mother of the deceased. He was a member of the Presbyterian church. Always interested in his native county he was a leader in every movement for its progress and prosperity.

The Observer and the Montreal Weekly Witness, the highest-class newspaper in the world, both for \$1.00 a year. Send your subscription direct to this office.



Select any article here and HE will appreciate it. If you find it here you can rest assured that it will be correct in taste and quality. He will not stuff it away in his dresser drawer. He'll wear it and enjoy it.

Our showing of **Boy's and Men's Clothing, Hats, Caps and Furnishings** is a collection of choice and exclusive, above the level of the ordinary.

## A FEW ITEMS

Overcoat, Reefers Ulster, Pants, Fancy Vest, Bath Robe, House Coat, Pyjamas, Neckwear, Mufflers, Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders, Hosiery, Underwear, Sweaters, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, etc.

**JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.**

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK

### Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN H. SMITH

#### PERT PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN'S idea of a good manager is a woman who can set as good a table on \$10 a week as her neighbors can on \$25.

A grouch is a man who wants the thing for dinner today that his wife had planned for next week.

Don't sing the song of prosperity so lustily that the boss will think you will stand a cut in salary.

A woman's idea of a good manager is a woman who can make her husband think she is doing him a favor when she takes charge of his entire salary.

Some women look as if they have spent all their energy trying to pacify the weekly installment collector.

Some people are no good, some are ornamental, and a lot of nondescripts are merely useful.

Money smells much the same when it is burning, no matter whether burned by a millionaire or by some one in his employ.

Not every young man knows the difference between a chafing dish artist and the operator of a first class kitchen range.

The meanest man is often in evidence, but the meanest woman is often too shrewd to be caught with the goods.

#### Not Bankable.



"Going to make your scheme work?"  
"Well, I have the backing of a millionaire."  
"What is he backing you with?"  
"Advice so far."

#### Good.

"What's your idea of a good man?"  
"One who can and will."  
"Can and will what?"  
"Give you an indorsement that is good at the bank. What's yours?"

He Had Met It.  
"There is neither rhyme nor reason to this book."  
"Huh! Just modern poetry."

Watch For the Circus.  
No use going down the street With a grouch in tow, Claring at the ones you meet As they come and go. Folks in plenty may be found That should cause a smile If you will but look around At the rank and file.

Here's a fellow drifting by In an ancient coat Just about three sizes shy, While around his throat Is a necktie that's a string, Of the brightest hue. On the stage a laugh he'd bring, So why not from you?

There a woman hobbles past, Going at full steam, Colors in her cheek are fast, And her rat's a dream. Skirt is of the latest mode From the tailor shop. She can amble like a toad With a fancy hop.

So you see them come and go If you will but look, And it beats a three ring show Or a fairy book. Why not gratify your eye With the cheering view? Others may in passing by Split their sides at you.

Manure From the Barnyard. Manure from the barnyard adds humus to the soil, and humus acts like a sponge, retaining moisture in the soil, making it more capable of absorbing a heavy rainfall and of holding it there longer. The moral, therefore, is to save and carefully spread all barnyard manure over the fields. Manure is worth dollars and will put dollars into the farmers' pockets.

Plants For Winter Pasture. Many plants can be used for winter pasture. Of course it is more difficult to secure winter than summer grazing, but with the proper use of bur clover, rye, oats, vetch and crimson clover, all fall sown, there is little trouble to secure grazing areas through the winter. —Home and Farm.

Why Clover Fails. Clover fails to grow on many farms, but the prime causes is that much of the humus of the soil is worn out and an acid condition exists that is detrimental to clover. A liberal application of lime will be beneficial.

Sounds Alarming. "I am very fond of children." "Are you?" "Quite so." "Well, they are delicious little morsels, aren't they?"

### A New Real Estate List.

24. A farm in parish of Brighton, of 200 acres, 75 cleared balance in spruce, fir and hardwood. Seven miles from Hartland. Good new buildings, cement cellar under house.

25. A farm in parish of Simonds of 150 acres, 80 cleared balance well wooded with hemlock and hardwood. A fine new 2 1/2 story house, 13 rooms finished throughout. Good cellar with new furnace. Carriage house, well house, Summer Kitchen. A new hip-roof barn 45x76 with 24 ft. posts. A good well and spring near house, spring brook across farm. Situated on St. John River. Convenient to school, Post Office, Church and station. Easy terms.

26. A farm of 150 acres within 2 1/2 miles of Fredericton, 80 acres cleared balance woodland with some timber. A good 10 room house well finished with cellar. A spring near the house. A large barn, wooden shed and wagon house. Near school and church. Quite level and in a fair state of cultivation. An orchard of 50 trees. Part cash, balance with yearly payments.

27. A farm of 200 acres in parish of Simonds on St. John river, 85 acres cleared balance heavy lumber land. In fair state of cultivation and fair buildings including house and three barns. Never failing well in woodshed. A spring brook crosses the farm. Has a small orchard. Convenient to Post office, School, Church and Station. Farm Machinery included. Good terms.

28. A house and lot in centre of Perth on Main St. (lot 70x50 ft.) used for offices and tenement overhead. Yearly rental \$188.00. Water in house. In good repair and well painted. A bargain if taken at once.

29. A fine home on Main St. Hartland. Well finished large house with large lawn in one of the best locations in town. A very desirable property on easy terms.

30. A good business stand in central location in busy town. Two story building. First floor can be used for store, etc. The second floor and third finished for large dwelling flat gets good rental. A good investment on easy terms.

31. A fine large two story house with all well furnished inside and out with bath room hot and cold water, in good location in village of Hartland. A fine property at a low price.

32. EIGHTEEN LOTS on Main St. Hartland on the well known and desirable location on McMullin's Flat. Price from \$200 to \$300 each. Secure one at once or write for particulars.

33. A nice home of house and stable and lot of 8 acres in country. A nice little home with a good chance for gardening in a nice location very cheap.

Carleton Real Estate Agency.

Hartland, N. B.

W. P. Jones, K. C.

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.

WOODSTOCK N. B.

Gourlay Pianos, Dominion and Karn Organs, New Williams Sewing Machines,

The Best Qualities available in Carleton County. Easy terms, and old instruments allowed in part payment. Write or telephone and I'll call on you.

**J. RICE WATSON**

MOUNT PLEASANT, N. B.

**P. R. SEMPLE**

East Florenceville, N. B.

Dealer in

Hardware, Plumbing, Tinware, Furnaces and Stoves

The

**New Empress Range**

manufactured by the National Mfg. Co., of Ottawa and Brockville, is the best on the market today. Come and see it. Ask us to prove the assertion.

Do You Need a

**Typewriter**

?

I can suit you with an "Em-pire" at prices from \$45. to \$80. You can have free trial for one week.

Cash Discounts or easy terms. Write for catalogues and particulars.

**Frank Fairweather,**

St. John, N. B.

Maplewood Rhode Island Reds!

Get into the 200 class by doing business where the goods are produced. A few Cockerels and Pullets to go. It's up to you.

CHAS. M. SHAW.

Victoria, N. B.

**F. N. GRANT**

PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs

### Meeting of Council.

The regular Semi-Annual Meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton, will be held at the Court House on TUESDAY, the Sixteenth Day of January next, at TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

Dated this sixteenth day of December, A. D. 1911.

J. C. HARTDEV,

Secretary Treasurer,

Municipality of Carleton.



## Local News and Personal Items

The Observer wishes every one everywhere a very happy and prosperous New Year.

A. F. Campbell was in St. John last week.

J. H. Barnett is home from the U. N. B. for the holidays.

Rev. S. W. Schurman has been on a trip to Nova Scotia points.

The Misses Aiton came from St. John to spend Christmas at home.

Mrs. H. H. Hatfield spent Wednesday evening in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Barrs of Moncton, are visiting her sister, Mrs. W. D. Keith.

Lawrence Grant of the C. P. R. was visiting here on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Dean Shaw has returned home from the west, where he has been for two years.

Carleton County L. O. L. will meet in annual session at Woodstock on Jan. 15 at 1.30.

The Misses Neales of Woodstock are guests of their brother, G. F. Neales, Somerville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Kyle spent Christmas with Mrs. Kyle's mother, at Greenfield.

W. D. A. Belyea, postmaster at Ashland, was a caller at the Observer office on Friday.

Dow Saunders has come from Vancouver to spend the winter at his former home at East Florenceville.

Monday next being New Year's Day all the stores in Hartland and vicinity will be closed all day long.

Add to your list of Farmer's Line patrons, J. T. G. Carr's of No. 11, J. T. G. Carr's residence No. 12.

Miss Amy Stevenson of St. John's, Nfld., has been visiting her brother, F. C. Stevenson of the Bank of Montreal.

After Dec. 31st, the C. P. R. train leaving Montreal at 10.10 a. m. for Winnipeg will be discontinued. It will be resumed after March 17th.

Mrs. C. T. Phillips and the Misses Phillips of Jacksonville were Christmas guests at the home of their uncle, H. M. Stevens, Somerville.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Graham spent Sunday and Christmas in Woodstock, the guest of Mrs. Graham's father and sister, Mr. G. F. Smith and Miss Smith.

Mrs. W. W. Estey and family of Fredericton were guests of Judson Currie during the holidays. Miss Lily Currie has been home from Boston for a holiday visit.

Mrs. James Gardiner of Waterville, who some weeks ago had a serious attack of paralysis, was seized again on Sunday and has since been in a very serious condition.

Miss Eska Carr, of Caribou spent Sunday with Mrs. H. H. Hatfield, who also had as Christmas guests the families of Burrell Hatfield and George Raymond of Middle Simonds.

Senator and Mrs. Baird will be at home on New Year's evening from 7.30 until 11. They will be pleased to welcome all their friends and meet their guests. Premier and Mrs. Fleming—Perth News.

D. E. Morgan & Son will close their store for an indefinite period on Dec. 30. All persons indebted to the above firm are requested to make payment this month and save unnecessary worry or expense.

A new directory for the Consolidated Telephone Co. has just been issued from the Observer press. The list is larger than the one printed a year ago, and shows that the Company is prospering. Dr. Connors of Bath is the hustling manager.

Some time ago there came to this office a letter enclosing \$1.00 for the Observer and the Weekly Witness. The letter was accidentally mislaid before the name was registered and the identity of the person is forgotten. Will the person who sent it send us his address again? (Don't all speak at once.) If also there are any others who availed themselves of the clubbing arrangements are not getting their papers after a reasonable lapse of time, the manager would be pleased to be notified promptly so that the matter may be properly and satisfactorily adjusted.

The holidays are responsible for delay of this issue.

Fleischman's yeast cakes fresh every day at Simms.

Ed. Smith, son of Bert Smith, has been ill of rheumatic fever.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Hum Yee Tommy, a son on Christmas Eve.

For Sale: A few good, pure-bred Brown Leghorn pullets. A. R. Rigby, Hartland.

Mrs. Jarvis Hayward, of Ashland, is spending the holidays at Ottawa with her son, Harry.

Arthur Sipprell has gone to Presque Isle to spend a week with friends.

Alpheus Gray has moved to the Clowes farm at Somerville, which he recently purchased.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Harmon of Fort Fairfield have been visiting at the home of O. A. Miller.

The friends of Frank Rideout of Peel will regret to learn that he is seriously ill of typhoid pneumonia.

Lost—On Dec. 9, between Hartland and Ashdale, a lady's neck fur. Finder will please leave at this office.

Call on J. T. G. Carr at his new stand for Insurance: Fire, Life or Accident. He represents some of the best companies doing business in Canada.

Hartland Lodge, I. O. G. T. will meet in Burt's Hall on Thursday, Jan. 4 at 7.30 prompt. All temperance people are invited to come and join.

The first survey for the Valley railway began work at Woodstock, going in the direction of Fredericton, on Tuesday, Lee Lincoln is in charge.

Miss Nettie Manuel who has been teacher of the school at Maxwell, York county, has returned to her father's home at South Knowlesville.

Mrs. George Wilkinson is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Reid. Harvey Reid returned from Acadia on Thursday.

Dr. Baird of Lakeville, was here on Friday. His many Hartland friends are always pleased to meet him here, where for years he was a practitioner.

At Christmas, the United Baptist choir presented the organist, Miss Inez Bradley, with a beautiful piece of cut glass in appreciation of her faithful services.

The Waterville Comedy Co. will give an entertainment in the Orange hall Waterville on New Year's night, when they will present the three act comedy, The Commercial Drummer.

A. S. Estabrooks keeps but one grade of kerosene oil—the best. Because it is the best many people drive out of their way to get it and do not hesitate to pay the small extra cost, for it costs a little more than other oils.

The United Baptists and the Methodists have agreed to hold a joint watch-night service on Sunday evening next and extend a hearty invitation to the members of any other churches to come and participate. Service in the Methodist church Sunday evening at 11 p. m.

J. T. G. Carr has moved the balance of his stock of general merchandise to the store on Main St. next above T. J. Hurley's, where he will continue to sell at reduced prices until closed out. He is prepared to receive tenders for the whole or any part of the said stock.

The Aroostook Lumber Company will have about 8,000,000 feet of lumber to saw at their mill at Presque Isle next season. This includes over 4,000,000 that was hung up last spring on account of low water at driving time. Presque Isle being an agricultural town, it means much to have such an industry in operation and employing from 60 to 75 men.

We do not know the political views of the genial postmaster at Centerville, but he may be a liberal. This we gather from the fact that he writes: "Please stop the Observer coming to my address. I have decided that in the future I shall subscribe only for papers that are strictly independent in politics." It would be well for all liberal postmasters who are thus shivering in their boots to take the same precautions. These are troublous times.

On Tuesday morning George Boyer, proprietor of the Victoria Hotel, Woodstock, and an old Hartland boy, was married to Miss Alberta Maud Pitt of Boston.

Rev. C. S. Young will preach at River Bank on Sunday next at 10.30, at Lansdowne at 3 p. m., and at Windsor at 7 p. m., in exchange with Rev. J. A. Corey who will go to Plaster Rock, only for the day.

FOR SALE—A good paying business, consisting of fruit, confectionery, and light groceries. Also building and fixtures, centrally located on Main St., Hartland. Possession given Jan. 1st. Mrs. T. G. SIMMS.

It is doubtful if there was ever more pleasant Christmas weather in this province. The sun shone brightly all day and the mercury did not go below 30 degrees all day. It was just mild enough not to be sloppy.

Mrs. George H. Campbell arrived from Toronto, with her children, on Thursday and will spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Campbell. Her husband left a short time ago to enter a sanatorium at Donsville, N. Y.

Richard H. Phillips of Fredericton dropped dead at the residence of his son, R. L. Phillips, Fredericton, on Tuesday morning. He was an oldtime printer but for years had been Inspector of the Fredericton Board of Health.

FOR SALE—A driving mare, in good condition, well broken, perfectly kind, and not afraid of autos. Will be 4 years old in the spring. A splendid bargain for somebody that will attend to the matter soon. Apply at The Observer Office.

While standing watching her brother-in-law clean a gun, Miss Martha McLaughlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McLaughlin, of Ortonville, was accidentally shot and killed in a lumber camp, twenty miles up Green River, Madawaska county. She lived but three hours after the accident. Frank Crane, the innocent cause of the accident, has not been arrested, and it is believed that no charge will be made against him unless the coroner's jury bring in a finding against him. The victim was but twenty years of age, and was a handsome girl. The shooting occurred in one of D. H. Nixon's camps.

On Christmas there was an interesting horse race at Florenceville on the ice. Perry's grey mare and Martell's Lucy B. were the contestants. The latter won the best two out of three heats.

The daily papers of Tuesday recorded the marriage at Apohaqui of Mrs. Eloise Bayley and Robert Bayley of Buctouche. Mrs. Bayley was first the wife of the late Rev. D. B. Bayley, and while he was pastor of the Methodist church here came to Hartland as a bride.

W. E. Thistle writes from Bridgewater: "I am sending my cheque to pay for the next two years subscription to your paper. I can remember your first paper: it was about the size of Ayer's Almanac, four pages, and I used to take a whole page ad. Those days of long ago are fresh in my memory and happy ones at that."

Mrs. Maurice McKinney, of Island Falls, Me., spent Xmas tide with relatives here.

Miss Marjorie Gould, of Forest City, who has recently been stopping at Island Falls, was in town recently en route to spend Xmas at her home.

Rev. S. Walter Schurman went to Nova Scotia, on the Tuesday morning train and will return home on Saturday the 30th. The regular services of the circuit will be held on Sunday.

There will be a social hour held in the United Baptist church for the members of the congregation on New Year's evening no individual invitations sent out. The regular congregation is cordially invited to be present. A good program after which light refreshments will be served. Come.

### Produce Prices

Potatoes.....	\$1.75
Hay, loose.....	8. to 10.
Oats.....	.40
Eggs.....	.28
Butter.....	20 to .23
Pork.....	.07
Beans.....	2.50 to 2.75
Chickens.....	10 Hens .07
B. W. Meal.....	1.75
Ducks and Gees.....	.12

### NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Farmer's Telephone Company will be held at Windsor, N. B., on Monday, the eighth day of January, 1912.  
E. A. BRITTAIN, Secretary.

## 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.

Next Monday being

# NEW YEAR'S CLOSED

all the stores in Hartland vicinity will be

all day long.

## Hartland Woodworking Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND, N. B.,

Manufacturers of Doors, Shades, Blinds, Mouldings, Stair Rails, Newells, Ballusters, Brackets.

### Doors and Window Frames,

Dressed or Tongued and Grooved  
Birch, Ash, Butternut, Spruce, Basswood &c., for Flooring, Sheathing, Wainscoting, &c., Verandah Posts, Mantles, Dadoes of all kinds of interior and exterior house finish.

Let us quote you prices on large or small orders.  
We can also furnish sketches and floor plans for any buildings.

## Waterville Orange Hall NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

Waterville Comedy Company

presenting

## "The Commercial Drummer"

A Good Comedy in Three Acts

Good Music and Good Order.

Adults, 30c.

Children 20c.

## Wishing One and All

# A Prosperous New Year

We take occasion to remark that our Christmas trade this year excelled every previous effort. The large stock, the sample room our store affords, made Christmas buying easy for you and for us. We thank you for the Season's trade, and can assure of our determination to do even better for you next year.

## ESTEY & CURTIS CO., LTD.,

Wholesale and retail Druggists

Hartland, N. B.

## GREAT BARGAINS

IN

## Horse Blankets

Woolen-Lined and others.

20 Dozen that must be sold. CALL AND SEE US.

## LETSON BROS. MAIN STREET

Team Harness, and Straps of all kinds.

Also Horse Collars.

## For Sale

Large Warehouse

at Bristol Station

—ALSO—

Large Store with

Outbuildings

at Glassville Corner.

All in excellent condition and will be sold reasonably.

Mrs. T. Lynch

Fredericton.

or Thomas Bohan, Bath, N. B.

## Western Assurance Co.

(INCORPORATED 1851)

ASSETS - - - - \$3,213,438.25

DIBBLEE & AUGHERTON, Agents

Woodstock, N. B.

Telephone: Office, 18-11.

Residence, 264-11.



## SEVEN YEARS PAIN FROM ACUTE NEURALGIA

Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Neuralgia is not a disease—it is only a symptom. It is the surest sign that your blood is weak, watery and impure, and that your nerves are literally starving. Bad blood is the one cause—good, rich, red blood its only cure. There you have the real reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure neuralgia. They are the only medicine that contains, in correct proportions, the very elements needed to make new, rich, red blood. This alone reaches the root of the trouble, soothes the jangled nerves, and drives away the nagging, stabbing pain, and brace up your health in other ways. Mr. M. Brennan, an ex-sergeant of the 2nd Cheshire Regiment, now a resident of Winnipeg, Man., says: "While serving with my regiment in India, on a hill station, I contracted a severe cold which brought on acute neuralgia, at times lasting for three weeks. I was constantly suffering almost every month in the year for over seven years, the pain being sometimes so severe that I wished I was dead. On my return to England I seemed to get no better, though I spent large sums of money for medical advice and medicine. Then I came to Canada, and about a year ago saw the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in a Winnipeg paper. Although I had begun to think my complaint was incurable, I told my wife that I intended giving the Pills a fair trial. I was suffering from terrible pains when I began taking the Pills, but before the second box was finished the pain began to disappear, and under a further use of the Pills it disappeared entirely, and I have not had a twinge of it during the past year. Only those who have been afflicted with the terrible pains of neuralgia can tell what a blessing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and you may be sure I shall constantly recommend them to other sufferers."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## ENGLAND'S LARDER.

It Might Be Stripped Pretty Quickly If She Had a War.

With ships bringing foreign food supplies into England at the rate of 2,434 worth every minute of every day, the year Great Britain cannot accumulate a stock of provisions large enough for a year's supply, some experts say not enough for half a year. "Others doubt if we could hold out for three months without foreign supplies," says the Queen, "and all agree that three weeks war, or even threat of war, would enormously increase the price of foodstuffs. In the ordinary way the proportion of food and drink brought over the sea is over 42 per cent. of our total imports, being in round figures \$250,000,000 out of a total of \$550,000,000. Of this sum \$70,000,000 goes for grain and flour alone, and nearly fifty millions for meat, in addition to sixty-three millions for food and drink not otherwise specified, and excluding fifty millions for food, drink and tobacco subject to duty. "What we as a nation have to fear is not invasion but starvation. To the great mass of the people of this country the question is not Shall we win or lose in war? but, shall we have enough food to live on when the next big war comes? It is to meet such an emergency that the use of this country of silos for grain, or national granaries, has been advocated. "The cost of creating and maintaining silos might be considerable, though we suppose the cost of a single dreadnought would easily cover it; but as an insurance against panic it would well be worth the expense, while as a safeguard in time of war and against imminent famine it would be invaluable, and might easily turn defeat into victory and disaster to safety. "Gibraltar is provisioned for two years and Malta has silos which keep corn good for as long as four years, thus supporting the truth of the Biblical statement that Joseph in the dry climate of Egypt fed the people with corn stored for seven years. The idea is the gradual collection of an amount of wheat equal to one year's import and its automatic renewal by exchanging it for a new grain as it arrives at the different ports."

SUITED FOR A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Mrs. Casey (answering "boy wanted" ad): "Shure, sor, he's that truthful he wudn't tell a lie for anything, but Oi hoo another bloke that isn't so pertikler, if y'd maybe loike to see 'im."

## A HUNTER'S FEAT.

Weird Adventure While Capturing Cubs of Lionsess.

Manchhausen had an adventure with a lion which appears quite tame in comparison with the doings of an Indian hunter, Nizam Shah, who recounts his story in "Saravati" (Allahabad). The record of his feat has been translated for the Literary Digest whence the following is taken:

The hunter followed a trail through a rocky ravine until he came to a point where the jungle was dense and the rocks rose high on all sides. He climbed a tree to reconnoitre, and from his high perch gazed right into the cave to which the lioness had jumped. It was now dark, so Nizam made him as secure as he could in the tree till day dawned. The lioness left her den shortly after daybreak, but he could not get a shot, and an hour after her departure began slowly to make his way to the cave. The rest of the story is given in the narrator's own words: On looking into the pit I found the lioness' two cubs—about as large as cats—playing with each other. This spectacle delighted my heart. . . . but since the cave was about eight cubits deep and the rock was perfectly perpendicular, I felt puzzled as to how to get into it. After much cogitation I found that a low branch of a tree was hanging part way into the pit. This would help me to get down. I deposited my gun on the rock, and made up my mind to use the limb of the tree to assist me in entering the cave. My weight made the branch hang a little lower down, and I was thus able to reach the bottom of the hole. Presuming that their mother had returned, the cubs came out of their nook and slowly walked over to where I was. Thereupon I took off my coat and bound the little beasts up in it, then taking hold of it I began to figure how I could get away with my booty. Now, for the first time I missed the branch of the tree which had helped me descend. But horror of horrors, it was not within my reach. After I had got down, the minute my weight was removed, it had resumed its former position, leaving me absolutely helpless. Now I began to hear a noise which I at once took to be proceeding from the lioness. I quietly sat down. Instead of looking into the cave, she turned her back toward it, being attracted by the rifle which I had deposited upon a stone, roasting at it in a terrifying manner. The rays of the sun, falling directly upon the steel barrel, made the gun shine brightly, and claimed the attention of the big beast, who switched her tail, which was hanging into the pit. My very desperation made me think and act fast. I at once grabbed hold of the tail that was hanging over the edge of the pit. The lioness gave a jump and quick as a flash I was landed outside, and, as luck would have it, near my rifle. I laid the presence of mind left to grasp the gun and fire it at the lioness, killing her instantly. After this the rest was easy.

Two of a kind. Private Jones wanted a week's furlough, so he approached his captain with a pitiful tale of a sick wife who needed him sorely. The captain was not convinced. He suspected Private Jones of exaggeration, so he said: "I'm afraid I can't grant you leave. I have received a letter from your wife, and she says she hopes I won't allow you to come home as you behave very badly towards her."

Private Jones saluted, and turned to leave the captain's presence, but paused at the door to say: "Captain, may I say something to you as man to man?"

"Certainly," replied the captain. "Well," said Private Jones, "all I want to say is that you and I are two of the finest liars living. I'm not married at all!"

The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining-room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly often carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race. Wilson's Fly Pads kill flies in such immense quantities as cannot be approached by any other fly killer.

TIGHTWADDY. "I understand that Mr. Pinchpenny has been operated on for appendicitis," remarked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes. It's the first time any one was known to get anything out of him."

"But you see they had to give him chloroform to get that."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Smart-Sothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, 1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Free advice is the kind people give away because they have no use for it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

THE LIMIT OF CHEEK. Brown is a brave man, and when the other night he heard a noise downstairs he promptly arose, took a poker, and proceeded to investigate the cause.

On reaching the hall, the light of the candle he carried revealed a burglar in the act of leaving the house.

"I," cried Brown. "Come back!"

The burglar turned and gazed in surprise at Brown.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "Have I forgotten anything? Ah! of course. The silver candle-stick you are carrying. Thank you so much."

Then, before the astonished Brown could realize what had happened, he seized the candle-stick and vanished into the night.

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useful to an enemy, will be liable to penal servitude.

In the old law this punishment could only be awarded to a person communicating or intending to communicate secrets to a foreign state, but the last named form is absent from the new bill in which the wrongful communication of information to "any unauthorized person," is treated as a misdemeanor.

Another new feature of the bill just introduced is the widening of the scope of the clause which defines a "prohibited place." As Lord Haldane said, the places barred from public access under the old law were too few. Nowadays it might be just as important that persons should not go into a private dockyard where a British man-of-war was building as that they should not go into a government dockyard.

Therefore the definition in clause three of the new bill is made very comprehensive, and now embraces any work of defence, factory or dockyard, camp or office, telegraph or signal station belonging to the government, or any other place for the storage of instruments or plans of war.

Beyond this, power is given to be exercised in time of emergency to prescribe other places as prohibited on the ground that information concerning them, or their actual destruction, would be useful to an enemy. Thus, any railway, road or channel could be declared prohibited for the time being as well as any works where war materials were being stored or repaired.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

TWO OF A KIND. Private Jones wanted a week's furlough, so he approached his captain with a pitiful tale of a sick wife who needed him sorely.

The captain was not convinced. He suspected Private Jones of exaggeration, so he said:

"I'm afraid I can't grant you leave. I have received a letter from your wife, and she says she hopes I won't allow you to come home as you behave very badly towards her."

Private Jones saluted, and turned to leave the captain's presence, but paused at the door to say:

"Captain, may I say something to you as man to man?"

"Certainly," replied the captain. "Well," said Private Jones, "all I want to say is that you and I are two of the finest liars living. I'm not married at all!"

The flies that are now in your kitchen and dining-room were probably feasting on some indescribable nastiness less than an hour ago, and as a single fly often carries many thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body, it is the duty of every housekeeper to assist in exterminating this worst enemy of the human race. Wilson's Fly Pads kill flies in such immense quantities as cannot be approached by any other fly killer.

TIGHTWADDY. "I understand that Mr. Pinchpenny has been operated on for appendicitis," remarked Miss Cayenne.

"Yes. It's the first time any one was known to get anything out of him."

"But you see they had to give him chloroform to get that."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Smart-Sothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, 1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Asseptic Tubes, 25c, 50c. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

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## ZAM-BUK

SAVED THIS BABY

Mrs. M. Barrett, 608 Avenue St. Montreal, says: "A horrid rash came out all over my baby's face and spread until it had totally covered his scalp. It was itching and painful, and caused the little one hours of suffering. We tried soaps and powders and salves, but he got no better. He refused his food, got quite thin and worn, and was reduced to a very serious condition. I was advised to try Zam-Buk, and did so. It was wonderful how it seemed to cool and ease the child's burning, painful skin. Zam-Buk from the very commencement seemed to go right to the spot, and the pimples and sores of the irritation grew less and less. Within a few weeks my baby's skin was healed completely. He has now not a trace of rash or eruption, or eczema, or burning sores. Not only so, but cured of the tormenting skin trouble, he has improved in general health."

Zam-Buk is sold at all stores and medicine vendors, or, a box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price of 50 cents for 50c. A certain cure for all skin diseases, cuts, burns, etc., and for piles.

Zam-Buk

HAUNTED HER.

The Lady—"Get out! You're the man I gave a piece of cake to only an hour ago."

The Hobo—"No, mum. I'm that poor fellow's ghost!"

MINNICOANASHENE.

A hard name to pronounce, called locally "Minnicoan," this is a picturesque summer resort on one of the largest islands of the Georgian Bay, only 1-1/2 hours run by the Grand Trunk Railway System from the City of Toronto, Canada, and beautifully situated among the 1,000 islands of that territory. Splendid hotel accommodations, good fishing, fine boating, and no hay fever, dandruff, diphtheria, and pike abound. For illustrated descriptive matter and all information, write to E. DUFFY, Union Station, Toronto.

WHAT HE WANTED.

Clerk—"Do you want a narrow man's comb?"

Customer (gravely)—"No; I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Lulu was watching her mother working among the flowers.

"Mamma, I know why flowers grow," she said. "they want to get out of the dirt."

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

He (soulfully)—"There are a thousand stars to-night looking upon you." She—"Is my hat on straight?"

There are many imitations of Wilson's Fly Pads, but none compare with the genuine original article. Be sure you get Wilson's and avoid dissatisfaction.

No, Alonzo, the cigarette habit doesn't always cause weak minds. In a great many cases it merely indicates them.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent purgations follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

FELT SAFER NOW.

"Why, Tommy," exclaimed the Sunday school teacher, "don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?"

"Not any more," replied Tommy; "I utter when I slept in a folding bed, though."

A man wastes a lot of time asking questions that he doesn't want answered.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES GRAVEL

23 THE PR

ED. 7

ISSUE 34-11

## TRANSPORTATION MONOPOLY

Arabs Controlled the First Parcels-Post.

The first parcels-post difficulty that we recall occurred at the close of the fifteenth century. Arabs controlled the overland routes from India to the Mediterranean and so monopolized the spice trade, which they worked in partnership with the Venetians. Directly after Vasco da Gama reached India by sea, however, Portugal sent thither a fleet of trading ships. In spite of bitterest opposition on the part of the monopolistic Arabs the ships succeeded in securing cargoes of spices and other Oriental wares which they brought to Europe. The result was a panic in Venice, the price of spices there falling fifty per cent. That the Arabs had made thrifty use of their monopoly is indicated by the fact that, in spite of this fall in prices, the Portuguese are said to have sold their spices at a profit of six hundred per cent. Probably the Arabs argued, like our express companies, that they were really benevolent persons and engaged in trade mostly for their health.

The distress of transportation at that time was a matter of small importance, for commerce was chiefly confined to articles of luxury. Only barons could buy spices anyway. Now-a-days, when transportation enters into the cost of the necessities of life, there seems decidedly less excuse for tolerating a monopolistic toll upon it.

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When, after one has partaken of a meal he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and pains in the stomach he suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it be not dealt with. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are especially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

A PLAIN INQUIRY.

"Warden, what are most of these men doing here?"

"Principally doing time, madam."

Wardens, what are most of these men doing here?

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## WHAT IS A BOND?

Many an investor would have avoided poor investments and consequent loss had he known what constitutes a bond, how safe and profitable a bond investment is.

When you buy a bond you are protected from loss by a first mortgage on the entire assets of the Corporation that issues the bond. Both the principal and interest are protected in the same manner.

We will be pleased to send to your address without any charge whatever our little Booklet on bonds. Write us to-day.

ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING

YONGE AND QUEEN STS. TORONTO

WATER AND SALT FOR CALVES

Calves, like other farm animals, get thirsty even though milk forms a large part of their ration. Calves three months of age will drink as much as five quarts of water daily per head. They like to drink often, sipping a little at a time. A half barrel cleaned and replenished twice daily, will serve nicely as a water trough. Another good device is an automatic waterer which may be easily cleaned, situated a little above the floor to keep out the litter. Salt is essential to the development of the calf, as of other animals, and should be kept continually available.

FARMS FOR RENT AND SALE.

ASK DAWSON, HE KNOWS.

If you want to sell a farm, consult me.

If you want to buy a farm, consult me.

I HAVE some of the best Fruit, Stock, Grain or Dairy Farms in Ontario, and prices right.

H. W. DAWSON, Ninety Colborne Street, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS WANTED. Weekly salary paid. Alfred Taylor, London, Ontario.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. High class business with best people. Carter & Dwyer Co. Limited, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.—A study of other Agency propositions convinces us that none can equal ours. You will regret it if you don't apply for particulars to Travellers Dept. 228 Albert St., Ottawa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HAY AND FARM SOLES. Wilson's Scale Works, 9 Eglarade, Toronto.

SAWMILL MACHINERY. Portable or heavy. Lathes, Mills, Shingles, Engines and Boilers, Mill Supplies. The S. Long Manufacturing Co. Ltd., West Street, Brantford, Ontario.

ANOTHER TUMORS, LUMPS, etc. Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before too late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co. Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

WRITE us today for our choice list of Agents' Supplies. No outlay necessary. They are money makers. Apply B. C. I. Co. Ltd., 228 Albert St., Ottawa, Ont.

TON SCALE GUARANTEED. Wilson's Scale Works, 9 Eglarade, Toronto.

SPECIALISTS ADVISE FREE. Consult us in regard to any disease. Lowest prices in drugs of all kinds. Trusses fitted by mail. Send measurements. Glasses fitted by age. Write today for anything sold in first-class drug stores to Dr. Bellman, Collingwood, Ont.

CHENILLE CURTAINS

and all kinds of horse hangings, also LACE CURTAINS DYED AND CLEANED LIKE NEW.

Write us about yours.

BRITISH AMERICAN DYING CO., Box 125, Montreal.

The Soul of a Piano is the Action. Insist on the "OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action

Canada Business College

CHATHAM, ONT.

In a class by itself. Among American Schools of Business Training.

416 STUDENTS PLACED IN 1908

388 STUDENTS PLACED IN 1909

475 STUDENTS PLACED IN 1910

We publish the lists annually.

We pay full fare up to \$2.00, and bring long distance students to Chatham, we can train you by mail.

Here are some students placed recently: Kate Wade, Cassowary & Reap, Regina. B. Burk, Nicholson & Bain, Regina. H. Wood, Trust Co. Chaboygan, Mich.

Eight calls in just received for Monographs, Teachers, and Auditors, for openings worth from \$200 to \$1,000, will give you some idea of the demand.

COLLEGE REOPENS FOR 27TH YEAR SEPTEMBER 5TH.

Catalogue 35 tells of work at Chatham. Catalogue 36 tells of work by mail (Either Free).

D. McLEACHAN & CO., C. V. College, Chatham, Ont.



Honest tea  
is the best policy  
**LIPTON'S TEA**  
OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

## The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

### PINEAPPLE.

**Preserving Pineapple.**—Preparing pineapple for preserving is a simple and easy task if one follows this plan. Have a clean board about eight inches square with a bright new ten penny nail driven through the center, point on top. Take a heavy cloth and twist out the crown, then place the pineapple base down on the nail; with a sharp knife trim out the top, then with a sharp, stiff bladed knife pare the pineapple lengthwise, turning the fruit meanwhile on the nail. A little practice and one can take off a goodly portion of the skin from top to base with one stroke of the knife.

To remove the eyes, use a curved bladed knife, which can be bought for 10 cents, and which is usually used to eye potatoes with. Be sure and keep the knives clean while at work. Core the pineapples, after quartering them, and then slice, cube, or grate as preferred. To nine pounds of fruit allow three pounds of sugar and one quart of water. Cook until tender and until a rich syrup has been formed. When through take any syrup that may be left, the cores, and eyes of the pineapples, and cover with water and boil. Then strain, sweeten, and allow juice to come to a boil again; then bottle for use for punch, sherbets, etc.

**Canning Hint.**—Take two-thirds quantity rhubarb to one-third as much pineapple, cut in cubes, cook to boiling point, and sweeten to taste, and can immediately, and in winter you will find it hard to distinguish the taste from pure pineapple, but much less expensive. Heat jars in top of teakettle near boiling point and insert silver knife or spoon while filling up with fruit.

To Peel Pineapple.—Slice pineapples in slices as thick as you desire, commencing at the large end of the apple. Then trim the skin and eyes from each round slice with a pair of sharp shears. This method saves labor, time, and fruit.

### TESTED RECIPES.

**Corn Oysters.**—Take young sweet corn; cut from the cobs into a dish. To one pint of corn add one well beaten egg, a small teaspoonful of flour, one-half gill of sweet cream, one-half teaspoonful of salt; mix well. Fry like oysters by dropping into hot butter by spoonfuls about the size of an oyster.

**Fried Mushrooms.**—Soak one pound of mushrooms in salt water two hours. Drain one-half hour. After they have been drained the small ones are to be left whole, the larger variety cut in half. Beat up two eggs, place mushrooms into the beaten eggs, then dredge with flour. Fry in deep butter or fryings a golden brown.

**Celery Sauce.**—Clean three or four heads of nice celery, divide and cut into small pieces, using the white stock. Season with white pepper, salt, and nutmeg. When it is tender add a small piece of butter rolled in flour and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Pour over turkey, chicken, or duck.

**Fruit Cookies.**—One and one-half cups of brown sugar, one cup butter, three eggs well beaten, two teaspoonfuls baking soda dissolved in half a cup sour cream, one-half teaspoon each cloves and allspice, one teaspoon cinnamon, one cup each chopped pecan nut meats, figs, and raisins. Drop with spoon the size of a walnut one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven.

**Striped Sandwiches.**—Cut a number of slices of both white and brown bread. Slices must be quite thick, nearly one-half inch. Butter liberally and stack together five slices, first a brown, then a white, a brown, a white, and a brown, pressing together firmly so they will hold. Slice down through this stack, making the slices the thickness of the sandwiches. The result is an exceedingly eatable and pretty striped sandwich.

which can be trimmed into any shape desired.

**Devil's Food.**—One tablespoon, heaping, butter, creamed with one cup of sugar; add one egg and yolk of second egg; beat well one cup sour milk with one level teaspoon baking soda stirred into it; two cups flour with one level teaspoon baking powder; lastly add two squares of melted bitter chocolate. Filling: One cup of sugar, quarter cup of water; boil until it threads, then stir into the beaten white of egg; add one teaspoon butter while hot, and vanilla extract.

**California Cake.**—Whites of six eggs, yolks of five eggs, one coffee cup of sugar, one cup of flour, scant teaspoon cream tartar. Juice and grated rind of one orange. Beat whites very stiff, add one-half the sugar, beat well; add the other half of sugar to yolks and beat for six minutes so it will be light and frothy; add orange to yolks and the beaten whites, beat thoroughly, then flour into which the cream tartar has been sifted. Stir lightly after flour has been added. Bake very slowly forty minutes. If coal or wood range is used, keep fire very low. A delicious, wholesome cake to serve with lemonade, ice cream or fruit.

**Orange Pudding.**—One and one-half cups of flour, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of butter, three-fourths of a cup of sugar, four eggs, or three, with a little milk, four oranges. Grate the rind of the oranges, being sure not to grate any of the white, and put it aside in a separate vessel. Cream the butter and sugar well, add eggs, the grated orange rind, the flour, and lastly the baking powder. Put in a mold and steam for two hours. A very nice mold, if you have not a regular one, is a small lard pail, which with this recipe leaves room for the pudding to swell, has a lid to put down good and tight on the pudding, and handle to lift it out with. Butter the inside of your pudding mold, do not look inside during the process of boiling, as that makes the pudding fall, and be sure that the water is kept to the level of the pudding. Add boiling, not cold or warm water.

**Orange Sauce.**—Squeeze out the juice of the oranges, and strain; two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, one-half pint of water, four spoonfuls of brown sugar. Boil sugar and water together, add starch to orange juice, boil until thick, all together, and pour around the pudding after you take it from the mold. Make the sauce just before taking the pudding from the mold, and have both piping hot when you take it to the table.

### SALADS.

**Russian Salad.**—Simmer a can of tomatoes, one bay leaf, twelve cloves, blade of mace, slice of onion, six sprigs of parsley, for ten minutes, then strain. Add to hot liquor three-fourths of a box of gelatin dissolved in a little water, two tablespoonfuls tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful paprika. Fill a border mold three-fourths full of cold cooked chicken and celery cut fine; then pour in the jelly; set on ice until firm, fill center with blanched lettuce, circle outside with chilled cucumbers.

**Aspic Jelly Salad.**—Arrange a layer of hard boiled eggs sliced on a layer of aspic chilled in a mold. On the sides of the chilled mold dispose slices of cucumber pickles and slices of tongue, dipped in aspic. Fill the mold with slices of tongue, adding enough aspic jelly to hold the slices together. Let it stand some hours. Garnish with cress and quarters of egg.

### COULDN'T HELP IT.

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained the boss.

"Well," explained the breathless clerk, "I have to button up the ashes, and shake down a shirt waist, and carry out the furnace every morning."

## MAKING SAFE INVESTMENTS

SAFETY OF A BOND DOES NOT DEPEND ON STABILITY OF MARKET PRICE

How necessary it is for a man to know what his requirements are before investing—How some high class securities sag in the market without any doubt as to their safety—A moral drawn from the recent failure of the Birkback Bank which was caused by not observing carefully the nature of its requirements.

In the first of this series it was shown that "distribution of risk" is an important principle of investment. It is a very simple one, however, involving no very confused ideas. There is another principle to be borne in mind when making investments which is of no less importance, but it is, however, considerably less obvious to those whose investment experience is small—and even to many who should understand its actions thoroughly. This is the principle of investment "in accordance with actual requirements."

(By "Investor")

Suppose a man went to a doctor and demanded a prescription saying he was ill but refused to give his symptoms; you would consider that man a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. Yet he is not much more insane than the man who writes to an investment house and makes the bald statement that he desires to invest such-and-such a sum of money and asks them to recommend a security without stating any further particulars. Last week we saw that there are at least five important points to be considered in investing in accordance with our actual requirements. It is necessary to know all the "symptoms of the case" in order to pick a security and to recommend an investment fulfilling the necessary points. Just to-day for example I received a letter from a man who asked if a certain stock was a good investment. And it was a good investment for certain classes of investors, but for many others it was most decidedly not so. Yet without giving any particulars as to whether he was rich or poor; whether he desired great safety or a high income; if he required a readily saleable stock or not; he wanted advice. As well ask a physician if a mustard plaster is good for a sick man without any description as to his particular ailment. These points are not to be passed over without careful study, and if this study is given them it will result in your investing your money in a manner which will give you the greatest satisfaction.

There are two of these points quite likely to be confused—"Safety of Principal" and "Stability of Market Price." Yet when investing in any security except shares of stock, these points are utterly dissimilar. Why stocks are excepted will be taken up in another article as the explanation involves some special features too lengthy for the present discussion.

For example, Consols—the famous abbreviation for Consolidated Debt of Great Britain—have declined over twenty-five points in the market during the past ten years, although there has not been the least feeling that they were not perfectly secure. Consols have for years been the premier investment security of the world and the alteration in quoted price has absolutely no effect upon their safety to the investor who, without any desire ever to sell, bought at par; for of course when the Government decide to repay them they will do so at par; but for the man to whom stability of market was a first consideration a more unfortunate high class investment could not have been chosen. Take the Birkback bank which invested heavily in Consols. The Directors bought a security and paid a high price for the element of safety, while stability of market price should have been their first thought. As a result of their lack of judgment and carelessness in diagnosing their requirements, the bank was forced to close its doors. So too the man with a surplus supply of funds, which he may require at an indefinite period in the future, but meantime desires a better rate of interest than saving banks allow, must choose an investment which will enable him to realize on his holdings at short notice with little or no loss. Of course there are securities of this sort. Bonds which are within a very few years of maturity—when they will be paid at par—present this feature very strongly. The stock of a bank such as the Bank of Montreal, Bank of Nova Scotia or of several others of equal merit are excellent mediums for the investor who wants a fairly high and certain return and an excellent chance in the long run of appreciating in value; but the fluctuations of price which have beset all bank stocks in the market during the past eighteen months makes them a decidedly undesirable form of investment when stability is the prime essential. The fluctuations had absolutely nothing to do with the condition of the banks themselves—pardon have they done a better or more profitable business. The cause was quite removed from that and will be taken up fully within the next week or two.

These brief examples serve to show not only the difference between "safety" and "stability of market price" but also indicate the importance of knowing what you want and getting it.

Traces of mud may be removed from black materials by rubbing with slices of raw potato.

## OUTGENERALLED

Mrs. Harold French's temper was strained to the breaking point. Her maid, the fourth within three months, had left that morning in a sudden fit of resentment on being informed that plate powder carelessly left on spoons was not calculated to add a desirable flavor to the soup. Hastily packing her box, Emily Alexandra departed without even claiming the wages due to her.

Mrs. Harold French, left to herself, first burst into tears, and then, tying a duster round her golden head, set resolutely to work. Her husband, a jeweller's traveller, at that moment was supposed to be at Hutton Garden, conferring with his employers with regard to a proposed journey. He was expected home about one o'clock, and the problem of luncheon loomed black on Mrs. French's mental horizon.

It was now nearly eleven, and she would have to finish the dining-room before she could even start cooking. It was not as though there was even cold meat in the house. Was ever woman so badly used? Yet Emily had not seemed an ill-tempered girl during the six weeks she had been there, and, though she had come without references, Mrs. French had begun to congratulate herself on her good fortune.

Suddenly there came a loud, peremptory knock at the door. Mrs. French peered cautiously through the venetian blinds and saw two men in long overcoats and bowler hats. Insurance touts, probably, or "sewing machines," she guessed with the experience born of three months' suburban residence. She had never known them come in pairs before. She threw aside her duster and brush irritably, and, forgetting her unaccustomed headgear, went to the door.

Was Mr. French at home? No; not at present. Any message? Afraid not. Could she inform them where he was to be found? Mrs. French chafed impatiently. No; she could not. What was their business? She was Mrs. French.

One of the men, a brown-faced, determined-looking individual, who acted as spokesman, raised his eyebrows.

"You are Mrs. French?" he queried, glancing somewhat pointedly at the duster-covered head.

"Mr. French will be home about one o'clock," she said curtly. "You must call again if you cannot leave a message."

With a slight shock she discovered that the other man had insinuated himself sufficiently forward to insert his foot in the doorway. In a flash she remembered that her husband had left valuable jewellery samples in the safe upstairs. She cast a desperate glance up and down the road in search of a policeman, but there was not so much as a butcher boy in sight at the moment.

"Pardon me, miss," said the brown-faced man. "We must come in. I dare say you can guess who we are; but in case you don't, I'll tell you. We're from Scotland Yard, and have a warrant for the arrest of Harold French, and also one to search this house for certain stolen property."

"Warrant—arrest!" gasped Mrs. French in horror-stricken tones. And, taking advantage of her sudden surprise, the pair pushed her back into the hall and closed the door behind them.

"Yes," said the spokesman suavely. "Of course, we will call on a constable as well, if you like; but it's not necessary, and will only attract attention. You don't want a crowd."

But there must be some mistake! stammered Mrs. French. "What is my husband charged with? He left me only a few hours ago. Oh, I do not believe it!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy. "Show me your warrants. I am his wife."

The tan-faced man drew a paper half-way from his breast pocket, and then looked at his silent companion, who gave a sheepish grin. "Not the Mrs. French we saw him with at Marlow last Sunday—et, Jim?"

Mrs. French's face flamed. "How dare you!" she cried. "Let me pass! I will call a policeman! I don't believe—" The man addressed as "Jim" caught her by the arm.

"Don't you be a fool!" he said gruffly. Mrs. French almost collapsed. Her husband had been away on the previous Sunday, but he had told her that he had been detained at York until Monday morning on special business. Oh, if what these men said should be true, after all!

**ROYAL YEAST**

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"Ah!" said the man briefly. "Where is the telephone?" Mrs. French motioned dumbly towards the instrument fixed in the hall.

The brown-faced man stepped briskly forward and rang up the exchange. He called for a number. "Fulham Police Station," he added. And Mrs. French's last doubts died away. She listened as though in a trance.

"Are you there? Detective Syrett speaking. We are at Laburnum Lodge, Courtenay Road. French is not here." A pause. "What! Nailed him? Good! Eh? All right! We shall search the house now. Right!" And the speaker rang off, then turned to Mrs. French.

"Your husband has been arrested at Victoria Station," he said, quietly. "Of course, we have nothing against you personally, Mrs. French, and I would advise you to say nothing further, but just allow us to do our duty. We shall not disturb anything unnecessarily."

"What is the charge?" broke in Mrs. French, desperately. "Oh, my heart! Harold! Take me to him!" And she swayed slightly. "Now, don't you do that!" said Jim quickly.

Mrs. French pulled herself together with an effort. "What is the charge?" she repeated.

"Embezzlement," replied the dark man briefly. Mrs. French grew suddenly calm.

"Go on and do your work," she said firmly. "What is it you particularly expect to find?" "Merely missing property—jewellery," said Mrs. French, quickly. "Why, of course, there are my husband's samples."

The dark man shook his head doubtfully. "We'll have a look at them," said he.

"They are in a safe upstairs," said Mrs. French. "Here is the key." And she held it out mechanically.

The man took it without a word, and the pair followed her upstairs. She moved as though in a dream. The shock had completely dazed her faculties, and she was unable to think clearly. A thousand horrible imaginations flitted through her brain. Disgrace! Ruin! And through it all loomed the terrible discovery of her husband's faithlessness.

Detective Syrett, as he called himself, swiftly opened the safe. Yes, there were the little cases, and Mrs. French breathed a little sigh of relief as one of them was opened and disclosed its glittering contents. At any rate, Harold had not deceived her there! But why had he left these behind when he could so easily have taken them with him?

Detective Syrett lifted out a diamond necklace and examined it closely. Had Mrs. French looked, she would have seen his companion's eyes glittering almost as brightly as the jewels themselves. "Ha!" observed Syrett coolly, after a pause. "I thought so."

"What?" asked Mrs. French. "Paste," said the man laconically; "substituted for the real thing."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. French incredulously. "I've been in the trade," said the dark man; "and I ought to know."

"Perhaps they are intended for mere samples," faltered Mrs. French.

Syrett gave a short grunt. "He had the genuine articles from Wallenstein & Moses, anyway. Well, we must take these with us. Stow them away, Jim."

The other man started forward briskly. "Stop!" interposed Mrs. French suddenly. "Is that paste?" And she picked up a bracelet of rubies and pearls.

Detective Syrett cast a brief glance at it. "Same as the rest," he answered dryly.

Mrs. French gave something between a gasp and a sigh. She said no more, but handed back the bracelet quietly. When they had cleared the safe of its contents, all three descended the stairs. Suddenly the telephone-bell rang loudly, and before either of the men could prevent her Mrs. French had unhooked the receiver.

strument from her and thrust down the hook, whilst the other dragged her back roughly. "Here, that won't do!" said Syrett sternly.

"What do you mean? How dare you!" exclaimed Mrs. French. "Can't have you telephoning," said Syrett. "You may be giving warning to some of your pals in the job, for all we know. Who was it?"

Mrs. French bit her lip. "I had no chance to hear," she replied. "You are unreasonable. Now this dreadful thing will be all over the place."

"Well, it's bound to be that," said the man more gently. "It just struck me for a moment you were up to some game."

"Stay," said Mrs. French, restraining her sobs with an effort, "you may as well know all I can tell you. I will not shield a husband who has treated me in this vile manner. There are other jewels." And she paused breathlessly, as though unable to continue.

The two men exchanged quick glances. "Other jewels?" repeated Syrett impatiently. "Where—quick!" "They are hidden—in the cellar!" gasped Mrs. French, pressing her hand to her side. "He—thought them safer there."

The dark faced man gave her a piercing glance, but the sight of her despairing face seemed to reassure him. "Show us, then!" he said sharply. "But no games, mind!"

Mrs. French gave an hysterical little laugh. "I shall not try any games as you call it," she returned bitterly. "Oh, how I hate him—how I hate him!" And she stamped her foot vindictively. "Come!"

They followed her wit out another word. Down the narrow cellar stairs they went. "There they are, in a box in that corner!" gasped Mrs. French. They pushed her roughly aside and entered, one of them striking a match. Then Mrs. French gave a little half-hysterical shriek, and, banging the door, turned the key. She flew up the stairs, heedless of the hoarse cries of rage which mingled with loud blows on the stout door behind her.

There was a policeman in sight. He came across quickly. "Thieves—two men—in the cellar! I've locked them in!" she managed to gasp, and forthwith fainted on the doorstep.

The constable was a man of quick decision. He blew his whistle loudly, and two comrades arrived just in time to secure two greatly annoyed jewel-thieves, who were almost too busily engaged in reviling each other to resent the somewhat rough handling they received from the police.

"I really believed them for a little while," said Mrs. French to her husband afterwards, "until they condemned Aunt Joan's bracelet as being paste. Then I knew they were frauds. And when I heard your dear old voice on the telephone I could scarcely keep from shrieking out for help, in which case they would probably have murdered me at once."

Her husband kissed her soothingly. "Well, let this be a lesson to you Topsy," said he. "No more girls without characters. Why, she might have poisoned you, and taken on the whole job herself, instead of merely acting as an agent in advance. Black-eyed little fraud! Never did fancy dark girls, somehow!"

Mrs. French, whose nerves had not yet quite recovered their normal tone, restrained herself from hysterics with an effort.—London Answers.

### HOME HINTS.

Before laying carpets spread newspapers over the floor, and if you have any fear of moth, scatter some pyrethrum powder about. When frying fat catches fire, do not pour water on it, as it only spreads the flame. A handful of earth or flour will quickly quench the flames.

Stained boards are quite easily managed. Scrub the boards and when quite dry apply a very thin coat of glue size. When quite dry paint on the stain, being it evenly and not too dark, as that comes with wear.



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## NUDER TWO FLAGS.

great marshal, who was the impersonation of authority, and put her hand up in the salute, with her saucy wayward laugh as indifferently as she had many a time reined up before a knot of grim Turcos smoking under a barrack gate. He was nothing to her. It was her army that crowned her. "The generalissimo is the poppy head; the men are the wheat. Lay every ear of the wheat low, and of what use is the towering poppy that blazed so grand in the sun?" Cigarette would say, with metaphorical uncton, forgetful, like most allegories, that her fable was one sided and unjust in figure and deduction.

Nevertheless, despite her gay contempt for rank, her heart beat fast under its gold laced jacket as she reined up Etolite and saluted. For the moment she felt giddy with sweet, fiery joy. They were here to behold her thanked in the name of France.

The marshal, in advance of all his staff, doffed his plumed hat and bowed to his saddlebow as he faced her. He knew her well by sight, this pretty child of his army of Africa, who had before then suppressed mutiny like a veteran and led the charge like a Murat, this kitten with a lion's heart, this humming bird with an eagle's swoop.

"Mademoiselle," he commenced, while his voice, well skilled to such work, echoed to the farthest end of the long lines of troops, "I have the honor to discharge today the happiest duty of my life. In conveying to you the expression of the emperor's approval of your noble conduct in the present campaign I express the sentiments of the whole army. Your action on the day of Zaralla was as brilliant in conception as it was great in execution, and the courage you displayed was only equalled by your patriotism. May the soldiers of many wars remember you and emulate you. In the name of France, I thank you. In the name of the emperor, I bring to you the cross of the Legion of Honor."

As the brief and soldierly words rolled down the ranks of the listening regiments he stooped forward from his saddle and fastened the red ribbon on her breast, while from the whole gath-



She reined up Etolite and saluted, ereid mass, watching, hearing, waiting breathlessly to give their tribute of applause to their darling also; a great shout rose.

And as she heard her face became very pale, her large eyes grew dim and very soft, her mouth trembled with the pain of a too intense joy. She lifted her head, and all the untutored love she bore her country and her people thrilled through the music of her voice.

"Frenchemen, that was nothing!" That was all she said. In that one first word of their common nationality she spoke alike to the marshal of the empire and to the conscript of the ranks. Then she laid her hand on the cross that had been the dream of other years since she had first seen the brazen glisten of the eagles above her wondering eyes of infancy and loosened it from above her heart and stretched it her hand out to the great chief.

"Ah, le Marechal, this is not for me." "Not for you! The emperor bestows it."

Cigarette saluted with her left hand, still stretching to him the decoration with the other.

"It is not for me—not while I wear it unjustly."

"Unjustly! What is your meaning? My child, you talk strangely. The gifts of the empire are not given lightly."

"No, and they shall not be given unfairly. Hark you! The emperor sends me this cross. France thanks me. The army applauds me. Well, I thank them, one and all. Cigarette was never yet ungrateful. It is the sin of the coward. But I say I will not take what is unjustly mine, and this preference to me is unjust. I saved the day at Zaralla? And how? By scampering fast on my mare and asking for a squadron or two of my spahis; that was all. It was not I who saved the battle. Who was it? It was a Chasseur d'Afrique, I tell you. What did he do? Why, this: When his officers were all gone down, he rallied and gathered his handful of men and held the ground with them all through the day—two, four, six, eight, ten hours in the scorch of the sun. I tell you the cross is his and not mine. Take it back and give it where it is due."

The marshal listened, half amazed, half amused, half prepared to resent the insult to the empire and to dismission to her caprice which all Algeria gave to Cigarette.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with a grave smile, "the honors of the empire are not to be treated thus. But who is this you for whom you claim so much?"

"Who is he?" echoed Cigarette, with all her fiery disdain for authority ablaze once more like brandy in a flame. "Phel Napoleon Premier would not have

left his marshals to ask that! He is the finest soldier in Africa, if it be possible for one to be finer than another where all are so great. They know that. They pick him out for all the dangerous missions. But the Black Hawk hates him, and so France never hears the truth of all that he does. All I know is he calls himself here Louis Victor."

"Ah, I have heard much of him. A fine soldier, but—"

"A fine soldier without a 'but,' interrupted Cigarette, with rebellious indifference to the rank of the great man she corrected, "unless you add, 'but never done justice by his chief.'"

As she spoke her eyes for the first time glanced over the various personages who were mingled among the staff of the marshal, his invited guests for the review upon the plains. She saw a face which, though seen but once before, she knew instantly again—the face of "miliadi." And she saw it change color and lose its beautiful hue and grow grave and troubled as the last words passed between herself and the French marshal.

"Ah, can she feel?" wondered Cigarette, who with a common error of such vehement young democrats as herself always thought that hearts never ached in the patrician order and thought so still when she saw the listless, proud tranquillity return, not again to be altered, over the perfect features that she watched with so much violent instinctive hate.

She scarcely heard the marshal's voice as it addressed her with a kindly indulgence as to a valued soldier and a spoiled pet in one.

"Have no fear, little one. Victor's claims are not forgotten, though we may await our own time to investigate and reward them. No one ever served the empire and remained unwarded. For yourself, wear your cross proudly. It glitters above not only the bravest but the most generous heart in the service."

She saluted once again and paced down the ranks of the assembled divisions, while every lance was carried, every sword lifted, every bayonet presented as she went, greeted as though she were an empress for that cross which glittered on her heart, for that courage wherewith she had saved the tricolor.

The eyes of Venetia Corona followed her with something of ineffable pity. "Poor little unsexed child!" she thought. "How pretty and how brave she is and how few to her!"

The Seraph beside her in the group around the flagstaff smiled and turned to her.

"I said that little amazon was in love with this fellow Victor. How loyally she stood up for him! But if he ever forsake her she will be quite as likely to run her dirk through him."

"Forsake her! What is he to her?"

There was a certain impatience in the tone and something of contemptuous disbelief that made her brother look at her in wonder.

"What on earth can the loves of a camp concern her?" he thought as he answered. "Nothing that I know of. But this charming little tigress is very fond of him. By the way, can you point the man out to me? I am curious to see him."

"Impossible. There are 10,000 faces, and the cavalry squadrons are so far off."

She spoke with indifference, but she grew a little pale as she did so, and the eyes that had always met his so frankly, so proudly, were turned from him.

Cecil did not hear the gallant words spoken in his behalf by the loyal lips that he had not cared to caress. As Cigarette passed down the ranks, indeed, he saw and smiled on his little champion, but the smile had only a weary kindness of recognition in it, and it wounded Cigarette more than though he had struck her through the breast with his lance.

Venetia gave a low, quick breath of mingled pain and relief as the last of the chasseurs paced by. The Seraph started and turned his head.

"My darling, are you not well?"

"Perfectly."

"You do not look so, and you forgot to point me out this special trooper. I forgot him too."

"He goes there—the tenth from here."

Her brother looked. It was too late. "He is taller than the others. That is all I can see, now that his back is turned. I will seek him out when—"

"Do no such thing."

"And why? It was by your own request that I inquired."

"Think me changeable, as you will. Do nothing to seek him, to inquire for him!"

"But why? A man who at Zaralla?" "Never mind. Do not let it be said you noticed a Chasseur d'Afrique at my instance."

Meantime in another part of the camp the heroine of Zaralla was festered, not less distinctively, if more noisily and more familiarly, by the young officers of the various regiments. Cigarette, many a time before the reigning spirit of suppers and carousals, was banqueting with all the eclat that befit that cross which sparkled on her blouse and scarlet vest. High throned on a pyramid of knapsacks, canteens and rugs, toasted a thousand times in all brandies and red wines that the stores would yield, the little one reigned alone and like many who have reigned before her, found lead in her scepter, dross in her diadem, satiety in her kingdom.

When it was over, this banquet that was all in her honor and that three months before would have been a paradise to her, she shook herself free of the scores of arms outstretched to keep her captive and went out into the night alone. She did not know what she ailed, but she was restless, oppressed, weighed down with a sense of dissatisfied weariness that had never before

touched the joyous and elastic nature of the child of France.

"How they live only for the slaughter! How they perish like the beasts of the field! There is only one thing worth doing—to die greatly!" thought the aching heart of the child soldier unconsciously returning to the only end that the genius and the greatness of Greece could find as issue to the terrible jest, the mysterious despair, of all existence.

## CHAPTER XX.

SOME way distant, parted by a broad strip of unoccupied ground from the camp, were the grand marquees set aside for the marshal and for his guests. They were 12 in number, gayly decorated as far as decoration could be obtained in the southern provinces of Algeria and had, Arablike, in front of each the standard of the tricolor. Before one were two other standards also—the flags of England and Spain. Cigarette, looking on from afar, saw the alien colors wave in the torchlight flickering on them. "That is hers," thought the little one, with the modicum of noble emotions of the previous moments swiftly changing into the violent, reasonless, tumultuous hatred at once of a rival and of an order.

She had it in her, could she have had the power, to mercilessly and brutally destroy this woman's beauty, which was so far above her reach, as she had once destroyed the ivory wreath; yet, as that of the snow white earring had done, so did this fair and regal beauty touch her, even in the midst of her fury, with a certain reverent awe, with a dim sense of something her own life had missed. She longed to do as some girl of whom she had once been told by an old invalid had done in the 1780—a girl of the people, a fisher girl, who had loved one above her rank, a noble, who deserted her for a woman of his own order, a beautiful, soft skinned, lilylike, scornful aristocrat, with the silver ring of merciless laughter and the languid luster of sweet contemptuous eyes.

She held her peace, and the Terror came, and the streets of the city by the sea ran blood. Then she had her vengeance. She stood and saw the ax fall down on the proud snow white neck that never had bent till it bent there, and she drew the severed head into her own bronzed hands and smote the lips his lips had kissed a cruel blow that blurred their beauty out and twined a fishhook in the long and glistening hair and drew it, laughing as she went, through dust and mire and gore and over the rough stones of the town and through the shouting crowds of the multitudes and tossed it out on to the sea.

That horrible story came to the memory of Cigarette now as it had been told her by the old soldier who in his boyhood had seen the entry of the Marseillaise to Paris. She knew what the woman of the people had felt when she had bruised and mocked and thrown out to the devouring waters that fair and fallen head.

"I could do it—I could do it," she thought, with the savage instinct of her many sided nature dominant, leaving uppermost only its ferocity, the same ferocity as had moved the southern woman to wreak her hatred on the senseless head of her rival. Now she acted on her impulse—her impulse of open scorn of rank, of reckless vindication of her right to do just whatsoever pleased her, and she went boldly forward and dashed aside with no gentle hand the folds that hung before the entrance of the tent.

The action startled the occupants of the tent and made them both look up. They were Venetia Corona and a Lavantine woman, who was her favorite and most devoted attendant and had been about her from her birth. Venetia hesitated a moment in astonished wonder; then, with the grace and the courtesy of her race, rose and approached the entrance of her tent, in which that figure, half a soldier, half a child, was standing with the fitful reddened light behind. She recognized what it was.

"Is it you, little one?" she said kindly. "Come within. Do not be afraid." She spoke with the gentle consideration of a great lady to one whom she admired for her heroism, compassionated for her position and thought naturally in need of such encouragement. The one word unlocked the spell which had kept Cigarette speechless. The one word was an insult beyond endurance, that lashed all the worst spirit in her into flame.

"Fear?" she cried, with a camp oath. "Fear! You think I fear you, the darling of the army, who saved the squadron at Zaralla, who has seen a thousand days of bloodshed, who has killed as many men with her own hand as any lancer among them all? Fear you, you bothouse dower, you paradise bird, you silver peasant, who never did aught but spread your dainty colors in the sun and never earned so much as the right to eat a piece of black bread, if you had your desert! Fear you—! Why, do you not know that I could kill you where you stand as easily as I could wring the neck of any one of those gold winged orioles that flew above your head today and who have more right to live than you, for they do at least labor in their own fashion for their food and their drink and their dwelling? Do you think I would check for a moment at dealing you death, you beautiful, useless, honeyed, poisoned, painted exotic, who has every wind tempered to you and think the world only made to bear the fall of your foot?"

The fury of the words was poured out without pause, and she darted with one swift bound to the side of the rival she loathed, with the pistol half out of her belt. She expected to see the one she threatened recoil, quail, hear the threat in terror. She mistook the nature of the child of France.

She mistook the nature of the child of France.

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