

THE OBSERVER

Vol. 2.

HARTLAND, N. B., March, 15, 1911.

No. 41.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE

Opposite the Bridge.

**LOTS OF LIGHT
LOTS OF GOODS
LOW PRICES**

Some say they are selling their goods low as any and some are selling lower than anyone else. But call at the "DAY-LIGHT" and see what BAIRD will do.

Splendid Values in New Wall Papers

From 10 to 40c. per double roll.

SHOES for SPRING

SPRING will soon be SPRUNG and we have the goods you want and the prices that will suit you.

TRY our 29c. Coffee; it's good.
our Blue Label Tea 35c.

HARTLAND, N. B.

On hand one car load High Grade Potato Fertilizer (analysis guaranteed—Price right) Half Car Pungs at Cost

McLaughlin Carriages

half car on hand and full car arriving
International Harvester Co., Machinery
and Gasoline Engines. N. B. Wire Fencing and Gates.

FRANK HAGERMAN

The most complete stock of TOBACCOS 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.

West Side Notes.

The receipt of a generous supply of stationery from the Observer office reminds me that I have been too long delinquent.

Since my last writing we have enjoyed the fading glories of a New Brunswick fall, and gone well through one of the most sublime winters in the memory of any man I don't care how old he may be.

The old routine is being gone through among our people, some are hauling logs to the Pokio Mill, others are drawing potatoes and hay to market and again there are those who are just naturally sitting around, always in the way and always ready to enjoy the full benefits of the special brood of "cold" that is masquerading as "Gripp" in some homes, "pneumonia" in others, while in not a few cases the same old article is seriously represented as "Ammonia". However if you get it good stripped of all frills and furbelows, you will be content to let it go as a real genuine old fashioned "cold".

J. W. Boyer and Co. have recently had a gasoline lighting plant installed in their store and offices. This makes a fine light and adds greatly to the convenience around the store. It is the intention of the firm to put a similar lighting system in their factory sometime during the coming summer.

The West Side is moving along with other sections of the county in the poultry industry.

Rev. J. H. Copeland went into the work quite large and has been successful as a breeder and exhibitor. He is carrying different breeds making a strong specialty Hock Langshan. H. C. Cochran is making a special drive on the Barred Rock. He also has been successful as an exhibitor in both the five and dressed classes. This last season he killed or shipped about 150 fowls, and is wintering some 60 broods. H. G. Oliver is speculating mainly in S. C. Rhode Island Reds. The last season was a forty good one for him. The Toundston of his stock is laid on the Hazerman strain and this year he has wisely strengthened his pen by introducing new blood from the pens of Glen View farm at Sussex.

This season Herb. has brouched out and taken on the White Rock and will have lots of eggs of both breeds. Carey Boker is doffing some in the C. I. R. and claims to have the largest pullets egg 4 oz.

Geo. Somers is a practical hen man and when he gets better accommodations he expects to just "skin" the "rag right off the bush" in the egg production. At Lebons H. Bokirs, Albrights, Brownington Highland farm, and Hoyts are to be found the neulens of goods beginnings in some one strain, while at "Maplewood" C. M. Shaw has made a beginning with Buff Orpington, White Leghorn, Borred Reck and R. I. Reds. The R. I. K. pullets of these yards are veritable cracker jacks as egg machines as their score card will show. Such hens produce the very closs of eggs you want to set.

The rumor is current here that James Dickinson has sold the Dickinson property at Rosedale to Herbert Lewell and that the family will move into the Taylor house here.

Fred Seeley was down river visiting friends last week.

Last Wednesday at Lower Wakefield was buried Nancy, widow of the late Tompkins. For some years the old lady had her home at M. Fanning's as a parish charge. Years ago Nancy and Joe were familiar figures on the county roads and many who

read this notice will be reminded of some peculiar episode in connection with these odd characters. But to-day, in the March snows and cold was enacted the closing scene in this particularly pitiful life's drama, where the mortal body of Nancy Tompkins was lowered in the grave. Her life was checkered and mottled, forlorn, and forsaken by friends in life, as a fitting sequel, in death she was unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Is this winter of 1911 to slip by and see no definite action taken to promulgate some plan to accomplish the very necessary work so long deferred at River View Cemetery? The fast fading snows will soon reveal this neglected spot in all its desolation, and it's up to us now to make a move. What do you know about that?

NICODEMUS.

C. P. R. Brought to Book.

Some time ago the authorities of the C. P. R. made some changes in the yard arrangement at Debee Junction which left the store house of one of the leading shippers, Mr. Meagher, entirely without a siding and loading facilities. Mr. Meagher took the matter up before the Railway Commission at Ottawa and the Company was ordered to remove his warehouse to a suitable site, give him siding accommodation, a right-of-way for teams across the tracks, a long lease of the building site at a nominal charge, and to pay all the expense of moving the building.

People wherever the C. P. R. runs will read of this with great gratification. In Hartland this great corporation will fence in property which they have not bought and erect a "No trespass" sign close by.

Another instance of the swinish attitude of this concern was recalled a few days ago when the local fire corps saved from destruction a C. P. R. box car. In 1909 when water mains were laid along Bradley street, the Company forbade the commissioners putting their mains beneath the tracks at the crossing. Appeal to the railway commissioners was made and an order was secured, after the usual circumlocution, to enable the completion of this important work. And behold the first time this main was used for fire protection was to save four of the railway's cars from burning.

Many who witnessed the fire declared it would serve the C. P. R. well to have let the fire do its work.

FLORENCEVILLE.

D. T. Day, proprietor of the hotel bearing his name, has been unusually busy this winter, largely due to the fact that in addition to the travelling public he has had to care for some twenty officials and employees of Wm. P. McNeil & Co. Ltd., of New Glasgow, who are doing the steel work on the Florenceville bridge and who are making a splendid job of the same.

There were between forty and fifty guests in the hotel on Sunday and all were delighted with the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Day to make them comfortable. The company included: Charles and Duncan Campbell of New Glasgow, Duncan McLean, Sydney, Dr. H. M. Martell and wife, Wm. Lowmy, Mr. Winslow, Woodstock; R. C. Cruikshank, M. McDade, W. A. Buchanan and Robert Seeley; St. John; Mrs. Ross, Miss Balmain and Miss Watson, Woodstock; A. W. Kyle and wife, Hartland; Miss Ada Semphill, Houlton; Amos Downey, Centreville, George Wortman, Salisbury, T. G. Murphy, Fraserville, J. E. Duncan, Halifax, George B. Reid, Glassville, W. E. Bell, Shippensburg Pa., J. B. Cliff Plaster Rock.

On Sunday evening there was a sacred concert in the parlor of the hotel, the chief singers and players being the visiting ladies and Messrs Seeley and Buchanan. Dr. Martell varied the exercises by reading some verses which he alleged were written by Mr. Wm. Lowmy, the popular station master and express manager here, at the present time.

The verdict of all hands was that there is no better hotel than Day's on the St. John River.

NATIONAL Stock Food

is not equalled by any other brand. It is a food-tonic Specially useful at this season for brood animals. Insist on having NATIONAL, the kind made by

Estey & Curtis Co., Ltd.

and sold by dealers everywhere.

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS' ROCKLAND.

has scarcely any old shop worn goods to put off on you. He always has a good supply of seasonable goods and when you pay the cash, or pay down, you get prices that will compare with any. We are every day doing better than others on the general line of Dry Goods and especially, on Dress Goods. Come and see our new line of Prints.

Constantly arriving now new lines of Dress Goods, Wall Paper, Shoes, Men's Ready Made Suits.

A few prices: 20 pounds best Granulated Sugar for \$1.00 Best Fancy Barbadoes Molasses for 35 cents, Flour from \$6.25 and up.

Did you see the nice little 10 cent Barette we have for 5 cents?

GET THE BEST

During these trying times when so many light Fire Companies are going out of business would it not be well to consider your own interests and place your Fire Insurance in a Reliable Office.

We have the oldest and strongest Fire Companies on the continent, companies that are generous in their settlements, prompt in their payments, and their policies are free from technicalities.

We will call and inspect your dwelling if you will drop us a card

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Queen Street
Woodstock, N. B.

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Western Assurance Co., of Toronto, Phoenix Assurance Co., of England, Springfield Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of Mass., St. Paul Fire and Marine Insurance Co., of St. Paul, Minn., Northern Assurance Co., of London, British America Assurance Co., of Toronto, Guarlian Assurance Co., of England, German American Assurance Co., of New York.

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North American Life Assurance Co., of Toronto, also Accident and Health Insurance.

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QUEEN ST.

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HIGH GRADE Pianos and Organs

We sell the BEST PIANOS such as

**Heintzman & Co., New
Scale Williams and the
Sweet-Toned Ennis**

Terms easy to suit all purchasers. Write us for further information, catalogues and prices.

W. H. Ross, Representative

The C. H. Townshend Piano Co.

53 Germain St.

St. John, N. B.

"FAIRY"

"Well, I do reckon that for out-and-out cheek a blue-jay can lick all creation."

The words were spoken to a bird of the species named, and, as though realizing this, the little creature paused, its head turned aside, one bright eye regarding the speaker. Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory, for in a moment the bird was hopping again in close proximity to the man's spade. In truth, says for his humanity, there was nothing alarming in Stephen Deane; other bright eyes—more critical than a blue-jay's—had found the tall, clean-lined young miner, with his sun-stained skin and frank gaze, good to look upon, and if his face had the gravity which comes of shouldering life's responsibilities too early, there was a twinkle in the grey eyes, which showed that he looked on the rosy side of things as a rule. The twinkle was prominent now as he surveyed his present visitor.

"S'pose you've got your own affairs to attend to," he drawled, "but if you could spare time to go down there an' find out what a go-in on you'd be doin' me a real service."

He nodded as he spoke to where, nearly half a mile below in the gully, a miscellaneous collection of rough buildings indicated a settlement. That something unusual was "goin' on" was evident from the groups of hurrying figures, the shouts, and occasional reports of firearms.

"It's either fightin' or celebratin'," and as I allow it's that last, I reckon she's come," Steve continued. "I most wish I'd—"

He did not finish, for a stumble, followed by a picturesque ejaculation which sent the blue-jay fluttering into the bushes, made him turn hastily.

"Halloa, Josh!" he said slowly. "Managed to tear yourself away from the festivities at last, eh?"

Josh was a middle-aged man, but otherwise of generous proportions, with a round, red face, which—as he was often told—made one have to look at it, mopped his streaming brow and replied with a nod. Steve regarded him quizzically.

"Why, you're blushing like a girl, Josh," he began, only to be swiftly interrupted.

"Steve, you're playin' me for an infant," Josh said severely. "That old joke of my complexion ain't worthy of you, an' you wouldn't take in a blind mule; but if you meant to intimate that no news is required, I'll take it that way."

He sat down on a pile of gravel and began to fill his pipe, ramming the tobacco home with extra care. His companion watched him with ill-disguised impatience—reticence was quite a new feature in Joshua Stebb. At length, when the pipe was fairly going, Steve could stand it no longer.

"Seem that I've been slavin' up here all day with nothing better than a blue-jay for company, an' that you've been in the gay and giddy circles of frivolity," he said, with a wave towards the settlement below, "perhaps it ain't unreasonable to expect some news."

"That's so," responded Stebb stolidly. "Well, Pete Adams lost a cool five hundred to Funny Rogers, the gambler, Jacob's best mule slipped and broke her off fore-leg, an'—"

He paused as Steve turned away and kicked an unoffending lump of red clay into infinitesimal fragments.

"These interesting items of social intelligence don't seem to fill the bill," he continued. "Was there anythin' special you were expectin' to hear?"

Steve whirled round and regarded his partner fiercely for a moment. Then his face relaxed as he said:

"All right, Josh, that's one to you. Drop foolin' now; has Fairy come?"

"No," replied the other soberly enough. "But there's a young lady from New York who calls her self Miss Nora McQueen, and at times she minds me a bit of her."

"Aye, they've spoilt her, as I know they would," Steve said bitterly. "When the old man was just Jerry McQueen, the saloon-keeper, we were good enough for her; but now she's the only daughter of Mr. McQueen, who owns the richest claims in Red Pine, and she ain't been allowed to forget it at this highfalutin' New York seminary. Did her ladyship condescend to remember ye, Josh?" he queried.

"She shook hands—!" Josh began.

"Having gloves on, of course," sneered Steve, with a glance at his partner's none too cleanly digits.

"An' asked after you," continued the other, and as the sneer on Steve's face grew more pronounced, he added, "She was nice, ye know, but there was a difference."

Deane nodded in silence.

"Ye see, Steve," Stebb explained. "On my way down I reckoned I would say, 'Halloa, Fairy, ye're back again, are ye?' but somehow I found myself doin' in 'er Miss Mc-

Queen before I knowed it. An' I wasn't the only one, either."

"Red Pine ain't noted for timidity," Steve said, meditatively, "an' once she was just 'Fairy' to every man in it."

He sat down on an upturned bucket and began to fill a pipe. Josh watched him in silence for some moments, and then said, suddenly:

"She ain't come alone."

The match Steve had just struck burned out unheeded in his fingers. His face whitened under the tan, for there was something in the speaker's tone which told him more than the words implied. He did not speak, but Josh needed no spur now.

"A yaller-faced chap, with black hair an' eyes, looks like a half-breed greaser," he said. "Wears a biled shirt, store clothes, an' flashes his jockery considerable."

"An' does Fairy—that is Miss McQueen"—he corrected himself and bowed ironically towards the bushes—"think anything of this—this thing?"

The bushes swayed and rustled slightly as though in acknowledgment of his courtesy, and Josh fung a lump of clay into them.

"Durn that blue-jay pal o' yours," he said. "I dunno her opinion of him, but he 'pears to think an' almighty lot of her—or of the old man's dollars. He's a relation of sorts, I heard, an' if I'm any judge, 'Noo York ain't givin' any over his absence."

Steve did not answer; his thoughts were back in the little clearing a hundred yards away, where, two years before, a girl in a short, shabby frock, with hair the color of ripe corn, and blue eyes laden with unshed tears, had put her hand in his and made him promise to write to her. He recalled his letter—he knew every word—and lived again the weary months of waiting for the reply that never came.

Too proud to write again, he had deduced his own reasons for her silence—she was wealthy, moving in a new sphere, making new friends, and she had either forgotten or despised her old ones. Little by little the iron had entered, and so, when the news came that she was to return, he determined to hold aloof.

When he awoke from his reverie Josh had vanished into the shanty they called home, and Steve shattered another lump of clay. What nonsense had he been thinking! After all, the girl was free—no word of love had passed between them. What did it matter to him if this dandy admirer was a scamp?

He asked himself, scornfully. But he knew it did.

Why else should he have ignored his determination and visited McQueen's saloon that very evening? Mere curiosity was deemed a sufficient excuse to give Josh; but if he thought it deceived the little man, he was mistaken. Josh noticed that his partner "licked himself up" before setting out, and he executed a solemn little step-dance as soon as he had the cabin to himself.

Whatever faint hopes Steve might have been harboring died when he entered the saloon. There was, as Josh had said, a "difference"—indeed. The slim slip of a girl had developed into a shapely, handsome young woman, fashionably dressed and perfectly at ease. Steve understood just how his partner had felt, and himself hung back until old McQueen, standing proudly by his daughter's side, saw him and called him up. The girl shook hands, made a casual allusion to old times, and then turned to another of the crowd pressing around. Her father dragged him to the bar.

"Give it a name, my boy!" he said. "All free to-night, you know, in honor of my girl's homecoming." Then, lowering his voice, he added: "What d'ye think of her, eh? You were agin her goin'—said it would spoil her. What's your idea now?"

Steve did not answer, and the old man chuckled in gleeful triumph.

"It's cost money," he continued, "but I reckon it's worth it, and say, see who's talkin' to her now?"

Deane did see, and his teeth met as he watched her eyes light up, and the other men fall back at the approach of the stranger. As Josh had said, he looked like a half-bred Mexican, with lank black hair, sal-low face, and shifty eyes. His youth, flashy attire, and evident intimacy with McQueen's beautiful daughter clearly impressed the simple—in some ways—miners of Red Pine.

"He's a kind of distant relation she unearthed in New York," McQueen confided. "Jest rollin' in money—estates in Spain, ye know—and though I don't cotton to fur-riners ez a rule, Norrie might do worse."

Steve did not stay long. He had to make the acquaintance of the stranger, Paul Mendez, and with their hands their eyes met in a keen flash, and each knew the other for an enemy.

For the next few weeks Josh found his partner a burden. Nothing pleased him. A spirit of unrest seemed to have taken possession of him, and he spoke seriously of quitting Red Pine altogether. The claim, from which they were surely, if slowly, amassing a mod-

est fortune, was put forward as his reason.

"Mebbe there's richer claims elsewhere, as you say," Stebb argued, "but there's plenty worse. We're doin' well, and in, say, five years—"

"Five years!" broke in Steve impatiently. "I can't wait five years. What's the good of money to me when"—he stopped short, and finished lamely—"when I'm an old man?"

The conclusion was obviously absurd, but Josh accepted it. He knew what the real trouble was, just as he knew why Steve—whose visits to the settlements used to be rare events—now went every night, and spent more money at the saloon than he could well afford. Steve himself did not realize why he went; he was simply conscious that he could not stay away. Certainly Nora gave him no encouragement, for her manner to him was even distant at times, and a disinterested spectator would have noticed that she was kindest to Mendez when Steve was there to see it.

The young miner knew it, and drew his own inferences. Nevertheless, when, after a few weeks, his rival openly boasted that the girl would soon be his, and produced a photograph of herself which he said she had given him, Steve gave him the lie, and backed the assertion by a blow which sent Mendez, rolling in the dust. Nothing but the quickest intervention of the bystanders saved Steve from being shot down by the furious Spaniard. When Deane next met Miss McQueen his gratitude to those who had saved his life at once became a doubtful quantity.

"Mr. Deane," she said coldly, "the mere accident of your being an old friend does not entitle you to insult newer ones. I did give Paul the photograph, though the silly fellow need not have made the fact so public."

A slight smile and a blush accompanied the last sentence, and Steve's teeth set in his lower lip. "Turned away without a word," he knew the worst now, and partly to get away from his own thoughts, and partly to show the girl that he did not care, he requested the saloon more than ever, and even took to gambling—a thing he had never been partial to. The old proverb, "Unlucky in love, lucky in play," did not apply in his case, for he was unlucky in both. The sums he lost moved even Josh to exasperation, and to that worthy being curiously told to mind his own affairs.

Then came a night when, disgusted with his luck and the part he was playing, Steve left the saloon earlier than usual. Climbing up the trail, he was astonished to see a dark shadow slip quickly into a shanty, the owner of which—Irish Pat—had just left in the saloon. Noisily he approached and peeped through the unlatched door. The faint glimmer of a candle showed him the bent form of a man groping beneath the shake-down. It was not Pat.

He drew back and waited. In a few moments the intruder slipped out, and with one silent stride Steve confronted him—pistol in hand.

"Hands up!"

The command was obeyed so promptly that the man's hat was jerked back, and Steve saw that his captive was Paul Mendez, whose right hand still clutched the little leather bag of gold dust which represented Irish Pat's fortune.

After the first shock of surprise Steve was conscious only of a feeling of grim triumph. This man whom McQueen thought so much of—this Spanish grandee with estates in Spain—was nothing more than a common thief, caught red-handed stealing the gold he spent so lavishly in sustaining his reputation. And this man had stolen the girl he loved. But it was his turn now.

"Keep your hands up and walk ahead," he said, grimly. "Don't drop that bag, if you want to live another minute."

"Goin' to give me up?" queried the captive. "Why not go halves?"

"You've guessed it," said Steve, and added, fiercely, "And if I hadn't been I would now, you dog. Step out."

The other drew hard on the cigarette which quivered between his lips, but he made another attempt. "And the lady," he sneered.

"How pleased she will be!" Steve paused; the words went home, shivering his dream of triumph to atoms. Thief or no, this man was the man Nora loved—the man she was to wed; and though to give him to justice would save her from that, there would be the shame, the blow to her pride. He made his decision quickly.

"You'll have urgent business in New York to-morrow," he said. "And you'll not come back. You understand?"

"Sure," said Mendez. "Then drop that bag and clear out," Steve said, sharply.

The thief obeyed with alacrity. A few yards away he turned his head, and saw Steve pick up the gold and re-enter the hut. His hand stole to his pistol as he paused irresolutely. Then a fiendish grin distorted his face as the murmur of approaching voices reached him. He hurried forward, and almost

tumbled into the arms of Irish Pat and another miner.

"Thought you were at home, Pat," he said, familiarly. "Saw you go into your shanty two minutes ago."

Pat wasted no time in questions, but ran for his hut and dashed open the door just as Steve was replacing the stolen gold. Covered by the Irishman's revolver, Steve realized how he had been trapped, and that explanations would be useless. He now learned, for the first time, that several similar thefts had occurred during the past few days.

At the hour fixed for the trial, the saloon—where all important events took place—was crowded. McQueen was elected judge, and the selection of a jury was but a matter of moments.

The prisoner, his hands bound behind him, and guarded by a pair of stalwart, armed miners—surveyed the proceedings with calm gravity. He knew his case was hopeless, and his only comforting thought was that Nora, visiting a neighboring camp, would not be back till it was all over.

One by one the victims of the previous robberies detailed their losses, and then Irish Pat told the story of the arrest, corroborated by his companion. Moreover, it was common knowledge that the prisoner had lost heavily at cards, and that he supplied a motive. Even Josh, listening to the incriminating recital, could see no loophole of escape for his partner. Honestly, in such a community, was an essential factor, and from men who regarded the shooting of a card-cheat as a justifiable act, a mean thief could expect no mercy. Asked if he had anything to say, the prisoner shrugged his shoulders and was dumb.

"Anyone want to speak for the prisoner?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said a silvery voice, and from behind the bar appeared Miss Nora. "I've heard all the evidence and you've got the wrong man, Deane," she said, with a feminine disregard of the judicial dignity. Then, turning to the prisoner, she asked: "Steve, did you take the gold?"

"Yes," replied Steve firmly; and a ripple of mirth disturbed the assembly.

The girl was nonplussed for a moment by the unexpected answer, but her eyes never left the prisoner's face.

"From whom did you take it?" she asked, and when he would not answer she continued: "You caught the thief, took the gold from him, and when Pat arrived you were putting it back. Isn't that so?"

Still Steve was silent. The girl did not falter; her eyes swept the crowd of faces until they encountered those of her so-called relative, and in a flash the truth came to her.

"The man you are trying to shield—the real thief—stands there! He calls himself Mendez, she cried.

The Spaniard—whiter than the slim fingers directing all eyes to him—strove vainly to speak.

"Why should Deane shield the man he hated?" asked the judge. The girl's face flushed, but she answered proudly: "For me; because he thought I cared for that."

The scorn in her voice, with the ruin of his hopes in the very moment of his triumph, lashed Mendez to a sudden fury. With a snarling cry he whipped out his revolver and levelled it at his accuser. Ere he could press the trigger, however, he tumbled headlong, an inert mass.

"I'm sorry," the judge said, regretfully; "I'd rather have hanged the mean skunk, but it couldn't be helped. Now, boys, I put it to you that counsel for the defence has proved her case, an' that the prisoner leaves the court without a stain on his character."

A burst of cheering ratified the verdict, and the prisoner found himself the hub of an enthusiastic crowd, which, after meeting to deprive him of his life, now unanimously expressed a wish to drink his good health.

What at length he managed to escape, a chance for solitude took him to the little clearing. Flung himself down on the pine-needles he tried to think things out. He had not been there long when the bushes rustled, and he looked up, impatiently, fancying Josh had come in search of him. But it was a girl who appeared—a girl in a shabby frock, with golden hair hanging in a plait behind—and at the sight of her he started up.

"Fairy!" he cried. And again, "Fairy!"

"I've come to answer your letter," she said. "I got it this morning—sent on from New York—it was in a mail robbery, and they've just found it. I waited and waited for it, and then, when you didn't even come to welcome me home, I thought you didn't care."

The blue eyes were downcast now, but a smile trembled on her lips as she added, "But if you had come her ladyship would have condescended to remember you, Steve."

"You heard that?" he cried. "Durn that blue-jay pal o' yours," she said, mimicking Josh, and fingering an imaginary piece of clay at the bushes. "Yes, I heard

HOME

FAVORITE RECIPES.

Dominos.—Have a plain cake baked in thin sheets and cut into small oblong pieces the size and shape of a domino, a trifle larger; frost the tops and sides; when the frosting is cold, draw the black lines and make the dots, with a small brush dipped in melted chocolate. These are nice for children's parties.

Fricassee of Chicken.—When tired of everything else try this: Rabbit or squirrel cooked in the same manner is delicious. Take chicken about one year-old, for if too young they go to pieces. Wash, disjoint, and put in iron kettle (iron with round bottom is best). Let come to a boil and skim. Then add butter size of a walnut, one-fourth teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, four cloves, four black pepper corns, salt to taste. Let boil till it begins to get tender—not too much; then remove cover and get all moisture out quickly as possible. Be careful not to burn. Have heap-

ing tablespoonful of flour carefully worked together with butter; draw chicken to one side, drop in flour and butter; let all fry together for twenty minutes. Add pint and one-half of milk; stir all up from the bottom. Be careful not to break the chicken. Let come to a bubble. Serve.

Stuffed Dates.—For stuffed dates clean and cut in halves about twenty dates. Remove the stones, have ready whole walnut meats. Take two dates and meats from two walnuts, press meats together. This will form a perfect half if put together neatly. Then dust with granulated sugar. These are delicious, as there is so much of them. Fine for after dinner dessert.

Substitute for Eggs.—When eggs are scarce and a recipe calls for more than one, use a tablespoonful of cornstarch in its place.

MEATS.

Spanish Deviled Meat.—Prepare one beef's tongue, also one heart, by scalding and scraping thoroughly in a granite vessel, boil until quite tender; remove from the liquor in which they were boiled; while yet warm run through a food grinder; have ready four hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine; add these to the meat; then a small pinch of cinnamon and cloves; one teaspoon of prepared chili pepper; salt to taste, last one pint of the liquor in which the meat was cooked, mix thoroughly; place in a deep pan or dish to cool. This is excellent served with cold boiled eggs, or sliced thin and made in sandwiches.

Dried Beef.—Buy one-half pound dried beef. Pick it to pieces. Place dried beef in a frying pan; put on enough water to cover; bring to a boil. Pour off water. This takes the salt out of beef. Now take a small kettle, into which put a pint of sweet milk. Into this put a piece of butter the size of a hickorynut. Take enough flour in a bowl to thicken milk. Put in your salt and pepper to suit taste. Bring milk to a boiling point, then use your flour to thicken milk as you would gravy. When done take your dried beef and stir into this gravy. Now take two eggs, beat up in a bowl. Turn out the fire and into the gravy stir your eggs. This recipe can be made in smaller quantities by using one-half the recipe.

Chicken Loaf.—When the butcher sends an old hen and it is too late to obtain anything else, remove all meat from bones, fat as well; put through a meat grinder; add one cup ground stale bread crumbs, one egg, salt, and pepper; mix well; make into loaf and bake one hour and a half. Boil bones with gizzard, heart, and liver for cream gravy. Pour gravy over loaf and serve. 3. Slice loaf and serve cold.

HAM DISHES.

Ham Scallop.—Two cupfuls of cold boiled ham ground fine, six hard-boiled eggs. Wash cold separate whites from yolks and chop fine. Make thick cream sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter and four of flour. Cook until smooth, then add pint of sweet milk. When thick season with salt and pepper. Butter baking dish, putting in layer of sauce first, then add in succession ham, yolks of eggs, whites, and top layer of sauce, dusted over with fine cracker crumbs and small pieces of butter. Bake until brown, about half an hour. This is delicious for a luncheon and its cheapness commends itself, for scraps of ham or pieces clinging to the bone that cannot be served sliced can be

utilized for this fine dish. Above amount serves eight.

Ham Baked in Milk.—A delicious way to prepare ham is as follows: Get a slice of ham about one and one-half inches thick, place in a shallow pan, and cover with milk. Bake in a slow oven until milk has soaked into the ham and until the ham is a light brown on top. Gravy is made by adding milk to the grease which remained in the pan after ham has been removed and then thicken with flour.

BREAKFAST HINTS.

Fried Mush.—When making corn meal mush to fry, if one tablespoonful of flour is added to each cup of meal the slices will be much firmer and not break while frying.

Potato Muffins.—Parse three good sized potatoes, boil until tender, and mash well. Add one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful lard or butter, one cup sweet milk, one-half yeast cake dissolved, flour enough to make a stiff dough, and set to rise; then form into biscuit shape, set to rise again, and bake in hot oven.

Corn Mush.—Corn meal mush, southern style. When making the mush stir in sausage meat. After it gets cold slice and fry. Very good for breakfast.

LEMON PIE.

Lemon Pie.—Grate one-quarter of the yellow rind of one lemon into a bowl; squeeze in the juice, add a large teaspoon granulated sugar and two eggs, yolks only; beat well together; add a large cup cold water in which has been dissolved one dessertspoonful cornstarch; put into a double boiler, cook until a clear, rich jelly; make a rich crust and bake separately; fill with the jelly, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls sugar, and brown lightly in oven. This makes one pie.

Lemon Pie Hint.—When making lemon pies cut the lemons in quarters, remove the seeds, and run through the food chopper, using the cutter for nut butter. This saves time, the unpleasant task of washing a grater and also scratched fingers.

USEFUL HINTS.

Fresh lemons, if laid on a paper on a shelf with a tumbler turned over each one, will keep fresh for weeks.

One woman took the cuffs from her husband's worn-out shirts and made inner soles for her shoes from them.

Tiny corks tacked on the backs of lower corners of picture frames will prevent dark lines from forming on wall paper.

To turn out a pudding boiled in a basin, hold it for a few moments in cold water; this will prevent it sticking to the cloth.

To mend a torn umbrella stick black cork plaster, inside the tear. This will show less than a darn, and will last for some time.

Stewed prunes and figs are greatly improved by the addition of olive oil after cooking. This oil may also be used in fruit salads.

A light flannel petticoat is a great protection to the little folks, since it keeps the sensitive bowels from becoming suddenly chilled.

When preparing potatoes for baking put one paring around the largest side of the potato lengthwise and when baked the skin will slip off from each side very nicely.

After boiling potatoes pour of all water, take kettle of potatoes to the back door, or wherever the wind will blow on them, and shake several times, and they will be white and mealy.

Try greasing the bottom and sides of dishes you are going to cook rice, oatmeal, or hominy in. It saves much time in dish washing, as such things seldom scorch under this treatment. Use butter or lard sparingly.

After getting the ingredients together before mixing a cake, always warm the bowl by pouring into it boiling water. Let stand a few minutes, then pour out and dry. It must be warm enough to soften, but not melt the butter.

The soiling of walls caused by jess leaning their heads against the wall may be almost entirely removed by laying a sheet of blotting paper on the spot and ironing a cover with a hot iron.

In baking meat pies and fruit tarts they often leak over. To prevent this stand them in a baking tin with some water in the tin. This will prevent the juice and gravy boiling out in the least, as the steam from the baking tin keeps it in.

BROTHERLY SYMPATHY.

Mike, a lusty, good-natured Irish man, was one of a number of work men employed in erecting a new building. The owner of the building, who knew him, said to him on day:

"Mike, didn't you tell me one that a brother of yours is a bishop?"

"Yis, sor."

"And you are a hod-carrier! Th good things of this life are not equ ally divided, are they, my man?"

"No, sor," rejoined Mike, shou dering his hod, and standing up th ladder with it. "Poet Terence! I couldn't do this to save my life!"

THE OBSERVER

Frederic Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

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RAILWAY MATTERS.

Those readers who are interested in either the Hartland & Miramichi or the Valley railway will get their hopes chilled by reading the Legislature report elsewhere published. With regard to the proposed diversion of the Valley railway to Sparkle which the public recently heard of through this paper, it is said the scheme had its origin in the mind of Hon J K Fleming, who, we believe is sincere in wishing to carry out some of the good things he promises the electorate. It was engineer McLean who elucidated the idea to the Observer, and this paper certainly withheld any endorsement of it. Such a twist of the Valley, if possible, would be good for Hartland. It would be great.

The Victoria County News which is largely controlled by Mr. Fleming speaks rather scornfully of the Hartland and Miramichi route. It insinuates that the engineers did not after all find a feasible route and Engineer McLean is quoted as saying the grades are impracticable, certainly for a trunk line.

But the farmers of Windsor, Knowlsville, and the other places chipped in ten to fifty dollars apiece to pay him for finding this out. If the route is impracticable it would have paid these people to have kept their money and invested in live stock, in intensive farming, producing stuff requiring as little work as possible to haul to market.

VALLEY R. R. ASSURED.

Important Announcement from Fredericton.

Fredericton, March 14.—The government continues to be unwilling to give any information in regard to the Valley Railway. In reply to an inquiry made by Mr. Upham, of Carleton, the government said that it has not promised to increase the bond guarantee for the proposed road. Further than that the ministers would not go saying that it is felt that no good purpose would be served by giving information as to offers to construct the road which have been received by the administration. However, the notion of Mr. Tweeddale, of Victoria, and Mr. Upham for the production of all the papers in the possession of the government bearing on the project will be productive of some information. The government has promised to bring down the papers, although it is not stated just when they will be produced, and it is quite probable that there will be some delay, as Mr. Hazen and Mr. Fleming and their associates are notably unwilling to show their hand. That is usually the case with people who have a poor hand.

But while the Hazen-Fleming ministry is giving the people very little satisfaction in regard to the Valley Road, it may be stated that the road will be built, although not through any effort of the provincial government.

The government is in the possession of certain information which justifies the foregoing statements but for some reason or other the ministers are unwilling to make their information public. The information however, will be duly forthcoming, if not from the government from the opposition. Mr. Hazen and Mr. Fleming have played the game with this project for a long time but the end of the game is nearly here. The people of the valley will have a railway not an electric line, but a high grade road with through connections and it will come through the efforts of Liberals at Ottawa and in the House here. The justification for this statement will be provided in the course of a very short time.

In answer to an inquiry made by Mr. Upham the government has declared that no minister has pledged the cabinet to guarantee bonds of the Hartland and Miramichi Railway Company. It is also stated that the government has not been requested to guarantee such bonds and considered the matter. People in Carleton county will find some difficulty in reconciling these government statements with the statements of certain fields of the ministry in that county during the last legislative recess. There are some strange things done in the province now-a-days.

Answering another inquiry by Mr. Upham the government stated that it is

willing to guarantee the bonds of the Southamptown Railway providing a contract be entered into between the company and the Canadian Pacific Railway by which the latter agree to lease the road for 99 years, and equip, operate and maintain it during that time, paying a rental of 40% of the gross earnings.

Lower Brighton.

A number from this place attended the basket social at Pembroke on Saturday night.

Among the many suffering with la grippe are Mrs J B Nixon, Miss Mable Nixon, Arthur Hovey, Mrs Went Dow and Dora Robinson.

Earl Dow has purchased a new driving horse.

Wm McGee is again confined to his bed.

Earl Brown has returned home from the woods with his team looking fine.

Wallace Noble and Earl Dow attended church at Hartland on Thursday night.

Geo Nixon is doing a large lumbering business on a small scale.

Frank Nixon's teams are expected home from the woods next week.

John McKinney who received a bad cut on the head from a falling limb, is able to be out again.

J B Nixon is hauling lath wood to McElroy's mill at Grafton.

R E Robinson is in Woodstock engaged with Albert Hayden, hauling lumber to rebuild his saw mill.

Mrs Elizabeth McKinney is the guest of her sister Mrs Rebecca Robinson.

Miss Luella Brown was the guest of her aunt Mrs Stephen Nixon, last week.

Frank Shaw of Hartland attended the basket social at Pembroke, Saturday night.

Glad to hear that Mrs Charles Robinson is gaining nicely after her long illness.

UPPER BRIGHTON.

Alpheus Gray and family left on Saturday for New Westminster, B. C. A large number of friends and relatives gathered at their home on Friday evening to bid them farewell. A handsome hand bag was presented to Alma Gray as a token of regard. Miss Gray was organist of the United Baptist church and an active member of the Sunday School. She will be much missed by her companions.

Mrs Alfred Moore of Hartland was the guest of Mrs. C. W. Hurst on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bell of Blaine were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ransford Rourke on Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mrs. Adams and son Ralph of Bloomfield spent last week with friends here.

Mrs Robert Denton, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Seely, returned to her home in Carleton on Saturday.

Chester Howard of Boston was the guest of his brother-in-law, Charles Carr, on Friday and Saturday of last week.

Ransford Rourke, his son Harley and daughter Beulah, Fred and Alma Gray and Mildred Carpenter were visiting relatives in Bath last week.

SOMERVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crandlemire and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Crandlemire's father at Littleton.

Samuel Hayden and family have moved to Riley Brook, having rented his farm to George Boyne of Riley Brook.

Pearl Crandlemire and Laura Estabrooks who have been visiting her aunt at Portage Lake have returned home.

Miss Eva Rideout spent Sunday, at Florenceville.

John Crandlemire and family expect to move in the "Underhill" house this week.

Miss Edna Pearson spent Sunday in Upper Brighton.

Mrs. Anthony Baker was calling on friends in Hartland last Thursday.

Parish S. S. Convention

Parish of Brighton, S. S. Workers, called a Convention at Lower Brighton, U. B. church on March 9th for the purpose of meeting the Field Secretary who is making a tour of the County during this month. Two sessions were held. All officers present. Pres. Plummer presided and a well filled church showed enthusiasm of S. S. Work. Rev. J. H. Copeland and Rev. S. W. Schurman were present and assisted in making the meeting interesting and profitable.

Mrs. G. C. Watson gave a most interesting Temperance lesson. Wallace Noble's interest and ability was shown by the young girls of his school, who added to the entertainment of the Convention. Rev. W. A. Ross gave an interesting talk regarding the Departmental work,

which should be worked up in every parish. A nominating committee appointed the following Superintendents of Departments.

Home Dept.—Mrs. L. E. McFarland, Hartland. Elementary Dept. Miss Edith Relyea, Lower Windsor. Temperance Dept. Mrs. H. L. Dickinson, Windsor. Adult. Dept. Rev. S. W. Schurman, Hartland. Teacher Training. Mr. Thos. Forest, Windsor. Annual Parish Convention to meet in June at Hartland.

Perth—Hartland Basket Ball Game.

A stalwart aggregation, supposed to come from Perth N. B. but really from Andover, Fort Fairfield, and Perth, swooped down on the unsuspecting Hartland Basket Ball team and snowed them under to the tune of 27:11.

The northern players came to Hartland to win. They took a lead of 6 points in the first half and increased it to 16 in the second. The local teams were in poor condition and White with a vaccinated arm played in the second half only. The visitors had much the advantage in weight. The frequent delays caused by injuries made the game uninteresting from the spectators' point of view. Kyle refereed with his characteristic Perth Forwards Hartland. Sisson Shaw Porter Rice Mallory Stevens Mann Defence Noddin Bishop Miller

T. H. ESTABROOKS DINED BY STAFF.

It is not often that the travelling staff of a commercial house is able on its own initiative to break a record. This has recently been done in at least one house in St John. The nine men who cover the Maritime Provinces in the interests of T. H. Estabrooks resolved to make the last month a record one in the sales of Red Rose tea and coffee. They accomplished their object in spite of the fact that larger sales than usual had been made in January, and sold more goods than in any previous February.

In celebration of the event and to present the result to Mr. Estabrooks, they invited him to a dinner in White's restaurant Saturday evening, at which were also present all the office and warehouse staffs. The evening was a very enjoyable one. But two speeches were made. One of these was by Louis Armstrong, the senior traveller, who in explaining the reason for the gathering, said he was glad that they could make some return for the generous treatment they had always met with at the hands of Mr. Estabrooks. The travellers were also indebted, he said, to the merchants all over the provinces in helping them to achieve the result they had aimed at.

Mr. Estabrooks, in reply, spoke of the surprise and pleasure which he felt in listening to the returns made. The occasion, he believed, was unique in the history of any mercantile house in the Maritime Provinces.

Tribute to I. O. F. Sanitarium.

Recently the Rev. J. B. Daggett, a clergyman and a member of the Independent Order of Foresters, left his home in New Brunswick to go to the Sanitarium for Consumptives, maintained by that Order at Rainbow Lake, New York. He is the first one to go from this province. In a letter to High Secretary Emmerson he writes from that institution as follows:—

"Well, here I am. What do I think of the institution? Splendid. Everything seems to be arranged in the most modern and up to-to-date manner. Building is fine in every particular. I like Dr. Nore great. He seems to know his business and takes a personal interest in every case. Place is nicely kept, clean and sweet, well disciplined and looked after in every particular. The table is excellent, lots of goods well-cooked food, and nicely served.

"As to my case, I had made splendid progress towards recovery and was in very good shape before I came. I hope in a short while to pull out and get so I can go home. I see how it is treated and after this experience believe I can cure myself. I am glad I came."—Transcript.

100 Acre Farm for Sale.

about 3½ miles from Hartland on the Coldstream road. Sixty acres under cultivation, ploughing nearly all done, good hay and pasture. Enough finest hard wood to pay for the place and to supply family forever, if taken at once a rare bargain on easy terms will be secured. Have another farm.

ALLEN WATTERS
UPPER BRIGHTON, N. B.

A New Real Estate List.

We have secured the following very desirable properties in choice locations in village of Hartland. As such property is not often on the market the early wideawake buyer will secure a bargain.

1. A well built 9 room house with bath room on a fine lot in the heart of the village at a bargain.

2. A fine two storey house on corner lot in one of the most desirable situations in Hartland. Water in house. Outbuildings and house in good repair. A fine house for a quick buyer. Terms easy.

One of the most desirable and best paying tenement properties in the village.

This is most centrally located and an excellent chance for a money producing investment. Look up these offers at once.

Wanted

100 Farms and village properties listed at once for intending spring purchasers. It does not cost you a cent until a sale is made.

address

CARLETON REAL ESTATE
AGENCY,
Hartland, N. B.

Campbell's Clothing

DONT ENVY

that Fellow with the swell suit on. You can have one just as good. The process is very simple. Come to us, pick out the sample you like best—we'll do the rest.

Campbell Samples for Spring, 1911

are in and ready for inspection. Don't fail to see them before buying your Spring Suit.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK

Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

WAIT FOR THIS! Begins April 3rd.

Biggest Bargain Event Bristol Has Ever Seen.

\$20,000 worth of Goods Sacrificed

This will be the most important reduction sale the people within miles of Bristol have ever had the opportunity to buy from. Twenty thousand dollars worth of all kinds of merchandise will be sold at your own prices. This long established business is to be

Closed Out Fast as Low Prices Will Move the Goods.

Complete lines of Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware Furniture, etc. Sale opens April 3rd. Terms: Cash or produce.

Mrs. C. A. Phillips,

Bristol, N. B.

For the Land's
: : Sake Buy

PURE SEED

York Timothy
Kent
Ill Long Late
Clover

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.

Local News and Personal Items

Friday next will be St Patrick's Day.

J W Doucett of Bath, was here last week.

A. R. Rigby was in St. John last week.

Mrs D H Nixon was the guest of Mrs S H Clark at Perth last week.

Arthur S. Estabrooks has a splendid line of men's dress pants at right prices.

After a short illness Mrs. Ella G. wife of Robert Loupin of the N.B. Telephone Co, died at her home at Andover on March 2nd.

Timothy seed is higher this season than for thirty years. Clover about the same as last year.

Mrs Harding Kearney died and was buried at Waterville last week. She was an elderly lady and her husband died a few years ago.

Church of England Sunday School will be held at the residence of Mr and Mrs George Palmer on Sunday next at 2:45 p m.

The Florenceville Basket Ball team suffered a defeat at the hands of the Perth five on Thursday night when they were defeated with a score of 28:8 at Perth.

It is rumored that Donald Fraser & Sons may convert the mills in Madawaska recently bought from the Murchies into pulp and paper mills.

The home of Hezekiah Baker at Victoria Corner was destroyed by fire on Friday. Most of the household goods were saved and a small insurance partly compensated the loss.

Miss Eliza Thornton spent Sunday in town the guest of Mrs. J. McDonald. Mrs Scott Sipprell and two children of Hartland spent part of last week in town the guests of Mr and Mrs James Hamilton. —Dispatch.

James Roxborough the Good Corner newspaper correspondent made the OBSERVER a pleasant call on Thursday. He was here to take the train to St John, where he will take a six months' course in military signalling.

A few days ago James Reid, formerly auditor on this division of the railway, was struck by a train at a crossing in Ontario and badly injured. He is a son-in-law of Mrs Eliza Harmon of Peel.

A few more potato houses have burned over in Aroostook. In each case there was insurance. Several hundred thousands of barrels of Aroostook potatoes have been thus marketed.

Mr and Mrs A B Curtis of St John have been visiting his parents Dr and Mrs I B Curtis. The first mentioned is an official of the N B Telephone Co and has been at work along this line.

On Friday evening last a lenten evening service was held, at the residence of Mr and Mrs Graham, by Rev D Jenkins who took as his text, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," — Matthew 5, v 48.

On Wednesday evening next, the lenten week-night service in connection with the Church of England will be held at the residence of Mr and Mrs George Palmer at 8 o'clock. All are most heartily invited to come.

Fred Crandlemire and family of Mount Pleasant and Aloheus Gray and family of Upper Brighton, left on Saturday for the west. Addison Spinney of South Knowlesville went to British Columbia on Monday.

As a result of a personal interview with Supt. Downie of the C. P. R., M. L. Heyward, secretary of the H. & M. railway company says that the C. P. divisional engineer will come at an early date and look into the project. This is in encouraging.

It was thought that when the largest engines were put in use on this division the employment of trainmen would be lessened. These great engines, the largest, with a capacity two and a quarter times as great as those formerly in use, have been running here for a year and there are more trainmen employed than ever before. Each day from eight to ten freight trains pass over the Woodstock section, each train consisting of 20 to 35 cars. The freight traffic has more than trebled in seven years, showing a wonderful development in the country. Six years ago a car of N B potatoes was occasional, now shipment of 20 to 30 cars daily is regular, and has been for months.

Miss Lena Grant is visiting her sister Miss Nellie Grant.

Mrs. W. H. Sipprell of Somerville is seriously ill of pneumonia.

Led pencils 9c. a doz to 10c each at Arthur S. Estabrooks;

B. B. Manzer, the well known Woodstock dry goods man, is dead.

Picture mouldings for sale at Carr's at from two cents per foot up.

C. E. Allen left on Friday to spend a few days at his former home near Fredericton.

Frank Campbell of St. John was visiting his father, A. F. Campbell, over Sunday.

Misses Sadie Currie and Edna Hagerman went to Fredericton on Friday to visit friends.

If you need a nice Spring overcoat go to Carr's. Now is the time for bargains.

Miss Georgia Reid has gone to Waverley, Mass, after spending a few weeks with her parents there.

A big lot of Remnants found at Stock Taking have put on the Bargain counters at Carr's. Call and get some of these plums.

The Lakeville Dramatic Club will present their rural drama, "Home Ties," in the Lakeville hall on Friday evening, March 24.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barter and Mrs. William Barter of Avondale were guests of Mrs. S. H. White on Monday.

Mrs. Tompkins, wife of Rev. G. W. Tompkins, submitted to a surgical operation on Friday and is since doing well.

Rebecca, widow of William Belyea, died on Monday morning at the home of her son Henry Belyea, Lower Windsor. She was 82 years of age.

Ralph Estabrooks of Goldstream was taken to the Carleton County Hospital on Sunday to be operated on for appendicitis.

Joseph Whitely, expert pianotuner, is now working in Woodstock and will be in Hartland in a few days. Orders may be phoned or left at this office.

Misses Pearl and Ruby Robinson of Upper Woodstock have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. James Faulkner, and other relatives at Somerville.

Girl Wanted—To learn typesetting. Pay from the start and a permanent situation afterward. Apply at once at THE OBSERVER office.

Joe, youngest son of Miles Rideout met with an accident while coasting. His scalp was torn so that six stitches were necessary.

Keith & Plummer are selling the best bread flour at \$6.40 cash, and best molasses for 34 cents. We meet all other prices on any other line of goods.

A valuable cow belonging to Dr McIntosh which was being cared for at the poultry farm was struck and killed by the train a few days ago.

The Athletic Club conducted by Billy St. Clair has broken up. Manford Crabb is starting a new club at the rate of 35c per week instead of 50c.

It may interest readers to know that the space advertised on the first page of our last issue was sold at \$100.00 for a year within three hours after the paper appeared.

Come to the Basket Ball game Friday night between the F. C. S. and H. S. S. Members of School only 10c all others 20c. The boys from the desk will try to make up for the defeat of last Friday.

The U. N. B. Basket Ball team who are making a tour of the Upper Province are meeting with hard luck, being defeated by Ottawa, Hamilton, and Toronto. The score in the Toronto game was 55:36.

Last evening the Hartland school boys went to Florenceville to meet the F. C. S. boys in a basket ball game. Florenceville has a very poor gym, the playing space being less than half as large as that of the Hartland Hall.

There was a large attendance at the roller carnival on Friday. The prize winners were Mrs. H. H. Hatfield, Miss Susie Downie and Arnold Blissard. Miss Myrtle Boyer, as flower girl, almost tied Mrs. Hatfield. A race between the boys of Grand Falls and those of Hartland will be called on Friday, March 24.

Special Values Fine Footwear.



Nothing "Shopworn" here. Goods that gather no dust. We have no shelf-room for imperfect goods. You are welcome to our experience. To come here is to go out smiling. We have no hobby except to serve you. To deal here is to leave anxiety behind. Giving bargains is our best advertisement. Do you want the dimensions of your dollar extended? Then buy here. You know your wants and we know how to supply them. Still we say and have said "bring back if not satisfied" but our customers don't want to.



O! my corns! O! my bunions! O! my sore toes! They say Nixon keeps Shoes that will cure all kinds of tender feet. I am going there and get my Shoes after this and they say he sells them so cheap, too.



O, Say! I found my fit at Nixon's. No more sore feet for me. Ha, ha that is the place to get what you want in Shoes. I recommend Nixon's Shoes to everybody.

Gold Bond, Hartt, Astoria, McDermott, Royal Purple, Tru-Fit, Standard, Ames-Holden, Imperial, Femina, Wry Driving Boot.

He Looks at Your Feet!

first thing—whether he is your brother or the other girl's brother or your husband. Men are all alike in this. If your feet are neatly shod he thinks you are elegantly clad, even if you are wearing a dress made over from last year. We have just the 'swellest' shoe you ever laid eyes on,



beautiful, aristocratic. Shoes that make large feet look small and little feet as dainty as Cinderella's. Shoes that are perfect in every detail that goes to make up a strictly well-dressed foot. Shoes that conceal all deformities. Ladies, call and see our line of up-to-date shoes! You don't have to buy, just call and examine them.

Bargains In Rubbers AND RUBBER FOOTWEAR

Tremendous stock to select from, and this is your chance to get fitted for Spring Cheap.

All Gum Rubbers, Shoe Packs, etc. closing out at less than cost.

To Save a Dollar

Call on

H. R. NIXON

Canned Goods.

Peas, String Beans, Baked Beans, Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, Pumpkins, Squash, Peaches, Pears, Apples, Plums, Strawberries, Blueberries, Cherries, Currants, Oysters, Clams, Salmon, Prunes, Dates, Figs, Currants, Evaporated Apples, Mixed Peel, Raisins, Etc., Etc.

We keep everything you expect to find.

"For Tea You Can't Beat Lipton's"

From Our Own Estates to You.
Fragrant, Delicious and Invigorating.

LIPTON'S TEA

Sold Only in Airtight Packages.

Richard Barrington's Frown

Richard Barrington sat alone in his chief's office. On the desk before him lay a pile of papers, which notwithstanding their importance, failed to hold his wandering attention.

Suddenly he was roused by a low knock.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said a clerk, apologetically, "but a boy has brought a note which he insists on giving into your own hand."

Barrington looked surprised, but made no comment.

"All right," he said, shortly; "bring him in."

He took the note from the boy's hand half-impatiently, and glanced quickly at the envelope. At sight of the handwriting he suddenly changed color, and regarded the messenger with quickened interest.

"Any answer?" he asked abruptly.

"No, sir; he only said I was to be sure and see that you got it all right."

"Thanks. Then you may go." The moment the messenger had withdrawn, Barrington eagerly tore open the envelope and found that, besides a letter for himself, there was also one in an unsealed envelope addressed to his chief.

With nervous haste he began to read his own letter—at first in a dazed kind of fashion, as if unable to grasp its meaning. Without preface, the letter began:—

"In this, then, the end of your life-long friendship. Oh, Dick, to think that you could have played it so low down, that my friend should have served me such a cowardly, dastardly trick! You think your secret safe, but I know it. I know how those bank notes came to be secreted in the inner partition of my desk, and also of your secret visit to my room. You thought yourself unseen, but my landlady saw you; though, knowing our friendship and thinking I had sent you for something, she allowed you to pass out unchallenged. The same hand which placed those notes in my desk secreted those found in my room! I give you credit for imagining that the strength of our chief's old friendship with my father would restrain him from prosecuting me. You were mistaken. He has allowed me until to-morrow to produce the money and confess; failing that—prosecution! You know why it is impossible for me to restore the money for the cashed cheque. But I can 'confess' and this I have done."

Richard Barrington's face grew deathly white, and with a startled cry the letter dropped from his nerveless hand.

"Confess!" he gasped. "Allan confess!"

Quickly recovering himself he

picked up the fallen note, and read on with feverish anxiety:—

"You will find it all plainly written in the unsealed letter which I enclose, and which you may read before giving it to Mr. Foster. As to my motive for doing this, you will understand that it is not for your sake, for you have forfeited all right, not only to friendship, but even to consideration and respect. No; it is for her sake—for Maisie—that I have done it. I too loved her, and at one time dared to hope that she returned my love. But I found out my mistake; and the day you told me of your secret engagement to her I resolved to keep my own love a secret. Now I need hide it from you no longer. She is more to me than my life! I dare not will not—clear myself at the cost of her life's happiness. She must never learn that the man she loves is a thief and a forger—the betrayer of his friend! It would crush her—loving you as you say she does! But, oh, Dick, be good to her! Let this transgression be your last; and if ever your conscience urges you to atone for your sin, and for the wrong you have done me, work it out in added love and care for her. If ever you think of me, let the memory of your old friend and his last sacrifice prompt you to lead a more upright life, and

to shun dishonesty as you would the plague.

"But though I have taken upon myself your guilt, I cannot allow the name—the clean, good name my father bore—to be dishonored; even though, being dead, he would no longer suffer. Before you can reach me I shall be dead."

"The manner of my death must be your secret. I have in my possession a powerful Indian drug, which causes a painless death and leaves no trace behind—only symptoms of 'cardiac failure.' This I mean to take as soon as I have sent off my letter, for I feel sure that when I am dead Mr. Foster will not make public my disgrace for the sake of my father's good name. Farewell, Dick."

"Yours in sorrow,
"ALLAN WESTBURY."

Dick Barrington read the tragic message to the end; then a bitter, passionate cry escaped from his white lips, as if wrung from his very heart.

"Allan! Oh, Allan!" For a brief space he sat as if paralyzed—bereft of all power of motion or conscious thought. Then, in a half-involuntary, mechanical sort of way, he sprang to his feet and made towards the door, as if realizing that something was required of him, and that instantly, yet scarcely knowing what.

But as full recollection returned he paused. For, after all, what good purpose could he serve by going now? Already he was too late, and his going would simply arouse needless suspicions. Seeing, then, that Allan was beyond his help, it only remained for him now to look to himself. He must be guarded and—know nothing.

Still white and shaken he sank into his chair again, and his eye caught sight of the other envelope—Allan's confession.

Slowly, and with trembling hands he drew out the short, clear message and read it carefully through. Yes, it was all down, word for word! The crime—his crime—stood unmistakably confessed!

In a flash Barrington realized all that it meant. He had only to forward this to his chief, and no manner of suspicion could ever fall upon himself! His path would be clear; his rival safely out of the way—disposed of as well as dead! Surely then he would succeed in winning the beautiful girl he had so long desired.

"Secret engagement between them?" He only wished there were! That had been a lie to blind Allan and keep him out of the running. Suddenly, and without warning, the door opened and a girl entered the room.

Barrington started, and, hurriedly thrusting the letters into their separate envelopes, slipped them into his pocket and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Oh!" The girl paused, a slight frown puckering her white forehead. "I—I thought my father was here. I promised to call for him at four o'clock."

"I am sorry, Miss Foster, but he has not returned since luncheon. Something must have detained him. I am expecting him every moment, though, as he knows there are some rather urgent matters requiring his signature."

With his usual cool, smooth manner he wheeled forward the large "easy."

"Of course you will wait, Miss Foster?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, doubtfully.

"Miss Foster, what have I done to offend you?" he burst out, impetuously. "Why do you dislike me so?"

"I was not aware that you had offended me," replied the girl, coldly. "or that I—disliked you."

"But you are always so—so distant, and you try to avoid me. I have seen it." Then, as she did not reply, he went on passionately: "Miss Foster—Maisie, cannot you try to like me a little? You must know how devotedly I love you. And I have reason to hope that your father will favor my suit."

"My father! You have spoken to my father?" gasped the startled girl.

"Yes; why not? As an honorable man I told him of my feelings towards you, and asked his permission to win you if I could."

"I should have thought, with your friend under such a cloud, that

you would have had no heart for your own private affairs just now!" cried the girl, bitterly.

Barrington saw the mistake into which—in his eagerness, and in the jangled state of his nerves—he had allowed himself to be betrayed.

"Forgive me!" he said, humbly. "I can only plead the overmastering power of my love for you, for seeming—even for a moment—to forget the awful blight that has fallen on Allan's life! Believe me, he has scarcely been absent from my mind night or day since—it happened."

"Since what happened?" she asked abruptly.

"Since his—" He paused, as his better nature momentarily asserted itself and restrained the treacherous lie. But after a quick glance at the lovely, flushed face before him he hardened himself, and muttered, in a low voice, "Since his theft and forgery."

"You mean since the accusation of it! You know—you who have known Allan so long—you must know that he is innocent of such a thing!" she cried, passionately.

"Believe me, dear Miss Foster," he said, in a tone of quiet assurance, "I honor you for your faith in him, and only regret that I can no longer share it. But, unfortunately, I have no choice left—in face of this." He drew an envelope out from his pocket. "I received this about half an hour ago, with the request that, after reading it I would give it to your father. It is Allan's confession!"

The color slowly drained from the girl's face, leaving it white and strained.

"Allan's confession!" she gasped. "You—you have got a written confession from him! Surely there is some mistake! You cannot mean that Allan has confessed to—" She broke off suddenly, as if the words choked her.

"I'm afraid there is no mistake, Miss Foster. His confession is here—written by himself. I was only waiting for your father's return to give it to him as Allan desired."

He carefully sealed and held out the letter towards her.

"It almost looks as if Mr. Foster were not coming now, so perhaps you will take it to him."

There was a look as of a wounded animal in Maisie Foster's eyes as she stepped out into the road and absently took her seat in the waiting car.

Still in a half-dazed fashion she alighted at the door of her home and walked with heavy, dragging footsteps along the wide hall. But as she began to ascend the stairs she was arrested by the sound of voices.

Pushing open the door of the room when the sound had come she entered abruptly.

"That you, Maisie!" cried her father, cheerfully, as he caught sight of her. "Sorry to have disappointed you, my dear, but you must blame Marshall here, though I know his unexpected visit will more than compensate you."

"Of course, I am pleased to see you, Dr. Marshall."

Her father, quick to notice any change in his cherished daughter, looked at her keenly.

"Are you not well, child?"

Ignoring his question, she held out the fatal missive.

Without a word Mr. Foster tore open the envelope and began to read, the girl standing by watching him, dry-eyed, but white and wan-looking.

Her father looked up quickly.

"How did you get this, Maisie? Who gave it to you?"

"Mr. Barrington. He said he had received it this afternoon, with a request from Allan that he would give it to you."

He continued to read rapidly, his face growing slowly pale. As he finished he turned excitedly to his friend.

"Marshall, come with me! There's not a moment to lose. Is the motor still there, Maisie?"

For answer the girl flung herself upon him desperately.

"Don't, father, don't! Have mercy—oh, have some mercy upon Allan!" she cried. "Don't prosecute him. Dear, dear father, listen to me!"

"Maisie, I must go at once!" he exclaimed imperatively. "Hush, child! I am not going to prosecute Allan. I am going to save him, if that is possible. He is innocent—God forgive me for believing him guilty—but he is in great danger, and every moment is precious."

"I must go with you, father. If Allan is in danger, I must go too."

"My little girl! Do you love him so much?"

"Better than my life!" she said, simply.

Her father stooped and kissed her hurriedly, and there was a world of tenderness in his eyes as he saw the great love shining from her own. At all costs Allan must be saved—for her sake now, as well as for his own. Unless it was already too late!

"Listen, Maisie!" he said, quickly. "I cannot take you now. But—trust me. I will bring Allan back to you—if I can!"

Thrusting the letter in his friend's hand he hurried him out, saying, "Read that as we go

along!" And the next moment they were gone.

Allan Westbury, alone in his cheerless room, paced restlessly to and fro, awaiting the return of his messenger. After writing the letters, he had been seized with the desire to know definitely that they had safely reached their destination before taking the fatal step upon which he had decided.

At last he heard the sound of feet upon the stairs, and in a moment he had opened the door and met the boy at the head.

"Well, have you delivered it all right?" he asked, sharply.

"Yes, sir. I gave it to him myself, just as you told me."

"That's right, Johnny." He gave a wan smile, and, placing a shilling in the boy's grimy hand, bent him off grinning with delight at his good luck.

As soon as the totted head had disappeared down the stairs again, Westbury turned slowly into his room and was proceeding to lock the door, when he paused.

"Better not do that," he muttered. "Only give them needless trouble."

With lagging footsteps he crossed over to a corner cupboard and took down a small medicine chest, but as he tried to unlock it his hands trembled so much that the key fumbled round the hole in vain.

A second and more determined effort, and the chest lay open before him, exposing a neat array of medicines.

"Let me see; it was a sealed packet," he said, slowly. "Poor old Geoff! He little thought what use his wonderful drug would be put to after he had gone. Ah, yes, this must be it!"

With hands that shook he took up the open packet; then paused.

He was young, and life had been very sweet. Was he doing right to fling it away? How bright his prospects had seemed such a short while ago! Life for him then had been full of sacred hopes, for it seemed as if the love beating in his heart was awakening an answering throbbing in hers!

No, he was not flinging his life away in wanton wastefulness. It was for love's sake.

Slowly, but with hands that no longer trembled, he raised the packet to his lips and, throwing his head back, steadily emptied the contents into his mouth, to the last tiny grain.

"Now for the couch and—sleep," he muttered.

He half staggered as he crossed the room and flung himself down into the room, and, crossing swiftly to the couch, bent over Allan's unconscious form.

"Thank God, we are not too late!" cried Mr. Foster. "He still breathes! Marshall, you can save him! You can surely use an antidote!"

Laying his fingers lightly on the still beating pulse, the doctor sniffed the man's breath curiously—a strained, puzzled look on his face. Presently his features relaxed, and he straightened himself with a gesture of relief.

"This is not poisoning," he said, quickly. "Only the effects of a potent drug for inducing sleep; and, fortunately, harmless enough."

"You really think so?" cried Mr. Foster, bending eagerly forward.

"I feel sure of it! And I don't think it will hold him long; his mind would be in too excited a state before he took it."

The moments dragged by slowly, painfully, to the two men watching in anxious silence; but at last, with a restless movement, Allan flung himself over and sighed.

The doctor held up a warning hand as his companion made an eager movement.

A few moments later the doctor, as Allan moved again, poured out a restorative and held it to his lips.

Still with closed eyes the young man drank; then, opening them suddenly, gazed stupidly at the face peering anxiously into his.

"You will be good to—her—to Maisie!" he said, dreamily.

"Allan! Allan, my boy! Don't you know me?" cried Mr. Foster.

The young man made an effort to rouse himself.

"Listen, Allan!" said Mr. Foster imperatively. "I know the truth. Your innocence is established!"

With a startled cry Allan raised his head.

"You—know the truth!" he gasped, stupidly.

"Yes. Barrington sent me the wrong note—whether by way of warning, or by mistake I don't know; but I've read your letter to him."

Allan put his hand to his head with a helpless gesture, as if still uncertain whether to believe this a reality, or just a dream come to mock him.

"Maisie is waiting for you, Allan," said Mr. Foster, cunningly. "I promised her I would take you home with me."

"Maisie!" He started up in alarm. "Ah! She does not know! She must not know!"

Mr. Foster laid a soothing hand on his arm.

"You have made a great mistake, Allan. It is you whom Maisie loves, you dear, noble fellow; not Barrington, thank God!"

"Maisie—loves—me!" I have made a mistake!" echoed Allan, incredulously. Then, with a sudden cry of anguish, he exclaimed, "Too late! Too late! If you have read my letter you will know what I have done. I am poisoned! And by so deadly a drug that there is no antidote for it!"

"You thought you were," broke in the doctor, quickly; "but it must have been only a harmless sleeping draught you took."

"What?"

In a moment his lethargy vanished, and Allan rose unsteadily to his feet, then suddenly collapsed. "I can't stand yet," he said, with a shaky laugh. "Will you pass me the small chest you will find in that cupboard?"

The doctor obeyed and watched him curiously.

Allan eagerly opened the case and feverishly seized upon a small packet.

"Why, there must have been two of them! And I thought—"

"May I open this?" broke in the doctor. "I have been in India a few years, and know something of their powerful drugs."

Opening the packet, the doctor raised it cautiously to his nostrils, then threw a pinch of the powder into the almost extinct fire. Instantly there shot up a lurid flame, and the whole room became filled with a mist-like vapor.

"This is the poison, without a doubt," he said, decidedly, as soon as the mist had cleared. "You may think yourself lucky you made the mistake, young man!"

But he spoke to deaf ears. At the sudden reaction Allan Westbury, for the first time in his life, had fainted away.

"How ever could you have thought it possible that I could love Richard Barrington!" asked Maisie Foster, as she sat with her lover a few days later.

"Well, you see, he always seemed such a good fellow, and—"

"Good fellow, indeed!" broke in Maisie, hotly. "How can you say that after what he has done, and after deliberately trying to fasten his guilt upon you?"

"But he repented, dear; at least, we will believe so," pleaded Allan. "We have so much happiness ourselves we can afford to be generous, darling. Let us think the best."

But the doubt was never solved.

After discovering his mistake Richard Barrington had taken refuge in flight, and, enlisting under an assumed name, was sent out at once to the frontier, where he proved himself the most reckless of the little band of soldiers dispatched to quell a native rising.

When the skirmish was over, amongst the dead faces which lay upturned to the silent stars was that of the would-be betrayer of his friend, whose plans had so strangely miscarried.—London Tit-Bits.

A teaspoonful of salt in the water in the outside vessel of a double boiler will raise the temperature of the contents of the inner vessel. A cereal may be made to boil in this way without danger of burning.

Wash lamp chimneys in warm suds; rinse in clear water of same temperature till free of soap and streaks. Wipe, set on mantel over stove till lighting-up time, or let stand on radiator. They won't crack first time they're used after washing.

ATTRACTIVE RECIPES.

Molasses Cake.—Molasses Cake in Rhyme.—One cup of lard best suits the cake; also one cup of sugar take—dark brown is best—so stir it through, one cup of black molasses, too. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt to leave it out would be a fault. Three teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two eggs, well beaten, one by one, and lemon extract not amiss, stir in a teaspoonful of this. One cup of milk, four cups of flour; sweet milk will do, 'tis better sour. And soda they'll make it light, one level teaspoonful is right.

Nut Chowder.—Take one-half pound of mixed nut meats which have been broken into small pieces. Put them in a saucepan and allow them to simmer for an hour and thirty minutes. Peel and dice several potatoes, a turnip, and a good sized onion. Have a pint of canned or stewed tomatoes. Line the bottom of a kettle with a layer of potatoes, add a layer of the turnip and onion with a sprinkling of thyme, sweet marjoram, chopped parsley and salt, then a layer of tomatoes, and lastly the nut meats. Let simmer thirty minutes, then add one pint of milk and a little thickening.

Caramelized Carrots.—The humble carrot, so little thought of by us, becomes on the Hungarian table a delicious sweet to serve with meat. Cut one or two large carrots into thin pieces about an inch long, put them in a sauce pan, sprinkle them well with sugar and add one tablespoonful of butter. Pour on enough water to just cover them and let them simmer until all but about one tablespoonful has boiled away, by which time they will be soft.

Then sift a little flour over them and stir until it is all absorbed. Thus caramelized they do not taste like the ordinary carrot at all, and they may be used with meat or as a luncheon dish.

Nut Roast.—Put two teaspoonfuls of stale bread crumbs in a mixing bowl and moisten with hot water. Let stand until all the water is absorbed. Add one cupful of crushed or ground walnut or pecan and flaked nut meats and one tablespoonful of meats which have been broken into small pieces. Flavor with one teaspoonful of finely sifted sage or mixed herbs and with either half a teaspoonful of salt or one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and stir in one well beaten egg. Press into a square pan to mold it; then turn out on a baking pan and bake it. Serve hot or cold.

Raspberry Ice.—Five cups of water, juice of one-half lemon, two cups of sugar, one cup of strained raspberry syrup. Boil sugar and water ten minutes, cool, add lemon juice and raspberry syrup; freeze.

Garnish for Chicken.—One cup of mashed potatoes, two well beaten eggs, half a cup of cracker meal, and three tablespoonfuls of milk. Season with pepper, salt, and sage. Make into balls about the size of an ordinary egg, and lay them in a dripping pan, with four tablespoonfuls of butter. Let them brown and lay them around the roasted or fried chicken.

RABBITS.

Creamed Rabbit.—The best way of cooking rabbits is to cream them. Cut them up or disjoint them. Dredge each piece in flour. Place in layers in a stone jar. Sprinkle each layer with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and bits of butter. Cover the whole with rich milk or cream. Cover jar tightly and place in oven, and let contents bake from two and a half to three hours. Add more milk or cream if necessary when taken from the oven. Put pieces of rabbit on a hot dish and pour gravy over them and serve.

Good Way to Cook Rabbit.—Cut it up, let stand in salt water for one hour, roll in flour, then butter your roasting pan, lay in rabbit and pour a pint of oysters over it and about a third of a bottle of tomato catsup. Butter and salt and pepper, cover, bake until brown.

Lemon dipped in salt will clean copper kettles and other metal articles successfully. Afterward they must be well rinsed in clean water and be polished with a soft cloth.

MADE IN CANADA

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

MOST PERFECT MADE

Used in Canadian homes to produce delicious home-made bread, and a supply is always included in Sportsmen's and Campers' Outfits. Decline all imitations. They never give satisfaction and cost just as much.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
Winnipeg Toronto Ont. Montreal
Awarded highest honors at all Expositions.

GOOD HEALTH FOR RUN DOWN MEN

If You Are Weak and Easily Tired
Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Anaemia is a state into which one falls because of lack of blood, or because the blood is poor, weak and watery. The man or woman who has not enough blood is pale, languid, easily tired and easily depressed. As the trouble progresses other symptoms show themselves, and the life of the sufferer is one of misery. Anaemia opens the door to consumption, and gives victims to all the epidemic maladies, because the whole body is weakened and unable to resist the invasions of disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best remedy in the world for the cure of anaemia, and all its attendant miseries. They make the blood rich, red and pure, thus bringing health and strength to weak, despondent men and women. We do not know of a single case of anaemia where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have failed to cure if given a fair trial. Mr. John Hasings, Venn, Sask., was a victim of this trouble and found new health through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "I was working on a railway driving a team and found myself gradually running down. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but soon I began to lose my appetite and it was a trial to get through my day's work. I got medicine from the doctor on the works, but it did not help me, and finally I got so bad I told the foreman I would have to quit. He told me not to lose hope, that he would get some medicine that would soon make me all right. That night he went to town and bought me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not taken more than two boxes when I began to feel better, and after I had used five boxes I was as well and strong as ever, and could do a day's work with any man on the job. I may just add that before I began taking the Pills I was so run down that I weighed only 122 pounds, and while taking them I gained 22 pounds. I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and strongly recommend them to all run down men."

You can get these Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ROBBED SHOT HIMSELF.

Caught After Taking Jewellery, Masked Man Suicided.

The other day, a crowd of shoppers was startled by seeing a large stone crash through the glittering windows of the shop of Herr Elmeyer, court jeweller, in Dresden, Germany. It had been thrown by a well-dressed young man wearing a mask and glasses. In his hand he held another stone, with which he smashed the glass of a showcase in the window.

He seized a pearl necklace worth \$10,000 and other jewels worth \$7,500 or more and fled up the street. The buyers in the shop who had seen the robbery dashed out in pursuit. The chase led over the Altmarkt (a large open square in Dresden), where the robber dropped his plunder on the pavement.

He next dashed into the Prefecture, a building in the Schlossstrasse, opposite the royal castle, and ran upstairs to the second floor. Seeing no possibility of escape he drew a revolver and shot himself through the head, dropping dead before his pursuers' eyes. His identity is unknown. He appears to be aged about twenty-five, and the police believe that he is a foreigner.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

The less luck a man has the more he believes in it.

Too many candidates for office run in the wrong direction.

Nickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected Colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince you that this is correct.

Hub (unconcernedly)—"Oh, you two fight it out between yourselves."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any of itching, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

A square deal is as broad as it is long.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

PURE WATER SAVED BABIES.

Hamburg Did not Banish Typhoid, but Cut Down Infant Mortality.

Scientists in Germany and throughout Europe are surprised at the results following the purification of the water supply of Hamburg, Germany. It was expected to eliminate typhoid. It did not accomplish that result, but it reduced instead the infant mortality one-third or more. The latest word from America, especially from the city of Washington, confirms the observations made in Hamburg, namely, that purification of the water whatever other good it may accomplish, will not banish typhoid. That protean disease appears to attack a community through many other channels, and its elimination remains a puzzling problem for science to deal with.

In Hamburg, by water purification, the infant death rate has been reduced from 405 per 1,000 births to 240 per 1,000 births. Similar conclusions have been reached in the United States by M. T. Sedgwick and G. Scott MacNutt, who have collected figures to show a great improvement in the general death rate due to water purification. They have compared the vital statistics of Hamburg and of Lawrence, Mass., with those of cities which have unpurified water, and they say they are convinced that water purification causes an absence of great fluctuation in diarrhoeal and other ailments.

THE WORST VIEW.

Hoax—"The amateur photographer is generally a pessimist."

Joan—"How do you figure that out?"

Hoax—"He takes the worst view of everything."

WHERE?

"And where," demanded his wife, with flashing eyes, "would you be now, only for me?"
The man glanced at the clock. It was verging on midnight. He sighed, and was silent.

HEALTHY CHILDREN ARE A BLESSING

Healthy babies are good babies, and the good baby is a blessing in every home. Nothing can give the mother or father more pleasure than to see baby play. Every movement is watched with delight; every new word spoken brings pride to the fond parents. It is only the sickly baby that makes home wretched—and, mothers, it is not baby's fault when he is sick. You are the one to blame. Perhaps you give him candies, cakes and other food which his little stomach is unable to digest. Then when he is cross and ailing you give him some "soothing" mixtures to quiet him. That is wrong—remember his little stomach is not as strong as a grown person's, and also remember that every spoonful of "soothing" mixture you give him only does him more injury—it does not remove the cause of his fretfulness—it merely dopes him into an unnatural sleep. What is needed to make baby healthy and happy is Baby's Own Tablets—a medicine with a guarantee of safety. About them Mrs. Mathies McCormick, West St. Peter, P.E.I., writes: "We have used Baby's Own Tablets with good results. They are certainly a blessing for mothers that have cross, sickly babies. They sweeten the stomach; give refreshing sleep and make baby fat and healthy." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BORDER MILL GIRLS.

Change in Apparel Among Scotch Mill Workers.

Within the last twenty years or so a marked change has come over the mill lassies of the Scotch border towns. In decorum and dress there has been a wonderful improvement. Not so many years ago the three-cornered shawl and clogs were all the rage. There was something picturesque about the former, and to the stranger the clatter of "the clogged brigades" at the mill hours was quite a treat, in some mills hats were the exception and worn only by the aristocrats—the pickers and darners.

All that is now wholly changed. A visitor to Galashiels after seeing the mill lassies pass along the High street to their work, remarked, "There is surely lots of money in the town; the mill girls are all dressed in style." A "braw lad," on a visit to his native town after the lapse of years, was heard to observe that "the Gala lassies are aye dress'd—they're like ladies." Such observations are often more true of the lassies of the smaller border towns. To see the modern border mill girls on their way out or on Sundays is to see them at their best, and to realize how much they are ahead of their prototypes.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

EVERY SHORT AND RIGHT TO THE POINT

FRANK MILLER TELLS WHY
HE RECOMMENDS DODD'S
KIDNEY PILLS.

He used them for Rheumatism, Heart Disease and Lumbago, and they went right to the root of his troubles.

Elkton, B.C., Feb. 6 (Special)—Frank Miller, section foreman on the railroad here, whose work exposes him to all kinds of weather, has discovered that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sovereign remedy for those kidney ills that almost invariably follow neglected colds.

"For four years I suffered from Lumbago, Heart Disease and Rheumatism, brought on from a cold," says Mr. Miller. "And I got the very best results from using Dodd's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from these diseases."

Short and to the point, that statement, isn't it? But it is just like Dodd's Kidney Pills. They go right to the point. They cure the kidneys. Healthy kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. Pure blood means good circulation and renewed life and energy all over the body.

Thus Dodd's Kidney Pills not only cure disease. They tone up the whole body and make a man feel that he has been given a new lease of life. That's why people all over Canada are shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"You treat that gentleman very respectfully." "Yes, he's one of our early settlers." "An early settler? Why, man, he's not more than forty years old." "No, but he pays his bills on the first of every month."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING FROM COLIC, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF INFANCY. It is the best remedy for INFANCY. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Beware of cheap imitations.

AN OLD AND WELL-KNOWN REMEDY.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me what obscurity is?"
"Yes," replied Tommy; "it's a place where a good many people go to after elections."

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil possesses more power in concentrated form than one hundred times the quantity of many unguents. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

"Do you think people should be punished for gambling at the races?" "A lot of them are by having their money taken away from them."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes, Smarting, Itching, and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c; \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Ascorbic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Booklet and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

IS TOUGH AND FIBROUS.

They are now making what is called vegetable leather. We suppose it can be utilized by vegetarians as a substitute for the ordinary restaurant steak.

CURED HIS RHEUMATISM.

Yarmouth, N.S., June 2, 1908.—"I have been bothered with Rheumatism for the past year and have taken a good many kinds of Medicine and found no relief for it."

"One day a friend advised me to try Gin Pills, so I did, and after taking only one box of them, I felt like a new man. I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how thankful I feel for the relief they gave me, and would advise all sufferers from Rheumatism to get Gin Pills."

WM. CONTY.

Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. (Dept. W.L.), Toronto. All Dealers have Gin Pills at 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50.

Sue—Don't you know, George kissed me at the door last night twice before I could stop him! Mae—Gracious! What cheek! Sue—Both.

Allen's Lung Balm is especially intended to break up neglected coughs, and many hopeless cases have been cured by its use. Contains no opium in any form.

And the advice of a critic does about as much good as the giving of medicine to a dead man.

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

Elastic currency may be all right, but what most people need is adhesive coin.

PISO'S

IS THE NAME OF THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS

KNEW FROM EXPERIENCE.

Wife—"O, George, the water pipe is leaking and the water is spoiling the new carpet. Go and get a plumber, quick."

Husband—"That's all right, my dear, let it leak; it's cheaper to get a new carpet."

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

Many a man gets tangled up in a string of lies.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A RESOURCEFUL PRINCE.

Prince John, son of King George of England, although not much more than five years old, is of a resourceful disposition. When his father succeeded to the throne the little prince, then four years old, was anxious to know what chance he had of eventually becoming king. He was informed that having four elder brothers, the chance was decidedly remote. Upon that Prince John suggested that the only way out of the difficulty seemed that his four elder brothers should be killed, when nothing could prevent his succeeding to the throne.

WHY IS IT THAT?

When a girl of six talks nonsense she is cute?
When a girl of 12 talks nonsense she is stupid?
When a girl of 20 talks nonsense she is naive?
When a woman of 40 talks nonsense she is kittenish?
When a woman of 60 talks nonsense she is unbalanced?

The Nova Scotia "Lumber King" says:

"I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use. I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day. Yours very truly, T. G. McMULLEN."

JOE MILLER JOKE.

"How is it a tramp can wear a very short coat?"
"Dunno."
"Cos it may be long enough before he gets another."

What is the best thing to strengthen weak back? "The D.P.I. Mental Plaster." It will cure lumbago and rheumatism. It rolls make never 25c. Plaster. Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

More people are willing to help you get rid of your money than to get it.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVES' signature on each box. 25c.

She ordered a fowl for a grand dinner, and made the cook bring her purchase for her inspection. She examined it, tossed her head disconcertedly, and said: "It is a poor-looking thing." "Oh, mum," said the cook, "when it is fixed up with truffles it will look entirely different. Just like when you put on your diamonds, mum!"

Many people have receding gums. Rub Hamlin's Wizard Oil on gums and stop the decay; chase the disease germs with a mouth wash of a few drops to a spoonful of water.

Everybody knows something they would like to tell to somebody.

As Fire Spreads in dry grass, so does an inflammation in the throat grow down into the lungs. Deal promptly with a cold as with a fire, and when you begin to cough use Allen's Lung Balm.

"A couple," said Mrs. Simpkins, "got married a few days ago, after a courtship which had lasted fifty years." "I suppose," replied Mr. Simpkins, "the poor old man had become too feeble to hold out any longer."

ISSUE NO. 6.—11.

THE FAMOUS
Rayo
Lamp

Once a Rayo lamp is in your home, there are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass, nickel-plated—easily kept clean, an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp and its lighting device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of
The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

IODINOL \$1 a box 6 for \$5

The most highly efficient application for the reduction of Swelling, Gout, Thick Neck, Glandular Enlargements. Its Positive.
PILES of all kinds, in any and all stages, quickly relieved and positively cured. Cure your suffering and live quietly. Common Sense for Piles will do it. \$1 a box, \$5 for 6 boxes. Mailed on receipt of price.

LYLE MEDICINE COMPANY, TORONTO

Stop That Limp

Change that limping, useless horse into a sound, healthy horse, willing and eager to do a good day's work. Don't let a sprain, cut, splint, sprain, rheumatism or any other lameness keep your horse in the stable. Cure it with
Kendall's Spavin Cure

It cures without leaving a scar, blemish or white hair—because it does not blister.
Port Kaituma, B.C., June 14th 1908.
"Have been using your Liniment for years and find it all that you represent. Have not been without it for 10 years."
GEORGE GORDON.
\$1 a bottle—\$5 for \$5. Excellent for household use. Sold by all dealers. Ask for free book, "A Treatise On The Horse," or write us for copy. 55
DR. J. J. KENDALL CO., Vancouver, B.C., Vt.

Barn Roofing

Fire, Lightning Rust and Storm Proof Durable and Ornamental

Let us know the size of any roof you are thinking of covering and we will make you an interesting offer.

Metallic Roofing Co.
Limited
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG

SAVING HER STRENGTH.

Doctor—My dear madam, you've been overtaxing your strength. Try wearing less jewelry.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Wife—"John, John, there's a burglar going through your trousers."

Painkiller in winter checks chills, breaks up colds and thus prevents Bronchitis, Grippe and Rheumatism. Unequaled as a liniment for frost bites, chilblains, bruises, sprains. Sold by all druggists. Only one Painkiller—Ferry Davis'.

Wise men look before they leap; wise infants feel before they creep.

Minard's Liniment Cures Croup in Cows.

NO USE TO EXPLAIN.

A colored man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked how it was that he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"It wouldn't be no use, judge," said the man, "to try to explain dis thing to yo' all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full of shot an' get no chickens, nuther. Ef yo' want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

AGENTS WANTED.
MEN WANTED: age 18-35, for menial and monthly, and broken 380, on all Canadian railroads. Experience unnecessary, no strike. Positions guaranteed permanent. Promotion. Railroad Employing Headquarters—over 400 men sent to positions monthly. Make age and stamp. Railway Association, Dept. 227, Monroe Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

WANTED.
LEARN THE BARBER TRADE—NEW system—constant practice—actual instruction—16 weeks—completes course—tools provided—earn while you learn—\$100 a month. Write for catalogue. Barber Barber College, Queen East, Toronto.

CAMEKEEPER Experienced with best references, for a large WANTED. Duck Marsh. Must be able to train dogs. Reply in first class letter to Theo. Reid 511/5 Adelaide W., Toronto.

CANCER, Tumors, Lupus, etc. Internal and external, cured without pain by our home treatment. Write us before it is late. Dr. Bellman Medical Co., Limited, Collingwood, Ont.

DYEING! CLEANING!
For the very best, send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO." Look for agents in your town, or send direct. Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

When buying your Piano insist on having an "OTTO HIGEL" Piano Action

ELECTRIC MOTORS

FOR POWER
ELECTRIC DYNAMOS
FOR LIGHTING

BEST MACHINES, MOST ECONOMICAL IN OPERATION.

CANADIAN ELECTRICAL & MOTOR CO.
LIMITED
99-101 Queen St. E., Toronto

A man seldom has occasion to be ashamed of his associates in a worthy cause.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Young Man—"Do you think your sister would be sorry to marry and leave you?" The Terror—"Oh, yes. She said she would have been married long ago if it hadn't been for me."

SAVED HER FINGER.

CONTAINS
NATURAL OILS
OF THE
ZAM-BUK

Mrs. B. E. Redwell, of 237 Frontenac Ave., St. Boniface, Winnipeg, says:—"Some time ago my children took diphtheria, and while attending them this poison entered a small scratch on the second finger of my left hand. This became very sore and blood-poisoning soon set in. For months after the children were quite well I was suffering from a shockingly bad finger. The scratch was caused originally by a pin, and in itself, was not at all serious. The consequences, however, of neglecting this scratch, were very serious to me."

"When the blood-poisoning set in I tried poultices and a salve I had in the house. These, however, did not have the desired effect. Quite on the contrary the finger became more and more swollen and discolored. It then began to fester, and I had to call in a doctor. He lanced the finger to let out the pus, and you can imagine how pained the hand. Thence his care, however, it again festered and the ointments, liniments, and other preparations which the doctor gave me, were absolutely unable to bring about any relief."

"The doctor thereupon advised me to go into the St. Boniface Hospital. I feared that if I went to the hospital the finger would be amputated. We were told of a case similar to my own in which Zam-Buk had effected a cure when everything else had failed and the doctor had said that only amputation could save the patient's hand."

"We, therefore, decided to give Zam-Buk a trial. A supply was procured, and we commenced the Zam-Buk treatment. It only needed a few days to show the wisdom of our step. The blood-poisoning and inflammation were reduced, the pain became less acute, and it was evident very shortly that the trouble was being reduced to a less and still less area. We persevered with the Zam-Buk and in the end the festering sore was thoroughly cleaned, healed. In under three weeks from first contracting with Zam-Buk the finger was entirely well and had regained its normal position. Instead of being a source of constant worry, no doubt I should have saved myself hours and hours of sore agony."

All mothers should note this case. Zam-Buk is a sure cure for blood-poisoning, festering cuts, scratches from hatched wire, bruises, corns, rashes, salted, salt, shrapnel, face burns, ulcers, piles, and leg, various a virus, and all skin injuries—scalds, etc. 50c a box, all druggists and stores or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Send in stamp for immediate reply. Refuse all imitations.

BANKING BY MAIL

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

BANK OF NEW BRUNSWICK

East Florenceville, N. B.

The best lighted and best equipped Tonsorial Parlors in Hartland

A full line of Cigars and Tobaccos.
W. E. Thornton, Prop.

BOHAN BROS.

BATH
Buyers of

Produce of all Kinds
at Highest Cash Prices

International Harvester Co's
Farm Machinery
BEST IN THE WORLD

FOR ANY Eye Trouble CONSULT

H. M. Martell

the only reliable travelling optician in Carleton County. Eyes tested free. Glasses ground to suit. General office at Day's Hotel, East Florenceville N. B. Will be at the Exchange Hotel Hartland, every Monday.

Quick Lunch Room

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery
Full line of Cigars & Tobaccos
G. A. DAY, Gillin Blk.

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

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Livery Stable in connection.
Main St., Hartland, N. B.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

J. B. THISTLE, Hartland, N. B.

F. N. GRANT PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs

D. Fitzgerald & Son Double and Single HARNESS

Shoe Packs and Moccasins. Cash paid for Hides, etc. General Fire Insurance.

Miles Sherwood

Dealer in

Fresh Meats of all kinds
Buyer and Shipper of Hides
FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

M. W. CALDWELL GENERAL MERCHANT

Special Values in Clothing and Footwear.

wear. Dry Goods, Groceries

and Hardware

Conducting a strictly pay-down business. I am able to sell at close prices.

BRISTOL.

New Barber Shop.

H. B. BOYER

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

BREAD

like MOTHER used to make.

Fine Confectionery
and Soft Drinks.

SIMMS

WANTED!

Lady clerk for fruit and confectionery store. Apply to

Mrs. T. G. Simms.
Hartland.

Get the Habit!

Follow the Crowd!
to the

HARTLAND ROLLER RINK

Fine music; healthy recreation; floor free from dust.

The only up-to-date Barber shop in Hartland.

2--Barbers--2

No waits in this shop. Razors for sale.

C. E. ALLEN, Prop.

P. R. SEMPLÉ

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.

A GOOD POSITION

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

Yours truly,
(Signed) E. O. SHELDON, St. Marys N. B.

What we have done for others we can do for you

Enter any time. For free Catalogue and "Special Offer"

Address
W. T. LITTLE, Principal,
Corner York and King Sts.
Fredericton, N. B.

Porcupine.

DEAR EDITOR:—Porcupine is one of the typical mining towns of Northern Ontario and is situated on Porcupine Lake, the waters of which flow northward to James Bay.

The lake is some two miles in length and three quarters of a mile in width. On this are situated three towns, namely, Golden City, Pottsville and South Porcupine.

These three towns have a population of some five thousand people with many arriving daily. Of these there are about three thousand prospectors. Many of them spending the winter on claims, where they have built themselves cozy cabins and others are on the trail prospecting in spite of the fact that there is five feet of snow.

Gold was first discovered here early in the summer of 1907, but not till the fall of 1909 was the discovery made which started the rush which promises to make Porcupine one of the foremost gold-mining camps in America.

The gold here is found in quartz veins in the schists which is largely the formation.

Viewed from the lakes and rivers one would think the surrounding country very flat but upon travelling over it one is surprised to find it very much broken up into small hills, intersected by numerous lakes.

The forests here are mostly pine, spruce, white birch and poplar the hardwoods such as the maple, beech and yellow birch being very conspicuous by their absence.

There are some large mining properties here such as the Dome, Hollinger, Powell, Foley, O'Brien, some employing as high as seven hundred men besides many others too numerous to mention. At present there are some 2000 companies incorporated in this camp.

Supplies and machinery are being rushed in daily before the break up, and seven hundred teams are engaged at this.

Two properties are installing large stamp mills of forty and sixty stamps and many tons of machinery are daily going through for this purpose.

A few days ago there was a big rush of prospectors to a part of the country fifty miles south of here and the writer was one of the many to hit the trail. After three days of very hard hiking for it is no fun to pull a tobogan load of four hundred pounds on snowshoes through the bush, we arrived at the place, Telluride Lake. Here gold tellurides have been found. Outside of this they are only found in one place in America, at Cripple Creek. No doubt in the near future this will be another mining camp of no small importance.

FOR SALE.

Five year old mare
Three " " colt
Two " " colt
One mare.

Apply to OBSERVER.
Hartland.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is Hereby Given that application will be made by "The Hartland Village Water and Fire Commissioners" to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick at the present session thereof for the passing of an Act to amend the Act of Assembly 56 Victoria Chapter 62 incorporating said Village for Water and Fire Purposes so that said Commissioners shall have power to borrow money or issue debentures for a sum not exceeding \$20,000.

Dated this second day of March A. D. 1911.
M. L. HAYWARD,
Solicitor for Applicants.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the present session of the Legislature of New Brunswick for an Act Incorporating The Hartland Electric Power Co. for the purpose of damming the Becaguinac Stream at or near Hartland, erecting power houses, and plant, etc. etc. for generating electricity for power and other purposes and for power to expropriate lands as may be required for construction and operation of the company.

M. L. Hayward
Solicitor for Application.

Northern Ontario covers a vast territory once inhabited by the Indians and controlled by the Hudson Bay Co. but the prospect or is steadily opening up this vast wilderness and soon the Indian with his canoe and snowshoes will be supplanted by the steamboat and steam locomotive.

The winters here are longer than in N. B. but the climate is much drier on account of being much farther inland.

We feel very sorry that one of our Car County boys deserted us in the Cobalt and went West, but think one of the fair sex the cause. We hope to see him return in the near future.

There are only three Car Co. boys here and they all old Hartland boys. They have some fine property here and at present have quite a large crew at work developing their property.

We would very much like to hear from some of the old Hartland boys who are now in the West through the columns of your paper.

SOURDOUGH.

Every statement concerning Red Rose Tea is made most carefully. Every claim that has ever been advanced has been fully borne out by the tea itself. You, if you use it, have always found it good tea. So good that no other tea pleases you as well. You may try substitutes but you always return to Red Rose simply because it has the fine quality and full value that pleases and satisfies.



Prices: 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

Gigantic Demonstration Sale!

OF

CLOTHING FURNISHINGS AND FOOTWEAR!

A. FINE & CO. Of PERTH, N. B., beg to announce to the people of Hartland and vicinity that they have rented the store in the Watson building formerly occupied by Hagerman & Baird, and will swing the doors open for business on

SATURDAY, MARCH 4th, AT 9 O'CLOCK SHARP,

With a store full of the

Greatest Bargains in High Grade Clothing, Furnishings and Footwear.

During this Sale we will demonstrate our Underselling Supremacy and emphasize the advantage of our

Famous Low Cash Prices.

Not a Fairy Tale, Fake or Humbug, but absolutely True. Will be proved to every person who reads this page and has the ambition to follow its invitation straight into the store and ask to see the goods and prices; you will be surprised the amount of money you can save here on your daily needs :

HOW CAN WE DO IT?

Easily explained! Because of our knowledge of what to buy; Just where to buy it cheapest, and being on the spot with the ready cash when manufacturers need it most. Compare our prices and judge for yourselves if this is not the greatest Clothing, Furnishing and Footwear buying opportunity ever offered.

PLEASE REMEMBER !!

Please remember that these goods are not old stock, but are all brand new. Every garment of this season's creation. In fact they are as represented. If you do not find them so after purchasing, return them to us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Remember the place

A. FINE & CO'Y.

THE WATSON BUILDING

HARTLAND, N. B.

For further particulars of this big sale see our Big Circular which is now being distributed.

ROLLER RACE

AT THE

HARTLAND RINK

GRAND FALLS

VS

HARTLAND

Friday March 24, 1911

Don't miss this most interesting event. Come see'em hustle. See who are the best skaters. Our boys got trimmed at Grand Falls, will they get it again?

Prizes Will be Given the Winners

Race called at 9 o'clock. Skating as usual before and afterward.

Admission 25c.

Skates 15c.

HARDWARE

That is what I keep; my Store is full of all kinds and of Best Quality.

See my Line of Stoves

Down Draft, Box and Coal Oil Heaters and Ranges

An Elegant line of Lamps, also a beautiful line of Nickle-ware for Xmas presents. Handsome Carving Sets, Clocks of all kinds, also "Those Chiming Sleigh Bells."

Handleds, Horse Blankets, Whips, Labrobes; Skates and Hockey Sticks. (All at very low prices)

IBA ORSER

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.

Communication from S. N. Estabrooks.

Dear OBSERVER:—Permit me to make a few corrections in your Reciprocity article. It is well known that under the McKinley bill, duty was on sheep \$1.50, lambs 75c. So you can see that the farmers lost more than 75c per head. The first year the bill was in force the stock was heavy. The autumn was favorable and many farmers thought that they were not badly hurt.

But the seasons following the pastures were poor, the lambs were light and the prices lower, they thought it no harm to grumble about the 75c for lambs. One season we commenced to pay \$2.50 for lambs, they soon dropped to \$2.25 and many farmers would not sell. At last buck lambs dropped to \$1.50 and ewes and wethers to \$2.00. The orders were to leave them if they would not sell at these prices. This left the late S M Nevers and myself in a hard place, with money advanced, to close up the season's work. Mr McGee and I paid a very little more than lamb prices for sheep. We handled a large number of sheep that season which helped to swell the duties for our part.

Mr Copp had a man buying in York County but I am safe in saying that over six thousand was lost to Carleton County that season and it has been going on ever since.

If anyone wants to know where I am, I say, "Hurrah for Reciprocity," every time.

Yours truly,

S. W. ESTABROOKS.

What the Hartland and Miramichi Line Will Do.

S. S. Miller and M. L. Hayward, of Hartland, are in St. John to-day. Mr. Miller is President and Mr. Hayward secretary of the Hartland and Miramichi Railway Co., which was incorporated in 1910 for the purpose of building a road from Hartland, on the St. John river, to Sparkle, a point on the G. T. P., on the Miramichi, a distance of 40 miles. The road is to run through a fine agricultural country all in Carleton county. Messrs. Miller and Hayward came to St. John to have a conference with Mr. William Downie, of the C. P. R., which they declare was very satisfactory. The company have a promise from Mr. F. B. Carvell, M. P., of the usual subsidy of \$3,200 a mile given by the Dominion government, and they are asking the provincial government to guarantee bonds to the amount of \$15,000 a mile. The country through which the proposed road will pass is rich in cordwood, pulpwood and hardwood, which would furnish a large amount of business. Indeed, Messrs. Miller and Hayward believe that in the first 24 miles enough could be originated in three years to earn \$1,700 a mile a year, which would pay interest on a larger guarantee of bonds than is asked for. Both gentlemen are very enthusiastic over the possibilities and prospects of the road, especially as it would open up a good agricultural country.

—St. JohnGlobe.

The most common case of insomnia is disorders of the stomach. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.