

# THE OBSERVER

No. 4.

HARTLAND, N. B., June 28, 1911.

Vol. 3.

## The DAYLIGHT

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

### SHOES

JUST ARRIVED

Misses' and Children's ankle strap Slippers in Chocolate and Patent leather.

### MEN'S SHOES

we have the latest Styles in Box Calf, Tan and Patent balm and Oxfords.

### LADIES SHOES

in Patent, Chocolate and Tan and all kinds of Oxfords and Lace and Button Shoes.

### SHIRT WAISTS

We keep adding to our stock right along and can show you the latest styles from 50 cents to \$4.00

### TRY OUR

Blue Label Tea.  
25 c. Coffee.

Insure your Buildings and Furniture in the NOVA-SCOTIA FIRE; they are Strong, Liberal and Prompt and the rates are low.

Massey-Harris and McCormick Farm Machinery repairs sold for cash only.

## WOOL

I will take all the Well Washed Wool and Unwashed Wool that I can get and will pay as much as any one else will pay.

## STRAW HATS

I have a full line of Straw Hats and Sun Hats for Men, Women and Children. For Children I have some nice little dressy hats that would do for Sunday school and a few Womens Ready to Wear Hats.

## FRUIT

We always keep a good line of Fruit such as Bananas, Oranges, Lemons and Pine Apples and all kinds of Candy and Nuts.

## ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS

ROCKLAND.

## TOBACCO

in this part of the country to be found at

## CHASE'S

HARTLAND, N. B.

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

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

### Carleton County Council.

County Council convened in semi-annual session at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 20th inst., at the Court House. Warden Stevens, presiding.

The following councillors took their seats:  
Aberdeen—D. Lamont, Samuel Hemphill.

Brighton—Edward Morgan, Edward Britton.

Northampton—Harry A. Phillips, G. Arthur Gibson.

Richmond—Alex. Bell.

Woodstock (parish)—Henry Smith, Hazen Scott.

Woodstock (town)—H. T. Stevens, J. R. Brown, Wm. Balmain.

Wakefield—Frank R. Shaw, Albert Bell.

Wilmot—John J. Williams, R. Burns King.

Wicklow—Carey Estey.

Simonds—Odber Shaw, John Perry.

Kent—John Keenan, John Kinney.

Peel—E. W. Melville, Wm. Tompkins.

Coun. Hay of Richmond was absent, being now in the west.

Coun. Tracey was absent being in the military contingent attending the Coronation.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

The Warden reviewed the work of the past Council as follows:

As this is our last regular meeting during our present term, I may be permitted to review briefly some of the events occurring during the term. No doubt this will be the last meeting for some of us; some may retire of their own accord and perhaps others may be retired by the electors, be this as it may, I feel this Council is to be congratulated for the earnest and careful manner that each member has attended to his several duties. The requirements are becoming so arduous and trying that we quite frequently hear murmurs as to the amount of work and some are inclined to retire on account of the stress of their own personal business.

The term has been quite an eventful one and the honor and pleasure has been ours of seeing the completion of this up-to-date and well appointed New Court House and our pleasure has been further enhanced by having the honor of holding the first session in the building in January, 1910. This council with others in the province hold a unique position having served under two Kings. It is not necessary to remind you how deeply we were stirred with grief and devotion over the sudden and unexpected death of our late and lamented Sovereign Edward VII, (the Peace Maker), and now all interests are centered in the mother country where at the present time such elaborate preparations are being made for the coronation of our new king (George V.) and I am sure that no where in his vast domain will he have more devoted and loving subjects than the representations at this board and as well as the people you represent in this progressive, cultured, and prosperous County of Carleton in this connection, I know I voice the sentiment of every member of the board when I say that we are delighted that one of our members, Councillor Tracey, was among the selected officers from this Province to do honor to our new King at the coronation.

(Continued next week)

You can still get a limited quantity of Timothy, Clover and Fertilizer at Carrs.

### Communications From a Rate Payer.

A word to the trustees of Hartland schools.

You are about to engage a teacher as principal of our schools. This is a duty that calls for a great deal of wisdom and careful consideration. The teachers' influence helps to either elevate or demoralize the character of the children intrusted to their care.

The boys and girls receive impressions from the teacher that are never erased. As a father and rate payer of your village I would humbly beseech you not for your lives to engage a teacher as principal of our school who has not enough respect for himself or his calling or the welfare of his pupils to honor the Sabbath day by attending the Sabbath School or refraining from using profane language.

Neither would I deem it wise to engage one who, if he does his duty, will have to teach the evils of tobacco and then use it himself. Better that our children receive a paltry education than that they should be influenced in the wrong direction and go down to their graves unwept, unhonored and unused.

This in no way reflects on the character or ability of any recent teacher.

RATEPAYER.

### Bristol Literary Club.

The Bristol Book Club met for the final meeting this season at the home of Mrs. George Caldwell on Monday—June 17.

The members of the club have derived much pleasure and profit from the meetings of the winter. Many interesting topics have been discussed, such as—The Duties and Benefits of members of a Literary Club, The Study of Hieroglyphics, Sketches from the Life of Tennyson, In Memoriam, Emerson's Essay on Compensation. A book-case and several books have been added to the Library this season.

An interesting feature of this meeting was the presenting to Miss Florence Robertson, the principal of the school, with a set of the works of William Shakespeare. Miss Robertson has been Secretary-Treasurer of the club for the last year, and her efforts have been greatly appreciated.

The club adjourned to meet again in September when the "Over-Soul" by Emerson will be taken up.

The uniform success that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has made it a favorite everywhere. It can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

### Parish S. S. Convention.

The Parish of Brighton will hold its annual S. S. Convention in the Methodist Church, Hartland, on Wednesday July 5 at 2-30 and 7-30 p. m.

One feature of the gathering will be a Teacher's Conference at the afternoon session.

Officers, Teachers, and all interested in the work are especially requested to be present. Please do not forget the date, July 5.

MRS. J. K. FLEMING.  
Parish Sec'y.

Whooping cough is not dangerous when the cough is kept loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It has been used in many epidemics of this disease with perfect success. For sale by all dealers.

## OUR BIG SALE

has been a tremendous success and is

## STILL GOING ON!

Lots of new goods arriving. Direct importations

of

## DRESS LINENS

right from Scotland.

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

Frank W. Slater Shoes, latest models.

D. & A. Corsets in all styles.

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

## 100 SUITS

for Men Boys and Children to go at

## Half Price

Mrs. C. A. PHILLIPS  
BRISTOL

## WEDDING PRESENTS

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

See our beautiful line of

## Real Cut Glass

in genuine Bohemian, Belgian and American.

Handsome Gifts in Gold Plate, etc.

WEDDING PRESENTS A SPECIALTY.

## ESTEY & CURTIS CO., Ltd.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists



## THE FARM

Useful Hints for the Tiller of the Soil

### A MANURE SPREADER.

The modern manure spreader is built so as to give sufficient capacity for a large load and unless the ground is dry and level three or four horses should be attached so that we may facilitate the work.

Owning a manure spreader stimulates us to get the manure out as fast as it is made, preventing all loss from heating and washing. It spreads the manure more evenly than it could be done by hand, so that it covers more acres with the same good effect to the land sowed that it would have if a large amount were applied by hand.

We have found during the recent years that there is a loss of fertility when manure is spread in too large quantities. The manure spreader is a great economizer of labor, which is a very important item to be considered at the present time.

In buying a manure spreader we should note very carefully how strongly it is built at the places where the wear and tear will be the greatest when the machine is in operation. It should distribute all kinds of manure evenly. There should be the same quantities spread on the outside as in the center of the space being covered.

This is a very important point to be considered in selecting a machine. With any make of spreader care should be exercised in loading if the machine is to do its best field work. It will pay every man to investigate these points before he buys a machine. On the average stock farm the machine is a good investment.

### POINTS OF A DAIRY COW.

The five points to be observed in selecting a good dairy cow was the subject of a recent address made by O. C. Greig at the Saint John's Farmers' Institute.

First—Large body and especially middle piece, indicating a capacity for eating and digesting a lot of food.

Second—Thinly fleshed backbone and especially back of shoulders. This indicates that the food is not made into flesh.

Third—Large udder, as it is here that the milk is made.

Fourth—Large milk wells. It is through these that the blood returns to the heart from the udder. If they are large it indicates that a large amount of blood passes through the udder.

Fifth—Large clear eyes. This indicates good nerves, and that drive the organs of digestion and milk making.

He said that a sixth point could be added—the scales and the Babcock test.

### NOTES OF HOG RAISING.

If you are quite sure that alfalfa will not grow on your land, try Essex rape. It makes fine hog pasture—some farmers even going as far as to say that it beats clover, which, of course, it does not.

A lousy pig is a sure sign of a poor farmer. Once thoroughly infested, the only way to get rid of the vermin is to dip the pig with some good disinfectant.

In dipping pigs great care must be exercised to cover every part of his body from tail to snout. If a patch as big as a thumbnail is left untouched it may contain the nucleus of a new crop.

Many farmers use a boar of different breed of that of their sows to produce a cross. Sometimes this is good practice for the first cross, but the sows from such a cross should never be bred.

### ORCHARD NOTES.

Might as well give the trees plenty of room at the start, because if you don't they will have to be cut out later. Thirty feet apart is the right distance for apple trees, although 40 feet would not do any harm.

Plow your ground deep and prepare the soil as carefully as you would for the corn field. Nature often performs wonders with trees, but as a general rule she ought to have a little intelligent help.

Go over your young apple trees

and cut off every water sprout with a sharp knife close to the trunk. Do it early and they will heal this season.

Five dollars invested in package material will pay many times the investment in the better prices the fruit will bring when properly packed.

### A GOOD ALL-ROUND BREED.

An enthusiastic admirer of the Rhode Island Reds states: "They are large, like the Barred Plymouth Rocks, with long yellow shanks and firm yellow skin; their flesh is as sweet and juicy as the Leghorns and Minorcas; they make good mothers and are easy to raise."

### CHEAP TELEPHONE SERVICE.

British Post Office Takes Over the Country's System.

By the end of the year the British Post Office will take over the management of the country's telephone system from the private company which has hitherto controlled it, and the British public does not regard this particular nationalization project entirely without misgivings, especially in view of the fact that the direct control by the State of the country's telegraphs has resulted in a loss of \$50,000,000 in the last four years and that the present annual loss is well over \$5,000,000. Business men are afraid that red tape will hamper the quick and cheap telephone service that everyone wants.

"Almost every European country has secured a cheaper and better telephone service in the last few years than England has done," said G. Dalzell Read, a telephone authority, who is in London, after having inspected the German, Danish and Swedish systems.

"A telephone at \$10 a year is not an impossible dream, but it is a perfectly sound business proposal if the systems continue to expand at the present rate. In Denmark, already, outside Copenhagen, the annual subscription for small exchanges is \$11 and additional calls may be obtained at the rate of \$5.50 per 1,000 calls."

"Sweden, too, has a most efficient and moderate priced telephone service with more than 300,000 subscribers. The installation charge for a private house is only \$4 with an annual subscription of \$16.50."

## Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, breaks the throat and lungs

25c a box

### LOYAL SERVICE.

While journeying through Central Africa once, after several days of severe marching, the men of Alfred J. Swann's caravan failed to reach camp. He returned to them with water and assistance, and finding the carts with only half their crew, he asked where the heavy load was, and they replied, "Miles behind." It was on this journey that he witnessed a remarkable instance of the endurance and loyalty of a black man.

Fearing the men would be starved, writes Mr. Swann, "I fought the Slave-Hunters in Central Africa," we pressed on toward them, and finally discovered the load drawn up under a bush. Searching round for traces of the crew, I heard a voice faintly call out:

"I am alive, but give me water!" On looking into the bush, we discovered the loader, sheltered from the sun, and after giving him water, I asked:

"Where are the others?" "Gone on to camp," he replied, "for food and water."

"Why did you not go?" "No, master, I could not leave the boat section. My name is Mahubutu. I was one of Livingstone's boys. I should have died by the load. I cut off the hide lasings and ate them, and the roots I dug up and sucked for moisture."

Let no man question, concludes Mr. Swann, the ability of black men to perform loyal service after evidence of such heroic conduct.

Used in Canada for over half a century—used in every corner of the world where people suffer from Constipation and its resulting troubles—

## Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,

stand higher in public estimation than any other—and their ever-increasing sales prove their merit. Physicians prescribe them.

25c. a box.

## Young Folks

### THE MISTAKE.

There were not many houses in that neighborhood, and all that there were seemed bowing across the street to the big white house that stood on the corner. In winter nobody lived in it, but in summer Miss Ellett always came back to her old home; and it was always fun for Cynthia Legge, who lived just across the street, to watch the bustle of arrival.

One day Miss Ellett saw the little wistful face by the gate, and that was the beginning of a very long and very happy friendship. Early every morning Cynthia would trot over and say, "Do you want me to run any errands this morning?" And always, when she came back, Miss Ellett would be waiting for her with a cookie in one hand and a lump of sugar in the other.

On this particular day there was an unusual air of flurry about the house, and old Betty was very busy indeed. Cynthia had just begun to say, "Do you want me to run any errands?" when Miss Ellett interrupted her.

"Yes, dear, I do, and as quickly as the little feet will take you," she said. "Friends are coming to lunch unexpectedly, and I want some sweetbreads. The butcher didn't call this morning, and if you don't get them for me I shan't know what to do. You don't mind going way down to his house, do you?" For in this little village the butcher's shop and the butcher's house were all under one roof and quite at the other end of the long main street. "Here is the money, Cynthia," Miss Ellett went on, "and bring me as quickly as possible six sweetbreads."

Cynthia hurried happily. Who would not to oblige kind Miss Ellett? And at the end of half an hour she was back again; but it was a very unhappy child who lifted the heavy brass knocker on the wide green door.

Miss Ellett herself came trotting. "Oh, the good girl," she was beginning, but checked herself. "What's the matter?" she asked, for Cynthia was crying.

"He said he didn't have any," she sobbed. "He—he said he'd never heard of such a thing in his life!"

Miss Ellett began to look grave, for luncheon-time and the cousins were very near now.

"Never heard of them!" she repeated. "What nonsense!" Why, he told me some day before yesterday, and he promised to bring them again to-day!

"And I told him you were in a hurry," the little girl went on. "I told him that you wanted the candy for lunch, and he said I'd better go to the bakery and buy your some sticks of peppermint."

But Miss Ellett, in spite of her flurry, burst out laughing. "O you funny, funny child!" she cried. "Of course Mr. Plum wouldn't understand. It was sweetbreads, not candy loaves, dear. They do seem a good deal the same. I suppose your 'candy loaves' must be made of sugar and spice and all that's nice." But you will try once more, Cynthia, to get the sweetbreads!

And Cynthia dried her tears and set out upon her errand again, this time so successfully that the cousins and the sweetbreads met each other just at the proper time—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

### POOR CHAP.

"Poor Riggsley! I met him a moment ago, and he seemed to be terribly depressed. I hadn't heard before he mentioned it that he had lost his wife. When did it happen?"

"His wife! Riggsley hasn't lost his wife. You misunderstood him. I met him just after he'd been talking to you, and he told me he had lost his pipe."

"Oh, his pipe! And I let him pass on without giving him more than a word or two of sympathy."



YOU WERE RIGHT, GEORGE, THERE IS NO ONE IN!—Life.

## TRAGEDIES FROM STRIKES

SOMEONE HAS TO PAY THE PENALTY OF RIOTS.

Strikes Nearly Always Mean Tragedy, Frequently for the Innocent.

Two years ago the dock laborers at Amsterdam, Holland, went on strike, and not content with refusing to work, turned incendiaries, and fired the great timber sheds. The fire spread, and for nineteen hours nine acres of buildings blazed furiously. Water was obtained with difficulty, and the firemen had to be protected by troops.

At the height of the conflagration, when people were being compelled to leave their threatened houses, a poor old man, desperate at seeing his home in flames, rushed through the cordon and flung himself into the burning building. He was pulled out alive, but died later in hospital.

At Mulhausen, in Germany, doctors employed by the sick fund societies found that their fees amounted to about four cents per visit, so at last combined to go on strike. Before the sick fund societies agreed to raise the absurd fees which they had been paying, several deaths are said to have occurred among people whose relations either could not or would not pay for medical attention.

### DEFENDED BY GUNS.

The number of lives lost in American strikes is simply appalling. In 1907 the street car drivers of San Francisco went on strike, and when their demands were not complied with took to rioting.

The military were called out, and a series of pitched battles resulted in fifty-four of the strikers being picked up dead. This was bad enough, but it does not equal the tragedy which occurred at Zeigler, Pennsylvania, in April, 1905. The miners in Mr. Leiter's colliery having gone on strike, the owner filled their places with non-union men, and continued work. To protect the blacklegs he raised stockades around the pit mouth, which were defended by machine guns.

One day, when nearly two hundred men were below, the earth rocked with the force of a sudden explosion, and a gush of smoke shot from the mouth of the pit. The death roll was sixty. It was afterwards proved that the explosion was no accident, but the deliberate work of certain of the union strikers.

The scene was a Parisian hospital, and on the operating table lay a man undergoing an operation for appendicitis. The surgeon was approaching the most difficult part of his dangerous task when a messenger came in quickly with the news that strikers were about to cut off the light.

For a moment there was something like panic among the nurses and attendants, but the surgeon gave rapid orders, and in a few moments the powerful acetelene lamps from his waiting motor car were brought in.

Just in time, for within a few seconds the current was cut off, and the electric bulbs went dark. Had the message not been received in time without doubt the patient would have died.

### DISGRACE AND DEATH.

The failure of the light was due to the wanton caprice of "King" Pataud, who, merely for the purpose of showing his despotic power, is constantly cutting off the electric power in sections of the city.

Five years ago a million workmen in fifty Italian towns and cities went on strike, and in several places there followed rioting and loss of life.

At Milan, among the rioters arrested by the police was the husband of a well known opera singer. The first news which the lady re-

## Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, breaks the throat and lungs

25c a box

# 2 in 1 Shoe Polish

Pleases everybody.

Is used by men, women and children in all parts of the World. There is a reason.

Its superiority over other kinds.

Contains nothing injurious to leather, but gives a hard, brilliant and lasting polish.

It is good for your shoes.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited, 10 HAMILTON, Ont., BUFFALO, N. Y. and LONDON, Eng.

## WOULD YOU PAINT?



Right at the starting point have a care. Many unreliable brands are offered. Whoever uses them pays for it. You cannot afford to lose.

## RAMSAYS PAINTS

are sold by reliable dealers only, backed by guarantees, and the makers are responsible. You cannot get the established reputation quality in any other paint—and you pay only the proper price—not too high and not too low—known in Canada for over sixty years. Write for our Book-let B. P. on house painting. It will help you. It is handsome.

A. RAMSAY & SON CO.

THE PAINT MAKERS, Montreal, Est'd. 1843.

## WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA

THE COMING CITY OF THE WEST

OFFERS UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENT

BUY REAL ESTATE

and do not work hard all your life. The man whose ambition doesn't rise above holding his job and drawing his pay, will never have anything but work and the bare necessities of life.

A great number of the world's largest fortunes were founded on some shrewd real estate investment. Here's an opportunity for you to start yourself on the road to success, if you're wide awake enough to open the door to opportunity when she knocks.

A very small sum of money invested NOW in WAINWRIGHT real estate can't help growing very rapidly. This great Canadian West of today can't help growing very rapidly. This great Canadian West of today is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and of all the towns and cities situated in it, WAINWRIGHT is the most favored one. EVERYTHING in WAINWRIGHT is favorable—location, land, water, climate, etc., couldn't be improved upon if they were made to order.

WAINWRIGHT is the largest divisional point on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, between Winnipeg and Edmonton—about 66 miles from Winnipeg and 122 miles from Edmonton. Wainwright will be one of the headquarters for the Grand Trunk Pacific for the whole of Alberta, by way of the coming Hudson Bay Route, also by way of the Prince Rupert, and in well, the terms of what will be their long line.

The Grand Trunk Pacific will have a \$75,000.00 Hotel here when the line is completed to the coast.

LOTS \$60 to \$135. \$10 Cash, \$5 per Month. No Interest!

LET US TELL YOU MORE ABOUT WAINWRIGHT

Sit right down now and write us. It won't cost you anything for full information. Don't let this opportunity slip past without at least investigating it. Send in the attached coupon at once.

Please send me full particulars of your property in Wainwright.

NAME .....

TOWN .....

PROV. ....

Wm. Geraghty Modern Realty & Investments, Limited O. W. Baker

Man. Dir. 95-97 Commercial Union Bldg., Montreal Sec.-Treas.

ceived of the disgrace which had befallen was a letter from the manager of the theatre at which she was appearing saying that, in consequence of the way in which her husband had disgraced himself, her services were no longer required. The poor woman was so overcome with shame and remorse that she took poison and died.

On the same day there were two other suicides at Milan, both directly attributable to the strike. A cousin of Dr. Gadola, who was cruelly murdered by the strikers, killed himself; and a poor old woman, who found herself starving through having no papers to sell (the printing works having all closed) flung herself out of a window.

Superintendent—"What we want is a night watchman that'll watch, alert and ready for the slightest noise or indications of burglars, somebody who can sleep with one eye and both ears open, and is not afraid to tackle anything. See?"

Applicant—"I see, sir. I'll send my wife round."

Grease stains on leather may be removed by carefully applying benzine or perfectly pure turpentine. Wash the spots over afterwards with the well-beaten white of an egg.

## Here's a Home Dye

That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

DYOLA

ONE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT!

With DYOLA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

IODINOL \$1 a box 6 for \$5

The most highly efficient application for the reduction of Swellings, Gout, Thick Neck, Glandular Enlargements. It's 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 TORONTO

718 WEST QUEEN STREET

## A New Laxative

—the best known in modern medicine—is the active principle which makes

## NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

so much better than ordinary physics. While thoroughly effective, they never

grip, purge or cause nausea, and never lose their effectiveness. One of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

25c a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them.

Medford Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited. Montreal.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

Thomas A. Edison is quoted as saying that geography will be taught by means of moving pictures, as soon as the machines and films for producing them become inexpensive enough. He favors such teaching, asserting that he "can teach more geography in fifteen minutes with the moving picture machines than the schools as now equipped can teach in as many days." In explanation of how he would conduct a geography lesson the inventor says he would first show the relation to other countries of the country to be studied by pictures and maps. Then he would throw on the screen motion pictures taken in streets of the principal towns and others showing topographical features, such as a view of a mountain range taken from a moving train. Further illustrations would be of products of the country.

There can be no doubt that the application of this idea would mean great improvement in the teaching of geography. That study, dry and vague under the conventional treatment, would become vitalized and made of personal interest to every pupil. The moving picture in the school would take away much of the fascination that exists in nickel theatres, where good and bad pictures are to frequently mingled. Other subjects than geography, such as nature studies and the drama, could well be taught by this means. Let us hope the fulfillment of Mr. Edison's prophecy is not far distant.

As we are approaching that particular June day of 1911 which will be the longest day in the year, it may be interesting to know that while we have a "shortest" day about Dec. 23, a day and night exactly equal about March 21, and a "longest" day about June 21, at the same time the earth is about as nearly a perfect running mechanism as can be conceived.

"Compared to the earth," says Prof. Mitchell, an English astronomer, "the sun is a bad timekeeper. The earth turns on its axis with little friction, and so uniform is its rate of speed that astronomers with their most refined observations covering about 5,000 years, have not been able to detect a 100th part of a second's variation in its revolution."

As to the ordinary expression of "sun time," the sun is accountable for its differing day because of using the sun as a chronometer marker. On Jan. 1, 1911, the sun was 3,000,000 miles nearer the earth than it will be on July 1 next. From the 1911 equinox, about March 21, every day measured by sun time until that "longest" day about June 21 will have shown just a little more sunlight than the day preceding. After our day of "longest sunshine" every succeeding day until about Dec. 21 will give us a little less of sunlight. In this manner the solar day, due to the inconstancy of the sunshine, makes the sun a poor timekeeper.

Rubber consumption has kept so closely on the heels of rubber production, and the price of the raw has risen so rapidly in the last few years, that nothing could be more welcome to the automobile man and the manufacturer of rubber goods than the discovery of a synthetic rubber or some practicable substitute for rubber in its various uses. Within the last few weeks announcement has been made in at least two quarters that such substitutes had been found, and while time and experiment will be required to determine their usefulness, the formulas are interesting.

An English scientist—Dr. F. G. Weichmann, has made a rubber from the seeds of a South American palm, known as *taqua nuts*. He extracts the vegetable albumen, compounds it with an animal albumen and a suitable solvent, and produces a hard rubber which has all the tensile strength and other qualities of rubber, except that it will not stand the action of water and chemical agents. This difficulty in turn has been overcome by compounding it again with a condensed product of phenol and formaldehyde. This material again may be combined with as many substances as native rubber.

## HIS HASTY LUNCHEON

Sam Elwood was a very big, very bashful and very good-looking young fellow of perhaps 23 years. He lived with his father and mother on a Missouri farm, and, since a paralytic stroke had permanently disabled the elder man two years before, the work of the 200-acre place had fallen into Sam's capable hands. The one thing Sam feared was a girl.

"If any girl wants Sam she'll have to do the courting," Mrs. Elwood once remarked, unaware that the youth in question was within earshot. "Sam'd never in this world screw his courage to the popping point."

This assertion was so true that Sam's ears tingled whenever he thought of it. It had grown to be a very sensitive matter by the time a distant connection of the family came to visit at the farm.

When he heard that the visitor was a young woman he groaned in anguish of mind. He planned to keep out of her way as much as possible, eating his breakfast from the pantry shelves, taking his dinner to the field with him and skimming for his supper.

He didn't know just how he could avoid sitting at table with her on Sunday. He thought seriously of staying in bed all of Sunday. The one objection to that was the extra trouble it would cause his mother.

"Sammy, it's a shame you act so unsocial," remonstrated his mother, at the end of the first week, when the only glimpse of himself Sam had permitted the guest was two inches of vanishing tailcoats, out of the kitchen door, the third morning after her arrival.

"Virginia, Dare is a mighty nice girl, without a speck of harm in her whole little body. She helps me about the housework and rubs your pa's back and chirks him up as if she was an own daughter. I wish you could get acquainted with her, Sammy. She talks real pleasant about you."

"Shucks!" muttered Sam, his ears tingling familiarly as he grabbed a paper bag of small cakes from the pantry shelf and fled upstairs, a light step outside the kitchen door having warned him of the need of haste in his supper raid.

"Got to fill up the hollows with cookies to-night, I guess," he sighed, when the door was safely shut and he was gingerly examining the unusually tidy appearance of his room. Ma's getting real fancy in her old age," he commented, staring respectfully at the crisp white curtain tied back with rose-patterned ribbon at both sides of the window. "The bed's punched up some, too," he went on, as he turned back the covers. "Jiminy! Clean sheets and pillow cases when I haven't had 'em on more'n a week! Ma certainly is getting fixy. I guess I'd better scrub up some to match the other clean things. Lucky ma remembered to put some towels in here. Blessed if she didn't fill up the water pitcher, too! I'll have to take her not to do that any more. I'm plenty able to pack up my own wash water. Ma's got enough work to do waitin' on pa and that girl without wearin' herself to frazzles looking after me."

Shaking his curly brown head reprovingly, Sammy made his toilet and, attired in a frill night dress which his mother had made for him with her own fingers and which he wore solely against his wishes merely to avoid hurting the good woman's feelings, seated himself on the edge of the bed and began to consume his cakes.

He crunched and munched his cakes for several minutes before he noticed anything peculiar about the cakes. He had swallowed three of them and was trying to masticate the fourth. Somehow that fourth cake did not appeal to him. "Jiminy!" muttered Sam, hastily putting the uneaten cakes on the nearby stand. "I feel as if I'd been eating soap and meal, flavored with beer! What in time made ma bake cookies like those? Ah-h! I'm feeling awful queer—sort of sick and puffed up and lummy over! Jiminy! I'd give a dollar if I dared sneak down to ma's room and ask her for something to take. That girl sleeps right across the hall from ma, though. She'd see me sure as fate. Ah-h! I'm sick-er ev-ery minute!"

By this time Sam was rolling about in his bed, groaning with pain and pauses. His head was hot and his feet and hands were cold. He could not get up for the swimming sensation in his head, and all he could do to help himself was to groan and toss from one side to the other.

In the intervals of his groaning spells, he thought he heard someone moving quickly about in his

**Electric Restorer for Men**  
Phosphonal restores nerve in the body due to its proper function restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price \$1.00, or two for \$1.50. Mailed to any address. The Medical Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

parents' room just beneath his. He wondered if his mother had heard him and was coming to his relief. In anguish of body and mind he strained his ears to catch the sound of approaching steps.

"Come in," he called, weakly, when the longed-for knock sounded on the door. "Do hurry for mercy's sake!"

The door swung slowly open, as if the knocker were strangely reluctant to enter. A figure, rather hastily arrayed in a blue kimono sprinkled with roses, her hair hanging in two thick yellow braids down her back and her feet encased in velvet slippers stood on the threshold, a candle in one white hand and a bottle and spoon in the other.

"Oh," she exclaimed, the color rushing over her small, flower-like face as she met Sam's horrified stare. "Your mother was called to sit up with a sick neighbor an hour ago, and your father called me a minute ago to see what was the trouble with you. He said he had heard you groaning and tumbling around for some time, and he feared you were ill. Y-you know your father is confined to his bed, so he could not come up here himself. Oh, you are ill, I'm sure!" she said, a quick change coming over her face as she noticed for the first time since her arrival the glassiness of his eyes and the scarlet flush in his face. "Let me feel your pulse!"

In a few swift steps she reached the bed and placed her cool fingers for a brief space on his brawny wrist. Next, she felt the clamminess of his hands and the heat of his head, her manner growing more and more concerned.

"What have you been eating?" she presently asked, taking up the paper sack and examining the contents.

"Mercy on us!" she gasped, looking wonderingly toward the patient. "Surely you knew better than to eat yeast cakes!"

"Yeast cakes?" thickly muttered Sam, in astonishment. "I thought they were funny. Sure to rise. I guess," he added, with a forlorn attempt at a joke.

The girl said no more. Her energies were occupied in dosing the patient with mustard and warm water, applying hot water bottles to his feet and an ice water bag to his head.

At the end of a strenuous hour, Sam was resting much better and his nurse felt safe in leaving him for the remainder of the night.

What Sam's experience taught him during the time he lay there, tormented with pain, watching the sympathetic face of the zealous little nurse as she flew in and out of the room with hot water, mustard, and one thing and another for his betterment, was evinced by his conduct toward the young visitor during the remainder of her stay.

"Looks mighty like Sam was sprucing up like other fellows, ma," remarked Sam's father, after his son had spent fifteen minutes before the hall mirror in a vain endeavor to get his tie to suit him. "I don't know but what he'll be plenty able to do his own courting by the time Virginia comes again."

And Sam, with tingling ears, stoutly intimated his opinion that he would.

## IT IS A BRILLIANT SCENE

WHEN THE KING OPENS BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

Pen Picture of a Scene of Great Beauty and Dazzling Splendor.

Not even in the "Gorgeous East" is it possible for the eyes to feast on a scene of such rich and dazzling splendor as is presented by the House of Lords when the King opens Parliament in person—a scene to which neither pen nor brush can hope to do justice, says London Tit-Bits.

For this august occasion the heavy benches which rise in five rows on each side from the floor of the Gilded Chamber are removed and give place to seven rows of low rimmed-covered forms. The clerks' table, the woolsack, and cross-benches also disappear, and the whole floor of the House is covered in red Morocco to give the utmost accommodation to the brilliant crowds that are to occupy them.

IN THE GILDED CHAMBER.

Long before the crowning moment of His Majesty's arrival every seat is occupied and the crowded chamber is converted into a spectacle of unexampled splendor—a kaleidoscope of varied and vivid colors, lit up by the gleam of gold and the flashing of countless gems, all bathed and blended in the many colored lights which stream on to the glass aglow with bright hues of figures of centuries of kings and queens.

Dominating the scene are the richly carved and gilded State chairs, with their setting of flashing crystal, raised on a canopied dais, glowing in gold and colors; and the picture has for its frame walls panelled in carved oak, bearing the shields, in rich heraldic

coloring, of countless Lord Chancellors.

On the crimson benches which run along each side of the chamber sit the dukes and marquesses, earls, viscounts, and barons, in order of precedence (the dukes nearest the throne), and arrayed in all their State glory of scarlet robes, with their bars and hoods of ermine—serried rows of red and white, broken by the colors of their knightly ribbons, the glimmer of gold, and the flash of jeweled stars.

TO RIGHT OF THE THRONE

is an impressive group of spiritual peers, their black gowns and lawn sleeves concealed under robes of crimson and ermine hoods; and behind the bishops is a dazzling party of Ambassadors, gay in all the colors of the rainbow, from the Chinese Minister in his robe of blue silk with its dragons of gold, to his Persian brother in red fez, uniform ablaze with rich jewels, and broad shawl of emerald green.

There, in the centre of the floor, facing the Throne, are our judges, in robes of black and gold, scarlet and ermine, and their full-bottomed wigs. Behind the peers, row after row, and in the galleries over their heads, are the peeresses, each in her most ravishing toilet, many hued as Joseph's coat, a myriad of jewels on head, neck, and arms flashing back the light in a splendid riot of rainbow rays, while on each side of the Throne are the Royal Princesses in two radiantly beautiful groups.

But hark! the distant boom of cannon comes faintly to our ears, and with it the swelling murmur of cheering crowds outside. The King and Queen are coming. The supreme moment is near, and a wave of excitement spreads over the crowded chamber, as the breeze rustles over a field of poppies.

The doors to the right of the Throne are flung open; from the ceiling flashes out a flood of electric light, waking into vivid, almost blinding splendor the scene below, and making a sea of jewel-leap into flame. The vast assemblage rises to its feet, a kaleidoscope awakened to life, as the head of the royal procession appears in the doorway and begins to stream into the chamber.

SOVEREIGN LORD THE KING.

Pursuivants and heralds, in their tabards of gold and crimson rich in heraldic devices; equerries, ushers, and grooms-in-waiting in gorgeous Court costumes; the great officials of the royal household; sergeants-at-arms, bearing maces aloft; and great officers of State, all in their most splendid trappings, follow each other in stately procession. Then follow the Marshalls of Londonderry, bearing the Sword of State in its crimson scabbard; the noble bearer of the Imperial crown, glittering on its crimson velvet cushion; and the premier marquis, holding aloft the cap of maintenance on his white staff—all the royal procession arranging itself in a cluster around the expectant Throne.

And now the climax of this brilliance is reached. The King and Queen enter hand in hand, in flowing robes of crimson silk velvet and ermine, the long trains held up by pages of honor in scarlet doublets and white knee-breeches. The King is bareheaded, but her Majesty wears a dazzling crown of diamonds.

The King seats himself on the Throne to the right of her Majesty and with a wave of his hand commands the assemblage to resume their seats. It is an impressive moment—the crown of a life's experience and emotions—as the eye ranges over the gorgeous scene to its brilliant centre, the two gracious and supremely royal figures who, with such dignity, impersonate the might of the world's greatest Empire.

SPEAKER AND THE COMMONS.

The rest of the story must be told in a few words. Through the Lord Chamberlain the King's command is conveyed to Black Rod to summon the Commons "to attend His Majesty immediately in the House of Lords." A few moments later the sound of hundreds of hurrying footsteps is heard; the volume of sound increases; and the Speaker with his retinue makes his appearance, followed by a surging, jostling, scrambling crowd, pouring tumultuously into the small place behind the Bar allotted to his Majesty's faithful Commons.

The Lord Chancellor, bending low, presents a document to the King. It is the Speech from the Throne. His Majesty rises, puts on his white plumed Field Marshal's hat, and in a clear, resonant voice reads the Speech. At the conclusion the Speaker and the Ministers bow profoundly to his Majesty, and the Commons disappear.

Their Majesties, standing on the dais, graciously acknowledge the homage of the still standing assemblage. The royal procession is reformed and files out of the chamber, and a few minutes later the whole gorgeous scene—the most brilliant and impressive human eye can look upon—has dissolved into a memory—a memory which, however, will remain vivid and epoch-making to the last day of those who have been privileged to treasure it.

The love of other men's money may be the root of much evil.

# The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**Dressing for Cucumbers.**—Use one-half pint of sour cream, one-quarter of an onion, one-eighth pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Slice the onion and stew a few minutes in butter, let it cool, and then stir in the cream and add the vinegar, stirring carefully. Have the cucumbers sliced thin and ice-cold, dust with pepper and salt, and pour dressing over.

**Vinaigrette Sauce.**—Use three tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of grated onion, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of capers; salt and pepper. (The capers may be omitted if preferred.) This dressing is especially appetizing in the warm spring days. Serve on cold meat, cold salmon, broiled calf's head, or on any vegetable salad.

**Jewish String Beans.**—String, break and wash a suitable quantity of young green beans, and cook them in salted water until tender. Drain off all the water, and pour over them a sauce made by browning one tablespoonful of flour in one tablespoonful of beef fat, adding one tablespoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one cup of soup stock, and cook until smooth. Serve very hot.

**Nut Bread.**—Scald one-half cup of milk and add one-half cup of boiling water. When the mixture has cooled until it is lukewarm, add three-fourths of a cake of compressed yeast softened in three tablespoonfuls of lukewarm water, one tablespoonful of butter, two of molasses, one cup of chopped or ground nut meats, one-half cup of white flour, and enough whole wheat flour to knead. Finish and bake as ordinary bread.

**Buttermilk Cakes.**—Melt in equal quantities enough butter and lard to make one pint mixed. Beat until light one quart of molasses to which have been added two small tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Add, in order, one pint of buttermilk, the melted butter and lard, one pound of dark-brown sugar, three eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of powdered cloves and two and a half quarts of flour. Bake in small tins. If the cakes are put in crocks in a cool place they will keep fresh a month or more.

**A New Recipe for Stewed Rhubarb.**—Strip the outer skin from one bunch of rhubarb, cut the stalks in inch pieces, and put on the fire in a stew-pan with nearly enough water to cover them. When the water comes to a boil, stir in enough sugar to suit the taste—usually about two-thirds of a cup, more or less, the quantity varying according to the conditions of the rhubarb. Add a piece of butter the size of a hickory-nut, and thicken slightly with a small teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in water. Drop in the peel of an orange—thinly shaved in small bits—and add the juice. Let the whole boil a few minutes until the ingredients are well mixed and the rhubarb tender.

As the warm weather approaches less meat should be eaten, and eggs or some other light food substituted. Here are two egg dishes, easily made, and suitable for either luncheon or supper.

**Lyonnais Eggs.**—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the chafing dish; add one small onion sliced very thin and two sprigs of parsley, minced; cook until the onion is a delicate brown. Dissolve one teaspoonful of flour in one gill of milk and cook two or three minutes, stirring it constantly; then add six hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices.

**Eggs Rolled in Crumbs.**—Chop fine eight hard-boiled eggs. Put a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, a teaspoonful of thick cream and the chopped eggs. Cook for a few minutes, remove from the stove and mold the mixture into small balls. Dip these in egg, roll them in breadcrumbs, and fry until they are a light brown. They make an attractive luncheon dish.

## CAKES.

**Chocolate Cake.**—Two ounces of chocolate, one-third cupful of hot water, one-half cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, one-half cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two cupfuls of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Method: Put chocolate in a bowl, add water, place the bowl in a dish of boiling water, stir until chocolate is melted, then place to cool. Sift flour and baking powder, beat eggs separately, cream butter, add the sugar and when creamy and light add the yolks and vanilla. Beat well, then add chocolate and when mixed add the milk and about two-

thirds of the flour. Beat well, then add the whites of eggs and the remainder of flour. Bake in a moderate oven about fifty minutes. Frosting: One tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of pulverized sugar, one tablespoonful of boiled coffee, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

**Sponge Cake.**—This is a new and very good sponge cake. Six eggs well beaten, one cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of lemon extract, one cupful of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking powder; beat until very light; bake rather slowly.

## RENOVATING SILK.

Many women have dresses of taffeta and tulle silks which require only a little home cleaning and pressing to be made as good as new.

Shake the dress well. For slight grease spots rub thickly with powdered magnesia. Let remain for two or three days, then brush off. If the stain is bad rub lightly with weak ammonia water applied with a cloth. Remove egg stains with common salt. Grass stains, also coffee stains, may be removed with a little alcohol, rubbing until no trace is left. Chloroform will remove paint stains.

If stains are obstinate place the stained spot over a hot iron, cover with chalk, rub off with a clean cloth, and repeat until the stain disappears.

Old fruit stains may be removed by an application of strained liquid chloride of lime. But this may injure color of goods. Perspiration stains are hard to remove. Rub with pearlash. Hang the dress in the sun and air for several hours.

Alterations in style may be made if desired, and new binding and white lace collar and yoke will change an old gown's entire appearance. Press the dress well, using a good hot iron, but beware of scorching. Press on the wrong side always, placing each plait in position as one proceeds with ironing. Press the sleeve last. Hang carefully on closet hooks until worn.

## A FATAL HARVEST.

Green Food Proved as Fatal as the Famine Itself.

One is so accustomed to hearing of China's famines that such news makes little impression. Yet the announcement that at the present time three thousand are dying daily from starvation and cold, and three hundred and fifty thousand are dependent on foreign relief, ought to convey to even far distant intelligence some conception of the terrible fact. It is horrible to think of the slow and torturing death brought on by these famines, yet few realize that with the first harvest comes a danger almost as great as that imposed by the lack of food. Richard Lovett describes this state of affairs in "James Gilmore of Mongolia."

Of all those dead by famine in northern China, the suffering of one class was, perhaps, more distressing than the others. A large number died just as the plentiful harvest ripened. Through all the hard, dreary months, when day after day, month after month, they looked and longed for rain, those who now speak of struggled, kept up hope, fared hard, hoped eagerly, and at last saw the rain come, saw the crops flourish and begin to ripen, and congratulated themselves and others on the prospect of abundant food and better days.

But they were to see it with their eyes, not to eat thereof. The great mass of people was too much reduced in bodily strength by the long period of semistarvation. Summer and the early autumn came, and the rains and attendant ague, still more reducing the strength of the already emaciated frames. You can imagine them, then, with lean faces and hungry eyes, tottering about the fields, counting the days which must elapse before the grain should ripen. The rage of hunger was no longer to be borne. They anticipated by a few days the ripening. They took grain still a little green, and put it in the pot.

But here was another difficulty. The fuel used is grain stalks, and famine at once deprives the farmer of food and fuel. Green grain they might cook, but green grain stalks would not burn. Was it a wonder that they fell upon the half-cooked green grain, and after months of the slow tortures of unappeased hunger, ate to fullness? Disease thus set in, and proved as fatal as the famine itself.

**Dr. de Van's Female Pills**  
A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Reduce all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5 a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. The Medical Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.



# THE OBSERVER

Fred. H. Stevens, Editor and Managing Director.

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

## Senator Baird and Reciprocity.

To the Editor of The Telegraph.  
Sir:—Too little prominence has been given to Hon. Senator Baird's speech at the complimentary dinner to "Honest John" Costigan at St. Basil on Tuesday, June 20.

Due to the fact that Mr. Costigan's friends were out in forces to do him honor, and these friends numbered hosts of Conservatives, the speakers preceding Senator Baird kept clear of political questions.

Consequently one and all were amazed at the turn of affairs when Mr. Baird announced that the time had come when he had to state that he was unequivocally in favor of Reciprocity; and though it was a wrench for a man to break with his party yet when he felt that his party's position to this measure were merely political when it should not be, as it was the greatest measure ever introduced by any government for benefit of the Canadian people, he could do nothing else but sever his relations with his own party and support what he felt was right.

His remarks electrified everyone and drew a storm of applause, showing that the speaker had voiced the sentiment of those present, Liberal and Conservative alike.

And when we consider Senator Baird's knowledge of Canada and his wide interests, which extend from New Brunswick to British Columbia, together with his long experience in public affairs, his utterance is doubly powerful and must carry weight.

Yours, etc.  
ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.  
St. John, June 24, 1911.

## RIVER BANK.

Dr. Estey, Mrs. Estey, and little daughter, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. C. Humphrey Taylor of Hartland and Scott Shippell who was chauffeur took tea with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hunter Sunday.

Rupert Long and his mother, Mrs. James Long, drove to East Florenceville to see Mrs. Long's sister, Mrs. Jameson who has been ill.

C. J. Smalley spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Edwin Melville spent a few days last week visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Loyely and calling on old friends. All were glad to see her. Edwin Melville spent Sunday in River Bank.

Mrs. Robert Perry of Houlton who has just returned from an extended western tour took dinner with her aunt Mrs. Gideon Holmes and stayed over night with Mrs. Bruce Tompkins, her cousin. Mrs. Holmes accompanied her to Aroostook Junction next day stopping en route to call on Mr. and Mrs. Henry Estabrooks.

Amasa Estabrooks was a visitor at the Hub Saturday.

A concert will be held in the hall the first night in July. We all hope for a successful time. The proceeds are to go towards building a horse-shed and painting the hall.

Our Sunday School is doing nicely glad to see as many take an interest in it, also the prayer meeting. After this the prayer meeting will be at 11 A. M. and Sunday School in the afternoon.

Joseph B. Tompkins and wife were calling on her parents Mr. and Mrs. R. Rideout Sunday also on Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Tompkins.

Leon Tompkins is able to be around again after his recent illness. Bruce Tompkins keeps poorly but

we hope to soon see him around again.

Gertrude Chaso has been stopping with Mrs. Joel Hartley this past week.

The Florenceville sewing circle was held at Mrs. James Bell's last Friday.

It is worse than useless to take any medicines internally for muscular or chronic rheumatism. All that is needed is a free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. For sale by all dealers.

## Destructive Fire at Bath.

A destructive fire swept Bath at an early hour Monday morning, and resulted in the loss of several dwellings and buildings and the Central Hotel, owned by G. F. Giberson. It was insured for \$2,000 in the Nova Scotia. Rev. G. A. Giberson, Baptist minister, lost his house and barn. He has \$1,000 insurance in the Anglo-American. The dwelling of E. F. Secord was destroyed. He has \$1,000 insurance in the Liverpool and London and Globe. The residence of Hiram Prost was also burned. He has \$550 in the Western.

## DINNER WITHOUT MEAT.

Ascending Butcher's Bill Has Something to Do With It.

A dinner without meat, especially in the winter time, is less of a surprise to meat eaters than it used to be. Only a few years ago it was a novelty whose names were written boldly in the Vegetarian society's records would now have submitted to such a bill of fare. Possibly the family doctor who in season and out has preached "less meat" for some years is as responsible as any one person for the change in diet. Possibly the ascending butcher's bills have had something to do with it. Whatever the cause, less meat is eaten now than ever before. In the memory of persons who are living or of their immediate ancestors. But a vegetarian diet in a house where a variety of appetizing food is demanded does not decrease the cost of living. To have variety without meat is well set table means vegetables out of season and quantities of nuts and fruits that come high.

At a dinner served by a young housewife of advanced ideas the other evening the bill of fare included bean stew with dumplings, mock turkey, mashed potatoes, squash, lettuce salad with toasted cheese crackers, orange sherbet and coffee. For the stew the common white dry beans, used for baking had been soaked the previous night and the next morning parboiled in water with a little soda and then drained thoroughly, covered with water and stewed tender with a large onion and carrot, both chopped coarsely, a cupful of stalk celery cut fine and a red pepper cut in pieces. When the beans were soft they were seasoned with salt and black pepper and the dumplings were dropped in. For the dumplings sift two cupfuls of flour with a couple of tablespoonsful of baking powder and mix with half a cupful of milk. Drop the batter by spoonfuls into the hot stew, cover closely and boil for twelve minutes without raising the cover. Turn the stew into the middle of a deep platter and arrange the dumplings around the



JIM MANFRED

This man issues a challenge to any one to box ten rounds according to Canadian Rules. Height 5 ft. 11 in.; weight 170. This is a fast boxer, a keen sportsman, and fair. He wants three weeks notice and will meet anyone anywhere for a clean boxing exhibition.

Or, he challenges to Run with anyone from 1 to 5 miles. He has done a mile in 5:40.

Address: JIM MANFRED, Carlisle, Car. Co., N. B.

## NOTICE

**C. E. ALLEN**  
The Hartland Barber  
has  
**BROWN DICK**

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

## How About that Bath Room?

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

**C. I. CHURCHILL**  
Plumber,  
Connell St., Woodstock, N. P.

## A New Real Estate List.

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

25. A farm in parish of Simonds of 150 acres, 80 cleared balance well wooded with hemlock and hardwood. A fine new 2 1/2 story house, 13 rooms finished throughout. Good cellar with new furnace. Garage house. Well house, Summer Kitchen. A new hip-roof barn 45x70 with 24ft. posts. A good well and spring near house, spring brook across farm. Situated on St. John river. Convenient to school, Post Office, Church and station. Easy terms.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CARLETON REAL ESTATE  
AGENCY,  
Hartland, N. B.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

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

## New Barber Shop.

H. B. BOYER

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

**D. Fitzgerald & Son**  
Double and Single  
**HARNESS**

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



## Local Business Men

Are realizing more every day the value of the concise, memory tickling Classified Want Ads. Make your story short and pithy and our Want Ad. Columns will repay you a hundred fold for the small investment.

Authorized Ad. by W. W. Schuch

## Want Ads.

Under this heading ads. will be inserted at the rate of 5 cts. per line per week. Seven words count as a line. Cash must accompany orders. Write plainly and address OBSERVER'S Office, Hartland, N. B. No extra charges will be made if the advertiser wishes to have the replies sent direct to this office to be forwarded.

For Sale: A five octave parlor organ in good condition for the price asked. May be seen at the Observer's office.

## ISLAND FOR SALE

The island opposite Victoria, containing 60 acres of valuable soil. Easy of access. Splendid property. Also

## DAVIS PROPERTY

near Little Presque Isle, contains 200 acres, mill site, wood and lumber. Apply to  
GEO. W. BOYER, Hartland.

## Miles Sherwood

Dealer in

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

## Compositor Wanted.

A thoroughly competent compositor for a permanent position on the OBSERVER staff, to commence work in August. Good wages paid.

THE OBSERVER Ltd.  
Hartland, N. B.

W. P. Jones, K. C.

Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, etc.  
WOODSTOCK N. B.

## BOHAN BROS.

BATH

Buyers of

Produce of all Kinds

at Highest Cash Prices

International Harvester Co's

Farm Machinery

BEST IN THE WORLD

Fruits of all kinds  
Breakfast Foods  
General Groceries.

especially

Good Molasses

McCormick's Biscuits

and Cookies

Ganong's G. B.'s

A McCaskey account Register and an Acetylene Machine for sale cheap.

F. D. TWEEDIE & Co.

Centreville, N. B.

M. W. CALDWELL

GENERAL MERCHANT

BRISTOL.

I am added to his stock

Lime, Brick, Cement and Shingles

at lowest cash prices.

special values in

Footwear and Clothing.

## YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES



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

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

Come and see our suits before you buy.

**JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.**

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK  
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

**Commercial Hotel** "A Home Away from Home."

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

**C. P. R.**

St. John to Montreal

WEEK DAYS

AND

SUNDAYS

THE  
SHORT ROUTE  
FROM

HALIFAX

AND ALL POINTS IN THE

MARITIME PROVINCES

TO

MONTREAL & WEST

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

**H. R. NIXON**

says his

**Shoe Department**

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



**For June Weddings.**

Its a grave mistake when a lovely bride making up her trousseau spends lavishly on dress and lingerie and skimps on her shoe buying. This noticeable fault will mar her wedding finery. Our showing of Oxfords, Boots, Ties, and Slippers should at least be examined by prospective brides. If you want something up-to-date get the Astoria, Gold Bond, Royal Purple, Tru-Fit, McDermott Femina, Eagle Shoes. Sure Comfort in them.

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



**Wedding Invitations!**

None finer produced in New Brunswick than those that come from

The Observer Office, Hartland, N. B.



## Local News and Personal Items

Miss Esby Craig has returned to Millinocket.

Willmot Anderson of Lakeville was here yesterday.

Miss Lizzie Dickinson is visiting Mrs. H. N. Dickinson.

Misses Beatrice and Alice Thistle are at their home here.

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

Mrs. J. K. Flemming was in St. John over Sunday, the guest of Mrs. Hetherington.

R. W. Bull, Dominion Immigration Officer, was in Hartland on official duty yesterday.

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

Rev's Geo. Ayers and F. T. Bertram of Jacksonville were callers in Hartland yesterday.

Miss Sally Tinker of Houlton was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Hagerman, last week.

The county will be saddened to learn of the death of Police Magistrate William Dibble, of Woodstock.

A. S. Estabrooks has a few 14karat solid gold wedding rings which he will dispose of at bargain prices.

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

J. W. Lawson and Emery Manuel of Knowlesville arrived from a trip to St. John on Thursday noon's express.

Mrs. D. W. Brooks of Ashland, Me. and daughters Flora and Mina are visiting at Bath, Mt. Pleasant and Hartland.

Every ratepayer should remember that the annual village meeting will be held in the hose house Monday evening.

There will be Church of England service in Burt's hall next Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45.

Dr. H. G. Perry, of Wolfville, was the guest of his former pupil, Miss Florence Robertson, at Bristol, on Wednesday.

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

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

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

The office being closed on Coronation day and one of the hands being absent for two weeks makes the OBSERVER a day late in reaching some subscribers.

The OBSERVER begins this week the publication of the promised story, "Under Two Flags," a story written years ago, and one so full of interest that it has been called the best novel in the English language. Read it.

D. E. Morgan and Son are putting new sills under their store, raising it considerably, and will put a new concrete wall under it. They will also take out the stairway that goes up the side and place a double window on that side of the shop. This will give them much more room. To reach the upper flat an outside stairway will be built.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Putnam of Bridgewater, N. S. were visiting Miss Eva Smith at East Florenceville, and Oscar Baker at Hartland last week. They were on their bridal tour and left on Saturday for Edmonton where they will make their future home. Mrs. Putnam, as Miss Morse visited Miss Smith some weeks last summer.

In some of the districts where roadwork has been done there is great improvement. Particularly is this true in the district just across the river. In Hartland the piece of concrete sidewalk in front of the Gillin block stands a monument of what could be done. More gravel sidewalks have been laid on Main street replacing the one built of old planks from the bridge two years ago. Attention has been called to the absurdly stony condition the road to Rockland has been left in.

Scott Act Inspector Colpitts was here yesterday.

Special White Wear sale now in at the Department store.

Mrs. C. H. Taylor is spending this week at Camp Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Raymond spent Sunday in Woodstock.

Miss Genie Taylor is visiting her grandfather Geo. G. Gray.

Go to Arthur S. Estabrooks for fly hooks and all kinds of fishing tackle.

A. Bertram Campbell of Mt. Pleasant was a caller at the OBSERVER office Friday.

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

Mrs. J. W. Doucett who has been visiting at Knowlesville left on Monday for Vancouver for an intended visit.

Under the Bank of Montreal building a cellar is being dug and walled up with cement. The cellar will be used for storage purposes by J. T. G. Carr, the owner.

The friends of Prof. W. F. Watson and family will be pleased to know that they have come to Hartland to spend some weeks with the professor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Watson.

A. L. Baird's window decorated for Coronation presented a splendid effect, quite the equal of any in King or Charlotte Streets in St. John, so far as the size of the window permitted. Baird always has an excellent window display.

As no program is arranged for the closing exercises of the school, there will be a picnic on Friday next on the other side of the river near the bridge. All are invited to attend, each bringing a lunch and joining in the general festival.

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

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

The Conservative meeting held last evening was well attended and much enthusiasm was shown but as the paper was practically all made up the same evening a report cannot be given this week.

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

The marriage of Miss Resie E. Daggett and Sumner A. Fairbanks of Bangor, took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Isabella S. Daggett, Smyrna Mills on June 7. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. Whittier, of the Smyrna Mills Baptist church. The bride wore a gown of cream silk and the bridal bouquet was of white roses. Miss Ada McNally, of Ashland, was maid of honor, and C. Miles Daggett, of Houlton, was best man. Mrs. A. W. Rideout, of Hartland, an aunt of the bride, was present at the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks will reside in Bangor.

In an interesting game of baseball on June 22nd between the Bachelors and Benedicts, the former won by a score of 6 to 5. It was a hit and run battle from start to finish, remarkable for the small score on account of so many errors and the frequent hitting of both twirlers with Kyle having the best of the pitching end. The game was a tie in the 6th and 7th innings, the Bachelors making their winning run in the 8th with none out. Kyle pitched and Noddin caught for the Benedicts, while Reid and Goodwin made up the battery for the Bachelors.

Score by innings:  
Bachelors 0 0 3 1 0 10 1-6  
Benedicts 0 2 2 1 0 00 0-5  
Summary: Two base hits Kyle and Schurman. First base on balls off Reid, one, off Kyle, one. Struck out by Reid 10, by Kyle 7. Left on bases Bachelors 4, Benedicts 3. Umpire Boyer and Noddin. Time of game one hour, thirty-five minutes. — Press

There is one medicine that every family should be provided with and especially during the summer months; viz, Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed. It costs but a quarter. Can you afford to be without it? For sale by all dealers.

The woman of today who has good health, good temper, good sense, bright eyes and a lovely complexion, the result of correct living and good digestion, wins the admiration of the world. If your digestion is faulty Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will correct it. For sale by dealers.

### A Snap for the Farmer

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

### Notice of Sale.

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

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the First day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five, registered in the Carleton County Records in Book K No. 4 on pages 366, 367, 368, 369 and 370, made between S. Lorenzo Dickinson and Myra A. Dickinson his wife of the one part; and the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation of the other part; which mortgage was subsequently assigned to the undersigned Carrie F. Boyer, there will for the purpose of satisfying the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis E. Young on Main Street in the town of Woodstock on Saturday the 22 day of July next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, that portion of the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows: "All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated in the said Parish of Wakefield on the East side of the Second Tier Road and bounded and described as follows: On the North by lands formerly owned by William Hoyt and now owned by one William Hamilton, and by land owned by Christopher Burthwick; on the East by lands owned by the said Christopher Burthwick and Adelaide E. Thomas; on the South by lands owned by one Jones and Wesley Scott; and on the West by the Second Tier Road aforesaid. And being the same lands conveyed to the said S. Lorenzo Dickinson by Sarah A. Dickinson and William W. Snow, the Executrix and Executor of the Last Will and Testament of the late Matthew Dickinson by Deed bearing date the Thirteenth day of October A. D. 1894 and duly recorded in the said Carleton County Records in Book "T" Number Three

"on Pages 256 and 257."

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

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

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

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

### Thornton's Barber Shop

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

### OLD FACES MADE NEW

### BREAD

like MOTHER used to make.

Fine Confectionery  
and Soft Drinks.

### SIMMS

### 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. Mary's N. B.

What we have done for others we can do for you

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

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

### MANLEY H. CRAIG

Deputy Land Surveyor

and

Timber Land Estimator

Telephone 61-23. PERTH, N. B.



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

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

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10%) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
R. C. DESROCHERS,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works.  
Ottawa, June 16, 1911.

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

You can guarantee yourself a

## SURE CROP OF POTATOES

by using

## BUG DEATH

It kills the Bugs and Prevents Rust.

FOR SALE AT THE

## HARDWARE

## STORE

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

# Great Subscription Bargain.

500 New  
Subscribers  
Must be  
Secured at once.

Knowing that 90 per cent of those who take the paper on trial will continue to take it we offer THE OBSERVER from

# NOW

TO

# JAN. 1st. '12

FOR ONLY

# 10 CENTS

Send your Name and a Dime to

FRED. H. STEVENS, Manager, Hartland, N. B.

## Rideout & Sipprell

proprietors of the

## "Quick Lunch"

Full Dinner for 25 cents

Everything Fresh, Neat, and Absolutely Clean.

Fresh Fruits, Finest Chocolates,  
Canned Goods, etc.

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



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

From Our Own Estates to You, Specially Blended and Picked for Canada. Fragrant, Delicious and Invigorating

# LIPTON'S TEA

Over 2 Million Packages Sold Weekly.

## GREAT INDIAN CHIEF DEAD

### BULL HEAD, WAS WAR CHIEF OF THE SARCEES.

Was a Link Between the Old Wild Days and the Present—Big Belly to Succeed.

Absolutely blind, worn, bent, and helpless, but in his prime one of the greatest fighting chiefs which British America has ever produced, there died the other day at the Sarcos Reserve on the banks of the Yellow River, near Calgary, Alberta, Bull Head, chief of the tribe.

A thorough-going pagan who had never professed Christianity, seven feet tall, mighty of muscle, absolutely fearless, and footloose of adventure, Bull Head was a figure of the past rather than of the present, one of the few remaining connecting links between the romantic days of the buffalo hunt and Indian wars and the Western Canada of to-day, with its thousands of miles of railways, mills, and acres of grain fields, prosperity, cities growing like the mushroom almost in a night, its coal mines, smelters, and manufactures.

The day following his death, Bull Head was laid to rest in a seven-foot coffin, with full pagan rites, on the banks of Fish Creek, seven miles from Calgary. He ruled his people with wisdom and when the pale face finally came he was one of the first to take treaty smoking the pipe of peace with the white man in 1880.

Bull Head was a war chief, plain and simple. The Sarcos, in their prime days carried the laurel for being the most dangerous fighters of the North-West, "bad medicine" in any conflict. They held the friendship of the Blackfeet, the Bloods, and the Peigans, by reason of their prowess and their undying hatred of the Crees; and they fought the Crees at every opportunity.

### KILLED FIVE MEN.

Bull Head was born about 1838, and when a lad of eight years of age he lost the sight of his left eye by the smallpox plague that devastated the North-West Indians early in the forties. He grew to manhood, a mighty man, seven feet tall, and his reputation as a hunter and fighter grew with his stature. Fifty years ago Bull Head's brother was elected chief. Five years later, in a battle with the Crees, the brother of Bull Head was mortally shot, and as he fell he handed his rifle to Bull Head. Thus he was elected chieftain, for the brother gazed out his life as he parted with the weapon. Bull Head, who was fighting from a teepee, shot at and killed a Cree warrior standing near by, then he and his squaw crawled forth and snaked the dead body into the teepee, where they scalped it.

In the Indian roll of honor, the trophies of war collected by a warrior set his standard of efficiency and reputation for bravery. To capture a gun from an enemy was the height of bravery, a sort of Cross of the Legion of Honor; to take the scalp was but a notch below, and then followed lesser grades of bravery for the capture of bows, knives, spears, and tomahawks. The war history is painted clear and simple on the tanned side of two great steer hides, that are on the reserve, south-west of Calgary. In red and black and blue paint the hieroglyphics stare back at the reader and tell the tale of the tall chief's prowess. He fought in thirty battles, he killed five men with his own hand, he stole horses from the Crees, took guns, scalp, five bows, five tomahawks, one spear from his enemies.

### BRAVE AS HE WAS WILD.

The crude painted figures show of night attacks, of successful and unsuccessful raids, of bloody battles, and hurried flights. They show Bull Head's brave rescues of friends, and an action that had been a British soldier, would have won for him the Victoria Cross. Bull Head, one of his bravest, and the squaw of the brave were nearly caught by a large party of Crees. Both the Sarcos and the Crees were mounted, and the horse ridden by the squaw stumbled and fell. Though hard pressed by the Crees, Bull Head stopped, dismounted, lifted the squaw to the back of the pony which carried the

other brave, and then the Sarcos rode on and escaped.

Bull Head was born a pagan and died one. He stayed by the bedside of his fathers. When he signed treaty in 1886, he retired to the reserve and kept his tribe in hand, even through the wildest kinds of Indian excitement. His word was law. And he saw his enemies drop off one by one, from disease and violence; he saw his comrades of old battles sickened and pass to the happy hunting grounds, and he stayed on, ruling his tribe. His lone eye grew dim, and finally failed entirely; he still ruled, however, in his log cabin in the winter, or his teepee in summer, humped up, shriveled, a fearful, heavy-eyed horror of what had once been the greatest warrior the Sarcos ever boasted. Then finally he died, worn out, simply lay back and his spirit passed on. He assisted in sending many enemies on the long trail before they could remove their moccasins, but he died in bed as peaceful men die.

### PRESERVED RESERVE.

So passed Bull Head, chief of the Sarcos. He was dirty, and old, and crippled, but he had been the pride of the tribe. His mental faculties remained with him to the last, and only his stubborn stance against the selling of the reserve has preserved for the tribe that very choice piece of Alberta, ten miles square, on the edge of the foothills, with a stream on each side, and the finest range in hundreds of miles. It is one of the most choice parts of the entire Province. Bull Head saved it for the Sarcos. Whether the new chief will do likewise remains to be seen.

Big Belly, fifty years old, is looked upon as the most likely to succeed the deceased chieftain. His one rival, strange to say, is a Cree who was adopted into the tribe when peace was declared, and at the time the Indian treaties were signed and reserves were allotted. But the Cree blood is against the rival candidate, even in this enlightened day, and Big Belly will probably win.

### THE DIET IN RHEUMATISM.

Red Meats Not the Only Article of Food to Be Avoided.

"If there is a disease more than any other that is caused by improper diet, and that can be helped most often by a diet properly adapted to the capacity of the patient, it is rheumatism, in almost everyone of its forms," writes a physician in the Woman's Home Companion.

There is a popular belief that meat, especially red meat, is the only arch-enemy that carries into the system uric acid and the other members of the purin group. Tea, coffee, chocolate, cocoa, peas, beans, asparagus, onions, and a few other foods all contain the purin bodies to some extent. Animal soups and malt liquors are also guilty.

"All alcoholic liquors are objectionable, some of course more than others. By many the white meat of chicken or other fowl is considered much less pernicious than red meat, such as beef, mutton, lamb, etc., and by others this is contradicted. Excellent authorities, however, state that whatever may be true theoretically the so-called red meats seem most objectionable practically.

"Increasing the easily digested animal foods, allowing milk, eggs, a small amount of cheese, broiled or roast meats, beef, lamb and chicken in small quantities once a day often brings a happy result. Combine with these farinaceous foods such as rice, farina, tapioca, wheat bread, etc., and suitable vegetables and fruits. Such procedure may give just the relief the overworked machine is craving.

"During acute attacks of rheumatism the diet should consist of milk, buttermilk, milk toast, gruels, etc. This should continue so long as there is any fever. All meats and other objectionable articles mentioned above should be excluded until recovery is assured.

"Alkaline waters are valuable, and excellent results follow the use of generous quantities (at least three pints daily) of any pure soft water taken between meals."

### DIPLOMATIC.

Young Man—"So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?" Small Brother—"Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."

## A GREAT DAY FOR WELSHMEN

### THE INVESTITURE OF PRINCE EDWARD.

Most Splendid Pageant of the Kind Ever Witnessed in the United Kingdom.

"The King has been pleased to accede to the wish of the Welsh people that the ancient custom of investiture of the Prince of Wales should be revived."

Thus runs the official announcement, and "little Wales" is in a flutter of pleasurable excitement over it. The investiture is to take place at Carnarvon Castle, where Edward Plantagenet, first Prince of Wales, was born, and where, according to tradition, he received the homage of the Welsh nobles and chieftains.

At Carnarvon Castle they show you the very door—Queen Elizabeth's gateway it is called—at which the baby Prince was presented to their Welsh forbears by his proud father. This gateway, by the way, will be the centre of interest in the forthcoming pageant of investiture. For from it our present Prince of Wales will step forth to receive the homage of his Welsh subjects. It faces an immense slate quarry, a vast natural amphitheatre, which, cleared and barricaded, will, it is estimated, hold fifty thousand spectators.

### WEDDED TO WALES.

The actual investiture will take place inside the castle, in the presence of some fifteen thousand nobles, the pick and cream of the people of Wales and the United Kingdom. The young Prince will, if established precedents are followed, be presented before his father the King clad in a surcoat, cloak, and mantle of crimson velvet, with a girdle of gold.

The Archdruid of Wales, in his picturesque flowing robes, will then advance and place on the youth's head a torque or golden circlet, the distinguishing mark of the ancient Celtic Princes of Wales. Afterwards a rod of gold will be put in his hand and then will follow "the gift of the ring," the most important and symbolic part of the ceremony, intended, as it is, to intimate to the recipient that he is expected to be "a husband to his country and a father to its inhabitants, his children."

Meanwhile, outside in Carnarvon the very door—Queen Elizabeth's gateway—will be thronged for the occasion, will thunder forth a Royal salute, and the troops on land will fire a feu de joie. This latter will in itself be one of the biggest things of the kind on record, for the whole strength of the Welsh Territorials is to be mobilized, and the King's household troops will also be present, both horse and foot.

### HOMAGE TO THEIR PRINCE.

Other suggestions have been made to give added solemnity to the occasion, and to render it as distinctively Welsh as possible.

One of these that will probably be acted upon is that from Abernethy, near Carnarvon, shall be brought the celebrated Arrow Stone (Carneg-y-Bwthyn) upon which the Welsh chieftains of old sharpened their battle axes, spears, and arrows, while swearing allegiance to their kings.

Another picturesque suggestion is that delegates chosen from all grades of the Welsh people shall defile by three before their new Prince, and do him homage.

First will come three grey old shepherds from the hills, as representing the earliest pastoral industry, to be followed by three farmers from the dales. After them will march representatives of the ploughmen, the quarrymen, the ironworkers, the tinsmiths, the colliers, all in threes, likewise the gallant sea captains who carry the good name of Wales so high on every sea that rolls.

And these again will give place to representatives of the clergy of each denomination, to lord lieutenants of counties, admirals of Welsh ports, officers in the Welsh Territorials, and the Welsh peers.

### TO BE GUESTS OF THE KING.

It has been decided that 100,000 children shall attend the King's Coronation, fete at the Crystal Palace on June 30 as guests of the King. They will be chosen by ballot. The children to be invited will taken in equal proportions from all the public elementary schools in the administrative area of the London County Council, the number of boys and girls being equal.

### A NICE POINT IN LAW.

(No. 1.)

Prominent Lawyer (at home)—"Where was I night before last? How do I know. Do you expect me to remember every little thing I do?"

(No. 2.)

Same Lawyer (in court)—"The testimony of the witness is plainly unreliable. As you see, he cannot recollect where he was on the 16th day of October, 1887, between 11.50 a.m. and 12.01 p.m."

## THE EAST END OF LONDON

### A NEWSPAPER MAN SEES IT AFTER DARK.

An Amazing Description of a Personal Visit to London's Crime Centre.

The small room, with its coke fire and its atmosphere reeking of vodka and tobacco smoke, contained eight men, seven of whom had done penal servitude. The eighth was myself, says a writer in London Answers.

The man who had brought me there was one of the worst criminals in the whole of the metropolis. How I enlisted his services is not material to the story, but he did his work well, protected me from insult, and took me to places where no journalistic foot had ever trod before.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when we left the District station at Whitechapel, and, walking some distance, plunged into densely populated streets, so dark and dreary that it is little wonder that a small proportion of the inhabitants turn to crime for excitement and relaxation—not to mention the means to live.

Our first visit was to a certain place which, my companion explained, was a well-known expository for stolen property. The proprietor is in with every thief in the district, and even in the small hours of the morning can command any kind of vehicle to collect the proceeds of some robbery.

### I POSE AS A PICKPOCKET.

The fact that the proprietor has been in prison does not deter him from carrying on his business. He is alleged to have a fat banking account, but lives in a dreadful style, snatching a few hours' sleep on the floor on a miserable wooden couch or in a chair. The solitary bed-room, dreadful to relate, is occupied by his wife, three sons, and four daughters—the eldest about eighteen years of age.

A beautifully-trained lurcher dog gives warning of the approach of a strange footfall, and this and other precautions enable him to defy the police.

My companion accounted for my presence by saying that I was "one of the boys," just arrived from Birmingham, who intended to do a bit of pocket-picking in London. He took sole responsibility for my good behavior, and soon whatever restraint there was in conversation vanished, and story after story of criminal achievement came from my guide and our host.

In front of his wife and children the latter openly bragged of his crimes, and they followed him with breathless attention. The wife gazed with pride on the husband who had put a warder "to sleep," and she looked with stoical equanimity on the scars of his flesh he showed me, left by the cruel cat-o'-nine-tails. They were the strangest people I have ever met.

### A TERROR TO THE WARDERS.

One thing I was not long in discovering. The criminals of the East End are loyal to each other. When one of their number is inquired for, there are always plenty of scouts to give him warning. Should there be a fight with the police, there are seldom wanting one or two who will run any risk to rescue a companion.

In the locality where my investigations commenced, policemen venture singly. They patrol in pairs, and there is always a comrade within call; and it is whispered that on occasion they regard discretion as the better part of valor, and let a man go free rather than risk the certain vengeance of his friends.

We traversed again the familiar ground where years ago there was a reign of terror, consequent on the unsolved Ripper murders, and then, diving down an alley, my guide took me into a little public house, to introduce me to one of the most remarkable criminals in England.

His body was misshapen, one leg was wood, and he got about with crutches, but he had a face of singular beauty; his eyes were long, white, and clean; his hands were almost gazelle-like in their expression.

His services are worth ten pounds a week when times are

good. In his misshapen body there is an amazing amount of strength, and those lean hands can grip like a vice. He is used by a very smart gang who, having planned a burglary, drop him unceremoniously down a cellar grating, where he lies in wait until the time is ripe for him to commence operations. Then, it appears, his wooden leg and crutches are discarded, and he moves about with a strange, silent, SNAKE-LIKE MOVEMENT, collecting all the valuable he can lay hands on, and handing them in sacks through the grating to accomplices.

In prison—and he has done several terms—this man is known as a terror to the warders, and it is during his periods of incarceration that the man becomes a veritable demon. His wooden leg and his crutches are taken away, but, even so, he can land on the back of a warder with a cat-like spring, grip the man's throat, and almost strangle him before assistance comes. He has an eloquent tongue and when he is punished he appeals to the visiting committee to have his crutches restored, but no sooner has this been granted than he causes more trouble.

As we travel along, still in the back streets, we pass a lad of about sixteen who is pointed out to me as having made a successful speciality of passing counterfeit coins.

"Lend us a snide two-bog" (counterfeit two-shilling piece) says my guide, and the request is immediately complied with.

Then I learn that this youth will supply me with a pound's worth of almost perfect specimens of the joiners' art for ten shillings. His work is a remarkable example of criminal cunning. Accompanied by four more youths, he takes a ride into the distant suburbs. He himself carries but one "snide" two-shilling piece. The bulk are carried by confederates.

### WELL DRESSED AND AFFABLE.

He enters a small shop and makes a threepenny purchase, offering a counterfeit coin in payment. If he is detected he offers a profuse apology, and hands out a good coin. Should the worst happen, he volunteers to be searched, knowing that, in a few minutes they have been tearing at each other's throats. The warders were powerless, for he had "stepped" into the cell, they would have been simply mutilated.

"The warders get their own back like this: A prisoner to whom they have taken a violent hatred is given every facility to escape. He seizes the chance, and is immediately shot dead by the officers, who have been on the watch."

Just before five o'clock "time" was called, and in two, three, and singly we left the foul den for the chill, raw air of the East End.

We had escaped molestation, and thought not of the other perils in store.

He receives a gruff reply in the negative, and we are invited to join in the game. But, with an intimation that we "have a bit of important business on," my protector gives a knowing wink, which draws forth the admiring tribute that he is "a fly lot," and, with a whispered injunction to "notice the kiddies," he ushers me outside.

"Those four children," he says, as we emerge into the air, "earn sixpence a day each. Two of them go round with Italian organ-grinders, and the other two go with PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS.

How they manage to dodge the school attendance officers is a mystery."

The clocks have by now struck the hour of midnight and the atmosphere chills one to the bone. "I am going to take you to one of the wickedest places anywhere about here," my mentor announces, "and I warn you to lie as low as possible, and allow me to do the talking. If you have to talk, use crook lingo" (thieves' language).

At the moment, we were walking quickly along a street. Suddenly my guide draws me down a dark entry. Through the slush and slime we pick our way, and I soon discover that what is seemingly a blank wall contains a door. Passing through this without molestation arouses my curiosity, and I whisper a desire for an explanation.

"We pressed a plank," he murmurs, "and that plank rings an electric bell, so that the doorkeeper shall be ready when we arrive at the next door."

My guide gives three sharp taps, and a small panel is pushed back to show a terrible face. In language which I do not understand, but which I know to be Yiddish, low conversation is carried on. Then a bolt is shot, a heavy bar lifted, and we are inside a club—which does not appear on the register—which shelters some of the worst criminals in the locality, and where gambling and drinking go on unchecked to an alarming extent.

### SECRET GAMBLING CLUB.

Three or four parties are either playing banker, faro, baccarat, or nap, and every eye is turned on us as we enter the card room, which also contains a small bar, from which not only vodka but spirits favored by Englishmen are sold. You have to pay double price for everything, and, contrary to the rules existing in well regulated clubs where guests are not allowed to pay for anything, I was permitted to treat the company.

It was getting towards three o'clock when my friend, whose side I had never left, invited me to a room adjoining the card room—the whole club only consisted of two rooms—where half a dozen men were seated round the coke fire drinking the fiery spirit of Russia.

It had loosened their tongues, and the reserve which surrounded them on ordinary occasions had vanished. With one man I became very chummy. He had, he told me quite frankly, served time in a Russian prison—offence not specified—and he made my blood curdle.

### IN A RUSSIAN PRISON.

"Suppose," said this hardened ruffian to me in broken English, between sips of the spirit, "a man in Russia has half a dozen friends in prison: He represents that he wants these men to do some work, for which he pays the authorities sevenpence halfpenny a day. By bribing the warder he can get his own particular friends, take them to his house, make the officer who accompanies them drunk, give them a right royal time, and send them back to the prison at nine p.m."

"I have been in the cell," he went on, "when six of these men have returned the worse for drink. Words have led to blows, and in a few minutes they have been tearing at each other's throats. The warders were powerless, for he had 'stepped' into the cell, they would have been simply mutilated."

"The warders get their own back like this: A prisoner to whom they have taken a violent hatred is given every facility to escape. He seizes the chance, and is immediately shot dead by the officers, who have been on the watch."

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### THUMB RINGS, MAGPI CHAINS.

And Ankle Bracelets are in Favor in Paris at Present.

Thumb rings, magpie chains and ankle bracelets are in favor in Paris, France, at present. An actress started the thumb ring fashion. She wore one of a design so wide that it reached nearly to the nail, and the emeralds which composed it matched her green gown, and hair ornaments. After that theatrical first night the jewelers received orders for thumb rings of unique designs, and there are many to be seen now.

Serpents set with rubies or emeralds are popular for ankle bracelets, and those of plain gold with jeweled eyes are also fashionable. The short tight dresses make ankle ornaments a necessity, it is declared, and when the gowns are long the lower hems are of lace or chiffon, so the anklets can be seen and appreciated.

The black and white combination which is fashionable is introducing itself into such accessories as the long neck chains or chains for long-nettes, which are now made of black and white beads of satin and wood or of pearls and bits of jet, or again, of round particles of gun metal and porcelain. These are known as the magpie chains and with them are used black and white bead, handbags and jarasols with black and white striped handles.

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# UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

## PREFACE

Ouida's world famous novel, "Under Two Flags," dramatized by Paul M. Potter, has made a great hit on the stage. The dramatist has dealt mainly with that part of the book in which Cigarette is so conspicuous a figure and in which the Hon. Bertie Cecil, having fled from England under a cloud, is known only as "Louis Victor" and "Bel-a-faire-pour," corporal in the French army in Algeria. Cecil prior to his flight is a member of the First Life Guards in London and is such a veritable Beau Brummel that he is called "Beauty of the Brigades." He is an athlete, a wonderful amateur steeple-

chase jockey, a great flirt and the recipient of the smiles of numerous young matrons, the principal one being Lady Guenevere. He is a second son, a spendthrift, and his means are so limited that he calls himself "a pauper and a guardman." His father, Lord Royall, hates him, but is very fond of his younger brother, Berkeley, a weak youth, with little sense of honor. While keeping a tryst with Lady Guenevere her reputation becomes impugned, and Cecil gives his word of honor that he will not tell where he was the 15th of the month. He has incurred the enmity of a race track tout and wench named Ben Davis, whose friend, Ezra Baroni, becomes possessed of a note signed "Bertie Cecil" and informed with the forged signature "Berkeley," the name of Cecil's best friend, Lord Rockingham, future Duke of Lyonnese, better known as "Seraph," colonel of the First Life Guards. When accused of the forgery by Baroni, Cecil assures Seraph, who implicitly believes in his honesty, that he is innocent, but when given an opportunity to prove that he was not in Baroni's office on the 15th of the month getting the forged note discounted he refuses to do so because of his pledge to Lady Guenevere and because a hundred, scrawled, miserable letters, blotted with tears, reveals to him the identity of the real forger. He submits to arrest, but later, when Baroni attempts to have him dragged, handcuffed through the streets, escapes with his pistol, Rake, to France. Prior to his arrest Seraph's little "year-old sister, Lady Yenetia, tells him she hears he has lost all his money owing to the defeat of his favorite horse, Forest King, because the horse was dragged by the wench's paid tool in revenge and offers to give him all her money. Cecil is greatly touched by the child's kindness, but refuses her aid, accepting in lieu thereof a little enamel sweetmeat box, which he says he will keep in memory of her. The scene then changes to Algiers, where Cecil and Rake are humble soldiers under another flag, the flag of France.

## CHAPTER I

"DID I not say he would eat Rake?"

"He is a brave one!"

"Rides like an Arab."

"Smokes like a souvee."

"Onto of a head with that back circular sweep. Ah-h-h! Magnificent!"

"And dances like an aristocrat; not like a thip spah!"

The last crown to the chorus of applause and insult to the circle of applauders was launched with all the fluency of inimitable cartoon slang and camp assurance from a speaker who had perched astride a broken fragment of wall, with her barrel of wine set up on end, on the stones in front of her and her six soldiers, her big babble, as she was given materially to calling them, lounging at their ease on the arid, dusty turf below. She was very pretty, audaciously pretty, though her skin was burned to a bright sunny brown and her hair was cut as short as a boy's, and her face had not one regular feature in it. But then—regularly, who wanted it? Who would have thought the most picturesque type a change for the better, with those dark, dancing, challenging eyes, with that arch, brilliant, kitten-like face and those scarlet lips like a bud of camellia that were never so handsome as when a cigarette was between them, or, sooth to say, not seldom a pipe itself?

She was pretty, she was insolent, she was intolerably coquettish, she was mischievous as a marmoset, she would never let need be like a souvee, she could fire galloping, she could toss off her brandy or her vermuth like a trooper, she would on occasion clutch her little brown hand and deal a blow that the recipient would not forget twice, she was a child of Paris and had all its wickedness at her fingers, she would sing you odd songs till you were suffocated with laughter, and she would dance the cancan at the Salle de Mars with the biggest giant of a cancaner there. And yet, with all that, she was not wholly unsexed, with all that she had the delicious fragrance of youth and had not left a certain feminine grace behind her, though she wore a vivandiere's uniform and had been born in a barrack and meant to die in a battle. It was the blending of the two that made her pleasant, made her a novelty in her own way, known at pleasure and equally in the army of Africa as "Cigarette" and "L'Amie du Drapeau" (the Friend of the Flag).

"That like a thip spah!" It was a

cruel cut to her big babble, mostly spah, lying there at her feet or rather at the foot of the wall, singing their praises, with magnanimity beyond praise, of a certain Chasseur d'Afrique.

"Ho, Cigarette!" growled a little zouave known as Tata Leroux. "That is the way thou forsakest thy friends for the first fresh face."

"Well, it is not a face like a tobacco stopper, as thou is, Tata," responded Cigarette, with a puff of her nose. "The reputation of the camp is apt to be rough. 'He is Bel-a-faire-pour, as you nickname him.'"

"A woman's face!" growled the injured Tata, whose own countenance was of the color and well nigh of the fatness of one of the red bricks of the wall.

"Out!" said the Friend of the Flag, with more expression in that single ejaculation than could be put in a volume. "He does woman's deeds; does he? He has woman's hands, but they can fight, I fancy! Six Arabs to his own sword the other day in that skirmish! Superb! Ah, he did not stop to cut their gold buttons off, as thou wouldst have done, Tata! Well, he has not learned the art of war," laughed Cigarette. "It was a waste; he should have brought me their sashes at least. By the way, when did he join?"

"Ten—twelve—years ago, or thereabout."

"He should have learned to strip Arabs by this time, then," said Cigarette, turning the tip of her barrel to replenish the wine cup, "and to steal from them, too, living or dead. Thou must take him in hand, Tata!"

"Sacre bleu!" grumbled Tata. "Thy heart is all gone to the Englishman." Cigarette laughed saucily. Sentiment has an exquisitely ludicrous side when one is a black-eyed wine seller perched astride on a wall and dispensing brandy dashed wine to half a dozen sun-baked spahs.

"My heart wakes fresh every day. An Englishman! Why dost thou think him that?"

"Because he is a giant," said Tata. Cigarette snatched her fingers. "I have danced with grenadiers and cuirassiers quite as tall and twice as heavy. Next!"

"Because he bathes—splash, like any water dog."

"Because he is silent."

"Because he rises in his stirrups."

"Because he likes the sea."

"Because he knows boxing."

"Because he is so quiet and blazes like the devil underneath."

Under which mass of overwhelming proof of nationality the Friend of the Flag gave in.

"Yes, like enough. Besides, the other one is English. Look!—look of the Chasseur d'Afrique tells me that the other one waits on him like a slave when he can—cleans his harness, litters his horse, saves him all the hard work when he can do it without being found out. Where did they come from?"

"They will never tell."

Cigarette tossed her nonchalant head, with a puff of her cherry lips and a slang oath, light as a bird, wicked as a rigolboche.

"Aff! They will tell it to me."

"Chut! Thou mayest make a lion tame, a culture leave blood, a drum

"He does woman's deeds, does he?"

beat its own rattan, a dead man fire a musket, but thou wilt never make an Englishman speak when he is bent to be silent."

Cigarette launched a choice missile of barrack slang at an array of metaphors which their propounder thought stupendous in their brilliancy.

"Englishmen are but men. Put the wine in their head, make them whirl in a waltz, promise them a kiss, and one turns such brains as they have inside out. When a woman is handsome, she is never denied. He shall tell me where he comes from. I doubt that it is from England. See here—why not?" And she checked the nose off on her little brown fingers: "He doesn't eat his meat raw; he speaks very soft; he waltzes so light, so light; he never grumbles in his throat like an angry bear; there is no fog in him. How can he be English with all that?"

"There are English and English," said the philosophic Tata, who piqued himself on being serenely cosmopolitan.

"That like a thip spah!" It was a

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Cigarette blew a contemptuous puff of smoke.

"There was never one yet that did not growl! If they don't use their tusks, they sit and sulk. An Englishman is always boxing or grumbling. The two make up his life."

Which "ew she had derived from a profound study of various vandevelles, and, having delivered it, she sprang down from her wall, strapped on her little barrel, dodged to her big babble, where they lounged full length in the shadow of the stone wall, and left them to resume their game at boc while she started on her way singing.

Here was a flashing, dauntless, vivacious life, just in its youth, loving plunder and mischief and mirth, caring for nothing and always ready with a laugh, a song, a slang repartee or a shot from the dainty pistols thrust in her sash that a general of division had given her, whichever best suited the moment.

Her mother a camp follower, her father nobody knew who, a spoiled child of the army from her birth, with a heart as broad as her cheek, yet with odd, stray, nature sown instincts here and there of a devil may care nobility and of a wild grace that nothing could kill, Cigarette was the pet of the army of Africa and was as lawless as most of her patrons.

She would eat a succulent duck, thinking it all the spicier because it had been a soldier's loot; she would wear the gold plunder of a dead Arab's dress and never have a pang of conscience with it; she would dance all night long, when she had a chance, like a little Bacchante; she would shoot a man, if need be, with all the nonchalance in the world. She had had a thousand lovers, from handsome marquis of the guides to laymen, black-browed secondaries in the zouaves, and she had never loved anything except the roll of the drum and the sight of her own arch, defiant lip, with its scarlet tips and its short, jetty hair, when she saw it by chance in some burnished cuirass that served her for a mirror.

Alway she went, now singing down the crooked windings and over the ruined gardens of the old Moorish quarter of the Casbah, the hilts of the tiny pistols, glimmering in the sun and the fierce fire of the burning sunlight pouring down unheeded on the brave, bright hawk eyes that had never since they first opened to the world drooped or dimmed for the rays of the sun or the gaze of a lover, for the menace of death or the presence of war.

Of course she was a little amazon; of course she was a little guerrilla; of course she did not know what a blush meant; of course her thoughts were as potent as her mischievous mischief was in its action; but she was "a good soldier," as she was given to say, with a toss of her curly head, and she had some of the virtues of soldiers. Soldiers had been about her ever since she first remembered having a wooden casserole for a cradle and sucking down red wine through a pipette. Soldiers had been her books, her teachers, her models, her guardians and, later on, her lovers, all the days of her life. She had no guiding star except the anger on the standards; she had no cradle song except the rattle, plan and the rattle; she had no sense of duty taught her except to face life boldly, never to betray a comrade and to worship two deities, "Glory" and "France."

Yet there were tales told in the barrack yards and under canvas of the little Friend of the Flag that had a gentler side; of how softly she would touch the wounded; of how deftly she would cure them; of how carelessly she would dash through under a raking fire to take a comrade at arms to a drying man; of how she had set by an old grenadier's death couch to sing to him, refusing to stir although it was a fete at Chelons and she loves fetes as only a French girl can; of how she had sent every son of her money to her mother, so long as that mother lived, a brutal, drunken, vile tongued old woman who had beaten her often times as the sole maternal attention, when she was but an infant. Her own sex would have been no good to her, but her comrades at arms could and did. Of a surety, she missed virtues that women prize; but not less of a surety had she caught some that they miss.

Singing her refrain, on she dashed now, and, like a chamoula, she leaped down over the great masses of Turkish ruins, cleared the channel of a dry water course and alighted just in front of a Chasseur d'Afrique who was sitting alone on a broken fragment of white marble, relic of some Moorish mosque. He was sunken, but scarcely looked so after the red, brown and black of the zouaves and the turco, for his skin was naturally very fair, the features delicate, the eyes very soft—for which M. Tata had growled contemptuously "a woman's face"—a long, silken chestnut beard swept over his chest, and his figure, as he leaned there in the blue and scarlet and gold of the chasseurs' uniform, was as Cigarette's critical eye told her, the figure of a superb cavalry rider, light, supple, long of limb, wide of chest, with every sinew and nerve firm knit as links of steel. She glanced at his hands, which were very white, despite the sun of Algiers and the labors that fall to a private of chasseurs.

"A handsome dandy," she thought, "and noble, whatever he is."

But the best of blood was not new to her in the ranks of the Algerian regiments. She had known so many of them—those gilded butterflies, those lordly spendthrifts who had served in the squadrons of the French horse, to be thrust nameless and unhonored into a sand hole hastily dug with bayonets in the hot bush of an African night.

She woke him unceremoniously from his reverie with a challenge to wine.

"Ah, ha, my soldier, Tata Leroux says

you are English! By the faith, he must be right or you would never sit musing there like an owl in the sunlight! Take a draft of my Burgundy; bright as rubies. I never sell bad wines—not if I know better than to drink them myself."

He started and rose, and before he took the cup bowed to her, raising his cap with a grave, courteous obeisance, a bow that had used to be noted in thronerooms for its perfection of grace. "Ah, my pretty one, is it you?" he said wearily. "You do me much honor."

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