

THE OBSERVER

Vol. 2.

HARTLAND, N.B., May 3, 1911.

No. 48.

The DAYLIGHT

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

SHOES! Children's, Misses', Boys'.

the kind that is Hard to wear out and Easy to buy.

SPECIAL:

Womens Kid Shoes, Regular \$2.00 for \$1.59

Frank W. Slater Shoes

FOR MEN

Good Style. Good Quality at a fair price.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES

you can't afford to make them when you can buy them for only \$1.40, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.50 from ages 8 to 20 years old.



55c. CORSETS

JUST ARRIVED

Summer Corsets only 55 cents and others from 55 to \$2.00 per pair.

TRY OUR Red Label & Blue Label TEA

FARM MACHINERY REPAIRS

We sell repairs for all Massey-Harris and McCormick Farm Implements. What is not on hand can be procured at short notice. Repairs sold for cash only.

CHEAP SALE

every day in the year except Sundays and Legal Holidays.

A few days ago one of the Special Clerks who had been employed at a recent CHEAP SALE in Hartland happened in our store and noting a discount I was giving a customer remarked as follows: "Why, that is just the discount we offered at our cheap-sale"

The more this is being found out the more our trade increases.

GARDEN SEEDS.

We have most of them in bulk and they are the best we can procure.

We have a little Timothy and Clover left and some Wheat, Barley and Field PEAS

ARTHUR S. ESTABROOKS

ROCKLAND.

TOBACCOS AT CHASES'

HARTLAND, N. B.

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

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

S. S. Teacher Resigned.

At the close of the last session of the U. B. Sunday School Horace R. Nixon, who has taught a class of young ladies with much appreciation, surprised his scholars by handing them a written resignation and leaving them alone to consider it. The girls were at first minded to proceed to Mr. Nixon's residence and beg him to reconsider his action.

This was not done, and the final conclusion was that they should all surprise him at his home on Tuesday evening.

The event was altogether informal and Mr. Nixon was much affected by the girls' appeal. He said they had chosen the only means which could have induced him to again take up the work. He expects to be in his place as usual next Sunday.

Base Ball

The first game of ball of the season was played on McMullin's flat on Friday night between the School team and a team picked from the town. This is the first work out for the town boys and they did not exert themselves to win 6-4, in a six inning game. The game was very fast from start to finish, both sides using two pitchers, Fred Thornton being relieved by Arthur Kyle in the third inning and LeVine took the box in the third. A. Goodwin going to first base.

The teams lined up as follows:

| School | Town |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| R. Plummer | c. V. Noddin |
| A. Goodwin | p. F. Thornton |
| J. LeVine | 1st R. Stevens |
| B. Miller | 2nd A. W. Kyle |
| A. Thornton | 3rd H. Aiton |
| G. Aiton | a.s. W. White |
| H. Fleming | 1.f. O. Boyer |
| E. Rice | c.f. D. MacMullin |
| O. Hovey | r.f. E. Smith |
| Umpire, H. B. Boyer. | |

Horse Notes.

William Tweedie is the owner of two Gordon Matchless colts that he is justly proud of. The oldest is rising two years old and is out of a pure bred Clyde, valued at \$400. She weighs 1450 yet this lusty two-year-old baby of hers out-weighs her, tipping the scales a few pounds more. The second colt, from the same parents, weighs more than 1200 pounds.

Gordon Matchless, a stallion imported from Ontario by the Middle Simonds Agricultural Society and kept by Odber Shaw, has 17 two-year olds. One of them was sold last Saturday to a man from Green River for \$250. Miles Rideout of Somerville had two weeks before paid Albert Stevenson of Florenceville \$175. for it. Mr. Stevenson raised the colt from a grade dam. Both these beautiful colts are mares.

Mr. Shaw started yesterday for Florenceville, with Gordon Matchless and will serve patrons there according to their convenience. He will return by this side of the river and remain at Hartland all day Saturday.

Jones-Reese

A quiet but pretty wedding took place Wednesday, April 26, at high noon, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ransford J. Smith, Academy street, when Miss Laura C. Jones of Hartland, was united in marriage to William Reese of Mars Hill. The wedding ceremony was impressively spoken by the Rev. C. F. King, pastor of the Advent Christian church and only the immediate relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony. A wedding lunch was served and Mr. and Mrs. Reese took the 4.12 train for their home in Mars Hill. The bride who has lived in Presque Isle nearly all of the last two or three years is one of the most popular and successfully trained

nurses of the several who reside here, and is a very estimable young lady. The groom is quite a large farmer and extensive business man of his town.

On Monday evening the nurses and local physicians gave a pleasant reception to the bride-elect at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smith, Greenlaw block, Main street. She was the recipient of a large number of nice gifts.

Base Ball Notes.

Needless to say the report given elsewhere of a recent ball game in Hartland has not come from the defeated team, which has quite a different story to tell.

At this writing the senior team has not secured a site for a diamond. Several places are spoken of and among other suggestions is that, if possible, the so-called "Matheson's Island" be purchased for a general pleasure ground. The town should not allow the boys' enthusiasm to cool but should itself show a practical interest.

Perth and Andover are organizing and will probably get together a strong aggregation.

On all reports the Florenceville Stars are displaying already a chip on the shoulder.

Fred Theriault and "Bud" Estey of the last year's base ball team of Grand Falls have signed with the big team at St. Thomas, Ont.

Disastrous Fire at Waterville

Fire at Waterville on Thursday destroyed the Methodist and Baptist churches and threatened the rest of the village. It is suspected that the fire started in the girls' and was set by small boys who did not realize the danger.

Spreading to the Methodist church, the fire made quick headway and soon the Reformed Baptist church, just across the way, was also afire. Both buildings were destroyed. A moderate wind was blowing and conditions were favorable for a big blaze, but a large crowd of men, summoned from all points by telephone, worked heroically, and saved the other buildings of the village, no less than eleven of which were at one time on fire. The most difficult fight was in saving the property of Wm. Davis.

The property loss is estimated at over \$3,000 and there was very little insurance—a small policy on the Methodist church only.

Mrs. Hezekiah Stoddard

The death occurred at Lansdowne on Saturday of Mrs. Hezekiah Stoddard after a few days illness of paralysis. The deceased was about 65 years of age, and had spent nearly all her life at Lansdowne. She also lived at Middle Simonds and Somerville. Her husband died only a few months ago. She leaves one daughter, Hattie, at home, and three sons, Roy, Clare and Guy. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mrs. Willard Craig

Mrs. Willard Craig died at her home in Lower Windsor on Monday after an illness of a few hours. She was, before her marriage, Mildred Belyea, daughter of Thomas Belyea of Mainstream, and was about 35 years of age. She is survived by her husband and five children, the youngest only an hour old, besides other relatives, and friends to mourn their loss.

The circumstances surrounding her death are particularly sad. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the community.

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.

We Represent The Following Companies

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

Life

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

Bibbler & Ampherton INSURANCE

QUEEN ST.

WOODSTOCK, N.B.

Spring Has Come

Your walls need a coat of Alabastine. A full line of all the different shades at the

Hardware Store

Also the old reliable English Paints now in stock. Half Meal the great milk substitute. Poultry Meat, Oyster Shells and Grit for Hens. Sugar and Flaxseed for Horses (the best and cheapest tonic for horses.)

DUST BANE

for house cleaning. Do not try to clean house without Dust Bane. It saves labor, brightens carpets—NO DUST. Sap Cans and Spiles for the Honey Makers. Peevies and Boot Calks for the stream drivers. Tools of all kinds for the Carpenters. Nails, Building materials of all kinds for the builders. Horse Nails, Shoes, Iron and Steel for the Blacksmiths. X-cut saws and axes for the Lumbermen. In fact everything you need in Hardware you will find at my store. Prices always reasonable and especially low for cash.

ZIBA ORSER

GET THE BEST

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

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

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

ASTLE & COSMAN

Queen Street
Woodstock, N. B.

SPRING FOOTWEAR



As the season is fast approaching when people will want something in the way of Spring Footwear, we take this opportunity of directing the attention of the people of Hartland to the provision we have made to fill any shoe want they may have.

The best of skilled shoemakers combine and all good points of shoe building in our shoes in order to produce shoes of style,

beauty, comfort and excellence.

We have the exclusive sale of many leading styles including Dress and Street Boots Lace and Button, high and medium heels, narrow, moderate and wide toes; swing or straight lasts; light, medium and heavy soles—all made from choicest leathers.

All kinds of Rubbers for the Sloppy weather.

H. R. NIXON

BOHAN BROS.

BATH
Buyers of

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

Miles Sherwood

Dealer in

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

A GOOD POSITION

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

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

What we have done for others we can do for you

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

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

PRESERVING WILD ANIMALS

NATIONS SET ASIDE WHOLE TRACTS OF COUNTRY.

National Parks Have Been Turned Into Sanctuaries for Rare Animals.

Every day the world is getting more settled, and, as civilized man gradually conquers the wild places, the more dangerous animals are pushed back into an ever-decreasing area of country, or even exterminated altogether.

The continual improvement in the sporting rifle makes hunting more easy, and the increase of railways brings the big game hunter into closer touch with the wilderness, so that it is not surprising that whole races of wild animals are slowly but surely being exterminated.

So serious has this question of extermination become that almost every nation of importance is taking the matter up and setting aside whole tracts of country, in which game of all kinds is strictly preserved and only a few shooting licenses issued in order to prevent too great an increase of the protected species.

SWITZERLAND IN LINE.

Switzerland is the latest country to come into line, for it has just announced that a large tract of country at Ternetz in the Lower Engadine has been set aside for the preservation of the national flora and fauna which are greatly in need of protection.

The country forms a large square of territory on the Swiss Tyrolese and Italian frontiers, which contains only one hamlet and consists largely of primitive forests and thickly wooded valleys traversed only by a few bridle paths chiefly known to smugglers.

The United States was the first country to set aside a reservation, when, in 1872, the Yellowstone Park, situated in Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, was reserved from settlement in order that it might form a huge national park in which the national wild animals could breed unmolested. It comprises some 3,348 square miles of land, which contain ranges of mountains, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, geysers, and much natural beauty. Its most celebrated feature, perhaps, is the famous Grand Canyon, and a geyser which throws thick mud instead of water.

A few buffaloes still roam its least visited portions, but the mountain deer have almost died out. Elk, deer, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, moose, and smaller animals are very plentiful, but the park guards shoot a large number of coyotes, as they prey on other animals. Birds breed in huge quantities, and traps are being taken to encourage one of the smaller and more rare birds by placing nesting boxes in suitable places.

Canada possesses a couple of National Parks, a comparatively small one about 120 miles from Ottawa, and a much larger one in British Columbia. The former, the Algonquin National Park, is situated between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa River, and is more than forty miles square, most of which consists of small rivers and lakes. It is chiefly intended to be a home for beavers and wild-fowl, although, of course, a considerable number of the larger animals are also to be found.

RESERVATIONS FOR BISON.

Then in Lake Superior, four miles from Munging, Michigan, is Grand Island, containing 15,000 acres of woodland, which are devoted to the preservation of the local animal and bird life. There are also one or two smaller reservations in the United States, especially set aside for the preservation of the few herds of bison that still remain; one is at Wichita, Oklahoma, and another at Flathead, Montana, but their areas are small.

Germany is also moving, and there is a talk of her establishing a reserve in her East African territories to the south-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza, which will comprise no fewer than 30,000 square miles, a stretch of country nearly as large as Ireland. Within its borders the hunting of game is to be strictly prohibited, but it is doubtful if so much territory will be set aside, as it would cost an enormous sum to guard it efficiently.

The Transvaal Government has proclaimed a sanctuary for wild animals. This is the Sabi Game Reserve, which runs for 300 miles along the Portuguese border. It extends from the Komati to the Limpopo rivers, and is about forty miles broad. The warden has under him four white and seventy black assistants, and the more rare animals which were being exterminated are now increasing in number. Only a few lions, leopards, hyenas, and wild dogs are shot by the wardens, as if these increased to any extent it would be bad for the more peaceful creatures.

South Australia recently set aside sixty-seven square miles of land at the west end of Kangaroo Island, and, according to a larger scheme, some 300 square miles will also be set aside for the purpose. Round Mount Kosciuszko, in the Australian Alps, near the border of Vic-

toria, one hundred square miles has been made a game reserve by the Government of New South Wales; while New Zealand has also reservations.

ONE EVEN NEAR LONDON.

For the last few years Count Potocki has turned some 23,000 acres of his estate at Pilaivin, in Poland, into a game preserve. He surrounded it with a wooden palisade some eight feet high, and within it he introduced specimens of the European bison and native animals, besides some wapiti from Canada, and other foreign creatures.

Even close to London a small wood has been set aside in the Brent valley, where wild birds and small animals can breed without interference, and it is hoped that other and larger sanctuaries will be formed in different parts of the country.—Pearson's Weekly.

FASHION ON THE FRONTIER.

Difficulties of a Lady in Transporting Her Millinery.

At a certain portage on the Peribonca River, Canada, the rock rises above the water with a very sharp pitch, a distance of forty feet, and it takes careful footing to reach the summit if you have any load to carry. At this place occurred an incident, the moral of which will probably be deduced according to the reader's sex. It is recounted in Thomas Martindale's book, "With Gun and Guide."

At the very headquarters of the Peribonca River lived a trapper, small in stature himself, but with a big, buxom wife. It was his custom to go down the river in the balmy month of June, accompanied by his stout wife, his canoe loaded with furs, the result of the previous season's catch.

While in Quebec the good dame had looked with longing eyes upon many gorgeous hats, and finally purchased two of the very latest fashion to take with her to her distant home, where they were the only settlers in a vast region on the border of the arctic circle. As each of the hats were packed in a separate box, they were a constant source of care and worry at every portage.

These precious examples of the then latest fashions in millinery were not to be touched by any one but the future wearer. She alone would carry them round the obstructions and across the portages. When this particular incident took place, the hats were packed in the form of a circle with a hole in the center. We did not purchase any of this stone as it is very costly and far above our moderate means.

"When we left the jade shops we took a look at the sandals and shoes which also seemed to be confined to one street. The work here is very much like the ivory work, the articles being very similar, napkins, rings, card cases, junks, sampan, fans, boxes, etc., the pattern in carving being exactly alike."

"Next we visited the silk piece goods shops. The word 'hut' seems out of place in conjunction with this piece goods, but one cannot call them anything better, with their muddy floors and plank beds placed in the same room with the machine for weaving, which takes up the majority of the one roomed hut."

"We arrived when the work was in full swing. One man passing the shuttle backward and forward and all talking and singing, to each other; one little boy up at the top of the machine manipulating a kind of stringed instrument that forms the design in the cloth; there being about a hundred strings to this arrangement, yet the small fellow can talk to you, and very seldom looks at the strings he pulls, yet seldom makes a mistake. Four persons seem to work at one machine."

"We left these hard working natives to go a little further and come to the 'glass bangle huts.' These are even poorer than the silk piece goods huts. The bangles are made of ground glass over a charcoal fire of great heat, the glass being held just inside the furnace; when on the point of running it is turned around on the rod as an opium smoker cooks opium."

"This is done without any glass falling into the furnace, and requires much practice, as the worker has to work behind a screen in which

"A SMALL HOLE IS PIERCED."

"When the glass is in a fit state it is quickly withdrawn and held up above a revolving fireclay barrel turned on a stick held in the workman's left hand, the glass dropping from the rod in a long thread on to the barrel, which makes one circuit, joining the two ends—is cut off short and the bangle is formed on the fireclay barrel and after cooling is taken off and filed down and made fast to cards in pairs and exported to all parts of China."

"As time was now flying and we were rather tired we asked our guide to take us to the water clock that we had heard such a lot about. So moving on our chairs we called on to the house in which it is situated. Going upstairs we went into a room and were shown four kongs, the uppermost being the largest, the next lower one somewhat smaller, and so on, the bottom one the smallest."

"It's too bad that when a man puts his foot in it he is not in a position to kick himself."

A man who had been fighting got two black eyes. Next morning he met a friend, who exclaimed: "Why, Jack, where have you been? You've got two black eyes!" "That's nothing," he replied. "I could have got plenty more, only I had no place to put them."

DAY IN OLD CHINESE CITY

DINGY STREETS WHERE WONDERFUL THINGS ARE MADE.

Districts Where Only Certain Articles Are Made—Beautiful Work.

"I had been living near Canton for ten months," says a writer in the Shanghai Mirror, "before I mustered energy enough to visit it. Finally, a party of six of us, with three bearers each and a Chinese guide, spent a day in exploring the curious old city."

"First we went to a dark, dingy passage known in China as a street, in which almost every shop worked and sold only ivory. Here we saw the most beautiful things, ranging from carved tusks at \$500 a piece to napkin rings for a dollar, which would have cost five times as much in America."

"Our guide next took us to the kingfisher's feather shops. This work, which is very beautiful, consists of inlaying pieces of silver with the feather cut in the most minute pieces. It requires a most steady hand as the pieces of feather cannot be seen with the naked eye, they are too small. For this work a kind of microscope used by watchmakers is necessary."

"It is quite common to find children of 8 or 9 years working at this feather and silver industry. We were told by the guide that these people so engaged become blind after ten years or so at this work."

CHEAP SCARE PIN.

"Here I purchased a scarf pin representing a butterfly with its wings inlaid with blue kingfisher's feathers, its body being striped with silver. It cost me forty cents and I have since heard that others like it have cost the tourist \$2 and been thought cheap at that."

"We next paid a visit to the jade stone shops. These are all in one street as far as we could see and all do cutting and grinding. The stone seems very hard to cut. We saw one workman holding a piece of jade for quite ten minutes on the cutting stone (a small grindstone with a sharp edge) and after all this had made only a very slight impression."

"Here we saw them making the watch chains and earrings for the Chinese lady. The earrings seemed to be made in great quantities in the form of a circle with a hole in the center. We did not purchase any of this stone as it is very costly and far above our moderate means."

"When we left the jade shops we took a look at the sandals and shoes which also seemed to be confined to one street. The work here is very much like the ivory work, the articles being very similar, napkins, rings, card cases, junks, sampan, fans, boxes, etc., the pattern in carving being exactly alike."

WEAVING SILK.

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"The top kong was filled with water which was allowed to drop into the next kong, and from this kong into the next, it going through each kong until it reaches the lower one. As the water dropped into the lower kong it floated a flat piece of wood on which a stick or gauge is placed upright in the centre, on which the hours and minutes are marked; this corresponding to a cover half over the top of the kong gives the time, the reading of the stick appearing above the cover is the time. This, according to our watches, was a few minutes out, but after running for years and centuries, as it had been, puts our best chronometers to shame."

MAN, THE MASTER.

Some of the Nature Giants Than Man Has Conquered.

Many centuries ago man's achievements were limited by the strength of his body, because he did not know how to make the forces of Nature work for him. He knew that these forces existed. The wind, the rain, the lightning, all seemed to him the acts of great giants of the earth and sky—or even strange, powerful, gods whom he worshipped through fear. When the wind waited his bark safely to port, or the rain gave abundant crops, he was grateful to these great giants for their aid; but when his ship was wrecked or his crops failed for lack of rain, he sought to appease their anger with sacrifices upon his rude altar.

Age passed before man learned that these forces were as willing to work for him as against him, if he only could learn the secrets of control. The history of the world is largely the story of how man has obtained increasing mastery over these Nature giants and used their powers in the tasks of progress.

Wind is the first Nature giant that man tamed to his use. Probably, from seeing a tree swayed by this mighty power, man came, at last, to reason that if the tree was abashed a boat, the boat would move in the direction of the wind; so he made a mast from a tree-trunk, and rigged up some rude sail from skins of animals, to take the place of leaves, and found that he could go much faster and farther than with his paddle alone.

Gradually, then, he learned also, by means of tacking, to sail in any desired direction, no matter which way the wind blew. Thus he had discovered the principle used by every sailing vessel since. Later, he devised the windmill for grinding grain and drawing water. A balloonist, by going higher or lower, can otherwise find a current of air that will take him in almost any direction; and men have travelled thousands of miles by this means. The kite also makes use of the wind power, and has suggested the aeroplane which man has now made possible through later discoveries. The vacuum cleaner is another way in which the power of air in motion is used.

As yet, man cannot perfectly control the wind giant, for cyclones sometimes do great damage on land and sea; but even this occasional danger may yet be subdued.

"Cats Retrieving Instinct."

Males More Amenable to Discipline Than Females.

One of the most regrettable pranks of my boyhood was catapulting sparrows, and a tortoise shell kitten, progeny of the despised stable cat, learned of its own accord to fetch the dead birds and bring them to my feet. Certainly this example of cat retrieving was exceptional, but the faculty was so strongly developed as to become transmissible. The tortoise shell kittens in turn becoming expert retrievers with very little teaching, says the Edinburgh Scotsman.

A cat's intelligence is very little behind that of a dog, and I could cite instances when the members of a kitten family have learned tricks more quickly than the members of a puppy one. I do not wish to disparage the sex, but I have found in teaching young cats to retrieve and do tricks that the males are much more amenable to discipline and quicker at "lessons" than the females are, and of a troupe of performing cats which went the round of the music halls some years ago every member was a male.

Taking cats generally, the highest intelligence is met with in Persian and foreign short hair breeds, although our native cats might be just as clever if they were given the same opportunities. Persians, on the other hand, are peculiarly stupid. Unlike a dog, a cat has not a forgiving disposition; it is at all times more independent, and consequently more patience is required in its training, and it must never be cuffed.

When I owned a well known "cat-tery" of foreign short hairs the inmates would answer to my whistle just as dogs do, and they each had names and would respond individually to them. The tricks they could do were legion, but the one I looked on as my greatest triumph was the rounding up of chickens as a dog rounds up sheep, which one, and only one, learned to do. Another would do "penance" by going down on its knees, and putting the front of its head on the ground, and remaining there until told to rise.

GET WHALES IN BIG NETS

MOST REMARKABLE SPORT IN ALL THE WORLD.

Great Webs of Wire Entangle the Leviathan of the Deep in a Passage.

Just south of the Bay of Islands, New Zealand, where, in a landlocked harbor, beautiful Wangamumu nestles in the shadow of Cape Brett, the Cook Bros. have established their whaling station, and here is carried on the unique business of catching whales by means of nets.

Most conservative of deep-sea denizens, the whale keeps its sea-tracks with almost the same unerring fidelity as ocean liners, and in autumn the schools of Leviathan moving south to polar seas hug the mainland of North New Zealand, rounding Cape Brett, close inshore, ere making an offing, they sweep again to seaward, to pursue their voyage.

Little is known of the migrations of cetaceans, but it is supposed that, going north, by a different route, to warmer seas, the schools, when saving time is over, return south for the winter, following the age-old track that brings them within touch of land.

Like ships in tropic seas, their six-month sojourn in line-waters has sufficed to give to the whales' huge bodies a thick crust of clinging barnacles and long hamper of green sea-grass. Many account for the presence of the monsters inshore by a desire to rid their bodies of the intolerable itch of the parasites. These they dislodge by rubbing against the rocks strewn thickly in.

THE LANDWARD PASSAGE.

However this may be, a fair number of the travelling whales, hugging the shore more closely than their fellows, pass through a narrow channel, just under Cape Brett, that separates a cluster of outlying rocks from the mainland. This is the spot chosen for the placing of the nets.

No ordinary fisherman's gear will serve. The nets used to stop a monster swimming with the momentum of a hundred-ton mass of bone and sinew are, necessarily, out of the common. With a stretch of 500 or 600 feet and a depth of 200, the nets, meshed to seven feet and made of three-eighths inch wire rope, are hung on strong wire cables, buoyed by huge floats and drouges.

From high vantage posts along the coast, watchers scan the sea for the first sign of the distant spouting that heralds the approaching school.

At the cry of "There she blows!" out go the steam launches to place the nets, three in number, that suffice to close the narrow channel. These, unanchored, are allowed to float loose, the ends of each slightly overlapping. Kept taut by their own weight, they hang stretched on the oar line, an invisible curtain of wire-mesh barring the water-run.

No human fastening has yet been invented that would stop the rush of a charging whale. The principle of the detached floating net is not to stop, but to

HAMPER THE MONSTER

with a gossamer of wire rope that he falls an easy prey to the hunters. For this reason, also, the nets are placed that on striking an entangled whale may race seaward or sound downward, carrying the enveloping net, without fear of disturbing the remaining two.

When the nets are in position the launches and attendant whaleboats, with their crews, take up their stations at some distance to watch for the upheaval and dancing floatline that marks the striking of a whale.

Often a whale's presence is first indicated by great masses of broken barnacles and torn seaweeds that come floating upward to the surface as the whale, floundering among the rocks of the sea floor, eases himself with delighted scratching in the depths.

In the boats all is tense expectancy and ordered preparation. Harpoon guns are loaded and made ready, lines are carefully flaked down in the tubs, lances are looked to, and everyone is on the qui vive.

Suddenly a sort of shudder runs through the sea. There are tossing billows and wild commotion away by the bobbing float lines. "Hurrah! she's struck!" is the cry.

Away go the boats, each racing to be first fast to the struggling fish and so earn the bonus that rewards the winning crew.

A MIGHTY, GRAY-BLACK HEAD entangled in a clinging web of wire, rears from out the water. Up, up, it goes till a huge bulk of body towers a good 50 feet in the air, its side fins thrashing wildly in a smother of foam. It curves in an arch and then, like an arrow, down go whale and net together for the sound.

Not for long, though. The upward drag of bunched net-floats and its necessity for breath bring the animal quickly to the surface—a spout-

ing, snorting, wallowing mass; mad with rage, wild with terror of the unknown clinging horror that envelops it.

Bang! Bang! go the guns from each boat, in quick succession. Both irons are home and well placed. A wild quiver of flukes and fins, and the whale either sounds again or races along the surface, towing the boats after it at express speed.

But the net holds fast, and at each new effort for freedom the victim becomes more hopelessly wound up than before.

Soon, exhausted with futile struggling, the whale comes to rest, and there is a momentary cessation of the mad fight, as the Leviathan pauses for breath. Huge panting air-gasps are plainly audible aboard our launch at a distance of half a mile.

The crews are quick to seize the opportunity. With the lancemen ready in the bow the boats sweep in, one on either side.

"STEADY WITH THE LANCE."

"Now!" Eight-foot steel blades drive deep for the heart behind the pectoral fins.

A shiver, a hissing spout of water and blood; a wallow and roll of the huge, wire-tangled carcass, flashes of red and white foam in the sunlight, and the black heave of a twenty-foot fin that for one dread instant, scimitar-shaped, a falling wall of bone and sinew, hangs over the boat and its occupants. The boat's crew back out like lightning, just in time. Down crashes the mighty flail, missing its blow by a bare foot. There is a roar and clap of many thunders, and a letting sprays of spray leap high into the blue.

The boats, backed clear, still hang to the lines, the crews watching events and waiting the end. It may be that the dying whale will sound again, or race in a final effort.

But no. The lances have got home. A few more wallows of despair, the great tail-flukes thrash the water with lessening force, and presently the huge body, inert, lifeless, lies quietly on the surface. Hawkers are made fast to the dead whale, and while the boats return to their stations to watch the remaining nets it is towed by the launch to the floating jetty ashore. —Wide World Magazine.

MUST WEAR DARK CLOTHES.

A Requirement in Factories Where Work is Done With Gold.

Light suits of clothes are not favored in factories where work is done on gold. In fact, in many such factories a dark suit of clothes is absolutely required, and even a light waistcoat may lose a man a job. The reason for this is that any stray grains of gold that may get on the clothing can easily be caught on a dark suit, while they might get away from the establishment if light clothes were worn.

That such a rule was enforced among gold workers one man learned recently when a Bohemian gold beater applied to him for a helping hand. The Bohemian said that he had only recently come to this country, that he had had a chance to obtain a good job at his trade but that the place had been refused him because he turned up with a light coat and waistcoat on, and they were the only clothes he had.

The man whom he approached was struck with the story and offered to help him out if it proved true. He went to a downtown factory with him and found out that the man could have the job if he presented himself within an hour with the proper clothes on. Two dollars enabled the man to rig himself out in the dark coat and waistcoat to go with his dark trousers, and sure enough he got the job.

"You may think this strange," said the man at the factory, "but it means quite a little to us. Every man's clothing is carefully examined when he leaves here at night and the gold brushed off whenever we see any on his clothing."

"It is impossible to hide even tiny grains on a dark background, but take a mixed or a light suit and we might easily lose quite an amount of gold, and gold isn't anything you want to lose even in small quantities."

FACT AND FANCY.

The cream of society is not always the richest part of it.

In Norway no one is allowed to spend more than six cents—two drinks—in any one tavern.

Some men seek foreign shores for a rest, and some to avoid arrest.

The Lapps average less than five feet in height.

Wire fences greatly increase the number of cattle slain by lightning.

The possessor of a funny bone does not necessarily own a vein of humor.

France has over 5,000,000 acres of vineyards.

Although there are three scruples in a drachm, the more drams one takes the fewer scruples one has.

Every warship carries half a dozen qualified divers.

Khaki comes from the Persian "khak"—dust—in allusion to its color.

POOR COPY

The successful speculator watches
the corners and waits until they get too much.
Shiloh's Cure
enough until they get too much.

ing seizures of the bronchial tubes and lungs. That renders life miserable for the unhappy victim. As a first aid there is nothing in the medicine line so certain in curative results as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for colds and coughs.

THE 23 THE PR

RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES

ISSUE NO. 15-11

"We send dear little, becoming girl!"

"Dear little, becoming girl!"

"I love her passionately."

"Always thinking of your husband's practice."

How
dial's in
nate wit
olding in
dically
ple skin."

Send for free sample to Dept. W. C. Mac
Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto.

THE OBSERVER

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VOL. 21 APRIL, 26 No. 47

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.

Bohan vs Toronto Construction Co.

A case of much importance has been occupying the Circuit Court in Woodstock since last week. Judge Barry presides.

John Bohan, of Bath, through his lawyer, Hon. W. P. Jones, claims he furnished the Toronto Construction Company, which had a contract to build part of the N. T. R. through the province, some 10,000 ties at 39 cents each, and other articles to the company, that he received \$24,498.48 from the company and that \$3,016.49 remains unpaid.

The company, through its attorney, A. J. Gregory, makes a general denial. They claim they did not get the goods charged against them, but they did owe the plaintiff some \$700, but they had a counter claim of \$196.60, and would be willing to suffer judgment for about \$500. After three jurors had been stood aside, the following panel was selected to try the case: Alex. P. Ritchie, Theodore Cain, Stanley Hatfield, Harry Furrington, Charles Noddin, John McLean and John Flemming.

In the foregoing case the Toronto Construction Co. offered settlement yesterday and Mr. Bohan received the full amount of his claim.

Presentation to J. E. Hawker at Centreville.

The choir of the United Baptist church called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hawker on the eve of their departure for St. John and presented Mr. Hawker with a set of solid gold monogram cuff links and the following address of appreciation:

"Our meeting here tonight fills us with regret as we realize that you and your family are soon to depart from us. We feel that we as a choir are losing a great helper and true friend. In the six years we have been associated we have ever found you to be generous, kindly and courteous. Your place in our social life and church service will be hard to fill. It gives us great pleasure to present you with these cuff links as a loving token of friendship from the United Baptist Church, Centreville. We trust that you will not value your worth to us by the dollars and cents in this gift, but by the spirit of friendliness that moves us to come here to-night. When you leave us here to settle in your new home, be assured that you carry with you the highest respects, the best wishes and the kindest regards of all. May God bless and prosper you and family wherever your lot may be cast, and keep us all in His love until we meet with the hosts of the Redeemed from all nations to worship God, and sing His praises forever."

F. Jean Estabrooks, (Organist); Mrs. J. E. Alexander; Mrs. C. A. Long; Mrs. B. B. Estabrooks; Mrs. C. R. Cliff; Mrs. J. D. McLean; Laura A. Burpee; Bessie W. Campbell; Bertie M. West; Daney C. Burt; Randolph Clarke; and Rex S. Beckwith.

Mr. Hawker, although taken wholly by surprise, responded very feelingly and fittingly in a neat speech. The gathering was in a nature of a surprise party and Mr. and Mrs. Hawker had no knowledge of the affair until the guests assembled.

Govt. School Books Not Available.

(Sackville Tribune.)

There seems to be a great deal of complaint in reference to the inability of the people of Sackville town and parish to obtain first primers for use in the school. The demand for these books seems to be great while the supply is very limited. The Tribune had a talk Saturday with L. C. Carey, who is the Sackville vendor. Mr. Carey states that he sent an order about the first of the year for a supply of these primers but none had been sent, the excuse being that the government book department had none in stock. About four weeks ago Mr. Carey again sent in an order for first primers. Fifty were asked for, but only twelve were sent. In the meantime people have come from all over the parish looking for these books and there has been a great deal of dissatisfaction over the matter. What is still worse there seems to be no solution of the difficulty in sight. The school book department have not stated when they expect to be able to make delivery of these much needed books, and teachers in the town and parish are thereby put to a great inconvenience and annoyance.

It is time the Hazen book department appointed another inspector to find out what the trouble is.

Stricter Measures against Trespassers.

In view of the fact that the number of personal accidents to trespassers on the C. P. R. property, is assuming such proportions, that last year on Eastern lines out of a total of 123 casualties, 98 or over 75% were to trespassers, V. A. Harshaw, superintendent of the Northern Division, has decided to adopt stricter measures to stop it, and he has instructed his agents, roadmasters and section men, to have summonses served on habitual offenders to appear before a magistrate, and in the case of tramps they are to be arrested at sight. All trespassers should govern themselves accordingly, as the instructions of the superintendent will be carried out.

Mother's Day

A movement which has proved a very popular one is that of observing the second Sunday in May as "Mother's Day" by wearing a white carnation. Although only started last year already it has spread widely. In Canada the sponsor for the movement is W. G. Rook of Toronto, President of Canadian Home Journal. He is receiving cordial assistance from the press and the pulpit.

In the May issue of Canadian Home Journal there is a strong appeal for the observance: "The small boy with his cut finger, the tiny girl with her torn frock, make an immediate appeal for 'Mother'—sure of a wisdom that will repair the injury even if some wholesome advice be thrown in about 'Not doing it again.' Then come the impatient half-grown years when the exclamation 'Mother' is so old-fashioned; and 'Mother' doesn't understand that things are different now; are constantly heard. But the years, those unbalancing years, march steadily by, and we hear the man and the woman, with their own stern problems to solve, admitting regretfully—I believe 'Mother' was right, and I wish I'd done as 'Mother' advised me."

So, on the breath of a white carnation, on the second Sunday of May, will come back the old-time memories with their childish joy and pain. It may bring the keenest sorrow in remembering happier things; or it may be but a badge in honor of the living mother."

A very touching little episode occurred last May in a well-known and prominent Toronto family. On the Tuesday morning after Mother's Day the postman brought a letter from a member of the family who had been a wanderer and rather a black sheep for many years, addressed to the mother of the group. As that dear old person had been with the angels for some time, the letter was opened by a daughter, who read as follows: "Dear old Mother: The nurse in the hospital where I am has been telling me about Mother's Sunday, and I have made up my mind to write to you. I am not long for this life, being far gone in illness, but if you are still alive, I want you to know I am thinking of you on Mother's Day. I enclose the white flower nurse pinned on me this morning. Good-bye dear old

mother." There is an interesting account of "Mothering Day"—an observance of fifty years ago, when it was customary to visit parents, especially mothers, on the mid Sunday in Lent, taking some small gift. Herrich writes: "I'll to thee a sinnet bring, Gaiest thou go a mothering? So that, when she blesses thee, Half that blessing thou'll give me."

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS

NEARNESS dissolves enchantment. Airships that used to be regarded as airy nothings are now regarded as thrilling and death dealing affairs.

Many a woman has been driven to bridge by her husband's baseball talk.

The football season is over, but the aviation meets still fill the obituary columns and cemeteries.

When a woman loses her temper over the remarks of an acquaintance her friends say it is her sensitive disposition and her enemies say it is merely one of the symptoms of a bad conscience.

Some women are so constituted that they can't be happy as long as the woman next door has more solid silver spoons than they have.

Lots of men think they have a call to reform existing institutions when it is only a desire to air their opinions at so much per.

When a man says he doesn't know what the world is coming to it is probable that one of the giddy ones has stepped on his corn.

Many a man who wouldst upon a scuffle from a flank movement is busy planning a successful campaign against a newly discovered enemy.

Because a little girl refuses to play with dolls is no indication that she will grow into a suffragette.

How you like the cold weather depends a good deal upon the state of your credit with the coal man.

The defeated candidate gets much pleasure from watching his successful opponent squirm as campaign promises fall due.

Late Locals.

Bishop Richardson of Fredericton, preaching in Ottawa on Sunday said that if the immigration from the United States continued to increase as it has in the past Canada would annex the States rather than vice versa.

On Monday owing to the breaking of the ferry boat rigging at Edmundston, the boat capsized and five of the six men aboard were drowned. One of them was a son of H. W. Phillips, C. P. R. station agent.

There really never was anything come to Hartland in the line of men's boots, so stiff, snappy and varied as the stock opened this week by H. R. Nixon. You will hear more about these in our next issue, meantime make it a point to drop in or look at the window.

A. G. Turney, provincial horticulturalist, was here on Monday and sold to the Hartland Poultry Yards 450 apple trees. He gave also a useful lesson on setting out and grafting. The owners of the yards are endeavoring to have their orchard operated as a demonstration orchard.

The funeral of John Graham took place on Thursday afternoon at 2.30 from his residence at Ashland. Mr. Graham was confined to his bed for the short period of two weeks. Blood poisoning was the cause of his death. He was the son of Frank Graham of Ashland and was 24 years of age. He leaves a father, mother, six sisters and two brothers, besides many friends to mourn their loss. He was widely known in the surrounding community and was a faithful worker in the church and the Orange Order of which he was a member. The services were conducted by the Orange men about sixty being present, the pall bearers were F. A. Aiton, E. C. Morgan, A. T. Dickinson and David Clark. Rev. S. W. Schurman conducted the service assisted by Rev's Cahill, Jas. Copeland and C. S. Young. Interment took place at the cemetery at Coldstream.

Moses Taylor has gone to Boston.

Miss Lu Smith of Woodstock, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Percy Graham.

Miss Alta Libby of Marysville arrived on Monday to take a position with M. L. Hayward, barrister.

Work has already begun on the new post office. A cat of lumber arrived for the purpose on Thursday.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the people of Rockland for their great kindness during my sister's sickness. MRS. LOUISE L. ACKERSON.

C. E. ALLEN, the Hartland Barber, is the owner of the fast stallion

BROWN DICK

Breed to him if you want speed and colts that will sell.

FOR SALE

10 HORSES

Good workers for farm service. Apply

ALBION R. FOSTER

MIDDLE SIMONDS, N. B.

School Suits

Good School Clothes

Like good boots and good company have a lasting effect on a Boy's life.

Our Boy's Suits are Stylishly Cut, the fabrics are handsome, but more than all they are thoroughly made.

Our good Suits are very much cheaper in the end than the Bargain Sale job lot offerings which in nearly every case prove to be very disappointing.



Always Come to us for Boy's Clothes and You Will Make no Mistake.

JOHN McLAUCHLAN Co., Ltd.

HARTLAND AND WOODSTOCK
Boys' and Men's Outfitters.

NOW Going On

Biggest Bargain Event Bristol Has Ever Seen.

\$20,000 worth of Goods Sacrificed

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

Closed Out Fast as Low Prices Will Move the Goods.

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

Mrs. C. A. Phillips,

Bristol, N. B.

For the Land's
Sake Buy

PURE SEED

York Timothy
Kent
III Long Late
Clover

Commercial Hotel "A Home Away from Home."

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

Local News and Personal Items

Housecleaning horrors are at hand.

Farmers have fairly begun the spring work.

Rev. E. C. Turner of East Florenceville was here on Monday.

Frank Hamm of St. John was visiting here for a week, leaving for home on Monday.

Miss Clementine Davidson has returned from a visit with friends at Kincardine.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. McCollom spent Sunday with Mrs. George Foster at Lansdowne.

Mrs. George Nicholson of Rockland is the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. E. Thornton.

C. H. Taylor offers a lot of boy's suits at cost to clear. Don't miss this opportunity.

Have you seen the vacuum cleaner H. E. Boyer is selling? Let him demonstrate its utility.

Miss Myrtle Whitehouse has taken charge of the Woodstock central office of the Farmers' Tel. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Caldwell returned on Monday from a visit to Island Falls, Presque Isle and Caribou.

The OBSERVER has received from Wilmot panais that bloomed in the cemetery two weeks ago.

A house owned by Walter Craig and occupied by William Lusk, Mount Pleasant, was burned recently.

To RENT, May 1st, the Warehouse lately occupied by Frost & Wood known as the Matheson shop. Apply to W. D. Keith.

Service in the Methodist church next Sunday at 7 P. M. Preacher: Rev. W. Whitehouse. Subject: "Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

FOR SALE. One set rubber tired wheels, good as new. Will be sold reasonably, or exchanged for farm produce. Apply to R. B. OWENS.

Preaching services Sunday, May 7th, in the following churches: River Bank 10.30, Lansdowne 8, Windsor 7.30, by C. S. Young.

For Sale: A new Massey-Harris Cream Separator and a double wagon with a new rack and potato body. Apply at the OBSERVER office.

You can still get York Timothy Seed at Carr's at the old price, but at the rate it is going it won't last long. Next purchase will cost more money.

At her home, Camos, Wash., Harriet E., wife of Thomas Mangrum, died on April 18. She leaves a husband, one son and a daughter to mourn.

On Friday 200 river drivers came off the Gibson branch bound for Green River to work for Randolph and Baker. About 175 of these took dinner at the Commercial.

John McLean of Centreville was here yesterday with a handsome stallion, MacQueen of Atha, a handsome pure bred Clyde owned by W. S. Cogswell of Centreville.

Reports from the lumbermen are in effect that prevailing conditions are just right for a steady and ample flow of water. During the past week there has been a heavy run of logs, and many new logs are coming.

A correspondent notes that Florenceville has met another defeat in Basket Ball at the hands of Plaster Rock. Florenceville has been looking for an easy team. They had better try Pole Hill or Golden Ridge.

Miss Laura Orser of Windsor has recently taken charge of the school at Howard Brook. Miss Orser is teaching on local license but expects to attend Normal next fall. For a girl of her age Miss Orser is a clever student, and no doubt will make a successful teacher.

G. R. Rurtz has improved his pretty residence by a newly shingled roof and paint. L. E. McFarland is making extensive repairs on his residence. A cellar to accommodate a furnace has been dug and the ell has been remodelled. The building will improve the appearance of the locality. C. E. Allan is also sprucing up around his residence, and other improvements are going on. M. L. Hayward is setting a good example to his neighbors by grading and terracing his lawn. A big improvement is bound to result.

C. H. Taylor has a desirable tenement to let.

Mrs. Percy Graham visited Woodstock on Monday.

Arthur S. Estabrooks of Coldstream was here on Friday.

Go to Arthur Estabrooks for Onion Seeds and large Eating Onions.

Robert Mean of Windsor was a caller at the OBSERVER office on Friday.

Miss Lulu Foster and Frank Estabrooks were visiting friends on the West Side Sunday.

Mrs. Chipman Phillips, Woodstock, spent Monday afternoon with Mrs. Sidney Hagerman.

Keith & Plummer have just received one car lime, one car cement and one car coarse salt, for sale cheap.

The Cheap Boot and Shoe sale is still going on at Carr's. Purchase from him now and you will save money.

Died, at her old home, Rockland, on April 9, Caroline Amelia Foster, daughter of the late Levi U. and Mary A. Estabrooks.

Taylor's will be headquarters for up-to-date millinery during 1911. We have a much larger stock than usual to select from.

For anything in the fencing line, woven, plain or barbed wire or poultry net, call on H. N. Boyer, just above the bridge. Largest assortment of the best makes.

The city of Bangor was nearly wiped out by fire, commencing on Sunday. The estimated damage exceeded six million dollars.

Mrs. J. Alpheus Parker of Chester spent Monday and Tuesday with her sister, Mrs. Sidney Hagerman, and calling on old friends.

If you have a horse for sale a small ad., costing 25 cents for one one insertion or 50 cents for three insertions is almost sure to bring you a customer.

Charles Stevens, who is again in the employ of the Massey-Harris Co., has been at Bath this week assisting the local agent in erecting machinery.

Two children were baptized at the Sunday evening service of the Church of England. There will be service in the hall next Sunday at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. at 2.45.

Arthur Estabrooks has a good stock of Men's, Boy's, Women's and Girl's Straw Hats and some of it is goods that would cost you three times the price at a milliner's.

Rev. A. H. Crowfoot, who has been for two years Rector of Grand Falls, has given up his charge and on Thursday went to St. John, from which point he on Friday sailed per Victorian for England.

The recent rain, breaking a prolonged drought, is hailed a blessing. Early yesterday morning a brisk electrical storm passed over. Seldom has April given really hot weather which it did in its last days.

Fred H. Stevens has broken up housekeeping and will spend the summer with his parents at Somerville. The rooms over the OBSERVER office have been let to the Misses Grant who will have their grandmother, Mrs. Matilda McCormick as housekeeper.

C. S. Young preached to a well-filled house at Windsor last Sunday evening. After the sermon a very helpful devotional service was conducted in which many participated. Three young people united with the church and were given the right hand of fellowship by Mr. Young.

The meeting advertised to be held at Woodstock and addressed by F. B. Carvell, M. P., has been postponed until Tuesday evening next, when Hugh Guthrie, M. P., of Wellington, Ont., will also speak. The meeting is calculated to be of great interest and will surely be well attended. Everyone who can should attend. A special train will leave Queen St. for points north immediately after the meeting.

Everyone should make it a point to attend the Public Meeting at Woodstock on Tuesday evening. A special train will leave Queen street for the north immediately after the meeting. Reciprocity and the Valley Railway the topics discussed.

Hartland Department Store.

May, 1911

New Spring Goods

DAILY ARRIVING

White Enamelled Iron Beds, Mattresses and Springs.

Quarter Oak, Dressers, Commodes, Chiffoniers, Sideboards, China Closets, Tables, Chairs, etc.

Rattan Goods.

Chairs, Rockers, Work Baskets, Tables, Music Stands, Cradles, &c.

DRY GOODS.

New Prints, Dress Goods, Shakers, Ticking, White Cottons, Oil Baize, Cambrics, Towelling, Turkish Towels, Lustre Loom Underskirts, C.M.C. Hose Supporters.

MILLINERY.

Ladies wishing something artistic and in LATEST STYLE in a hat should call on Our Milliner, Miss Corbett. Wanted: Two young ladies to learn the Millinery trade.

Flour, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Timothy and Clover seed. Clear and Mess Pork, Wiltshire Bacon, Native Flat and Rolled Bacon, Hams, Lard and Bologna Sausage.

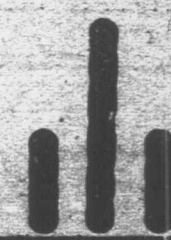
JOHN T. G. CARR

BOOM for HARTLAND

Choice Town Lots for Sale

The Carleton Real Estate Agency

Hartland, N. B.



HOW TO SAVE

25 to 35 per cent

ON YOUR

Clothing, Furnishing and Footwear Needs.

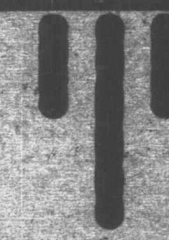
The answer is easy: Do your shopping at

A. FINE & CO.'s

The Leading Clothiers in Hartland.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

The WATSON Bldg.—Hartland.



American Wall Paper

I sell it; and I'm the only merchant here selling Border same price as the roll. Largest assortment in town and prices ranging

8 to 42c. the Double Roll.

Hartland Farmers' Exchange

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR

McMULLIN'S FLAT

We have arranged with Mr. P. McMullin to take charge of the disposal of the much desired McMullin Flat which will be divided into choice building lots and sold at once.

These lots are all facing Main street, Hartland, and include lots above and below the road. These lots have been much sought after for a number of years but never thrown on the market until secured by The Carleton Real Estate Agency. They lie above, opposite and below the superior school.

Why invest in a lot the size of your hand that you have never seen in the west when you can get a choice large lot that you can examine before buying in Hartland?

These will go quickly; get your choice at once. Call and see.

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

BREAKFAST DISHES.

Gems.—One egg, one pint of sweet milk; a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Drop small spoonfuls of the batter in hot lard and fry as you would doughnuts. Serve hot with syrup.

Fried Eggs and Apples.—Peel and core two large firm apples, then cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick, sprinkle over them salt and pepper, melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, add the apples, fry them two minutes, turning on each side. Break six eggs over the apples. Season and fry for a minute. Then set in the oven for five minutes. Remove and serve on hot dish.

Mushroom and Bacon.—Pick the mushrooms carefully and stew for a few minutes in a little brown sauce or stock and one tablespoonful butter, have ready some rounds of hot buttered toast and crisply fried slices of bacon; on each slice of toast place a slice of bacon and on that a mushroom or if small two or three, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and pour sauce around.

Corn Bread.—One pint cornmeal, one pint clabbered milk, two eggs, one level teaspoonful soda, carefully pulverized with knife before measuring, one tablespoonful hot bacon drippings or lard, pinch of salt. Have well greased pan and moderately hot oven. Put cornmeal into mixing bowl, add soda and stir thoroughly, beat eggs and add sour milk to them, stirring the milk and eggs together slightly; now pour the liquid into the meal and when well mixed stir in quickly the hot bacon drippings. Pour immediately into pan and bake twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, according to size of pan.

CAKE.

Apple Cake.—One-quarter pound butter, three-quarters cup sugar, two eggs, rind of one-half lemon, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder; apples and raisins, one cup, cook together; 10 cents worth of almonds; bake one-half hour. Process: Beat eggs and sugar, melt butter, warm the flour and sugar before mixing, have the apples warm, too, when all together, put half of dough in square tin (grease the tin), then put on the apples and raisins, then the other dough, and on top of that sprinkle the almonds; the trick about this cake is to have everything warm that you can, and put it quick together; this is not an expensive cake, but it is fit for a king.

Angel Food.—Angel food cake is the easiest cake made, as well as most perfect. Buy a large china wash bowl to mix cake in, as well as common glassful of flour and one rounded teaspoon of cream of tartar together five times. Sift one and one-half glassfuls granulated sugar five times. Beat whites of fourteen eggs in bowl until all is white, but not stiff. Now, have some one turn bowl always in same direction while you very gradually sift and beat the sugar in thoroughly. Carefully fold in the flour, a very little at a time; and flavoring. Beat constantly from time you begin to beat eggs until placed in oven. A nice flavoring is almond, or 3 old-fashioned sweet smelling geranium leaves, as preferred. Bake one hour. Oven must be quite cool at first, then gradually brought to a medium heat. Do not open oven door for twenty minutes. When done turn angel food pan upside down to cool one hour; loosen around edge and center with knife. Use white icing.

Almond Cake.—Seven eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of sugar, one-half pound almonds, meringue ground fine. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, add half of sugar, then beat yolks of eggs and add the remaining sugar and unite the two. Sift the ground almonds, adding a tablespoonful of cornstarch. Add this to the eggs and sugar and bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes. The sugar should be well sifted. This makes a good sized cake and is fine.

SALADS.

Salmon Salad.—One can salmon chopped fine, four hard-boiled eggs, eight lettuce leaves; mix these with a salad dressing made of one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful ground mustard, pinch of pepper, one pound sugar, one pound butter, one pound flour, one egg yolk, one-third cup vinegar. Heat butter and blend dry ingredients. Then add egg yolk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler until it thickens. Serve salad on lettuce leaves.

Orange Jelly Salad.—The making of this salad requires little extra effort and has the added merit of keeping well if made in large quantity. Soak one tablespoonful of ge-

latin in one-third cup of water, add one-half pint of orange juice and let come to a boil. Prepare one-half cupful of nut meats. Peel two oranges, divide into sections and halve each section. When the jelly is ready to mold pour a little into the molds, then some nut meats and orange; continue until the molds are filled. When ready to serve turn out on a bed of crisp, small lettuce leaves and pour over a cream mayonnaise.

Fruit Salad.—One pound white grapes cut in half and seeds removed; cut fine four apples, one bunch of celery, one cup pineapple, two bananas, and mix all together with following dressing. Rub together dry two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of mustard, add two eggs well beaten, one-half cup vinegar, piece of butter size of a walnut, and a pinch of salt. Cook in double boiler until thick. To serve, cut lettuce into shreds with scissors and place on plates in form of nests and put a helping of salad in center and sprinkle chopped walnut meats over top. This makes enough for twelve persons.

COOKIES.

Drop Cookies.—Three large cups of granulated sugar, one heaping cupful of good homemade lard, one and one-half cups of sour milk, three eggs, one level teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon each of allspice and cloves, one-half grated nutmeg, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one sifter of flour, one package of seeded raisins. Cream the sugar and lard, add the well beaten eggs, then the sour milk, but add the soda to milk first. Sift the spices and baking powder with the flour, then with the raisins add to the above, stir with a spoon if not quite stiff enough add more flour. Drop with a teaspoon and bake in a quick oven.

PUDDING.

Steamed Pudding with Fruit.—One and one-half cups of milk, three-fourths cupfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one small teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, three cups of flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix powder thoroughly with the flour, add sugar, milk, yolk of eggs beaten lightly, butter melted, and lastly fold in white of eggs. Into molds put a layer of batter, then a layer of fruit until two-thirds full, having dough on top. If canned fruit is used, drain off juice and mix with sweetened whipped cream for sauce.

USEFUL HINTS.

If an oven is too hot, the temperature may be lowered by opening the lid of the range a trifle.

To let vines climb up on wooden walls will seriously damage them, as it promotes decay.

Hardly any better dusting cloth can be found than the old-fashioned red bandanna handkerchief.

When peeling apples, pour boiling water over them, and the process will be more easily carried out.

When making sweet croquettes, add a little sugar to the crumbs in which the croquettes are to be rolled.

Sewing machine needles may be used much longer if when the points begin to get dull they are rubbed on a piece of emery board.

After almonds are blanched and buttered they may easily be browned by shaking them over a fire in a corn-popper.

White woodwork should be used only in the room which receives plenty of sunshine, as the paint will grow yellow in a shady room.

Oil from the canned sardines may be used in frying potato cakes.

Hot cakes or bread will cut easily if the knife is made hot.

After washing a lamp chimney, polish with dry salt to make the glass brilliant and prevent it from cracking.

A few pieces of gum camphor kept in the boxes in which silver is packed in wrappings will prevent its turning dark.

Salt thrown into the oven immediately after something has been burned in it will make the objectionable odor less noticeable.

Never iron silk with a hot iron or on the right side. It is better, in fact, not to press directly on the silk, but to cover with a slightly dampened cloth.

An effective scarf for a hall table may be made of linen crash with a figure embroidered on each end and of the same design as the paper on the wall.

Finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when sweet oil is rubbed on the spot and from oiled wood when paraffin is used in the same way.

A FIRM THAT DIDN'T FAIL

The grey-haired man stood for a few minutes in his doorway, glancing to left and right along the quiet street. It seemed that none of the few passers-by paid any attention either to him or to his little shop. At last, with shoulders bent, he stepped forward to the kerb, and, facing round, looked up slowly towards the lettering above the window.

"Chislett & Son!" he muttered. There was a trace of bitterness in his voice.

Dusk had fallen, and it was almost time to turn down the lights. Then he would retire to the back room, and prepare his evening meal. Afterwards he would go to bed. Every day was much the same now, and he had almost given up hope of any change. His life was nearly over, he told himself. He must just keep on till the end—alone.

"Chislett & Son!" he breathed again. And this time he spoke shakily. His neighbor, the stout, jovial draper, called to see him twice before he retired himself.

"Good evening, I said!" "I beg your pardon!" John Chislett stammered. "How are you, Mr. Dyson?"

"Going to shut up! I am. No body about to-night—eh! Trade's going to the dogs!"

The grey-haired man replied mechanically. It was easy to see that his thoughts were far away. Mr. Dyson followed the direction of his gaze, and nodded slowly.

"How's your boy getting on?" He jerked his thumb upwards. "That put me in mind of him. America suit him all right! I suppose you get a line pretty often?"

John Chislett's head was turned aside. "I should have been very disappointed if he hadn't done well."

His pale features flushed as he realized his pitiful evasion. Yet it was obviously impossible to admit to a mere acquaintance that his son had never written at all, that they had parted almost as strangers.

"I expect so, too, after the education you gave him. Didn't you think he might stay on in the business?" "Oh, perhaps, it wasn't good enough for him, eh? Most likely his ideas were out above shop-keeping."

"It wasn't exactly that," answered the grey-haired man jerkily. "I wished him to go. Work here with me! Oh, that would have been rather too much to expect, wouldn't it?" He laughed queerly. "It's the advertising profession he's taken up."

"I'm! A new line for a man, that. Quite up to date. More suitable for him, too. You haven't been in trade all your life. I can see that. Family had some misfortunes, I expect! No—no, don't take offence! And I'm not asking any questions."

The Chisletts had always been independent up to now. "I guessed as much." The stout draper nudged his companion suddenly. "Hallo, here's a customer for you!"

John Chislett swung round. A girl was walking towards them. "I know she's for you, and not me, because I've seen her often, going into your place. Very affable young lady. Looks in pretty nearly every way, doesn't she?"

The grey-haired man had stepped forward quickly. The girl smiled pleasantly, as he stood aside for her to enter the doorway.

When they reappeared at last, she bade him good-night cheerfully. Mr. Dyson looked out again, eyeing the departing figure with approval.

"Who is she? Live about here?" "I don't know," returned John Chislett abstractedly. Her name's Milbourne."

"No stuck-up pride about her, anyway," affirmed the draper heartily, as he disappeared.

Later that evening, John Chislett sat motionless in his chair by the fireplace, and his thoughts returned to his son. It had seemed very lonely there in the parlor when his wife had died. For the past eighteen months his solitary life had become almost unbearable. It had been selfish to try to keep the boy with him. He admitted that now. Yet there had surely been some excuse.

"I told him it was his duty to stay," he murmured. "I was selfish—unjust!"

At the last moment, when his son's decision was obviously made, in desperation he had assumed anger, and spoken harsh words.

"But I wanted to keep him somehow! I didn't want to be left alone. I was in the wrong. I drove him out in the end. And now—now, in all this time I haven't heard from him!"

John Chislett's grey head bent forward, and he brushed a hand across his eyes.

"Were you thinking your place needs doing up? I'd make it last till the spring, if I were you."

Mr. Dyson failed to notice his neighbor's flush.

"It's the name," explained John Chislett indistinctly. "And Son, you know. Harry, my boy, he's left the firm for good. I'll have that part painted out one of these days. It isn't necessary any more."

He gave instructions that afternoon, and next morning a man arrived. They stood on the pavement together.

"And what style o' letterin' would you like, sir?" "Oh, leave the 'John Chislett,' please!"

"Just paint the rest out—eh?" "Yes," agreed the grey-haired man, with an effort.

But, while the ladders were being fixed, he clenched his hands together indecisively.

"I can't do it!" he faltered, at last, and hurried out again. "I—I've changed my mind. I'll leave it as it is. Tell them, when you go back, that I—I'll pay for your time."

The workman stared. "You don't want it done at all, sir?"

"Not yet; not now!" When the mystified painter had gone, he crept out again.

"It's the only thing I've got to remember him by," he told himself unsteadily.

Several months passed, and each week his position became more precarious. Each day fewer customers seemed to visit the shop. The takings grew less and less. In the evening John Chislett would count the meagre contents of his till, then glance across to the little pile of bills which increased in spite of his economies.

They were the accounts from wholesale firms, and, hitherto, he had managed to settle them at the appointed date. But gradually even his small savings vanished. Then he had to ask for more time.

"Trade is so bad," he wrote wearily. "I will pay you at the earliest possible moment."

Collectors called after a while. He humbled himself before them. One, a bustling young man of brusque manner and elegant attire, waved his hand scornfully round the small premises.

"System, that's what you want, Mr. Chislett. Up-to-date-ness, enterprise, modern methods! Attract the people somehow!"

"Ah, if I were younger!" said John Chislett gently.

"Well, we can only give you another fortnight. I'll call on the thirtieth again."

The grey-haired man shivered. Miss Milbourne, entering a moment later, had to repeat her greeting.

"Certainly—certainly! I beg your pardon?"

"You're in trouble. It's money, isn't it? I'm so sorry! But you must try to look on the bright side. Things may come all right."

She held out her hand to him, and, after an astonishing pause, John Chislett took it.

"Think of me as a friend, then," she smiled.

She began to come each week now, and John Chislett looked forward eagerly to her visits, even though matters were going from bad to worse, and at last, he felt a prey to absolute despair.

Bankruptcy, that was what it meant! And after that, what would become of him?

Then an unhappy overcame him. During one whole day he yowed that he would cease to struggle and to hope.

It was in the morning that the letter came. John Chislett opened it with a sigh. A cheque fell from the envelope. Dazedly he read the accompanying note.

"In accordance with the instructions of a relative of yours, who desires to remain anonymous, we have pleasure in enclosing cheque for \$500 to your order. Kindly sign and return the form of receipt herewith."

The signature was that of a firm of solicitors. With a start he recognized the name. He had often heard his cousin speak of them—that asseprage cousin who had been the primary cause of his misfortunes, in whose speculative plans he had once been led to believe.

So Philip Lazebny, who had disappeared from his life ten years before, had not forgotten that some reparation was due!

One hundred pounds! It was miraculous that such a sum should reach him in the very hour of his need. He laughed strangely.

His debts did not amount to half as much. Why, he could pay them all, and start again with a balance in hand! When Miss Milbourne came up to the counter that afternoon, he laid the papers before her with trembling hands.

"Look—look! I've had great luck. I've saved! I—I thought I was ruined; but now, it's a hundred pounds, arrived just in time!"

The girl nodded. "I'm so glad!"

He recovered himself in a moment.

"But, of course, it can't interest you. You've been so kind, you see. I—I forgot my place for the minute." He drew himself up.

"And I've asked to be your friend," she said reproachfully. "Why, I've known you for two

GAME UP IN THE FAR NORTH

RELICS OF THE NOW EXTINCT BOETHIC NATION.

How the Indians Built Their Deer Traps—Streams Abounding in Graylings.

"Interesting relics and reminders of the original people of Newfoundland, the now extinct Boethic nation," says a sportsman who has ventured into many wild regions of the continent, "are still to be found in the far northwestern portion of that province in the form of remnants of the devices used to capture the deer and caribou and other big game which seem to have formed their chief subsistence."

According to tradition these deer fences, as they are called, were made by felling the trees along the ridge of the river banks without

years now—since before your son went away."

She saw his face change. "I suppose you think of him often, how he's getting on, and all that?"

"I try not to." The words came jerkily.

"Oh! But why?" "I don't want him! He's never written. I might be starving. He doesn't care. I—I don't want him back again!"

There was a moment's silence. The girl was about to speak, when, suddenly, he broke down.

"Yes, Heaven forgive me, I do!" "He might come any day," said Miss Milbourne softly. John Chislett waved his hand in a tired fashion.

"No—no, you don't understand!"

He broke off. She had picked up the cheque.

"Let's talk about that, instead. I'll tell you if I may. It came from a cousin of mine—Philip Lazebny. He—well, in a way, he's owed me some money for some years now, and I never expected he'd remember. I've misjudged him. I must write."

The girl interrupted steadily. "But—about your son. You'd be glad, then, wouldn't you, if he came back?"

John Chislett made a gesture of impatience.

"There's no chance of that. I've told you, Miss Milbourne, that he doesn't care!"

"You're wrong, though!" He glanced up, with a quick breath. "He's been hearing about you all the time. He asked someone to tell him everything, and they—they promised."

John Chislett eyed her wonderingly.

"You can't mean—"

"Yes, I'm his special correspondent," she spoke confusedly, "and I let him know all the news."

"And I never guessed. Then that's why—"

"That's why I've tried to make friends with you. He's been doing well out there, too; and, when he comes back—the color flooded her face—"well, we're going to keep to the arrangements we made."

"Harry—my boy?" cried John Chislett amazedly. "Harry—and you?"

She faced him swiftly.

"Why not? We loved each other before he went. He'd intended to tell you that night—the night you quarrelled. He just said he meant to go, and you wouldn't give him a real chance to speak."

"It's true—it's true!" "So, then, in—in his foolish pride he wouldn't mention me. He wouldn't bring me to you, and let me explain—how he wanted to make money quickly, both for my sake and yours. And there wasn't much opportunity here—nothing to the opening he'd found in New York, Mr. Chislett."

The grey-haired man caught her hand.

"But he's coming back to England for good. His firm are starting a branch over here, and he's to manage it. He says too, that he'll soon make this business pay again."

She glanced round the little shop and nodded confidently. John Chislett gave a little cry.

"Then he knows! He sent this money—? It wasn't my cousin, after all?"

"No, Harry sent it. He owes you far more, he says. You economized for his sake when he was at school. You stinted yourself."

"When will he arrive?" asked John Chislett thickly. "When will he arrive?"

"At the end of the week, we hope. May I cable that he's to come straight here, and stay?"

The grey-haired man swallowed a lump in his throat.

"If he will, my dear?" "You're to remember, he writes, that he's still a partner in the firm."

John Chislett, nodding, walked unsteadily through the door, and out to the pavement. Once again he looked up at the lettering.

"Chislett & Son!" he whispered shakily. ".... & Son!"—London Answers.

cutting the trunks quite in two, and causing them to fall so that they lay parallel with the river, each tree on the unsevered butt of the one preceding it in its fall. The branches of the trees were woven, and twisted together where there were gaps or openings left large enough for a deer to get through, thus forming an impassable barrier to the passage of the animals save at points where openings were designedly left by the constructors of the fences.

Coming to these obstructions deer, caribou and moose would follow them along, seeking a place to get through, which would not be until they came to one of the openings left for that purpose. At such openings the Indian hunters lay in wait for them.

ARMED WITH SPEARS,

and killed them as they sought to pass. The fences were built on both sides of the stream, so as to entrap the game coming from either direction.

Some of these deer traps must have been at least thirty miles long. The race that constructed and maintained these great game pounds and required for sustenance the enormous quantity of food they undoubtedly must have provided must have been a numerous one, but not a member of it is there to-day, and the only reminder that it ever was there is the rotting remnants of the pounds themselves.

The Yukon Indians in Alaska also have a peculiar method of capturing deer. By the Yukon Indian method the deer are forced to hang themselves if they are not killed by being shot from block houses built of snow, in which the hunters lie ambushed as the deer run into the trap fixed for them.

is trap is a big corral thrown across a deer trail or path, a strong barricade, closed at one end, one end open, and each side so constructed with stakes that between them strong nooses made of moose hide can be hung. The deer travel in large herds in that region, and these the Indians drive into the corrals. The trapped animals attempt to escape by the only way they see, the apertures between the side stakes. In doing this they run their heads into the slipping nooses, which close about their necks and

SMOKE THEM TO DEATH.

"Often many of the deer are shot as they enter the corral by Indians who throw up small forts of snow, in the front of which are cut holes through which the weapons they use are turned on the game—guns now, but bone pointed arrows shot from bows in the days before civilization dawned on the Yukon. "And speaking of the Yukon country, I am reminded to ask how many sportsmen to-day have ever killed a grayling? Not many, I believe. The waters of the Michigan wilderness have always been regarded as the only place where that most beautiful of all game fishes could be counted on to slow the stuff that is in him."

The grayling was once the particular and exclusive pride of the Michigan interior streams, but it is a rare thing even there now. But abundant as it once was in those waters, it was scarce compared to what it is and always has been, I suppose, in the streams of the Yukon basin.

"The first time I knew there were graylings in those Alaskan waters was one day when a companion and I were moose hunting along one of the streams. We killed a moose and while we were dressing it close to the edge of the water some hjected portion of the carcass fell into the stream. It had scarcely struck the water when the surface was thrashed into a foam by

SCHOOLS OF FISH

that rushed in crowding numbers from all sides to seize the refuse.

"As some of them were forced out of the water in full sight I was amazed to see that they were graylings. The brilliant markings and the bright iridescent hues of the broad dorsal fin made the identity certain."

"We followed that stream a mile or more, and wherever we tossed a bit of that moose meat into the water we saw the same wild and crowding rush of graylings to seize the fish we saw were but a small portion of the myriads of them that joined in those savage rushes, and among them we noticed very few small ones. It was an amazing exhibition of what all sportsmen have ever believed to be the very rarest of our game."

"They were so numerous there, that scientific angling for them had no pleasure in it, for they would bite or strike at anything offered them and skill counted for nothing. It was the same with the brook trout, the genuine crimson spotted fellow, the true angler's pride of the trout family, which I found were likewise overabundant in the smaller streams of the Yukon basin. There will be great sport with the rod and line out there if the day comes when the grayling and trout are thinned out and become comparatively scarce and are educated up to the proper way of accepting the challenge of the fisherman."

In Memoriam

Edmund W. Stevens

By EDWARD JACKSON, M. D.

Some lives do not show their full significance until they are completed. We appreciate them only when we come to look back and learn that we have been in daily contact with goodness, patience, courage, high purpose and quiet self-control.

Edmund W. Stevens studied medicine and entered upon its practice at a sacrifice that very few are called upon to make. I do not know that he ever spoke to any one of us of that sacrifice, but he never seemed to regret or doubt the wisdom of his choice for a life work. Drawn to Philadelphia, then at one of its maximums of prestige as a medical center, he graduated at the Jefferson Medical College in March, 1884, and returned to New Brunswick to take up the cares, responsibilities and labors of a physician in general country practice. The interesting reminiscences of this period, occasionally indulged when talking to professional colleagues, showed that he took into his daily work then the same enthusiasm for science, the same careful regard for the interests of those who trusted him, as marked the man whom we later knew and are glad to honor.

About six years after his graduation he came back to Philadelphia, seeking escape from the rigors of the winters in the Maritime Provinces. Already there was made evident by cough, emaciation and fever, the disease process that was to continue to the end of his life. Coming into a great city with very few friends, he had to seek companionship, opportunity to study and the chance to gain a livelihood. He soon found his way into the ophthalmic clinic; and he also took up the monotonous and unspicing work of teaching anatomy to dental students. To his years of patient teaching in the dissecting room of the dental college we may partly trace that rare knowledge of the cranial nerves and the nasal accessory sinuses that some of us have envied. It was from his association with dentists that he came into the experience which furnished the basis of his first contribution to medical literature, "Cancer of the Tongue, Its Diagnosis and Treatment," which appeared in the Philadelphia Polyclinic, July 14, 1894.

In the eye clinics the serious way in which Dr. Stevens took his work, the faithful regularity of his attendance, the sense of responsibility which marked his relations to both patients and colleagues soon made us rely on him; while his enthusiastic appreciation of the points of interest that appeared in the midst of daily clinical routine made him an agreeable co-worker. The general estimate of him may best be expressed in these words of his friend, Dr. George E. de Schweinitz, in a letter written to one of our fellow members:

"In the death of Dr. Edmund W. Stevens the medical profession has lost an earnest worker, a conscientious member and a skillful surgeon. For a number of years he was my associate in the Philadelphia Polyclinic and the Jefferson Medical College, where his admirable and effective attention to the duties which fell to his share commanded the respect of all those who had the pleasure and honor to be his co-workers. Modest in deportment, scholarly in attainments and successful in results, it was a real satisfaction and an actual inspiration to labour with him. It was with great sorrow that all his friends in this city learned that he had been called from the field in which he had gained so useful and distinguished a position, and these all too feeble words make record of the high esteem in which he was held."

Gradually he acquired a small circle of warm, congenial friends among whom he could keep silence, or speak his own original thought, without need of strife, or fear of offense or misunderstanding. These friends, none so far as I know, without exception, men of fine mind, but unaggressive; who have the respect of all who know them, who make no great stir in the life of their city or profession, but who see life clearly and steadily through a broad outlook.

Gradually Dr. Stevens brought together in Philadelphia a sufficient and satisfactory clientele, which also in large measure reflected his character. There, as in Denver, his patients were always in large proportion people of intelligence and refinement. Those who sought in a professional adviser dash, obtrusive self-confidence, extreme readiness to promise or explain any thing, passed Dr. Stevens by. But quieter people with deeper insight and sounder judgment, who could appreciate the value of loyalty to their interests, of intelligent balancing of probabilities, of exact accuracy in diagnosis, gradually came to know him in sufficient numbers to give the occupation and financial support that he needed.

But again disease bore heavily

upon him. His medical advisers, in some respects puzzled as to the exact character of his trouble, were clear and agreed in this: That his days of self-support and usefulness in Philadelphia were about over; that in a climate more favorable he might still hope to prolong life, and to use it to advantage. So more than twelve years ago he came to Colorado. At first he rested and lived in Colorado Springs, then in Denver he again took up the fight that had been a losing one in Philadelphia, and sought to regain such measure of strength and health as would allow him to do a man's part in the work of the world.

After about a year, still suffering from disabilities that would cause many a one to feel himself excused from obligation to do anything but take care of himself, he took up again his active professional life. From that time he has lived and worked among us, always handicapped by disease; yet his days of complete disability scarcely more than balanced the vacations taken by strong and healthy men. In spite of the two complete interruptions of his professional life, in spite of the knowledge that he was debilitated from any extensive exercise of the literary talent which he possessed, in spite of necessary abstinence from pleasures that lead others to effort, in spite of loneliness and the shadow of a fate that lay heavily upon him, he took up his work; and here he achieved the best and most satisfying success. Of his fellow workers among whom he has moved and talked freely these last ten years, with whom he has discussed the medical aspects of his sickness, did anyone ever hear him speak in bitterness and discouragement of his personal affliction? Not to one of us; nor to one of his hundreds of patients to whom he must explain and apologize for the uncontrollable spells of coughing, did he ever speak in complaint. In him, as always, courage was justified. Patient endurance disarmed and conquered an adverse fate.

It is pleasant, it is profitable, to dwell on some of Dr. Stevens' personal characteristics. I hope we shall do so more than the time here available will allow. Coming back to them and getting an understanding of their significance, we shall have a better understanding of ourselves, and of the true values of life. He did little useless and profitless reading. If he read trash he quickly recognised it and dropped it. But he did have a peculiar faculty for getting hold of good medical literature, reading it carefully and storing every important fact or valuable suggestion in his retentive, well-systematized memory; where it was always ready for the instant service of patient or colleague. His days of thoughtful reading had begun before I first knew him, twenty years ago. They continued to the end of his life. His interest and intelligent appreciation extended far beyond the literature of medicine. More than a well-rounded physician, he was a broad-minded, thoughtful, intelligent twentieth century gentleman, drawing sympathetic understanding and appreciation from all the wisdom of the past, while with clear, steady attention he faced the problems of our time.

In our Society discussions we have all enjoyed his clear condensed statement of the results of his experience, study and reflection; but I doubt if many realise how much more frequently he might have spoken to our profit, had not excess of modesty caused him to remain silent. He had operated for removal of the lachrymal sac more frequently than any other surgeon in Colorado; and but few in America had a larger experience in the operation; yet only incidental remarks in the course of conversation remain in the memory of his friends of the valuable conclusions he had reached for his own guidance. When president of this society, he had fully prepared himself to discuss the recent general awakening to the importance of the public health as a social asset, in an address to which it would have given us pleasure to listen, and which would have improved the appreciation in this community of the work done by our profession. But he feared it would seem an intrusion on the work of the Society, a claim for time that might rightly belong to other matters, so the address remained undelivered.

Dr. Stevens did his work thoroughly. In the clinics of the Wills Eye Hospital and the Philadelphia Polyclinic it was his part to make the preliminary examination of the patient, sifting the significant from the irrelevant facts in the patient's history or complaints, or presented by the superficial appearances of the case. From his searching investigations scarcely ever did the patient come to the dark-room without a correct provisional diagnosis; and when this was not possible, the important and puzzling features of the case were well brought out and appreciated.

Day after day, and year after year, to the limit of his powers, he

treated and advised patients who made him no return whatever; sometimes quite conscious of the fact that they were better able to pay for the service he gave, than he was for the clothes he wore or the food that gave him strength to serve them. Yet never did he fail to give the same close attention, the same conscientious advice, as he would have given to those who brought him honour and substantial reward. If any human being sought his aid, his own self-respect, his professional conscience, permitted him to give only his best.

Such a character and such a life are not the result of accidents of circumstance. They grow from within, in obedience to living principles that dominate fortuitous circumstances, overcome the inequalities of accident, and shape the event so that their character shall be declared to men. We have done well to turn aside from our routine to think of them. Let us go on under the influence of his consistent example, the most powerful influence that one man can exert for the benefit of others, with a better understanding of modesty, of loyalty to duty, of courage to bear bravely the hardships and limitations that life puts upon every one of us.

The Butter on the Bread.

Why is the Prairie West almost a unit for reciprocity? Well it has been figured out that it cost about seventeen million dollars last year not to have it. If the West stands to lose that much, with only a million and a half producers, what will the minus quantity be when the plains can show fifty million people? People are, of course the riches of a country, but good markets help to hold them. Go further back than the statistics of 1910. The West is interested mostly in wheat, barley, flax, cattle, horses, and hogs. Take

round numbers and, to be safe, take them slightly under the estimate. Then compare prices in Canada and the United States. The marketable wheat crop of the West in 1910 was 87,000,000 bushels, and it sold on an average for fifteen cents a bushel less than across the border; on 1,820,000 bushels of barley the loss was twenty-eight cents a bushel; on 2,800,000 bushels of flax, twenty-five cents a bushel; on 190,200 head of cattle, \$5 a head, this on the authority of Mr. Lane, one of the foremost stockmen of Alberta; on 10,000,000 worth of horses imported, a million dollars on a million and a half dollars worth of hogs, over \$300,000. When money talks that way, is it any wonder that nobody in the Alberta and Saskatchewan Legislatures had the nerve to put up an adverse argument?—Collier's Weekly.

For soreness of the muscles wether induced by violent exercise or injury, Chamberlain's Liniment is excellent. This liniment is also highly esteemed for the relief it affords in cases of rheumatism. Sold by all dealers.

The Remount Problem

The Hon. Richard Haldane, English Secretary of State for war, has publicly said in the Imperial House in Great Britain that England is 153,000 horses short. On top of this military experts figure one year of mobilization no fewer than 293,000 horses would be needed, or over sixty million dollars worth.

During the Miller Bill argument at Ottawa last winter Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Veterinary Director-General of Canada, made a statement which caused his hearers to prick their ears. He called attention to the fact that during the Boer war England purchased thousands of war horses in the United States, Argentina, Austria, Hungary, but got very few in Canada because there were practically none to be

Had England been at war with a Sovereign power, instead of with the Boers, said Dr. Rutherford, "she would not have been allowed to purchase excepting on her own territory or that of an ally."

Is there anything in this world that is of more importance to you than good digestion? Food must be eaten to sustain life and must be digested and converted into blood. When the digestion fails the whole body suffers. Chamberlain's Tablets are a rational and reliable cure for indigestion. They increase the flow of bile, purify the blood, strengthen the stomach, and tone up the whole digestive apparatus to a natural and healthy action. For sale by all dealers.

COWAN VS. COWAN.

George Henry Cowan, Conservative M. P. for Vancouver city, has been touring New Brunswick and making speeches against reciprocity.

Some time ago this same Mr. Cowan prepared a pamphlet on "Better Terms," in which he said that British Columbia exports mainly raw material, and imports manufactured goods, and that therefore, the Federal tariff discriminates against that province.

He added: "Reciprocity relieves this disability."

Mr. Cowan evidently has one doctrine for the West, and another for the East. He should answer himself. New Brunswickers, some few of whom have been listening to Mr. Cowan's speeches, will probably come to the conclusion, in view of the foregoing facts, that the British Columbia orator does not believe much, if anything, he has had to say while on the stump in New Brunswick.—The Daily Telegraph.

Old papers suitable for putting under carpets or to pantry shelves may be secured at the Osgay office for five cents a big bundle.

To Harness the Eel River This Year

A meeting of the Eel River Light, Heat & Power Co., Ltd., for organization and the election of directors was held Friday and the following were elected directors: John G. Murchie, George A. Murchie, A. Grover Lee, George McPhail, F. W. Andrews and H. A. Connell. At a subsequent meeting John G. Murchie was elected president; H. A. Connell, vice-president and general manager, and R. G. Lee, secretary-treasurer. The directors authorized Mr. Connell to proceed with the work of survey immediately. It is the intention of the company to install a first-class plant and they have hopes to be in operation before the close of the year.

J. M. Howell, a popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says: "We use Chamberlain's Colic, Remedy in our own household and know it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.

The Canadian Farm, an agricultural magazine published in Toronto, has been conducting a vote among its readers on the question of reciprocity. In New Brunswick the vote stood 148 for, 96 against; in Nova Scotia 152 for, 52 against; and Prince Edward Island voted 53 for and 2 against. All of the other provinces gave large majorities in favor of the agreement except British Columbia which stood 54 to 26 against it.

Sick headache results from disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try it. For sale by all dealers.

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THE T. EATON C^o

TORONTO

WRITE FOR OUR GROCERY CATALOGUE TO-DAY

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

It Has Stood the Test of Time While Others
Have Been Buried in the Ashes of Inferiority.
It's the Recognized World's Standard.

LIPTON'S TEA

Over 2 Million Packages Sold Weekly

MAN ATTACKED BY SHARKS

FACTS GATHERED IN THE FAR EAST CONFUTE SCEPTICS.

Several Cases of Men Who Were Bitten by Sharks Have Been Investigated.

When the French steamer *La Seyne*, after colliding with the British steamer *Onda*, went down in the Rho Strait in November, 1909, a shocking incident of the disaster was the manner in which many of the passengers met their fate, writes a Singapore correspondent. In their extremity the vessel remained afloat only a few minutes after the shock—the passengers threw themselves into the sea, trusting to be picked up by the *Onda's* boats. The first of them had scarcely touched the water before a shoal of sharks was circling the scene and dragging down scores of men and women, who never came up again.

These facts were sworn to by dozens of eyewitnesses to the spectacle, yet the number of people who have scouted at the story is remarkable. They have maintained in face of this that the shark wouldn't do anything of the kind, that the shark is not a man eater. Numbers of people went to the length of writing to the Consul-General in Singapore, James T. Dubois, asking if he had ever come across cases of sharks attacking men. A distinguished scientist when passing through Singapore recently boldly asserted Mr. Dubois that no such thing existed as the man eating shark. And still more recently an English lecturer in London upheld the statement that the shark was a "kind, useful and amiable fish."

The unusual interest shown in the topic induced Mr. Dubois to investigate the subject very thoroughly, and the area which he scoured for his information was extensive, ranging from the Philippines to Aden. The Philippines proved a very fruitful source of information.

THE MOST PROBABLE CASE

was the one in which Lieut. James H. Stewart of the Philippine constabulary was the victim. Shortly before his retirement he had occasion to go to Bolinao on horseback and feeling hot at the end of his ride, he went bathing. When swimming about fifty yards from the shore he noticed the black fin of a shark near him, and then the whole body came within his vision, and he could make out that the length of the fish was six or seven feet. He saw the fish describe a half-circle and dive, and not knowing where he would reappear, Lieut. Stewart trod water while he looked round.

The shark was nowhere visible, but just then the officer felt himself seized by the calf of the left leg and being dragged down. With the energy of a desperate man he struggled for his life, kicking the fish with his right foot and trying to resist the downward efforts of the shark with his arms. Probably the shark was astonished at the violent struggles of his prey; anyhow, it let go. Lieut. Stewart managed to swim ashore before he collapsed and once ashore he was taken in hand by the natives. He had lost a good part of the calf of his leg and a great quantity of blood, but fortunately he made

A QUICK RECOVERY.

Col. Mark L. Hersey, district director, Mindanao constabulary, also supplied an incident that happened to a gentleman of his own family. The gentleman in question was a Mr. Masury of Georgetown, Mass.

Mr. Masury in his youth went to sea and when visiting a foreign port once went swimming. A shark got after him and took a foot off, and till his dying day Mr. Masury was a living proof of the fact that sharks do eat men.

The case of Lieut. Edwin R. Hearn, another Philippine constabulary officer, was also given to Mr. Dubois. In 1904 Lieut. Hearn was grabbed by a shark while bathing in the sea at Taybas. The officer's left arm was in the shark's mouth right up to the shoulder and before he contrived to extricate it he had been carried some twenty-five yards out to sea. What he did get out of the fish's mouth was little more than the bone of his arm and he never fully recovered the use of his arm.

Capt. Littman, master of a trading steamer that runs through the Malay Archipelago, tells

THE FOLLOWING STORY:

"It happened many years ago when I was second mate of a sailing ship lying at anchor off Cape St. James, Coochin China. One Sunday morning the captain ordered me to tell the men forward not to bathe over the side of the ship because the waters of the bay were infested with sharks. I told the men as I was ordered, but in spite of my warning six of the sailors went overboard swimming.

"After half an hour or so I heard some yelling and shouting in the water, and on looking overboard I saw the fellows swimming back to the ship in great haste and climbing up the ropes which were hanging over the ship's side. Five of them got safely on deck, but the last, a Swede, who was a bit slow, was chased by a big shark.

"The fellow managed to get hold of the rope and hauled himself just above water, when I saw the brute jump after him, clear out of the water, and get hold of his foot, tearing away skin and flesh right down to the bone. The fellow saved his life by clinging to the rope for all he was worth but when he was hauled up on deck

HE FAINTED.

His foot finally healed up although he practically remained a cripple." Among the many instances of this kind that Mr. Dubois has gathered together perhaps the most convincing is one that was told him by Charles K. Moses, Consul at Aden, on the Gulf of Arabia. Until twelve years ago, Mr. Moses wrote, steamer passengers in Aden harbor were amused by native boys diving for coconuts, but in the summer of 1906 while a P. & O. steamer was lying in harbor one of the divers was taken by a shark.

By pure accident a passenger was taking photographs of the divers and when he developed his plates the white belly and under jaw of the shark in the act of seizing the boy were clearly revealed. This photograph was afterward reproduced in the London Graphic and led to a law which has since prevented native boys from diving in Aden harbor.

There are many other remarkable stories in Mr. Dubois' collection, but the foregoing ought to be quite sufficient to demonstrate to the most sceptical that the shark is really a man eater.

UNCLE HIRAM TO NEPHEW.

On the Advantage of Being Able to Make Up His Mind Quickly.

"You will find, Stevey," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful nephew, "a great satisfaction and a great help in being able to make up your mind.

"Don't be a dilly dallyer, always undecided, never knowing what you want to do. You don't want to jump at things without thought, you want to be sure you're right, but you don't want to be too long about it; you want to be able to make up your mind. Better to blunder now and then than to lack decision.

"This is the point to which some people can never bring themselves. They weigh things pro and con till they get confused and don't know what to do. This weighing things over, Stevey, when unduly prolonged not only confuses us, it saps and dissipates our very energy, literally leaves us weak and nerveless; we not only don't know what to do but if we did know we'd be powerless to do it; we'd have to wait and recuperate till our strength came back and our head came clear again.

"The ability to decide which some men possess is more or less a gift. Most of us are often in doubt, we don't know what to do; but you will find some men, a few clear headed and resolute men to whom we instinctively turn, who are never in doubt, whose discernment is always true, who always know what to do and who are always right. I hope, Stevey, that you will prove to be thus endowed.

"But whether or not this shall prove so, whether or not you shall discover yourself blessed with the gifts of sound common sense and a clear vision, don't dillydally over things. Make up your mind! In this power and this exercise you will find a great inward satisfaction and a great help, and so strengthened yourself you will be all the more helpful to other people."

A gargle of salt and water strengthens the throat and used hot will cure a sore throat. As a tooth powder salt and potash of soda will keep the teeth white and the gums hard and rosy.

The Home

Notes of Particular Interest to Women Folks

DUMPLINGS.

Never Fail Dumpling.—Get two and one-half pounds of real or beef off the round and have it cut in cubes, put tablespoon of butter in kettle and brown meat in butter, then salt and cover meat with water and let it simmer until tender. Take flour sifter two-thirds full of flour, pinch of salt, two teaspoonful of baking powder sifted in the flour, and milk enough to make a soft biscuit dough. Don't use rolling pin. Pat it with your hands, cut with biscuit cutter, and drop in kettle with meat when it is boiling briskly. Have plenty of water in kettle but not enough to submerge the dumplings. Boil twenty minutes without removing the kettle cover. Can boil your potatoes with this if you like, thus using only one kettle. This will serve a family of five plentifully.

Rhubarb Dumplings.—Two cups flour, two tablespoonfuls butter or butter and lard mixed, pinch salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, scant one-half cupful milk. Take a small portion of dough and roll out thin; have rhubarb washed and cut in fine pieces, fill center of rolled dough with rhubarb, cover with sugar, place small piece butter on sugar and roll into dumpling. Continue until all dough is used. Place dumplings in pan, cover with one cupful sugar, tablespoonful flour and bits of butter, pour over this two cupfuls water. Bake in oven.

Fruit Dumplings.—Preserve enough dough when shaping leaves of bread to make as many small biscuits as desired. Roll small biscuits about the size of an egg into balls and place them in a granite baking pan. Let them rise as for biscuits. Have ready some sweetened canned fruit with sufficient juice almost to cover the biscuits, one quart of the canned fruit to one dozen dumplings. Pour fruit over the dumplings, then put them in the oven. Bake forty-five minutes.

Potpie Dumplings.—Take the remnants of a roast or any bits of left over meats (even slices of tough fried meat will do), cut in small pieces, place in a kettle and add two or three pints of hot water, season to taste with salt and pepper and a lump of butter, or meat fryings will do nearly as well. Simmer gently for an hour and then make dumplings.

Dumplings.—Four cups of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, and enough sweet milk to wet it so it will drop rather stiffly from the spoon; drop in spoonfuls while the soup is boiling. Be sure and add enough water before dropping in the crust as it takes up a good deal of soup.

PUDDINGS.

Yorkshire Pudding.—Three-fourths pint of flour, three eggs, one and one-half pints of milk, pinch salt, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Sift flour and powder together, add eggs beaten with milk, stir quickly into rather thinner batter than for griddle cakes, pour into dripping pan plentifully greased with beef drippings; bake in hot oven, twenty-five minutes. Serve with roast beef.

Cherry Pudding.—Put alternate layers of canned cherries and broken almond macaroons in pudding dish. Add a small baked custard. On top of this put a meringue made of whites of two eggs, and sweeten. Set in oven and brown.

MARSHMALLOWS.

Marshmallow Candy.—Two tablespoonfuls gelatin, three tablespoonfuls each of hot and cold water, two cupfuls of sugar. Boil sugar till it forms a soft ball in water. Put gelatin to soak in cold water a few minutes, then melt by adding hot water. Pour sugar syrup over gelatin, beat twenty minutes, add teaspoonful of vanilla. Beaten white of egg improves when mixture is half beaten. Flour pan with corn starch. Cut into inch squares before wholly chilled, dipping knife into corn starch. This makes enough for twenty people.

Marshmallow Fudge.—Two cups of powdered sugar and a cup of cream are brought to the boiling point, gently stirring to prevent burning. Add one-quarter pound of chocolate and stir as needed until melted. Boil for about ten minutes, or until the mixture forms a pretty hard ball in cold water. Now add quickly a tablespoonful of butter, remove from the fire and beat briskly for ten minutes, then pour in a buttered pan containing a mixture of half a pound of marshmallows and a quarter pound of chopped pecan nut meats. Cut in squares.

CLEANING.

To Clean Lace.—To wash or clean

fine linen or cotton lace make a suds with warm water and some good white soap and add a few drops of ammonia or a little powdered borax. Put the lace in this and let stand for half an hour, then spat with the hand until the dirt is all removed. Be careful not to rub, as it destroys the texture. If much soiled use two waters. When clean rinse twice and in the last water put a little clear boiled starch, about a tablespoonful to two quarts of water. Then squeeze dry. Cover a round glass bottle with clean white cloth and over this wind the lace, using small pins to keep points or scallops in position, set away, and when thoroughly dry unwind, taking out the pins carefully. If these instructions are carefully followed the lace will look as good as when new.

To Clean Feathers.—Cover the feathers with a paste made of pipe clay and water, rubbing them one way only. When quite dry, shake off all the powder and curl with a knife. Grebe feathers may be washed with white soap in soft water.

Cleaning Compounds.—Mix one ounce of borax and one ounce gum camphor with one quart boiling water. When cool add one pint of alcohol. Bottle and cork tightly. When wanted for use shake well and sponge the garments to be cleaned. This is an excellent mixture for cleaning soiled black cashmere and woolen dresses, coat collars, and black felt hats.

Stains of Leather.—A piece of cloth dipped in spirits of wine and rubbed on soiled leather will remove every spot on it.

TIMELY HELPS.

Always keep a dish of crackers in your warming oven and you'll never have soft, tasteless crackers.

When polishing the stove add a little sugar or syrup to polish and it will not burn off so quickly. Cut bars of laundry soap in half, place on top shelf to dry out, and the soap will last longer.

To prevent tomato soup from curdling add hot tomatoes (with seeds in) to the thickened milk.

Above your sink have screw hooks, on which hang small articles used often. It will save many steps. Cabinet and shelf combined.

An effective scarf for a hall table may be made of linen crash with a figure embroidered on each end and of the same design as the paper on the wall.

For washing windows, which should be done when the sun is not shining on them, use warm water with a tablespoonful of kerosene added to each pail of water.

In baking biscuits have the oven quite hot at first, but lower the temperature just a little before the biscuits are ready to take out. This will add materially in making the biscuits light.

Tie a narrow ribbon bow above the handle of your umbrella. Leave a loop long enough to slip over your arm when you go shopping. This is a good way to avoid losing your favorite umbrella.

A very good garnish for boiled fish, can be made with fried oysters. Make a batter of flour, milk and two eggs, season it to taste, dip the oysters in it, then in breadcrumbs, and fry them a pale brown.

The best thing to clean rusty needles—better than emery—is common earth. Just go out in the garden and stick your rusty needles into the ground two or three times and you will be surprised at the result.

Housekeepers who have tried both ways say that it is far better to trim the selvage from material before making it into pillow cases. The case will be much smoother and will not wrinkle along the seam.

Fish scales may easily be removed by pouring hot water on them slowly until the scales curl, then scraping quickly. Wash in several waters, having the last cold and well salted, and no slime will be left.

If a picture be crushed in the mail dampen the crease, press with a warm iron and then place under a press or weight for a short time, having first protected the picture side by covering with white paper.

If a wooden pail, begins to leak fill it with water and then stand in a tub of water. This will swell the wood and it will leak no more.

When a button comes off a shoe, run through all the other buttons with the same thread with which you replace the missing one. It will straighten them all and make the next button sewing a task far in the future.

Very often small holes in black or white kid gloves are better mended with court plaster than by sewing. Cut the plaster a little larger than the hole and apply with the unglazed back to the inside. This is too heavy for fabric gloves, however, and tears them still further.

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For Making Soap.

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LYE

MARK TWAIN'S WITTY JOKES

HUMOROUS REMARKS MADE ON DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

Some of His Brightest Witticisms Are to be Found in After Dinner Speeches.

The famous humorist, "Mark Twain," who last year died, was a wit before he left the nursery. One day his father led him into the garden, and, pointing to a bed of flowers that had a considerable number of weeds in it, said: "I want you to weed out this flower bed." Young Clemens looked at it for a moment, and then naively inquired, "Wouldn't it be better, father, to flower-out this weed bed?"

London politics are not a little proud of the compliment Mark Twain paid them when he visited England in 1907. They would not only salute me," he observed, "but would hold up their puissant hands and paralyze the commerce of the world's greatest city just to let me across the street."

It was during this visit that a London paper, either by accident or design, came out on the day of his landing with this placard:

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES.

ASCOT CUP STOLEN.

This was too much for "Mark." He publicly declared that he had not got the cup. He didn't know where it was, he didn't want to know. All he wanted was that his character should be cleared at once. The sequel came when the Savage Club took up the joke and presented the humorist with

A FACSIMILE OF THE CUP.

Talking of this incident reminds one of Twain's "Notice to the Next Burglar," which he wrote on a piece of cardboard and nailed to his front door, after burglars had entered his Connecticut home and carried off considerable booty. The notice ran:

"There is nothing but plated ware in this house now and henceforth. You will find it in the dining-room, over in the corner by the basket put the kittens in the brass thing. Do not make a noise. It disturbs the family. You will find goldfishes in the front hall by that thing which has umbrellas in it—a chiffonier, I think they call it, or a pergoles, or something like that. Please close the door."

The humorist had something of a tenderness for burglars.

Mark Twain has not been wanting in personal homage of humble admirers, and often a representative of them rang his doorbell and asked the privilege of paying him his respects. Of long since a big, good-natured countryman—a butcher, as he introduced himself—asked a few minutes' chat, asked, "Now, tell me for a fact, are you the one that wrote all them books?" "Truly, I am," said Mark. "Of course you are, of course you are," cried the earnest fellow, "but, by George, I shouldn't think it by your looks."

Whereat Mark was hugely tickled. Mark Twain's passion for smoking was, of course, well known, but it came as a great surprise when he confessed that he had enjoyed

FORTY CIGARS A DAY

for twenty years. It was a great deprivation to him when the doctor cut his allowance down to four a day.

"My only restriction as regards tobacco," he once remarked, "is never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I never smoke when asleep, and never refrain when awake. As for drinking, my rule is when others drink I like to help, otherwise I remain dry."

When Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar box under his arm, looking in at a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It isn't that," said Mark Twain, "I'm moving again."

He once had a sly dig at Andrew Carnegie, with whose munificence he was greatly impressed. "My dear Carnegie," he wrote, "I see by the papers you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn-book; it costs \$1.50. If you will send me this

hymnbook I will bless you, God will bless you, and it will do a grand deal of good.—Yours truly, Mark Twain. P.S.—Don't send me the hymnbook; send me the \$1.50.

In his autobiography Mark Twain has placed it on record that he was "a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child," and lived mainly on allopathic medicines for the first seven years of his life. "I don't think I needed them," he said, referring to his childhood during a speech on his seventieth birthday. "It was for economy; and my father took a drug store for a debt, and it made cod-liver oil cheaper than the other breakfast foods. He had nine barrels of it, and it lasted me for seven years."

THEN I WAS WEANED.

The rest of the family had to get along with rhubarb and ipecac and such things because I was the pet. I was the first Standard Oil Trust."

Talking of speeches, at a public dinner on one occasion Mark Twain's name was associated with the toast of literature by an orator who, in the course of his speech, eloquently referred to Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, and—Mark Twain! The humorist, in reply, thanked the speaker for his allusions, and excused himself for acknowledging them at greater length by saying: "Homer is dead; Milton is dead; Shakespeare is dead, and I am not feeling any too well myself!"

Mark Twain gained a reputation as a humorist in the days when he was writing for the newspapers, and a comedian once offered him five dollars for half-a-dozen good jokes. Mark refused on the ground that if he were found with five dollars on him he would be suspected of stealing the money, and if the comedian were discovered with six good jokes he would be arrested for theft.

Mark even made a joke of his marriage. When he made his trip on the Quaker City, which resulted in that world-famous book, "The Innocents Abroad," he was fascinated with the ivory miniature of the sister of a Mr. Langdon which hung in the stateroom. On returning to America he sought out the original of the miniature. The story goes that the lady refused him three times, but at last consented.

For a wedding gift the father of the bride bought and furnished a handsome house for the couple in Buffalo. This gift was kept a secret from Twain, who, when he saw it after the marriage ceremony, was much moved by the generosity of the donor. Finally, with tears in his eyes, he said, "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it is twice a year, come right up here and bring your bag with you. You may stay overnight, if you want to, and it shan't cost you a cent."

BRITAIN'S AIR BATTALION

War Office Order Gives Details of the Proposed Organization.

Great Britain is to have an army air battalion. An order has just been issued from the War Department, which explains how this new branch of the service is to be organized.

It will be an engineering unit—a body of expert airmen, organized in such a way as to facilitate the formation of units ready to take the field with troops, and capable of expansion by any reserve formation which may be formed in the future.

"In addition," the order states, "the training and instruction of men in handling kites, balloons, aeroplanes and other forms of aircraft will also devolve on this battalion."

The warrant officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the battalion will be selected from the Royal Engineers, but officers of any branch of the regular army who are on the active list will be eligible for service in air battalion.

If you are in a hurry for darning cotton and cannot secure it immediately ravel an old stocking, pulling one thread first to make raveling easy, and use the thread thus obtained.

"Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money?" asked a parent of her newly-married daughter. "No, indeed," replied the young wife, but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me!"

BANKING BY MAIL

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P. R. SEMPLE

East Florenceville, N. B.

Hardware, Plumbing, Tinware, Furnaces and Stoves

New Empress Range

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

F. N. GRANT

PHOTOGRAPHER

Keith & Plummer's Block, Up-stairs

Courlay Pianos, Dominion and Karn Organs, New Williams Sewing Machines.

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

J. RICE WATSON

MOUNT PLEASANT, N. B.

Exchange Hotel

W. F. Thornton, Proprietor

Well equipped in every way. Lightly stable in the morning.

Watches, Clocks, Wedding and Engagement Rings.

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

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

Quick Lunch Room

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery Full line of Cigars & Tobaccos

G. A. DAY, Gillin Bk.

FOR ANY

Eye Trouble CONSULT

H. M. Martell

the only reliable travelling optician in Carleton County. Eyes tested free. Glasses ground to suit. General office at

Day's Hotel, East Florenceville N.B.

Will be at the Exchange Hotel Hartland, every Monday.

Our Neighbours

BATH.

(Too late for last issue.)

Eber Kearney made his first trip across the river this year, on Sunday morning. The landing is very bad on both sides on account of the ice being piled up.

Edward H. Drost is having his shop painted.

Joseph Davenport is finishing off his house inside now.

William Wallace has left for the North Branch of the Tobique where he will take charge of the drive.

Harry Smith's auto is the newest thing in town.

Albert S. Kinney is visiting friends in Summerfield.

Gilbert Giberson has purchased the Rankin Smith colt.

Mrs. Scott Darkis is going West soon.

Miss Clara Wheeler has taken the position of operator in the station.

D. Secord, our barber, is doing a good business.

Elmas Campbell of Gordonsville called here Saturday.

Alex. McIntosh challenged Don Secord to throw the horse shoes behind Secord's Store or the Exchange Hotel. The distance is 36 feet and the stake five dollars.

Mr. Kilfoil was in Beechwood Monday.

Michael Keenan will supply the town with beef this summer.

An enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Rev. J. H. Puddington on Wednesday evening when his daughter Florence celebrated her seventeenth birthday. Her many friends presented her with a handsome suit case. Those present were: The Misses Mary Crain, Bessie Crain, Bessie Gray, Allie Drake, Dora Tompkins, Genevieve Bolan, Jessie Squires and Mrs. Garfield Larlee. Garfield Larlee, Eugene Phillips, Armond Giberson, Harry Kinney, Edward Longstaff and Wilbur Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace visited friends in Bristol Sunday.

William Gorman has changed his boarding place from G. F. Giberson's to the Exchange Hotel.

Eugene Phillips, bugler for the Brighton Engineers, has received his new bugle from head quarters and almost any time, day or night, you can hear "Cook House Door," "Serjeants Mess" or "Lights out." The Engineers will leave here on June fifth for Petawawa.

Daniel Brown is very sick with apoplexy.

GLASSVILLE.

William Scott has returned from a four years residence in British Columbia and the prairie provinces and purchased the Ed. Scott farm, formerly owned by Mr. Welsh. Mr. Scott was favorably impressed with the west and was successful there, but he declares he saw nothing better than Carleton county all things considered.

Arch. Scott, jr., was married April 24 to Miss Minnie Elliot. He has purchased the Jas. Elliot homestead and furnished the house. The young couple will take up their residence there at once.

Mr. Barter, who has kept a well known hostelry on the Miramichi, recently sold to an English family, who have already taken up their residence there. Mr. Barter is moving to British Columbia.

The grass is already showing green here about and practically none of it.

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was winter killed. The present outlook for farming is excellent.

Cows are in strong demand at prices from \$30. up. Young pigs sell readily at \$3 each. A very large amount of pressed hay will be summered over. There is practically no beef in the country.—Telegraph

Not seeing any items from this place for some time I thought I would try and write a few lines.

We are having lovely weather now and the farmers are preparing to put their crops in.

Our school is progressing nicely under the skilful management of Miss Edna Giberson.

Mrs. Joseph Nixon spent a few days last week at McAdam visiting her brother and other relatives there.

A little daughter arrived at the home of the widow of James Glass on April 27.

Mrs. James Rourke who has been spending the winter with her mother has moved to Bristol.

Oscar Hartley is chief cook and bottle-washer at Wm. Love's Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson of Windsor was calling on Mrs. Edith Glass one day last week.

Miles Sherwood of Florenceville passed through here one day last week.

James Miller, jr., and William Scott spent a few days last week in Woodstock.

Sawing wood and cleaning house is the order of the day.

Miss Laura Scott and William Scott spent Sunday in Windsor.

Miss Laura and Harold Britton passed through here en route to Kenneth.

MIDDLE SIMONDS.

Chas. Raymond is recovering after his long illness. We expect to see him out soon.

Miss Florence Underhill has gone to Houlton, where she will stay until the first of July, after which she intends going back to Boston.

Tyson Nicholson is doing a rushing business making maple syrup.

Miss Hazel Underhill spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Henry Dorrall.

Miss Hattie Ebbett is home from Florenceville Consolidated School.

We are all glad to see Mrs. Marvin Shaw able to be out again.

Rev. J. M. Mallory intends erecting a new residence this summer.

Miss Ethel Brawn is at Brighton learning dressmaking.

Mrs. Chas. Ebbett is recovering, but not able to be out yet.

Geo. Raymond intends building a new house in the near future.

Adolphus Foster is going to work W. N. Raymond's farm this summer.

The W. M. A. S. meeting will meet at the home of Mrs. Whitfield Ebbett for the month of June. The May meeting has been omitted.

Colby Derrah has hired for the summer with J. W. Atwater.

UPPER BRIGHTON.

Mrs. Gordon Luskey entertained a number of the young people on Tuesday evening.

Born.—To the wife of Carey Rideout, a son.

Walter Shannon who has been visiting his sister Mrs. William Baber returned to his home on Wednesday.

Henry Day is quite ill.

Mrs. Gurston Day and Mrs. A. Moore were the guests of Mrs. Rourke on Sunday.

Rev. A. B. Dalbeck held service in the Primitive Baptist church on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Blanchard of Mars Hill who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Dalbeck returned home on Wednesday.

Bristol-Easter-Examinations

The following made over 75%: Grade I. Glens Rogers, Willie Hotham, Inez Dyer.

Grade II. Dora Curtis, Verna Jacques, Eberley Shaw.

Grade III. Bert Lovely, Zola Giberson, Donald Somerville.

Grade IV. Hazel Richardson, Viola Shaw, Cora Tompkins.

Grade V. Hazel Rogers, Marcus Meed, Marguerita Phillips.

Grade VI. Minnie Frost, Fred Rogers, Hazel Shaw.

Grade VII. Hepsy Giberson, Allan Curtis.

Grade VIII. Wallace Somerville, Basha Giberson.

Grade IX. Amy Street, (Crystal Davis, Mildred Giberson).

Florence Robertson } Teachers.
Olive A. Gould }

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment very effective. One application will convince you of its merits. Try it. For sale by all dealers.

RIVER BANK

On Sunday night, April 23, Sidney Balmer, after about an hours illness, passed away at his sister's, Mrs. James Brooks's of this place. The funeral was held at the house. He was buried at Bristol. He leaves a small child.

Genevieve Chase is visiting at Plaster Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald were visiting in Lansdowne on Sunday.

C. J. Smalley is working at the new post office in Hartland.

Robert Rideout is working at Stickney, putting a new verandah on the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Gideon Holmes have gone to Chester to visit Mr. and Mrs. H. Estabrooks.

Mrs. B. E. Tompkins was calling on Mrs. H. C. Hunter one day last week, also Alice Rideout.

The prayer meeting was started April 30.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bell were calling at Daniel Lovely's recently.

Hazen Long is ill with an abscess on his side.

George Elliott has been helping James Brooks saw wood and thresh.

Mrs. W. Brooks was calling on several of the neighbors last week.

Mrs. F. D. Lovely was calling on Mrs. N. Long Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lovely took a trip to Florenceville lately.

Mrs. Nelson St. Peter has been visiting at Mrs. Edward Waugh's.

Stanley Waugh has been visiting his mother.

Thomas Waugh and family have got home again from Green River.

Carvell and Upham at Centreville

Carvell and Upham had a rousing good meeting here Saturday evening. The Opera House was packed to the doors, standing room at a premium. C. M. Sherwood acted as chairman. Mr. Upham briefly addressed the audience after which Hon. F. B. Carvell held their close attention for two hours, while he thoroughly discussed Valley Road and Reciprocity. The audience seemed to be entirely with him and we heard the opinion freely expressed that we do not want an electric road, but a trunk line.

A number of Oddfellows attended church last evening to hear the farewell sermon of Rev. P. J. A. Francis who leaves this week to take charge at Bathurst. The message Mr. Francis left with his church was to wake up individually and work for the common good. No church could be successful unless the members individually used energy and worked in all the different branches of church work.

Rev. J. B. Daggett is home from the Sanitarium completely cured.

Ernest Ross is spending a few days with his mother before leaving for Woodstock, where he has secured a good position.

Sugar season is done. Tweedie & Co. have maple honey for sale.

Rain is much needed as the frost is not out of the ground yet. The roads are dry but mighty rough.

The Owen's job on the Tracey Mills road is being completed by Chas. Merrithew and Austin Adams.

Popular Couple Wedded.

Trixie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Augheron, and Donald McCormac of the C. P. R., engineering department, were united in marriage by the Rev. H. Goring Alder on Wednesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed in Christ Church, Lower Woodstock, in the presence of the immediate friends and relatives of the young couple.—Press.

Observing the Law

The efforts of Fisheries Inspector Harrison to enforce the law forbidding the dumping of sawdust in streams and rivers are bearing fruit. Several mill owners in Kings County where the inspector has recently been active have begun the installation of furnaces or blowers for the disposal of sawdust. The blowers throw the sawdust away from the banks of the streams.

Seeing Only was Believing

A trio of professional story-tellers were off in a cozy corner of the club spinning yarns. Brown had just told a most unbelievable story, and the other two glanced at each other questioningly.

"Well, I assure you, gentlemen," said Brown, "if I hadn't seen it myself I shouldn't have believed it."

"Ha—h'm—well," said one of the two doubtful ones, "you must remember, old man, that we didn't see it."—Lippincott's.

Close to the Stump

Miramichi News:—We are certainly proud of the position of being the first newspaper that was printed on paper made in New Brunswick from spruce grown along the famous Miramichi.

The paper the News is using for this issue was yesterday by the New Brunswick Pulp & Paper Co. Ltd., Millerton.

Red Rose Tea is so popular because "it's good tea" and because when you buy a package you have the comfortable feeling you're getting an article fully worth every cent you pay for it.



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



Said the Architect: "I have specified B-H ENGLISH PAINT because I have found it the best, and the cheapest in the end. It costs less to apply—covers more surface—protects better—and holds the color longer. It is the best 75% Pure White Lead and 25% Pure White Zinc Paint—and ideal formula. Then, too, it is guaranteed by BRANDAM-HENDERSON LIMITED and the guarantee is printed on the can. It is the kind of Paint for your home, sir."

For Sale by ZIBA ORSER, Hardware Store.

SEEDS!

for

Early Planting

The season has arrived for getting

Cauliflower, Cabbage and Tomato

seed in the ground. As usual we are offering the largest and choicest selection of guaranteed seeds in the vicinity. Come to us direct.

Flower and Vegetable Seeds

All kinds, from several of best known growers

ESTEY & CURTIS CO., Ltd.

Wholesale and Retail Druggists

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

D. Fitzgerald & Son

Double and Single HARNESS

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

Get the Habit!

Follow the Crowd!

to the

HARTLAND ROLLER RINK

Fine music; healthy recreation; floor free from dust

M. W. CALDWELL GENERAL MERCHANT

Special Values in Clothing and Foot

wear. Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware

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

BRISTOL.

New Barber Shop.

H. B. BOYER

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

BREAD

like MOTHER used to make.

Fine Confectionery and Soft Drinks.

SIMMS