

A Vote for Laurier Indorses Fred. Borden

SIR FREDERICK BORDEN EXPOSED

Liberals Should Refuse to Support a Government that Stands for Him

We take the following article from the Calgary Eye Opener. This is not the kind of stuff we like to publish, but in the public interest it is necessary at times to expose wrongdoing in high places.

Sir Frederick Borden has more gall than a herd of government mules. He has presented himself for re-election in King's county, Nova Scotia. What kind of people can there be in King's county to stand for an unclean thing like Fred Borden?

The day he received the nomination at Kentville, Sir F. Borden made a pitiful spectacle of himself. He alluded to the charges against him that had appeared in the Calgary Eye Opener and later were incorporated in an article in the Nineteenth Century. Amongst other things he said:

"My friends tell me that scribes are writing under various names against whom I ought to be bringing libel suits."

"I did bring a suit, but it was in England. My enemies say go west somewhere—to Calgary for instance—but it suited me better to go where I did. I was paying my own expenses. The people who talked of these suits were not paying the expenses."

"I saw fit to wait till a respectable journal put this slanderous western article in its columns. I saw fit to wait for some one to copy it. The journal that did this happened to be the Nineteenth Century."

"I promptly brought action and the result is that I was completely vindicated. That journal made a full and ample apology."

The late Sir James Knowles, editor of the Nineteenth Century, and Hamilton Fyfe, author of the alleged libelous article, were very foolish to apologize. However, they thought "the easiest way the best," and sent Borden £300, the amount at which the Minister of Militia's character was valued by these gentlemen.

Now mark the smooth cunning of the man in his disposal of the wonderful £300. Note the capital he makes out of it.

"I have determined," continued Sir Frederick, in his speech, "to give the money to the cause of education in King's county. I have established with it in the Canning school, for all time, a scholarship. The money is in the hands of trustees to give the interest, \$75 a year, to the boy passing the most successful examination into one of the colleges of Nova Scotia or the adjacent college in New Brunswick."

To assist him in doing this he had called in Rev. Mr. Sellars, Rev. Dr. Crowell and Dr. Covert, councillor. These gentlemen had met and drawn up conditions surrounding the gift, which had been drafted by Dr. Crowell. The money would help to educate some worthy boy or girl in one of the universities of that province.

By this colossal bluff Sir Frederick endeavors to enshroud himself in a clerical atmosphere. By this means he would fain lead the un-sophisticated Nova Scotian to believe that he was a deeply wronged man, a paragon of all the virtues, and an intimate ally and associate of ministers of the gospel.

F. Borden could not run this kind of a sandy out west.

Sir Frederick Borden in another part of his speech, startled his audience—Fielding, mind you, being on the platform also—by saying:

"I don't see where private character comes in in this contest."

It just amounts to this, that Sir Frederick Borden in opening his campaign adopted a threatening attitude toward any possible attacks that might be made on his private character during the campaign, his object apparently being to scare out of their boots such newspaper writers as might be courageous enough to show him up in his true light.

Well, he is not going to scare the Eye Opener.

On the second page of this edition we publish in facsimile two letters addressed to us early this year by Mrs. Maria Allison, Ottawa, whose daughter was spirited away from home by this old reprobate. The letters are those of an old lady whose orthography, etc., is not quite up to the mark, so we have copied them out to make their perusal easier for our readers. They speak for themselves.

FIRST LETTER

144 Slater St., Ottawa, Dec. 30, 1907.

Mr. Edwards:—Dear Sir—I thought many times of writing to you, but could not get my courage up to do so. I heard about some article written in your paper. I did not see it myself, but only heard of it. I refer to Sir Frederick Borden. I have been the victim of that ruffian's outrage on myself and family. I cannot get over it. I had the misfortune to take him to board in my house during the sitting of parliament, with some other members. Well, he ended by taking my only daughter away from home. I nearly died from grief and shame. I have one son. He was no assistance to me either physically or mentally, and being a widow I could do nothing. The whole cabinet stood by him. I was treated most shamefully. To add to my trouble at that time I was just recovering from rheumatism that I suffered from for three years and I could hardly work. I hired a lawyer named Taylor McVeity. He advised me what to do. I soon found out he only looked out for himself. He threw me over and told me that Borden was a fine, good-natured, jolly good fellow and he didn't like to do anything to him. I tried to get my case brought up in the House here, but the leader of the opposition being his cousin I could not get it past him. In order to make me out a liar in case it would come up, Sir Wilfrid Laurier interfered and had my daughter placed in the Crown Lands Department in Montreal. I cannot describe all I went through. In order to shut me up, Borden got Mr. Fielding to throw me out of a small position I held in the Finance Department since Confederation. I again hired another lawyer, but he (Fielding presumably) put me back after keeping me out for two months.

The whole government is rotten. This is not half. Borden has another woman that he separated from her husband, named ———. She is in the same department as myself. She never goes to work, but draws her cheque just the same.

Will you send me one of your papers, and oblige,

MARIA ALLISON.

*We have purposely withheld the name of this woman from the facsimile, as it would hardly be fair to drag her into it.—Ed.

SECOND LETTER

144 Slater St., Ottawa, Jan. 10, 1908.

Mr. Edwards:—Dear Sir—Quite recently I saw some remarks in your paper about the great Sir Frederick Borden, minister of militia for Canada. In placing him before

the public in his true colors you must indeed have some moral courage about you that our papers have not got. In addition to a small position that I held in the government for a number of years, I kept a few boarders in order to support my family, one son and one daughter. We were doing fairly well. In 1896 I had the misfortune to come across this man Borden and had taken him to board at my house. The result was that under the pretense of getting her into the General Hospital in Montreal to train for a nurse he got her away from home. I was not, of course, consulted and knew nothing about it till she left home. I did not know that Borden had anything to do with her going for some time after. After all that, he came again and lived in my house, but never let on that he had anything to do with her leaving home. It was during his stay this time that I found out. I accused him right away. Then he told me I was mistaken. I warned him that I would make him pretty sorry, both him and his family, as I would see that they got their share of what was going. He got out of Ottawa that time and never came back for one year. He went to Boston. The same time my daughter left Montreal and also went to Boston. I tried to locate her in Montreal, but could not, nor did I hear anything of her for a year after. I put in a bad time, you may be sure. I broke up my house and went to stay with some friends here. Well, Borden came back and I went down to Montreal myself and hired the Montreal secret service. Then everything came out. He was keeping her in a boarding house at 862 Pallace (Palace?) street. His wife and family lived a short way from the boarding house. I went right up to their house at 111 Stanley street and told his wife all about it. She told me that Borden was in England, but would be back in a few days.

There was a dreadful row, you may be sure. Sir Louis Davies was brought down from Ottawa, another judge and the secret service agent. They all held a meeting in Mr. Beague's office. He is now Senator Beague. You may be sure I was not allowed to that meeting and Mr. Beague wanted Borden thrown out of the cabinet there and then, but Sir Louis Davies fought hard to keep him.

I cannot write any more tonight. Have you anyone here that would call and see me? This is not the one-tenth part of what I have to say. Every word I state here is true. You can do what you please with it.

(Sgd.) MARIA ALLISON.

We commend these letters to the tender consideration of Dr. Chown, of moral reform opinion. Being a clergyman of lively political proclivities, however, and an ardent Liberal partisan, it is hardly likely that he will pay any attention to them. The wrecking of a home, the ruin of a young girl and the breaking of a mother's heart, are of no consequence whatsoever when the cause thereof happens to be a libertine occupying a seat of honor in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cabinet as a minister of the crown. It were political heresy even to breathe a word about the affair.

We may be regarded by certain bilious persons as a tough character running a disreputable paper, but, thank goodness, we are not half as tough and disreputable as editor of this little paper as is Sir Frederick Borden in his position as a cabinet minister. At all events, we never wrecked a home nor brought distress to a woman, let alone a mother. That, to our mind, is the limit of infamy. There is nothing beyond.

His Majesty's ministers at Ottawa are the virtual rulers of this country. Earl Grey is merely the neat-little-speech-cum-champagne ruler. The people of Canada desire that those who take upon themselves to guide this beautiful Dominion in the paths of progress and righteousness should be men of honor, of personal purity and of high moral character. They do not want the affairs of this country to be run by dead game sports whose inclinations in

certain directions are a bye-word even in the red light districts.

Sir Frederick Borden is a disgrace to any community. The West is watching King's county with considerable concern and will be grievously disappointed if the respectable citizens of that constituency do not rally as one man to the support of the splendid nominee of the Moral Social Reform League.

FISHER'S MONTREAL SPEECH

Mr. Fisher in a speech delivered in Montreal on October the ninth has many interesting things in it. But its chief interest lies in the things omitted rather than in the things stated.

Mr. Fisher refers to purity of elections. In this reference his whole argument was the fact that the Conservatives should not speak about such things. Mr. Fisher's whole argument with regard to purity in elections was the argument that people in glass houses should not throw stones.

Does Mr. Fisher believe in purity of elections? From his recorded speech the natural conclusion to be drawn is that he does not. When the Conservatives accuse the Liberals of being corrupt Mr. Fisher simply answers, "What about Colchester?"

The day was when Mr. Fisher stood squarely against bribery in elections. He is very quiet on that question now. When he or his party are accused of election trickery he does not come forward boldly and indignantly deny the accusation. All he says is that the Conservatives did it first.

Mr. Fisher dare not come forward boldly and say that he is against corruption in elections. His own elections have been corrupt in the past. Whether he is personally responsible or not is a secondary consideration. He is evidently aware of the Brome bribery as he is content when the Liberals are accused of corruption to calmly announce that the Conservatives are as bad.

CAMPAIGN OF SLANDER

Mr. Fisher also referred to the campaign of slander being waged against the Liberals. Mr. Fisher prefers to call it slander, many people call it the truth.

Mr. Fisher does not refer at all to the Liberal platform of 1893. That platform was a good one. Mr. Fisher, however, and his associates found that platform rather annoying and consequently it has dropped out of sight.

It is very well for Mr. Fisher, to get up before a Montreal audience and accuse the Conservatives in bygone times of giving away government lands to large syndicates. Fisher and his associates were sent to Ottawa expressly for the purpose of putting a stop to that practice. The giving away of immense tracts of land was one of the reasons of the Conservative defeat in '96 and it comes with very poor grace from Mr. Fisher to calmly acknowledge that the Liberals have practically given away large tracts of land to large corporations. His excuse that the Conservatives were worse is no excuse. He and his associates have betrayed their trust and all their excuses are wearisome.

There is one thing sure. Sifton has made millions out of the government. Burrows has become wealthy and many other government attaches have also profited from large deals in government lands. This very fact condemns Sifton and also condemns Fisher when he hastens to defend that princely prodigal of the peoples' property.

MR FISHER THE DOLLITE

We are not however, so much interested in the Dominion campaign as we are in the Brome one. The Conservatives are exposing corruption and bribery in almost every department of Dominion activity. This corruption is the result of insincere men being at the head of the government.

The Honorable Minister of Agriculture is one of these insincere gentlemen. We have accused Mr. Fisher of going back on every pledge he ever made. Not a word of denial does he utter. He has gone back on his pledges of

Blessed is the Man that walketh Not in the Counsel of the Ungodly

The Minister of Agriculture has not Walked--He Has Sat

prohibition, Mr. Fisher started out to carry on the temperance reform in Parliament. He has remained silent on this question. If asked why he has not agitated this question his only reply would be, "If you elect the Conservatives they will not be any better."

Mr. Fisher has not protected the interests of the farmers as he should have done. If asked why he has not been more active in their interests he would probably reply, "If you elect the Conservatives they will not be any better."

Mr. Fisher has not been instrumental in reducing the preference given to manufacturers by the protective policy. If asked why he did not work for the reduction of the tariff he would probably reply, "If you elect the Conservatives they will not reduce the tariff."

Mr. Fisher has done nothing for temperance, has not seen to it that his elections were pure, and has gone back on the pledges he made. His only excuse is the that other fellows are worse. This excuse will not go down with the electors of Brome.

CORRUPTION IN BROME

We are running in Brome County and we are running without corruption. This to many people appears to be utter madness, but there is a method in it.

We have been through the county of Brome and everywhere are heard the tales of rank corruption practiced in the elections of the Minister of Agriculture. On every body's lips is the same story that Brome is corrupt and has been corrupted during the past twelve years and this corruption has been practiced on behalf of Mr. Fisher.

Liberalism has been dragged in the mud in that county. The name no longer stands for purity and righteousness. In the county of Brome it stands for bribery and corruption and election trickery.

We have heard the Minister of Agriculture speak in Brome. The sentiments he uttered were noble. To listen to him one would naturally conclude that all his elections were pure.

Mr. Fisher is either a fool or a hypocrite. He has time after time delivered public addresses in Brome. Never once have we heard him refer to these rumors of corruption. He has kept quiet. If he had not heard them then he is dull of intellect and perception and should not be sent to Ottawa. If he heard them and has not denied them in his speeches about electoral purity, then he has exhibited great foolishness in talking vaguely, when he should have denied specific charges.

If the elections in his behalf have been corrupt to his knowledge, then he is a hypocrite when he arises to talk about morality and purity and himself as Minister of Agriculture is the result of corruption.

We desire to run as a protest against Mr. Fisher and the election methods practiced on his behalf. If Canada is to enjoy pure elections such men as Mr. Fisher must not be allowed to monopolize the so-called party of purity.

Twenty-two clergymen, who have charges in the county of King's, N. S., says the Montreal Gazette, are announced to speak on the platform against the candidature of Sir Frederick Borden, the minister of militia. There seems some reason to expect that one of the seats the Liberals will not retain in Nova Scotia will be that for some time held by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's senior colleague from the Maritime Provinces.

Geo. E. Foster was Finance Minister for eighteen years and retired poor. According to Liberal ethics such a man should not be allowed to be minister of Finance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Fisher has done little for the farmer.

The time is ripe and rotten ripe for change.

Dan Meigs votes solid for Fred. Borden.

Fisher's political career is finished in Brome County.

Mr. Fisher says he is a Liberal. Maybe he was once, but he is not now.

Fisher has a stronger constitution than we have if he can stomach Sir Fred.

The Hon. Minister of Agriculture stands for purity and yet backs Fred. Borden.

Brome county has been corrupted in the interests of Mr. Fisher. Fisher calls this electoral purity.

Twenty-two ministers of the gospel are out working against Fred. Borden in his own county of Kings, N. S.

The Liberals have been pointing the finger of shame at Geo. E. Foster. Lately they have been apologizing.

Fisher tells England, "Let Canadian cattle into your country." England tells Fisher, "Improve your regulations and I will."

United States papers, The Montreal Witness says, are describing Montreal as the most wide-open town on the continent on Sunday.

If a Missisquoi voter cannot vote for Geo. Ford, let him vote for Dr. Pickel. We have known the Doctor for fifteen years and there is not a mean streak in him.

Mr. Fisher believes the one end of politics is to get votes. Principles are purely secondary. He has thrown overboard principle after principle for the sake of votes, and now Brome Liberals are disgusted with him.

The Montreal Herald has received a quarter of a million dollars in government money. Five hundred dollars a week from one client merits a few eulogies to the parties giving the contracts. Fisher is the member of the government eulogized.

Fisher says he has tried hard to remove the British embargo against Canadian cattle. His foolish regulations in regard to cattle are deposited with the British minister of agriculture. The Englishmen know a thing or two, and are perfectly justified in turning Fisher down.

We have received a five-page eulogy on Fisher from a Brome voter. We would like to publish it were the ideas new, but anybody who wants to find out these ideas can find them in Fisher's personal organ, the Montreal Herald, a paper that is run to eulogize Mr. Fisher.

Mr. Fisher says he benefits the farmer. He spends \$300,000 in attempting to keep out rotten American cattle, and looks the other way while Canadians sell rotten Canadian cattle to each other. This attitude of his is like a country that spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to keep foreign lepers out, while letting its own lepers wander unrestricted through its own territory.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 15, 1908

PRIVATE OWNERSHIP

We are working under a system of laws which are founded on the belief that private initiative will give the best service and that the search for profits will benefit mankind.

In practice it is found that the search for profit benefits those who find them but not the great body of citizens.

Private ownership of railroads means that the owners want to make out of the operation thereof. The more profits the better they like it.

Profits are largest when rates are high and labor cost is low. Profits diminish when rates are cut or when wages go up.

Private ownership means large profits for the few. Lord Strathcona is a shining light as to how private ownership does not benefit the people, it means decreased service where the service will not pay itself.

Government ownership, when properly managed, means increased service at diminished rates with good prices for labor.

Government ownership will pay the country.

EUGENE V. DEBS

Eugene V. Debs is the Socialist candidate for President. His name was rendered notorious in connection with the Chicago railroad strike of 1893.

Debs himself was sent to prison for six months for his part in the uprising. His name has been howled from all the responsible papers of the states and today he is acclaimed by millions of Americans as their leader.

The little children like Debs. When he goes about the streets of the villages in which he is known the children will follow him about.

Debs himself acknowledges that he is not fit to be president. He is too sympathetic, and too much of an absolute revolutionist.

The very fact that he has gone to prison and has suffered for the faults of an unreasoning railway union endears him to the heart of the working people.

There is a great future for Debs, if he is not landed in jail or killed by the trust leaders before he accomplishes his work.

THE RED SPECIAL

Eugene V. Debs, Socialist candidate for President of the United States, has been travelling over the length and breadth of the land in a special train.

The Red Special has been a great drawing card and has proved to the scattered Socialists that their party is a strong and growing one.

A peculiar circumstance that is drawing attention is the fact that the Socialist party is the only party which can afford a special train for its presidential candidate.

In the West the Special was richly decked, but when the train came East the authorities insisted upon all decorations being removed and put a detective on board to see that the order was obeyed.

MORE WORKERS WITH LESS PAY

The city of Montreal has had proposed an old scheme for the relief of distress. The idea has been broached that were as so many men are out of work it would be better all around for the city to reduce the price it pays labor and to employ more laborers.

The proposal is a specious one. It would be altogether wrong were it a private corporation which was getting the work done.

When the worker is compelled to labor for a pittance the whole of our civilization becomes deteriorated.

Those out of work might be given work by the city or by the Dominion.

Our civilization is developing grave defects when in a country of three million square miles and but six millions of inhabitants men can stare in the streets or wander over the country hungry and out of work.

The men without property, however, are free from all such influences. They are apt to regard life from a different viewpoint.

Government ownership of railways and public utilities must be by the people and for the benefit of the people.

It is not sufficient that public utilities be possessed by the government.

Government ownership, however, did not benefit a great mass of the people who were slaves.

Government ownership, to be effective, must be for the benefit of the people.

The Intercolonial railway is possessed by the people but the people do not benefit. The road is overmanned and Liberals along the line get the benefit of rebates.

We can imagine a state of society in which the Manufacturer's Association was all powerful. In this society everything would be run so that goods might be made to the profit of the manufacturers.

Under such a state government ownership would not benefit the people, but would simply benefit the manufacturers.

ON THE REWARD OF LABOR

The distribution of the products of labor is a great study. Of course our civilization is the greatest civilization on earth.

The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man: "Do something," "Do it," "Do it."

Wherever we are, there is something for us to do for ourselves and help our fellows.

Carnegie has made another appropriation for the reward of heroes says the Hamilton Spectator.

Oh! what would the world be to us if the children were no more? We should dread the desert behind us worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food, Ere their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children; Through them it feels the glow Of a brighter and sunnier climate That reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children! And whisper in my ear What the birds and the winds are singing In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings, And the wisdom of our books, When compared with your caresses, And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or said; For ye are living poems, And all the rest are dead.

The people is a beast of muddy brain, That knows not its own force and therefore stands Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands.

Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein; One kick would be enough to break the chain; But the beast fears, and what the child demands

It does; nor its own terror understands, Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain, Most wonderful! with its own hand it ties

And gags itself—gives itself death and war. For pence doled out by kings from its own store.

Its own are all things between earth and heaven; But this it knows not; and if one arise To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

For Quality and Quantity STAG BRIGHT PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO In new big plugs.

Thoughtful Pointers

The smoother the politician is, the rougher the worker has it.

There may be reason in all things, but there is no reason in all people.

Knowledge is power. Especially the knowledge of how to work the people.

Prejudice never promoted an individual or gave the world any good.

The fellows who tell how noble labor is are laboring hard to work the laborer.

Nine-tenths of the people are born saddled, with another tenth waiting to ride them as soon as they can carry.

A capitalist magazine asserts that "prisons are for those who are caught."

The phrase should be amended to read, "for poor people who are caught."

Fifty years ago a millionaire was as great a curiosity in America as he is today in heaven.

Somebody made heredity. If heredity keeps people from living free from want, it is up to us to make a new kind of heredity.

The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say loudly to every man: "Do something," "Do it," "Do it."

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And gags itself—gives itself death and war. For pence doled out by kings from its own store.

Its own are all things between earth and heaven; But this it knows not; and if one arise To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.

A CHECKBOOK Men's lives should be open books, So their good wives expect; And they seem to think each page Should represent a check.

BWARE Beware the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, the germ-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

THE APOSTATE

A Child Labor Problem

BY JACK LONDON

He took his place in one of many long rows of machines. Before him, above a bin filled with small bobbins, were large bobbins revolving rapidly.

All that was required was celerity. The small bobbins were emptied so rapidly, and there were so many large bobbins that did the emptying, that there were no idle moments.

He worked mechanically. When a small bobbin ran out he used his left hand for a brake, stopping the large bobbin and at the same time, with thumb and fore-finger, catching the flying end of twine.

Also, at the same time, with his right hand, he caught up the loose twine-end of a small bobbin. These various acts with both hands were performed simultaneously and swiftly.

Then there would come a flash of his hands as he looped the weaver's knot and released the bobbin. There was nothing difficult about weaver's knots. He once boasted he could tie them in his sleep.

And for that matter, he sometimes did, toiling centuries long in a single night at tying an endless succession of weaver's knots.

Some of the boys shirked, wasting time and machinery by not replacing the small bobbins when they ran out. And there was an overseer to prevent this.

He caught Johnny's neighbor at the trick and boxed his ears. "Look at Johnny there—why ain't you like him?" the overseer wrathfully demanded.

Johnny's bobbins were running full blast, but he did not thrill at the indirect praise. There had been a time, . . . but that was long ago, very long ago.

His apathetic face was expressionless as he listened to himself being held up as a shining example. He was the perfect worker. He new that. He had been told so, often.

It was a commonplace, and besides it didn't seem to mean anything to him any more. From the perfect worker he had evolved into the perfect machine. When his work went wrong it was with him as with a machine, due to faulty material.

It would have been as possible for a perfect nail-die to cut imperfect nails as for him to make a mistake.

And small wonder. There had never been a time when he had not been in intimate relationship with machines. Machinery had almost been bred into him, and at any rate he had been brought up on it.

Twelve years before, there had been a small flutter of excitement in the loom-room of this very mill. Johnny's mother had fainted. They stretched her out on the floor in the midst of the shrieking machines.

A couple of elderly women were called from their looms. The foreman assisted. And in a few minutes there was one more soul in the loom-room than had entered by the doors.

It was Johnny, born with the pounding, crashing roar of the looms in his ears, drawing with his first breath the warm, moist air that was thick with flying lint. He had coughed that first day in order to rid his lungs of the lint; and for this reason he had coughed ever since.

The boy alongside of Johnny whimpered and sniffed. The boy's face was convulsed with hatred

for the overseer who kept a threatening eye on him from a distance; but every bobbin was running full. The boy yelled terrible oaths into the whirling bobbins before him; but the sound did not carry half a dozen feet, the roaring of the room holding it in and containing it like a wall.

Of all this Johnny took no notice. He had a way of accepting things. Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless to oppose the overseer as to defy the will of a machine.

Machines were made to go in certain ways and to perform certain tasks. It was the same with the overseer.

But at eleven o'clock there was excitement in the room. In an apparently occult way the excitement instantly permeated everywhere. The one-legged boy who worked on the other side of Johnny bobbed swiftly across the floor to a bin-truck that stood empty. Into this he dived out of sight, crutch and all.

The superintendent of the mill was coming along, accompanied by a young man. He was well-dressed and wore a starched shirt—a gentleman, in Johnny's classification of men, and also, "the Inspector."

He looked sharply at the boys as he passed along. Sometimes he stopped and asked questions. When he did so he was compelled to shout at the top of his lungs, at which moments his face was ludicrously contorted with the strain of making himself heard.

His quick eye noted the empty machine alongside of Johnny's, but he said nothing. Johnny also caught his eye, and he stopped abruptly. He caught Johnny by the arm to draw him back a step from the machine; but with an exclamation of surprise he released the arm.

"Pretty skinny," the superintendent laughed anxiously. "Pipe-stems," was the answer. "Look at those legs. The boy's got the rickets—incipient, but he's got them. If epilepsy doesn't get him in the end, it will be because tuberculosis gets him first."

Johnny listened, but did not understand. Furthermore he was not interested in future ills. There was an immediate and more serious ill that threatened him in the form of the inspector.

"Now, my boy, I want you to tell me the truth," the inspector said, or shouted, bending close to the boy's ear to make him hear. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Johnny lied, and he lied with the full force of his lungs. So loudly did he lie that it started him off in a dry, hacking cough that lifted the lint which had been settling in his lungs all morning.

"Looks sixteen at least," said the superintendent. "Or sixty," snapped the inspector.

"He's always looked that way."

"How long?" asked the inspector quickly.

"For years. Never gets a bit older."

"Or younger, I daresay. I suppose he's worked here all those years?"

"Off and on—but that was before the new law was passed," the superintendent hastened to add.

"Machine idle? the inspector asked, pointing at the unoccupied machine beside Johnny's, in which the part-filled bobbins were flying like-mad.

The government of Roumania has projected a new liquor law, under which the right to sell drink will pass into the hands of local communal authorities in April next.

The markets are being flooded with liquor. Option drinks have been selling so well that they have been fined. Option beer proved to be full.

Ohio is going a vengeance. They have held election option, and "dry," driving out of business that when the tenths of the cent so. It is planned.

Temperance

Temperance

Temperance

PROHIBITION FIGHT THE WORLD OVER

The Editor's Views and Other News on This Great Movement

LIQUOR DESTRUCTION

At White Plains, N. Y., recently, two thousand dollars worth of alcoholic beverages was destroyed by the authorities. The bottles were broken and the liquors were allowed to run down the gutters. In Hammond, Indiana, recently four thousand dollars worth of the stuff was destroyed in the same manner. The city had gone dry and the liquors were seized and destroyed by order of the court.

In the Province of Quebec, the alcoholic beverages that come into the possession of government officials are not destroyed. They are publicly sold to the highest bidder. In this respect the Province of Quebec takes a lower stand than almost any other government on the continent. Alcoholic beverages are regarded by the general public as a nuisance. They are looked upon as things which must be tolerated because of the frailty of man. Men are licensed to sell alcoholic beverages and the government maintains the retail business because men can be more or less supervised and be stopped from drinking when they have had enough.

When goods are sold at public auction they are frequently sold cheap and the government in putting up for public sale confiscated liquors is in many cases, flooding the local market with cheap whiskies.

The laws might well be reformed in this particular. It would be a great step in advance did the government of Quebec destroy all seized liquors instead of entering into the auctioneer business as it does at present for the purpose of making a little money by the debauching of its citizens.

Temperance Notes and Comments

The saloons are a curse to the country. The saloons must go.

The Anglican Synod of Canada has passed a resolution in favor of local option.

Light is breaking in dark places, and where the light comes the saloon goes.

The British Admiralty is thinking of increasing the money allowance of the men by one penny a day in lieu of spirit rations.

New Brunswick is being agitated by the temperance reformers. Many names are being attached to the temperance petitions.

Many personal liberty men want the right to become paralyzed. Personal liberty men might be renamed temporary paralytics.

Last month a great temperance parade was held in Chicago. Twelve thousand people formed in line and marched behind the temperance banners.

Liquor drummers tell us that all the citizens of P. E. I. carry a flask with them wherever they go. The people of the Island smile when they hear such remarks made.

It is now possible to fine wholesale liquor men for shipping liquor into Scott Act counties. Some of the St. John, N. B. dealers have been already fined.

The markets in temperance counties are being flooded with so called Local Option drinks. The men who have been selling some of this kind of stuff have been fined in Ontario, as the local Option beverage, on examination, proved to be full of alcohol.

Temperance Wave in Ohio

Ohio is going after the saloons with a vengeance. Already sixteen counties have held elections under the Rose local option, and every one has gone "dry," driving several hundred saloons out of business. It is predicted now that when the elections are over nine-tenths of the counties in Ohio will be so. It is planned to have elections in

the majority of the counties before the Presidential election, others waiting till afterward for fear of the effect the voting may have on the regular election.

On Saturday and Monday four elections were held, the following large counties going "dry" by good margins: Meigs, Morrow, Warren and Marion. To-day twelve counties voted with the following majorities for the "drys": Hanover, 894; Hocking, 700; Guernsey, 1,000; Gallia, 1,600; Lawrence, 1,500; Athens, 1,600; Jackson, 1,800; Pike, 900; Noble, 1,450; Scioto, 400; Vinton, 800; and Adams, 400.

Portsmouth, a city of 15,000, went "dry" by 400, while Gallipolis, where a fight was very bitter, gave the "drys" a majority.

Marion, a city of 12,000, always a wide-open town drove the saloons out by a majority of over 600 votes.

Republicans see in this sweeping victory of the anti-saloon forces the re-election of Gov. Harris by a big majority. Judge Harmon, the Democratic candidate, has the backing of the so-called liberal element.—New York Times.

CRISP POINTERS

On the Progress of the Prohibition Movement in the Neighboring Republic.

[American Associated Prohibition Press]. "However, Bryan and Taft are not the first. We recall that a certain priest and Levite much earlier held the view that the plight of the unfortunate and suffering was 'not an issue this year.'—The People.

The Review of Reviews for September gives its readers a detailed and graphic glimpse of the National Prohibition party campaign as seen by President Samuel Dickie of Albion, Michigan.

"Does prohibition pay?"—A story of forty years battle against the liquor traffic in Iowa by Trumbull White in Appleton's Magazine for September, deserves for an audience every Prohibition thinker and patriotic citizen in America who is interested in the great cause against the saloon. The article is remarkably fair, in most details.

Among the leading articles on the Prohibition question in current publications during the past few weeks may be mentioned "Woman's Part in the Prohibition Movement" in the September Delineator; "Liquor's Fight against Prohibition" in the August Broadway Magazine; and a bright and friendly sketch of Mr. Chafin on the "Who's who" page of the Saturday Evening Post, August 22nd.

Mr. Chafin, Prohibition candidate for President, declares that Washington is one of the wickedest cities in the world. The first thing he will do after his inauguration will be to "clean up" the old town. When he accomplishes this it will be time for the next presidential election, and he will ask for another term in which to "clean up" the rest of house cleaning. Danville, Ill., Democrat, Sept. 2, 1908.

"The world today" in its issue for September, paying conspicuous tribute to the Prohibition party campaign, in its editorial columns says: "Measured by every standard of pluck, persistence and patient fidelity to their conviction, the men and women of the Prohibition party deserve both respect and admiration. There is no other example in national politics of a minority party surviving forty years of apparent defeat and having, as it has this year, better political health than in any previous year."

A concerted attack upon Speaker Joseph G. Cannon of the National House of Representatives has just been launched by the Methodist Church. Eighteen of the bishops have united in an appeal for the defeat of Mr. Cannon at the coming election. The Northwestern Christian Advocate will be the chief organ of this campaign. In a reply to the first broadside of this attack, Speaker Cannon at Danville, Sept. 10th,

used up a number of his choicest adjectives, and among other things said: "These bishops go off half-cocked. Their talk on my attitude toward the rum question and about my czar-like power is nonsense. It is like their talk about Smoot."

A federal judge has just handed down a decision that South Carolina cannot retain her dispensary liquor law. He says that the constitution of the United States does not contemplate a state going into business! There is nothing in the constitution about the matter at all, but the judge says it means that anyway, and the people of a state can't do what they want to do—just because one man says they cannot. If there is anything the trusts don't want, all they have to do is to have their judges declare it unconstitutional. This is a great republic when one man can set aside a law demanded and passed by the majority of the people. Oklahoma will now have to go out of the liquor business and allow the bootleggers to run the traffic without any legal control; as they do in Kansas. Great is the federal judge; insignificant are the people. And this is a republic!—The Appeal.

Sharp Things Ment Kindly

CONTRIBUTED
The presiding genius of the bar is a "fine fellow"—till your money's gone.

This talk of personal liberty. What personal liberty has the bung hole devotee?

When men get down to a real sane view of life, the saloon will have to go with other evils.

If the people in a town don't want any saloons, they don't have to have them. They have the ballot. Let them use it.

When will men get sense and abolish the foolish treating habit, which pauperizes them and enriches the vampires behind the saloon bars.

We prefer the man who openly takes his glass to the so called "Nippers" A man who will sneak his liquor will generally sneak his other things.

Make the bar rooms let in the light. Let them be in as conspicuous a place possible, and at night brilliantly lighted and no shades on the windows. We want to see the patrons.

Ever spot the "nippers?" They are the little fellows who steal in the front door of an country hotel, and hike to the bar for a nip when no one is looking. Wouldn't do for "mother" or the parson to know it.

Unlike the devotee of the soothing weed, who views with pleasure the increasing deepening of the hue on his meerschaum pipe, the toper has little pleasure in the deepening reddish tinge of his nasal appendage. But it is a good advertisement, and he keeps biting it up.

Man is indeed generous. He stands treat on week days, thus giving of his generous nature to the liquor cause which fills our insane asylums and jails with devotees, and homes with misery, and on Sunday goes to church and gives most generously a big nickel to the missionary cause.

A Monster Cocktail

For four hours one morning recently a gang of prisoners from the county jail, under Deputy Sheriff William J. Doyle, were engaged in carrying out the order of County Judge Platt, which called for the destruction of the 4,200 bottles of beer, seventy-five "teapots" of whisky, and the cases of gin cocktails, champagne, and other liquors seized recently at the Westchester County Fair grounds, says the New York Times.

The consignment was the property of George Fisher, a Yonkers saloon keeper, who ran a "whisper" pavilion at the fair grounds. He did not lay claim to it, the Sheriff says, for the good reason that his appearance at White Plains would have meant his indictment.

The liquors were carried out by the case, uncorked and poured into the gutter, and later the bottles and teapots were taken to the public refuse grounds and smashed; as the order called for "complete destruction."

A big crowd was on hand to witness the execution of the court order, and as the beer flowed foaming down Grand Street many amusing comments were made. The fumes of the liquor were so strong that they could be smelled for

PANDORA RANGE



"We Want Them!"

"The biscuits which please us must be brown and crisp and firm and dainty, with a well-raised, evenly-baked crust.

"Mother says such buns require a steel oven, scientifically constructed, uniformly heated, perfectly ventilated—'PANDORA' OVEN EXACTLY."

When you see a "Pandora" Range the sale is made.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary.

McCLATCHIE BROS., Agents, Cowansville

blocks and windows near by had to be closed.

When five cases of champagne were brought out and smashed several of the politicians in the crowd were overcome with grief.

This was the first seizure under the new act passed by the last Legislature, and many temperance workers were on hand to see the law put in operation. What was painful to other spectators was joy to them.

THE OBSERVER and the Home Journal Canada's Leading Home Magazine, at \$1.25 per year. The Home Journal is a finely printed magazine, and after Dec. 1st will be worth \$1.00 per year. Get it while it is cheap.

We offer THE OBSERVER and the Weekly Mail and Empire from now till Jan. 1st next for the small sum of 35 cents.

Don't lay away the things you don't need. Sell 'em. Put a little ad. in THE OBSERVER. Somebody else wants them.

Permanent Good Effects

are obtained by the use of Campbell's Quinine Wine.

For 30 years doctors have recommended it as a perfect tonic, blood purifier and strength giver. It never fails to restore the appetite and to increase the energy, vitality and power both of body and mind.

CAMPBELL'S Quinine Wine

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Employs a System which makes it easy for its out of town depositors to open accounts and transact business by mail with any of its

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Canada's Leading Home Magazine

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FOR ONLY

\$1.25 Per Year

The Home Journal is a high class monthly magazine published by the Canadian Woman's Magazine Publishing Co., Toronto. It will be \$1.00 per year after Dec. 1st. Now is the time to get a real bargain.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



Gold Dust Stands Alone

in the washing powder field—it has no substitute. You must either use

Gold Dust Washing Powder

or something inferior—there is no middle ground. Buy GOLD DUST and you buy the best.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, cleaning brass, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., and making the most of soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

AROUND DUNHAM

Latest Items from Our Correspondents There and in

SURROUNDING PLACES

Mr. Joseph Couture is on the mend after his recent severe illness.

Mr. Toussaint Jasinein and Mrs. Corey were united in marriage at the R. C. church on Tuesday, Oct. 12th, by Rev. Father Larose.

Mr. Steven Small has several men under the supervision of N. L. Whitcomb, at work on the building which he recently purchased from A. A. Stevens.

Centenary Celebration

Sunday last, October 11th, was observed by the congregation of All Saints' Church with thanksgiving service to mark their centenary, the 100th year of parish life since the coming of the first rector, Rev. Chas. C. Cotton, in 1808.

FRELIGHSBURG

Mr and Mrs Cleveland and Mr and Mrs D. Piettie, of Hillside, were in Bedford on business Wednesday.

Mr George Baker of Dunham, was in town on Wednesday.

Many of our village people were in Richmond, Vt., on the 9th, to see the damage caused by the explosion of the elevator.

Mr A. Grassetto has given up the meat market and has rented a farm.

Mr J. A. Neil is having a cement floor put in his barn, and also other improvements added to the farm buildings and land.

Frelighsburg and Abbott's Corner

Arrivals and departures are: Mrs H. H. Ayer to Montreal; Mr and Mrs A. W. Reynolds, calling on friends; Mrs E. M. Shepard to Richmond, Vt.; Mr James O'Neil to Bedford; Mrs H. Tracy to Boston; Miss Vivian Bridge, who has been visiting her friends here from the Canadian west started Thursday en route by Boston for her home in the West; Mr A. Armstrong of Enosburg, Vt., and Mr J. Cotton were in Cowansville Saturday on business;

Mrs J. Marshal and Mrs J. Austin to Dunham on Tuesday; Mrs A. S. Westover and son Walter to Cowansville visiting friends.

Mr Peter Goodhue made a shipment of two carloads of hogs from here on Tuesday.

A prayer meeting was held at the home of Mr Geo. Wilkings Tuesday evening.

Those who attended the leap year ball at Stanbridge were Messrs. E. Jenne, G. Dunn, E. Ingalls, Misses K. Dann, E. Chadburn.

SUTTON NEWS

Mrs. E. Macey is not in very good health.

Miss Lila Longeway is visiting friends in Farnham.

Mrs. John Shufelt is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Skinner.

Mrs. Miller, of Glen Sutton, is visiting Mr. William Brown.

Mr and Mrs. J. Connor are the proud possessors of a big new boy.

Mrs. L. D. Jenne continues very ill, causing her friends much anxiety.

Mr Carl Griggs has returned from his trip to Mexico and other Western points.

Mr and Mrs Miles Garrick and two children are getting ready to move to Georgetown, Conn.

Dr. McDonald is building an addition to his tenement house on Pleasant street, now occupied by Mr. B. Butler.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held on Friday, at 3 p. m. with Mrs. Hale Reid.

The many friends of Mr. A. Dyer are sorry to learn that he is not progressing towards recovery so fast as is desirable.

Mrs. H. Hulbert has been obliged to go to Montreal for an operation. Hopes are entertained for her speedy recovery.

A number of Free Masons attended the memorial services held at Richmond for the brother who was a victim in the elevator tragedy.

NORTH SUTTON

A very small contingent of our townspeople attended the Liberal rally at Farnham on Monday.

The Methodist Ladies' Aid are being entertained by Mrs A. W. Smith on Friday evening. Every one is cordially invited to be present.

Mrs S. O. Fuller and Mrs Wood Kathan attended the Guild at Mr David Taylor's, West Brome on Monday evening.

Mr Gilbert Jenne is improving his residence with a coat of paint. Mr H. Strong is doing the work.

Recent visitors are the Rev. Mr and Mrs Martin, Iron Hill; Mr and Mrs H. N. West of West Brome at Mr L. D. B. Fuller's; Mr and Mrs C. Harvey; Mrs R. Laraway of Dunham; Mr and Mrs Martin of South Troy, Vt.; Mrs Wm. and Miss Grace Macfarlane of Cowansville; Mr Albert and Mrs Bertha Breese of West Sutton, at Mr B. N. Breese's; Miss Mabel Longeway of Dunham; Mrs Chas. and Miss Gladys Pettes of West Brome; Miss Jessie Rockwell of Waterloo, at Mr H. E. Fuller's; Mr and Mrs Egbert Barnes of Newport, Vt.; Mr and Mrs Annis Hawley of Sutton at Mr Merrit Darbe's.

A very enjoyable evening was passed at the home of Mr and Mrs David Taylor on Monday evening last, the first evening Guild of the season being held at that time. Rev. Mr Martin in a few graceful remarks in the name of the Guild, bid Mr and Mrs Taylor, Mr and Mrs Mason farewell, as they are leaving this place the first of November to take possession of a large farm in the vicinity of Iron Hill, which they have recently purchased.

The spirit of improvement is abroad in our midst. Mr Ogdan Sweet is improving his buildings in various ways; Mr Will Strong is having rods of new Page wire fence erected. Mr George Ingalls of Scottsmore, is doing the work.

Mr Percy Breese has rented Mrs Fuller's farm for the coming year.

Mr Jas. Robinson, while gathering apples, was quite badly hurt, the pole he was using to dislodge the fruit coming down with sufficient force on his leg as to render him quite lame.

Mrs Jas. Turner returned to Cowansville on Monday.

We extend our sympathy to those people so sadly bereaved on the Richmond accident, especially to Mr and Mrs Melvin Mandigo, who lived amongst us so many years.

GLEN SUTTON

Mr Clelen A. Miller and his mother have gone back to the farm to reside, having bought the farm of Harvey

Crowell adjoining theirs on the north. Some permanent road improvements are under way under the direction of W. B. Joyce.

J. Pelkey at one time a resident here, but for many years a resident of Mexico, who has the habit of turning up at various intervals, and with various titles and employment, is here at present on a visit. On former visits he has been a doctor and a pugilist at different times. This time the roles that of a showman and on Wednesday evening he gave a good exhibit with a moving picture machine of high grade.

The Conservatives have opened a committee room in the front apartment of the Glen House and regular meetings are held. Considerable enthusiasm is shown.

WEST SHEFFORD

Mr. E. L. Roberts, is spending a few days in Montreal the guest of his son Duke.

The political pot does not seem to boil in this place, but no doubt the usual excitement will prevail as the day of voting draws near.

A most successful Guild was held on Thursday afternoon last, at Mrs. J. R. Robinson's, South Granby. A most beautiful supper was served to the large number present.

Mr. Keith Allen left last week for Leominster, Mass. All wish him success in his new field of labor.

The annual Harvest Home in connection with St John's Church, will be held on Thursday evening of next week, Oct. 22nd. Due notice as to arrangements will be made known later. It is hoped that all the congregation will attend.

A friendly contest between the Granby and West Shefford Rifle Club, was held on the local range on Saturday afternoon last. When firing ceased Granby had a lead of 31 points. A return match will be shot on the Granby range on Saturday next.

BRIGHAM

Miss Bell, a returned missionary from Chisamba, West Africa, will give an address in the Congregational Church at the morning service on Sunday next, Oct. 18th. A large congregation is requested. Mr. Pierce will preach in the evening.

Mr J. E. Johnson and son spent Sunday in Granby.

Mrs Swan and daughter have returned home from visiting friends at Shefford.

Miss Blackwood is attending the Teacher's Convention in Montreal.

Mr Jas. Booton and family of Lancashire, England, arrived at Mr C. B. Short's last week.

Mrs Warminton's parrot "Polly" died two weeks ago. She had been in the Wilkinson family for fifty years.

The much needed rain of Saturday and Sunday is causing the farmers to rejoice.

NORTH STANBRIDGE

Mr and Mrs Felth, of Manchester, spent a few days here last week guests of Mrs A. M. Kemp.

Mrs Charles Bockus and Miss Ida Burnes of Mystic, were calling on friends here last week.

Miss Nina Stone who has been visiting her sister in Boston is home again.

Miss Mable Schoolcraft and Miss Alma Thompson are spending a few days with friends in Lowell, Mass.

Mr Moulton of Stanstead, is the guest of his sister Mrs Leonard Stone.

The Man of Cheer

We love the man with roses on his tongue; the man who sees the boy's dirty face but mentions his bright eyes, who notices your shabby coat, but praises your studious habits, the man who sees the faults, but is quick to praise and slow to blame. We like to meet a man whose smile would brighten deadness, whose voice is full of the music of the bird, whose handshake is an inspiration. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's croak is forgotten when the thrush sings. God bless the man of cheer! There is plenty of trouble here, and we need no increase of it.—Exchange.

THE OBSERVER and the Home Journal

Canada's Leading Home Magazine, at \$1.25 per year. The Home Journal is a finely printed magazine, and after Dec. 1st will be worth \$1.00 per year. Get it while it is cheap.

Say, Mr. Farmer, what about that machine you want to sell? A want ad. in THE OBSERVER will dispose of it.

THE OBSERVER and The Family Herald and Weekly Star from now till January 1st 1909 for only 35 cents.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF Missisquoi

The question has been asked me why I am coming forward as a candidate for parliament, I being a working farmer and not versed in politics. I will acknowledge that I know little about the science of politics. Though knowing little about the theory of politics I have worked out to my satisfaction how the practical working out of politics affects the working farmer.

For ten years we have had good prices for our produce and if there was not an ulcer draining the revenue from our farms we would be much better off than we are. This ulcer is protection.

I thoroughly believe in the patriotic cry of Canada for the Canadians, but I do not believe in Canada for one part of Canadians to knife the other part, especially as I believe we farmers are one of the parties knifed, and this is the practical working out of protection. Both political parties believe in protection, the Conservatives openly urge it and the Liberals openly practice it.

Let me explain how it works out in practice. We farmers pay from ten to twelve dollars for our plows. If it were not for the high protection we would be paying from four to six dollars less for them, and for all other machinery we pay from twenty to twenty-five per cent. more because of protection. Yes protection and robbery are the same. You may soften the word robbery, and call it legal robbery.

All farmers require cement. Our cement factories are clamoring for more protection. Supporting home industry they say—Yes, I say, Canada for the Canadians, but let us farmers and all who use manufactured goods have our innings at least half the time.

I also believe in public lands for actual settlers. No bonusing of exotic manufacturers and no bonusing anyway. If the farmer can't make his farm pay, he is sold out. No bonus for the farmer, and I say no bonus for the manufacturer, and no protection.

Mr. Meigs and Dr. Pickel are both protectionists. Dr. Pickel is my near neighbor and family physician. In both capacities I do not want a better man. Both Meigs and Pickel support protection. I want none of their anti-farmer policy.

In looking over the customs duties you will be surprised how many manufactured articles come under the thirty-five per cent. tax, as for instance, buggies, cotton fabrics, collars and cuffs, shirts and blouses, socks and stockings, undershirts and drawers, rugs, gloves and mitts, umbrellas, tobacco, pipes, combs and a long list too numerous to mention.

I consider thirty-five per cent. on manufactured goods simply velvet for the manufacturer and patched overalls for the farmer.

I come before the farmers and working men of Missisquoi for their votes. I do not claim as many candidates do, that I can do wonders for them, but I do claim that I can do something to lighten their burdens and give them at least an equal show with the rest of their fellow Canadians. I am personally working my own farm doing my own farm chores each day. I do not believe in stamping the County from house to house and Lake this means of bringing a few of my ideas before the voters of Missisquoi. I wish the farmers who read this to think it over and see if I have made any false statements.

Hoping that the farmers will see it is in their interest to vote for me at the coming election, I remain Yours truly,

GEO. E. FORD. Cowansville, Oct. 12th, 1908.

DEATH

GOFF—At Vermontville, Oct. 3rd, Julien B. Mosher, relict of the late John Goff, aged ninety-three years.

BIRTH

PEARSONS—At Iron Hill, Oct 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. Pearsons, a daughter.

CIRCUIT COURT

No. 6606

MARSHALL F. MARTINDALE, of the Village of Cowansville, in the District of Bedford, Livery Keeper,

vs. PLAINTIFF

GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, of the Same Place, DEFENDANT

THE DEFENDANT is ordered to appear within one month.

LEONARD & NOYES, C. C. C. WESTOVER & COTTON Attorneys for the Plaintiff. Oct 15th—2

Good Shirts Need Not Cost You Any More than Common Ones

The argument is that really good shirts needn't cost you any more than commonplace ones, if you come to the right store. We have missed nothing for which there will be a demand. Come and let us show you what we think your money is worth.

Colored Shirts, negligé and stiff bosom, 85c

New Fall Underwear

Our Underwear is actually the best that can be obtained, but it is not the highest priced. We would like to have you examine our assortment in this line you will be convinced of the superior goods you can obtain from our store.

Men's Fleece-lined Shirts and Drawers, 50c

Guaranteed unshrinkable pure natural wool, light weight, 75c. Medium weight Natural Wool, sateen finish, pearl buttons, \$1.00

Men's and Boys Wool Sweaters for cool weather, in all colors and colored stripes, buttoned fronts, or ribbed necks, at 75c to \$1.00, \$1.50

Semi-Ready CLOTHING

IS a source of satisfaction to men in all walks of life. We are showing an enormous selection to choose from about 300 samples in all qualities in the latest fashions of cloth.

Suits \$15 to \$30 Overcoats \$18 to \$30

NEW FALL NECKWEAR—More new lines just received in brown stripe in four-in-hand and knot.

HOSIERY—Our Hosiery represents the best that can be obtained anywhere. Special sample line Black Cashmere, 3 pairs for \$1 and a lower grade 5 pairs for \$1.00.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK—Seeded Raisins, 1 lb packages, weight and quality guaranteed, 8c per package.

ED. GOYETTE

The Store of Quality Cowansville

BRIGHTEN UP!

The Right Spot to buy Brighten-up Goods is at MINER'S, DUNHAM

Why, because he has nearly everything at the Lowest Prices to supply your needs. Now, before the cold weather comes on, you will perhaps need to Brighten up the house a bit. Maybe the floors need painting, or one the rooms needs New Paper.

We have the best floor paint we can get and that is Mar-tin-Senon's at \$1.60 a gallon. We have also a full line of Cottage Colors which we are selling at \$1.80 a gallon. As to Wall Paper, we have just received a large lot of New Patterns, which we are selling very cheap. The very latest patterns. You are sure to be delighted with the quality and price.

Do not forget us if you need a new Winter Skirt. We will sell it to you now at nearly half price, or if you want a Coat, we will reduce the price so much that it will scare you. Come and get a price on these goods at once. The Millinery Department is still on the boom, with lots of orders ahead. Bring in your orders early in the week and be sure of getting them at the required time. Miss Beanvais can suit all in the latest and newest creations.

When buying Tea, remember the H. H. Miner package tea in black and green in lead packages at only 25c. It is the best you can get for the money.

Lots of New Goods arriving daily. Get our prices before going elsewhere.

When you have cash to spend, come here. Nowhere can you get the same values.

H. H. MINER, DUNHAM

The Store of Bargains for Cash

COWAN and

A Record ings

THESE

Miss C. Lau is prepared to home. Church of those so des

Many of our trip to Richfor week, to see disaster to the day.

Mr. M. B. undertaking store in the no thing is very ta quarters, and ards.

Miss Berli home of her boyce, and un Hall of East I has also been we are hoping before long.

A council me evening for the electoral list fo Good feeling p als and Conserv to get their in sides did not go

The weekly Townships—Dai Saturday, cream butter; six fact of cheese, 54c 24 1/2; 100 boxes at 25c; 38 boxes 11 7/8 to 12c.

Mr. William OBSERVER offic very fine Alexan the scales at a p twelve ounces. apple list so far this style of app him this year.

Music lovers the grand conc town hall, und Emmanuel Girkert and Mrs. Misses Kimball piano selections, will take part. prices.

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PERSON

The Movements Resident

Mr. Geo. Mac visited relatives in Miss Edna Ste spent the week e Mrs. P. A. R morning for a visi Mass.

Mrs. Wm. Joh

COWANSVILLE and SWETSBURG

A Record of the Happenings During the Week in

THESE TWO VILLAGES

Have Assigned

Cell & Kerr made a voluntary assignment Monday, and closed that evening.

Dressmaking

Miss C. Laduke, late with Miss Ball, is prepared to do dressmaking at her home, Church street, or at the residence of those so desiring.

The Richford Disaster

Many of our citizens have taken a trip to Richford, Vt., during the past week to see the result of the terrible disaster to the grain elevator last Thursday.

New Undertaking Shop

Mr. M. B. Judson has moved his undertaking headquarters to the upper store in the new Hull Block. Everything is very tastefully arranged in the new quarters, and right up to city standards.

Ill at Her Brother's

Miss Beryl Duboyce is ill at the home of her brother, Mr. P. C. Duboyce, and under the care of Nurse Hall of East Farnham. Mr. Duboyce has also been under the weather, but we are hoping to hear his cheery laugh before long.

Council Meeting for List Revision

A council meeting was held Monday evening for the purpose of revising the electoral list for the coming election. Good feeling prevailed, but both Liberals and Conservatives tried strenuously to get their innings. As usual both sides did not get all they wanted.

Cheese Board

At the weekly meeting of the Eastern Townships Dairymen's Exchange on Saturday, creameries offered 686 boxes butter; six factories offered 150 boxes of cheese, 542 boxes of butter sold at 24 1/2c; 100 boxes at 25 1/2c, and 10 boxes at 25c; 38 boxes unsold. Cheese sold at 11 1/2c to 12c.

Apple Weighed a Pound

Mr. William Budd brought to THE OBSERVER office last Thursday two very fine Alexander apples, one tipping the scales at a pound, and the other at twelve ounces. This heads the large apple list so far, and Mr. Budd says this style of apple is very plentiful with him this year.

Concert to Night

Music lovers want to keep in mind the grand concert this evening at the town hall, under the auspices of the Emmanuel Girls Club. Dr. A. E. Rykert and Mrs. Donaghy are to sing, the Misses Kimball and Perley will render piano selections, and other local talent will take part. Admission at popular prices.

To Those Interested in Missions

All women and girls interested in missions are cordially invited to meet Miss Dianthe Bell, of central Africa, at the residence of Mrs. O. N. Hull, on Tuesday next, Oct. 20th, from 3 to 5 p. m. A public meeting will be held in the Congregational church on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are invited. Silver collection.

His Picture in the Star

The Montreal Star of Tuesday published the photo of H. Clinton Johnson, of Cowansville, who is to take part in the big Star running race to be held on Oct. 24th. Under the picture is the title: "This is H. Clinton Johnson, of the Cowansville Harriers, one of the dark horses for the big fifteen mile championship race on October 24th."

PERSONAL MENTION

The Movements Back and Forth of Residents and Visitors.
Mr. Geo. Macfarlane, of Knowlton, visited relatives in town this week.
Miss Edna Steel, of Richford, Vt., spent the week end at her home here.
Mrs. P. A. Rutter left on Tuesday morning for a visit to friends in Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Wm. Johnston is attending the

W. C. T. U. convention this week, which is meeting in St. James Methodist church, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Owens and family of Barre, Vt., have been visiting at the home of Mr. H. Persons.

COWANSVILLE CHOIRS

Suggestions From the Editor of our Woman's Page

A lady, who is much interested in things musical, asked me a question a short time ago, which I failed to answer at the time, and which I have been turning over in my mind ever since.

The question was this, "Why are the choirs no better than they were twenty years ago?"

There is no denying the fact that the singing in our churches is decidedly poor. The simple, old hymns, that we all have known from our youth up, we should at least be able to sing in time and rhythm and with correct attack.

Years ago when singing schools were the fashion, when the average singer could read at sight with ease, and knew the exact value of each note, and each rest; good concerted singing was prevalent. Then the choirs of some of the country churches sang in a way, that to-day some of the city choirs might envy.

Individual vocal culture has greatly increased. We have specialists in voice training to-day like we have in any other branch of learning, and this is well, tho' too often, too often, a beautiful voice and good musicianship do not go hand in hand, teachers spend too much time upon the technique of the voice and neglect the general musical training.

With the decline of the singing schools in the country, has come the decline of good singing in our choirs. The old singing master, gave his pupils a thorough grounding in the exact value of the notes, his hobby was "time," to-day with our various systems of sight reading each trying to make the path easier and our multitudes of other studies, students are really handicapped instead of helped, on the road to a musical education.

It is much the same in our other branches of learning. I know a number of University graduates proficient in ancient languages, but who very often make mistakes in spelling simple English words.

In the old-fashioned school days of our fathers, they learned few branches, but what they learned, they knew thoroughly. Who shall say they were not as well educated in the right source of the word?

Surely, with the increase of general musical culture that has taken place in the last twenty years, our choirs should show some signs of it.

Far be it from me, to criticize unkindly. We have good voices and good musicians in our choirs, but we evidently lack, the one thing needful, thorough practice.

The lady referred to above, who asked me the question, as to why our choirs were no better than they were twenty years ago, wanted to know if it would not be possible to organize a choral society in Cowansville. One for mixed voices, or one for ladies' voices alone.

To have a good conductor and do some serious work this season. It would mean a good deal of mutual pleasure, mutual benefit in musical progress. Musical interest in the village would be awakened. It would be common bond of musical union. Concerts should be given in the spring and the proceeds devoted to a musical end, such as a sinking fund towards a good concert hall or a new piano.

I predict, after the formation of a live choral society, in a very few weeks the choirs in each of our churches would show a marked improvement.

M. C. W.

Masons Attended Funeral

Several of the Cowansville Masons attended the funeral services held for the Masons who lost their lives in the Richford disaster. Among those attending from here were: Dr. Lauder, J. A. McClatchie, Geo. Short, A. L. McClatchie, J. W. Brill, J. F. G. Barrette, and L. Fuller. They were joined at Sutton by a number of the brethren from there. There were sixty Masons in the procession, and very impressive services were held in the auditorium at Richford.

The more you know about tea, the more you will appreciate the delicate fragrance and delicious flavor of "Salada" Tea.

Don't lay away the things you don't need. Sell 'em. Put a little ad. in THE OBSERVER. Somebody else wants them.

WEST BROME

The News of the Week as our Correspondent Hears It

INTERESTING BUDGET

The Ladies Guild which met at Mrs. D. B. Taylor's was very well attended. The Rev. Mr. Mason of West Shefford was present. A good program was rendered.

Miss Jessie L. Rockwell of Waterloo is visiting at Mr. C. Pettes' this week.

Many from this vicinity went to Farnham last Monday to the Laurier demonstration.

Miss Lena Carlin was Mrs. French's guest last Sunday.

Miss Edith Galley spent last week end with her friend Miss Orpha Miltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Darrah spent last Sunday at Sutton Junction.

There will be a political meeting in the Methodist church hall on Friday the 16th. The Hon. Sidney Fisher and others will speak.

Mr. and Mrs. Kathon accompanied by Master Earl spent last Sunday at Farnham where they were joined by Mrs. Casper Scott.

Master Sherman Kathon returned with his parents for a little vacation.

Last Wednesday when returning from the West Brome Creamery, Mr. Fred Hartley and Howard Short met with an unfortunate accident, which has laid them both up. The side strap of the harness broke which caused the waggon to run on the horse. At this the animal took fright and both occupants of the waggon were thrown into the road. Mr. Hartley has a severe cut on his ankle and Howard Short a badly bruised and swollen leg.

Sunday last during the heavy rain about 9.30, Mr. Homer Sweet went to secure his barn doors and doing so discovered a white cotton bag just inside the barn. He looked inside and found a number of new razors and jack-knives. Such a queer find aroused his suspicion that someone was sheltering in his barn. He removed the bag and left the boy on watch while he went for one of his neighbors. No sooner had he reached Mr. Fred Savage's than his boy came up saying two men had come out of the barn and were looking around for something. Later in the evening officer Stowell and Messrs. Savage and Sweet, made a search round the place. They discovered a place in the hay where some one had been lying and tracks outside in the direction of Brome Corner. The goods have been identified by Mr. James Pettes as some that were stolen from his store about three months ago.

Mrs. James Pettes has returned from a very delightful trip to Boston, Mass.

SCOTTSMORE

Dr. Hugh H. Miltimore who should have left for St. Johnsbury, Vt., last Monday, is confined to his bed with neuralgia of the back.

A tramp called at Telescope Hill farm last Monday and asked for something to eat. One of the daughters-in-law present was very annoyed at food being given to him, saying that it encouraged such characters to visit the neighbourhood. It was only after great arguments that she could be dissuaded from telephoning Mr. Boisvert of Swetsburg. Imagine her surprise upon learning that the tramp was her husband.

Mr. Dean H. Pettes is on the sick list, with a severe cold.

EAST FARNHAM

Recent arrivals: Mrs. Young of Vermont and infant, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Morris.

A large Conservative meeting was held here last Saturday evening in the vacant house, owned by Mr. Jas. Gilbert. Mr. Harold Baker delivered a lengthy speech which was listened to attentively. Mrs. Jones, formerly of Fordyce has brought a village property from Mr. James Dougall, of Brigham.

Mr. Vaughan and family are to move on to Mr. Arthur Collin's farm at Fordyce.

A large number from here went to Farnham on Monday, to hear the Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Mrs. Hobart A. Buck is visiting her sister Mrs. W. F. Vilas, at Cowansville.

You can have THE OBSERVER for a year and the Weekly Mail and Empire of Toronto till Jan. 1st, 1910, for \$1.50. This a genuine bargain.

Send in \$1.25 and get THE OBSERVER and The Home Journal for a year. The Home Journal is a splendid Canadian Magazine published monthly by The Canadian Woman's Magazine Publishing Co., of Toronto. We highly recommend it.

USE THIS

Want Column

The Rates are Reasonable Results Sure

The rate for small ads. under this heading is as follows: One insertion 50c; two for 65c; three for 80c, and four for \$1.00.

FOR SALE

A Manure Spreader, new last fall, and only used a few times. This is a bargain at \$25.00 below regular price. Apply to "A. F." care of The Observer

NOTICE

I HEREBY give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted in my name without my written order.

GLEN H. FARNAM

Farnam's Corners, Oct. 1, 1908-10-31

A Rare Chance

THE Splendid House on Main street, until recently occupied by the late Mrs. Wilkinson is for sale. Good opportunity, either for a speculation or investment. For terms, prices, etc., apply to

THE ROSS REALTY CO. LTD.
30 St. John street, Montreal
(Oct 8-3)

OUR GUARANTEE

First—All trees replaced free that fall to live the first winter.
Second—All trees true to name.
Third—All trees delivered in good condition.
Fourth—Our guarantee is bonafide. Established over thirty-five years and in a position to fulfill our contracts.

We want a reliable agent to work for us in Cowansville and vicinity and sell our guaranteed hardy Apple Trees, Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, etc., on above terms. Good pay weekly, exclusive territory. Outfit free to right party. Write now to PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Ontario.

Do You Wish To Know

WHY we are so very easily doing the largest Bread business in town, it is because

People always find our BREAD and ROLLS the same.

It is not a game of chance with us, to have them one day one way and the next another, but always reliable.

Beware of imposters selling our Bread, there is only one FARBER.

We still take the lead in making good pastry. All kinds daily.

QUALITY GUARANTEED

DISCOUNT TICKETS DAILY DELIVERY

A. G. FARBER

BOOTH BLOCK, MAIN ST., COWANSVILLE

BUY A

Thermos BOTTLE

INDISPENSABLE IN

SICK ROOM

NURSERY

HOME

INVALUABLE WHEN

TRAVELLING

HUNTING

FISHING

Keeps liquid Cold 72 hours

Hot 24 hours

Price—Pint \$3.50

Quart \$5.50

SOLD BY

Geo. W. Johnston
Druggist and Stationer



M. B. JUDSON
Undertaker and Embalmer

Personal attention. Prices moderate. Calls attended Day or Night

Opp. Congregational Church Cowansville
PHONE NO. 47

THE HUB

The Bargain Centre of Missisquoi and Brome

Furs Furs Furs

Now is the time to make selections in Furs. We have over \$3,000 worth on display including fifteen Men's Coon Coats from \$50, all extra choice garments. Twenty-five Men's cheaper Fur Coats from \$12 up. Twenty-two Women's Black Astrachan Jackets very best makes and all sizes up to 46 bust. Also fifteen other Fur Jackets in low priced Furs from \$15. Ten Women's Coon Jackets, Electric Seal Jackets, German Otter Jackets, Men's and Women's Fur Lined Garments, including one very nice Man's Coat, rat lined, with otter collars and revers, at \$70.

In Small Furs our collection is very select. We are showing very nice stoles in Mink at \$50. A Stone Martin Stole at \$35. Sable pieces from \$10 up to \$30. Sets in Grey Squirrel, marmot, mink and coon. A very large line of Low-priced Furs. Now is the time to make your selection while the stock is complete. They are selling readily.

Women's and Children's Cloth Jackets

We are selling more than usual in this department at this time of the year. Do not delay in making your choice. See those 7-8 Beaver Coats in black, brown, green, navy at \$12.50. Other cloths from \$6 up.

Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth Suitings

We are showing the new shadow effects in Dress Goods, and they are very popular. We are keeping this department in good supply.

Millinery Millinery

New Goods received this week makes our assortment most complete. Kindly bring in your orders early as possible.

Boots and Shoes

Fall stock all now on hand. We have made our Slipper Department very complete for Men, Women and Children. Ask to see our Solid Comfort Line of which we make a specialty.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT—Clothing, Furnishings

New Suits, New Overcoats. The best makes in Underwear, unshrinkable and all-wool.

NOTICE--All Departments are being well assorted, and we are out for Big Fall Trade.

Wanted in Exchange

New Laid Eggs this week 24c. Maple Sugar in cakes 6c and 7c. Potatoes 65c per bushel 60 lbs. Block Wood \$2—must be sound and hard wood. We can handle your fresh made Butter and allow 25c. Bring in your produce now.

The Hub, Cowansville

Housekeeper's Harvest

Excellent Furniture Values

Come in and look through our store. You cannot buy as good Furniture anywhere else at the price, and our guarantee goes with every piece you purchase.

IF YOU WANT

- A large comfortable Arm Rocker, in natural reed
- A premier quality quartered oak Morris Chair
- An unbeatable bargain in a good Dining Table, made of kiln dried polished elm
- Or one of those ever popular Kitchen Cabinets
- An all Brass or White Enamel Bedstead
- A new Princess Dresser in oak or mahogany
- Or a comfortable oak Cobbler Rocker

Come to this store. There's no question about suiting you. Price and value can't be beaten anywhere.

Cowansville Furniture Store

JOS. HINGSTON, Proprietor

Picture Framing a Specialty

A Year's Subscription to The Observer only \$1.00

AROUND DUNHAM

Latest Items from Our Correspondents There and in

SURROUNDING PLACES

Mr. Joseph Couture is on the mend after his recent severe illness. Mr. Toussaint Jasinain and Mrs. Corey were united in marriage at the R. C. church on Tuesday, Oct. 12th, by Rev. Father Larose. They are now at home in Chapel Corner to receive callers.

Centenary Celebration

Sunday last, October 11th, was observed by the congregation of All Saints' Church with thanksgiving service to mark their centenary, the 100th year of parish life since the coming of the first rector, Rev. Chas. C. Cotton, in 1808. Despite the unfavorable weather, especially in the evening, many attended the services which were of the most interesting nature. The Church was beautifully decorated with tokens of the harvest, as the service included thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth this year as well as for the blessings of the one hundred years past.

FRELIGHSBURG

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. D. Piette, of Hillside, were in Bedford on business Wednesday. Mr. George Baker of Dunham, was in town on Wednesday. Many of our village people were in Richmond, Vt., on the 9th, to see the damage caused by the explosion of the elevator.

Frelighsburg and Abbott's Corner

Arrivals and departures are: Mrs. H. H. Ayer to Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reynolds, calling on friends; Mrs. E. M. Shepard to Richmond, Vt.; Mr. James O'Neil to Bedford; Mrs. H. Tracy to Boston; Miss Vivian Bridge, who has been visiting her friends here from the Canadian west started Thursday en route by Boston for her home in the West; Mr. A. Armstrong of Enosburg, Vt., and Mr. J. Cotton were in Cowansville Saturday on business;

SUTTON NEWS

Mrs. J. Marshal and Mrs. J. Austin to Dunham on Tuesday; Mrs. A. S. Westover and son Walter to Cowansville visiting friends. Mr. Peter Goodhue made a shipment of two carloads of hogs from here on Tuesday. A prayer meeting was held at the home of Mr. Geo. Wilkings Tuesday evening. Those who attended the leap year ball at Stanbridge were Messrs. E. Jenne, G. Dunn, E. Ingalls, Misses K. Dunn, E. Chadburn.

NORTH SUTTON

A very small contingent of our townspeople attended the Liberal rally at Farnham on Monday. The Methodist Ladies' Aid are being entertained by Mrs. A. W. Smith on Friday evening. Every one is cordially invited to be present. Mrs. S. O. Fuller and Mrs. Wood Kathan attended the Guild at Mr. David Taylor's, West Brome on Monday evening.

GLEN SUTTON

Mr. Percy Bresse has rented Mrs. Fuller's farm for the coming year. Mr. Jas. Robinson, while gathering apples, was quite badly hurt, the pole he was using to dislodge the fruit coming down with sufficient force on his leg as to render him quite lame. Mrs. Jas. Turner returned to Cowansville on Monday. We extend our sympathy to those people so sadly bereaved on the Richmond accident, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Mandigo, who lived amongst us so many years.

WEST SHEFFORD

Mr. E. L. Roberts, is spending a few days in Montreal the guest of his son Duke. The political pot does not seem to boil in this place, but no doubt the usual excitement will prevail as the day of voting draws near. A most successful Guild was held on Thursday afternoon last, at Mrs. J. R. Robinson's, South Granby. A most beautiful supper was served to the large number present. Mr. Keith Allen left last week for Leominster, Mass. All wish him success in his new field of labor. The annual Harvest Home in connection with St. John's Church, will be held on Thursday evening of next week, Oct. 22nd. Due notice as to arrangements will be made known later. It is hoped that all the congregation will attend.

BRIGHAM

Miss Bell, a returned missionary from Chisamba, West Africa, will give an address in the Congregational Church at the morning service on Sunday next, Oct. 18th. A large congregation is requested. Mr. Pierce will preach in the evening. Mr. J. E. Johnson and son spent Sunday in Granby. Mrs. Swan and daughter have returned home from visiting friends at Shefford. Miss Blackwood is attending the Teacher's Convention in Montreal. Mr. Jas. Booton and family of Lancashire, England, arrived at Mr. C. B. Short's last week. Mrs. Warrington's parrot "Polly" died two weeks ago. She had been in the Wilkinson family for fifty years. The much needed rain of Saturday and Sunday is causing the farmers to rejoice.

NORTH STANBRIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. Felth, of Manchester, spent a few days here last week guests of Mrs. A. M. Kemp. Mrs. Charles Bockus and Miss Ida Burnes of Mystic, were calling on friends here last week. Miss Nina Stone who has been visiting her sister in Boston is home again. Miss Mable Schoolcraft and Miss Alma Thompson are spending a few days with friends in Lowell, Mass. Mr. Moulton of Stanstead, is the guest of his sister Mrs. Leonard Stone.

The Man of Cheer

We love the man with roses on his tongue; the man who sees the boy's dirty face but mentions his bright eyes; who notices your shabby coat, but praises your studious habits, the man who sees the faults, but is quick to praise and slow to blame. We like to meet a man whose smile would brighten deadness, whose voice is full of the music of the bird, whose handshake is an inspiration. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's croak is forgotten when the thrush sings. God bless the man of cheer! There is plenty of trouble here, and we need no increase of it.—Exchange.

DEATH

GOFF—At Vermontville, Oct. 3rd, Julien B. Mosher, relict of the late John Goff, aged ninety-three years.

BIRTH

PEARSONS—At Iron Hill, Oct. 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. Pearsons, a daughter.

CIRCUIT COURT

Province of Quebec, District of Bedford. NO. 6606. MARSHALL F. MARTINDALE, of the village of Cowansville, in the District of Bedford, Livery Keeper, PLAINTIFF vs. GEORGE CUNNINGHAM, of the Same Place, DEFENDANT. THE DEFENDANT is ordered to appear within one month. LEONARD & NOYES, C. C. C. WESTOVER & COTTON Attorneys for the Plaintiff. Oct 15th—2

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF MISSISQUOI

The question has been asked me why I am coming forward as a candidate for parliament, I being a working farmer and not versed in politics. I will acknowledge that I know little about the science of politics. Though knowing little about the theory of politics I have worked out to my satisfaction how the practical working out of politics effects the working farmer. For ten years we have had good prices for our produce and if there was not an ulcer draining the revenue from our farms we would be much better off than we are. This ulcer is protection. I thoroughly believe in the patriotic cry of Canada for the Canadians, but I do not believe in Canada for one part of Canadians to knife the other part, especially as I believe we farmers are one of the parties knifed, and this is the practical working out of protection. Both political parties believe in protection, the Conservatives openly urge it and the Liberals openly practice it. Let me explain how it works out in practice. We farmers pay from ten to twelve dollars for our plows. If it were not for the high protection we would be paying from four to six dollars less for them, and for all other machinery we pay from twenty to twenty-five per cent. more because of protection. Yes protection and robbery are the same. You may soften the word robbery, and call it legal robbery. All farmers require cement. Our cement factories are clamoring for more protection. Supporting home industry they say—Yes, I say, Canada for the Canadians, but let us farmers and all who use manufactured goods have our innings at least half the time. I also believe in public lands for actual settlers. No bonusing of exotic manufacturers and no bonusing anyway. If the farmer can't make his farm pay, he is sold out. No bonus for the farmer, and I say no bonus for the manufacturer, and no protection. Mr. Meigs and Dr. Pickel are both protectionists. Dr. Pickel is my near neighbor and family physician. In both capacities I do not want a better man. Both Meigs and Pickel support protection. I want none of their anti-farmer policy. In looking over the customs duties you will be surprised how many manufactured articles come under the thirty-five per cent. tax, as for instance, buggies, cotton fabrics, collars and cuffs, shirts and blouses, socks and stockings, undershirts and drawers, rugs, gloves and mitts, umbrellas, tobacco, pipes, combs and a long list too numerous to mention. I consider thirty-five per cent. on manufactured goods simply velvet for the manufacturer and patched overalls for the farmer. I come before the farmers and working men of Missisquoi for their votes. I do not claim as many candidates do, that I can do wonders for them, but I do claim that I can do something to lighten their burdens and give them at least an equal show with the rest of their fellow Canadians. I am personally working my own farm doing my own farm chores each day. I do not believe in stumping the County from house to house and I take this means of bringing a few of my ideas before the voters of Missisquoi. I wish the farmers who read this to think it over and see if I have made any false statements. Hoping that the farmers will see it is in their interest to vote for me at the coming election, I remain Yours truly, GEO. E. FORD. Cowansville, Oct. 12th, 1908.

Good Shirts Need Not Cost You Any More than Common Ones

The argument is that really good shirts needn't cost you any more than commonplace ones, if you come to the right store. We have missed nothing for which there will be a demand. Come and let us show you what we think your money is worth. Colored Shirts, negligé and stiff bosom, 85c

New Fall Underwear

Our Underwear is actually the best that can be obtained, but it is not the highest priced. We would like to have you examine our assortment in this line you will be convinced of the superior goods you can obtain from our store. Men's Flannel-lined Shirts and Drawers, 50c. Guaranteed unshrinkable pure natural wool, light weight, 75c. Medium weight Natural Wool, sateen finish, pearl buttons, \$1.00. Men's and Boys Wool Sweaters for cool weather, in all colors and colored stripes, buttoned fronts, or ribbed necks, at 75c to \$1.00, \$1.50



Semi-Ready CLOTHING

IS a source of satisfaction to men in all walks of life. We are showing an enormous selection to choose from about 300 samples in all qualities in the latest fashions of cloth. Suits \$15 to \$30. Overcoats \$18 to \$30

NEW FALL NECKWEAR—More new lines just received in brown stripe in four-in-hand and knot. HOSIERY—Our Hosiery represents the best that can be obtained anywhere. Special sample line Black Cashmere, 3 pairs for \$1 and a lower grade 5 pairs for \$1.00. SPECIAL THIS WEEK—Seeded Raisins, 1 lb packages, weight and quality guaranteed, 8c per package.

ED. GOYETTE The Store of Quality Cowansville

BRIGHTEN UP!

The Right Spot to buy Brighten-up Goods is at MINER'S, DUNHAM

Why, because he has nearly everything at the Lowest Prices to supply your needs. Now, before the cold weather comes on, you will perhaps need to brighten up the house a bit. Maybe the floors need painting, or one the rooms needs New Paper.

We have the best floor paint—Do not forget us if you need a new Winter Skirt. We will sell it to you now at nearly half price, or if you want a Coat, we will reduce the price so much that it will scare you. Come and get prices on these goods at once. The Millinery Department is still on the boom, with lots of orders ahead. Bring in your orders early in the week and be sure of getting them at the required time. Miss Beauvais can suit all in the latest and newest creations.

When buying Tea, remember the H. H. Miner package tea in black and green in lead packages at only 25c. It is the best you can get for the money. Lots of New Goods arriving daily. Get our prices before going elsewhere. When you have cash to spend, come here. Nowhere can you get the same values.

What about those White and Pink and Blue Cashmere Dresses for little ones at \$1.00. They are very prettily made and ready for wear. Come to Miner's for Bargains.

H. H. MINER, DUNHAM The Store of Bargains for Cash

COWANSVILLE and S...

A Record

Miss C. Ladu is prepared to do home, Church st. of those so desir...

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A council meeting was held Monday evening for the purpose of revising the electoral list for the coming election. Good feeling prevailed, but both Liberals and Conservatives tried strenuously to get their innings. As usual both sides did not get all they wanted.

Cheese Board

At the weekly meeting of the Eastern Townships Dairyman's Exchange on Saturday, creameries offered 686 boxes butter; six factories offered 150 boxes of cheese, 542 boxes of butter sold at 24 1/2 c.; 300 boxes at 25 1/2 c. and 10 boxes at 25 c.; 38 boxes unsold. Cheese sold at 11 7/8 c. to 12 c.

Apple Weighed a Pound

Mr. William Budd brought to THE OBSERVER office last Thursday two very fine Alexander apples, one tipping the scales at a pound, and the other at twelve ounces. This heads the large apple list so far, and Mr. Budd says this style of apple is very plentiful with him this year.

Concert to Night

Music lovers want to keep in mind the grand concert this evening at the town hall, under the auspices of the Emmanuel Girls Club. Dr. A. E. Rykert and Mrs. Donaghy are to sing, the Misses Kimball and Perley will render piano selections, and other local talent will take part. Admission at popular prices.

To Those Interested in Missions

All women and girls interested in missions are cordially invited to meet Miss Diadem Bell, of central Africa, at the residence of Mrs. O. N. Hull, on Tuesday next, Oct. 20th, from 3 to 5 p. m. A public meeting will be held in the Congregational church on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. All are invited. Silver collection.

His Picture in the Star

The Montreal Star of Tuesday published the photo of H. Clinton Johnson, of Cowansville, who is to take part in the big Star running race to be held on Oct. 24th. Under the picture is the title: "This is H. Clinton Johnson, of the Cowansville Harriers, one of the dark horses for the big fifteen mile championship race on October 24th."

PERSONAL MENTION

The Movements Back and Forth of Residents and Visitors.

Mr. Geo. Macfarlane, of Knowlton, visited relatives in town this week.
Miss Edna Steel, of Richford, Vt., spent the week end at her home here.
Mrs. P. A. Rutter left on Tuesday morning for a visit to friends in Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Wm. Johnston is attending the

W. C. T. U. convention this week, which is meeting in St. James Methodist church, Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo Owens and family of Barre, Vt., have been visiting at the home of Mr. H. Persons.

COWANSVILLE CHOIRS

Suggestions From the Editors of our Woman's Page

A lady, who is much interested in things musical, asked me a question a short time ago, which I failed to answer at the time, and which I have been turning over in my mind ever since.

The question was this, "Why are the choirs no better than they were twenty years ago?"

There is no denying the fact that the singing in our churches is decidedly poor. The simple, old hymns, that we all have known from our youth up, we should at least be able to sing in time and rhythm and with correct attack.

Years ago when singing schools were the fashion, when the average singer could read at sight with ease, and knew the exact value of each note, and each rest; good concerted singing was prevalent. Then the choirs of some of the country churches sang in a way, that to-day some of the city choirs might envy.

Individual vocal culture has greatly increased. We have specialists in voice training to-day like we have in any other branch of learning, and this is well, tho' too often, too often, a beautiful voice and good musicianship do not go hand in hand, teachers spend too much time upon the technique of the voice and neglect the general musical training.

With the decline of the singing schools in the country, has come the decline of good singing in our choirs. The old singing master, gave his pupils a thorough grounding in the exact value of the notes, his hobby was "time," to-day with our various systems of sight reading each trying to make the path easier and our multitudes of other studies, students are really handicapped instead of helped, on the road to a musical education.

It is much the same in our other branches of learning. I know a number of University graduates proficient in ancient languages, but who very often make mistakes in spelling simple English words.

In the old-fashioned school days of our fathers, they learned few branches, but what they learned, they knew thoroughly. Who shall say they were not as well educated in the right source of the word?

Surely, with the increase of general musical culture that has taken place in the last twenty years, our choirs should show some signs of it.
Far be it from me, to criticize unkindly. We have good voices and good musicians in our choirs, but we evidently lack, the one thing needful, thorough practice.

The lady referred to above, who asked me the question, as to why our choirs were no better than they were twenty years ago, wanted to know if it would not be possible to organize a choral society in Cowansville. One for mixed voices, or one for ladies' voices alone.

To have a good conductor and do some serious work this season. It would mean a good deal of mutual pleasure, mutual benefit in musical progress. Musical interest in the village would be awakened. It would be common bond of musical union. Concerts should be given in the spring and the proceeds devoted to a musical end, such as a sinking fund towards a good concert hall or a new piano.

I predict, after the formation of a five choral society, in a very few weeks the choirs in each of our churches would show a marked improvement.
M. C. W.

Masons Attended Funeral

Several of the Cowansville Masons attended the funeral services held for the Masons who lost their lives in the Richford disaster. Among those attending from here were: Dr. Lauder, J. A. McClatchie, Geo. Short, A. L. McClatchie, J. W. Brill, J. F. G. Barrette, and L. Fuller. They were joined at Sutton by a number of the brethren from there. There were sixty Masons in the procession, and very impressive services were held in the auditorium at Richford.

The more you know about tea, the more you will appreciate the delicate fragrance and delicious flavor of "Salada" Tea.

Don't lay away the things you don't need. Sell 'em. Put a little ad. in THE OBSERVER. Somebody else wants them.

WEST BROME

The News of the Week as our Correspondent Hears It

INTERESTING BUDGET

The Ladies Guild which met at Mrs. D. B. Taylor's was very well attended. The Rev. Mr. Mason of West Shefford was present. A good program was rendered.

Miss Jessie L. Rockwell of Waterloo is visiting at Mr. C. Pettes' this week. Many from this vicinity went to Farnham last Monday to the Laurier demonstration.

Miss Lena Carlin was Mrs. French's guest last Sunday.

Miss Edith Galley spent last week end with her friend Miss Orpha Miltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Darragh spent last Sunday at Sutton Junction.

There will be a political meeting in the Methodist church hall on Friday the 19th. The Hon. Sidney Fisher and others will speak.

Mr. and Mrs. Kathian accompanied by Master Earl spent last Sunday at Farnham where they were joined by Mrs. Casper Scott.

Master Sperm Kathian returned with his parents for a little vacation.

Last Wednesday when returning from the West Brome Creamery, Mr. Fred Hartley and Howard Short met with an unfortunate accident, which has laid them both up. The side strap of the harness broke which caused the waggon to run on the horse. At this the animal took fright and both occupants of the waggon were thrown into the road. Mr. Hartley has a severe cut on his ankle and Howard Short a badly bruised and swollen leg.

Sunday last during the heavy rain about 9.30, Mr. Homer Sweet went to secure his barn doors and doing so discovered a white cotton bag just inside the barn. He looked inside and found a number of new razors and jack-knives. Such a queer find aroused his suspicion that someone was sheltering in his barn. He removed the bag and left the boy on watch while he went for one of his neighbors. No sooner had he reached Mr. Fred. Savage's than his boy came up saying two men had come out of the barn and were looking around for something. Later in the evening officer Stowell and Messrs. Savage and Sweet, made a search round the place. They discovered a place in the hay where some one had been lying and tracks outside in the direction of Brome Corner. The goods have been identified by Mr. James Pettes as some that were stolen from his store about three months ago.

Mrs. James Pettes has returned from a very delightful trip to Boston, Mass.

SCOTTSMORE

Dr. Hugh H. Miltimore who should have left for St. Johnsbury, Vt., last Monday, is confined to his bed with neuralgia of the back.

A tramp called at Telescope Hill farm last Monday and asked for something to eat. One of the daughters-in-law present was very annoyed at food being given to him, saying that it encouraged such characters to visit the neighborhood. It was only after great arguments that she could be dissuaded from telephoning Mr. Bisjveer of Swetsburg. Imagine her surprise upon learning that the tramp was her husband.

Mr. Dean H. Pettes is on the sick list, with a severe cold.

EAST FARNHAM

Recent arrivals: Mrs. Young of Vermont and infant, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Morris.

A large Conservative meeting was held here last Saturday evening in the vacant house, owned by Mr. Jas. Gilbert, Mr. Harold Baker delivered a lengthy speech which was listened to attentively.

Mrs. Jones, formerly of Fordyce has brought a village property from Mr. James Dougall, of Brigham.

Mr. Vaughan and family are to move on to Mr. Arthur Collin's farm at Fordyce.

A large number from here went to Farnham on Monday, to hear the Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Mrs. Hobart A. Buck is visiting her sister Mrs. W. F. Vilas, at Cowansville.

You can have THE OBSERVER for a year and the Weekly Mail and Empire of Toronto till Jan. 1st, 1910, for \$1.50. This a genuine bargain.

Send in \$1.25 and get THE OBSERVER and The Home Journal for a year. The Home Journal is a splendid Canadian Magazine published monthly by The Canadian Woman's Magazine Publishing Co., of Toronto. We highly recommend it.

USE THIS Want Column

The Rates are Reasonable Results Sure

The rate for small ads. under this heading is as follows: One insertion 50c; two for 65c; three for 80c, and four for \$1.00.

FOR SALE

A Manure Spreader, new last fall, and only used a few times. This is a bargain at \$20.00 below regular price. Apply to "A. F." care of The Observer.

NOTICE

I HEREBY give notice that I will not be responsible for any debts contracted in my name without my written order.
GLEN H. FARNAM
Farnam's Corners, Oct. 1, 1908-10-8-31

A Rare Chance

THE Splendid House on Main Street, until recently occupied by the late Mrs. Wilkinson is for sale. Good opportunity, either for a speculation or investment. For terms, prices, etc., apply to
THE BOSS REALTY CO., LTD.
30 St. John Street, Montreal
Oct 8-31

OUR GUARANTEE

First—All trees replaced free that fall to live the first winter.
Second—All trees true to name.
Third—All trees delivered in good condition.
Fourth—Our guarantee is bonafide. Established over thirty-five years and in a position to fulfill our contracts.
We want a reliable agent to work for us in Cowansville and vicinity and sell our guaranteed hardy Apple Trees, Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, etc., on above terms. Good pay weekly, exclusive territory. Outfit free to right party. Write now to
PELHAM NURSERY CO.
Toronto, Ontario.

Do You Wish To Know

WHY we are so very easily doing the largest Bread business in town, it is because

People always find our BREAD and ROLLS the same.

It is not a game of chance with us, to have them one day one way and the next another, but always reliable. Beware of imposters selling our Bread, there is only one FARBER. We still take the lead in making good pastry. All kinds daily.

QUALITY GUARANTEED
DISCOUNT TICKETS DAILY DELIVERY
A. G. FARBER
BOOTH BLOCK, MAIN ST., COWANSVILLE

BUY A Thermos BOTTLE

INDISPENSABLE IN SICK ROOM NURSERY HOME

INVALUABLE WHEN TRAVELLING HUNTING FISHING

Keeps liquid Cold 72 hours Hot 24 hours

Price—Pint \$3.50
Quart \$5.50
SOLD BY

Geo. W. Johnston
Druggist and Stationer



M. B. Judson
Undertaker and Embalmer
Personal attention. Prices moderate. Calls attended Day or Night
Opp. Congregational Church
Cowansville
PHONE NO. 47

THE HUB

The Bargain Centre of Missisquoi and Brome

Furs Furs Furs

Now is the time to make selections in Furs. We have over \$3,000 worth on display including fifteen Men's Coon Coats from \$50, all extra choice garments. Twenty-five Men's cheaper Fur Coats from \$12 up. Twenty-two Women's Black Astrachan Jackets very best makes and all sizes up to 46 bust. Also fifteen other Fur Jackets in low priced Furs from \$15. Ten Women's Coon Jackets, Electric Seal Jackets, German Otter Jackets, Men's and Women's Fur Lined Garments, including one very nice Man's Coat, rat lined, with otter collars and revers, at \$70.

In Small Furs our collection is very select. We are showing very nice stoles in Mink at \$50. A Stone Martin Stole at \$35. Sable pieces from \$10 up to \$30. Sets in Grey Squirrel, marmot, mink and coon. A very large line of Low-priced Furs. Now is the time to make your selection while the stock is complete. They are selling readily.

Women's and Children's Cloth Jackets

We are selling more than usual in this department at this time of the year. Do not delay in making your choice. See those 7-8 Beaver Coats in black, brown, green, navy at \$12.50. Other cloths from \$6 up.

Dress Goods, Mantle Cloth Suitings

We are showing the new shadow effects in Dress Goods, and they are very popular. We are keeping this department in good supply.

Millinery Millinery

New Goods received this week makes our assortment most complete. Kindly bring in your orders early as possible.

Boots and Shoes

Fall stock all now on hand. We have made our Slipper Department very complete for Men, Women and Children. Ask to see our Solid Comfort Line of which we make a specialty.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT—Clothing, Furnishings

New Suits, New Overcoats. The best makes in Underwear, unshrinkable and all wool.

NOTICE—All Departments are being well assorted, and we are out for Big Fall Trade.

Wanted in Exchange

New Laid Eggs this week 24c. Maple Sugar in cakes 6c and 7c. Potatoes 65c per bushel 60 lbs. Block Wood \$2—must be sound and hard wood. We can handle your fresh made Butter and allow 25c. Bring in your produce now.

The Hub, Cowansville

Housekeeper's Harvest Excellent Furniture Values

Come in and look through our store. You cannot buy as good Furniture anywhere else at the price, and our guarantee goes with every piece you purchase.

IF YOU WANT
A large comfortable Arm Rocker, in natural reed
A premier quality quartered oak Morris Chair
An unbeatable bargain in a good Dining Table, made of kiln-dried polished elm
Or one of those ever popular Kitchen Cabinets
An all Brass or White Enamel Bedstead
A new Princess Dresser in oak or mahogany
Or a comfortable oak Clobber Rocker

Come to this store. There's no question about suiting you. Price and value can't be beaten anywhere.

Cowansville Furniture Store
JOS. HINGSTON, Proprietor
Picture Framing a Specialty

A Year's Subscription to The Observer only \$1.00

INTERESTING THINGS FOR LADY READERS

Home and Other Helps with the Latest Notions in Dress from the Near-by Metropolis

Pillows

In those far away times, when Jacob fled from the anger of his brother Esau, he was overtaken by night in the desert, so he laid himself down just where he was and took one of the stones of the place and used it for a pillow.

That is the first record we have in the Bible times of a pillow.

To-day it is an article of house furnishing, which we all use every night of our lives.

In some nations a piece of wood or cricket is used as a pillow, but we try to get the softest and downiest pillows we can.

The real use of a pillow should not be to raise the head above the level of the body, but to fill out the difference between the level of the shoulders and that of the head.

The correct position in which to sleep is on the side, it is not considered healthy to sleep on the back. Therefore, the pillows should be constructed, only to give the necessary support to the head, when the body is on its side. It should help the head to keep its natural position, neither bent down towards the pillow, or raised upwards out of line, with the reclining body.

This correct position of the body in sleep, is more important than most people think.

All the blood of the head must pass up and down through the large veins of the neck. If the neck is much bent it impedes the flow of blood, this being the case, it shows that high pillows are a positive injury to those who use them.

The old rule to "keep the feet warm and the head cool," is a good one to follow, but it is impossible to do it, when one is sleeping on a feather pillow, as the head sinks into the feather, becomes heated and causes many unhealthy symptoms.

It causes the hair to fall out. It also causes bad dreams, for when the head is heated it sends the blood to the brain.

Those who have studied the question, say that there is nothing equal to the hair pillow the year around.

It is also said, that for common use in the country, the soft inner leaf of corn husks, make good pillows.

Better Than Butter

Most people think they must use butter in making cake and in almost everything else requiring shortening. By experience I have learned this is a foolish and very expensive notion. Although we make a great deal of cake and other rich dishes, I have not bought an ounce of butter to use for shortening for over a year, and I have had just as delicate cake, cookies, rolls, etc., as if I did.

I am very careful to cut out all the little pieces of fat meat after each meal, using both beef suet and pork fat from roasts, steaks, etc. These scraps I set in the oven and allow the grease to try out. I then strain it into a dish I wish to leave it in, and when I want any shortening I find it clear and white and ready for use. I keep two dishes, and so do not mix the pork fat with the beef, but one is quite as good as the other. I always save to try out all the fat from a chicken or fowl, and the best ginger-bread I ever ate was shortened with chicken fat. One might think dishes shortened in this way would have an unpleasant taste, but there is absolutely no difference in the taste.

The Signs of the Times

That sainted Man of God, the late Canon Henderson, was very much interested in the signs of the times, as regards Biblical Prophecy.

In a letter to me upon this subject he used these words "What a comforting, stimulating and invigorating thought, is the near approach of our Saviour's second advent in glory, to all those who love and revere his name and his word."

Very many times have I since repeated those words to myself.

It is a subject in which all true Christians should be interested.

Many people who have studied the question, think we mean the end of the world, when we speak about our Lord's second coming, nothing is further from our thoughts, we mean the end of the

Gentle age, when Christ will return to earth, and as Israel's King set up the throne of his Father.

Professor C. A. Totten, who has perhaps more than any other man, studied and written about the subject says:

"I maintain that, along any line of human recession that you will, there never were more serious days than these in which we live and into which we are moving deeper; full of work and empty of all satisfactory harvest; draft, graft and craft are the way and wake of Mammon's Chariots as they rush and jostle on the public high-ways; made of iron, red, and with flaming torches, six or eight apiece—"In the days of his appearing," a clear and ominous "sign," and fulfillment of prophecy as the last days of the "time of the end."

Children Starving

Here are excerpts from the report of W. Lester Bodine, superintendent of compulsory arbitration:

"Five thousand children who attend the schools of Chicago are habitually hungry. Ten thousand other children do not have sufficient food. There are fifteen thousand underfed children in Chicago now who do not have three square meals a day."

"Many mothers are working for a pittance sewing pants for the cheap-clothing trade. Some work for 50 cents a day and only three days a week. Many of these are widows with four or five children."

"The city is filled with deserted wives whose lives are abject slavery to home, children and industrialism."

"Rats swarm in the basement homes where children sleep on the floor."

THREE WELL-TRIED RECIPES

Quick Cake

This is real good. 1/2 cup soft butter, 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1/2 lb. dates, stoned and cut in pieces. Put ingredients in a bowl and beat all together for three minutes, using a wooden cake spoon. Bake in a buttered and floured cake pan thirty-five to forty minutes. If these directions are followed this makes a most satisfactory cake, but if the ingredients are added separate it will not prove a success.

Soft Gingerbread

1/2 cup of butter or lard, 1/2 cup of sugar, 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of boiling water. Let cool a bit, then sift two cups of flour, pinch of salt, and teaspoon of soda, 1 teaspoon of ginger; then break in one egg and beat well together. Bake in a shallow pan. It is very thin, but all right.

Cookies

1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons buttermilk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

SENSE TRAINING

An Article Contributed by Miss Ruth F. Wisdom of Dartmouth, N. S.

CONTINUED

But someone says, "Is it possible to develop all the senses?" We reply, "Is it possible to develop all the muscles of the chest, back, loins, limbs?" Why yes; and many a child has deepened a narrow chest, because of the lack of proper exercise during growing time, or when the brain is plastic. Just as many persons have become narrow brained, because the senses were not trained at the growing time, or when the brain is plastic, that is in the first twenty years of life. All the higher structure of knowledge are built upon this sensory development. If the foundation is hazy and ill defined, the structure reared upon it can be no finer than its support.

All thought, all imagination, the correct interpretation of the best writers, the study of science depend upon the training of all the senses, taste and smell, as well as sight hearing and touch.

It is an undisputed fact, that one of the greatest mistakes made in education is shutting children away from nature,

and making them study almost entirely from books. Some people think that the child should graduate in sense training on leaving the Kindergarten, when only the first steps have been taken. It should be continued all through the grades and indeed through the whole life. The best schools and colleges acknowledge this fact.

In the ages when there were few books, the ages when Chaucer, Dante, and Shakespeare lived the training of all the senses continued the entire life. Instead of reading about a thing, men studied it with their own senses, and became stronger, in mind and better able to assimilate the books which they did read.

Who is to-day using his God given powers to the best advantage; the little child of five, five and half or six; who is toiling through the primers in order that he may learn about things, for that is the chief benefit of reading—or he who is studying as our little Kindergarten children are on these beautiful spring and summer days from God's beautiful world of nature, which is so lavishly spread out before them?

The first step toward cultivating a child's senses consists in putting him in as favorable an environment as possible. You cannot expect to have well trained senses in children who live in crowded tenements. Doctor G. Stanley Hall of Clark University says: "The best preparation parents can give their children for good school training is to make them acquainted with natural objects, especially the sights and sounds of the country." For instance; Shakespeare left school shortly after passing his fourteenth birthday. Had he not we might to-day be without the greatest dramas of all time. At any rate, those who favor going to school for the chief purpose of studying books, must acknowledge that the earth's greatest writer did stop school at about the age of fourteen, and yet surpassed even those who spent half their lives studying books. The course of study at that time show us that no pupik could receive sensory training then. Where then did Shakespeare receive it? From nature herself. He roamed through the forest, north and north west on Stratford-on-Avon, and became acquainted with habits of the birds, the reptiles, the trees, the flowers; he became familiar with the woodlands, the babbling brooks, the hills, insects and flowers.

Then on the farms of his uncles he had opportunity of observing the calves, colts and little pigs; the sheep-washing and sheep-shearing, the poultry yard with its freshly laid eggs and broods of chickens, geese and ducks. By his definite and accurate reference to them he shows us that he had noticed the myrtle. "The yellow growing ascant the brook," the yew, aspen, birch, elder, hawthorn, ash, elm, and sycamore, the juniper, squirrel, the subtle fox, the hare, "The dormouse of little valor," the weasel, badger and wildcat; the crow, the sparrow, finch, lark, peacock, pigeon, raven, wren, nightingale, starting and many other birds. Even the burdocks, docks, thistles, nettles were not omitted.

These are only a few of the sight images which he used. I have not experience yet to be certain, but I think that the reason so many do not enjoy Shakespeare is because of their senses not being cultivated, they have not observed these things which are open to us all, and therefore cannot understand them when great writers refer to them. These little children of ours cannot roam the country as he did, so we try to bring the country to them—we try to lead them to observe and study for themselves trees, leaves, flowers, birds, insects; the work of the sun-shine, the wonderful awakening of nature in the spring, and the mysteries of snow, ice and wind; the brooks, the hills around Dartmouth, our magnificent harbor, the clouds, the stars, the stones, the coal and other minerals. We endeavor as far as possible to make these things objects of interest, not by any means that they become filled with knowledge that they will soon forget, that they will become walking encyclopedias; but that their senses may become so acute, that they may be able to understand what they shall afterwards read, or in other words, to develop mental power.

TO BE CONTINUED

One of the Worthy

Oh, the man with the sweet voiced violin
Is a wizard whose delicate wand
Shuts out all the world with its heartless din
And transports us to wonderland.
And the man with the brush makes the colors blend.
In a glory that never fails.
And yet in the end we must all depend
On the man with the hammer and nails

"ONLY MEDICINE THAT DID ME ANY GOOD"

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Backache After Doctors Failed Utterly.



"I have received most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' I suffered for years from backaches and pain in the head and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable without any relief. Then I began taking 'Fruit-a-tives' and this was the only medicine that ever did me any real good. I took several boxes altogether, and now I am entirely well of all my dreadful headaches and backaches. I take 'Fruit-a-tives' occasionally still, but I am quite cured of a trouble that was said to be incurable. I give this testimony voluntarily in order that others who suffer as I suffered may try this wonderful medicine and be cured." Mrs. Frank Eaton, Frankville, Ont.

Be wise. Profit by Mrs. Eaton's example, and start with "Fruit-a-tives." They will quickly relieve Pain in the Back, and stop Headaches because they keep bowels, kidneys and skin in perfect order and insure the blood being always pure and rich.

"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. All dealers should have both sizes. If yours does not, write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Take Care of Your Mattresses

Of course every good housekeeper turns her mattresses every day. I have found it a good plan to turn them in alternate fashion every other day, that is, on one day, turn from side to side, and on the next, roll from top to bottom.

Thus all parts of the mattress gets all the same wear and there are no unwelcome indentations.

A mattress treated in this way will last much longer.

Another good way to add to the life and good-keeping of the mattress, is to make a case for it, much in the same way as for a pillow.

One splendid housekeeper whom it was my good fortune to meet, a housekeeper so good, that to be a guest in her house for a week, was in itself a liberal education in housewifely ways, told me that all her mattresses were covered with cases, and that every three months, she had them taken off and washed, and all the cracks and corners of her beds wiped over with a damp cloth sprinkled with ammonia. In this way she kept her mattresses as clean as sweet and free from the dust that is found to accumulate in crevices that are not gone over often.

Two Excellent Uses for Baking-soda

For the disagreeable odor from perspiration nothing is so efficacious as common baking-soda—a little applied dry after washing. Another use to which it may be put is to take grease spots from the kitchen floor. If a little is sprinkled on the spot and boiling water poured on, then scrubbed well with a scrubbing-brush and soapy water, every vestige of stain will be removed.

A Labor-saver

Although I do not do my laundry work, yet I find, as most housekeepers do, that there are always certain things, especially children's finest dresses, that one prefers doing oneself to the risk of damage by a careless laundry. These articles I put with my hand in the warm, soft suds, and then, laying the badly soiled spots on the board, I take a ordinary hand-brush, a miniature scrub-brush, in fact, and lightly scrub out all of the difficult spots. By this means one is saved a great amount of needless rubbing, that tired feeling, and the little blisters.

When making eyelets hold the cloth firmly against a bar of white soap when you pierce the hole. In this way there is no danger of making the eyelet larger than you want; the edge of the cloth will be soaped, and a much smoother eyelet results. Moreover, when the article goes to the laundry, the soap helps remove the trace of the stamping.

We offer THE OBSERVER and The Home Journal, Canada's leading monthly home magazine for one year for only \$1.25.

"OXOL" FOR CATTLE



FEEDS FATTENS CURES

S. K. & T. C. Windsor, St. Paul street, Montreal (WHOLESALE ONLY)

PSALMS.

Psalms 18

11 He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

12 At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail stones and coals of fire.

13 The Lord also thundered in the heavens; and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire.

14 Yes, he sent out his arrows and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.

15 Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

16 He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

17 He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.

PROVERBS.

CHAPTER 8.

36; But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death.

CHAPTER 9.

1 Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars.

2 She hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her wine; she hath also furnished her table:

3 She hath sent forth her maidens: she crieth upon the highest places of the city.

4 Whoso is simple, let him turn in hither: as for him that wanteth understanding, she saith to him.

5 Come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled.

6 Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding.

7 He that reproveth a scorner getteth to himself shame; and he that rebuketh a wicked man getteth himself a blot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HERE'S A SNAP

THE OBSERVER

And the

FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR

From Now till Jan. 1st for only

35 CENTS

THE OBSERVER and FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR of Montreal, from now till January 1st for only 35 cents.

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The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," Etc.

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CONTINUED

England. I should like to say a word to you before you embark."

A change, quick as lightning and almost as dangerous, passed over the face Sweetwater was watching with such painful anxiety, but as the other added nothing to his words and seemed to be merely waiting, he shrugged his shoulders and muttered an order to his rovers to proceed.

In another moment the sterns of the two small craft swung together, but in such a way that, by dint of a little skillful manipulation on the part of Wellgood's men, the latter's back was toward the moon.

Mr. Grey leaned toward Wellgood, and his face fell into shadow also. "Bah!" thought the detective, "I should have managed that myself. But if I cannot see I shall at least hear."

But he deceived himself in this. The two men spoke in such low whispers that only their intonations was manifest. Not a word came to Sweetwater's ears.

"Bah!" he thought again, "this is bad."

But he had to swallow his disappointment and more. For presently the two men, so different in culture, station and appearance, came, as it seemed, to an understanding, and Wellgood, taking his hand from his breast, fumbled in one of his pockets and drew out something which he handed to Mr. Grey.

This made Sweetwater start and peer with still greater anxiety at every movement, when to his surprise both bent forward, each over his own knee, doing something so mysterious he could get no clew to its nature till they again stretched forth their hands to each other, and he caught the gleam of paper and realized that they were exchanging memoranda or notes.

These must have been important, for each made an immediate endeavor to read his slip by turning it toward the moon's rays. That both were satisfied was shown by their after movements. Wellgood put his slip into his pocket and without further word to Mr. Grey motioned his men to row away. They did so with a will, leaving a line of silver in their wake. Mr. Grey, on the contrary, gave no orders. He still held his slip and seemed to be dreaming. But his eye was on the shore, and he did not even turn when sounds from the launch denoted that she was under way.

Sweetwater, looking at this morsel of paper with greedy eyes, dipped his oars and began pulling softly toward that portion of the beach where a small and twinkling light defined the boathouse. He hoped Mr. Grey would speak; hoped that in some way, by some means, he might obtain a clew to his patron's thoughts. But the English gentleman sat like an image and did not move till a slight but sudden breeze, blowing in-shore, seized the paper in his hand and carried it away, past Sweetwater, who vainly sought to catch it as it went fluttering by into the water ahead, where it shone for a moment, then softly disappeared.

Sweetwater uttered a cry; so did Mr. Grey.

"Is it anything you wanted?" called out the former, leaning over the bow of the boat and making a dive at the paper with his oar.

"Yes; but if it's gone, it's gone," returned the other with some feeling.

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or over-busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, in reason of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause, would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the female system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, worn-out, run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

"Careless of me, very careless, out I was thinking of."

He stopped. He was greatly agitated, but he did not encourage Sweetwater in any further attempts to recover the lost memorandum. Indeed, such an effort would have been fruitless. The paper was gone, and there was nothing left for them but to continue their way. As they did so it would have been hard to tell in which breast chagrin mounted higher. Sweetwater had lost a clew in a thousand, and Mr. Grey—well, no one knew what he had lost. He said nothing and plainly showed by his changed manner that he was in haste to land now and be done with this doubtful adventure.

When they reached the boathouse Mr. Grey left Sweetwater to pay for the boat and started at once for the hotel.

The man in charge had the bow of the boat in hand, preparatory to pulling it up on the boards.



He picked off a small piece of paper from the dripping keel.

ing it up on the boards. As Sweetwater turned toward him he caught sight of the side of the boat, shining brightly in the moonlight. He gave a start and, with a muttered ejaculation, darted forward and picked off a small piece of paper from the dripping keel. It separated in his hand and part of it escaped him, but the rest he managed to keep by secreting it in his palm, where it still clung, wet and possibly illegible, when he came upon Mr. Grey again in the hotel office.

"That's your pay," said that gentleman, giving him a bill. "I am very glad I met you. You have served me remarkably well."

There was an anxiety in his face and a hurry in his movements which struck Sweetwater.

"Does this mean that you are through with me?" asked Sweetwater. "That you have no further call for my services?"

"Quite so," said the gentleman. "I am going to take the train tonight. I find that I still have time."

Sweetwater began to look alive.

Uttering hasty thanks, he rushed away to his own room and, turning on the gas, peeled off the morsel of paper which had begun to dry on his hand. If it should prove to be the blank end! If the written part were the one which had floated off! Such disappointments had fallen to his lot! He was not unused to them.

But he was destined to better luck this time. The written end had indeed disappeared, but there was one word left, which he had no sooner read than he gave a low cry and prepared to leave for New York on the same train as Mr. Grey.

The word was—diamond.

CHAPTER XXII

INDULGED in some very serious thoughts after Mr. Grey's departure. A fact was borne in upon me to which I had hitherto closed my prejudiced eyes, but which I could no longer ignore, whatever confusion it brought or however it caused me to change my mind on a subject which had formed one of the strongest bases to the argument by which I had sought to save Mr. Durand. Miss Grey cherished no such distrust of her father as I in my ignorance of their relations had imputed to her in the early hours of my ministrations. This you have already seen in my account of their parting. Whatever his dread, fear or remorse, there was no evidence that she felt toward him anything but love and confidence. But love and confidence from her to him were in direct contradiction to the doubts I had believed her to have expressed in the half-written note handed to Mrs. Fairbrother in the alcove. Had I been wrong, then, in attributing this scrawl to her? It began to look so. Though forbidden to allow her to speak on the one tabooed subject, I had wit enough to know that nothing would keep her from it if the fate of Mrs. Fairbrother occupied any real place in her thoughts.

Yet when the opportunity was given me one morning of setting this fact beyond all doubt I own that my main feeling was one of dread. I feared to

see this article in my creed destroyed, lest I should lose confidence in the whole. Yet conscience bade me face the matter boldly, for had I not boasted to myself that my one desire was the truth?

I allude to the disposition which Miss Grey showed on the morning of the third day to do a little surreptitious writing. You remember that a specimen of her handwriting had been asked for by the inspector, and—once had been earnestly desired by myself. Now I seemed likely to have it, if I did not open my eyes too widely to the meaning of her seemingly chance requests. A little pencil dangled at the end of my watch chain. Would I let her see it, let her hold it in her hand for a minute? It was so like one she used to have. Of course I took it off, of course I let her retain it a little while in her hand. But the pencil was not enough. A few minutes later she asked for a book to look at—I sometimes let her look at pictures. But the book bothered her—she would look at it later; would I give her something to mark the place—that postal over there. I gave her the postal. She put it in the book and I, who understood her thoroughly, wondered what excuse she would now find for sending me into the other room. She found one very soon, and with a heavily beating heart I left her with that pencil and postal.

A soft laugh from her lips drew me back. She was holding up the postal. "See! I have written a line to him! Oh, you good, good nurse, to let me! You needn't look so alarmed. It hasn't hurt me one bit."

I knew that it had not; knew that such an exertion was likely to be more beneficial than hurtful to her, or I should have found some excuse for deterring her. I endeavored to make my face more natural. As she seemed to want me to take the postal in my hand I drew near and took it.

"The address looks very shaky," she laughed. "I think you will have to put it in an envelope."

I looked at it—I could not help it—her eye was on me, and I could not even prepare my mind for the shock of seeing it like or totally unlike the writing of the warning. It was totally unlike; so distinctly unlike that it was no longer possible to attribute those lines to her which, according to Mr. Durand's story, had caused Mrs. Fairbrother to take off her diamond.

"Why, why?" she cried. "You actually look pale. Are you afraid the doctor will scold us? It hasn't hurt me nearly so much as lying here and knowing what he would give for one word from me."

"You are right, and I am foolish," I answered with all the spirit left in me. "I should be glad—I am glad that you have written these words. I will copy the address on an envelope and send it out in the first mail."

"Thank you," she murmured, giving me back my pencil with a sly smile. "Now I can sleep. I must have roses in my cheeks when papa comes home."

And she bade fair to have ruddier roses than myself, for conscience was working havoc in my breast. The theory I had built up with such care, the theory I had persisted in urging upon the inspector in spite of his rebuke, was slowly crumbling to pieces in my mind with the falling of one of its main pillars. With the warning unaccounted for in the manner I have stated, there was a weakness in my argument which nothing could make good. How could I tell the inspector, if ever I should be so happy or so miserable as to meet his eye again, humiliated to the dust, I could see no worth now in any of the arguments I had advanced. I flew from one extreme to the other, and was imputing perfect probity to Mr. Grey and an honorable if mysterious reason for all his acts, when the door opened and he came in. Instantly my last doubt vanished. I had not expected him to return so soon.

He was glad to be back; that I could see, but there was no other gladness in him. I had looked for some change in his manner and appearance—that is, if he returned at all—but the one I saw was not a cheerful one, even after he had approached his daughter's bedside and found her greatly improved. She noticed this and scrutinized him strangely. He dropped his eyes and turned to leave the room, but was stopped by her loving cry; he came back and leaned over her.

"What is it, father? You are fatigued," worried.

"No, no; quite well," he hastily assured her. "But you—are you as well as you seem?"

"Indeed yes. I am gaining every day. See, see! I shall soon be able to sit up. Yesterday I read a few words."

He started, with a side glance at me which took in a table near by on which a little book was lying.

"Oh, a book?"

"Yes, and—Arthur's letters."

The father flushed, lifted himself, patted her arm tenderly and hastened into another room.

Miss Grey's eyes followed him longingly, and I heard her give utterance to a soft sigh. A few hours before this would have conveyed to my suspicious mind deep and mysterious meanings, but I was seeing everything now in a different light, and I found myself no longer inclined either to exaggerate or to misinterpret these little marks of filial solicitude. Trying to rejoice over the present condition of my mind, I was searching in the hidden depths of my nature for the patience of which I stood in such need when every thought and feeling were again thrown into confusion by the receipt of another communication from the inspector in which he stated that something had occurred to bring the authorities round to my way of thinking and that the test with the stiletto was to be made at once.

Could the irony of fate go further?

I dropped the letter half read, querying if it were my duty to let the inspector know of the flaw I had discovered in my own theory before I proceeded with the attempt I had suggested when I believed in its complete soundness. I had not settled the question when I took the letter up again. Rereading its opening sentence, I was caught by the word "something." It was a very indefinite one, yet was capable of covering a large field. It must cover a large field or it could not have produced such a change in the minds of these men, conservative from principle and in this instance from discretion. I would be satisfied with that word "something" and quit further thinking. I was weary of it. The inspector was now taking the initiative, and I was satisfied to be his simple instrument and no more.

Arrived at this conclusion, however, I read the rest of the letter. The test was to go on, but under different conditions. It was no longer to be made at my own discretion and in the upstairs room; it was to be made at luncheon hour and in Mr. Grey's private dining room, where, if by any chance Mr. Grey found himself outraged by the placing of this notorious weapon beside his plate, the blame could be laid on the waiter, who, mistaking this directions, had placed it on Mr. Grey's table when it was meant for Inspector Dalzell's, who was lunching in the adjoining room. It was I, however, who was to do the placing. With what precautions and under what circumstances will presently appear.

Fortunately the hour set was very near; otherwise I do not know how I could have endured the continued strain of gazing on my patient's sweet face, looking up at me from her pillow, with a shadow over its beauty which had not been there before her father's return.

And that father! I could hear him pacing the library floor with a restlessness that struck me as being strangely akin to my own inward anguish of impatience and doubt. What was he dreading? What was it I had seen darkening his face and disturbing his manner when from time to time he pushed open the communicating door and cast an anxious glance our way, only to withdraw again without uttering a word? Did he realize that a crisis was approaching, that danger menaced him, and from me? No, not the latter, for his glance never strayed to me, but rested solely on his daughter. I was therefore not connected with the disturbance in his thoughts. As far as that was concerned, I could proceed fearlessly; I had not him to dread, only the event. That I did dread, as any one must who saw Miss Grey's face during these painful moments and heard that restless tramp in the room beyond.

At last the hour struck—the hour at which Mr. Grey always descended to lunch. He was punctuality itself, and under ordinary circumstances I could depend upon his leaving the room within five minutes of the stroke of 1. But would he be as prompt today? Was he in the mood for luncheon? Would he go downstairs at all? Yes, for the tramp, tramp stopped, I heard him approaching his daughter's door for a last look in and managed to escape just in time to procure what I wanted and reach the room below before he came.

My opportunity was short, but I had time to see two things—first, that the location of his seat had been changed so that his back was to the door leading into the adjoining room; secondly, that this door was ajar. The usual waiter was in the room and showed no surprise at my appearance, I having been careful to have it understood that hereafter Miss Grey's appetite was to be encouraged by having her soup served from her father's table by her father's own hands, and that I should be there to receive it.

"Mr. Grey is coming," said I, approaching the waiter and handing him the stiletto loosely wrapped in tissue paper. "Will you be kind enough to place this at his plate, just as it is? A man gave it to me for Mr. Grey; said we were to place it there."

The waiter, suspecting nothing, did as he was bidden, and I had hardly time to catch up the tray laden with dishes, when Mr. Grey came in and was welcomed to his seat.

The tramp was not there, but I advanced with my tray and stood waiting just in front, lest the violent beating of my heart should betray me. As I did so the waiter disappeared and the door behind us opened. Though Mr. Grey's eye had fallen on the package, and I saw him start, I darted one glance at the room this disclosed, and

saw that it held two tables. At one the inspector and some one I did not know sat eating. At the other a man alone, whose back was to us all and who seemingly was entirely disconnected with the interests of this tragic moment. All this I saw in an instant—the next my eyes were fixed on Mr. Grey's face.

He had reached out his hand to the package, and his features showed an emotion I hardly understood.

"What's this?" he murmured, feeling it with wonder. I should almost say anger. Suddenly he pulled off the wrapper, and my heart stood still in expectancy. If he quailed—and how could he help doing so if guilty?—what a doubt would be removed from my own breast, what an impediment from police action! But he did not quail. He simply uttered an exclamation of intense anger and laid the weapon back on the table without even taking the precaution of covering it up. I think he muttered an oath, but there was no fear in it, not a particle.

My disappointment was so great, my humiliation so unbounded, that, forget-



I staggered back and let the tray with all its contents slip from my hands.

ting myself in my dismay, I staggered back and let the tray with all its contents slip from my hands. The crash that followed stopped Mr. Grey in the act of rising. But it did something more. It awoke a cry from the adjoining room which I shall never forget. While we both started and turned to see from whom this grievous sound had sprung, a man came stumbling toward us with his hands before his eyes and this name wild on his lips:

"Grizel! Grizel!" Mrs. Fairbrother's name, and the man—

CHAPTER XXIII

WAS he Wellgood? Sears? Who? A lover of the woman certainly. That was borne in on us by the passion of his cry:

"Grizel! Grizel!"

But how here? And why such fury in Mr. Grey's face and such amazement in that of the inspector?

This question was not to be answered offhand. Mr. Grey, advancing, laid a finger on the man's shoulder. "Come," said he, "we will have our conversation in another room."

The man, who in dress and appearance looked oddly out of place in those gorgeous rooms, shook off the stupor into which he had fallen and started to follow the Englishman. A waiter crossed their track with the soup for our table. Mr. Grey motioned him

TO BE CONTINUED.

What Have We Done Today?

We shall do so much in the years to come:

But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum:

But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear:

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear:

We shall speak the words of love and cheer:

But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile:

But what have we been today?

We shall bring each lonely life a smile:

But what have we brought today?

We shall give to truth a grander birth:

And to steadfast faith a deeper worth:

We shall feed the hungry souls of earth:

But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by:

But what have we sown today?

We shall build our mansions in the sky:

But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask:

But here and now do our task?

Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:

"What have we done today?"

—Nixon Waterman.

She "Frankly, now if you had to choose between me and a million, what would you do?"

He "I'd take the million. Then you would be easy."

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Jeweler and Optician
COWANSVILLE, QUE.

A Good Bet

As he entered the restaurant the cut of his clothes betrayed him as a member of the sporting fraternity. Choosing a corner seat, he ordered oyster stew. When the dish was brought to him he looked at it with a critical frown, and then he began excitedly to peel off his coat and vest.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" said the landlord, hurrying to the table.

The man looked at the stew, then at the landlord and said:

"Bet you five shillings I can swim from one oyster to another."

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NOTARY, COMMISSIONER, ETC.
HULL'S BLOCK
COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

At Dunham every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and first Monday in each month.

EDITORIAL

GEO. E. FORD

Mr. Ford has been engaged during the past week in finishing his harvesting. Mr. Ford is not relieved from the necessity of work like the other candidates who are running in Missisquoi. He has to work for his living and knows what it is to toil at manual labor.

Mr. Ford is a practical farmer. He does not run an experimental farm where all the labor is done by others. He does not own a farm and let it out to a tenant while himself taking a great part of the revenues.

Mr. Ford does not put on a slouch hat and an old suit of clothes during election times in order to pretend to be a farmer. He does not sit around a village or town hotel four years and then go out among the farmers for a couple of weeks. Mr. Ford is a practical farmer.

This fact should make a great difference with regard to the voting in his favor. If the farmers desire to be represented by a farmer they should cast their votes for him. The farmers possess half the wealth of the country and out of over two hundred members in Parliament there are about seventeen farmer representatives. If the farmers were represented as they should be there would be ten times this number in the House.

Those who know Mr. Ford, know that he is absolutely honest and know that even Ottawa air and morals will not be able to turn him from the paths of strict honesty.

Were the electors of Missisquoi voting for men and not for party, Mr. Ford would be elected. His election, however, is doubtful.

A THIRTY-SEVEN MILLION DOLLAR PRESENT

The Canadian Pacific is making a present of over thirty-seven million dollars to its stockholders. The common stock of the C. P. R. is to be increased by fifty million dollars and this stock is allotted to the shareholders at par. This means that for every three shares of stock a C. P. R. stockholder now holds he will be given the privilege of purchasing a new share at one hundred dollars. These shares are selling in the open market for one hundred and seventy-five dollars each. This means that the C. P. R. is giving a present of seventy-five dollars on every share put out. As fifty million dollars are authorized this means that eventually thirty-seven and a half million dollars will be given to the stockholders.

The stockholders need not spend their hundred dollars to get the seventy-five dollar present which goes with each share. He will be allotted his stock which he can sell for one hundred and seventy-five dollars a share. He can keep the seventy-five dollars and pay one hundred to the C. P. R., thus making a profit of seventy-five dollars without paying out one cent.

Instead of this present being given to the stockholders the C. P. R. could sell the stock itself and spend the extra money on safety appliances or new stations, or on the salaries of station agents in stations where no station agents are now employed. The C. P. R., however, prefer to give their stockholders a clear present of a sum more than one-tenth the amount of Canada's national debt.

HUGHES AND BEER

The liquor men of New York State are lining up against Hughes. Hughes has done nothing so far to warrant the liquor men fighting him. Hughes however, is fighting lawlessness and unrighteousness. Therefore he is a foe to the liquor traffic.

It is reported that the brewers have levied a tax of one cent on every barrel of beer brewed in the State. The money, about one hundred thousand dollars is to be used for political purposes. About ten thousand dollars has already been turned over to the anti-Hughes forces.

The brewers and liquor men are also forming personal liberty clubs. These clubs are as yet under no political leadership but they are to be used for the defeat of the Republican candidate.

Hughes, in all his political speeches, has made only one reference against the liquor traffic. The liquor men, however, know the character of the man and believe that it is to their interest to have some one else more amenable to saloon influences in the gubernatorial chair. Hughes has too great a reputation as a fighter for right to suit the booze dispensers.

There are now three northern states

in which the saloon question is uttermost, Ohio, Indiana and New York. Other states may be heard from before the campaign is over.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

Fielding states that it will take an enormous sum to acquire the railways of Canada. When the C. P. R. issues new capital stock which the stockholders can buy for fifty millions and which the government would have to buy for eighty-seven and a half millions there is no doubt but that railway buying on behalf of the Dominion government would come high.

When it comes to railway purchase, however, the example of Prussia might be followed by Canada to advantage. Prussia desired to purchase the railroads and to run them for the benefit of the people. The railroad owners thought that they had a beautiful opportunity to make money. They began to tell the government how much the property was worth and how valuable railway shares were. The government authorities found they could not acquire the railroads at a reasonable figure. They therefore purchased one small outworn bankrupt line. The chief asset of this line was a right of way between two termini. The government put the little road in first class condition and lowered rates. The other lines began to lose traffic to the former bankrupt rival. The government watched its chances and bought in the small lines as they were weakened by competition and the larger systems were eventually only too pleased to sell out to the Prussia State at a reduced price.

When Canada comes to acquire her railroads she can build small competing lines and issue tickets at cost price. The ordinary roads which are paying dividends on large capital account will not be able to compete and the government can then acquire railroads at a fair valuation. Government ownership is coming and Canadians may begin now to plan for that time.

The Ottawa Liberals were referring to Colchester corruption, a little while ago. The case came up for trial and the Liberals did not care to press the charges against the so-called corruptionists. This shows the Colchester Liberals in a bad light. They should never have instituted an action, or they should have pressed the charges to the bitter end.

Premier Hazen of New Brunswick, has made more serious charges against Hon. Wm. Pugsley, minister of public works, which Pugsley, with his usual eloquence is strenuously denying. The Liberal cabinet ministers seem to be getting it all round.

A million and-a-half of unemployed men in Great Britain suggests that the present government will have to take radical action shortly to improve economic conditions and protect labor.

Took no Chances

A Scotch farmer went to town to have a tooth extracted, "I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra," said the dentist.

He showed the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep, and before he woke the tooth would be out.

After reluctantly consenting the customer proceeded to open his purse.

"Oh, never mind paying now," "Hoots! I wasn't thinkin' o' that, but if I'm the sleep I thought I wad like to coont ma siller first."

Of twenty-nine counties voting during the past two weeks in Ohio, twenty-eight went dry.

Forty million people in the States are living under prohibitory law. If forty million people can stand the strain, Cowsaville can.

Liquor drummers tell us that prohibition is a failure in P. E. I. The Charlottetown Guardian thinks prohibition a great success in the Island.

OF COURSE NOT

"Of course," said Uncle Eben, "I'd like to hab roas' turkey an' champagne an' fruit cake an' quail on toas', and a heap mo' things. But I ain' gwinter let thinkin' 'bout 'em spile my enjoyment of co'n bread an' possum."

We offer THE OBSERVER and the Weekly Mail and Empire from now till Jan. 1st next for the small sum of 35 cents.

A little ad. in the want column of THE OBSERVER will do the trick every time.

From Contemporaries

What the Papers Say About Politics and Other Things of Interest

Why should not the police constables who protect the people and their property also protect property of railway companies? Why should the Grand Trunk or the Canadian Pacific or any other railway in Canada have authority to maintain an army of constables to act independent of the regularly constituted police authorities of Canada? The issue is one of greater importance than nine-tenths of those over which Liberal and Conservative candidates will froth and rave during an election campaign. It should be one of the issues in British Columbia, where the Canadian Pacific is almost continuously at war with either its employees or the people. In Vancouver, at present, it maintains a small army of its own, who rough-handle people as if they were mere animals. Yet the News-Advertiser, the World, and the Province, all three daily papers in that city, are supporting the Canadian Pacific's candidate for member of parliament for the City of Vancouver. The Prince Rupert Empire.

The Empire is well on in its second year, and the subscriptions of quite a number have expired. The Empire will not sue anyone for unpaid subscriptions, but after a reasonable time has elapsed the names of those who do not renew their subscriptions will be taken off the mailing list. The Empire is a business enterprise entirely dependent on the people for support, which so far has been most liberal. Although it has been published for over a year, it has not received one dollar, directly or indirectly, from the McBride government, but \$4.40 from the Dominion government, and \$7.20 from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. This is a record of which any newspaper should be proud.—Prince Rupert Empire.

The Russian Government, which runs its own vodka-selling establishments for coining its people's sin and misery into roubles, has been seized with some kind of conscientious scruples and has taken the imperial eagles off the vodka labels, substituting therefor a skull and cross-bones, with a warning against intemperance. But it still sells the liquor and pockets the profits.—Christian Guardian.

Crisp Things Meant Kindly

CONTRIBUTED

All men are born equal. Equal in what?

Money makes the mare go, but it doesn't make the man.

The radicalism of today is the conservatism of tomorrow.

The sooner we stop the worship of wealth the fatter for mankind.

When we get down to treating a man for what he is, not for what he is worth, we will be a little nearer to the good time.

This old world needs the practical application of the golden rule. Do as you would be done by. It is sadly out of practice.

When the plain ordinary man sees the inequality of things, and learns the remedy, he won't worry about whether he is a Conservative or a Liberal, but he will vote right.

Government ownership has not had anything like a fair trial in Canada as yet. When the working man gets educated to what proper government ownership can do for him and others—it will come. New Zealand is making it a success. Why not Canada?

Have you ever tried to study out a remedy for the vast number of unemployed in the big cities. Have you ever wondered at the fine houses and large possessions of the wealthy. Too little on the one hand—too much on the other. Wouldn't it be better to strike a balance. Think it over.

One man is born in the world with rich parents, and has a lifetime of practical heaven—ease and luxury. Another comes into the world to poverty-stricken parents, and has a lifetime of practical hell—hard work and mean pay. Why is it?

There is a beautiful truth expressed

in these words by Robert Louis Stevenson: "There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself; my duty to others is much more easily expressed by saying that I have to make them happy—if I can."

A Pathetic Scene

A pathetic scene was enacted in one of the waiting rooms adjoining the Police Court in Toronto recently, while Nelson Yake, a young married man with shame-struck mien and downcast head, was being sentenced in the court room to serve five days in jail for stealing a bottle of milk from a College-street doorstep at an early hour one morning.

After Yake, who was undefended and had pleaded guilty, had disappeared down the dock stairs, his grief-stricken wife and three children, who had been waiting outside the court, broke into piteous tears. Between her sobs the young woman told some sympathetic spectators the sad story of her husband's fruitless efforts for several weeks past to obtain work, and how, at last, he had gone out determined to get milk for infant child by any means.

Her story evidently touched many hearts not unused to the heartrending scenes of city life, for when he thought no one was looking, one man—he was waiting his turn to face a charge of keeping a gambling house in the city—called the woman's little three-year-old daughter. Pressing a \$5 bill into her tiny hands, he bade the little girl take it to her mamma, while he turned away and with a far-away look in his eyes studied the architecture of some Albert street cottages. A well known criminal lawyer followed his example, and further undertook to lay the facts of the case before the Magistrate.

Before the court adjourned Mr. Kingsford had the prisoner brought back before him, and said, "Mr. Curry has told me something about your unfortunate circumstances, and am very sorry for you. I quite sympathize with the position you found yourself in, but I have to pass some sentence on you. I am sorry to have to do it, but you must go to jail. Your sentence will be reduced, however, and you will be released first thing tomorrow morning."

The Little Boy and His Dream

The Little Boy smiled in his sleep that night.

As he wandered to Twilight Town; And his face lit up with a heavenly light

Through the shadows that drifted down;

But he woke next morning with tear-stained eye

In the light of the grey dawn's gleam, And out from the stillness we heard him cry

"I've lost my dream—my dream!"

And he told us then, in his childish way,

Of the wonderful dream he'd known He had wandered away from the land of Play

To the distant land of the Grown, He had won his share of the fame and fight

In the struggle and toil of men, And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light,

"I want my dream again."

As the years passed by the Little Boy grew

Till he came to the land of the Grown And the dream of his early youth came true—

And the dream that he thought had flown;

Yet once again he smiled in his sleep— Smiled on till the grey dawn's gleam,

When those near by might have heard him weep:

"I want my dream—my dream!"

For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth

And the smile on a mother's face; A hearth of old time faith and truth

In the light of an old home place; He had won his share of the fame and fight,

In the struggle and toil of men— Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light,

"I want my dream again."

By Grantland Rice, in The Tennessean, Nashville.

OUR SHOEMAKER FRIEND

We knew a man who quit raising goats to go into the shoemaking business, and he went in with his whole soul. He put his awl into it. He would have been well heeled, but he couldn't stick to the last, and so he was soon on his uppers.

Have you anything you want to sell? Put a want ad. in THE OBSERVER.

5 DOLLARS

DOLLARS

The hunting season is here and you naturally look up your gun and ammunition box.

Perhaps you have neither. In that case you should call and examine the Rifles we have in stock.

We will sell you a splendid Rifle for

Five Dollars

and carry in stock the ammunition for it. They are sure to please you.

McCLATCHIE BROS.

Hardware Merchants, Cowsaville

We Give Satisfaction

AND THAT IS THE REASON OF OUR SUCCESS. The fact is here. If you intend putting in a heating system, it won't do to delay it much longer. We handle all our jobs in a first-class manner and quick. See us for

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Roofing, etc.

Canada Dairy Utensil Co., Ltd

Buzzell Block, Cowsaville

HUMORISMS

Amusing Stories to While Away the Lighter Moments of the Week End

In Southampton, Mass., not long ago a prominent man of the place was commending the improvements made by a certain grouchy citizen with respect to his dwelling.

"Your house looks a whole lot better now that it is painted," said the prominent citizen.

The pessimist, who was at the time standing in front of the premises looked up with glowing brow at the newly decorated exterior.

"Well," he admitted gloomily, "it does look a bit better, but we'll have to wash the windows twice as much now to dress up to it."

Freddie—"Say, wouldn't you like to have three eyes?"

George—"Yes."

Freddie—"Where'd you have the other eye?"

George—"I'd have it in the back of my head."

Freddie—"You would? I wouldn't." George—"Where would you have your other eye?"

Freddie—"Why, I'd have it in the end of my thumb, so I could poke it through a knothole in the fence and see the ball game for nothin'."

One can have too much, even of a good thing. According to Mr. Rafferty in the Washington Star, the phonetic impulse of the day needs to be restrained. The gentleman in question regarded a city building with interest.

"Dolan," said he, "what does them letters, 'MDCCCXCVII,' mean?"

"They mean eighteen hundred and ninety-seven."

"Dolan," came the query, after a thoughtful pause, "don't yez think they'er overdoin' this spellin' reform a bit?"

"Waiter, get me a newspaper so I can hide my yawns; this concert is so stupid."

"Yes miss, I'll bring the largest I can find."

Rector—"Why don't you try to make a man of your husband, Mrs. English?" Mrs. English—"Wot's the use? If I made a man o' 'im 'e'd get a divorce."

A man may be broke, and yet not broken. If he has a vote left, and uses it wisely, he is not entirely down.

Man will not begin to live until he has put an end to the brutal struggle for an existence.

Cedar Shingles

High Grade 16 Inch N. B. Cedar Shingles

We have the largest and best equipped Shingle Mill in the Province, with a yearly capacity of ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS, and are always in a position to ship promptly all orders entrusted to us.

We also make a specialty of Planed and Matched SPRUCE LUMBER. The best of Raw Material, combined with careful attention to details of manufacture and milling, ensure perfect satisfaction to our customers. Address

The Metis Lumber Co. PRICE, RIMOUSKI Co., P. Q.

THE EXPRESSION

No Better Made

Applies to our Bread, Cake and Pastries. We use only the best and purest ingredients, and preserve absolute cleanliness in every detail. If you would like to try our

Citron, Fruit, Tea or Layer Cake Cookies, Ginger Snaps Doughnuts, Buns or Scones,

Just send us word. There's none better. Weight and quality always guaranteed. Delivery Daily, and discount tickets.

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Undertaking and Embalming a Specialty.

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