

# BARGAIN SALE

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## IN AN OLD ORCHARD.

Prune the old trees severely. Cut out all the dead limbs back into sound wood and pit the stubs. Cut out the limbs that cross or interfere, and if the trees have gone up too high, the air cut the tops back four feet or so. Then scrape off the rough bark on the trunk and burn the scrapings. Give the trees a thorough soaking with either soluble oil or lime sulphur.

—Rural New Yorker.

## ONE COUNTRY'S BERRY PRODUCTION.

Sussex, in Delaware, claims to be the largest strawberry shipping county in the United States. One station in one day during 1912 shipped 100 carloads. There are two stations that load from 50 to 70 carloads per day and this they have done for some years.

## PENNSYLVANIA'S APPLE PRODUCTION

It is estimated that there are 33,000,000 apple trees in Pennsylvania and the number is being steadily increased.

## A Mexican Rest-Cure.

R. B. Townsend, in Washington Gazette.

"Porfirio Diaz," said my young Mexican friend. "But, of course, a splendid fellow. When he governed Mexico there was no nonsense about it. People had to do just as he said or else... well you learned what it was 'pasar por las armas.'"

"And what does that mean?" I inquired.

"Oh, just a military execution. They stand you up against an adobe wall and shoot you full of lead; though, indeed, lately they wish to be humane, and you are allowed to have a run for it if you want to. Only you are shot full of lead."

"It doesn't sound quite like a popular form of government."

"Oh, well, it was not popular with the opposition."

Naturally. But it kept order. All of us who had much to lose supported old Porfirio with all our might as long as he lasted. But when he had to go, then, of course we were compelled to transfer our support to Madero. A weak man, it is true, poor Madero, but still he was the President. What would you have? If the President is not supported by the rich landowners and the commercial people how can he keep order? and if he doesn't keep order what becomes of our

property? Look you, señor. When Madero came in and installed himself in the city of Mexico instead of Porfirio and we of my family transferred our support to him, our property in the city of Mexico remained safe enough, but our various haciendas in the provinces far away, where we had our peons and our sheep and cattle, were left to the mercy of the revolutionists. For a day, no sooner had Madero possessed himself of the central government in Mexico than revolutionists who simply fought for plunder started up in all directions. There was one in the North and the Hermosillo Zapata in the South. I do not know which was the worse. Perhaps the Zapatas did more harm, and the northern people were plundering. Great robbers those northern men. They took away 50,000 of our sheep and sold them for a song, as you call it. Oh, yes, we shall get them back, I dare say, some day. When order is restored you will see how we shall recover them. That poor Madero was too weak altogether; he never could check men like the Zapatas or Orcezo at all. But it begins to look now as if Felix Diaz might be able to do it.

"And do you have a chance to get your sheep back?"

"Yes, those that have been eaten. But, say now, 50,000 sheep worth, ruin us. Still it was annoying to have them taken like that."

"You were there? They didn't attack you?"

"Well, no, in a sense. We did not wait for them. You see, Madero had no troops out there to protect us, and we got word that the revolutionists were coming, and we were but half a dozen of us at the hacienda—half a dozen, I mean, of the owners and managers. We knew that they would not be likely to harm the peons but they would surely kill us or hold us at ransom—they are mere bandits, those revolutionists—so we retired to a safer spot. Only one of the principal people remained, a young Englishman, who was there for his health, a guest of ours. He said he was afraid the mountain air might kill him if he went with us, but he thought the bandits wouldn't go so far as that. So he stayed. He had rather an anxious time, though. When the revolutionists came, of course they plundered everything, and they drank our wine, and they got very tipsy. And they seized our young friend, though he told them he was English, and took no part in Mexican politics, and they stood him up against a wall and shot at him; but he wasn't hit, and they let him loose again.

Perhaps they were too tipsy or else they really didn't mean to kill him. There was one of them, though, who had found a new-model Winchester rifle of mine. Luckily I had put the bolt to safety before I left. And this revolutionist kept cocking the Winchester and putting it to the Englishman's head, and then snapping it. But as the bolt was at safety it didn't go off, and the brute luckily didn't know how to move the bolt. Still, it was rather an anxious time for the young man. So they took our sheep and departed."

"And the Englishman? What about him?"

"Oh, he remained. In fact he's there still. And he says that now he finds his health is much improved."

"But what was the matter with him originally? What was wrong with his health?"

"Oh, he had come there after a breakdown at Cambridge University. He suffered from overstrained nerves. But he's all right now. Those revolutionists cured him."

## FANNIE CROSBY'S 83rd BIRTHDAY.

Miss Fannie Crosby, who has written 8,000 gospel hymns, celebrated her 83rd birthday at Bridgeport, Conn., recently. Miss Crosby, although blind, was the honor guest at a reception during which she met several hundred church workers. She is in full possession of her faculties other than her sight and told her friends that she hoped

to be present at more birthday parties in her life.

## APRIL ROD AND GUN

April Rod and Gun in Canada published by W. J. Taylor Limited, Woodstock, Ont. is of particular interest to the fisherman. "The Giant Trout of Niagara" is the opening number and describes the excellent trout fishing that is to be had on this famous stream, which is probably not excelled by any other trout fishing stream in the Dominion. Prof. Edward E. Prince, Commissioner of Fisheries, contributes an article on "The Pearlsides: A Luminous Fish New to Canada." "The Amateur Fisherman—Also His Wife" is a humorous sketch of a day's fishing that proved disastrous alike to the fisherman's tackle and to his temper. Fishing stories from British Columbia, Alberta, Cape Breton, Ontario, etc. serve to maintain the representative character of the magazine while other topics including another article on the fox industry and number three of the series "Small Fur Bearers and How to take them," give variety to the issue in which they appear.

## \$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## Bank of England Rate Reduced To 4 1-2 Per Cent

LONDON, April 17.—The Bank of England rate, as generally anticipated, was reduced to-day to 4 1/2 per cent, after the retention of the 5 per cent rate for the longest period in half a century.

The beginning of the Balkan war in October last, when the financial strain on the Continent of Europe was acute, necessitated a 5 per cent rate, but the recent improvement in monetary conditions abroad which allowed the Bank of England to absorb the weekly arrivals of gold and the amelioration in the Balkan situation with improving prospects for peace, have enabled the directors to make a relaxation of one-half per cent from the abnormal rate of 5 per cent.

This reduction is expected to be followed by a further diminution as soon as peace between Turkey and the Balkan allies has been signed and money which is being hoarded in all parts of the European continent comes more freely into circulation.

## Two Rich Women

Frau Krupp is undoubtedly the richest person in Germany, and according to some authorities the wealthiest of French taxpayers is also a woman, Mme. Lebaudy, mother of Jacques, Emperor of Sahara, is believed to be worth at least \$8,000,000. She holds herself in horror and lives under an assumed name in order to avoid publicity. Her residence all the year round is a small flat in Versailles, where the domestic staff consists of one servant, who is assisted in the work by her mistress. Mme. Lebaudy gives away nearly the whole of her income most of her donations being bestowed anonymously.

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## THE LITTLE MOTHER

Continued from page 2

"Well, you know me, don't you? Don't look so dazed. I ain't a spirit."

The women entered and dropped whining, into a chair. Betsy was entering dully if she had ever got rested.

"This is a God-forsaken place, sure. I suppose I am thin and ill, the way you stare," she continued, "but I've had enough no make me so. He never took care of me after all his promises, and you know I never was one to shift for myself."

"I don't know much about you," said Betsy; "you said that, but people don't always know themselves."

Betsy was fascinated by the colorless peevish voice. Tears still flowed readily.

"You was so kind, I often thought I come to you, but I was ashamed. Now he's left me, and I'll have to take the boy away. It seems ungrateful, but you know I said when I first saw you I never could take care of myself, you know I did."

Betsy caught herself swaying and steadied herself. "You know him and me's growed pretty much attached."

"Yes I suppose so, but when all's said and done, of course, I'm his mother. He's old enough to support me, and make up for all I've gone through." Then suddenly, "My boy! my boy!" she cried, and Betsy looked up and saw her throw herself into Steve's arms. With a stifled cry she rushed out of the room.

"I'm a fool," she moaned, clenching her nails into her hands. "I thought I was ready for it, but I ain't, and I never will be. But he ain't goin' to know it—I ain't a goin' to make no harder for him."

She crept to the door and listened, her heart pounding till her eardrums seemed bursting. "You had better stay here," the boy was saying. "The country will do you good, and we'll take care of you and do our best to make you happy."

The woman laughed shrilly. "Happy in the country with nothing to see! You're like your pa; he always wanted a farm, but he gave it up for me. You're a good boy, but you don't know your mother, Herbert."

There was a silence, Betsy felt her knees give under her; she caught hold of something, pulled herself up and fled far off to the top of the house to Steve, room, and sank down beside his bed. Beating the pillows with both fists she cried over and over again. "You ain't her Herbert! You're my Steve! She got up and paced the floor. "He'll do his duty," she moaned. "I taught him to, God'll tell him what's right."

Steve found her, her head buried in his pillow, exhausted with her anguish. "Don't mind me," she whispered brokenly. "I'm strong, and you know the only thing that'd kill me would be your not doing your duty. No matter how hard it be, let me go and I'll be all right. She is your mother, when all's said and done."

She tried to break away from him, but he held her fast in his strong arms.

"You are my mother, and I thank God for you," he said, pulling the gray head down on his shoulder. "You have given me all a mother could; she has given me nothing but birth, the smallest part when it is unwillin'. I am a man because of what you have done for me; do you think that can be wiped out in a minute? I'll provide for her—all she cares for is money. Nobody's heart will be broken, so don't cry any more, little mother."

Betsy's face was still hid on the big, strong shoulder, and her tears of joy flowed softly. "I didn't influence you, though, thank God," she whispered.

## Mount Allison Campaign

Graduates of Mount Allison University in this city and elsewhere will be interested in the announcement that the Sackville institution is shorting to inaugurate a campaign with a view to very largely increasing the endowment. This college, established in 1858, has come to be regarded as one of the most valuable assets of the Maritime Pro-

vinces, and an institution of very considerable importance in the national life of Canada. Statistics show that in proportion to the total number obtaining its degree Mount Allison men stand at the head of the list of those securing honors in the larger universities and meeting success in Canadian public life.

It has been the practice in the Sackville institution to fix the tuition fees so low that one dollar's worth of instruction has been given for every forty cents of revenue from students, but unfortunately the endowment fund has not been sufficient to make up the remaining sixty cents. The result has been shown in the way of an annual deficit and in rendering impossible such improvements, and extensions in the work, as have from time to time been considered necessary and advisable.

For the purpose of enabling the university to meet the requirements of the present day, it has been decided to seek an additional endowment of one quarter of a million dollars. A campaign is now being arranged, during which it is hoped all former students and other friends throughout Canada will come to the assistance of the college and aid in helping it not only to maintain its present high standard, but to establish new branches, provide new buildings, grant suitable remuneration to the professoriate, and generally to advance along such lines and in such manner as is demanded by modern methods of education.

Mount Allison students are to be found in Canada and it is hoped they will generously respond when the time comes.

## THE USES OF 'LIZA JANE.

Evidently 'Liza Jane was a very useful person. She and the old lady came into a London shop, and the old lady began examining some pieces of cheap calico. She pulled at one piece first this way, then that, wetting it and rubbing it with her fingers, to try if the colors were fast.

But she seemed not entirely satisfied. At last she cut off a piece with a pair of scissors, and handed it to 'Liza Jane.

"Here 'Liza Jane," she said, "you chew that, and see if it runs."

And 'Liza Jane raised it to her mouth and solemnly went to work.

Youth's Companion.

## MOVING DAY FOR MRS. LYNX.

The domestic life of the American lynx is not often exposed to the observation of a sympathetic human being. All the more interesting is this little incident, of which a contributor to the Outing Magazine was a witness:

I watched a lynx family moving out one day. It was an interesting sight. I was cruising up a mountain road to a clump of cedar timber, and had no weapon except my ax. While I was creeping silently through the timber, I heard a cat mewing. I seated myself on a fallen log just at the edge of the dense timber, and waited. Presently I decided that the sound came from a fallen hollow cedar, a few rods from where I sat.

A lynx appeared at the opening, looked back into the hollow, and mewed encouragingly. She was joined by two half-grown kittens that stood blinking at the bright sunlight. The old one moved forward a few feet and called to her brood. They toddled out, and joined her. She played with them, cuffed them about and bit at them, mewing and purring the while, exactly as a tabby does with her family.

In a short time she moved on again, stopped, and coaxed them to follow. It took her half an hour to lead them into the protection of the forest. My ax was not an effective weapon, but had I been otherwise armed, I could not have brought myself to molest the mother and her young.

There are just as good compliments floating around as ever were fished for.

Wreaths of tiny flowers are used to trim hats of black straw or satin.

Fortunately, one's ambitions are not limited to the attainable.

Palms are not for the man who is afraid to show his hand.