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NB

The Common Sense

Of Sarah Mead

Continued from Page 2

and throw out a bushel basketful of patent-medicine bottles, more or less full, from the sitting-room closet. He had offered to share the services of Icibinda the Sicut with Jason Mead, but his offer had been contemptuously refused. Jason Mead wasn't calculating to do much chopping this winter, and would come handy to have a little mite of housework to keep him out of idleness.

He valiantly washed and ironed until his old enemy, rheumatism, mated him. The very common masculine expedient for cooking had been denied him, and the doctor pronounced the whole family 'run down.' In desperation he engaged Lilybelle Hutchins from the poorhouse to do the housework. Lilybelle could clean, but she could not cook. Jason Mead went privately to the Harbor, and bought a cook-book, which he kept under lock and key, and studied in the small hours of the night.

When, in spite of toilsome effort the bread fell, the beef-stew turned, and the gingerbread stuck to the pan, he dressed up, and went down to the Corner to see Mrs. Lavinia Jacks. It was Sunday morning, too.

'Now we'll see what Sarah Mead thinks of her common sense—if she lives to come home,' said old Mrs. Gerry.

Mrs. Jacks was a famous house-keeper, but it was commonly believed that her tongue and her temper had laid her husband low.

Reuben, helpless, longed afresh for the time when a letter sent to port of Spain might be hoped to reach Sarah, and privately fed the boys, threatened with Mrs. Lavinia Jacks for a step-mother, with Icibinda's company pound-cake. Winter was wearing toward spring slowly, for the frost has a fierce grip on Gilead Hill; and still no word had come from the 'Abby Snow.' Jason Mead had so lost hope that, as he confided to Reuben it was no use to try to spunk up and go a-courtin'.

Them that was his own flesh and blood was what a man looked to at his time of life.

When May had taken Gilead Hill like an army with banners, and two men planted mechanically, with hearts too heavy for any thought of harvest, old Captain Joel Piper came home by steamer from Azores, where he had lain

for two months in a hospital with a fever. The old captain, who was retired, and had been only upon a health-seeking voyage, reported that the 'Abby Snow' had put in for repairs at the port where he was; that, being quarantined, he could get no news from home, but he knew that the ship had barely weathered a 'hurricane' that had caused great havoc among the shipping in that region and great loss of life. He had heard that the captain of the 'Abby Snow' declared that the voyage had been the worse he had ever made; that it would take at least a month to repair the ship so that she could proceed on her journey. As he knew that the captain's wife was the only woman on board the 'Abby Snow.'

No news was good news, Reuben stoutly declared. If there had been any real calamity, they must have heard. But what he could not answer was Jason Mead's pertinent inquiry why, if all was well, the same steamer that had brought Captain Piper home had not brought them a letter.

'I'd about as soon have seen Sarah laid 'longside of her mother as to see her sail off that day,' wailed poor Jason Mead. 'I was a-flyin' in the face of Providence!'

And more Gileadites than were willing to own it thought the same thing.

But there were only four days of this cruel suspense. On the fifth day Reuben, standing with haggard face before the little square aperture in the post-office, —the outlet that has taken on a heart-sickening aspect to so many anxious hearts!—received from the postmistress's hands, a letter in Sarah's handwriting and a small box.

Sarah was at least alive, Reuben sat down on the store steps the same place where Sarah, waiting with the molasses-jug, had heard her doom from the lips of the gossips. His strong hands shook as he opened the letter.

'This is only a word in great haste,' Sarah wrote, 'for fear of missing the mail-steamer as we missed the last one. We have been through everything; but, O Reuben, I haven't a bit of a cough; I have no pain in my side; I am like the picture of the fat woman who has been taking something in the advertisements. Whether it was only the sea air, or the mind-cure of the great change, or because I had to get well to take care of Martha in the awful weather, there is no telling. Anyway, I am well—well—well. And, when we were waiting here for the ship to be repaired, it came over me that a great, strapping, well girl needn't go to Spain; and Martha didn't want to, either; so we—I mean she—married Captain Spear, who saved us in the hurricane. Wasn't it queer, Reuben? She knew him when she was a young girl, and used to go down to your Aunt Huldah's at Searsmont. She says she only married him so we could come home on his vessel; but, O Reuben, you won't know her—happy and blooming, and forgetting that there is a medicine bottle in the world. Look for us, soon. Love to all. Sarah.'

In the box were wedding-cake and a marriage-notice from an Antigua paper: 'Captain Perez

Spear, of Searsmont, Me., U. S. A. to Miss Martha Drown, of Gilead, Me., U. S. A.'

Reuben footed the dinner-burn on Jason Mead's porch, and brought Sarah's father and the boys up from the field to hear the letter read.

'I wish you'd go over to the Widow Jacks for me, Reuben, and kind of tell her how 'tis,' said Jason Mead, after he had staunched the tears of joy upon the fine network of his cheeks. 'Tisn't as if I'd ever said marry to her; I never so far lost hope as that.'

'I'll tell her we're calculating to live together shall I?' said Reuben, repressing a tendency to mirth. 'I know that is what Sarah will want now—Now the way is smoothed for it. No one had ever heard Reuben say a disloyal word about Martha. 'Icibinda is strong,' he added, 'and Sarah is always going to have somebody that is strong to do the hard work.'

Jason Mead turned his gaze suddenly to the little cemetery far across the fields.

'It's a terrible pity, Reuben, that a man can't always learn his lesson before it's too late,' he said.

\$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.

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Mount Allison Campaign.

The Mount Allison Campaign committee have secured the services of Rev. J. D. Graham D. D. Superintendent of Education for the Methodist Church, for two weeks while the undertaking is in progress. Dr. Graham will be heard in St. John on Sunday, April 27., the day previous to the opening of the campaign, in Charlottetown on May 4 and in Halifax on May 11. Dr. Graham is looked upon as one of the foremost among Canadian educationalists, and has always taken a very deep interest in the affairs of Mount Allison University. He is highly optimistic concerning the present campaign and has been for some time in close touch with the central committee.

Dr. B. C. Borden and Rev. G. M. Campbell will also give public addresses previous to and during the campaign with regard to the work which is being carried on.

During the present week, Mr. R. A. Cassidy has visited Cape Breton and a number of mainland centres, where he has completed preliminary organization. Great interest is being displayed everywhere in this movement and the outlook at present is not only that the annual deficit in the University will be wiped out, but

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that the institution will be put on a basis whereby it will be able to maintain its present position in the front rank of the educational establishments of Canada.

From The Mount Allison Campaign Committee.

Wireless Plant For Panama Canal

Washington, D. C. April 12.—Bids were opened at the Navy department today for the construction of the towers and buildings for the great wireless plant which the government purposes to erect in the Canal Zone. The plant will be a duplicate of the one recently completed at Arlington. It will be located on the San Pablo site, at the station of Caimito, on the relocated line of the Panama Railroad, about midway between the terminals. There will be three 600-foot steel towers and the station will be equipped with a 100-kilowatt radio set. It is calculated that the new station should be able to communicate easily with similar high power stations to be erected by the navy in the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, Guam and in the Philippines.

THE INDIGNANT FARMER.

(Carolyn Wells in Harper's Magazine for April.)

'I'm just as mad as I can be!'
An angry farmer said;
'Those early strawberriars of mine
Desire a folding bed!
'And my potatoes have declined
To ripen underground
Unless, to keep dust from their eyes,
Smoked goggles I have found!
'The cabbage-heads, among themselves,
Indulge in secret chats:
But I have overheard them, and
They vow they'll have straw hats!
'Such foolishness I cannot stand;
And now—just as I feared—
Each single stalk of wheat demands
A barber for its beard!
'The squashes, too, are getting proud;
It almost makes me smile;
They want the very finest neckwear,
Of the very latest style!
'But now the very limit's reached!
I learn, with stifled groan—
Each ear of corn, insists upon
A private telephone!"

"ROWDINESS" OF LORDS.

At a moment when imaginative persons are drawing tragic contrasts between the staid and decorous procedure of the House of Lords and the "rowdiness" of the Lower Chamber it is consoling to find that in 1666 Lord Dorchester and the Duke of Buckingham were sent to the Tower for fighting during a debate. In 1829 the three royal Dukes—Clarence, Cumberland and Sussex—attacked each other, using language not merely "unparliamentary," but unprintable. Some lively scenes occurred also during the years following the reform bill. In our own time a highly animated "scene" took place between two prelates, Bishop Magee and Archbishop Tait.

Supplies Set Of Don't For Girls,

Girls should never speak to strangers, either men or women, in the street, in shops, in stations, in trains, in lonely country roads or in places of amusement, says the Evening Wisconsin.
Girls should never ask the way of any but officials on duty, such as policemen, railway officials or postmen.
Girls should never stay to help a woman who apparently faints at their feet in the street, but should immediately call a policeman to her aid.

Girls should never accept an invitation to join a Sunday school or Bible class given to them by strangers.

Girls should never go with a stranger, even if the stranger is dressed as a hospital nurse, or believe stories of their relatives having suffered accidents or having been taken ill suddenly, as this is a common device to kidnap girls.

Girls should never accept candy, food, a glass of water or small flowers offered to them by strangers. Neither should they buy scents or food or candy at their doors. Any of these things may contain drugs.

Girls should never take places without first making inquiries through a society active or affiliated in 'travelers' aid work.

Girls should never go to any large city even for one night without knowing of a safe lodging.

Five Weeks Under An Avalanche.

It seems incredible that any human being could survive for five weeks under a snow-drift; yet in the year 1755 three inhabitants of the hamlet of Bergolotto, in the valley of the Upper Stura, at the foot of the Alps, did just that.

During the winter of that year the fall of snow was unusually heavy. On March 19th, the parish priest, on his way to church, heard a terrifying roar from the mountain top. Casting up his eyes he saw two avalanches descending toward the village. He gave the alarm and then ran back into his own house.

The avalanches buried over thirty houses. Twenty-two persons were missing, including the parish priest, who had given the alarm. The mass of snow that lay over the ruined dwellings was about forty-two feet deep.

When the surviving peasants had shaken off their terror, they set about trying to save whatever life or property they could. Peasants from neighboring villages came to their assistance. But they could do little; the depth of the avalanche was so great, and the snow continued to fall in such quantity, that they had to wait for the warm April winds to melt the gigantic snow piles.

On April 18th the villagers returned to their melancholy task. They had no hope of finding any human being alive. One of them, named Roccia, whose entire family was beneath the avalanche, was most active in the search. By April 24th he had got so far that, after breaking through six feet of icy snow, he could touch the ground with a long pole. Three friends worked with him.

The four worked vigorously, and made their way at length into Roccia's house, but no one, dead or living, was there. As it was probable that the victims had sought shelter in the stable, about a hundred feet from the house, Roccia and his companions began to dig in that direction. After they had burrowed for some time, they reached the stable. One of the men thrust a pole through a hole in the wall, and on withdrawing it, heard a hoarse, faint cry for help.

The workers now toiled with redoubled activity, and soon they had made a large opening. And there, to his joy, Roccia found his wife, his daughter, and a sister-in-law. The three sufferers could not move, and were shrunken almost to skeletons. The men carefully carried them to a near-by house, and took measures for reviving them. In a few days they had pretty well recovered.

They owed their lives to these circumstances: These had taken refuge in the manger, which, being strong, had withstood the weight of the snow, although the roof fell in. Fortunately, two goats were near them, and these animals supplied them with milk enough to keep them alive.

They had, of course, to feed the goats. Over the manger was a hole into the hay-loft. Through this hole one of the women was able to pull down fodder into the rack; and when she could no longer reach the hay, the sagacious animals climbed upon her shoulders and helped themselves.

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