

Awards Carleton County Seed Fair

- Sec 1 WHITE FIFE WHEAT
1st Edward McEwin, Florenceville
2nd E. Lorne Hume, Florenceville
3rd Thomas Stewart, Greenfield
4th John Perley, Connell
5th Tholen Estey, Florenceville
6th Whitfield Ebbett, Upper Simonds
Sec 2 Any Other Variety
1st Herbert Kilpatrick, Greenfield
2nd Stanley White, Wicklow
3rd George Stewart, Greenfield
4th Charles Estey, Wicklow
5th Aaron Shaw, Middle Simonds
6th H. M. Wade, Roy
Sec 3 BARLEY
1st W. A. Taylor, Florenceville
2nd Carey Estey, Wicklow
3rd James H. Kilpatrick, Greenfield
4th Howard Taylor, Connell
Sec 4 BANNER OATS
1st W. A. Taylor, Florenceville
2nd J. C. Hunter, East Florenceville
3rd Stanley White, Wicklow
4th Hedley Jewett, Florenceville
5th J. W. Peters, Florenceville
Sec 5 HIGOWA OATS
1st E. Lorne Hume, Florenceville
2nd Herbert Kilpatrick, Greenfield
3rd Aaron Shaw, Middle Simonds
4th Edward McCain, Florenceville
5th Frank Kilpatrick, Greenfield
6th H. M. Estey, Florenceville
7th Fred Kilpatrick, Greenfield
8th John A. Perley, Connell
Sec 6 OATS, Any Other White Variety
1st M. F. Phillips, Pembroke
2nd Herbert Kilpatrick, Greenfield
3rd Fred Kilpatrick, Greenfield
4th A. B. McCain, Florenceville
5th Burton Bell, East Florenceville
6th Samuel Callagher, Centreville
7th W. A. Taylor, Florenceville
8th Roy McCain, Florenceville
Sec 7 OATS, Black
1st Roy McCain, Florenceville
2nd George Stewart, Greenfield
3rd A. B. McCain, Florenceville
4th Edward McCain, Florenceville
Sec 8 BUCKWHEAT
1st Basil Kilpatrick, Greenfield
2nd Howard Taylor, Connell
3rd John A. Taylor, Connell
4th James Peters, Florenceville
5th Aaron Shaw, Middle Simonds
6th Carey Estey, Wicklow
7th Charles Estey, Wicklow
8th Roy McCain, Florenceville
Sec 9 PEAS
1st Thomas Stewart, Greenfield
2nd Aaron Shaw, Middle Simonds
3rd James W. Peters, Florenceville
Sec 10 BEANS
1st Roy McCain, Florenceville
2nd Whitfield Ebbett, Upper Simonds
3rd James H. Kilpatrick, Greenfield
4th Samuel Darkis, East Florenceville
Sec 11 CORN
1st James H. Kilpatrick, Greenfield
2nd Whitfield Ebbett, Upper Simonds
3rd Thos. Stewart, Greenfield
Sec 12 CLOVERSEED
1st Llewellyn Smith, Connell
Sec 13 TIMOTHY SEED
1st Whitfield Ebbett, Upper Simonds
2nd Samuel McCain, Florenceville
3rd H. M. Estey, Florenceville
4th Howard Taylor, Connell
Sec 14 POTATOES, Green Mountain
1st Whitfield Ebbett, Upper Simonds
2nd E. Lorne Hume, Florenceville
3rd Bazel Kilpatrick, Greenfield
4th W. F. Jewett, Florenceville
5th W. A. Taylor, Florenceville
6th J. C. Hunter, East Florenceville
Sec 15 POTATOES, Coblers
1st Herbert Kilpatrick, Greenfield
2nd Carey Estey, Wicklow
3rd Stanley White, Wicklow
4th Fred Kilpatrick, Greenfield
5th Bazel Kilpatrick, Greenfield
6th J. C. Hunter, East Florenceville
Sec 16 POTATOES, Any other white variety
1st Samuel McCain, Florenceville
2nd Whitfield Ebbett, Upper Simonds
3rd John A. Perley, Connell
4th Stanley White, Wicklow
Sec 17 RED SKINNED
1st Stanley White, Wicklow
2nd W. A. Taylor, Florenceville
3rd Otis Shaw, Wicklow
Sec 18 DARK SKINNED
1st James Peters, Florenceville
2nd Howard Taylor, Connell
3rd H. M. Estey, Florenceville
Sec 19 ONIONS
1st Carey Estey, Wicklow
2nd John McCain, East Florenceville
3rd Herbert Kilpatrick, Greenfield
Sec 20 TURNIPS
1st E. Lorne Hume, Florenceville
2nd Stanley White, Wicklow
Sec 21 MANGELS
1st H. M. Estey, Florenceville

Canadians in Thick of Fight

London, April 15.—(Northern France, by government courier to London, Wednesday)—On Tuesday night there was a determined attack on one section of the Canadian trenches, preparations for which have been communicated to the Dominion troops by British airmen. As a result of their many surprises for the enemy the enemy's losses totalled about two hundred, according to my informant, while the Canadian casualties never required more than one field hospital area man. As a result the village was heavily shelled, the enemy making a vain attempt to destroy the church tower. One infantry unit was told today that in all the latest night fighting there have been many—the Germans have suffered severely, while our losses have been trifling. I have been able to gather some details of what the Canadian artillery did to the Neuve Chapelle fighting. The batteries of our field artillery were stationed to the north of where the main attack took place, and during the whole period of fighting and German counter-attacks they were engaged in keeping the Germans from breaking towards this section of the British line. The Canadian heavy artillery was in the thick of the bombardment of the German trenches at Neuve Chapelle, and one gun manned by Montreal men is reported to have fired three hundred and twenty-seven shells during that devastating hail which caused the complete demoralization in German trenches.

No Troop Ships Have Been Sunk

London, April 15, 1.55 a. m.—The Rotterdam correspondent of the Daily Telegraph says he has obtained information, through German dependable sources, that the German imperial Chancellor, Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, "was still opposed to submarine warfare on merchant shipping."

The correspondent goes on to say that the scheme originated with Admiral Von Tirpitz, the minister of marine; that the opposition to it was led by the Imperial Chancellor, and that for a considerable time the proposal was keenly debated.

"The Chancellor's view," says the despatch, published by the Telegraph, "was that the trivial successes gained would not be commensurate with the detrimental effect in neutral countries. Admiral Von Tirpitz urged that something must be done to show the German people that Germany still possessed a sea power."

"After a prolonged debate the Emperor supported Admiral Von Tirpitz, but the Chancellor's views still have strong support. The real disappointment of the German people with the submarine campaign is due to the fact that no troop ships have been sunk."

AND THE BEST ARE BEING TAKEN.

A battalion recently inspected by a German General, was commanded by man who, before the war, was a professor of pre-historic sciences in a German university. A nearby battery was commanded by a minister of the Gospel. On the other side a French scientist, serving as a private in the ranks, devoted what he believed to be his last hours to putting on paper the results of recent research work he had carried on.

Such instances might be indefinitely multiplied. The destruction of material things is bad enough. The loss caused by the destruction of the most valuable kind of human material is going to be almost irreparable.

"WAR"

A SERIAL STORY BY BARONESS BERTHA VON SUTTNER

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unkindly word or thought had passed between us; as the years drew on we knew we could look forward to an old age together—the golden evening of our lives—with sure content.

Many of the preceding pages I have turned over with a shudder. It is not without repulsion that I have recorded my visit to the battlefields of Bohemia and the scenes of the cholera week in Grumitz. I have done it as a duty. I had been told: "In case I die first take up my work and do what you can to further the cause of peace among men."

But I have now reached a point when I cannot go on.

I have tried; many half-written sheets lie on the floor beside me; but my heart fails and I can only fall to weeping—weeping bitterly like a child.

Some hours later I again made the attempt, but the particulars of the circumstances it is not possible for me to relate.

The fact is enough. Frederick—my all!—was seized by a fanatical mob who, sending a letter from Berlin upon his person, accused him of being a spy. He was dragged before a so-called patriotic tribunal, and on the 1st of February, 1871, was sentenced to be shot.

EPILOGUE

When I again awoke to consciousness peace had been declared, the Commune had been defeated. For months, attended by my faithful Frau Anna, I lived through an illness without knowing that I was alive. The chapter of my illness I have never known. Those about me tenderly called it typhus, but I believe it was simply insanity.

Dimly I remember that the latter part of the time seemed filled with the rattling of shot and the falling of burning walls; probably my fancies were influenced by the actual events, the skirmishes between the communists and the party of Versailles. That when I recovered my reason and realized the circumstances of my profound unhappiness I did not kill myself, or that the anguish had not killed me, was owing to the existence of my children. For these I could, I must live. Even before my illness, on the day when the terrible event occurred, Rudolf had held me to life. I had sunk on my knees, weeping aloud while I repeated, "Die—die! I will die!" Two little arms were thrown around me, and a sweet piteous pleading, childish face looked into mine.

"Mother!" My little one had never called me anything but Mamma. That he at that moment, for the first time, used the word "Mother" said to me in two syllables, "You are not alone, you have a son who shares your pain, who loves you above all things, who has no one in the world but you. Do not leave your child, Mother!"

I pressed the precious being to my heart, and to show him that I had understood him I murmured, "My son, my son!"

Then remembered my little girl—a child—and resolved to live. But the anguish was unendurable, and I fell into mental darkness. For years—at longer and longer intervals—I was subject to these attacks of melancholy, of which upon my restoration to health I knew nothing. Now, at length, I have outlived them, and for several years have been free from the unconscious misery, though not from the bitterest, conscious sorrow.

Eighteen years have passed since the 1st of February, 1871; but the deep anguish and the deepest mourning, which the tragedy of that day brought to me, I can never outlive though I should live a hundred years. If, in later times, the days are more frequent when I can take part in the events of the present, can forget the past unhappiness, can sympathize in the joys of my children, on a night past when I escape my misery, it is a peculiar experience, hard for me to describe, and which can only be understood by those who have similarly suffered. It would seem to indicate a dual life of the soul. If the one is so occupied, when awake, with the things of the outer world as to forget, there it remains that second nature which ever keeps faithfully in mind that dreamful memory; and this is when the other is asleep—makes itself felt. Every night at the same hour I awake with this deep depression. My heart seems a torn asunder.

and I feel as if I must relieve my agony in sighs and bitter weeping; this lasts for several seconds, without the awakened I knowing what the other is happy or unhappy. The next stage is a sentiment of universal sympathy, full of the tenderest compassion. "Oh, poor, poor humanity!" I can almost feel a shower of bullets in my heart. "I see a shower of bullets in my heart, and then I see"

member for the first time that my best-beloved met such a death.

But in dreams, singular to say, never realize my loss. It often occurs that I seem to talk with Frederick as if he were alive. Many circumstances of the past—but no sad ones—are frequently alluded to by us, our meeting after Schleswig-Holstein, our joking over Sylvia's cradle, our walk through Switzerland, our studies of favorite books, and now and then a certain picture of my white-haired husband in the evening sunset-light with his garden shears, clipping his roses. "Is it not true," he says to me smiling, "that we are a happy couple?"

My mourning I have never laid aside—not even on my son's wedding day. The woman who has loved, possessed, and lost—so lost—such a man must feel that love is indeed stronger than death. With this may exist longing for revenge which can never grow cold.

But how should I seek revenge? The men who were guilty of the act could not be personally blamed. The sole responsibility rested upon the spirit of war, and this was the only force with which I could attempt, though in a feeble way—to settle my account.

My son Rudolf shared my views in regard to war—which did not, however, prevent his going into camp for the annual military drill, nor would it hinder his marching over the border, should that gigantic European contest break out which we are all anticipating. I might yet live to see the dearest one left to me sacrificed to this relentless Moloch, and the breath of my old age fall in ruins.

Should I live to experience that an again be driven to madness, or should I see the triumph of justice and humanity, for which all nations and alliances of peoples are now striving?

My red journals are closed, and under date of 1871 I marked with a great cross the record of my life. My so-called protocol—my peace record—I have again opened, and of late have added much to the history of the growth of the international idea of the settlement of the strifes of humanity by peaceful methods.

For some years the most influential nations of the continent have been watching each other, both absorbed in thoughts of war—the one in arrogant review of past successes, the other in burning hopes of revenge. Gradually these sentiments have somewhat cooled, and notwithstanding, or by reason of, the great increase of our standing armies, after ten years the voices petitioning for peace are once more heard.

To-day there are few to whom this dream of peace seems an impossibility. There are sentinels on every hill, to wake humanity out of its long sleep of barbarism, and to plant the white flag. Their battle-cry is "War against war"; their watchword, "Disarm! Disarm!" The only thing which can now prevent the most appalling disaster to Europe is the universal cry, "Disarm! Disarm!" Everywhere, in England and France, in Italy, in the northern countries, in Germany, in Switzerland, in America, societies have been formed with the common object to educate public opinion, and by the united expression of popular will to demand of governments that future dissensions shall be submitted to international arbitration, and by so doing to set justice for ever in the place of rude force. That this is not the impossible fancy of a dreamer has been proved by facts. It is not only people of influence and position, but members of Parliament, bishops, scholars, senators, ambassadors, who stand on the list. To these is added that ever-growing party which will shortly number millions, the party of "Labor" and of the people, upon whose programme the demand for peace is a first condition.

"Mother, will you lay aside your mourning the day after to-morrow?" With these words Rudolf came into my room this morning. For the day after to-morrow—the 30th of July, 1888—the baptism of his first-born son is to be celebrated. "No, my child," I answered. "But, think, surely at such a festival you will not be sad; why wear the outward sign of sorrow?" "And you surely are not superstitious enough to think that the black dress of the grandmother will bring ill-luck to the grandchild?" "Certainly not. But it is not suitable to the occasion. Have you taken a vow?" "No, it is only a quiet determination. But a determination connected with such a memory has all the force of a vow."

My son bowed his head and urged me no longer. "I have disturbed you in your work. Were you writing?" "Yes—the story of my life. I am, thank God, at the end. That was the last chapter."

"How can you write the close of your life? You may live many years, many happy years, Mother. With the birth of my little Frederick, whom I will train to adore his grandmother, a new chapter is begun for you." "You are a good son, my Rudolf, I should be ungrateful if I had not pride and happiness in you; and I am also proud of my—his—Sylvia; yes, I am entering on a happy old age—a quiet evening; but the story of the day is closed at sunset. It is not"

answered me with a quiet and sympathetic glance. "Yes, the word 'end' under my biography is justified. When I conceived the idea of writing it, I determined to stop with the 1st of February, 1871. If you had been torn from me for service in the field—luckily during the Bosnian campaign you were not old enough—I might have been obliged to lengthen my book. As it is, it was painful enough to write." "And also to read," answered Rudolf, turning over the leaves. "I hope so. If the book shall cause such pain in the reading as to awake a detestation of the source of all this unhappiness here described, I shall not have tormented myself in vain." "Have you examined all sides of the question, Mother?" said my son. "Have you exhausted all the arguments, analyzed to the roots the spirit of war, and sufficiently brought out the scientific objections to it?" "My dear, what are you thinking of? I have only written of my life. All sides of the question? Certainly not. What do I, the rich woman of high rank, know of the sorrows which war brings to the mass of the poor? What do I know of the plagues and evil tendencies of barrack life? And with the economic-social question involved I am not familiar—and yet these are all the very matters which finally determine all reformation. I do not offer a history of the past and future rights of nations—only the story of the individual." "But are you not afraid of your intentions being recognized?" "People are offended only when the author tries to hide his intentions. My aim is open as the day, and is found in the words on the title page. The day that took place yesterday. The occasion was made doubly important by the betrothal of my daughter Sylvia and the old friend of her babyhood—Count Anton Delintzky. I am surrounded by the happiness of my children. Rudolf inherited the Dotzky estates six years ago, and has been married four years to Beatrice Griesbach, promised to him in his childhood. She is a charming creature, and the birth of their son adds to their enviable, brilliant lot. In the room looking out upon the garden the dinner was served. The glass doors were open, and the air of the superb summer afternoon streamed in loaded with the perfume of roses. Near me sat the Countess Lori Griesbach, Beatrice's mother. She is now a widow. Her husband fell in the Bosnian campaign. She has not taken his loss much to heart. On the contrary—for she is dressed in a ruby brocade and brilliant diamonds—she is exactly as superficial as in her youth. Matters of the toilet, a few French and English novels, the usual society gossip—these suffice to fill her horizon. She is as great a coquette as ever. For young men she has no fancy, but personages of rank and position are the objects of her conquests. At present, it seems to me, she has our Cabinet Minister in hand. "I must make a confession to you," said Lori to me when we had congratulated each other upon our grandchild. "On this solemn occasion I must relieve my conscience. I was seriously in love with your husband." "You have often told me that, dear Lori."

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"But he was always absolutely indifferent to me."

"That is well known to me."

"You had a husband true as gold, Martha! I cannot say the same of mine. But nevertheless I was sorry to lose him. Well he died a glorious death, that is one comfort. Really it is a wearisome existence to be a widow, more especially as one grows older; so long as one can find widowhood is not without its compensations. But now I acknowledge I become quite melancholy. With you it is different; you live with your son, but I would not like to live with Beatrice. She would not wish it either. A mother-in-law in the house—that does not go well, for one wants to be mistress. One gets so provoked with the servants. You may believe me, I am much inclined to marry again. Of course, a marriage with some one of position."

"A Minister of Finance, for instance," I interrupted, laughing. "O you sly one! You see through me at once. Look there; do you see how Toni Delintzky is whispering to your Sylvia. That is compromising."

"Let them alone. The two have come to an understanding on the way from church. Sylvia has confided to me that the young man will ask my permission to-morrow."

"What do you say? Well, I congratulate you. It is said the handsome Toni has been a little gay—but all of them are that—it cannot be helped, and he is a splendid match."

"Of that my Sylvia has not thought."

"Well, so much the better; it is a charming addition to marriage."

"Addition? Love is the sum of all."

One of the guests, an imperial colonel, had knocked on his glass, and "Oh, dear—a toast!" thought all, and discontentedly dropped their special conversation to listen to the speaker. We had good reason to sigh, three times he unlucky man stummed fast, and the choice of his good wishes was unfortunate. The health of the young man was offered, who was born at a time when his country needed all her sons.