

The Carleton Observer

Vol. 7, No. 52

HARTLAND, N. B., JUNE 7, 1916.

Whole No. 361

IF YOU PATRONIZE The Everyday Bargain Store YOU LEARN TO SAVE MONEY

Holding Prices Down

is some job in the face of advancing wholesale and manufacturing costs, but we are trying to do so, and in the effort are making a smaller margin of profit this year than we ever have. But good goods, the best qualities we can secure, cheerful service and prices just as low as we can make them will bring the trade to us in increasing volume, and we feel we can still make a living.

Our show of

**Summer Dress Goods
Shirt Waists, Skirts
Dainty Underwear**

is very interesting to ladies, and in many cases the prices are surprisingly low, even for this year. Would advise an early call while the selection is good.

(The Mrs. C. A. Phillips stand)

A. W. PHILLIPS

BRISTOL, N. B.

In War or Peace

It is the **TRAINING** man who leads. This school makes a specialty of training young men and women to fill responsible, good paying positions. Prepare yourself for one of them by taking a course at the **FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE**, Fredericton, N. B. W. J. OSBORNE, Principal. Booklet describing our course of study sent on application.

After the Fire Fine Shoes and Rubbers for Sunday

is too late to consider it "the company" carrying your insurance is financially able to pay. You have other worries at such a time.

No Need to Worry

Admit me at once. It receives **PERSONAL ATTENTION**. And note how promptly adjustment is made and the loss paid.

If Insured

PERLEY S. MARSTEN
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Shave?

The best work in Hartland, in fact, north of St. John is done in our shop on depot street. Razors Honed. Creams and Pipes.
W. E. THORNTON

Money to Loan

Land For Sale

M. L. HAYWARD,
Hartland, N. B.
Box 348
N. B. Phone 25-31
Farmers' 29-2

Better See Our New Dress Goods

They're the best line we ever had. There'll be no need of going or sending out of town for this line for the prices are right.

I also have a fine line of

Heavy Shoes for the Mud

for all the family and

Vitriol, Grass Seed Flour and Sugar

If you do not buy these at once and from me you will lose money as they are all going higher. Vitriol will soon be unobtainable. Better call at once for this, or phone your order. Farmers' and N. B.

S. W. SMITH

East Florenceville

Western Assurance Co.

(INCORPORATED 1851)

ASSETS - - - - \$3,213,438.25

DIBBLEE & AUGHERTON, Agents

Woodstock, N. B.

Telephone: Office, 18-11.

Residence, 144-11.

Royal Hotel

A Home Away from Home
Main Street, South Side of Bridge
Livery in Connection

HARTLAND, N. B.
A. W. CLARK, Prop.

York and Kent Timothy

AAA and 111 Mammoth Clover

AFTER RECRUITS FOR THE 115TH

In Burr's hall on Monday evening there was a fair attendance to hear Lieut. John S. Scott of the 115th Batt., who was here in the interests of the transportation section of the battalion, of which he is the commanding officer.

Corp. Britton was called to the chair and after telling the nature of the meeting called on Recruiting officer Ketchum, who outlined what was required, afterwards giving place to Lieut. Scott. The latter explained in detail the nature of the service under his command. The men who went with him would be drivers and assistants, and would not require the same medical qualifications or be required to do the same drill as those in other branches of the service, neither would they be exposed to the same dangers as the men in the trenches. The pay was the same as in the other branches, with separation and patriotic allowances, as well as similar pensions, etc. He did not ask the men to "go"—he wanted them to "come" with him. He hoped to receive several applications before he left on Tuesday.

M. L. Hayward was the next speaker and he strongly urged the young men to help in supplying the men in the trenches with food and ammunition, this being the part of the service Lieut. Scott was particularly interested in. The men must be fed and provided with fighting material and here was an opportunity to help without incurring much danger.

At the close of Mr. Hayward's address the national anthem was sung and an opportunity given to sign on the roll of honor. Alfred Goodwin offered himself and was assured that this, his third attempt to enlist, would be successful. Several others have the matter under advisement. The recruiting officer and Lieut. Scott are very much encouraged with the result of the meeting and left on Tuesday's express for Florenceville where they are seeking more men.

Wedding Bells

FOSTER-PELKEY

A pretty wedding took place at the home of the bride's father, Isaac Pelkey, Lansdowne, on Wednesday afternoon, May 24, when his eldest daughter, Erika, became the wife of Bliss G. Foster of the same place. The bride, who was unattended, was handsomely gowned in white embroidered voile with chiffon trimmings.

Rev. P. J. Quigg of Peel tied the nuptial knot in the presence of the two families. A reception was held at the groom's home Thursday evening.

All join in wishing the young couple a happy journey through life.

BURRILL-ORSER

A quiet wedding took place on Monday afternoon, May 29, at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. P. J. Quigg. Peel, when Augusta Orser of Cloverdale became the wife of William Burrill, lance corporal of 115th battalion now at St. John. The happy couple left on the 5 o'clock train for St. John, where they expect to spend the summer. All join in wishing them many years of happiness.

JOE BEDELL

By MARVIN LESLIE HAYWARD

This odd story of a dishonored note is the production of a well known local man and first appeared in The Canadian Courier of May 20. Apart from its real literary merit the local color of the sketch will interest Observer readers.

"This is gonta be a heluva war," declared the proprietor of the Royal Hotel.

"Looks like it," I admitted, as I filled my trusty pipe and prepared to start out for my daily grind at the little bank on Depot Street.

"I shud think it did," agreed Clark. "Them 'Huns' as they call 'em 'ill be in Paris inside of a month the way things look at present time of speakin'. It'll be a bigger war than the Riel Rebellion or the—"

I walked out and up the only and leading street towards the bank. It was "hog day," and the narrow street leading to the C. P. wharf was filled with a confused jumble of waggons loaded with squealing live stock for the Toronto market.

I went into the bank, sat down at the battered desk in the manager's office of the Consolidated Bank of New Brunswick, and allowed my glance to wander across the broad St. John River to the verdant sloping hills on the Summerton side, where the long lines of elms still marked the original division of the old "soldiers' grants."

It was August in the year of disgrace 1914. The "garden of the province," as the people of Leamington County called it, was at its best. An opaline haze rested like an unspoken benediction on hill and hollow, forest and field. To the south a faint cloud of smoke showed where the "sin train" was coming in from Woodville, where the "Scott Act" was enforced in theory and coolly disregarded in fact.

There was the snappy sound of a sharp military command, and a company of Major Weldon's Kent Engineers swung past, singing the official marching song of the "Monquet Rangers," as they were commonly called.

"Let all the fat Germans
Get out of the path
Of the bullies from Bristol,
And the sluggers from Bath."

I was a born banker, the old General Manager had said, and for the past ten years I had thought of nothing beyond discounts and credits and balances, but the sight of the uniform awakened some slumbering military passion in my ledger-cursed mind, and suddenly the whole

banking system of the Dominion of Canada seemed very cheap and trivial.

"Let's go with 'em, old sport." The words fitted in with my unspoken thought so neatly that it was several seconds before I realized that I was not alone, and turned to meet the "smiling morning face" of Joe Bedell, the hustling local agent of the Imperial Machinery Company of Canada, Limited.

"Just what I was thinking about," I assured him.

"I'm getting mighty tired of selling binders and reapers and horse rakes to the farmers of this little burg on six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months," Joe went on, "and I'd like to do a little steel and iron business with the Germans, death on delivery."

"The sight of the boys in khaki does make the banking business look pretty small," I agreed, absently.

"We'll have to think it over, and we'll go together when we do go," declared Joe.

"Sure thing," old man," I agreed.

"In the meantime we can't drop business, and I just drifted in to unfold a little scheme of mine," said Joe.

"Go ahead."

"I have a little line of credit at your bank here," Joe explained, "and you discount some of my best notes for me. The people through the country know it, and they pester me to death to back their notes and discount 'em in the bank."

"Tell them to go to the devil," I suggested.

"That's all right from the banking standpoint; but if I told 'em to they wouldn't go," murmured Bedell, "and I hate to refuse a man if there is any other way. Besides, many of them are pretty good customers, and I don't want to lose their trade even if I wouldn't go on their paper."

"You want to do business with them and save your own skin at the same time," I suggested.

"Exactly."

"What's the scheme then?"

Joe picked up a piece of blank paper from the desk and dashed his familiar signature, with a long curve at the end of the last

(Continued on last page)

YOURS TO ENJOY



You'll Like the Flavor
40c, 45c, 50c per pound

These are now in the hands of the merchants. Stock for these brands has been most carefully selected and every effort has been put forth to maintain the standard which has given them such a splendid reputation.