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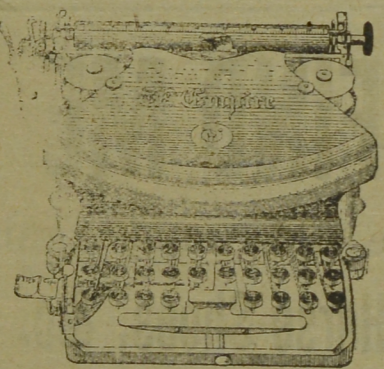
NOTICE.

The Undermentioned non-resident ratepayers of the Parish of Andover, in the County of Victoria, are hereby requested to pay the undersigned collector the amount set opposite their respective names, together with the costs of advertising, within two months from this date, otherwise the real estate will be sold or other proceedings taken to recover same.

| | 1897 | 1898 | 1899 | 1900 | 1901 | Total |
|---------------------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|--------|
| | Co. Road | Co. Road | Co. Road | Co. Road | Co. Road | |
| Mary Donnelly | .40 | .50 | | | | \$3.36 |
| J. T. Coffin Estate | | | .36 | .50 | | \$4.80 |
| Bart Maddox | | | | \$3.90 | \$1.50 | \$5.40 |
| Mary Maddox | | | | \$1.90 | \$1.00 | \$2.90 |
| Mrs. F. N. Jones | .83 | .50 | \$1.33 | .50 | | \$3.16 |
| Mary Craig | | | | .60 | .50 | \$1.10 |
| Munro Bros. | | | | .60 | .50 | \$1.10 |
| Thomas O'Donald | | | | .75 | .50 | \$1.25 |

JOSEPH B. PORTER, Collector

Andover, N. B., Jan'y. 27th., 1902.



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Tilden's Sixty-Six Thousand Let- ters.

It was Mr. Tilden's faith in the power of the people to form a correct judgement on any question submitted to them that led to this final triumph. "I have spent over \$2,000 for postage in this campaign," he said to a young man after 1874. "Do you mean to say that you sent out 66,000 letters?" asked his astonished visitor. That's about the number, answered Mr. Tilden. "But where did you get their names?" "My long connection with the Democratic State Committee had familiarized me with the chairman of the County committee in almost every county in New York. To him I therefore sent for a list of names of men in every village in his country." "And did you send printed letters to them?" "Better than that," Mr. Tilden said, while his gray eyes twinkled; "I sent each of my correspondents a lithographed facsimile of my own handwriting." "And how did it work?" "Splendidly," he answered, in conclusion. "After I was elected and had gone to Albany, occasionally I'd have a call from a citizen who would introduce himself to me by means of one of my letters to him, and who would say: 'I didn't think you knew me, Mr. Tilden, until I got this.'"

Subscribe for the NEWS:

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the South.

Possibly the most general conception of the old life at the south held by the rest of the country is that drawn from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a work which, whatever its truth in detail—and there was doubtless much truth—yet by reason of its omissions and its grouping contained even more untruth as a correct picture of a civilization, says Thomas Nelson Page in The Atlantic. As an argument against the evils inherent in slavery it was unanswerable; as a presentation of the life it undertook to mirror it was rather a piece of emotional fiction, infused with the spirit of an able and sincere but only partially informed partisan, than a correct reflection. It served a purpose far beyond the dream and possibly even the intention of its author. It did much to hasten the overthrow of slavery. It did no less to stain the reputation of the south and obscure what was worthy and fine in its life. From that time the people of the south were regarded, outside its own border, much—as, shall we say, China is regarded today—as one of the effete peoples, as an obstacle in the path of advance and possibly among many as an object of righteous spoil.

A Formidable Meal.

Sometimes the names given to different varieties of plants and vegetables are confusing, not to say startling. It sounds as if one had indulged in a most aesthetic meal to say, "I have just eaten an early rose." But when one remembers that Early Rose is the name of a popular variety of potato the aestheticism vanishes. Potatoes seem to be especially liable to have names bestowed on them which have a most "unedible" sound.

Two women out on a bicycle tour became hungry, and there was no inn in sight, but there was a farmhouse near by, and an old man was pottering about in the adjacent potato patch. To him they appealed for food. He promised to do what he could, saying that, at any rate, he could assure them of good potatoes, as he had every variety in his garden. The women enjoyed the meal and especially commended the potatoes.

"Yes," said the farmer, "you have not done so badly. You have eaten two Schoolmasters, two Blacksmiths, four Kidneys and a couple of White Elephants."

Three Ways.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, making a tour around the city a short time since, were observed looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop.

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending half a crown with the dear craytur, that we may look at her conveniently and have a bit of chat wid her."

"You extravagant dog," said Mr. Bull "I'm sure one-half of the money will be sufficient. But let us go in, by all means. She's a charming girl."

"Ah, wait a wee," interposed Mr. McAndrew. "Dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally weel just to ask the bonnie lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling and inquire where's Mr. Toompson's house and sike like. We're no hungry and may as weel save the siller."

A Lake's Jawbreaking Name.

The town of Webster, Mass., has always been proud of the beautiful little lake within its limits, but never boasted of the jawbreaking name by which it is known. The lake has the longest and most unpronounceable name of any in the world, and residents and visitors who pass the summer on its shores and islands are quietly suggesting a substitute for the unwieldy Indian term which for many years has been applied to this body of water. The full name of the lake is Chagogoggamanchogagoggagungamaug, but the residents have contracted it to Chaubunagungamaug.

Origin of Ice Cream Soda.

According to a Wisconsin legend, ice cream soda had its origin in Milwaukee, the town that made lager beer famous. A confectioner whose trade was among the wealthy used to make a good, rich soda water by adding to it, when drawn, pure cream. His trade rapidly increased, and one night when he had a crowd to serve he ran out of cream. In desperation he used a small quantity of ice cream to give the drink the proper rich consistency, and what resulted is history.

The Eight Hour Day.

The eight hour day is not such a new thing. On April 2, 1792, the town of Partridgefield, Mass., now Peru, voted "to grant £150 for repairing highways in said town, to be worked out 2 thirds in June next, at 3s 6d per Day, and the other third in September at 3s per day. Eight hours in a day to be Deemed a Day's Work."

She Agreed With Him.

Husband—But you must admit that my taste is better than yours.
Wife—Yes, of course it is.
Husband—I'm surprised to hear you say so.
Wife—Oh, there's nothing remarkable about it! The mere fact that you married me and I married you proves it—Answers.

Probably.

Willie—Pa, what are false eyes made of?
Pa—Glass.
Willie—But what kind of glass?
Pa—Oh—er—looking glass, I suppose. Now run off to bed.

I have come to the conclusion that it is good to work hard. It makes one enjoy food and play and sleep so keenly—George Du Maurier.

Writing a Book.

The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest. He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again and saw, almost as if it had been a stage scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close—one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work and in a short time had completed the first three chapters. Then, for no reason that he can give, there was a jump, and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI and XXII, the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted and tried to write that chapter; every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house because it was bad and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote chapter XIX, and on the morrow he rewrote chapter XVIII and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote chapter XX, and the book was completed.—London Post.

Obeded Orders.

An old Yorkshire farmer was walking out one day looking very glum and miserable. He was a typical Yorkshireman, and he dearly loved a joke. But jokes seemed a long way off just then, and the old man was thinking deeply when he was accosted by a tramp, who made the usual request for a night's lodgings and something to eat, as he explained he had had nothing for two whole days. The effect upon the farmer when he said this was magical.

"Why, man," he said, "I've been looking for you all day."

And then without more ado he knocked him down and walked on him from one end to the other. The tramp got up, looking very staggered, and asked him why he had done that.

"Well," said he, "my doctor has ordered me to walk on an empty stomach, and now that I have fulfilled his injunction I can go and have a good feed, and you can come with me."—London Answers.

Bathing in Salt Lake.

"Salt lake is a remarkable sheet of water in many ways, and bathing in it possesses features which are unique," says a Utah man. "It is very invigorating and refreshing, to be sure, but it takes some time to become accustomed to the extraordinary buoyancy of the water. It is quite impossible to sink or to drown in the lake, but many people have been killed by the water. When there is a breeze and spray is dashed upon bathers, the water is so densely impregnated with salt that the liquid portion evaporates very quickly and leaves a deposit of salt on the skin. "On several occasions people have drifted out while bathing or been wrecked and thrown overboard and afterward found dead on top of the water, choked to death by the accumulation of salt in their mouths and nostrils."

Child Baptism in Early Days.

The following from the early court records of York county, Me., we give verbatim et literatim: "At a general court held at Saco Sept. 17, 1640, it is ordered by the court that the Worshipful Thomas Georges and Edward Godfrey, councillors for this province, shall order all the inhabitants from Piscataquis to Kenebache, which shall have any children unbaptized as soon as any minister is settled in any of their plantations, they bring their said children to baptism, and if any shall refuse to submit to the said order that the party so refusing shall be summoned to answer their contempt at the next general court to be holden in this province."

No Reciprocity.

"Brownly thinks he has the smartest child in the world."
"Yes," answered the morose man. "That illustrates the ingratitude of life. There isn't one chance in a thousand that that child when he grows up will go around declaring that he has the smartest father in the world."

A Woman Balancing.

When a woman stoops over to pick up something on the floor, why does she always balance herself on one foot, extending the other outward and backward as a counterpoise? This question, not new, never has been satisfactorily answered.

The Equality Line.

"All people," remarked the earnest citizen, "are born equal."
"Perhaps," answered the deliberate friend, "but they don't stay equal any longer than it takes for their parents to provide them with clothes and playthings."—Exchange.

Of More Immediate Value.

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I presume yours is not one of the Mayflower families.
Miss Triplex (of Minneapolis)—No, indeed. Ours is one of the famous Minnesota flour families.

He Loved Lawyers.

It is said that Peter the Great, after witnessing a contest between two eminent counsel at Westminster, London, remarked: "When I left St. Petersburg, there were two lawyers there. When I get back, I will hang one of them."

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