

The Arrostook Times.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 45.

Houlton, Maine, May 5, 1905.

No. 19.

Church Directory

First Unitarian Church.
CORNER KELLERMAN AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor REV. LEVERETT R. DANIELS.
Residence 43 School Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
Young Peoples Religious Union 7.00 P. M.
Four O'Clock Vesper Service the Second
Sunday of each Winter Month.
ALL WELCOME.

Free Baptist Church.
CORNER KELLERMAN AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor REV. F. CLARKE HARTLEY.
Residence 35 Highland Avenue.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Fellowship 10.30 A. M. 7 P. M.
Bible School and Pastors Class 11.45 A. M.
Christian Endeavor Service 6.00 P. M.
Regular Prayer and Praise Service Tuesday,
7.30 P. M.

First Baptist Church.
COURT ST.
REV. J. A. FORD M. A. Pastor.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Bible School 12.00 A. M.
Junior Endeavor 3.00 P. M.
Christian Endeavor 6.15 P. M.
Song Service and Sermon 7.00 P. M.
Prayer Meeting Tuesday 7.30 P. M.

The Church of the Good Shepherd.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Service 10.30 A. M.
Evening Service 7.00 P. M.
Sunday School 9.45 A. M.

FRIDAYS.
Liturgy 7.30 P. M.
Sittings free. All Welcome.
J. C. KOON, Rector.

Congregational Church.
COURT ST.
Pastor REV. DANIEL E. PUTNAM.
Residence, 10 Kellerman Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Fellowship Service 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 11.45 A. M.
Prayer Service with brief Address 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY.
Prayer Meeting 7.30 A. M.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
CORNER MILITARY AND SCHOOL STS.
Pastor, REV. G. E. EDGETT.
Residence, 28 School St.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Morning Worship and Sermon 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School 12.00 A. M.
Epworth League 6.00 P. M.
Song Service and Sermon 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.
FRIDAY. Class Meeting 7.30 P. M.
All Welcome.

First Presbyterian Church.
CORNER HIGH AND MILITARY STS.
Pastor, REV. KENNETH MCKAY.
Messe, Next door to Church on High Street.
SUNDAY SERVICES.
Sunday School 9.30 A. M.
Morning Worship 10.30 A. M.
Junior C. E. Service 2.30 P. M.
Service in Church on Foxcroft Road 2.30 P. M.
C. E. Service 6.30 P. M.
Evening Worship 7.00 P. M.
TUESDAY. Prayer Meeting 7.30 P. M.

Arrostook County.
Arrostook County has been the scene of extensive lumbering operations the past winter. On the Allegash and on the St. John above Fort Kent the cut has been in the vicinity of 50,000,000 feet, the largest operators having been the St. John Lumber Co., 20,000,000; W. H. Cudiff's Sons, 7,000,000; J. A. Morrison, 4,000,000; Andre Cushing & Co., 7,000,000; Neal McLain, 4,000,000; C. E. Jones, 1,000,000. On the Fish River the cut has been in excess of 25,000,000, the largest operators being the Fish River Lumber Co., Portage Lake Mill Co., Andre R. Cushing and Fort Kent Mill Co. On the Arrostook river the cut has been in the vicinity of 40,000,000. The Ashland Co., has cut 22,000,000; Stetson, Cutler & Co., 10,000,000 for St. John; Arrostook Lumber Co., about 5,000,000, Fleetwood Pride, 3,000,000 and Weeks Bros., 2,000,000.—Industrial Journal.

As he was about to board a steamship for Europe, Wednesday, Andrew Carnegie was asked for a statement as to the much discussed "tainted money." "I never give money where I think it will not be accepted," he replied. "I think that money given in any good cause will do good, and bring about good results even though the source may be considered 'tainted' by some." And after all is said and done, why is not Mr. Carnegie's position on the matter about right? Of course there is a distinction between accepting a voluntary contribution, and angling for money which is well known to have been obtained by fraud and deceit. The latter course savors too strongly of hush money.

Tolstoy at Home.

By Josiah Flynt.

Alexander III, when pressed by some of his counselors to call Count Tolstoy to account for his defiant conduct, is alleged to have replied: "As long as I am czar, Tolstoy will not be ousted." Nicholas II seems minded to follow his father's example in this particular; at any rate, Tolstoy has never spoken and written more freely than during the present crisis in Russia and yet no one attempts to muzzle him. It is a disappointment to him that the authorities do not call him to account.

"They persecute my friends and well-wishers," I once heard him remark, "why don't they persecute me? If anyone is to blame, I am. I once wrote to the Czar Alexander, telling him that it was unfair to punish my friends and not me. I told him that, if my writings had caused my friends trouble, then in all justice, I also ought to suffer. The czar did not answer my letter." And the old gentleman stroked his white beard, and there was a childish look of wonder in his countenance; he seemed to be trying to find an excuse for the czar's remissness in correspondence.

I knew Count Tolstoy mainly in 1869. Midsummer in that year, he very courteously invited me to visit him at his country home, Yasnaya Polyana (Clearfield), about 150 miles south of Moscow. At that time I knew of him principally as a novelist. I had vague notions of his work as a religious propagandist and would-be philanthropist, but I had never read any of his books on religion. I found him first at a neighbor's house. He was dressed in peasant clothes, stooped a little, and seemed tired; but there were no traces of the peasant in his fine face. Nor did he necessarily look like a literary man, although in city clothes and in a St. Petersburg saloon he might easily have passed for one. To me, on first glance, he looked like a venerable elder in a church.

With the help of his neighbor's wife he was re-editing the Four Gospels. All the afternoon they had been clipping and pasting the verses from the Gospels which Tolstoy thought the peasant could understand and ought to know about. The day's work was over, and the count and I strolled over the fields to his own home. We talked about the day's work. He told me that he had considerable trouble with the censor. Once, he said, he published the Sermon on the Mount in pamphlet form by itself; he was anxious that the peasant should be able to read it entirely separated from "so much that he can not understand." "What do you think happened?" the count asked. (We conversed in English and German alternately.) "Of course, I had to have the censor's consent before the pamphlet could be published. In this case he was a priest I submitted my plan to him, not dreaming that he could have anything against it since the Bible circulates freely throughout the empire. The ignoramus blackened two verses. One of them contains the advice: 'Take no thought of the morrow.' I reminded the priest that that advice remained intact in the complete Bible. 'Oh, yes,' said the priest, 'but what peasant ever gets that far in the complete Bible? Nine-tenths of them stop at Genesis. Now, you see, count, that if the peasant took that advice seriously Russia would become bankrupt. The peasant would live only for the day, he would save nothing; it would be impossible to collect taxes, the army would starve, the government could not pay its employees, indeed we should be in a state of chaos. Really, I can not let that verse go unblackened.' And the Sermon on the Mount," the count continued, "is today circulating among the peasantry with two verses struck out."

During the ten days that I spent in and about Yasnaya Polyana I had a number of walks and talks with the old gentleman, and I am bound to say that religious topics were only infrequently discussed. He quizzed me about America, tramps, and my travels quite as much as I quizzed him.

Speaking of America, one day, he said: "There are four men in this world that I should like to have got together. I think their meeting would do good to the world." Two of the men, if my memory serves me correctly, were the late Henry Demarest Lloyd and William Dean Howells. Discussing tramps, he said: "If I were not so old and stiff I would take a tramp trip with you here in Russia. I used to see a good deal of vagabond life, but that was years ago. I am on the shelf now so far as such traveling is concerned."

Yet it is not so very many years ago that the count was on tramp. He has been accused of not practicing what he preaches, of living in luxury while he advises the world to lead "the simple life." He feels very keenly the inconsistency of his life. I believe that he honestly wanted to give his wealth to the peasants—to be rid of it himself no matter what the peasants did with it. His wife frustrated his wishes. She said to him: "You have brought sixteen children into the world, and they are to be considered first." "All right," said Tolstoy, "then you take the responsibility of the property." She said, and Tolstoy, to this day, asks her for the price of a bath when he goes to the public baths. He has tried to live "the simple life" as best he could, and at the same time stick to his family. Twice, to my knowledge, his impenitence with the inconsistency of his life has temporarily overcome him, and he has run away from home like a truant boy. It has been on these occasions that he returned to the vagabond life which he says he cannot know well. Each time that he has slunk away, however, he has not got far before a voice said to him: "Leo Nicolaievitch, you are a coward. Go back to your family, that is where you belong. Help keep your family together. Suffer the tauntings of the world. The peasant suffers, so must you. Be a man." And back to his home the old man has returned, and patiently taken up his grievous burden again.

HOME LIFE OF TOLSTOY.

The home life at Yasnaya Polyana was comfortable, but not luxurious. Seven children were living in 1896, and several of them were at home. They all adore their father, but Maria Lvovna, the second daughter, was his only devout disciple in his immediate household. One of the first things the countess, his wife, said to me, after we had shaken hands, was: "You will hear the count say a number of things in which I do not believe at all." She is fond of society, music, and, I fancy, the strenuous aristocratic life. At table the count would prefer to have guests and all help one another; the countess prefers and insists upon butlers with white gloves. After dinner, one day, the count got to talking with me about luxuries; his tolerance surprised me.

"I see you use tobacco a good deal," he said in an off-hand manner. "I used to. I suppose I could take it up again, but I think it is not good for me. If I were young again, probably I should like it as much as ever." Not long before my visit to Yasnaya Polyana, a bicycle dealer in Moscow had invited the count to call at his shop and pick out for his own use any bicycle that pleased him. The old gentleman was delighted. He and Maria called at the shop, selected a fine "Humber," and ordered that it be sent to their home the next day. At night, while the count lay awake in bed, the same voice that had sent him home while on his trauances spoke to him again: "Leo Nicolaievitch, you preach about the evil of luxury, you say that luxury is a sin while the peasant suffers so. What about this bicycle that you are going to accept? Isn't it a luxury? What will people say, what will the peasants say, when they see Leo Nicolaievitch wheeling about town in that expensive manner? Don't you think that you would better tell that dealer that you can not accept the bicycle?" The next morning word was sent to the dealer that the count had reconsidered the kind

offer, and was unable to accept it.

Yet he is not a cut-and-dried ascetic. His diet is vegetarian he thinks that it agrees with him; but he is full of romp and fun on the tennis court, and he delights in a game of chess at night. One night, after he had played two or three games with a little boy visitor in the large music room, he talked to me about poetry, which he does not seem to hold in high regard. He illustrated his objection to it as a medium of expression with the squares in the parquet floor. "Poetry," he said, "goes this way," and he stepped zizzag on the squares across the room. "Prose goes this way," and he walked in a straight line back to his seat. "I like the straight line best. If a writer has anything to communicate to the world, the easiest, clearest, and most direct method of expression is the wisest. Poetry is so often ambiguous, even among the so-called classic poets. Prose, when handled by a master, can convey but one meaning—the particular point which the writer tries to make."

One afternoon, while walking, the count ventilated some of his opinions and ideas about social and economic conditions in Russia. The country was comparatively quiet at the time, and, of course, there was no war. Nevertheless, the count seemed pessimistic. "No country," he said, "can thrive and prosper long in which human suffering is laughed about, and ignorance on the part of the majority of the inhabitants of things spiritual and good is fostered by the powers that be. I feel sorry for my country. I feel sorry for the czar, for everybody who fails to see the mistakes that we are making. A change must come some day. The Almighty God is not going to allow the poor peasant to bleed to death."

The following day I went with Maria Lvovna to the village just outside of the Tolstoy estate. In 1896 Maria was the village doctor and general Samaritan for the villagers. The village consists of one shabby thoroughfare flanked with low wooden cabins—there may have been two brick structures, inhabited, Maria said, by the village aristocrats—typical of peasant homes throughout Central Russia. It would take too long to describe the dirt, filth, and general unkempt condition of the homes, so suffice it to say that nowhere else, outside of Russia, have I ever seen such a rural slum. Babies hung in baskets suspended in sheds over manure piles, and pigs and chickens circulated freely through many of the living-rooms. Here it seemed to me, if anywhere, Count Tolstoy might have experimented with his altruism. Here, if anywhere, he could have used his money in introducing sanitary improvements. No, this he would not do; he preferred to throw his money at the feet of the peasants, and tried to persuade his family to live among them. His wife did well to take over the management of his affairs; he would certainly have made a botch of things.

I asked Maria if she did not agree with me. No; she idolized her father; what he said could not but be right. She has herself renounced all claim upon her share of the estate. Later I worked one afternoon with her in the hayfield. Among the peasant women there are some who are lame, blind, and chronically ailing. All the peasants do a certain amount of work each year for the countess. Maria, during harvest time, frequently takes the place of the incompetent peasant women, earning for them the fifteen cents which they would otherwise lose—her mother, of course, is her employer. She believes that in helping the peasants she is trying to put in practice the teaching which her father is too old and frail to follow on such strenuous lines. In summer, she frequently gets up at six o'clock, eats a hasty breakfast, shares the black-bread lunch with the hay-makers, and does not return home until late in the evening. The countess did not seem to favor Maria's altruism; the count, it seemed to me, always looked on her a little more tenderly than on the other children. As for my own experience with her while at work, I can say that

she impressed me as one of the sweetest-natured women it has been my good lot to know.

Indeed, the entire experience at Yasnaya Polyana, saturated as it is with inconsistencies, filth in the village and seeming indifference in the chateau, impotent altruism on the part of the count and proud aristocracy on the part of some other members of the family, made me feel so wicked, hard, and inconsiderate that, although I was glad to have seen the life, it was a relief to my conscience when I rolled away toward the railway station in the lumbering Russian cart. A man can not meet Count Tolstoy without wishing that he (the man) had done more to make the world clean, refined, and generous. When I left Yasnaya Polyana I felt a good deal like a dog who has been reproved and slinks away, his tail at half-mast, in disgrace. Certain it is that a good long dose of Yasnaya Polyanism will bring a man to a sense of personal responsibility in the doings of the world a great deal quicker than—well, life in New York.

There is a sequel to my visit at Yasnaya Polyana which I am constrained to report upon. On leaving the count I asked whether there was anything I could do for him in St. Petersburg or elsewhere. I had a pass good on all of the railways in Russia for three months, and it occurred to me that perhaps I could run some errands for the count while traveling about from place to place. It so happened that he wanted some letters delivered to a Prince X, banished to a small place in the Baltic provinces. At the time it never dawned on me that in accepting the commission I was compromising our minister in St. Petersburg, who had given me a general letter of introduction in which I was described as a gentleman, worthy of the courtesies of all to whom the letter might be presented. I was carried away for the moment with the desire to return in part the many kindnesses shown me at Yasnaya Polyana. My naivete was so complete that on arriving in St. Petersburg, I frankly told the minister of my commission. At first he also saw nothing out of the way in the errand, provided I asked permission of the authorities to see the Prince X. Not knowing what was in the letters, I did not see my way clear to do this, so the minister suggested that we both think over the matter till evening, when we would dine together and come to a final decision. The final decision was one of the most humiliating sentences I have ever received, but I think that I deserved it. "Weary," said the minister, calling me by a tramp nickname which he originally gave me, "the only thing for you to do is to take those letters back to your friends, and tell them that it is at my request." If ever a heart-sick traveler rode from St. Petersburg to Tulsa, the count's railroad station, it was "Weary." I telegraphed to a neighbor of the count's to meet me at the station; I hadn't the nerve to go to Yasnaya Polyana again. Arrived at Tulsa, what was my surprise to see the count himself on the station platform.

"Ah," he exclaimed on seeing me, "have you news for me from my friend, Prince X?" He was all excitement, and he held out his hand as if he expected me to hand him a letter from the Prince X. I shall never forget his crest-fallen look and my own painful miserableness when I returned to him his own package of letters. I told him frankly that my minister had ordered me to bring them back. His lips curled a little, and he said: "They are harmless," and went back to his horse, and then home. I continued on my journey to the Crimea. I have since learned that the count, after the first moments of disappointment, quite forgave me, and he has since been most kind to friends of mine who have carried my letters of introduction to him. All in all, war or no war, I think he is one of the kindest men I have ever known.

Fatigued, no appetite, cannot sleep, work or eat? That's spring tiredness and will disappear at once if you take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea this month. 35 cents, Tea or Tablet. Sold by Rob. J. Cochran.

The Energy of the Future.

The future of power-production for manufacturing and other purposes is the subject of an informing article in the International Quarterly by Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard. Combustible carbon in the forms of peat, coal, oil, and gas, is not only exhaustible, but forms a store that cannot be expected to endure the drain made on it for more than three or four hundred years, according to Professor Shaler.

The store is effectively limited to the northern parts of North America and of the Eurasian continent. Of this accumulation the share of Europe will be substantially exhausted by the end of the present century; indeed, if the present increase in the demands upon it continues, the exhaustion may come within sixty or seventy years. This does not mean that all or nearly all of the coal that lies beneath the surface will have been used, but that very much of the store is so deeply buried that it is not in existing economic conditions available. That which remains will serve only when the needs are desperate and are far beyond what can be met by the other sources of power and heat. So far as the world is to depend on coal as a source of power, there are but two districts that will have a chance to attain a large and enduring success; these are the fields of western China and that of North America east of the Mississippi and south of the St. Lawrence, and these areas, vast as is the store of fuel they contain, are not likely to meet the demands made upon them in the next three hundred years.

"The petroleum, when first brought into use, were supposed to afford a basis for industries as extensive and as lasting as the coal deposits. Time has shown that while these accumulations are in some places, as at Baku, in vast quantities, none of the so-called basins which are now drawn upon are likely to withstand the drain for a half-century to come. Inasmuch as the rock oils are formed from decomposing animal matter, there is reason to believe that they have been very generally produced in all marine deposits abundant in fossils; that is, in nearly all beds formed on the floors of the ancient seas at some distance from the shores. It is tolerably certain that if we had access to all this oil, it would in amount many times exceed in energy-giving value all the other existing stores of fuel."

It is to be noted that while the native petroleum of the world can be no more "than a temporary source of energy in the forms of heat and light, oil of like quality can be produced in vastly larger amounts from certain carbonaceous shales which plentifully occur in various parts of the world. One of these formations, perhaps the most extensive, is that of the Ohio valley. Here we have a set of beds averaging more than a hundred feet in thickness which, over wide areas, will yield to distillation probably about one-tenth of its mass in oil, paraffin, and related substances. From this deposit, but one of the many that are found in various parts of the world, we may look for a store of energy which may be drawn upon long after the beds of coal have been consumed. The oil and other burnable materials will be won at a much greater cost than where they are obtained from wells, in the fluid state; but the by-products of the distillation to which the rock is subjected will probably be as valuable as those afforded by the natural oil. The present writer has computed that the oil which may possibly be had from the Ohio shale above mentioned will in volume much exceed the amount of water contained in Lake Superior.

Viewed as a whole, the forecast for the future of power with the world peopled to its maximum of food-giving resources, is favorable. While coal and natural oils and gases are essentially temporary resources not to be considered available for more than three or four centuries to come, they constitute but a small part of the offering of nature on this sphere. The falling waters, the winds, and the tides are great and permanent sources of supply from which the crafty mind of man will be certain to win his needs for all his time. These sources of supply he will supplement with the oils obtained from the above-mentioned carbonaceous shales, and at the same time he will seek for dye-stuffs, medicaments and the host of petroleum products which are now regarded as mere by-products."

The Arrostook Times

Established April 12, 1880.

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ALL THE HOME NEWS.

Published every Friday morning from Times Block, Court Street, Houlton, Maine.

L. M. FELCH & C. E. DUNN,
Publishers

L. M. FELCH, Editor.
A. B. TOLAND, Local Editor.

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LIQUOR SEIZURE AT LIMESTONE BOUNDARY.

News of a very satisfactory nature reached us last week, relating to a seizure of liquor at the Limestone line store. Deputy Sheriff Leighton of Limestone and the Inspector of Queens County, N. B., by agreement met at the store of Sam Lovely on the border at the same time. This building, like all of the other buildings on our border, which are used for the purpose of selling liquor and defrauding our government, is situated partly in Queens County, N. B., and partly in Arrostook County, Maine. The liquor in this store is kept on trucks and can be transferred from New Brunswick to Maine or from Maine to New Brunswick very quickly as the needs require. As soon as the officials from Queens County arrive on the scene the liquor is at once rolled to the Maine side of the building. There is no entrance to the building from this side. What is to be done? Deputy Leighton is cooling his heels on the outside of the building with no right to enter from the province side and no way to enter from the Maine side. The provincial official is in the building but with no right to seize the liquor as it has been rolled into Maine. "So near and yet so far." This is Canadian liquor. There is a two-horse load of it. The loss of this liquor will hurt the man's business and this is just what the officials want. It is a great temptation. After looking the building over the Limestone deputy decides to make improvements in the building by putting a door into the west side. This door may not add much to the looks of the store on the exterior but will make it easy of entrance and exit. The deputy does not claim to be a first class carpenter but a good man with an axe. It is needless to say that before a large opening had been made the liquor was rolled back onto New Brunswick territory and seized by the provincial inspector. We are informed that this is the second seizure that has been made at this store within a few months. A few more doses of this heroic treatment and Limestone and the surrounding towns will be rid of this nuisance. What is to hinder the High Sheriff and some more of his deputies, getting their war paint on and taking a hand in the game? There are seventeen of these nuisances on our border and they are costing the county thousands of dollars every year.

This seizure of liquor is not all that has taken place on the Limestone border which will have a tendency to break up the trade at this place. Deputy Collector George Phair arrested two men with liquor, one bottle each, bought at the Limestone store. These are now in jail at Bangor waiting the action of the grand jury of the U. S. District Court which will meet in June. A false impression has gone out that one bottle of liquor, that can be bought for one dollar, is not seizable, or a bottle that has had the cork removed and a drink taken from it cannot be seized by United States officials, and that no penalty is attached for bringing liquor into Maine in these small quantities. We are not lawyers but are informed by good authority that the quantity of the liquor smuggled has nothing to do with the penalty, but there is a discretionary power with the Collector of Customs where it is brought into this country in small quantities. He may remit the fine or not. The continuous practice of bringing wet goods into this county even in small lots may deprive some fellows of their liberty as it has the two men above referred to. Forbearance some day will cease to be a virtue and then the keeping of a line store will be a lost art.

School News.

Ricker Notes.

On this Friday evening comes the musical event of the school year for at that time the Glee Clubs will present A. B. Gaul's sacred cantata "Ruth" at Keywood Opera House. Bryson's full Orchestra will accompany throughout the performance. For nearly four months the Glee Clubs have been rehearsing under the direction of Miss Lena M. Lord, head of the Ricker Piano School; and it is safe to predict that the various solos, duets, and choruses will be sung in an artistic manner.

The following senior speakers have been chosen for Commencement, June 21: Misses Archibald, Cone, Olive Farham, Rose, Ragan, Sawyer, Shaw, Shipp; and Messrs. Deane, Gibson, Mahoney and Morgan. The following, class parts have also been awarded: Valedictory Miss Mildred May Rose, Salutatory Mr. Earle Manning Gibson, Class History Miss Jocelyn Meda Cone, Class Prophecy Miss Rula Maud Shaw.

The following juniors have been chosen to compete for the Junior Exhibition on June 19: Misses Anderson, Beare, Craig, Crawford, Elder, Paney Felch, Rachel Felch, Hare, Popham, Gertrude Smith and Williams; and Messrs. Buck and Dill. The above speakers were selected on the merits of original essays submitted at the close of the winter term. Mrs. G. E. Wilkins, Dr. Parker M. Ward, and T. V. Doberty, Esq., acted as judges.

The senior essays were selected by the following judges: Rev. G. E. Edgett, Mrs. J. C. Koon, and Supt. Fred L. Putnam.

The second base ball team was de-

feated in an exciting game with the "Colts" of Woodstock N. B., last Saturday by a score of 13 to 8. A return game will be played at Maple Grove Park on Tuesday, May 9, at which time the second team expect to turn the tables on the visitors.

The first base ball team will play a game with Patten Academy at Maple Grove on Friday at 2.30 p. m.

The Ricker Orchestra gave an entertainment and social in Wording Hall, Thursday evening. Many words of commendation were heard with regard to the playing of this amateur organization.

There will be a union rehearsal of the High School and Ricker Glee Clubs at Ricker Memorial Parlors on Monday May 8 at 7.15 p. m. Those studying the Festival Music are cordially invited to attend the rehearsal.

H. H. S. Notes.

The Junior Prize speaking of H. H. S. took place at the High School building last Friday evening. It was good in every way, and well enjoyed by all present. Following is the program:

Music—Glee Clubs

1. The Whistling Regiment Harvey

Goldie Madge Smith

2. Speech on the Greek Revolution Clay

Fred Henry Larrabee

Music—Solo, Arthur Feeley

3. Michael Strogoff Verne

Dora Olive Larrabee

4. The Monroe Doctrine Thurston

Ernest Francis Cassidy

5. The Woman Hero Lippard

Mamie Gertrude Densmore

Music—Solo, Goldie M. Smith

6. Old Benedict Arnold Phelps

Nellie Winnifred Callaghan

7. Two Gray Wolves Fantom

Pearl Ruth Drake
8. The Snow Song Brooks
Idella Fern Somerville
Music—Boys Glee Club

The first prize was awarded to Nellie Callaghan and the second prize to Fred Larrabee. Honorable mention was made of Mamie Densmore. The judges were Rev. J. A. Ford, Prof. J. O. Wellman, and Rev. J. C. Koon.

The H. H. S. ball team went to Patten last Saturday and played the Patten Academy team. At first the game bade fair to be close and exciting but H. H. S. won out easily with a score of 10 to 1. Tomorrow (Saturday) these teams will cross bats here. Be Patten will no doubt be determined to make up for her previous defeat a good and snappy game may be expected.

There is talk of having a basket social at H. H. S. Friday evening, May 12, for the purpose of defraying some of the base ball expenses. It is intended to make this a big thing, an evening of enjoyment which one cannot afford to miss, and a social of the like of which H. H. S. has not seen for a good long time. Watch for notices of it.

Bridgewater.

May baskets!!!

All of the schools in town, except those which are to be taught by some of the High School pupils, commenced Monday May 1st. The rest will commence May 15th.

Mrs. A. Lawrence and Miss Grace Smith visited friends in Westfield last week.

Misses Etta and May Ackerson have gone to Chapman to take charge of a school in that section.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Steves were called to Bangor last week by the death of Mrs. J. Turner, who was a former resident of this town.

A few of the laborers in town are enjoying a short vacation, as the tannery is closed for repairs.

Sherman Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hill of Houlton, were in town over Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Russell.

Mrs. Jennie Merriam and Miss Ethel Merriam of Portland, arrived last week and will spend several weeks with relatives here.

Mr. William Hill of Portland, is here for a brief vacation, the guest of Mrs. H. W. Caldwell.

Rev. Frederic Parker was in Millinocket over Sunday attending the Council for the ordination of Rev. W. J. McNeil and the dedication of the Congregational church.

L. E. Jackman reports dandelions in blossom on the south side of his residence Sunday, April 30th.

Three of Sherman's aged citizens passed away last week, the three deaths occurring within the space of twenty-four hours, viz: Mrs. Arobine Young on the 26th, aged 62 yrs., 8 mos. 14 days; Mrs. Martha J. Perry on the 27th, aged 77 yrs., 5 mos., and Mr. Cyrus Daggett on the 27th, aged 85 yrs., 6 mos., 5 days. It was a singular coincidence that Mrs. Young and Mrs. Perry whose disease was the same, viz: cancer, and who had both received the X-ray treatment for the same should be taken away so nearly at the same time. Funeral services for Mrs. Young were held at the home on Friday forenoon the 28th, conducted by Rev. Frederic Parker, and the interment was in cemetery No. 3, at Golden Ridge. The funeral services for Mrs. Perry, who was living with her son Edwin R. Perry in Crystal, were held at the home Friday afternoon, the 28th, conducted by Rev. H. H. Noyes of Island Falls, and the burial was also in cemetery No. 3. The funeral services of Mr. Daggett were held at the home on Saturday afternoon the 29th, Rev. I. C. Bumpus officiating. Molunkus Lodge F. & A. M. did escort duty to the cemetery and performed the Masonic burial service at the grave.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Siensensky have moved into their new quarters over the L. A. Savage & Co., store.

In the absence of Rev. Frederic Parker his pulpit was occupied Sunday morning by the former pastor Rev. I. C. Bumpus.

Funeral services were held on Sunday at the M. E. chapel, Golden Ridge, for the little daughter, Isa E., of Mr. and Mrs. Willard McLaughlin, who died Friday, the 28th, aged 4 years, 2 months, 24 days.

H. W. Caldwell went to Portland, last week, where he has a position in the real estate business of F. A. Merriam, for the summer.

Commend Its Work.

On the 9th of May there will assemble at W. A. B. a convention of Maine men who will meet for the express purpose of deliberating upon the moral welfare of the state, especially as that moral welfare may be advanced or retarded by the enforcement or non enforcement of the Prohibition Law. No one can see the wisdom of meeting together for a better purpose and one that should demand more quickly the good will and approbation of the busy people of this State.

The Christian Civic League of Maine began its career of usefulness in a small way. At the first a few honest men, feeling themselves impelled to do something for the better moral condition of this State, banded themselves together into an association whose sole object, when stated in broadest terms, was the building up of character in the individual to create more wholesome conditions in the State at large. With such a purpose in view it was not difficult for these men to attract other men—men just as earnest in any cause for reform, but men, perhaps, who needed the leaders to guide them along the way of successful achievement. The Association grew as it was bound to do until, in a remarkable short space of time, it put out its tacit claim to being a state organization, with officers in every in every county and city of Maine. It must not be supposed, however, that this growth came about without any cultivation of the ground. Few movements of such a character grow spontaneously. The ground had to be broken and harrowed thoroughly, before the seeds of reform took firm root.

Then the organization, when well officered, was ready to undertake its great work. It began, or some of its officers began, to bring about reform in the matter of the enforcement of the Prohibition law by prosecuting law breakers directly, not relying upon the sheriffs and county officials to do their duty as required of them. This method was followed for a considerable time with the natural result that in the end it had to be given up, at first partially then entirely. "The League's work is a failure," was remarked. If the officers of the League intended to do what County officials had been elected to do and hoped ultimately to supplant them altogether, then the League's work was an utter failure; but if the League's officers intended by their work simply to show what might be done in case county officials would but be conscientious in the performance of their duty and thereby arouse public sentiment for a more strict observance of the law, then the League was a pronounced success in every sense of the word.

It is a characteristic of people to expect immediate results from any given act, and when those results are not forthcoming to believe the act to have been in vain. But beyond the immediate there is a great world in which takes place the final growth, and in which are found the fruits of acts long since enacted. Time has its own philosophy. It was not different in the case of the League.

To-day there is being felt as never before the full effects of enforcement of law. It is said that citizens have grown tired of the nullification and are now demanding that our officials do that which they were elected to do. It is said, also, that there is a wave of enforcement sweeping over the state, which was bound to come, not from any particular cause but since it is a perennial happening. But be that as it may, there is after all but one source from which this wave of righteousness has originated known as the Christian Civic League of Maine. It long ago began its campaign of education, believing as it did that education alone would effect the result desired. It carefully planned its work, assigned certain duties to certain men, chose wisely in the case of Secretary and editors of its official organ, and have in numerous ways brought the press of the State to its hearty support. It was all in the interests of good government and people came to understand and appreciate it. It has shown that its membership was not made up of temperance cranks. They were men of many ideas, but the chief being the desire to see the moral sense of the citizenry aroused on the matter of the proper observance of the requirements

of the law.

The League has accomplished much that it aimed to accomplish, but its work is not yet done. It has before it a fight which will draw heavily upon its resources, for it must fight to a finish the high license forces that wish to fasten upon the State a poor substitute for Prohibition with vastly more of the attending evils. Accordingly, while this League meets in its ninth annual convention and congratulates itself on all that has been accomplished, let its officers and members not forget that there is still a mighty work to do.

We commend the League in all its efforts for good government.—Waldo County Commercial.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, Harry W. Easler of Crouseville, Arrostook County, Maine, by his mortgage dated July 9, 1903, recorded in the Arrostook Registry of Deeds, vol. 200, page 137, conveyed to me the following described parcel of land situated in Washington, Arrostook County, Maine, to wit:—All that portion of lot numbered two (2) in section six (6) in said Washington, which lies north of the channel of the Metonville Brook, which runs through said lot; said parcel thereby conveyed containing One Hundred (100) acres, more or less, intending thereby to convey the same premises conveyed by Nathaniel G. Churchill to Silas Easler, by deed dated April 28, 1902, recorded in vol. 112, page 76, of the Southern Arrostook Registry of Deeds; and whereas, the conditions of said mortgage are broken, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage by reason of said breach of conditions, and give this notice for the purpose of effecting said foreclosure.

Houlton, Maine, May 2, 1905.

ALBERT W. MADIGAN

319
Foley's Kidney Cure
makes kidneys and bladder right.



PAINT TALK.

Paint your buildings with

Derby Mixed Paint or English Tinted Lead,

Both manufactured by Jas. H. Prince Paint Co.,

of Boston, and we will guarantee the paint

for five years. If within that time it chinks,

cracks or peels, we will furnish free of charge a

sufficient quantity to repaint your buildings.

MR. STANLEY BISBEE,

a paint dealer of Rumford Falls, has sold this line

of paint for 12 years under the five-year

warrant as above, and has had

but two complaints in the 12 years time.

We assume the risk—If the paint is

not right five years will show the defects.

The price is no higher

than any other good quality paint.

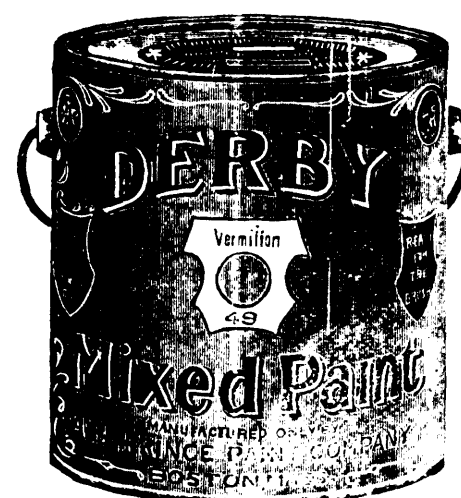
Colors Cards showing 56 desirable shades

for inside, outside and all sorts of work, such as

floors, piazzas, furniture, wagons, sleds, etc.

Paint for everything and everybody.

John Watson Company.



The Parson's Exchange.

One evening Cupid took a stroll,
And brought his bow along;
He lighted on a grassy knoll
And hummed a little song.
"The parson is writing his sermon," said he,
"What do you think his text can be?"
"I'll sit no-down on the window sill
And watch the flight of his gray goose quill!"
"Some musty old thought on the duty of man,
How Eden was lost and the terrible ban—
O' pshaw! parson, now I'll give you a line
That serves as a text for all sermons of mine."
And the mind of the parson was thrilled
Through and through,
And his duty he saw in a light that was new,
And he heard his heart beat in ecstatic surprise
As a text flashed forth as if from the skies.
"Love ye one another," he repeated o'er
And o'er,
"Love ye one another." That I do, and
more.
But the sermon still lingered his forehead grew
hot.
No spiritual light, no answering thought
But the words of Eden seemed filling the room
He Paradise saw with lilies in bloom,
And angels with garlands of flowers
Seemed beaming on to perennial bowers.
The parson grew frantic, "I'll write it," he
cried,
"Or die the dire death that the martyrs have
died."
What power can it be that is thrilling me so?
He then heard the twang of the bright silver
bow,
And the arrow sped straight his corselet be-
tween,
And a sweet voice whispered "Charlene,
Charlene."
A blush of surprise on the parson's face broke;
He thought his own heart its secret had spoke,
And visions he saw more precious, I ween,
Than ever before by mortals were seen,
Except by a lover—well you and I know
Just how it was, in the sweet long ago.
But the sermon stopped there, it couldn't be
done,
And Cupid sat smiling, enjoying the fun.
He wished, like Jacob, with angels unseen,
But the angel that conquered was the charm-
ing Charlene.
"It's of no use," he cried, "My thoughts they
will range,
It cannot be done, I'll have an exchange."
Though the highway was rough and the
wintry air keen,
He flew like a dove to the home of Charlene.
He saw the same old story, it never will change,
Hearts spoke unto hearts, they made an ex-
change.—W. S. K.

Statement of the condition of the Houlton Savings Bank Houlton,

As it existed on the 15th day of April, 1905.

ALMON H. FOGG, President,

LELAND O. LUDWIG, Treasurer

LIABILITIES.

Deposits,	\$880,122 51
Reserve fund,	18,810 50
Undivided profits,	16,706 61

RESOURCES.

	Par Value.	Estimated and Market Value.	Charged on Books.	Total.
Public Funds Owned				
County of Aroostook, 4s, 1915, Refunding	\$9 000	\$ 9 360	17 835	17 000
Aroostook, 4 1/2s, 1914, R. R. Aid	17 000	17 000	5 000	5 000
Penobscot, 3 1/2s, 1914, R. R. House	4 000	4 000	4 100	4 000
City of Old Town, 4s, 1915, Refunding	5 000	4 950	5 000	5 000
Town of Fort Fairfield, 3 1/2s, 1915-20, Bdg.	33 400	32 899	33 400	33 400
Houlton, 3 1/2s, 1905-33, Water	10 875	10 875	10 875	10 875
Houlton, orders	3 000	2 910	3 000	3 000
Masardis, 3 3/4s, 1921, Bridge	10 000	9 450	10 000	10 000
Washburn, 3 1/2s, 1921, Bridge				
Total public funds of Maine	\$97 275			\$97 275
County of Athens, O., 5s, 1925, Funding	5 000	5 875	5 000	
Hancock, 1 1/2s, 1906, Ct. House	4 000	4 140	4 000	
Sedgwick, Kan., 5 3/4s, 1910, Refund-	5 000	5 425	5 000	
ing				
Shawnee, Kan., 5 1/2s, 1907, Refund-	7 000	7 210	7 000	
ing				
Chicago, Ill., 4s, 1910, Sau. Dist.	5 000	5 125	5 000	
Owensboro, Ky., 4s, 1915, Imp.	3 000	3 430	3 000	
Sanit Ste Marie, Mich., 4s, 1921,				
Water	10 000	10 150	10 000	
Toledo, O., Reg. 4s, 1914, Park	5 825	5 000	5 000	
Village of Duluth, Minn., 6s, 1908, School	4 550	4 845 75	4 550	
Total public funds out of Maine	\$48 550			\$48 550
Railroad Bonds Owned.				
Bangor & Aroostook, 1st. Mort., 5s, 1943	\$100 000	119 000	99 955	
Bangor & Aroostook, Piscataquis Div., 5s, 1943	5 000	5 906	5 000	
Bangor & Aroostook, Car Trust 5s, 1906	3 000	3 000	3 000	
Bangor & Aroostook, 4s, 1901	5 000	4 750	4 750	
Bangor & Aroostook, 4s, 1921	3 000	3 270	3 000	
Bangor Central, 7s, 1912	200	240	200	
Portland & Ogdensburg, Con. Mort., 5s, 1908	2 000	2 070	2 000	
Total railroad bonds of Maine	\$118 200			\$117 905
Baltimore & Ohio, S. W. Div., 3 1/2s, 1925	5 000	4 650	4 537 50	
Capitol-Massillon Electric, O., 5s, 1920	3 000	3 060	3 000	
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Ill., Div. Reg.				
on 1945	5 000	5 350	5 000	
Chicago & Cincinnati, 5s, 1912	10 000	10 000	1 000	
Cincinnati & Indiana Western, 5s, 1912	1 000	1 000	1 000	
Cincinnati, Richmond & Marietta, 5s, 1910	10 000	10 900	10 000	
Des Moines Suburban, Ia., 5s, 1921	2 000	2 220	2 000	
Detroit Railway, Mich., 5s, 1922	6 000	6 480	5 970	
East Liverpool Ry., O., 1st. Mort., 5s, 1917	1 500	1 530	1 500	
Hamlet & Jeffersonville Bridge, 4s, 1945	5 000	4 950	4 950	
New York & Stamford, 5s, 1931	5 000	5 500	5 000	
Pontoon Passenger, N. J., 6s, 1912	5 000	5 400	5 000	
Williamsport & North Branch, 4 1/2s, 1931	10 000	10 150	10 000	
Total railroad bonds out of Maine	\$8 500			\$67 957 50
Corporation Bonds Owned.				
Bath Water Supply Company, 5s, 1916	\$10 000	10 000	10 000	
Bath & Saco Water Company, 4s, 1914	1 000	1 000	1 000	
Bath & Saco Water Company, 5s, 1910	5 000	5 000	5 000	
Bath & Saco Water Company, 5s, 1907	3 000	3 060	3 000	
Bath & Saco Water Company, 4s, 1900-24	25 500	25 500	25 500	
Bath & Saco Water Company, 4s, 1900-24	10 000	10 000	10 000	
Total corporation bonds of Maine	\$54 500			\$54 500
South Refrigerator Transportation Co., Chicago, 4 1/2s, 1910	5 000	5 000	5 000	5 000
National Bank Stock Owned.				
Bath National Bank, Biddeford	\$2 500	2 750	2 500	
Bath National Bank, Houlton	1 000	1 750	1 000	
Bath National Bank, Houlton	600	1 000	600	
Bath National Bank, Portland	4 200	4 368	4 200	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	4 600	4 600	4 600	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	2 500	2 500	2 500	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	1 000	1 150	1 000	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	4 000	4 300	4 000	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	1 000	1 030	1 000	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	700	840	700	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	2 100	3 150	2 100	
Bath National Bank, Wiscasset	1 600	1 600	1 600	
Total National Bank, Kansas City	\$25 700			25 700
American National Bank, Kansas City	100	148	100	100
Loans on Corporation Stock.				
Bath Telephone Company		450	450	
The R. I. Sherman Manufacturing Company, Mass.		1 250	1 250	1 700
Loans on National Bank Stock.				
Bath National Bank, Houlton	2 000	2 000		
Bath National Bank, Houlton	2 410	2 410	4 410	
Loans to Municipalities.				
Fort Fairfield	\$2 250	2 250		
Fort Fairfield	600	600		
Masardis	250	250		
Mt. Chase	1 100	1 100		
Chapman Plantation	1 050	1 050		
Chapman Plantation	1 000	1 000		
Chapman Plantation	900	900		
Chapman Plantation	3 700	3 700	10 850	
Loans on town of Limestone bond	400	400		
Loans on Bangor & Aroostook Railroad bonds	11 145 70	11 145 70		
Loans on Houlton Sewerage Company	1 566 45	1 566 45		
Loans on mortgages of real estate	\$80 952 29	\$80 952 29		
Real estate investment	6 000	3 750		
Furniture and fixtures	800	800	4 550	
Premium account				
Cash on deposit	47 737 23	47 737 23	21 216 80	
Cash on hand	14 123 65	14 123 65	61 860 88	
Unpaid accrued interest	16 125 10			\$915 639 62
Due depositors, earned dividend and accrued State tax	943 771 17			
Estimated market value of resources above liability for de-	891 572 51			
posits, earned dividend and State tax	52 198 66			
Annual expenses \$2,000.				

F. E. TIMBERLAKE, Bank Examiner.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas, Hester Hamilton of Caribou, Aroostook County, Maine, by her mortgage deed dated the fifth day of April, 1904, and recorded in vol. 203, page 344, of the Aroostook Registry of Deeds, conveyed to me, Albert J. Taylor, the following described parcel of real estate situated in that part of Caribou, formerly "T" Township, being a part of lot numbered One Hundred, and described as follows:—Beginning in the center of the Madawaska Road so-called, located on the easterly side of Madawaska Stream, at a point where the northerly boundary of said land formerly owned or occupied by Alfred Benjamin intersects said road; thence from said point as a place of beginning, northerly in said road to the southerly line of land owned or occupied this day by Robert Thompson; thence westerly on said Thompson's south line to the east bank of the said Madawaska Stream; thence southerly along said easterly bank to said northerly line of said Benjamin land; thence easterly along said northerly line to point begun at. Reserving all shore rights previously conveyed by John S. Arnold to J. W. Gary, being same premises conveyed to said Hester Hamilton by John S. Arnold, by deed dated August 11, 1902, and recorded in vol. 122, page 508, of the Aroostook Registry of Deeds.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas, Addie Libby and James H. Libby of Silver Ridge Plantation, Aroostook County, Maine, by their mortgage deed dated Dec. 4, 1902, and recorded in Aroostook Registry of Deeds, vol. 191, page 567, conveyed to Carrie L. Gee, of said Silver Ridge Plantation, the following described parcel of land, to wit:—Part of lot number 8 R. 2, in said Silver Ridge Plantation, bounded northerly by land now formerly owned by Charles H. Hayden; easterly by the east line of said lot number 8 R. 2, southerly by land of William H. Woodbury, and westerly by the road leading from Kingman to Patten, containing fifty acres, more or less, which said mortgage was assigned by said Carrie L. Gee to me, the undersigned, Oct. 25, 1904, said assignment being recorded in Aroostook Registry of Deeds, vol. 196, page 170; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken, now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

ELLERY M. BRADSTREET,

By VERDI LUDGATE, his Attorney.

Sherman, Me., April 24th, 1905.

318

Harvest Twice a Day.

Kennebec Valley Dairy Farmers harvest twice a day and do not know what crop failure means. "Strout's Spring List" describes many big trades in Milk and Cream Farms. Some have stock and tools included. For free copy address E. A. Strout, Kents Hill, Maine.

314

STATE OF MAINE.

To the Honorable the Judge of Probate in and for the County of Aroostook: Respectfully represents John B. Madigan of Houlton, executor of the estate of Joseph Samuel Drolet late of Houlton, in said County, deceased, testate, that said Joseph Samuel Drolet at the time of his decease was the owner of certain Real Estate situated in said Houlton bounded and described as follows:—Commencing on the old Cary Road, so-called, leading from the Military Road, south and at the southwest corner of the house lot formerly owned and occupied by Frank Albert, thence southerly on said Cary road forty-three (43) feet; thence easterly on a line parallel with the south line of said Albert lot forty-three (43) feet from the side of said Cary road; thence northerly on a line parallel with said Cary road to said Albert lot; thence westerly on said Albert's south line to the place of beginning. Same being a part of lot twenty-seven (27) in the South Division of said Houlton and the same premises that Clara M. Stinson conveyed to said Joseph Samuel Drolet by deed dated February 7, 1893, recorded in Aroostook Registry of Deeds, vol. 130, page 354.

Also a parcel of Real Estate of said lot twenty-seven (27), known as the Lavelle place and consisting of two pieces—The first being bounded on the north by south line of Military road leading from Houlton village to Boundary line on east by land formerly owned by Bridget May; on south by land formerly owned by Almon Pettigrove; on west by land parallel to line of said May lot and distant therefrom two (2) rods, and eighteen (18) rods;—And the second being bounded on the north by the south line of Military road; on the east by parcel above described; on the south by line parallel with south line of said road and distant therefrom about eight (8) rods; and on the west by a line parallel with west line of said land above described lot and distant therefrom three (3) rods, and nine and one-half (9 1/2) feet.

Being same premises conveyed to said Joseph Samuel Drolet under name of Samuel Drolet, by deed dated June 8, 1898, recorded in said Registry, vol. 165, page 519.

That the debts of the deceased as nearly as can be ascertained

Amounting in all to

That the value of the Personal

That the Personal Estate is there-

fore insufficient to pay the debts

of the deceased, and expenses of

sale and of administration and it

is necessary for that purpose to

sell some part of the real estate

to raise the sum of

That the residue would be greatly depreciated

by a sale of any portion thereof.

Wherefore petitioner prays that he

may be licensed to sell and convey the whole

or said Real Estate at private sale for the pay-

ment of said debts, and expenses of sale and

of administration.

Dated at Houlton, the 21st day of March,

A. D. 1905.

JOHN B. MADIGAN, EX.

STATE OF MAINE.

ARROOSTOOK, ss.

April Term, A. D. 1905.

Upon the foregoing petition, ordered, That

said petitioner give notice to all persons in-

terested, by causing a copy of the petition and

this order thereon, to be published three

times successively in the Aroostook Times a

newspaper published in Houlton, in said

County, that they may appear at a Court of

Probate for said County, to be held at the

Probate office in Van Buren, in said County,

on the third Tuesday of May next, at ten

o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if

any they have, why the prayer of said peti-

tion should not be granted.

NICHOLAS FESSENDEN, Judge.

Attest: SETH S. THORNTON, Register.

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PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Es-

tates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court held at Houlton, in and for the County of Aroostook, on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred five. The following matters having been presented for the action thereon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ordered, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively before the third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1905, in the Aroostook Times a newspaper published at Houlton, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate office in said Van Buren, on said third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1905, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they so desire.

William H. Sutter late of Presque Isle, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof and that letters testamentary issue to said William H. Sutter presented by Leon E. Sutter presented by Leon E. Sutter.

John J. Rhoda late of New Limerick, deceased. Petition for distribution presented by Jennie M. Rhoda.

Kit M. Coleman of Presque Isle. Petition that the name of Kit M. Coleman be changed to Katherine M. Stevens presented by Margaret B. Stevens, mother of Kit M. Coleman.

Alice Emily Coleman of Presque Isle. Petition that the name of Alice Emily Coleman be changed to Alice Emily Stevens presented by Margaret B. Stevens, mother of Kit M. Coleman.

Laura J. Gould late of Monticello, deceased. Will and petition for probate thereof and that letters testamentary issue to Guy C. Fletcher presented by Guy C. Fletcher the Executor therein named.

Salathiel L. Somerville late of

Uncle Terry

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT evening Frank begged for music, and Alice sang for two long hours. When the concert was ended Albert observed: "If there's one song in the house that you have not sung, Alice, I wish you would sing it. I hate to have you omit any."

"I have only sung what I was asked to," she replied. "Is not that so, Mr. Nason?"

"That is true," replied he boldly, "and you have not sung one that I wouldn't enjoy hearing again tonight."

"Oh, I have enjoyed them all," said Albert, "only I thought you might have missed one, and, as Frank remarked coming home that he was hungry for music, I wanted him satisfied."

The next day they attended church, only this time all three walked back together. Alice was gracious and contented. All her jokes and smiles and all her conversation were lavished upon Frank. Several times Frank, who intuitively felt she did not wish to be left alone with him, started to ask her to take a walk that Sunday evening, but each time his discretion prevailed.

"If she is willing to listen to any loveliness, she has tact enough to give me a chance," he thought, "and unless she is I had better keep still."

The evening was one to tempt Cupid, for the moonlight fell cheerfully through the half naked elms along the roadway, and where here and there a group of maples stood was a bit of shadow. The whippoorwills had just returned to Sandgate, and over the meadows scattered fireflies twinkled.

The houses along the way to the village were wide apart and the evening air just right for a loitering walk. To Frank, anxious to say a few words that would further his hopes in the direction of this bewitching girl, it seemed a waste of good time not to take advantage of the evening. It was almost past and the lights in the houses across the valley had long since vanished when he obtained a little consolation.

The charm of the evening had stilled conversation, and neither had spoken for a long time when he said rather disconsolately: "My anticipated visit is almost over. May I ask you to go in and sing just one song for me, Miss Page?"

"With pleasure," she responded in her sweetest tone; "what shall it be?"

"I will leave that to your selection," he replied.

Without a word she led the way in and began searching among the pile of music on the piano, and, finding what she wanted, opened and spread the music on the rack.

It was "Ben Bolt."

She sang it in a mellow key, and as she sang, words, "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," floated off on the still evening air they seemed to him fraught with a new meaning and that a veritable sweet Alice was singing him, and Ben Bolt, not to forget her. When the last note had faded into the night air she turned her now serious eyes toward him.

"I thank you," he almost whispered. "And there won't be any resting moments in my future when I shall not think of sweet Alice."

It was not much of a love scene, but to him it seemed a wide open door of hope, and when many miles separated them, and for days, weeks and months afterward, even when along the way to crowd dull law reports into his brain, the one tender glance she gave him and the tones of her voice came back with unfailing accuracy.

The first visit of Frank Nason to the Page home, his sleighrides with Alice and his appearance at church had caused no end of comment. It was known that he had been a classmate of Albert and came from Boston, and later Aunt Susan vouchsafed the information that he "grinned like a cat" and that he was the first family and that he appeared right well behaved.

It was all she really did know, for both Alice and her brother were considerate of her feelings and knew it was not safe to discuss their visitor in her presence. The tempest of gossip had not more than half quieted down when it received a regular boom from his second coming. The pupils of the north end district school spread the news of their teacher's unexpected callers and that she had dismissed school at once and gone on with the stranger. Old Amos Curtis, the miller, told of their visit and, wonder upon wonder, how the next day "her beau" had given him a five dollar bill "jest fer lettin' 'em use a leaky old boat for an hour."

The buxom Abby Miles had the best and longest story to tell, and his praise of Mr. Nason, how polite he was and "how he couldn't keep his eyes off'n Alice all the afternoon," was whispered to every girl she knew. The five dollar incident created the most gossip, however. The miller had remarked that a "young feller who threw money round that way must be rich," and that remark soon grew into a story that Alice Page's beau was worth a million and that she was engaged to him.

As might be expected, the subject of all this gossip heard none of it until the storm had reached alarming proportions. Mrs. Mearns was the first one to tell the extent of the gossip.

"They tell me," said that worthy matron to Alice one Sunday "ter church, 'that you ain't likely to teach school after this summer.'"

"And why not?" answered Alice. "Don't I give satisfaction?"

"Oh, 'tain't that. I guess you can imagine the reason, and I want to be the first to congratulate you. They tell me he's worth a pile o' money, an' he's sartainly well favored so far as looks goes; but, then, 'handsome is as handsome does' was allus my motto."

Alice colored.

"Do you mean Mr. Nason, my brother's friend?" she said seriously.

"Why, who else would I mean? I've heard that you was to be married this fall and that he is worth a million. They say he told Amos Curtis he was, though I don't believe that. But anyway, Amos says he gave him \$5 'jest fer usin' his old boat that wa'n't worth a splittin' up fer kindlin's'."

"It's not true, not one word of it," exclaimed Alice angrily, "and if you care for me one bit I wish you would tell everybody I said so."

She waited to hear no more, nor for Aunt Susan, who had lingered to chat with some one, but walked home hurriedly, as if to hide herself. Once in the silent house she began to cool off.

"I won't believe he told Amos he was worth a million," she said to herself. "He isn't so stupid as that. But I am afraid the silly boy did give him \$5, which has started all this gossip."

When Aunt Susan came in she fairly pounced upon her. "Why haven't you told me, auntie, about all this gossip that's going the rounds regarding Mr. Nason and myself? I know you have heard it."

"It's all nonsense, Alice," answered that lady rather sharply, "and you are foolish to listen to 'em. I've heard it, of course, but so long as it's no discredit to you, why let it go into one ear and out 't'other, same as I do! Folks must talk in this town, an' what they're sayin' 'bout you ought to make you feel proud—that a young fellow like him and worth money wanted to come courtin', and he certainly showed he did or I'm no judge."

"He's got Aunt Susan on his side as well as Bert," Alice thought, "and I am glad I kept him at a distance, just to pay him for being so silly with his money."

Late that afternoon Alice called upon Abby Miles and talked about everything except the subject she most wanted to talk about, and then as Abby usually had a Sunday evening caller, Alice came home at dusk. Never before had the house seemed so lonely, and as she sat on the porch and tried to talk with Aunt Susan her thoughts were elsewhere.

When the lights across the valley, which served as curfew by saying bedtime when they went out, had disappeared, she came in and, seating herself in the dark at the piano, softly played the chords and hummed the words of a song.

"I'll come out all right," said Aunt Susan to herself, and she waited till Alice called to her to come in and go to bed.

CHAPTER XIX.

FRANK NASON had consoled himself during the many months of hard study with visions of a yachting trip in July and August, when perhaps in some manner Alice Page could be induced to come, with his mother and sisters to chaperon her and her brother and some other friends to complete the party.

He had the Gypsy put in first class shape and all her staterooms refurnished, and one in particular, which he intended Alice should occupy, upholstered in blue. So well formed were his plans that he timed the start so as to utilize the July moon for the first ten days and mapped out a trip taking in all the Maine coast, spending a week at Bar Harbor, and then a run up as far as Nova Scotia.

He had described all the charms of this trip to Alice and extended to her the most urgent invitation. He had obtained her brother's promise to supplement it and also to make one of the party, and he had persuaded his sister Blanch to aid him with his mother, but he had met discouragement on all sides. In the first place, Alice wrote it was doubtful if she could go. It would be a delightful outing and one she would enjoy, but it would not be right to leave Aunt Susan alone for so long, and then, as her school did not close until the last of June, she would have no time to get ready.

To cap the climax of Frank's discouragement, when July came his mother announced that she had decided to go to the mountains for the summer.

"It's no use, Bert," he said to his friend one evening. "I wanted your sister to go to Maine with us and mother and the girls and a few more to make a party, but it's no go. I can't induce your sister to join us, and it's no use if she would, for mother has determined to go to the mountains, and that settles it. If you and I have any outing on the yacht we must make up a gander party."

"That suits me just as well as, and

in fact better than, the other plan," replied Albert consolingly. "If we have a lot of ladies along we must dance attendance upon them, and if not we can fish, smoke, play cards, sing or go to sleep when we feel like it. I tell you, Frank," he continued, evidently desiring to cheer up that young man, "girls are all right as companions at home or at balls and theaters, but on a yacht they are in the way."

A week afterward, and early one bright morning, the Gypsy, with skipper, crew and a party of eight jolly young men on board, sailed out of Boston and that night dropped anchor under the lee of an island in Casco bay. She remained there one full day and the next ran to Boothbay and found shelter in a landlocked cove forming part of the coast line of Southport island. It was after dinner next day, and while the rest of the party were either playing cards or napping in hammocks under the awning, that Albert Page took one of the boats, his pipe and sketchbook and rowed down the coast a mile to an inlet he had noticed the day before. The outer point of this was formed by a bold cliff that he desired to sketch, and pulling the boat well up behind the inner point, tying the painter to a rock and taking the cushions along, he found a shady spot and sat down. The sloping rock he selected for a seat was a little damp, but he thought nothing of it, and lighting his pipe began sketching.

He worked for an hour putting the weed draped rocks and long swells that broke over them into his book, and then, lulled perhaps by the monotonous rhythm of the ocean, lay back on the cushions and fell asleep. The next he knew he was awakened by a cold sensation and found the tide had risen until it wet his feet. Hastily getting up, he took the cushions and returned to where he had left the boat, only to find it had disappeared. The rising tide had lifted the boat and painter from the rocks, and it was nowhere to be seen.

"There must be some road back up on the island," he thought, "that will lead me near the cove where the Gypsy is," and still retaining the cushions, he started to find it. But he was a stranger to Southport island, and the farther away from the sea he got the thicker grew the tangle of scrub spruce and birches. It was too thick to see anywhere, and after a half hour of desperate scrambling the afternoon sun began to seem about due east. He had long since dropped the cushions, and finally, in sheer exhaustion, he sat down on a rock to collect himself.

"It looks as though I'm billed to stay here all night," he thought as he noted the lowering sun, "and nobody knows how much longer! There must be a road somewhere, though, and I'm going to find it if the light lasts long enough."

He started once more and had not gone ten rods or so he came to one, and then he breathed easier. His clothes were torn, his hands and face scratched by briars, and to save himself he couldn't make it seem but that the sun was setting in the east. He sat down to think. All sound of the ocean was gone, and a stillness that seemed to crawl out of the thicket was around him. He rested a few moments more and then suddenly heard the sound of wheels and presently saw, coming around the curve, an old fashioned carryall, worn and muddy, and driving the horse at a jog trot, a man as dispirited looking as the vehicle. Gladdened at the sight, he arose and, holding up his hand as a signal, halted the team. "Excuse me, sir," he said to the man, who eyed him curiously, "but will you tell me where I am?"

"Waal," was the answer in a slow drawl, "ye're on Southport island an' 'bout four miles from the jumpin' off place. What might ye be goin' to? Ye looked bushed."

"I am," answered Page, "and badly bushed too. I lost my boat over back here on the shore and have had a cheerful time among the Mohawk briars. I belong to a yacht that is anchored in a cove of this island. I can't tell where, and if you will take me to her I'll pay you well."

The man in the wagon laughed. "Say, stranger," he observed with a chuckle, "you 'minded me o' the feller that got full an' wandered round for a spell till he fetched up to a house an' sed to the man that came to the door, 'If you will tell me who I am or what I am or what I want ter go I'll give ye a dollar.'"

Page had to laugh in spite of his plight, for the humorous twinkle in the old man's eyes as he uttered his joke was infectious.

"I'd like ter 'commodeate ye," he added, "but as I'm carryin' Uncle Sam's mail an' must git home an' tend the light, an' as ye don't know what ye want ter go, ye best jump in an' go down to Saint's Rest, where I live, an' in the mornin' we'll try an' hunt up yer boat."

It seemed the only thing to do, and Albert availed himself of the chance. "Can you tell the spot where you found me?" he said to the man as they started on. "I'd like to go back there tomorrow and find my cushions."

"Waal," was the answer, "as I've driven over this road twice a day for nigh on to thirty year, I'm tolerable familiar with it. My name's Terry, an' I'm keeper o' the light at the Cape an' carry the mail to sorter piece out on. Who might ye be?"

"My name's Page, and I'm from Boston, and a lawyer by profession," replied Albert.

Uncle Terry eyed him rather sharply. "I wouldn't 'a' took ye fer one," he said. "Ye look too honest. I ain't much stuck on lawyers," he added with a chuckle. "I've had 'spereance' with 'em. One o' 'em sold me a hole in the ground once, an' it cost me the hull o' twenty year's savin's! Ye'll 'scuse me fer bein' blunt—it's my natur'."

"Oh, I don't mind," responded Albert laughingly. "But you mustn't judge us all by one rascal."

They drove on, and as they jogged up and down the sharp hills he caught sight here and there of the ocean, and alongside the road, which consisted of two rutts, a path and two grass grown ridges, he saw and felt in a less profusion. On either hand was an interminable thicket. In the little valleys grew masses of rank ferns and on the ridges, interspersed between the wild roses, clusters of red bunchberries. The sun was almost down when they reached the top of a long hill and he saw at its foot a small harbor connected with the ocean by a narrow inlet and around it a dozen or more brown houses. Beyond was a tangle of rocks and, rising above them, the top of a white lighthouse. Uncle

Terry, who had kept up a running fire of questions all the time, halted the horse and said:

"Ye can now take yer first look at Saint's Rest, otherwise known as the Cape. We ketch some lobsters an' fish here an' hev prayer meetin's once a week."

Then he chirruped to the horse, and they rattled down the hill to a small store, where he left a mail pouch and then followed a winding road between the scattered houses and out to the point, where stood a neat white dwelling close beside a lighthouse.

"I'll take ye into the house," said Uncle Terry as the two alighted, "an' tell the wimmen folks to put on an extra plate, an' I'll put up the boss."

"I'm afraid I'm putting your family to some inconvenience," responded Albert, "and as it is not dark yet I will walk out on the point. I may see the yacht and save you all trouble."

The sun, a ball of fire, was almost at the horizon, the sea all around lay a marbled expanse of dark blue, undulating with the ground swells that caught the red glow of the sinking sun as they came in and broke upon the rocks. Albert walked on to the highest of the shore rocks and looked about. There was no sign of the Gypsy, and only one boat was visible, and that a dory pulled by a man standing upright. Over the still waters Albert could detect the measured stroke of his oars. That and the low rumble of the ground swells, breaking almost at his feet, were the only sounds. It was like a dream of solitude, far removed from the world and all its distractions. For a few moments he stood contemplating the ocean alight with the setting sun's red glow, the gray rocks at his feet and the tall white lighthouse towering above him, and then started around the point. He had not taken ten steps when he saw the figure of a girl leaning against a rock and watching the setting sun. One elbow was resting on the rock, her face resting in her open hand and fingers half hid in the thick masses of hair that shone in the sunlight like burnished gold. A broad sun hat lay on the rock, and the delicate profile of her face was sharply outlined against the western sky.

She had not heard Albert's steps, but stood there unconscious of his scrutiny. He noted the classic contour of her features, the delicate oval of her lips and chin, and his artist eye dwelt upon and admired her rounded bosom and perfect shoulders. Had she posed for a picture she could not have chosen a better position, and was so alluring and so sweet and unconscious that for a moment he forgot all else, even his own rudeness in standing there and staring at her. Then he recovered himself, and, turning, softly retraced his steps so as not to disturb her. Who she was he had no idea and was still wondering when he met Uncle Terry, who at once invited him into the house.

"This here's Mr. Page, Lissy," he said as they entered and met a stout, elderly and gray haired woman. "I found him up the road a spell an' wantin' to know what he was."

"Albert bowed.

"I am sorry to intrude," he said, "but I had lost my boat and all points of the compass when your husband kindly took me in charge."

Being offered a chair, Albert sat down and was left alone. He surveyed the plainly furnished sitting room, with open fireplace, a many colored rag carpet on the floor, old fashioned chairs and dozens of pictures on the walls. They caught his eye at once, mainly because of the oddity of the frames, which were evidently homemade, and then a door was opened, and Uncle Terry invited him into a lighted room where a table was set. The elderly lady was standing at one end of it and beside her a younger one, and as Albert entered he heard Uncle Terry say, "This is our gal Telly, Mr. Page," and as he bowed he saw, garbed in spotless white, the girl he had seen leaning against the rock and watching the sunset.

Notice of Foreclosure.

Whereas Edie M. Corey of Mars Hill, in the county of Aroostook and State of Maine, be by mortgage dated December 13, 1902, and recorded in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Vol. 208 Page 522, conveyed to me, the undersigned, a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Blaine, in said county of Aroostook, and being all that part of the north half of the south half of lot numbered twenty-two (22) in said Blaine, which lies east of the east Blaine road so called, and being the same premises conveyed to said Edie M. Corey by William K. Dow by deed dated December 13, 1902.

Now therefore the condition of said mortgage is broken, by reason whereof I claim a foreclosure of the same and give this notice for that purpose.

Houlton, Maine, April 19, 1905.
GEORGE A. HALL,
By his Attorneys,
POWERS & ARCHIBALD.

In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease. Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures Corns, Bunions, Painful Smarting, Hot, Swollen feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c.

Bangor & Aroostook Railroad

Winter Schedule. In Effect Oct. 10 1904.

NORTHBOUND

TRAIN NO. 7—Leave Bangor 3:55 a.m. Oldtown 4:25 a.m. Arrive Brownville 5:35 a.m. Millinocket 6:40 a.m. Sherman 7:25 a.m. Houlton 8:50 a.m. Presque Isle 10:32 a.m. Ft. Fairfield 11:00 a.m. Caribou 11 a.m. Van Buren 12:50 p.m.

TRAIN NO. 1—Leave Bangor 7:00 a.m. Oldtown 7:30 a.m. Arrive Milo 8:43 a.m. Dover & Foxcroft 9:22 a.m. Guilford 9:41 a.m. Monson 10:57 a.m. Greenville 10:55 a.m. Milo 8:43 a.m. Brownville 9:01 a.m. Katahdin Iron Works 9:50 a.m. Millinocket 10:25 a.m. Sherman 11:21 a.m. Ashland 2:15 p.m. Fort Kent 1:15 p.m. Houlton 12:55 p.m. Presque Isle 2:16 p.m. Ft. Fairfield 3:05 p.m. Caribou 3:15 p.m. Van Buren 5:20 p.m.

TRAIN NO. 29—Leave Bangor 3:15 p.m. Oldtown 3:45 p.m. Arrive Milo 4:30 p.m. Brownville 4:48 p.m. Millinocket 5:03 p.m. Sherman 6:54 p.m. Houlton 8:15 p.m. Presque Isle 9:57 p.m. Fort Fairfield 10:15 p.m. Caribou 10:25 p.m.

TRAIN NO. 11—Leave Bangor 4:50 p.m. Old Town 5:25 p.m. Arrive Milo 6:38 p.m. Dover & Foxcroft 7:07 p.m. Guilford 7:26 p.m. Mon on Jet. 7:42 p.m. Greenville 8:40 p.m. Milo 6:55 p.m. Brownville 6:45 p.m.

SOUTHBOUND

TRAIN NO. 12—Leave Greenville 5:35 a.m. Monson 6:20 a.m. Guilford 6:40 a.m. Dover & Foxcroft 7:01 a.m. Brownville 7:20 a.m. Milo 7:20 a.m. Milo Jet. 7:42 a.m. Arrive Old Town 8:43 a.m. Bangor 9:25 a.m.

TRAIN NO. 102—Leave Caribou 6:00 a.m. Presque Isle 6:27 a.m. Ft. Fairfield 6:00 a.m. Houlton 8:05 a.m. Ashland 6:50 a.m. Sherman 9:25 a.m. Millinocket 10:16 a.m. Katahdin Iron Works 10:15 a.m. Brownville 11:25 a.m. Milo 11:34 a.m. Arrive Old Town 12:25 p.m. Bangor 1:00 p.m.

TRAIN NO. 4—Leave Van Buren 7:00 a.m. Caribou 11:40 a.m. Presque Isle 12:11 p.m. Ft. Fairfield 11:35 a.m. Houlton 2:00 p.m. Fort Kent 10:40 a.m. Ashland 12:45 p.m. Sherman 3:27 p.m. Millinocket 4:20 p.m. Brownville 5:33 p.m. Milo 5:43 p.m. Greenville 3:40 p.m. Monson 4:45 p.m. Guilford 4:52 p.m. Dover & Foxcroft 5:11 p.m. Milo Jet. 5:53 p.m. Arrive Old Town 6:50 p.m. Bangor 7:25 p.m.

TRAIN NO. 8—Leave Caribou 4:10 p.m. Presque Isle 4:38 p.m. Ft. Fairfield 4:15 p.m. Houlton 6:29 p.m. Sherman 7:48 p.m. Millinocket 8:43 p.m. Brownville 9:58 p.m. Arrive Oldtown 11:10 p.m. Bangor 11:45 p.m.

FOOT FAIRFIELD BRANCH

TRAINS will leave Ft. Fairfield Jet. at 6:45 and 10:20 a.m. 2:35, 5:10 and 9:15 p.m. due Fort Fairfield 7:15 and 11:00 a.m. 3:05, 6:00 and 9:15 p.m. Returning leave Ft. Fairfield 6:30 and 11:35 a.m. 4:15 and 8:00 p.m. due Ft. Fairfield Jet. 6:52 & 10:00 a.m. 12:15, 4:45 and 9:00 p.m.

LIMESTONE BRANCH

TRAINS will leave Caribou at 8:00 a.m. & 3:30 p.m. the Limestone 8:50 a.m. 4:10 p.m. Returning leave Limestone 9:50 a.m. and 4:40 p.m. due Caribou 10:40 a.m. and 5:35 p.m.

PATTEN BRANCH

TRAINS will leave Sherman at 11:25 a.m. 3:20 and 7:00 p.m. due Patten 11:50 a.m. 3:55 & 7:25 p.m. Returning leave Patten 8:50 a.m. 2:50 and 6:15 p.m. due Sherman 9:15 a.m. 3:15 and 6:40 p.m.

ADDITIONAL TRAINS

LEAVE Ashland 6:50 a.m. and 12:45 p.m. Ashland Jet. 8:40 a.m. and 2:37 p.m. due Houlton 9:20 a.m. and 3:15 p.m. Returning leave Houlton 11:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. due Ashland 7:12 p.m. and 4:10 p.m. Ashland 2:15 and 6:00 p.m.

PULLMAN PARLOR AND SLEEPING CARS.

Parlor Car on trains Nos. 29 and 102 between Bangor and Caribou until further notice. Sleeping Car on trains Nos. 7 and 8 between Boston and Caribou. Sleeping Car between Houlton and Greenville on trains leaving Boston at 7:40 p.m. and Greenville at 3:40 p.m. until further notice.

For detailed information regarding changes, and time of trains at stations not shown above please see regular time tables which will be ready for distribution about Oct. 1st.

GEO. M. HOUTGTON, W. M. BROWN, General Manager, Superintendent, C. C. BROWN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, BANGOR, ME., Sept. 26, 1904.

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—DEALER IN—
HAY, OATS, POTATOES
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Prompt Attention Given to Collecting.
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Dr. Harry Garrison
DENTIST
FRISBIE BLOCK
Fine Gold Work
a Specialty.
If it is absolutely neces-
sary for you to have your
teeth extracted I can do
it for you
PAINLESSLY
I am using a method
Entirely New in
Arrostook Co.
No Ether or Chloroform
Used in my offices.
Offices in Frisbie Block over
G. W. RICHARDS & CO.
Spring-Pooler's Believes Right Away
and makes a speedy end of coughs and colds.

The Habit of War.

The primeval man, we are told, was a fighting animal. Probably he found, like the beasts and birds around him, that he had to fight, to save his life, to gain his food, to defend his home and family, and his property when he had any. Ages elapsed before he learned that there could be any other method than fighting to settle his differences with the rest of creation. But he did discover it at last. He learned that by combining with other men and establishing some form of government he could vastly increase his powers both for self-preservation and for attack.

It is not recorded when he first learned that his disputes could sometimes be settled without recourse to battle and murder and sudden death. His mind, however, finally evolved the idea that some of them might be laid before a third party for peaceable decision. Once started, this idea slowly, but surely, grew and spread, taking the shape of judges, cadis, and other tribunals. Now after twenty or forty centuries, or whatever the number may be, courts of justice have become the permanent habit of all civilized countries for the settlement of individual disputes, though even in some of the most highly civilized the old savagery occasionally breaks out in the form of the duel, the vendetta, or the personal encounter.

Man, it has been said, is but "a bundle of habits," and nations are but bundles of men. But man, the individual, acquires habits much more rapidly than that artificial and complex organism of human intelligence that is called a "state" or "nation". The individual man generally knows what he wants, and has a more or less clear idea as to the best way of getting it. But the nation often does not know what it wants, and is usually divided in opinion as to the proper way to get it. Hence the nations have been much slower to accept the fact that there is any better arbiter of disputes than the sword. They still cling to the old weapon, through fear that the scales may not give good measure. Our case is summed up in a nutshell when we say that what is needed is to have the same ideas extended to our dealings between nation and nation that are now universally recognized and acted upon in our dealings between man and man.

The first step made by the nations in that direction was the sending and acceptance of diplomatic representatives. The whole system of diplomatic intercourse is based upon the principle of appealing to reason instead of resorting to arms. The work of the diplomatist is rarely appreciated, because his functions are so little understood. There is still a wide-spread belief that the diplomatist is a man sent a broad to lie in his own country and to get some unfair advantage over the other one. Yet his work is really of the greatest importance to both nations. He goes abroad to settle quarrels, to pacify disputes, to bridge over difficulties, to meet just claims and expose unjust ones, to avert war, and to promote peace, commerce, and friendship. In a word, he is the universal peacemaker. The popular eye and ear are captivated by the "clash of arms," but they ignore the rustle of papers and exchange of protocols. Yet the statesman or diplomatist who keeps his country out of a war confers quite as much benefit upon her as another may by trying to plunge her into one.

Out of centuries of diplomatic intercourse has been gradually evolved the whole of the benign and majestic fabric of international law. It is not a code of laws enacted by any congress or parliament, or decreed by any sovereign. It is simply a custom, a habit, resting upon the common consent of the civilized world. Yet how irresistible it is! Its unseen hand restrains fleets and armies, and its calm words are heard farther than the loudest artillery!

Finally as a logical sequence of the system of international law has come the modern thought of having tribunals to administer it. That is the work toward which our conferences and treaties are now tending,—a work already happily begun by the establishment of the tribunal at The Hague. Even if no cases ever came up for decision there, The Hague tribunal would still be rendering service to humanity; for it is a perpetual reminder to the nations that, whenever they choose, they can honorably avoid war and continue to walk in the paths of peace. The habits of the world are not to be changed in a day nor in a year; but, as time goes on, men will be more and more disposed to inquire why they cannot settle their national differences by the same methods as their individual.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Will positively cure any case of Kidney or Bladder disease not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
strengthens the urinary organs,
builds up the kidneys and invigorates the whole system.

IT IS GUARANTEED
TWO SIZES 50c and \$1.00

Passed Stone and Gravel With Excruciating Pains
A. H. Thurnes, Mgr. Wills Creek Coal Co., Buffalo, O., writes: "I have been afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble for years, passing gravel or stones with excruciating pains. Other medicines only gave relief. After taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE the result was surprising. A few doses started the brick dust, like fine stones, etc., and now I have no pain across my kidneys and I feel like a new man. FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE has done me \$1,000 worth of good."

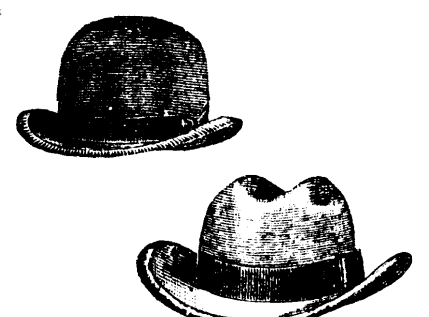
No Other Remedy Can Compare With It
Thos. W. Carter, of Ashboro, N. C., had Kidney Trouble and one bottle of FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE effected a perfect cure, and he says there is no remedy that will compare with it.

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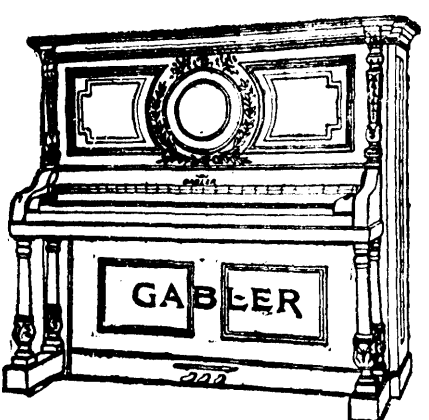


Spring Styles 1905

Lamson & Hubbard hats are always becoming, comfortable, stylish and fine in quality.

For sale by

S. FRIEDMAN & CO.



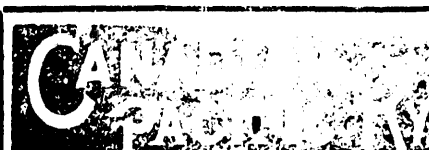
If all the Facts about the Famous

GABLER PIANOS

could be known, they would be every one's first choice. Perfect in tone and touch, artistic in design and finish, they represent the most advanced principles of modern piano building, and meet the requirements of the most critical musician.

All parties interested in investigating the merits of the above Pianos write or call on

Mrs. ANNA M. HUSSEY,
Local Agent. Caribou, Me.



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SECOND CLASS TICKETS

FROM HOULTON, ME.
To VANCOUVER, B. C.
VICTORIA, B. C.
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.
SEATTLE & TACOMA, WASH.
PORTLAND, ORE.

\$58.15

To NELSON, B. C.
ROBSON & TRAIL, B. C.
ROOSELAND, B. C.
GREENWOOD, B. C.
MIDWAY, B. C.

\$55.65.

On sale daily March 1st. to May 15th, 1904
Proportionate Rates to other points.
Also to points in COLORADO, IDAHO,
UTAH, MONTANA & CALIFORNIA.
call on F. R. PERRY,
or write F. R. PERRY,
Acting D. P. A., C. P. R.,
St. JOHN, N. B.

Notice.

Those in need of first class brick, stone and mason work of all kinds done promptly, call on
WILLIAM H. PATTEN,
Residence No. 27, Elm St.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Houlton Water Co. will be held at the company's office in the Fogg block on Monday April 17th, at 7.30 o'clock in the evening.

J. A. BROWNE, Secy.

LOW RATES

GERMAN AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY.

NEW YORK CITY.
ASSETS DEC. 31, 1904.

Real Estate	\$ 15,000.00
Mortgage Loans	15,000.00
Stocks and Bonds	11,025,413.49
Cash in Office and Bank	402,323.45
Agents' Balances	880,676.29
Interest and Rents	51,902.26

Gross Assets	\$12,259,008.80
Deduct Items not admitted	9,102.57
Admitted Assets	\$12,250,906.23

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1904.

Net Unpaid Losses	\$ 67,067.25
Unearned Premiums	1,713,822.94
All other Liabilities	287,803.16
Cash Capital	1,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities	\$8,382,002.88

Total Liabilities and Surplus, \$12,250,906.23
WM. C. DONNELLY, Agent,
Houlton, Me.

THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.
ASSETS DEC. 31, 1904.

Real Estate	\$1,113,000.00
Mortgage Loans	28,500.00
Collateral Loans	0
Stocks and Bonds	11,625,500.00
Cash in Office and Bank	764,412.67
Agents' Balances	862,918.33
Bills Receivable	10,165.48
Interest and Rents	95,295.52
All other Assets	51,945.00

Gross Assets	\$14,549,397.20
Deduct Items not admitted	6,343.88
Admitted Assets	\$14,543,053.32

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1904.

Net Unpaid Losses	\$ 410,515.05
Unearned Premiums	5,906,815.33
All other Liabilities	172,152.11
Cash Capital	1,000,000.00
Surplus over all Liabilities	6,753,660.83

Total liabilities and surplus, \$14,543,053.32
WM. C. DONNELLY, Agent,
Houlton, Me.

Water Rates AND SEWERAGE.

Water rates for the present quarter are now due and must be paid before May 1st.

Office, Fogg block. Hours 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

Open Monday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9 p. m.

B. B. MCINTYRE, Supt.

Houlton, April 4, 1904.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO. BANGOR DIVISION.

Commencing Monday, March 27, 1905, steamers leave Bangor at 11 A. M. Bangor at 1.30 P. M. For Belfast or permitting Camden, Rockport and Boston.

RETURNING.
From Boston Tuesdays and Fridays at 5 P. M. From Rockport Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5.30 A. M. via way landings. All cargo except Live Stock via the steamers of this Company is insured against fire and marine risk.

HENRY T. SANBORN, Agent,
Bangor, Me.
A. H. HANSCOM G. P. & T. A.
CALVIN AUSTIN, Vice Pres't.
& Gen'l Manager, Boston.

Rated H. P. 5 Actual H. P. 6, Bore 6 "Stroke 6" Revolution 350. Price \$175.00
Simple, durable, economical and reliable. You can pay more, but you cannot buy a better engine. 12 to 150

H. P. Horizontal and Portable.

Cord wood saws \$20.00

Pole saws \$24.00

Feed cutters

windmills,

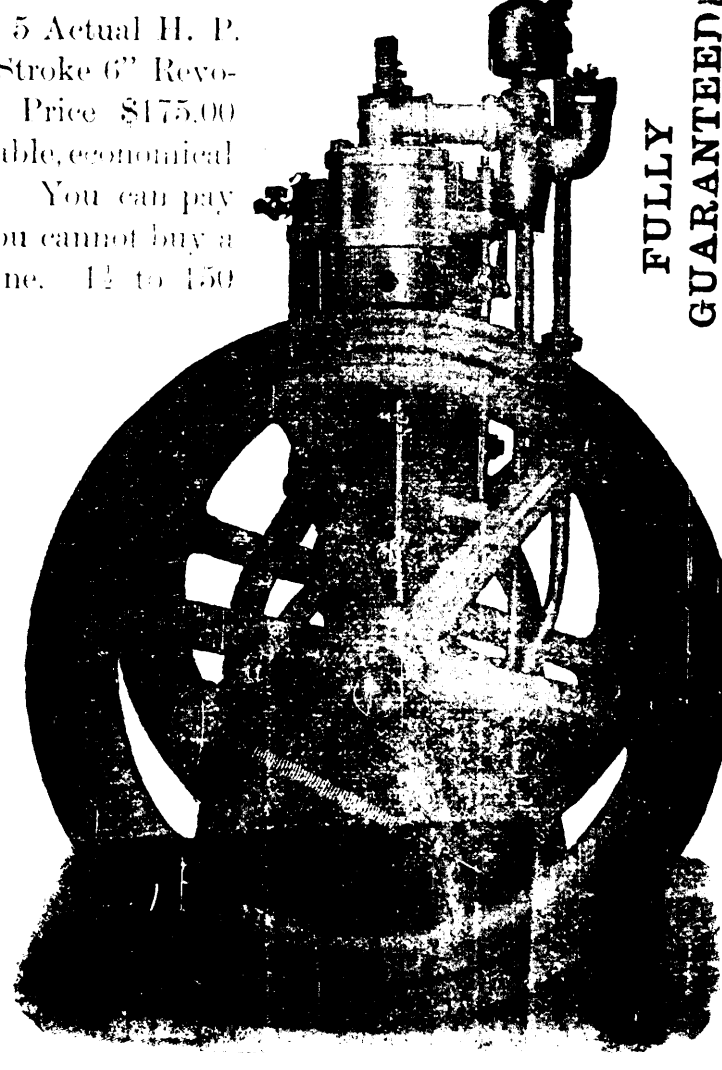
silos tanks,

pumps.

Send for catalogues.

STEVENS TANK & TOWER CO.

Auburn, Me.



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To be thinking of purchasing your

BUILDING MATERIAS, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

For a full line of the above and a fine line of General Hardware go to

R. L. TURNEY,

Who has recently fitted up quarters at the rear of the

MILLAR BLOCK.

FRUIT & VEGETABLES
We have a full line of fresh fruit and vegetables, including apples, pears, peaches, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, and all the latest crops. We also have a large stock of fresh vegetables, including cabbages, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, green beans, peas, corn, and all the other staples. We guarantee the quality and freshness of all our produce. Just call on us for a complete list of our offerings. Address: **E. A. STROUT, 150 Nassau St., N. Y. City.** Tremont Temple, Boston, or Augusta, Maine.

Arrostook Times 1 year \$1.00.