

HOLLOWAY'S

Red Blood Syrup
Great English Remedy

For Pale, Weak, Nervous Persons, or the one with a Consumptive Tendency.

This is no new tried remedy, but has stood the test of time and experience, and so great is the faith in this preparation that dealers are instructed to refund the money, in all cases, when after using the prescribed dose for ONE WEEK, and are not satisfied with its results.

All Diseases of the Blood readily yield to its curative properties, and it never fails to do its work in cases indicated above.

In cases where the constitution has been Run Down by Overwork, it is a Specific.

It is pleasant to the taste and is readily taken by children. This Preparation is equally good for the Young, Middle Aged and Old.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received as to its Wonderful Curative Properties wherever used, and in no case has it ever failed to cure or benefit the user.

FOR SALE BY

Chas. G. Connell, Woodstock.

W. E. Thistle, Hartland.

A LUNNON FOG.

The following clever verses, entitled "The Highlander in Canada," appeared recently in The Mail and Empire. Mr. Arthur J. Stringer of London is the author:—

You talk of 'Ome and the sins of 'Ome,
But I says 'ere, over my grog,
As there ain't no smell like a Lunnion smell,
And the stink of a Lunnion fog.

Out 'ere it's chop the whole day long,
With the icicles round your mouth,
And your 'ands a-freezin' onto your axe,
And the red sun low in the south.

Till every grey light says it's supper time,
And we chop our last log through,
And go marching 'ome with the Frenchies first,
A-singing their parleyvo.

And then as you look across the hills,
At the shanties' curlin' smoke,
You think of grub, an' you some-ow feels
As work is good for a bloke.

And you drinks the air like a shandy-gaff,
For it's booze that's better'n wine;
And makes you eat like a tramcar 'orse,
And sleep like a bloomin' swine.

Then after you have your pork and beans,
You takes a 'and in the game—
With a big brown jug of "Mountin Doo"
To keep a-goin' the same.

And you lay at nights, and ear the wind
A-driftin' up the snow,
While a 'Alf-breed grunts in the bunk above,
And a Frenchie snores below.

Oh, it's then I 'ankers after 'Ome,
And a sniff of Bethnal Green,
And the pub where Sallie draws 'er beer,
As 'aughty as any Queen.

For ain't 'ad sight of wimmin-folks
Since I foundered 'ere last fall,
And it's 'ard, where a man once 'ad 'is pick
Of a Lunnion music-'all.

And there's Ennery with his 'ansom cab,
Goin' up and down the Strand;
And if I was Ennery and Ennery me,
I'd give this bloomin' 'and.

Your world out 'ere is free and big,
And your air may be champagne,
But I want the stink of a Lunnion fog
In this 'ere nose again!

O you talk of 'Ome, and the bad of 'Ome,
But I says, now, over my grog,
I'd give this 'and for the 'ome-like smell
Of a good old Lunnion fog!

Souris, Man., Sept. 21, 1896.

Messrs. Edmanson Bates & Co.
Dear Sirs,—I find your goods taking remarkably well with my customers and they appear to give every satisfaction, as indicated by the fact of our having sold one-half gross of your Kidney-Liver Pills alone during the month of August.
S. S. SMITH, Souris, Man.

A Spirited Interview.

"And you asked her father for her hand?"
"Yes."
"Was he violent?"
"Very. He said I must be an idiot to think of such a thing."
"What did you reply?"
"I told him that, of course, he knew his own family better than I did, but that I was willing to take my chances.—Washington Star.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is known by its works. The experience of half a century proves that no other preparation of the kind stops coughing and allays irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes so promptly and effectually as this.

Its Winter Spree.

The gas pipe, the organ pipe,
The smoker's pipe of clay,
Are sober things we long have learned to trust;
But the water pipe—a paradox—
When frigid grows the day,
Is prone to go and get upon a bust.
Washington Times.

Peterborough, Oct. 22, 1896.

To Messrs. Edmanson Bates & Co., Toronto.
Gentlemen,—I take great pleasure in testifying to the merits of Dr. Chase's K. & L. Pills. They prove themselves to be just what they are recommended for, and are one of the best selling pills that I have ever handled. J. D. TULLY, Druggist.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristics which make a man.—Samuel Smiles.

WAITING FOR THE SUMMONDS.

The Peaceful Closing Days of John Ruskin.

In the fallen, yet fallow, evening of his life, John Ruskin sits by the low, broad English window in his library at Brantwood, and looks out over his English lawn with its bird-life and its elm trees. They are the same blackbirds Tennyson apostrophized, and Ruskin loves them as he has loved for a long life all things in animate nature. Here sits her great high priest and watches the sun go down, as his own sank a few years ago and now lingering low in the horizon to its setting.

In the subdued glory of his evening sky pilgrims come and worship, but few are admitted to his presence. Only with those who can prove the closest tie does the careful butler make the discrimination. His visitors are not more than one or two weekly, for his friends have long kept sacred his need and desire of quietude. Presence of the great peace he is daily approaching.

"He has aged considerably, even since the last year, when the accompanying photograph was taken by a friend from London," says an American who found him some six weeks ago sitting in exactly the same place in his library. But the features, remarkable as it may seem, do not show the decrepitude the years have given Mr. Gladstone's face, and the wonderful eye that saw the Alps and Turner (no man's else ever did) is as sharp and expressive as ever. It is doubtful if Ruskin will undergo any great change in countenance and expression from the portrait here shown till his final summons comes. His health, which was somewhat impaired in 1881, has been good for more than a year. Yet physically he is very feeble. He speaks hopefully of work yet to be done, but it is only a glimmer reflected from the glory of the great years that have gone, not the promise of fulfilment, as the visitor sadly sees while he still listens reverently.

His work is done, and as each day's shadows fall over Brantwood he is palpably closer to the end. Yet it is very difficult to say, as the strong, clear eye is turned on you, just how long the spirit whose earthly beacon it will keep it bright.

Ruskin sits there waiting for the end, and the years roll over him, and this is how he looks. There is very little talk with his visitor—a word or two, quickened by a memory and silence falls again. But one comes after feeling that to have grasped that great hand and looked perhaps for the last time on that holy face is enough.

The house is very quiet, and ordered solely for him. There are only two or three servants, and a very careful butler, who opens the door for you. Ruskin has had no family for years. His first and only love married Millais, who died only the other day.

As the visitor comes away he feels over all that the closing scene is the fulfilment of Tennyson's sweet hope when he wrote for himself the lines:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea."

A book on bicycle etiquette has been published. When a large, open-faced ice wagon runs into a bicyclist and punctures his golf-stockings the rider may speak to the driver without the formality of an introduction.

SHILOH'S CURE, the great Cough and Croup Cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains 25 drops only 25c. Children love it. Sold by all druggists.

Never does a man betray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Richter.

Scurfy Head.

If a child's head is scurfy, do not comb the hair, which is apt to scratch and irritate the scalp, but brush gently. After washing the head thoroughly, dry it, and apply Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual but religious in character.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT will purify your Blood, clear your Complexion, regulate your Bowels and make your head clear as a bell. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

An honest man who stood upon the ragged edge of death, but was convinced of the truth.

CALAIS, ME., May 13, 1896.

John Boyd, mason, 61 years old, says: "Last Spring I was very sick and miserable, had no appetite, could not sleep nights, began to think my time had come, and that I was to join the great majority. I walked around the streets feeling entirely used up, was good for nothing, could not do a minute's work, until like a drowning man gasping for straws, concluded to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and began using it, as directed; it began to help me from the first trial. After using three bottles, my old-fashioned good health returned to me, and have been well and strong ever since. I cannot express in language the great worth of this wonderful medicine and what I think of it." Yours truly, JOHN BOYD.

HELP CAME AT LAST.

I have been a hard working man doing general work. Over one year ago I suffered a severe attack of LaGrippe. It left me in a helpless condition. I suffered with severe pains in my back and could not do any work. I was advised to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles, and it is marvelous how quick it cured me. That is over two years ago, and my health since that time has never been better. LINDSAY SCOTT.
Calais, Me., Jan., 1896.

PRINCETON, May 23d.

THOMSON SARSAPARILLA CO.:
Having the LaGrippe last winter, I was left near spring in very bad shape. I was all run down and I began to think I would never get any strength. F. H. Hall, of Calais, called at my place and advised me to take Thomson's Sarsaparilla. He said he would send three bottles if I would take them, and after taking two bottles began to gain strength. I then took two more, and I must say of all the different kinds of medicines I have taken, it is with me one of the best. And I will say that I thank Mr. Hall and the Thomson Sarsaparilla Co. for what it has done for me.
C. A. ROBBINS.

Given up in despair to die.

PATRICK MYERS, of Calais, Me., says: I was troubled with eruptions on the face and body, causing at times a burning and itching sensation which was almost unendurable; could do no work. I tried to get help from a number of our physicians, and paid them hundreds of dollars, which proved hopeless, was confined to my bed. I gave up entirely to despair. I was advised to try Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and I used eight bottles which entirely cured me. It purified my blood, restored my appetite, made me feel like a new man. Today am about my work, not forgetting to speak great words of praise for the above medicine.

Weak, Nervous, Sleepless, Tired and Run Down.

Nothing is so common today as the complaint of weak nerves. Read the testimony of MR. H. W. EATON, of Calais, Me.:
My nerves were so unstrung that it was a burden for me to do any business, and sleep was out of the question, also had considerable difficulty with my stomach. I tried Dr. Thomson's Sarsaparilla, and it proved a blessing to me. I think everything of it, it is a great medicine, and it is a pleasure for me to recommend it.

There are numberless people who do not call themselves sick, yet who are not well. They feel weak, nervous, languid and tired. They have lost their vim, power of endurance and ambition to work. Most people have these feelings in the spring, because at this season the blood is impure, the nerves weakened, and the liver, kidney and bowels inactive.

Prepared by the

Doctor Thomson Medicine Co.,
Calais Me., and St. Stephen, N. B.

Choice Porto Rice Molasses.

Pratt's Astral Kerosene Oil,

This is the very best Pennsylvania Oil.

A well assorted stock of Fresh Canned Goods.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee, Mocca and Java (in 2lb Tins)

Morton's Pickles. A Good Canadian Pickle,

16c. a bottle.

A Complete Line of Crockeryware.

Our goods are fresh. We will sell at reasonable profit. Call and see.

NOBLE & TRAFTON,

63 Main Street.

Have you Provided

for your Family in case of your unexpected demise?

Have You Provided Surely

for your Old Age if you should enjoy a long life?

Life Insurance does both in combination not obtainable in any other way. Choose a company economical in management, offering unquestionable security, moderate premiums, a policy free from all technicalities. Such is the

Confederation Life Association.

Established 1871.

Its unconditional Accumulative Policy is Replete with Guarantees in all directions.

Assets.....\$5,324,000
Insurance in Force.....\$26,610,000

D. F. MERRITT, Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent.

Will sell goods Very Cheap till 1st of Feb. FOR CASH.

BOYER BROS'. SHOE STORE, CONNELL ST.

Tommy: "Did the fowl hurt you, Mr. Jones?" Friend of Tommy's mother: "What do you mean, my boy? What fowl?" Tommy: "Well, I wanted to know if it hurt, 'cause Mummy said you have been henpecked for twenty years."

Coroner: "Is this man whom you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger?" Witness (who had been told by the company to be careful of his statements): "No, sir. His leg was gone entirely. He was a partial stranger."