

Utilization of Sawdust.

In Austria a new method of utilizing sawdust has been invented. At the sawmills of Joseph Fialla the experiment has been tried of making briquettes of the sawdust for domestic heating purposes. The dust is heated to dryness and then to the point where the tarry elements begin to exude. These are used as the consolidating matter, the hot sawdust passing on steam-heated tables to a press which forms them into briquettes, five by three by one and one-quarter inches, weighing about one-half pound. It is said that they give four per cent, of ash and that their heating power is equivalent to that of lignite. The press makes 19 bricks per minute, and with 300 days of work produces 6,000,000 briquettes per year. The experiment has shown that the cost of manufacture is 16 cents per thousand, while the selling price is \$1 per 1,000.

The Blunt Englishman.

During his short stay in England some years ago the king of Portugal frequently took various little trips by train secretly and accompanied by only one of his suit. Traveling down to Hatfield once in a second class compartment, the Portuguese king entered into conversation—the king speaks English fluently—with a typical, plain spoken "John Bull."

"They seem to be making a deal of fuss over the king of Portugal, sir, who is now in London. Have you seen him, might I ask?" "Yes," replied the Englishman. "He ain't much of a king to look at. Why, sir, his stomach ain't no fatter and his face ain't no more intelligent than yours."

His majesty said afterwards that he could understand why the English people were called "plain spoken."

Are You in the Line of Promotion?

You may wonder why you are not advanced, or why some one else is promoted above you when you feel that you are more worthy. But are you really in line of promotion? Have you studied every detail of your business as an artist studies his canvas? Have you read books which bear upon your vocation in order to broaden your knowledge and make you of more value to your employer in the event of your promotion? Are you the best man or woman in your department? If you cannot answer these questions in the affirmative,—if you are not better qualified than any one around you,—then you cannot expect to be advanced.

Be King in Your Line.

Be king in your line. The world does not demand that you be a physician, a lawyer, a farmer, or a merchant; but it does demand that, whatever you do undertake, you will do it with all your might and with all the ability you possess. It demands that you be a master in your line.

The world does protest against a good shoemaker doing bad cobbling in a legislature; it does protest that a farmer shall not still do farming while in the pulpit, that a dry goods clerk who would make a good engineer shall not continue to handle the yardstick.

A School For Translators.

The Bookman advocates the establishment of a school for translators, "with a very rigid and painful system of discipline, and a large force of savage and able-bodied proctors, to see that the system was enforced. As matters stand today," the writer continues, "the average translation would be a farce if it were not something of a crime. There seems to be a general impression that anybody with a pad and a dictionary or two is quite equal to the task of serving up a great French or German masterpiece for English and American readers. We know of cases where it has been necessary for business reasons to turn off a translation in twenty four or forty-eight hours. Twenty or thirty clerks are called in, to each is allotted a chapter, and in due time the butchery is consummated."

How the Major Saved His Pile.

"Speaking of train robberies," said a veteran railroad man in an after-dinner group in the St. Charles lobby the other evening, "did any of you fellows ever hear that story about Major Patterson?" The yara is not new," he continued, "and I thought some of you might have heard it before; but it happens to be strictly true, and is worth telling again. Years ago the Major was travelling on the railroad through western Kansas, when he fell into conversation with a very agreeable chap from St. Louis. Train robberies were frequent in those days, and when the conversation finally turned to that subject the St. Louis man remarked that he had an excellent scheme for hiding his money in such an emergency. 'I simply put it under the sweat band of my hat,' he said, 'and no robber in the world would ever think of looking there for cash.' With that he pulled off his hat and showed where he had \$250 'planted' as he described.

"About an hour later the train was suddenly halted while it was turning a lonely ravine, and in a few moments a masked man entered the car and began to systematically loot the passengers, while two other robbers kept them covered with shotguns from the doors. When the fellow reached him the

Major looked up coolly and declared he had less than a dollar in his pocket. 'Now, if you'll leave me that and my watch,' he said, 'I'll tell you something worth knowing: That fellow in the next seat has \$250 under the sweat-band of his hat. All right! said the robber, 'keep your watch and chicken feed,' and he proceeded to confiscate the other passenger's cash. When the agony was all over, and the marauders had departed, the St. Louis man turned around, bursting with rage and indignation. 'That was a dirty, low-down trick!' he roared, 'and I'm going to hold you accountable for every cent of my money!' 'I expected you to, my friend,' replied the Major, quietly, 'and here is the amount. 'You see,' he added, 'I happen to be a paymaster in the United States army, and I have a matter of \$40,000 in this valise by my feet. Under the circumstances I felt justified in temporarily sacrificing your little \$250 to divert attention. I shall charge it up to the Government as extra expense in transportation of funds.' —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Schoolboy of the Future.

Teacher (to applicant for admission): "Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination?" "Yes, sir." "Have you been inoculated for croup?" "Yes, sir." "Had your arm scratched with cholera, bacilli?" "Yes, Sir." "Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough measles, mumps, and old age?" "Yes sir." "Have you your own private drinking cup?" "Yes sir." "Do you promise not to exchange sponges with the boy next to you, and never use any but your own pencil?" "Yes sir." "Will you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur, and sprinkle your clothes with chloride of lime once a week?" "Yes, sir." "Then you are eligible for entry upon the school roll."

A Tragedy of the Civil War.

Ladies' Home Journal: One of the shocking tragedies that occurred toward the close of the war was the death of the daughter of Gov. Pickens immediately after her marriage to Lieut. Le Rochelle. "On the afternoon preceding the evening of the marriage the Northern army began shelling Columbia, but preparations for the wedding continued. Finally the guests were all assembled and the clergyman was proceeding with the solemn ceremony, and had just joined the right hands of the happy pair, when, suddenly, there was an awful crash, and a ball from the enemy's cannon penetrated the mansion and burst in the middle of the marriage-chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in every direction. There were screams and a heartrending groan; mirrors crashed; the house shook; women fainted; and walls rocked to and fro.

"When the first confusion was over it was discovered that in all the crowd only one person was injured, and that was the bride herself. She lay partly on the floor and partly in her lover's arms, crushed and bleeding, pale but very beautiful, her bridal gown drenched with warm blood, and a great cut in her breast. Laying her on a lounge, the frantic bridegroom besought her by every term of tenderness and endearment to allow the ceremony to proceed, to which she weakly gave consent, and lying like a crushed flower, no less white than the camellias of her bridal bouquet, her breath coming in short gasps, and the blood flowing from this great, angry wound, she murmured yes' to the clergyman, and received her husband's first kiss. A moment more and all was over.

"She was laid to rest under the magnolias, and the heart-broken bridegroom, reckless with despair, returned to his regiment."

A COIN TRICK.

Young Man Astonished the Clerks in a Bank by a Feat of Balancing.

A young man from a wholesale house down on the river front presented a check at one of the banks the other day and while the money was being counted out amused himself by balancing coins on the narrow edge of the paying teller's window. Finally he performed an astonishing feat. He first balanced a silver dollar so it stood up on edge, then placed a half dollar edge to edge on top of it and completed the pyramid with a bright new quarter. His manipulation as he deposited the coins one on the other was beautifully delicate, and the spectacle of all three standing without support made the teller's eyes

It Hurt To Eat.

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Miss Maggie Splude, Dalhousie, N.B., wrote the following: "I have been a sufferer from Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia for the past two years and felt very miserable. I could not take much food as it hurt me to eat. My friends said, 'Why don't you try B.B.B.' I did so, using two bottles, which made such a complete cure that I can now eat anything I like without it causing me discomfort."

protrude from their sockets.

"Why, that's perfectly amazing!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't have believed it could be done!" The other attaches looked and marveled.

"It takes a steady nerve to do it," said the young man carelessly. Sweeping the coins with a dexterous grab, he dropped them into his pocket, picked up his money and strolled out. It was not a busy hour, and after he was gone all hands began balancing silver, or rather, trying to. The thing was as fascinating as the old "pigs in clover" puzzle, because one could come so near without doing it. Nearly everybody succeeded in balancing the first dollar, and a few managed to poise the 50 cent piece for an infinitesimal, breathless instant, but it always fell down again, and that was as far along as any one could get. For an hour or so there was silver all over the floor, and the bookkeeper had to make good a dollar that rolled into a crack. Next day the dexterous young man scanted in with another check.

"We were all trying that balancing trick of yours yesterday," remarked the teller as he handed over the bills, "but none of us could do it. You're right when you say it takes steady nerves."

"Y-e-s," replied the young man, grinning, "and it's also facilitated by a little shoemaker's wax on the edge of the coins."

Old gentleman—"Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" Little Boy—"Never! We have moral suasion at our school." Old Gentleman—"What's that?" Boy—"Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at, and that's all."—Tit-Bits.

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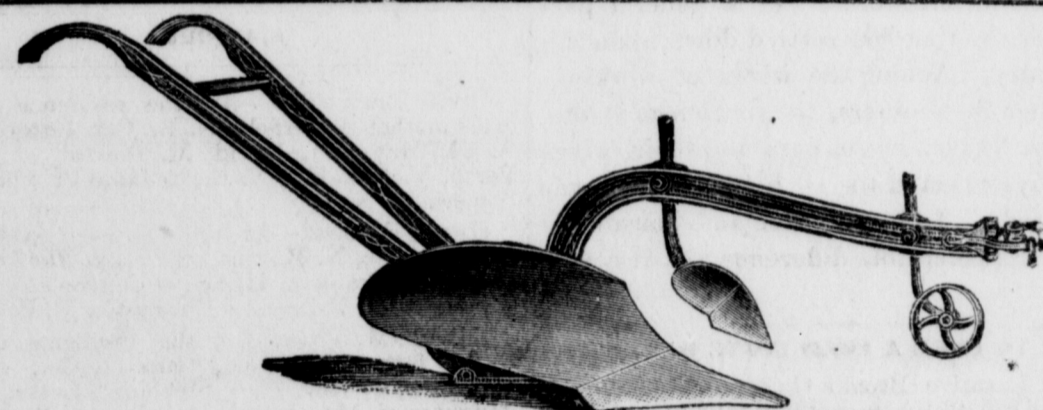
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