

BRITISH



TROOP OIL LINIMENT

FOR

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

An Interview With Nobody.

A new star has arisen in the literary firmament in the person of Mr. Zero O. Nobody, whose recent book, "No Matter What" (being the Memoirs of Cypher Little, late major of His Majesty's Naughty-Ninth Nincompoops), has sold five hundred thousand copies before publication.

Mr. Nobody was born and erased in No-where, New Jersey, and is descended from a long and insignificant line of ancestors. On his mother's side he comes of the famous Anybodys of Eurol Place. He is now living at his villa home, "Nowheremuch," a charming house of only one short story, painted mediocre, with a windmill in the rear.

Mr. Nobody disclaims all the usual tricks by which authors attain success. "I have no methods, no style, no knowledge," he says, "I depend entirely upon Nothing for inspiration, and leave the rest to my publishers."

Mr. Nobody's study is characteristic of this rising young nonentity, filled with nameless knickknacks and adorned with old negatives. The walls are covered with books; but, in accordance with the prevailing literary fashion they are not a mere conglomerate of different authors, but all copies of one book—his own. He does not collect first, but only thousandth editions. The ceiling is stenciled, and of a dull color, the floor is flat, while the windows are obvious. In one corner of the room is an old cannon, seated astride which Mr. Nobody dictates hysterical romances. "The public likes a smooth-bore," he explained with a meaningless smile.

"I have no needs, no necessities. Every day I rise at ten, walk into the front yard to be photographed, look at the ticker tape that quotes sales by direct wire from my publishers. Then I take a nap and dictate masterpieces. I have not been well for some time," having caught a rather serious idea some months ago. Oh, yes, it was before I wrote "No Matter What." By using many stenographers at once I am able to complete the whole novel before publication, though that, of course, is seldom necessary. The advertisements, reviews and posters are, of course, done long before I commence work."—"Bookman."

IMITATIONS ABOUND, but insist upon getting the genuine "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. "The D. & L." has stood the test of years. It cures. Its imitations are impotent. "The D. & L." is made by the well-known Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

An Expensive Telegram.

Punctuation, which used to be regarded as a very essential part of composition, does not receive the same attention to-day which was formerly given to it. There is, however, one man who, if he were asked, would be likely to concede its importance.

He is a wealthy business man of New York, a man of large liberality, and very generous to his family. During his absence from the city his wife desired to make a purchase of laces amounting in value to two thousand dollars. The sum was large, and although she knew his generosity, she decided to telegraph to him for his sanction before buying.

In reply to her telegram of inquiry came the answer, "No price too high." Touched by such liberality, and stimulated by the cheering message, she proceeded to buy not only the laces which she had in mind, but other goods to the value of eight thousand dollars.

When the husband returned and his wife showed him her purchases, he asked to see the telegram which she had received. It was something of a surprise to him, but he said nothing. What he had written was, "No Price too high."

UNNECESSARY TO SUFFER FROM ASTHMA. This distressing complaint can be perfectly cured by inhaling Catarrhazone a vegetable antiseptic that destroys the germs which cause the disease. Catarrhazone is inhaled at the mouth from a convenient pocket in haler, and after permeating the minutest air cells, is exhaled slowly through the nostrils. It stops the cough, makes breathing regular, and eradicates the Asthma so thoroughly from the system that it never returns. Don't suffer from Asthma, use Catarrhazone, it will speedily cure you. Large outfit, \$1.00. Small size, 25 cents. Druggists or by mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Broke Him of Borrowing.

People who are continually borrowing household utensils and neglect to return them are annoying neighbors. The problem of how to cure them of the habit was solved in an effective though somewhat costly way by one long-suffering householder.

A new man had moved into the neighborhood. One of the first things he did, after getting his goods into the house, was to borrow a step-ladder from his next-door neighbor, Mr. Smith. He "needed it in putting up his window-shades," and "would return it shortly."

Next he borrowed a tack-hammer, to use in putting down his carpets.

Then he wanted a hatchet, a screw-driver and a gimlet, all of which things Mr. Smith, being an accommodating man, allowed him to take.

Several days passed and none of the borrowed articles had been returned.

"I'll cure him," said Mr. Smith.

About a week later the new neighbor came back with the screw-driver, and apologized for having kept it so long.

"That's all right," said Mr. Smith, with a genial smile. "But you had better keep it now. I have bought another."

With a muttered apology the new neighbor hurried back and returned with the gimlet, the hatchet and the tack-hammer.

"You are welcome to those," said Mr. Smith, cordially. "I have bought some others and don't need them."

"But—"

"That's all right. You keep them. They'll come handy about the house."

Again he hurried away, and was returning with the step-ladder when Mr. Smith, who was just going out, met him.

"Why, bless me," he said, "you needn't bring that ladder back! I have got a new one, so I shall not need it."

The new neighbor kept the things, but he never borrowed anything more of Mr. Smith.

A Food for Brain and Muscle

Whether it is brain fag, loss of memory, inability to concentrate the mind or bodily weakness and general debility, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will restore your old-time energy, strength and health. Through the blood and nervous system, it reaches every part of the body and overcomes weakness, irregularities and disease.

In The Interest of Science.

When one's friend is a scientist and given to experiments, a little caution may not be out of place before consenting to do him a favor. That, however, did not occur to a certain well known public man whose experience is related in an Australian paper. He went to the laboratory of an old schoolmate, a Melbourne professor of chemistry, to make a friendly call. The professor was studying a dark brown substance spread out on a sheet of paper.

"I say," he cried, when greetings had been exchanged, "would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become vitiated by trying all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the accommodating friend, and he promptly opened his mouth.

The professor took up some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue. The man worked it around in his mouth for fully a minute, tasting it as much as he might have tasted a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as gall."

"Heu-m-m! All right."

By this time the visitor's curiosity was aroused. "But what is it, anyhow?" he inquired.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning horses with it."

Rejected Books that Have Brought Fortunes.

Few men have had a more merciless experience of rejection than Thomas Carlyle; in fact, he had long passed middle-age before he ceased to be familiar with that most unwelcome intimation, "Declined with thanks." "Sartor Resartus" wandered as vainly in search of a publisher as ever Noah's dove in quest of dry land. "Its career was punctuated by uncompromising 'No's,' and when at last it found a place in the columns of 'Fraser's Magazine' it was paid for at less than the ordinary rates, and the editor was full of qualms as to his wisdom in publishing it at all.

Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was turned unceremoniously from a score of doors before its author, whose belief in his work no amount of rejection could shake, decided its fate by publishing it himself—with what results the world knows.

Mr. J. H. Shorthouse had a curiously similar experience with "John Inglesant," one of the most brilliant and original works of the last generation. No publisher would even consider it, and in despair its author had a few copies printed at his own cost in Birmingham. Then, but not until then, the publishers tumbled over each other in competition for the privilege of publishing it.

A well-known book of a very different type, "Mr. Barnes of New York," was re-

jected by every publisher in America and England to whom it was offered, and as a forlorn hope Mr. Gunter published it at his own expense. Its popularity was immediate and phenomenal, and no one but the author could say how many thousands of pounds it has brought to his exchequer. In a single year it yielded a revenue of £10,000.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," perhaps the most widely-circulated story ever written, failed altogether to find a publisher brave enough to produce it in book form, and was finally produced serially by an obscure American newspaper. Even then the well-known publishers would not touch it, and it was left to small firm to publish it, with immense profits to themselves and to the author.

"Lorna Doone," that most beautiful of Devonshire tales, was refused by several publishers, and when at last it made its appearance it was almost universally ignored until the Marquis of Lorne's marriage, through the similarity of names, drew attention to it and made its merits commonly known.

Charlotte Bronte had an experience of "consistent rejection" which would have broken the heart of any less brave woman. Her brown-paper packages of manuscript returned to the Haworth parsonage with sickening regularity. In fact, her novel "The Professor," probably achieved a record in the way of rejection.

Kinglake's remarkable book on Eastern travel, "Eothen," was refused so often and so uncompromisingly that, in very disgust, he took out the manuscript one day and offered it to the first bookseller whose shop he came across. The bookseller saw its merits and published it; and Lockhart's review of the book in the "Quarterly" gave it such advertisement that the demand quickly surpassed the bookseller's power of supply.

Fanny Burney's "Evelina" was so often refused that when a Fleet Street publisher offered her £20 for the manuscript she accepted it with thanks. Mr. Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" was rejected by more than one publisher; and Fielding's "Tom Jones" was utterly ignored until its author had won fame with his dramas.

Tom Hood's famous "Song of the Shirt" was so persistently declined that in despair he sent the poem to the editor of "Punch" begging him to inter it in his waste-paper basket.

Even Miss Corelli, whose writing career is commonly supposed to have been one unbroken series of successes, began with rejection, and no less a judge than Mr. Hall Caine passed a verdict of refusal on her "Romance of Two Worlds." The late Mr. Grant Allen used to say that the first hundred MSS. he submitted to editors were returned without a single exception; and his first book he was compelled to publish himself.

Mrs. Benham: "Was the hotel where you stopped homelike?"

Mr. Benham: "Very. There wasn't a thing on the bill of fare that was fit to eat."

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COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN. ENLARGING THE MOST TENDER FACE TO ENJOY A CLOSE SHAVE WITHOUT UNPLEASANT RESULTS. Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented by "the same name." Pond's Extract, which easily soaps and generally contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

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There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel, NEW YORK, Jan 3, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having it carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or other very true poisons, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901

DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Feb. 5, 1901.

DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit. Home address, 235 Rivington street. S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 129th st., New York City.

Trial Bottle sent Absolutely Free on receipt of Postal.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

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"FAMOUS ACTIVE"

Ranges have every device for cooking big dinners.

No fowl or roast too large for the oven.

Oven is aerated so that juicy, highly flavored meats and dainty puddings can all be baked and roasted together, without the least fear of any of them being tainted.

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ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

Gentlemen:—Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion. About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely. I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever. I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain Very truly yours, F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

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