

The "Backward Glance."

Miss Heywood tapped at Hazel's bedroom door. "I presumed on being your godmother, and came right up," she called.

A minute later a tear-stained, girlish face peeped out, and Miss Heywood was drawn inside a room that looked as if a whirlwind had just passed through it.

"Horrible, isn't it?" Hazel agreed, as Miss Heywood glanced about. "You see, I was late to breakfast without doing a thing to this room, and then I rushed off to school, and mother left it all just for a lesson to me. And, oh, Ned had had that nice Mr. Wilson up in his room, and Mr. Wilson knows this is my bedroom, and when I asked Ned why he couldn't have had the brotherliness to close my door, he said—oh, he said—he was so used—to seeing it like this—he never thought!" and a wet hollow in a pillow which had evidently been doing duty before received Hazel's unhappy face.

"Hazel," said Miss Heywood, presently, "if you'll take orders from me for sixty seconds I'll teach you something that will prevent your ever having this trouble again. I call it the 'backward glance.'"

Hazel was sitting up in surprise. "Go stand by the door," began Miss Heywood, taking out her watch. "We'll suppose you are starting down to breakfast, but as you reach the door you give one backward glance to make sure that your room looks as you'd like to have it if the person whose opinion you value most were to pass the door."

"You see several things to do, don't you? But you have just one minute to do them in."

"Now, ready, begin! Pick up that night-dress from the floor and hang it on its hook. Take the slippers from the bed and those shoes from the middle of the room and put them in the closet. Good! Snatch that towel from the back of the chair and hang it on the rack. Lay those gloves and dangling ribbons and that collar inside the drawer, and close all the drawers. Quick, please! Take that tangled mass of bedclothing and turn it smoothly over the foot of the bed. Lay the pillows on that chair by the window and throw up the window. Good! Hazel Maessen, you did all that in one minute!"

"You stretched it!" laughed Hazel, breathless with the race.

"Not one second," denied Miss Heywood, "and if my room looks tidier than yours today, it is simply because I never, from the hour it was taught me, have forgotten to give the backward glance as I reached my door. Tell me, now," and she took the girl's face in both her hands, "wouldn't it pay to get up just one minute earlier?"

The White Plague Follows Colds.

NEGLECT THE COLD AND CONSUMPTION FINDS AN EASY STARTING POINT—YOU CAN CURE THE COLD BY USING

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Consumption begins with a cold. If you check the cold you prevent consumption.

By the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine you can cure the cold and avoid the risk of serious developments.

It lessens the cough, aids expectoration, clears the choked up air passages, heals the raw and inflamed membranes and thoroughly cures the cold.

There are many newer medicines than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, but few that have been so long before the public, and none with such a grand record of success—of success in curing disease and consequent enormous sales.

Especially in the treatment of croup, bronchitis and severe chest colds this great prescription of Dr. Chase has easily taken the lead. It is far more than an ordinary cough mixture, and can be depended on even in the most serious cases.

Don't be satisfied with new and untried remedies, when you can obtain Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from any dealer at 25 cents a bottle.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Insincerity.

The clergyman who finds inevitable insincerity in a man and woman vowing to love each other until death do them part, is not without reason.

But what then?

Shall the man, remaining safely within the limits of his capacity, promise to love the woman until he does see her with her hair in papers, and the woman, equally shunning the pledge she cannot perform, promise to love the man until he does measure more than forty-six inches about the belt?

A certain admixture of insincerity seems to be a practical necessity.

Should everybody be sincere, the effect would be a cataclysm. It is doubtful if even the revision of the tariff otherwise than at the hands of its friends would effect the social fabric more profoundly.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., FEB. 8, 1905.

A Modern Job.

Taking the advice of his doctor, who prescribed much that he did not practice, Brown ate only plain food. He had hardly become used to the new diet when his wife, whose club was anti-everything, but chiefly anti smoking, strove earnestly with him till he cleared from the house all signs of worship of My Lady Nicotine. Next, the dear children, having signed the total abstinence pledge, besought him, after the manner of the children described in Sunday school literature and depicted on the poster of the lurid melodrama, to "stop drinking" and Brown swore off the occasional glass.

Not knowing what expect next, he was nevertheless not surprised when a committee of the "Reduction in Profanity League" waited upon him and in pharisaic tones begged him not only to cease swearing, but also to use his utmost endeavor to have all his friends do likewise. Then came by mail a circular—sent out on the "hit and miss" principle—implored him to wear less expensive clothes and give the difference to charity. Soon afterwards he found among his letters at the office a circular which sought to pledge him not to throw waste-paper and banana-skins on the sidewalks or pavements. He was relieved to get word from the society which protests against going to theatres—he had been worrying lest they should overlook him. But on receiving an awe-inspiring card asking him not to read bad books, he said to himself: "Surely there can be nothing else to give up!" Soon he realized his error in judgment. There was still the organization which traced all diseases to the general habit of expectorating in public place there was the Anti-Kissing Circle the League for the Lessening of Sunday Leisure, the Don't Worry Club, four societies which were interested in his moral qualifications to be at large, and a cold-blooded, innocent-appearing sheet entitled "Duty's Don'ts."

Lastly came the Moral Reform Association advising him what candidates should get his vote. Poor Brown waited eight days, in the hope that the Humane Society would send him a medal, and then gave up the struggle.

Yet a careful observer must have noticed that all the papers, in reporting this particular case of suicide, said, "No cause can be assigned for the rash act."

A Hustler.

There was a combination of wholesale and retail business in her eye as she entered the office of a leading dentist and inquired:

"Can you pull six teeth for me at once?"

"Have you come prepared?" he asked in reply.

"Why, I'm here, ain't I?"

"But do you wish to take laughing gas or ether?"

"No, sir; I'll sit on the chair and you clinch on and pull."

"Very well, ma'am."

She removed her bonnet, took her place in the chair, and he pulled six front teeth without bringing a groan.

"How soon can I get a plate?" she inquired, as she got out of the chair.

"In about six weeks, ma'am—a permanent plate."

"All right, go ahead. Is there a chiropodist near?"

"One or two doors down."

"I want seven corns and five warts taken off. Good shoemaker handy?"

"Next door, ma'am."

"That's right. I want a pair of shoes made to force me to toe out for a while. Chemist's shop down the street?"

"One opposite, ma'am."

"I want to get these freckles off. Six teeth, half a crown each—fifteen shillings. Here's your money."

"Excuse me, ma'am, if I ask you if you are an American?"

"No, sir; I'm a widow from Manchester. Live five miles out. Struck a man who looks as if he'd like to be my second husband, and I'm going into training on the off-chances. Good day."—"Pick-Me-Up."

Over and Under.

In paddling down the Squatook River, in New Brunswick, one of a party of hunters had an experience which afforded much amusement to his companions. In "Around the Camp Fire," Mr. C. G. D. Roberts tells the story:

The last few miles of the Squatook River were easy paddling, save that here and there a fallen tree was in the way. In passing these obstacles Stranion proved unlucky. His canoe led the procession, with himself standing erect, alert, pole in hand, in the stern, while Queerman sat lazily in the bow.

At length we saw ahead of us a tree trunk stretching across the channel. By ducking our heads down to the gunwales there was room to pass under it. But Stranion tried a piece of gymnastics, like a circus-rider jumping through a hoop. He attempted to step over the trunk while the canoe was passing under it. In this he partly succeeded. He got one foot over, according to calculation, and landed it safely in the canoe. But as for the other—well, a malicious little project-

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We paid \$100,000 for the American rights to Ligozone; the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. We cured all kinds of germ diseases with it—thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We proved that in germ troubles it always accomplishes what medicine cannot do. Now we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Test it as we did; see what it does. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do. You will use it, not only to get well, but to keep well. And it will save nearly all of your sickness.

Kills Inside Germs.

Ligozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Ligozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetable matter.

There lies the great value of Ligozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Ligozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that we have spent over one million dollars to supply the first bottle free to each sick one we learned of.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Ligozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

- Asthma
- Abcess—Anemia
- Bronchitis
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- Bowel Troubles
- Coughs—Colds
- Consumption
- Colic—Croup
- Constipation
- Cancer
- Dysentery—Diarrhea
- Dandruff—Dropsy
- Dyspepsia
- Syphilis
- Hay Fever—Influenza
- Kidney Diseases
- La Grippe
- Leucorrhoea
- Liver Troubles
- Malaria—Neuralgia
- Many Heart Troubles
- Piles—Pneumonia
- Plenty—Quincy
- Rheumatism
- Rickets—Scrophulous
- Skin Diseases
- Stomach Troubles
- Tumor Troubles
- Tuberculosis

Fever—Gall Stones
Gout—Gout
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All diseases that begin with fever—ill infam
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In nervous debility Ligozone acts as a vitalizer,
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50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Ligozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Ligozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Ligozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to The Ligozone Company, 558-564 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is..... I have never tried Ligozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

1 2 3 4

B A Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not using Ligozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

ing branch took hold of it by the moccasin, and held on with the innate pertinacity of inanimate things. The canoe wouldn't wait, so Stranion remained behind with his captive foot. He dropped head first into the water, whence we rescued him.

The next time we came to an obstruction of this kind Stranion did not try to step over it. He stooped to go under it. But another malicious branch now came to the front. The branch was long, strong and sharp. It reached down, seized the back of Stranion's shirt, and almost dragged him out of the canoe. Failing in this, for Stranion's blood was up, it ripped the shirt open, and plowed a long red furrow down his back.

James Henry Smith, the New York millionaire, objects to newspaper interviews. "The newspaper writer," he said recently, "has you at too great a disadvantage. With the interpolation of a line he can make your most earnest utterances appear absurd. Furthermore, if he is a talented person, it is not so much his purpose, in an article about you, to report you truly and justly, as it is his purpose to write a brilliant and amusing story. Hence he is always as brilliant and amusing as possible, but these excellent qualities are displayed at your expense. I heard not long ago of a Western newspaper man whose joy it was to ridicule his fellow townsmen. Two men were taken out of a carriage one evening, and he paragraphed the accident in his paper in some such way as this: 'John Brown and Henry Jones of State street were driving last night on the New Road, when their horse took fright at a scarecrow. The animal shied, reared, and, becoming unmanageable, bolted. Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones were thrown out at a curve of the road, alighting unharmed on a heap of sand. Fortunately, both men were sober.' Smith and Jones, naturally enough, were enraged at this paragraph. They demanded of the journalist that he make reparation. If he didn't make reparation, they would, they said, horsewhip him at the first opportunity. Well, he made reparation. He made it, on his editorial page, in these words: 'In yesterday's issue, in our report of the runaway accident of Messrs. John Smith and Henry Jones, we stated that fortunately, both men were sober. This statement, it appears, has given great offence. We therefore beg to withdraw it!'"

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

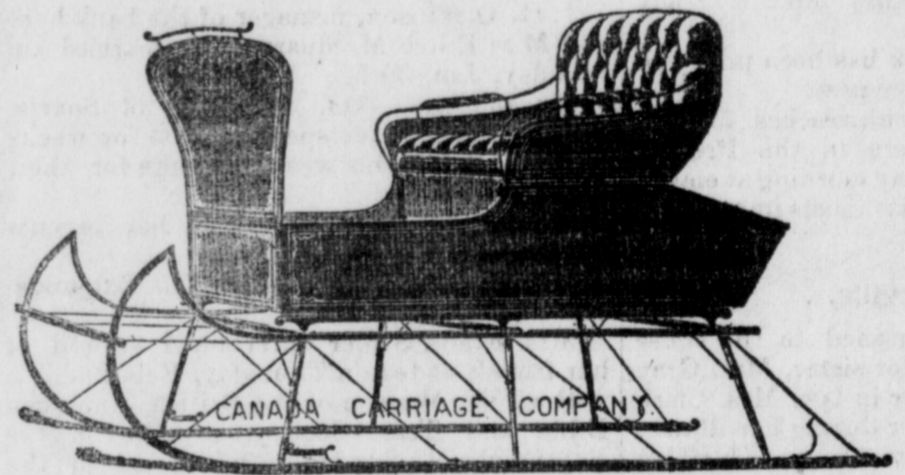
It is natural to pass urine three times a day, but many who regard themselves as healthy are obliged to pass water six to ten times daily and are obliged to get up frequently during the night. They have sick kidneys and bladder and don't know it. Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills cure Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder diseases, and make new, rich blood.

We will send you a generous sample post paid free, together with our large book on the above mentioned diseases. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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