

## Consumption

¶ There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung.

¶ From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They can take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.

¶ We will send you a sample free.

¶ Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

Scott & Bowne

Chemists

Toronto, Ont.

50c. and \$1; all druggists



### "The Holy City."

Thirty-men, red-eyed and dishevelled, lined up before a Judge of the San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of 'drunks and disorderlies.' Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,  
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,  
Beside the temple there."

The song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on and every man in the line showed emotion. One or two dropped to their knees, one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort for self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms and sobbed, 'O mother, mother!'

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room blended in the hush. Then one man protested.

'Judge,' said he, 'have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the Court, yet the Judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!  
Sing for the night is o'er!  
Hosanna in the highest!  
Hosanna for evermore!"

The Judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly, a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.

### The Ivory Trade.

It is a curious fact that notwithstanding the marked advance in the price of ivory in recent years, the volume of sales has not diminished, but has actually increased. Tusks have been selling in the markets of London and Antwerp at an advance of fifty per cent. over the prices charged a few years ago.

The causes which have led to this advance in price are interesting. It is not due to

any artificial manipulation of the markets in the great centres, nor is it due to increased demand or scarcity of elephants. For the cause the inquirer must look to the heart of Africa, where a spirit of genuine commercialism is manifesting itself among the natives.

Their Wealth is in ivory, and they have learned to value it as such. Indeed, the wealth of leading men among the natives was once commonly counted in tusks. They would say of a dusky capitalist of this kind that he was worth so many tusks, just as one in this country would say that a man is worth so many dollars.

Of course, that was a natural phase in the development of a primitive people. The red man estimated his riches in wampum and the Laplanders in furs. They often would part with their possessions for a few beads or trinkets. They did not know the value of a dollar. Certainly it can no longer be said of the natives of Africa that they do not know the value of money. They have learned. Thus it comes that the "heathen in his blindness" is not so blind as has been supposed.

Increased transportation facilities and telegraphic communications have brought Africa into closer touch with the rest of the world. It is said that a native may be working one thousand miles in the interior and yet he can quote you the cash value of tusks in the Antwerp or London market.

Of course it is a far cry from Africa to the United States, and yet there is a good market for ivory in this country. Alert and enterprising buyers are always on the lookout for opportunities to pick up good tusks. If Bostock or Barnum and Bailey ever chance to have an elephant die on their hands in this country it is not a dead loss to them by any means. It is likely that an energetic buyer of ivory will be bidding for it before the carcass is cold.

American manufacturers confine themselves mainly, though not exclusively, to such workings of ivory as are appropriate for toilet goods. The process of manufacture is a delicate one, requiring considerable skill. A tusk weighing, say, from seventy-five to one hundred and seventy-five pounds is bolted to a moving table, on which it is sawed into plates. During this stage the tusk has to be kept thoroughly wet down to prevent burning, as ivory is very hard and a good deal of heat is generated by the friction.

From these plates or flat pieces various rough shapes are sawed out, according to the forms of designs which are to be perfected later on. In sawing out these shapes care has to be taken to avoid spots or blemishes in the ivory, and at the same time guard against wasting valuable material. To be able to do this with good judgment and discrimination is one test of a good workman in ivory, and the number of men who are competent to do this kind of work is very limited. Indeed, ivory working seems to be a "select" sort of craft into which but few are initiated.—Chicago Tribune.

### Andre's Monument.

The monument at Tappan, Rockland County, N. Y., in memory of Major John Andre, executed as a spy by order of Gen. Washington in the Revolutionary War, will be bought in a few days by the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, with sufficient land about it to convert the site into a public park.

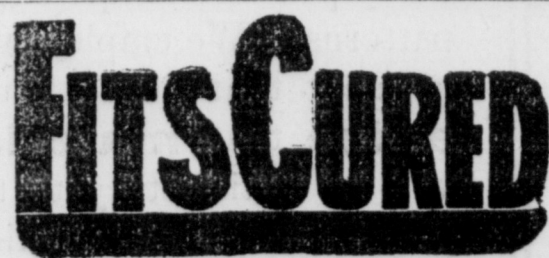
The Andre monument was erected by Cyrus W. Field and stands on the site on which Andre was executed and buried. Andre's remains reposed on the spot until August 10, 1821, when they were disinterred under British auspices and carried to England where they now lie in a superb sarcophagus in Westminster Abbey.

In 1879 Dean Stanley was on a visit to Cyrus W. Field at Tarrytown, and the talk turned to Andre. Field said that if the dean would write the inscription he would buy the ground where Andre had been executed and erect a monument upon it. Dean Stanley wrote a fitting inscription and subsequently Field erected a monument bearing these lines:

"Here died, October 2, 1780, Major John Andre of the British army, who entering the American lines on a secret mission to Benedict Arnold for the surrender of West Point, was taken prisoner tried and condemned as a spy. His death, though according to the stern code of war, moved even his enemies to pity; and both armies mourned the fate of one so young and so brave. In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster Abbey.

A hundred years after the execution this stone was placed above the spot where he lay, by a citizen of the United States, against which he fought, not to perpetuate the record of strife, but in token of those better feelings which have since united two nations, one in race, in language and in the religion, in the hope that the friendly understanding will never be broken.

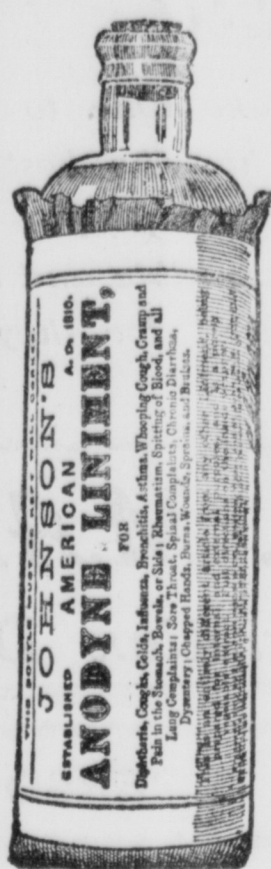
ARTHUR PENRYN STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.



If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

LEIBIG'S FIT CURE

## WANTED—A Cold or a Cough



that can't be relieved or cured, by a few drops of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on a teaspoonful of sugar. There is no remedy that will cure a cold so easily, or allay fever and inflammation so surely, as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It stops that raw feeling in the throat; clears your head; checks your cough.

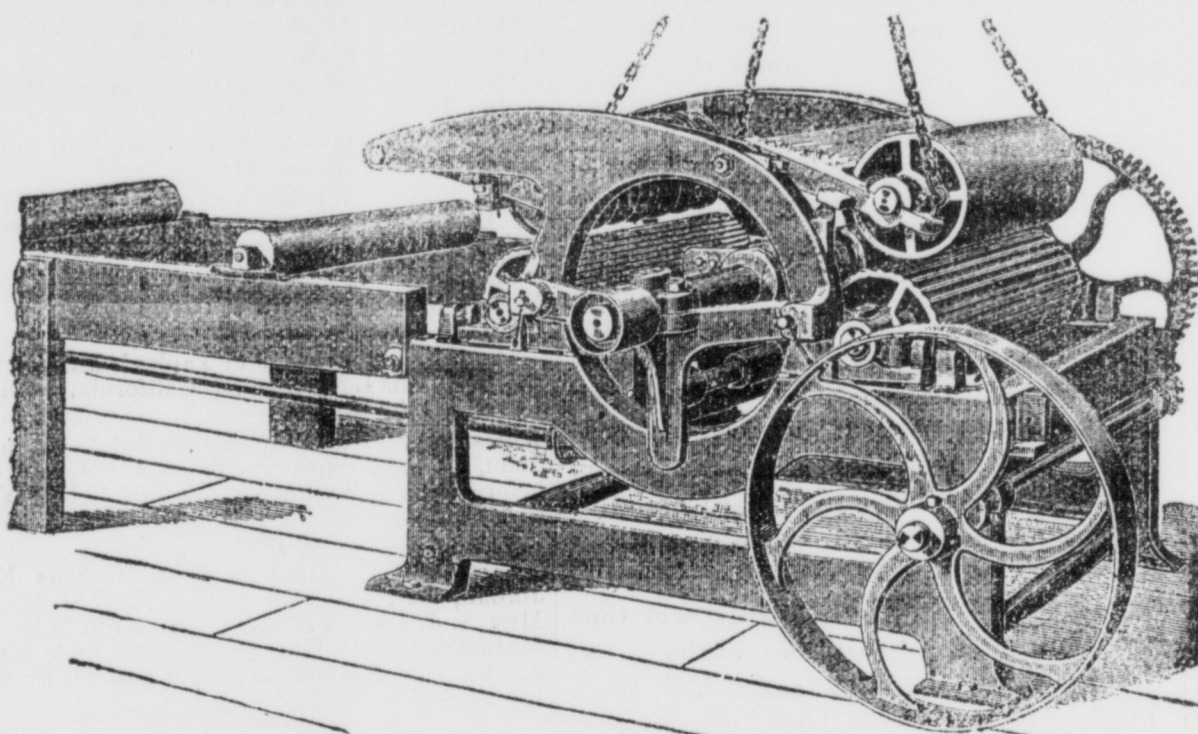
## JOHNSON'S Anodyne LINIMENT

is the great emergency doctor—internal ailments and external ills, from whatever cause, are soonest cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Used as a household remedy since 1810. Cures asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, sore throat, croup, la grippe, headache, neuralgia, cholera-morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, sore and bruised muscles, cuts, burns, scalds, chafing, chaps, chilblain and frost bite. Something to keep in the house—something to depend on—good when you can't get the doctor—invaluable always.

25 cent size and 50 cent size. Three times as much in large size.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

## IMPROVED GANG EDGER.



This machine has been designed to meet the requirements of all saw mills, whether for use in portable or stationery mills.

The machine will take saws up to 20 inch diameter.

Weight when ready for shipment, 3,000 pounds.

For further particulars apply to

## Small & Fisher Company, Limited,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.



Sold in Woodstock by Holyoke & Brown and H. H. Moxon, at Waterville by Shaw & Clark, at Oakville by J. A. Davis.

## Second-Hand

## Harness Sale.

- 2 Pairs Collars, Harness and Traces for Light Driving.
- 2 Sets Double Work Harness.
- 1 Set Double Hitch Harness.
- 8 Sets Single Driving Harness.

### Fly Nets.

## FRANK L. ATHERTON

(At the Sign of the White Horse)

King Street, Woodstock

## In the Supreme Court in Equity.

Between William M. Connell, Plaintiff, and Janet McGeachy, Margaret Smith and Malcolm McGeachy, Defendants.

TAKE NOTICE that under and by virtue of a decretal order in above cause, made by Mr. Justice Barker, Judge in Equity, on the Fifth day of May A. D. 1905, there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in the Town of Woodstock, in the County of CARLETON, on FRIDAY the FIFTEENTH day of DECEMBER, A. D. 1905, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, the following described lands and premises namely,—“All that piece and parcel of land and premises situate in the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, fronting on the western bank of the River Saint John, bounded on the south by the Springfield road, on the north by lands owned by the heirs of the late Elias Yerxa, the whole of which lot containing by estimation fifty acres more or less, being the same land conveyed by the late Charles Perley to John McGeachy.”

At which sale all parties have leave to bid. Dated this 30th day of September A. D. 1905. WM. M. CONNELL, THAME M. JONES, Solicitor in Person. Referee in Equity. Oct. 11.

### LOST.

On Queen or Connell St., on Saturday, a pair of spectacles. Will the finder please leave at this office.

### Brown Sugar.

"For the last week," said the man. "I have been looking for brown sugar. I can't find any. I have been in a score of groceries but none of them keeps it. Wherever I go, the clerks shovel up some kind of sickly yellow stuff that they call brown sugar and try to inveigle me into taking that. But they can't fool me. I know what brown sugar is. I sneaked too many lumps of it out of the barrel when a youngster to be mistaken now. It is coarse of grain, it is a dark tobacco brown in color, with glints of real gold running through it, and it comes in chunks as big as your fist. Nothing ever tasted quite so good as one of those hunks of brown sugar. It was especially toothsome when it was necessary to steal away under the back stairs to eat it. Somehow, your mother always seemed to develop a particularly strong affection for you about that time. You could hear her call, 'Willie, Willie. Where are you, Willie-ie?' You pretended not to hear, but she kept on calling, and by you gulped down the last speck of sugar and, with guilty looks and sticky mouth and fingers to betray you, you crawled sheepishly out.

"What's the matter, ma' you said, 'Was you callin' me?'

"And then 'Ma' turned round and looked at you hard."

"'Willie,' said she, 'that brown sugar is disappearing mighty fast. Do you know what becomes of it?'

"There were crumbs of the sugar sticking all over you, but you had the hardihood of youth and a good digestion, and you said:

"'Why, no, ma. Ain't that funny? I guess the mice must be at it.'

"And then 'ma'—well, sometimes 'ma' laughed, and sometimes she did the other thing. Lord, Lord. It makes me mad through and through for one of those clerks that never saw a lump of honest brown sugar in his life to try to convince me that the measly stuff they now call brown sugar is the real thing. I tried to tell a young chap yesterday what brown sugar really is. He put on no end of airs.

"'Oh, that,' he said scornfully. 'We don't handle—that. The manufacturers don't even make it, any more.'

"And I guess they don't, but I tell you there is a whole lot of fun gone out of life since brown sugar went out of fashion."

### A Rural Joke.

Harriston Tribune: A couple of cows the other day got into a hotel yard, drank a painful of discarded ale and went down street mooing, with horns locked. "That might be called the Mulock trying to get its Aylesworth," remarked the straw-chewing bystander, as he turned and kicked a hog on to the town scales.

## NOTICE.

## You Have Some Plumbing

You want done before winter. Why not get it done now? I can do it for you promptly, thoroughly and neatly, and at a reasonable price. Don't delay this work till the cold weather is here. Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

J. P. PICKEL,

Plumber.

Connell St. Woodstock.