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**Courageous Conduct.**

The testimony given at the recent court-martial upon Lieutenant Nasmith of the British navy shows by how narrow a margin another submarine boat disaster was avoided. It appears that the A4 was engaged in experiments with underwater sound signals, and that for that purpose her hull had been almost entirely submerged. While she was in this condition, some commotion in the water made her bob up and down—pump, as the sailors call it—and a small quantity of water found admission through a four inch vent-lator, which had been left open in order that a flag might be thrust through it for signalling purposes. Almost immediately the boat began to sink, and nothing but the coolness of the commander and the discipline on board prevented a catastrophe. As it was, the boat went down to a depth of ninety feet, with an inclination of 45 degrees by the head as if she intended to turn a somersault. All the electric lights went out and the air was rendered suffocating by the evolution of chlorine gas. In this extremity the crew kept their stations and obeyed orders, and the vessel, which threatened to become their tomb, was brought once more to the surface. The court-martial reprimanded Lieutenant Nasmith for having a ventilator open in the circumstances, but the Admiralty issued a special order warmly congratulating him and all on board upon their conduct.

**A FELINE DITTY**  
—ON—  
**DIAMOND DYES.**



My kittens three, were white and gray,  
'Twas hard to keep them clean;  
No matter how I worked each day,  
The kits looked very mean.  
They'd go out in the morning clad  
So tidy and so trim;  
At night, they'd come home looking sad,  
With clothes so soiled and grim.  
I could not keep them tidy neat,  
One hour of the day  
When they were in the field or street,  
With other cats at play.  
I then procured the DIAMOND DYES,  
And made a dye bath hot,  
And to my kittens great surprise,  
I dipped them in the pot.  
To-day, my kittens all are dressed,  
In Black so rich and deep;  
I mourn no more, and now am blessed  
When'er I roam, or sleep.  
The moral of my song is plain,  
To women bright and wise;  
If you would pleasure, profit gain,  
Just use the DIAMOND DYES.

**Talking To Her.**

"You never will talk to me," complained the lady. "Now I just want you to put down that everlasting paper and make yourself agreeable. Some husbands enjoy a little conversation with their wives, but all you seem to care about is your paper."  
"I don't think my dear—"  
"I know you don't think. That's just the trouble with you. You don't consider the

I'm here in the house all day with no one to talk to but the children and the servants and the tradesmen and peddlers and any friend who may happen to come in, unless I happen to go out, and you're in town all day long, meeting people."

"I don't meet many people. I just go—"  
"Yes, you go. I know that. You go where you like, but I have to stay at home so that you can have pleasant place to come when you are tired of going. Then you just take up your paper and I can never get a word out of you the whole of the evening."

"I'm perfectly willing to talk, but—"

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me when I'm speaking. Yes, you're perfectly willing to talk, but you don't want to talk to me. I suppose that's it. I'm not sufficiently appreciative, I suppose. I'm just your wife. Some husbands even take an interest in their wives. They come home and tell them all the little things that have happened during the day and what they have been doing and where they've been going and whom they've seen and what they said. There's Mr. Conaway. He tells Mrs. Conaway everything, discusses books and politics and things with her."

"But you never care for politics or—"

"I don't care if I don't. There are other things to talk about besides books and politics, I should hope. If I attempt to tell you anything you never pay the least attention to what I'm saying. I was telling you last night about the troubles the Gransprews are having with their landlord. I talked to you a straight hour, I do believe, and it turned out you thought I was saying something about Walter Enticoe. You simply weren't paying the least attention to what I said. I might go on talking forever and you wouldn't stand it. I'm sure I sometimes wonder I have the patience that I have. John Henry Jillingworth, I don't believe you are listening to me now one bit. What was I saying?"

"You were saying that you wanted me to talk to you," replied the brutal husband, "but you don't give me any earthly show."  
—[Chicago Daily News.

**A Forceful Point Against Substitution.**

A substitution that "substitutes" at a lower price is a good thing; unfortunately such preparations are few and far between, and the customer who submits to something "just as good" usually gets something much cheaper and much worse. To be specific: Cascarets now have an enormous sale; running to over 12,000,000 boxes annually. A preparation put up in such enormous quantities must reduce the cost of production per box considerably. Cascarets are made as cheaply as may be, consistent with the use of first-class drugs and machine manipulation. It follows that substituted preparations of a general character, and made upon a smaller scale, must either cost their producers more money or else they must be made of inferior drug processes. — Ad Sense.

**A Heartless Story.**

There had been a severe thunder-storm in the night, and old Mrs. Topham had, for a wonder, slept through it. Usually she rose, lighted her lamp, dressed herself, and sat down in a chair whose legs were set in glass tumblers.

Instead of being grateful that she had not been aware of the storm, the old lady was filled with wrath when she heard of it next morning.

"I declare, I should think I was boarding 'stead of living among my own folks!" she said. "Wa'n't there one of my children nor grandchildren that thought enough o' me to wake me? There I might have been struck by lightning in my sleep and never known what killed me!"

**The Elder's Taking Way.**

Mrs. Ebony—"Dat's a perfectly wou'ful revival Eldah Black am habbin' at Zion Church. I heah he hab converted yuh husband."

Mrs. Darkk—"Dat's so, Mrs. Ebony. My husband done got religion terrible. I nebbber seen such a repentant sannah. Eldah Black do hab de mos' takin' way o' puttin' things. He caught my good-for-nothin' wufles ole husband jes' like a fish on a hook."

Mrs. Ebony—"What did de eldah say to him?"

Mrs. Darkk—"De eldah tole him dere was nuffin ter do in hebbben but lay arawn' an' eat, an' de angels ud furnish de chicken."  
—New York Weekly.

**Rubber Barons.**

Capt. Kidd folded his paper, and, calling his bold crew forward, made the following brief address:

"My men, I have called you out to tell you that I am weary of chasing merchantmen for plunder and am going ashore and open an office where the plundering can be done in all kinds of weather without rough exposure."

"What kind of an office?" ventured the daring crew.

"Why, some kind of an insurance office like this New York paper tells about."  
—[Chicago Daily News.

**Society Episode.**

"I want somebody to show me where to unload this coal," said the grimy-looking man at the kitchen door.

"You needn't ask me about it," retorted the young woman "I don't have anything to do with unloading coal. I'm the kitchen lady."

"I can't help that," he rejoined. "I'm the coal gentleman, and the father of three kitchen ladies, one laundry lady, and one char-lady, and if you don't show me where to put this coal I'll call the woman of the house."

"I—I'll show you, sir," she bluntly replied, the way to the coal cellar.

**In 1955.**

Here's a petition for permission to open the churches on week days, announced the first saloonkeeper. What say you, gentlemen? Shall we let them do it?

I vote yes, declared the second saloonkeeper. Let the people have their harmless amusement. I don't believe in bein' too strict.

There is at least one minister who appreciates the editor. At a recent editorial convention he offered the following toast: "To save an editor from starvation, take his paper and pay for it promptly. To save him from bankruptcy, advertise in his paper liberally. To save him from despair, send him every item of news of which you can get hold. To save him from profanity, write your correspondence on one side of the sheet, and send it in as early as possible. To save him from mistakes, bury him. Dead people are the only ones who never make mistakes."

He—Will you marry me? She—You must ask mamma. He—I don't want to be your stepfather; I want to be your husband. She—Why, you foolish boy, if I marry you, you wouldn't be able even to dress me. He—Well—er—couldn't I learn?

"Boy," said a haggard man to an urchin on the highway, "the officers are after me. Can you show me to a place where I can hide and be safe? Where no one will ever look for me?"

"Dead sure," said the urchin. "Hurry over to that piano store. It never advertises."  
—Musical Trade Review.

**Farm for Sale**

Two miles above Andover, N. B., along St. John river, containing 100 acres, 60 acres cleared balance good woodland. Under good cultivation. Cut thirty-two tons of hay this year, other crops according. House, barn and granary. Good water. Price \$1000. Apply to DAVID WATSON, Andover, N. B. Nov. 15, 9ins.

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At all dealers. 25 Cents  
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"Where one fellow reads a man's character in his face, a hundred read it in his clothes."  
How do the hundreds read yours—well dressed, therefore careful, has good taste, and is prosperous? Or badly dressed—therefore careless and "not doing well"?

**"Progress Brand" Clothing**  
is the clothing for men who want their appearance to count FOR them, instead of against them. It looks good, and it makes the man in it look good.

There is success ahead for the man who backs up his good appearance in Progress Brand Clothes, with good work.  
Clothes can't make a gentleman. But if he IS ONE, "Progress Brand" clothes will make him look the part.

**JOHN McLAUCHLAN, Woodstock. C. J. GREENE, Bath.**

**Money To Loan.**

I can lend money on Mortgages at current rates of interest and on easier terms than any one in the County. Interest on Farm Loans yearly, also small yearly payments on Principal. Write me.

**J. N. W. WINSLOW.**

**Insurance Guarantees.**

The 20 Payment Life Plan in the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

**Guarantees** (in 20 years (according to your age))

- (1) Return in cash all monies paid in with interest.
- (2) Give a policy payable at death for a larger amount than the amount of the policy.

**Profits Are Sure to the Insured**

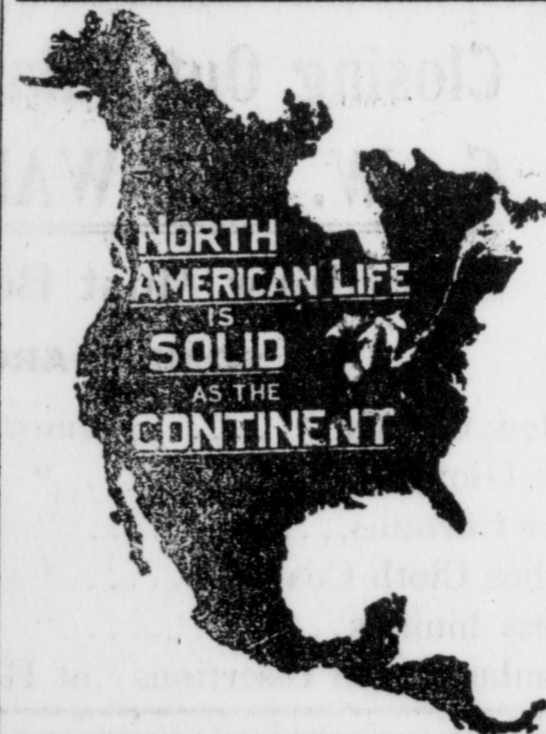
in this company. (Our book regarding recent settlements, showing results of these plans may be obtained free for the asking.)

**C. S. EVERETT,**

PROVINCIAL MANAGER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

**A. C. CALDER, Barrister-at-Law**

District Agent, Woodstock, N. B.



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