

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.



We will send you a sample free. Because 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.

Angel-boy.
By Barry Pain.

Never mind what his real name was. It does not matter. Sometimes when I sit and think about him on a dreary winter afternoon when the fire is going out and I am too lazy to stop it I wonder if anything matters very much. I will admit that his papa's name was Bunn, and that papa called mamma Carrie. Somehow, but I do not quite know why, these things seem to throw a light on Angel-boy.

I cannot remember the precise accident which introduced me to papa and mamma. My first clear recollection is that I sat in their pestilential drawing-room and wanted to go away and wished I had never come, and that they then asked me if I should not like to see Angel-boy.

"Which?" I inquired.

They explained as far as they could, but I doubt if any explanation could ever be entirely satisfactory. He was a somewhat gawky boy of ten. In theory he had lovely golden curls hanging over his shoulders. In practice his skimpy, sandy hair was much too long. He was attired principally in moss-green plush with a charming lace collar to it. His parents looked at him with the utmost pride and affection, and he went off to the window to kill flies.

"Don't do that, Angel-boy darling," said mamma.

He continued to do it. She hesitated and decided to relinquish the subject.

"He is rather delicate," she said to me.

"At one time we feared that we should lose him."

Fear was not the right word, but I let that pass, I only said firmly, "You have been reading Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"I have," she admitted.

"Your husband has also."

"It is one of his favorite books. How did you know?"

"Something about Angel-boy seemed to tell me. Can Angel-boy read?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you have given him a work by the late Dean Farrar entitled Eric; or, Little by Little."

"Hush!" she said.

"We had intended that for his next birthday present. This is just like thought-reading. I must tell you a very clever thing that Angel-boy said the other day. We were on an omnibus together and—"

I believe I said "Yes" at the right moment and put in the necessary "Really that's rather remarkable," when she had quite finished. But I did not hear her. I was watching Angel-boy, who was slowly pulling a live fly to pieces. When he had finished that one he lifted up his voice and wept because there were no more flies. So mamma gave him cake and an I. O. U. for the Zoological Garden next Saturday. She told me

another remarkable thing that he had said, and this gave me time for quiet and undisturbed reflection. There he sat by his mother's side, this over-grown Fauntleroy, with his long sandy hair and his fat sulky face, and I wondered what I ought to do about it. The more I thought of the fact that they called it Angel-boy and the more I looked at him the clearer it became to me that I ought to do something. I felt that this was a world in which there was no possibility of happiness for Angel-boy. Once removed from the sweet and refining influence of his sentimental home he would be likely to be badly hurt.

"But," his mother continued, "you ought to have seen the look in his eyes as he said it. That was what gave it the charm."

"I wish I had!" I said. "I can quite imagine it."

I could not kill him there and then, as they had a new carpet. I got up to go, and mamma insisted that Angel boy should shake hands with me. He reluctantly gave me one stick paw and asked me if I were not going to give him anything for having been obedient.

"Isn't that quaint?" said his mother in ecstasy.

"Very. I'm just going to feed the ducks in St. James Park. I wonder if Angel-boy would like to come with me?"

His mother said that she was sure he would, that he loved feeding the ducks, and that he had not been out all day. Angel-boy fixed a small sum in consideration of which he would consent to go. He had the nasal whine of the absolutely spoiled child in perfection. His mother paid. She also adorned him with a Beefeater hat and a pair of dog-skin gloves. I wondered if she intended to make my task easier?

I took him on the bridge, and he stood there throwing stones at the ducks. He threw with a loose wrist and hit nothing. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. "I thought you were going to feed the ducks," he said.

"So I am."

"But you haven't got any food."

"That's all right," I said, looking round and seeing that there was nobody on the bridge at the time. "You're going to be the food."

So I dropped him into the water. Mrs. Bunn still complains about my carelessness, and I am not sure that I did any real good after all. At any rate they call their eldest daughter Angel-girl. I don't go there much now and I have never met her. Besides, one can't kill everybody.—Tatler.

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that solution of Ozone if taken with Celery King, the well known tonic laxative, will cure any known germ disease. Rheumatism for instance, or Kindey trouble, Stomach trouble, and all Summer Complaints such as Colic, Malaria, Dysentery and Diarrhoea, but remember that Solution of Ozone should always be taken with the laxative indicated. It does not cost you any more to do this, because with every dollar or fifty cent bottle of Ozone (the coupon kind) we give you free of cost one full sized 25c. package of Celery King. THE PUBLIC DRUG CO., BRIDGEBURG, ONT.

A Lower Price Would Not Make up for Lack of Advertising.

An English advertising expert tells of a prominent manufacturer whose principal output was an article which sold for a shilling, and which, being extensively advertised, was also extensively imitated. In order to meet the competition of substitutes the manufacturer set apart a portion of his output and sold it at sixpence under another name. The sixpenny article knocked out the competition but though it was identical with the shilling article except in the name, it never sold as well. The shilling goods were advertised, the sixpenny goods were not. The unadvertised product could not compete with the advertised product at half the price.—Exchange.

During the South African war one of the privates in a British infantry regiment performed a very gallant deed. He dashed forward from the trenches across the veldt, which was being swept by a hail of bullets, lifted a wounded comrade in his arms and carried him safely into shelter. The colonel, who witnessed the action, before the day was over called the private before him, praised him for his heroism, and told him he would be recommended for the Victoria Cross. Later on the soldier was relating the incident to his comrades: "He said something about the Victoria Cross. I didn't think anything about crosses. What I know is that I wasn't going to leave Robinson lying out there with all the company's backs in his haversack."

FITS CURED

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

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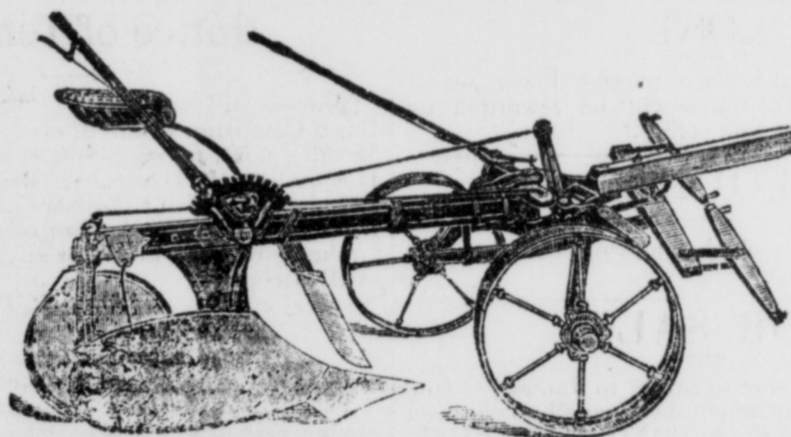
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will do good work. Try it and see. Draws easier than a handle plow, stays in the ground and turns the soil where other plows fail. We supply them in both one and two furrow plows. Prices right.

Balmain Bros.

Aug. 30, 1905.

WOODSTOCK.

Your Carriage Or Waggon

Needs painting. It will tend to preserve it as well as to improve its appearance. Please bring it in early so that I can have plenty of time to do a good job and give the varnish plenty of time to harden before you take it out.

I have plenty of storage room.

F. L. MOOERS,

over Loane's Factory, Connell street, Woodstock

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the first general meeting of the Shareholders of The Alexander Dunbar & Sons Company, Limited, will be held at the office of J. N. W. Winslow in the Town of Woodstock, on THURSDAY the TWENTY-THIRD day of NOVEMBER Instant, at the hour of eight o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of organizing the said Company, electing Directors, passing By-Laws and transacting such other business as may be incident to or appear necessary for the management of the business and affairs of the said Company.

Dated at Woodstock, N. B., this seventh day of November, A. D., 1905.

ALEXANDER DUNBAR, SR.,
ALEXANDER DUNBAR, JR.,
ANDREW DUNBAR,
Provisional Directors

BRISTOL WOODWORKING FACTORY

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JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

Dr. Goldwin Smith on Sunday Observance.

The conflict continues between the upholders of a strictly devotional Sunday and the advocates of a day of rest with spontaneous devotion and liberty of innocent recreation for the rest of the day. Whether we agree with the Lord's Day Alliance people or not, we must respect their zeal in defence of that which they believe essential to the spiritual life of the world; though their methods may sometimes be rather inquisitorial and provocative of angry opposition. For further observance of the Jewish Sabbath it may be assumed nobody now contends. It would be utterly impracticable and Christianity has been plainly abolished from it by St. Paul. Besides the Fourth Commandment only forbids work; it does not forbid recreation. Its object is humane; to secure rest, especially perhaps in the interest of the slave, by a religious sanction. It suggests nothing puritanical or austere. Compulsory devotion is no longer sustained by the sentiment of the community as it was in puritan commonwealth, Scotch, English, or American. The strong and growing tendency of opinion now seems to be in favor of a day of rest as complete as the necessities of modern industry and commerce will allow, with a part of the day dedicated to devotion and the rest free for innocent recreation, which can hardly be said to be less spiritual than mere idleness and gossip. Intense as the struggle of life now is, few questions touch humanity more nearly than this of the Day of Rest.

Weakness, Wasting, Impure Blood

PALE PEOPLE are people who suffer from lack of blood. They are anemic. They are weak, languid, listless, easily tired, short of breath, nervous, dejected. Their skin and lips are pale and bloodless. Their faces are of a waxen hue. These people need PSYCHINE. They need the new red blood that PSYCHINE will make.

Young women are most subject to this form of weakness, also loss of appetite, flatulence, scanty menstruation, palpitation, cold extremities, eyes surrounded by dark circles, dry skin, shrivelled hands, brittle nails, chilliness, melancholy and dislike to society. All these symptoms will vanish under the treatment of PSYCHINE. You can get PSYCHINE at any drug store.

Didn't Know Him.

The late Patrick A. Collins, mayor of Boston, once told about a certain home-missionary movement. In this movement every participant was to contribute a dollar that she had earned herself by hard work. The night of the collection of the dollars came and various were the stories of earning the money. One woman had shampooed hair, another had baked doughnuts, another had solicited newspaper subscriptions, and so on.

The chairman turned to a woman in the front row. "Now, madam," he said, "how did you earn your dollar?" "I got it from my husband," she answered. "Oho!" said he: "from your husband? There was no hard work about that?" The woman smiled faintly. "You don't know my husband," he said.

Listen to others as you would that they should listen to you.