

## Hump Back

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### WOMAN'S SIGH FOR A POCKET.

How dear to this heart are the old-fashioned dresses,  
When fond recollection presents them to view!  
In fancy I see the old wardrobe and presses  
Which held the loved gowns that in girlhood I knew.  
The wide-spreading mohair, the silk that hung by it;  
The straw-colored satin with trimmings of brown;  
The ruffled foulard, the pink organdie high it;  
But oh for the pocket that hung in each gown!  
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,  
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

The dear, roomy pocket I'd hail as a treasure  
Could I but behold it in gowns of today;  
I'd find it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
But all my modistes sternly answer me, "Nay!"  
'Twould be so convenient when going out shopping.  
'Twould hold my small purchases coming from town;  
And always my purse or my kerchief I'm dropping—  
Oh me! for the pocket that hung in my gown!  
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,  
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.

A gown with a pocket! how fondly I'd guard it!  
Each day as I'd don it I'd brush it with care;  
Not a full Paris costume could make me discard it,  
Though trimmed with the laces an empress might wear;  
But I have no hope; for the fashion is banished;  
The tear of regret will my fond visions drown!  
As fancy reverts to the days that have vanished,  
I sigh for the pocket that hung in my gown—  
The old-fashioned pocket, the obsolete pocket,  
The praiseworthy pocket that hung in my gown.  
—Carolyn Wells in the Christian Endeavor World.

### AN AUTOMOBILE ADVENTURE.

My grandmother used to tell a story of the first steamboat that came up the river along which the family plantation extended for several miles. Some of the slaves were working by moonlight, when they heard the steamboat's whistle and saw the apparition of flame and smoke. Not a moment did they lose in making for the house at their topmost speed, and the faster they ran the more vivid became their fears. Big Sam, who was an exhorter and had more imagination than his fellows, led the procession and almost fell in the doorway. As soon as he could catch his breath he exclaimed between gasps:

"Hades am broke loose, an' de debil am a-swimmin' up de river chawin' sinnahs an' spittin' out fish an' brimstone!"

When the first railroad was opened in one of the Western States, a farmer, coming suddenly upon the new line, stood on the track and tried to stop the engine by holding out his hands, and the engineer was unable to prevent a tragedy.

The terror that a falling balloon causes in remote sections of the country sometimes is just as great now as it was in the early days of aerial experiments.

Those who live in the crowded centres of population practically have lost the feeling of astonishment; they are prepared for anything sensational in transportation and locomotion; but there are parts of the land where the new wonders of invention are unknown, and where the people are startled by such things as horseless vehicles.

Still, I never wholly believed Jamison's story about the negro bush-meeting in the South until I had had an experience of my own. Jamison was touring in the backwoods when he came upon a negro camp meeting—a bush-meeting, it was called, because it was an assemblage without tents, a coming-together of the negroes of the vicinity for revival services in the afternoon.

When Jamison hove in sight with his touring car, the sounds of exhortation and shouting instantly ceased; then there was a mighty cry; then a relapse into nameless fear—and not a single negro would approach him or his "devil wagon."

Jamison tells the story with the necessary details. The explanation was that just before he came upon the scene the preacher had been vociferating: "Ye'd better git ready, sinnahs; ye'd better git ready right heah an' now, for de chariot am a-comin', de chariot am a-comin', wid ole Gabriel tootin' de horn—" and just then Jamison appeared on the scene.

It was pleasant to think that one might meet new adventures in an age when wonders have become prosaic, and so I decided to take my usual trip to Florida by easy stages and roundabout ways in my touring car. I knew I should find many difficult roads, and there would be numerous commissary hardships; but I was not pushed for time, and the prospect of novelty was inviting.

I veered well to the west, so as to strike the more interesting life of the foothills of the Blue Ridge, and was several hundred miles below. Mason and Dixon's Line before anything out of the usual happened. My observation showed that in most parts the

auto was more or less familiar; but as I got well down into the pine belt where the settlements were few and far between and life was elementary my appearance caused women to drop their pans, and men to rub their eyes to see if they could believe their sight, and even dogs to swallow their growls in genuine and delightful consternation. Once two boys driving an ox-cart fled precipitately into the woods, and I had a hard time getting them back and convincing them that my machine was not a thing with wings that had taken its flight from another world.

Again I had trouble in getting shelter for the night, because the doubtful farmer declared: "Haow do we-uns know the blamed thing won't bust an blow us inter the kingdom come." We had to compromise by putting the machine in an old ramshackle shed a quarter of a mile away from the log hut in which the family slept—and, by the way, we all slept in the same room on the same rough floor, and when I got up in the morning I had more peaks and crevices in my anatomy than a mountain man.

Early in the afternoon of the following day I was going carefully along an excuse for a road through a wilderness of wonderful charm and beauty. I became anxious about the wear upon the tires, and stopped to see how they were faring. As I dismounted I caught sight of a young man in the thick growth along the edge of the way.

"Hell!" I said.  
"Hello yourself," he replied. "Who be you after?"

"No one; I am merely on my way south."  
"What kind of an engine (pronounced enge-ine) is that?"

"An automobile."  
"Runs itself, eh?"

"I don't pull it," I answered.  
He came out to look at it. He had a good face, one of those blue-eyed firm-mouthed, solid countenances that indicated fearlessness and meet any situation, however unfamiliar.

"Goin' fur?"  
"I've got three or four hundred miles to make yet."

"How much before sundown?"  
"It will depend upon the roads. Forty miles, I should say on a guess."

I was bending down doing some patching on the front wheel and not particularly caring for the inquisitiveness of my new acquaintance, and so when he said, "So long! Good luck!" I thanked him without looking up from my work and dismissed the incident.

In a few minutes I got under way again and gave my thoughts to the wilderness through which I was passing. I broke into a hearty laugh at the antics of a rabbit, whose enormous ears shot up straight and whose eyes seemed to be bulging out of his head, and later I slowed down to watch two squirrels that stopped their play to gaze at the wondrous things that had invaded their forest. I had gone several miles when the road came to an opening, and a hundred yards distant I beheld three men—a tall patriarch with long whiskers and two younger persons, who may have been his sons.

They halted as though frozen in their tracks, and by some impulse which I did not understand I slowed down. Suddenly they began to raise their guns.

"Hold on there!" I exclaimed. "I'm a stranger down here, and don't want to be used as a target."

There was a minute of suspense—and they laughed, or rather smirked as though they felt sheepish; but I was glad to see the smile, for it meant safety.

"I do eternally declar!" said the old man, rubbing his head and then pulling his beard, "ye knocked us clean plum out! What in blazes is that there thing anyhow?"

I tried to explain; but their wonder grew, until they had to accept it all without understanding it. "Well, say, mister, ye've got ther mule skinned ter death, ain't ye?" he finally said.

"What are you hunting today?" I asked.  
"Rabbits."

"Yeh—a two-legged rabbit. Didn't happen to see him as ye come along, did ye, smooth-faced young feller?"

"What has he done?"

"More'n plenty," was the grim reply.

"But you don't mean you're going to shoot him, do you?" I asked incredulously.

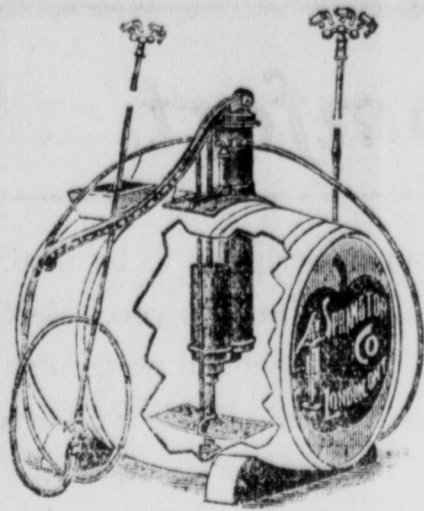
They laughed. "Wall, we don't calculate on a funeral all at once, but we may pepper him up some if he don't behave right."

I did not intend to become a party to the performance, and so I told them that I had seen no one of the description they had given—which was true for the description was not accurate.

## FITSCURED

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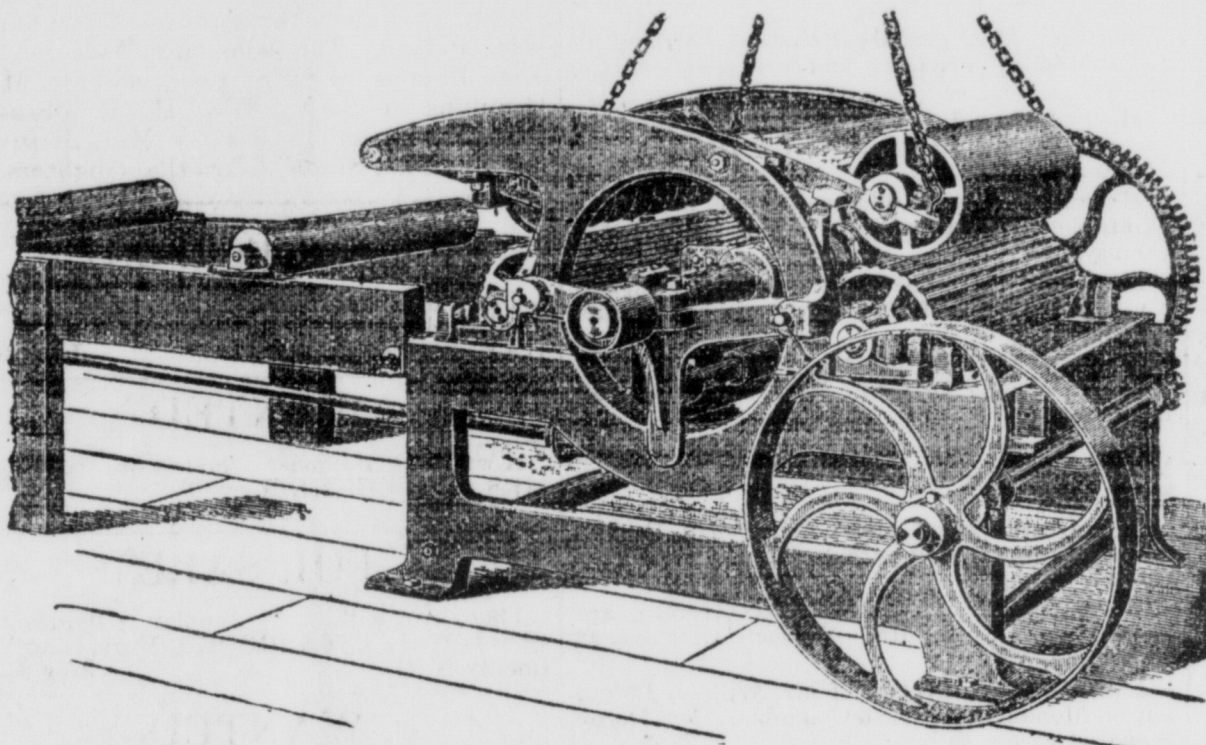
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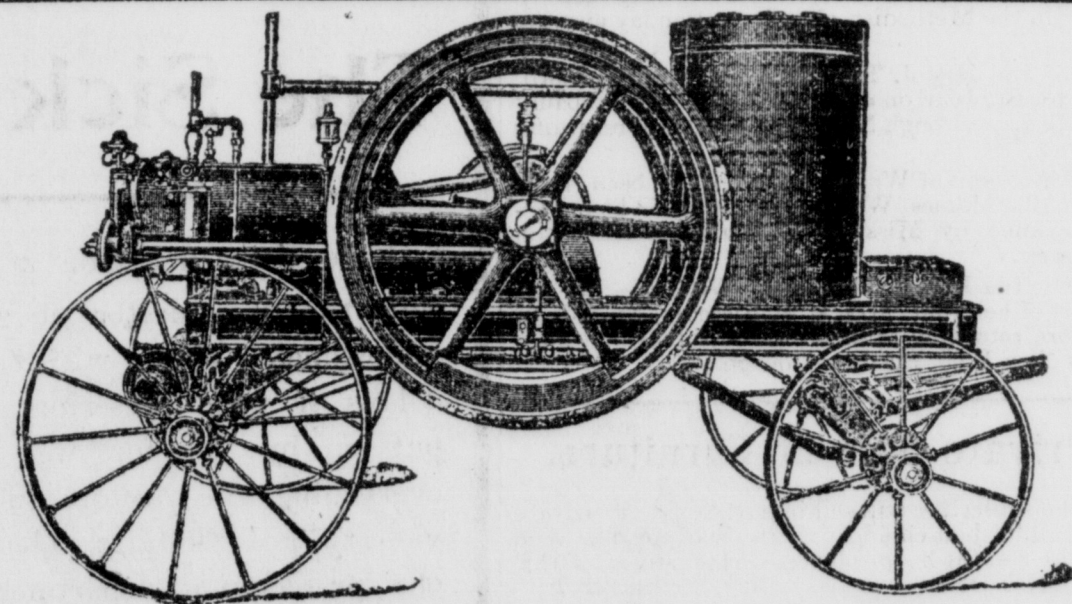
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AMHERST MOTOR CO., Amherst, N. S.,

S. M. CARLE, Agent, East Florenceville.

"He's took the other road," declared the old man in an aside to the younger ones.

They stood in their tracks, looking at my machine until it reached a bend. A mile farther on I saw a ribbon of smoke going high in the clear early winter air, and was wondering if I could get a bite to eat at that house when I was startled by a voice from the rear seat of the car.

"Oh, mister!"

You may talk all you please about spooks and ghosts and other supernatural surprises that human beings have known, but if any of them was half as effective as this sound from the rear of that automobile I don't blame anybody for fleeing from graveyards and haunted houses. For the instant I was afraid to turn round; but I conquered these apprehensions and looked full into the blue eyes of the young man whom I had encountered along the roadway.

"What the deuce—" I began.

The fellow actually grinned. "It's three, way, mister," he said. "They're after me, and they had me goin' the wrong way. I ain't done nothin'; but it's three to one and up yonder," waving his hand to the north. "There's nobody but their people, an' all their chances was ag'in' me. So, when you 'lowed ye'd make forty miles before sundown, I kinder saw my luck, and while you was bendin' over fixin' your wheel I jumped in your carriage and hid down here in the bottom."

I looked at him steadily; there was nothing criminal in that face, and yet—He anticipated.

"It air strange, mister, but there ain't nothin' wrong. Ye see there's been a feud goin' on betwixt they-uns and we-uns, and I was the last that's left of we-uns, and," he paused, and a slight blush rose in his cheeks—"an' I'm after marryin' the only gal of they-uns."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

The machine was going along at better speed, and we were approaching the latest that led to the house from which I had observed the smoke. Instead of replying to my question, he laid his hand on my arm and begged me to slow down. As I did so I caught a glimpse of petticoats.

He sprang from the auto and rushed to the side of the girl, who appeared to be overcome by the double fear caused by the machine and the appearance of her lover. She was a glorious young thing, sun-kissed and nature-ripened—and I did not blame him for hazarding all the risks for such a prize.

They talked earnestly. I did not hear what they said, but saw that she was succumbing to his entreaties. Presently like a young deer rushed on a dead run up the lane and he came over to the automobile.

"You can't go back on us, mister, kin ye?" he said with unabashed assurance.

"I don't see how I can," I contested helplessly.

"We had it all fixed; but they come back unexpected, and I had to take to the woods. Now while they're after me up yonder ye'll git us away—"

She was coming like the wind, with a bundle under her arm, and in a shorter time than I should take in telling it I had two passengers, and was rolling of the miles with a silly disregard of tires and ruts, and profoundly forgetful that I had been extremely hungry not fifteen minutes before.

As Love's chauffeur I hope and believe I performed my duty well. Of course I saw the romance through to the end of the ceremony, and contributed the best wedding present I could find in the little village, where we engaged a preacher who seemed to be familiar with run-away marriages. I expressed privately to the dominie my solicitude for the future of the groom, if his father-in-law and brother-in-law ever got their hands on him.

"Lord bless your soul, sir!" he said merrily, "you don't understand our people. All wedding wipes out all quarrels—and they'll have a big dinner for em whenever they are willing to go back home."

I congratulated the happy pair with my best compliments. The bride said nothing, but her two lips, red as June roses, were provokingly tempting, and—

"Wall, mister, I guess you're the only one I'd let do it," said the groom, interpreting the atmosphere, and a blush ran through the cheeks and made the lips redder, as I—but it's nobody's business what followed.

I met Jamison in Florida and told him this story. He scoffed at it. He still thinks his old yarn is the only one. That's the trouble with automobilists; they are as jealous of their adventures as they are of their machines.

### Stop Counting.

An English paper tells a story of life in Whitechapel. A man met a friend outside a public house. "These men in here," he exclaimed, furiously, pointing behind him, "have gone and insulted me. Now, just watch me go in and kick them all into the street, one after another. You can count 'em off as they come through the door." The friend stood and watched. Presently a human form whizzed by him. "One!" he called. "Stop counting," said the other; "it's me!"

I like the definition of a friend given in a schoolboy's essay: "A friend is a person who knows all about you and likes you all the same."