

The Danger That Lurks in Colds

AND HOW SERIOUS RESULTS CAN
BE AVOIDED BY USE OF
DR. CHASS'S SYRUP
OF
**LINSEED AND
TURPENTINE.**

There is one way in which the ravages of consumption can be very materially lessened and that is by the prompt and thorough cure of coughs and colds.

While weak lungs undoubtedly predispose to lung trouble and consumption, the beginning must always be with a neglected cold.

By directing your attention to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, we make known to you the most certain and effective means of curing coughs and colds and preventing such diseases as bronchitis, consumption and pneumonia.

This is not a new medicine, not an experiment, but a preparation which has successfully stood the test of time and has today by far the largest sale of any similar treatment.

If we can only help you to realize the danger of neglecting coughs and colds, we know that you will not run the risk of depending on any "cough mixture" the druggist may choose to hand you out, but will insist on getting a medicine with a reputation, such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

MISS ADA O'BRIEN, Cape Cove, Gaspe Co., Que.—"Eight months ago I was taken with a severe cough which lasted three months and though I had tried all sorts of medicines they failed to do me any good. A friend advised the use of DR. CHASS'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE and I was completely cured by two bottles. I can recommend it as a splendid medicine."

It is impossible for a doctor to prescribe for man a more effective treatment for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, coughs and colds than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers.

Follies of the Foolish Rich.

(From Leshe's Weekly.)

It is exceedingly difficult to comprehend the moral and mental make up of that class of men and women who compose the so-called fashionable set in our larger American cities, and who in days like these can find no higher or saner purpose for the expenditure of their time and money than in feeding their vanities and indulging their pampered appetites. With millions dying from starvation in Russia, with hordes of men and women desperate with hunger and privation marching through the streets of London, with a thousand appeals for help and service arising from every quarter of our own land, what but a heart incrustated with selfishness and filled with greed and foolish pride could remain obdurate and unresponsive! Such must have been the character of the rich and fashionable family out in Louisville, Ky., who gave a birthday luncheon to a pet dog the other day, with all the accompaniments of a high-class social function. The beast was the guest of honor, and around the board, we are informed, "were persons prominent in society." An elaborate menu was provided, and the dog was served from a silver platter. Of course no blame can be attached to the dog, who apparently had the wisest head of all engaged in this silly business, but as to the other creatures who surrounded "the board," there can hardly be put one opinion among intelligent and conscientious men and women. Their proper status, we should say, was several grades below that of the dog. It is precisely such exhibitions as these, and such a use of wealth, that furnish ample fuel to the anarchist and other enemies of the existing social order.

Purses Dropped by The Way.

"Ladies, while on shopping tours frequently leave their pocketbooks on our counters," said the manager of the department store, "and there is not a week passes that we do not restore to our patrons hundreds of dollars. About a year ago two young ladies from St. Paul, on their way to Covington, where one was to spend the season in the hope of staving off the ravages of consumption, bought a large bill of dry goods from us. They were sisters. After they had been gone from the store five minutes one returned in a frenzy of excitement. She had missed her purse, containing all her earthly possessions. There was \$500 in it, money that she was to spend in an effort to prolong the life of her only sister. I calmed the lady and told her I would do everything in my power to recover the money. I went to the counter where the purchases had been made. One of the girl clerks was missing. This looked suspicious. I enquired her whereabouts, and was told that she and one of the floorwalkers had followed a negro man out through the rear door. The negro had picked a purse off the

floor. I took up the trail, leaving the lady who had lost the money seated in the store. I found the clerk and the floor walker and the negro. The latter had been corralled in a bar-room a block away. He was found in a rear room counting over the money.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Sinner's Chance.

A story which comes from the Contemporary Review has a bearing considerably broader than the mere facts of the case; for the negro who is the central figure was possessed of a quality not infrequent in white offenders, too—the ability to magnify the mote in his neighbor's eye until the whole community forgets that he has a beam in his own.

He had stolen the proceeds of a collection that had been made for the benefit of the minister, and the church had decided to try him. The meeting was crowded. The preacher presided. After a statement of the charges, the accused man had a chance to be heard. He went forward and took the place of the preacher on the platform.

"I ain't got nuffin to say fo' myself," he began, in a penitent voice. "I's a po' mis'able sinner. But, bredren, so is we all mis'able sinners. An' de great Book says we must fergib. How many times, bredren? Till seven times? No, till seventy times seven.

"Now I ain't sinned ro' seventy times seven, an' I's jes' go' to sugges' dat we turn dis into a fergibness meetin' an' ev'body in dis great comp'ny dat is willin' to fergib, come up now, while we sing one ob our dear ole hymns, an' shake ma han'."

Then he started one of the powerful revival tunes and they began to come, first those who had not given anything to the collection and were not much interested in the matter, anyway, then those who had not lost much, and then the others. Finally they had all passed before him except one old lady. She stuck to her seat. Then he said:

"Dar's one po' mis'able sinner still lef', dat won't fergib, she won't fergib!"

She was the old lady who had contributed the largest sum.

"Now I sugges'," he went on in a gentle, reasonable voice, "that we hab a season ob prayer an' gib dis po' mis'able sinner one mo' chance."

So after they had prayed and sung another hymn the old lady came up, too.

Here Variations.

Mr. Newhall, the bridegroom, was humbly trying to learn some of the simpler technical terms applying to feminine garb and a few of the lesser intricacies of dressmaking language, but Mrs. Newhall declares that he was very slow.

"I think it's a shame for Madam Fitz to make Elsie Gray's gown exactly like mine, when we're both brides, and she knew we'd be invited to the same places," said Mrs. Newhall, on her return from a dinner-party.

"Why, it looked entirely different," said her husband, in his most soothing tone. "It was yellow, and yours is pink, and—"

"That's just the point," said Mrs. Newhall, indignantly; "that's one of Madam Fitz's mean little tricks. It was exactly the same gown, only it was yellow instead of pink, and chiffon instead of silk, and where mine has tucks hers has folds, and in place of my rosettes Elsie's has those loops, and where mine has the material hers has the lace, and the top of my sleeve is the bottom of hers, and—"

"Help! Help!" cried Mr. Newhall.

Pretty Arms.

Good arms are never snowy white. Snowy white arms are pudgy and nerveless. They are generally flabby and far from ideal. The best arms are cream colored, and they are tapering, the largest part of the arm being at the shoulder while the smaller part is at the wrist, or just above the wrist. The reason why one sees so few dimples at the elbow is that so few people know how to cultivate them. Instead of dimples most women have hard elbows, which came from the practice of leaning them upon tables or hard places.

To remove the hard spots on the elbows it must be treated and this is done with very hard water, into which the elbows are held for a long time. Liberal applications of a skin lotion are then necessary to soften the hardness, and finally the elbows must be rested and not leaned upon anything until the dimples begin to show.

A Fatal Door.

An extraordinary story is reported from Karnak, near Luxor, in Upper Egypt. A native, who has suspected the existence of antiquities in the plot of land on which his house was built, began digging in the hope of discovering some treasures and discovered an old door, which he opened and entered. As

he did not come back, his wife followed him, but she, too, failed to return. Their son and daughter thereupon followed their parents, but also did not come back. A native who afterwards followed them met the same fate. The authorities were informed on the matter and it was found that these five unfortunate people had been asphyxiated by a poisonous gas in the pit or enclosure into which the old door led.

Seeing the Point.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship was below the usual average; and this conversation took place:

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen below this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did it happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fit opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing the son obeyed. "And now," he continued, put those apples into the basket."

When some of the apples were replaced the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in. You said you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. You have been the past month filling up with chaff and chips—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said:

"Whew, I see the point."—"Pluck."



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

The Importance of an Ample Ice Supply at Creameries.

The season is now at hand when the creameries must lay in a stock of ice for use next summer.

The reports of Mr. C. E. Mortureux, Mr. F. A. Knowlton and other members of the Dairy Commissioner's staff, show that many creameries have in the past been out of ice before the season is finished. No creamery has a right to solicit the support of milk producers unless they are prepared to take proper care of the butter by keeping it at a sufficiently low temperature to prevent undue deterioration in quality. The age of butter is to be calculated more by the temperature at which it is kept than by the number of days that may have elapsed since it was made. Creamerymen must get rid of the idea that no harm results from a high temperature, say 50 degrees, when the butter is held only for a few days. If the butter was consumed in that time it would not be so important, but it is weeks after the butter is shipped before the bulk of it reaches the consumer, and it cannot be exposed to a high temperature one hour, to say nothing of days, without shortening its life, or in other words, the period during which it will be in its best condition.

When the writer was in England last summer he was continually reminded that one of the weakest points of Canadian butter is that it does not keep well. Too high a temperature at the creamery is one of the principal reasons for this very serious defect. Butter, unlike cheese, is at its best when newly made. Any further fermentation tends towards rancidity, staleness or other objectional flavours. Fermentation is checked by reducing the temperature. The temperature in every creamery cold storage should be kept below 40 degrees, the lower the better, and the patrons have a right to know if this matter is being attended to. Our records show that very few of the creamery cold storages are kept below 40 degrees.

Creamery owners are sometimes satisfied with results if the buyer of the butter finds no fault with the temperature at which it has been kept, but they forget that it is not the business of the buyer to point out these things. It is his business to purchase the butter and to sell it again at a profit. When he has done that he has no further interest in the matter. It is not so with the creamery owner or the patrons, whose real interest in the butter does not cease until it is finally consumed, because the condition of the butter at that time will determine whether the demand for it will be increased or not; and demand for any article on account of its superior quality is a most important factor in determining the price that will be paid for it.

These words are written with the object of inducing creamery owners to make sure of having an ample supply of ice for all purposes during the season of 1907.



After the trials of a shopping trip or a round of calls, there is nothing that will freshen you up so quickly as a cup of hot BOVRIL.

All the flavor, essence, nutriment and all that's food in prime beef is concentrated in BOVRIL.

Once you realize the economy of BOVRIL you'll always have it in your kitchen.

BOVRIL

WOODSTOCK WOOD-WORKING COMPANY, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, School Desks, Sheathing, Flooring and House Finish of all kinds.

We employ a first-class Turner, and make a specialty of Church, Stair, and Verandah work. Call and see our stock or write for prices before purchasing. All orders promptly attended to.

Just imported, a consignment of No. 1 White Wood. Clapboards for sale.

Hard Pine Flooring and Finish.

N. B. Telephone No. 68-3.

Union Telephone No. 119.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Annie A. Estabrooks, widow of Ezra Estabrooks, and the heirs and assigns of Ezra Estabrooks, late of the Parish of Brighton, Carleton County, Province of New Brunswick, and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 3rd day of March, A. D., 1883, registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the said County of Carleton in Book "Q" pages 254, 255 and 256, the 8th day of March, A. D., 1883, made between said Ezra Estabrooks late of the Parish of Brighton County aforesaid and Annie A. Estabrooks his wife, of the one part and George E. Foster of the City of Toronto, Province of Ontario, Gentleman, of the other part, and by said George E. Foster assigned to the undersigned Alban W. Estabrooks by Indenture dated the 20th day of January, A. D., 1903, and registered in the Registry Office aforesaid in Book "Number of Records" pages 775 and 776 the 28th day of January, A. D., 1903, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the money thereby secured, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at public auction in front of the office of William M. Connell, Barrister-at-Law, Town of Woodstock, County aforesaid, on SATURDAY the THIRTEENTH day of JANUARY next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon the lands and premises described in said Indenture of Mortgage and Assignment thereof, to wit:—

All that certain piece and parcel of land situate in the Parish of Brighton aforesaid, bounded as follows:—Beginning at the mouth of the Gin Brook so called, and following up the said brook in its various courses to the point where said brook cuts the western line of Lot Number Twelve, occupied by Samuel Cook, thence following said line in a southern direction to the bank or shore of said Beaguimic river, thence following the bank or shore of said Beaguimic river down stream to the place of beginning, containing by estimation Fifty Acres more or less, and distinguished as part of Lot Number Eleven on the north side of Beaguimic river, being same land conveyed to said Ezra Estabrooks by Samuel S. Foster and wife by deed dated the 7th day of October, 1890, registered in office aforesaid in Book "M" page 537.

And there will also be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of William M. Connell aforesaid, on the THIRTEENTH day of JANUARY next at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon the lands and premises above mentioned and described.

Above sale will be made by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage made between the late Ezra Estabrooks aforesaid of the one part and the undersigned Alban W. Estabrooks of the other part, by deed dated the thirtieth day of April, A. D., 1883, registered in the office aforesaid in Book "W" Number of Records, pages 37, 38 and 39, the first day of May, A. D., 1883, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys thereby secured default having been made in the payment thereof.

ALBAN W. ESTABROOKS,
Assignee of Mortgage and Mortgagee.

WILLIAM M. CONNELL,
Solicitor for Assignee and Mortgagee,
Nov. 8, 1904.

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.

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VICTORIA HOTEL,

ST. JOHN N. B.

D. W. McCORMICK, - Proprietor

JUNCTION HOUSE,

Newburg Junction

Meals on arrival of all trains! First-class

R. E. OWENS, Proprietor

HOUSES FOR SALE.

A great chance to earn a home, either on Main St., Broadway, Chaple St. or Connell St. My terms are easy, drop in and see me, J. W. ASTLE, Gen. Ins. and Real Estate Agt., Queen St. Woodstock, N. B.

BRISTOL WOODWORKING FACTORY

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

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STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times.

Estimates given. Orders promptly executed. Write or call.

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20c. per quart.

Bring your bottle and get it filled at

SEMPLER BROS.
East Florenceville.

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, 1904.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, *E. W. Brown*

Cures Grip
in Two Days.

on every
box. 25c.