

Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.



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. 50 cents and \$1.00 All druggists

The Art of Walking Well.

No accomplishment in the world is better than knowing how to walk well. It is a fine and rare thing to know how to talk well, and it is also good to know how to work well, but nothing is more conducive to health and happiness, grace of body, and peace of mind than walking well.

Walking correctly and systematically will give one a good digestion, and consequently a good complexion; it will rouse one's liver and thus make one optimistic and good tempered. It will keep one young, and save one from double chins and other horrors of middle age and obesity.

But one should walk well, and that means the art of walking gracefully and far without worrying.

Hold your head up. Feeble, shaky, old women are compelled to hold their chins down. It is a matter of balance. If they were to lift the head high they would fall. A woman whose heart is weak will bow her head and cast her eyes upon her feet as she moves. It is a mark of invalidism.

Learn how to carry your hands when you walk. In the young women's boarding schools they teach various methods of disposing of them. Try to rest the hands comfortably in front of you. Clasp them when you walk in the house. It is a pretty trick.

Fat women, whose hands hardly meet across the front, should not try to clasp the hands. The short, fat fingers look very awkward clasped across the front.

The good walker carries her shoulders well back. The dyspeptic carries her shoulders forward. The woman with weak lungs draws her shoulders up; the woman with a weak back lifts one shoulder higher than the other, while the woman whose head aches will always rest one shoulder against something and let her head fall to one side.

Study the stage. Actresses are always graceful. Watch how they enter a room and how they depart. They don't kick up their heels; they don't fling themselves; they don't tramp in and out. They seem to glide along, the know how to walk well.

Learn how to be seated. Don't sit with your clothing wound around you; don't sit with your knees crossed, unless you are of the very slender type, with tiny feet. Don't sit on the ragged edge of things. Be seated squarely.

When you walk, walk. Don't stand. The person who meets you in the street and keeps you standing is a bore. The person who calls and stands half an hour in the doorway is wearisome, as is the one who is always standing, the one who never walks.

There are women who are called haughty; they hold the head so high. But you admire them just the same. There are women who are called proud, exclusive, and names still more disagreeable. They get it by their erect, beautiful carriage. But all admit that it is elegant. Never mind a little criticism.

Begin to hold yourself erect and to walk well. It will well repay you for the trouble which you had at first trying to get used to it.—The Globe and Commercial Advertiser.

Oak Valley Nuggets.

Ye scribe visited Sedahl's folks a week ago. Ole Skoyen has got his false teeth. Martin Skoyen is hauling cream, while B. Bendickson is away. Where he went not many know.

The Berg boys have been visiting with Dahlby's folks at Lewis Valley.

Wonder if that fellow had an enjoyable ride that Sunday eve?

Say, boys, look out that you get a good sleep whether you are at home or away.

Olauf and Otto, you ought to have been along that Saturday eve. We had fun on the bluff, by that road you know.

Wonder if Rudolph Hawkenson got scared that night? Didn't you think it was wild ducks, R.?

A. felt kind of tickled that Sunday evening. Who got the chance? Annie?

John Alfalda was in this valley last week. Rikka has gone to the Klondike, and there she is to give out a paper called "All Over," and she wants Christine to come after her.

When shall we start in sewing that coat, Lena? If you have a pattern, I've got a tape-measure.

The latest style to play cards is to play in the moonlight.

C. M. Johnson and best girl, C. F. Tolbertson, were out driving one night. Did you have fun?

C. Castad has bought a range. Did you have a good time going to the dance, P. M.?

Where were you going Sunday evening, Clarence? Looking for a partner?

Bennie Lewis was at Whitehall, or was it Fitch Coulee?

Thanksgiving is soon at hand. Have your painters ready, boys.

John Diseth sold a pig to Lewis Larson last week.

Say, Amand, you must come and get that big blue cat home, as he isn't that kind that goes home. Come after dark, so nobody sees us and I'll go with you.—(Oak Valley Correspondence Osseo (Wis.) Recorder.

New-Year's Again.

(Harper's Weekly.)

New year's is upon us again. Let us take up the line of march and make the best progress we can through another year. Humanity does not shape an edifying course. Day after day, year after year, it blunders along, as any day's history spelt out in the newspaper will attest. To blunder along seems to be about the best of us can do, either as individuals or as a nation. It is not ideal, but it will answer, if so be we can keep pointed in the right direction and proceed in a sagacious spirit, sharing the road with the rest of the folks and not less compassionate of their deviations than of our own. The greatest goals that men have reached they have reached by being stronger than their mistakes. So it was with Lincoln; so with Washington. The great difference between wayfarers, besides the disparity in locomotive power, is that some manage to hold to the right direction and to maintain in spite of blunders the essential spirit. That sort invariably get somewhere where it is worth while to arrive. For the others, speed is nothing if the direction is not right. And to carry along a great load of baggage is far less advantageous than it might be if our job was a permanent job, and if every man of us was not under contract to drop every shred he has and run whenever his hour strikes.

Speaking of Ancestry.

Mr. Chase has such an exaggerated respect for the blue blood of Boston which runs in his veins that his manner is slightly patronizing. He was lately introduced to a Syrian of good birth and education, who lives in this country.

"And may I inquire," he said, blandly, in the course of the conversation, "if you are of the Christian religion?"

"My family was converted to Christ's teaching at the time of John's second visit to Lebanon," quietly replied the Syrian.

Wife-busters are punished in a sensible manner in Germany. They are arrested every Saturday after they have finished their week's work, and kept in prison until the following Monday. This is done regularly every week, until the sentence is worked out, the object being that the delinquent shall be able to earn money during the week to support his family.

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., 170 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

LEIBIG'S FIT CURE



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

Four Car Loads.

We have just landed four car loads

PUNGS AND SLEIGHS

These are "the finest in the land." To see them is to admire and to buy.

BALMAIN BROS.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Nov 29.

Four Car Loads.

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

SALESMEN WANTED for "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Largest List of Hardy Specialties in Fruit and Ornamental Stock, suited for New Brunswick. Spring season now starting. Liberal Inducements. Pay weekly. Exclusive Territory. Write for terms and catalogue. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL FIRE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Its directors include many of the foremost men in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is endorsed by the leading farmers and business men throughout the two provinces.

Its rates are the lowest. It is the people's company.

A. C. CALDER,

Barrister and Solicitor, Agent for Carleton County.

The Evil of Early Rising.

The early rising fad appears to be going out of fashion. Of course with some it never was a fashion. We mean with those who have preached it as a boast and practised it as a luxury. These are they whose early rising tire is being punctured by the sharp edge of intelligent medical authority. A well-known doctor says: "Almost as many people have been killed by the early rising habit as by overeating. Instead of making a man healthy, wealthy and wise, early rising lowers his vitality and results in brain fog and early decay." We must heed the call of the bed in the early morning rather than that of the alarm clock if we are to live out our 100 years. All this is bad news for the man who briskly jumps out of bed at the cock-crow. He will quote proverbs in reply—that hoary-headed one about the early bird catching the worm, for example, but as the boy who loved his bed said to his father "it is the early worm that gets caught." Intemperance in early rising, like every other excess, is sure to bring its own penalty along with it. It is well known that the early riser often compensates himself for his greeting to the dawn by frequent naps in the afternoon or evening. If you must rise early, don't boast of it. Indeed there are few things in the way of bragging that will compare with what an English essayist calls "the insulting triumph, the outrageous animation of the man who has dressed by candle light in December." Western Home Monthly.

Bod Burdette's Advice to Young Men.

You say you demand a domestic useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan your landress's daughter.

She wears cow-hide shoes, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning, and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother, and three section men, who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of man. Let us just examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy.

Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the sitting-room window? Can you hang some cheap paper in the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not sag? Can you do anything about the house that Con Reagan can?

My dear, dear boys, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do anything any woman can do. Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge, set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and a face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.

The Summons.

O Death, when thou art sent for me Come not with tedious step and shrouded face

As unto one who, coward like, Dares not the summons meet: Rather come promptly, yet for one moment pause And draw thy veil aside, that I may see The sweet, true eyes, and then, Putting my hand in thine, May I fare bravely forth along the road That leads from lesser unto greater Life. —Harry A. Bathrock, in January Lippincott's.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVES signature is on each box. 25c.

The London Gazette contains the announcement that General Sir Charles Warren, Colonel-Commandant Royal Engineers, has been placed on retired pay, and that Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Kelly Kenny is promoted to the rank of General in succession. Sir Charles Warren has seen considerable active service. He entered the Royal Engineers in 1857, and from 1867 to 1870 he conducted a series of excavations in Palestine. During the Goleka war in 1878 he commanded the Diamond Field Horse, and during the Zulu war, while acting as Commander-in-Chief and Administrator of Grqualand West, he organized a volunteer force for the assistance of the Transvaal and Natal. He will be remembered best as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police and for his connection with the attack on Spion Kop. He led the unsuccessful advance against Spion Kop, and severe strictures were passed upon him by Sir Redvers Buller. Sir Charles, however, always maintained that an injustice was done to him and his force.

THE OLD ISSUE.

All we have of freedom, all we have or know, This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw— Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey goose wing, Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost— Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed, Suffer not the old King; for we know the breed.

Give no ear to bondsmen, bidding us endure, Whining "He is weag and far"; crying "Time shall cure."

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins, Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace, Suffer not the old King, here or over seas.

They that bid us barter—wait his yielding mood— Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our brother's blood—

How so great their clamor, whatsoever their claim, Suffer not the old King, under any name.

Here is naught unproven, here is naught to learn, It is written what shall fall if the King return.

He shall mark our goings, question whence we came, Set his guards about us, as in freedom's name.

He shall break his judges if they cross his word; He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

He shall peep and mutter; and the night shall bring Watchers 'neath our window, lest we mock the King—

Strangers of his councils, hirelings of his pay, These shall deal our justice: sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonor, we shall eat abuse For the Lord we look to—for the tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet, While his hired captains jeer us in the street. Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun, Far beyond his borders shall his teachings run.

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled— Laying on a new land evil of the old:

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain— All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue— Swings the wheel full circle, brims the cup anew.

Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid; Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings did.

Step by step and word by word; who is ruled may read, Suffer not the old Kings—for we know not the breed.

All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring, Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King.

—Rudyard Kipling.

News Farmers.

Mr. Preston, Emigration Agent for the Dominion of Canada in London, Eng. has stated that any of the farm peasants from Northern or Middle Europe make the very best agriculturists. Farmers in New Brunswick who need labour and can accommodate a man and his family with lodging and give him the use of a few acres for his own cultivation, cannot do better than apply to Mr. Preston. He describes them as a class that remain on the land for generations, are thrifty and industrious and willing to work as farm laborers or farm tenants. Applications will be gladly forwarded by the St. John Board of Trade.

General Grant's Joke.

Secretary Taft, in discussing a certain box, said:—

"It reminds me of the story about Sir Richard's (Owen), the famous English scientist. "A footman came to Pembroke Lodge, Sir Richard's residence, one morning with a large bone wrapped in a cloth, and with a note from his master, Lord John Russell, asking if Sir Richard would please say what animal the bone belonged to.

"It required but a glance from the scientist to convince him that the bone was nothing but a ham-bone from an ordinary pig. He sent a message back to that effect, and, meeting Lord John the next day, said:—

"Why on earth did you send me a pig's ham-bone yesterday?"

"I'll tell you," said the other, smiling. "General Grant, you know, is a great joker. He made a present of what purported to be that rare delicacy, a grizzly bear's ham, but, as I had my doubts, I sent you the bone."