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THE BACHELOR AND THE GIRL.

Just as the Man Realized Where He Stood Something Happened.

(Chicago News.)

Wilbert Frarey was already spoken of as "an old bachelor" when he first went to board with Mrs. Albrecht. He was 28 then, a man of somewhat particular habits, none of them very sociable. What he wanted was a quiet, comfortable place to board, as homelike as possible and free from any annoyance from other boarders. He offered Mrs. Albrecht unimpeachable references, and demanded the like of her, caution being his strong point. Even then he would only take the room for a week, having his doubts of Flora Albrecht, a miss of 14. He feared she might be noisy, and he wanted to try the place before he definitely settled down.

At the end of the week, however, he sent for his trunks, congratulating himself upon the circumstances of having at last found something that suited him. Mrs. Albrecht was a quiet, neat, self-contained little woman, who did not bother him with attempts at conversation, kept his room in perfect order and gave him a good breakfast and dinner. What more could he want? As for Flora, the lanky daughter with the usually tousled mane of light hair, Frarey saw scarcely anything of her and heard less.

On his part, Frarey was a model boarder, quiet, regular and prompt in his settlement. He paid monthly now. The experimental stage had passed and as far as he knew he was willing to spend the rest of his days with the Albrechts. He went down to the wholesale grocery house, where he had an excellent position, every morning at 8 o'clock and returned at 6.30—in time for dinner. Sometimes he spent the evening in his room, reading an improving book, sometimes he went out to hear an improving lecture.

Frarey was totally indifferent to the budding charms of Flora, who was really as hearty and wholesome a girl as need be. It was a year or two before she began to bud at all—two years at least before Frarey took any notice of the fact. She wore her first pompadour for three evenings before he observed even that. A year later or thereabouts Frarey, meeting her in the hall, saw that she was wearing an uncommonly attractive white dress and mentally remarked that she had beautiful white teeth that showed to advantage when she smiled.

Then Flora went away somewhere to take a course of the higher education. Perhaps Frarey missed her, but he hardly knew. It is certain that in a general way and without any reference to anybody in particular he had occasional thoughts of settling down in a home of his own. It would be nice to have someone to read the improving books to and to take to the improving lectures. That was all it amounted to—just hazy general thoughts.

But when Flora returned a year later with charms that now began to blossom from the bud his reflections became more definite.

"I'd best go slow about this," he said to himself. "A man needs something more than pearly teeth and a rosy complexion to make him comfortable."

So he did not encourage her, though, when she went away the following June for her second year, he brought her "The Stones of Venice" and the North American Review to read on the train, for which she was very grateful.

Time passed and Flora came back. On the evening of her arrival what he called her improvement almost took Frarey's breath away. Her former prettiness had become actual beauty and her conversation, which Mrs. Albrecht no longer attempted to restrain, was bright.

The next morning Frarey met Flora on the stairs, and as he stood aside to let her pass she, too, stopped.

"Mr. Frarey," she said, with a charming air of embarrassment, "mother tells me that some of your things need mending. There are—er—some socks that need darning and other things. You know, mother never had much time for such things, but I have and—I wonder if you would let me try my hand at them."

What would you have thought in such a case?

At first the mending and darning were done rather roughly and unskillfully, but Frarey didn't care for that—not a cent. He would have had to throw the socks away in any event. But the improvement was rapid, and in a short time an incredible neatness was shown in the darns. Within a week Frarey, commenting on the excellence of the bread at table, was informed that Flora had made it.

Still Frarey hesitated, not from any misgiving now, but from sheer diffidence. He brought books often now and candy once or twice. Gradually he tried to accustom himself to the idea of an engagement and matrimony. He had long reveries in the solitude of his room.

One evening he was indulging his fancy in this way when he thought he heard voices on the steps below his window. His room was on the second floor. Yes, one of the voices was Flora's. It was her laugh. The other voice was manly.

A chill of apprehension came over Frarey. He approached his window and stealthily, noiselessly raised it and listened. He was just in time.

"No, dear," Flora was saying: "I won't consider anything but housekeeping, and, Dick, you have no idea how domestic I am getting. I can do lots of things—cook, make bread, mend, darn socks—I've been practicing on Mr. Frarey's, poor man. But he was very sweet over my early failures. I used to think him such an awful crank, but lately he's got to be just the dearest old thing—"

Frarey shut the window down hastily.

How A Roman Got Out.

The European papers contain many amusing stories of the late Count of Flanders, who unlike his brother the King of Belgium, had always been a model husband and family man. For years stone deaf, he gradually spoke in louder tones. As his palace was directly upon one of the leading Brussels streets, and he insisted on having the windows of his workroom wide open, the passers by became quite accustomed to hearing his stentorian tones. It was in this way that a reporter got hold of the little romance of his niece, Clementine, and Prince Victor Napoleon. Standing under one of the Count's windows, the reporter heard the whole discussion between him and his wife—who had to shriek to make him hear—as to whether the young people should or should not marry. Naturally the story became one of the famous "beats" of Brussels journalism. In early life the Count was taught the art of bookbinding, and his own hands are responsible for some of the beautiful bindings in his costly library. Yet living in practical retirement, he accomplished nothing for which his countrymen will remember him.

Butter In Sixty Seconds.

Londoners recently had an opportunity at their dairy show to see a novelty in machines which may modify our breakfasts considerably, and usually much to their advantage. Epicures long ago found out that the only way to have satisfactory tea or coffee is to make it yourself on the table. With butter such a proceeding has been out of the question, and we have all been dependent on the

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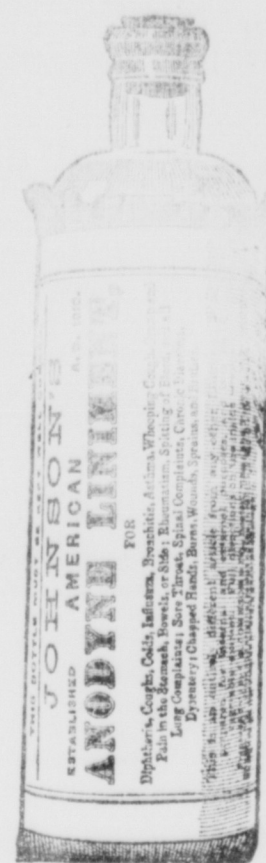
It can't twist and torture limbs, arms, back, or head after that. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment frees humanity from external aches, and internal pains, from which all people suffer sometime.

There is efficacy in every bottle—the power of the original ANODYNE made 95 years ago—to heal cuts, wounds, old sores, contusions, aches or pains. To cure coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, cramp, colic—any pain or inflammation anywhere, upon or in, the human body.

Just as good for inside as for outside—good for everybody—good to the last drop—too good to be without in case of emergency.

Two sizes—25 cents and 50 cents. Three times as much in 50 cent size.

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We have just landed four car loads

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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.

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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, 1905.

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.

Imperial Poultry Food

consists of cooked Bone and Meat Scraps. Just what is required to double the quantity of eggs and costs \$1.50 pr. 100 lbs. bags. Manufactured and for sale by IMPERIAL PACKING CO., LTD. Woodstock, N. B.

MEETING OF COUNTY COUNCIL.

The regular semi-annual meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton, will be held at the Court House, on TUESDAY the NINTH day of JANUARY next, at TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

Dated this sixteenth day of December, A. D., 1905.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Secretary-Treasurer,
Municipality of Carleton.

The Rev. Dr. Symonds, of Christ Church Cathedral, who has endeared himself to all by his energetic zeal for the benefit of young men, has established a new claim on the affections of his fellow-citizens by inviting the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, to take part in the Christmas service by reading the lessons. Of course, this was what any layman might be asked to do—Mr. Gladstone used to read the lessons in Hawarden Church—but the spectacle of a minister of another denomination in the sanctuary of an Anglican cathedral, though by no means unprecedented, is an exceedingly wholesome and hopeful one. It showed not only the vicar's broadmindedness, but that of his congregation, which was delighted with the seasonable expression of peace on earth and good will to men.

It costs London \$20 a year to educate a child in school. In Germany the average cost is about \$14, in New York about \$21.

dairyman and grocer, who, alas! too often inflict on their customers a rancid, boraxed substance better suited for axles than for stomachs. In French and German markets it is easy to get sweet butter every morning fresh from the country. In English and American cities it is seldom possible to do this, wherefore we ought to bless the inventor of the new machine referred to—a churn which makes butter in sixty seconds. "It is so handy," we are told, "that it might very well be placed on the tea-table as an accessory to the cups and teapot, and yet not look out of place. Given the requisite amount of cream, with a temperature of sixty degrees, butter can be made at any time when desired." Such an invention is really of greater importance than it may appear at first sight. There is high medical authority for the assertion that there is nothing Americans need so much as a greater supply of easily digested fat. Fresh butter is the best of these fats, and the more pure and tempting we can make it, the more will dyspeptics, invalids, and all hard workers be benefited.

Severe But Deserved.

It is startling to read of three Americans having been sentenced to be shot in Mexico, their crime being the murder of persons in whose life insurance they were interested. They had conspired to defraud the New York Life Insurance Company by securing policies on certain lives, then killing the insured and collecting the policy money. This they had done in two cases and fraudulently drawn \$25,000 from the company. One of the murderers, one Hurlbert, acted as the company's agent in Mexico, under a false name. He was a fugitive from justice. It seems a pity to execute such miscreants by shooting, rope's end in good enough for men to that class.

Tucker Could Spell Waltz.

The late Payson Tucker, "the most popular railroad man in Maine," was in his youth more noted for his social than his scholarly abilities. One evening he was drawing up an order of dances for the club in Portland to which he belonged, when one of the boys, peeping over his shoulder, began to laugh.

"Oh, look here, fellows," he shouted, "how Pays spells 'waltz'—with a c!"

Tucker earnestly examined the list. Then he said, in great indignation:

"That ain't a c, you fool, it's an s!"—
[Portland Herald.]

The Silver Lining.

The situation is seldom quite as bad as it might be. Happy is the spirit that recognizes this truth, and takes comfort to itself in the thought of what is spared. The Irishman whose tale of calamity is related in the Birmingham Post belongs to this choice class of fortunates.

Cassidy had just been injured in a blast. "Poor b'y!" exclaimed O'Hara, consolingly. "Tis tough luck to have yer hand blown off."

"Och! Faith, it might have been worse," replied Cassidy. "Suppose O'd had me week's wages in it at the time?"

Just the Reason.

(Stray Stories.)

Ambitious politician—I don't think I'll have a bit of trouble in getting elected again. Look how easily I was elected last year, when the people hardly knew me at all.

Trusty henchman—But that's the whole trouble. The people—h'm—know you now.

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