

## Throat Coughs

A tickling in the throat; hoarseness at times; a deep breath irritates it;—these are features of a throat cough. They're very deceptive and a cough mixture won't cure them. You want something that will heal the inflamed membranes, enrich the blood and tone up the system . . . .

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is just such a remedy. It has wonderful healing and nourishing power. Removes the cause of the cough and the whole system is given new strength and vigor . . .

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## The Backward Track.

It doesn't seem so long ago  
When I, with tan and stone bruised toe,  
Went plodding down the dusty road,  
With nothing in the shape of load,  
And I was just as free from care  
As any bird that sailed the air.

It doesn't seem so long ago  
When I could run, and jump, and throw,  
And swim—they called me "river rat"—  
And I was proud to be called that—  
There wasn't much could make me scared  
Cause I could do what others dared.

It doesn't seem so long ago  
When me an' Jim 'ud always know  
Where apples grew we liked the best,  
An' where the squirrels made their nest;  
And we had secret caves and nooks  
Where we read blood and thunder books.

It doesn't seem so long ago  
When I, all heedless, head of tow,  
Would ramble off somewhere and dream  
About the city's glow and gleam,  
And I could hear it call to me  
An' say "Come on" as plain's could be.

It doesn't seem so long ago  
And yet—I guess it must be so!  
It must be miles and years away  
To that old place. And so I say,  
If I could find the backward track  
I don't believe that I'd come back!

Will F. Griffin, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

## The Men That God Remembered.

The young minister, making his first calls in his new parish, found himself one lovely May afternoon upon a corner of the Bakers' tiny front piazza with old "Uncle Jimmy." He hardly knew how he came there. Of course he had not expected to find Dan Baker at home in the afternoon, but he had counted upon a call on his wife; and instead, here he was upon a corner of the piazza with Mrs. Baker's father-in-law, old crippled Uncle Jimmy. Uncle Jimmy's shrewd, friendly blue eyes studied the young man's face.

"Don't be put out," he said, cheerfully. "Dan and Fanny will be all right, come Sunday. But there's a heap of things doing on a farm in May, and they haven't time to talk religion week days. You might take it out on me, if you don't mind. I've got all the time there is—sometimes, I most think, too much of it, and I'd take it real kind of ye."

It was irresistible, even had the minister wanted to resist. He led the old man on to talk of his early life, and the years before the rheumatism conquered him. Uncle Jimmy told of it all freely, his long years of toil, and then the defeated hopes and plans. There was no word of complaint; indeed, his tone was almost impersonal, but at the end of the story he looked up.

"I'd admire to have you read to me before you go," he said. "There's a Bible on the table in the fore room."

The minister went into the "fore room" and returned with the big family Bible.

"Have you any particular passage in mind?" he asked.

"Yes," Uncle Jimmy answered, "I have. For years I've had a hankering for some minister to read one of those long chapters in Chronicles, say, about the sons of Judah and the sons of Levi, and all the rest of them. I wrestled with 'em myself a lot, but some of the names is certainly a mouthful. I've always wanted to hear somebody read 'em off slick."

"Certainly I will read them," the minister answered, surprised, "but isn't there some other passage that you would like besides—something closer to human life?"

The old man turned his wrinkled face to the young one.

"Well," he said, "I suppose it does sound queer, but maybe there ain't anybody can tell right off what will help somebody else most. Now me, when I get real down-

hearted, I read over the Sons of Judah lists. I say to myself, 'Now here are all these people nobody knows anything about. They lived their lives and passed away. Maybe some of them were real prosperous—I suppose they were; but maybe some were failures like me. But God remembered them. Folks forgot them thousands of years ago, but He didn't forget. He knew every one of them by name.'

"I tell you there are times when there's a heap of comfort in those lists. God ain't the changing kind—He says so. So I know that somewhere in His lists old Jimmy Baker's name is put away, safe and sure."

The young minister's firm hand clasped over an old, twisted one.

"Thank you, my friend," he said.

## Where Murder is no Crime.

Murder is punished with a fine of about \$5 in the land of the Mandayas, a Malay tribe living on the Island of Mindanao, in the Philippines. The highest penalty which can be imposed in the tribe is a fine of about \$25, computing in Canadian money. This is for publicly insulting an old man. This race has many peculiar customs, according to reports brought by men returning from service in the Philippines. All of them are carefully observed, and constitute the law of the land. Any violation of them is punished. The old men constitute a legislative, judicial and executive body, and all matters in dispute are brought before them for settlement. Theft is punished by the return of the stolen property, and if that is impossible the council appraises the property stolen, and the person who committed the crime must pay, in work, this amount to the one from whom the property was taken. The greatest wrong that a Mandaya can do is to show disrespect to the old. To kill a stranger is the greatest ambition of the Mandayas. They attempt to kill all strangers who come among them, not as enemies, but merely because they are strangers. He who kills a stranger or an enemy is given an important standing in the tribe, and after he has killed thirty he is entitled to the highest honor, that of wearing scarlet clothing. Like the Moros, the Mandayas are a deceitful and treacherous people, always pretending to be friendly, but only awaiting a chance to take advantage of the unwary. They never forget a wrong done them by another tribe, and, if it be the killing of one of their number, they will, if possible, kill two in return. They will never attack openly or where their adversary has any chance to defend himself. In their raids upon other tribes they kill the men and make slaves of the women and children.

## Where the Joke Failed.

An editor can usually take a joke as well as anybody; but there are times during the rush of business when he is apt to miss the point of the joke for some moments.

Such an instance happened recently in an Australian up-country newspaper office, which resulted seriously for the joker. The joker in question happened to be the editor's own brother, whom he hadn't seen for ten years. He came to surprise his brother and to pay him a short visit, and, being more or less given to practical joking, he determined to wait upon his brother in the guise of the "feller what wants to see the editor mighty quick and to lick him too."

He was a big, strapping man, well fitted to enact such a part, and when he forced his way into the editor's private office he had his hat pulled down over his eyes and a cigar elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees, causing him to look very fierce.

"Is this the editor?" he asked, as he faced his brother.

"It is," replied the other. "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," returned the fierce-looking man. "It's me what wants to do for you. Are you prepared to take a good licking?"

"Charmed, I'm sure!" replied the editor, and with this he picked up a portrait-block and slammed it into the visitor's face, knocking him under the table. The foreman in the composing-room had a roller in his hand at the time, and, hearing a strange noise in the office, came running in just in time to sit on the strange man's chest and run the roller over his face.

When the man came to his senses he explained his little joke, disclosing his identity, and all is now peace and joy, barring a piece of his ear that is missing where the stereo glanced off his head.

It took some time to get the ink off his face, and his chest is still a little lame where the foreman's number elevens tracked it up, but otherwise he is doing first-rate.

## Rules For Eating Corn.

Seize each end of ear firmly in each hand. If ear is too hot order side dish of ice cream or turn in fire alarm.

Gnaw from one end to the other and not around the cob.

Don't take large bites—there is danger of swallowing the cob.

Don't pause to pick your teeth—it is a foolish waste of time.

Eat until you feel like a corn crib.

When you have finished wipe off your chin.

# 1810 to 1906

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# JOHNSON'S

## Anodyne

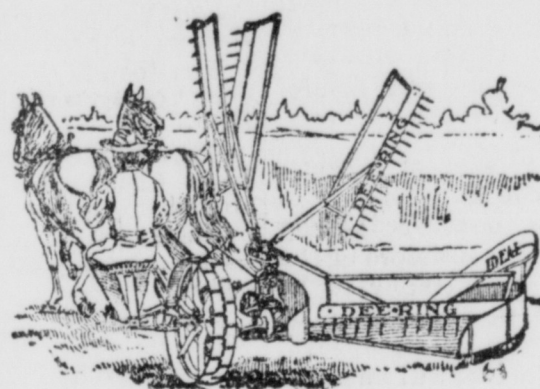
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Think of it—the doctors' bills saved—the time saved—the lives saved. For nearly a century used by man, woman and child—night and day—for inside and outside pains. Always certain, always reliable. Goes right at the spot and kills the pain. Quickly cures Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Lame Muscles, Muscular Rheumatism, Backache, Inflammation, Sunburn, Frostbites, Chaps and Chilblains. Annihilates pain. Keep it handy. Everywhere 25c—three times as much for 50c.

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All my Household Furniture at once. Also a Baby Carriage. Apply to MRS. F. E. SHEA, Broadway.

## In The Supreme Court In Equity.

Between Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, Plaintiff, and Robert B. Atkinson Defendant.

Take notice that, under and by virtue of a Decree of Foreclosure and Sale in above cause, made by Mr. Justice Barker, Judge in Equity, on the tenth day of July A. D. 1906, there will be sold at Public Auction, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, in front of the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for the County of Carleton, in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, on Thursday the eleventh day of October A. D. 1906, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, the following described lands and premises, namely:—  
"All that certain piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the Parish of Kent, in the County of Carleton and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a marked cedar stake on the bounds of the road leading from Allen McLean's to Joseph Curtis's place or dwelling and adjoining lands occupied by Charles Dyer; thence running southerly within six inches of Charles Dyer's barn to a marked birch tree, or stump standing on the side hill, six feet from the foot of said side hill, thence running along said side hill easterly six feet from the foot or bottom of said side hill, until it strikes the above mentioned road; thence westerly along said road to the place of beginning, and being the same land and premises conveyed by Rainsford Giberson and wife to the late Dr. J. G. Atkinson by Deed dated the twenty-sixth day of April A. D. 1901, and being the same land conveyed to the said Robert B. Atkinson by Cassie C. Rogers and Sankey K. Rogers, her husband by deed bearing date the ninth day of May A. D. 1904, and recorded in the Records of the said County of Carleton in Book J, Number Four, on page 449 and 450, together with all the buildings, and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging. As which sale all parties have leave to bid.  
Dated this second day of August A. D. 1906  
THANE M. JONES,  
Referee in Equity."

H. H. PICKETT  
Plaintiff's Solicitor.  
Aug. 8-Oct. 10.

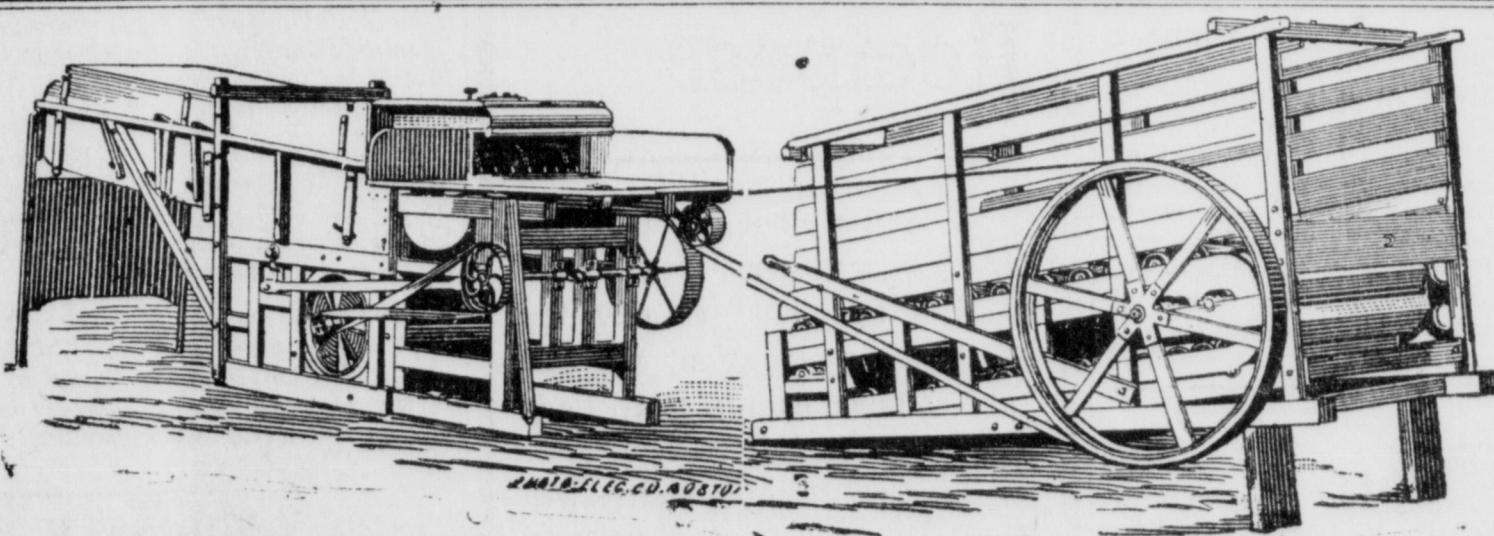
## Apples Wanted.

Parties having apples suitable for canning may now contract for the same for delivery during September and October, at the factory of the IMPERIAL PACKING CO., LTD.

## FOR SALE.

A dark bay mare, five years old, weight between 1200 and 1300 pounds. Enquire of H. E. Burtt, Woodstock. Also, a new box stove with tank and shelf, two single waggons, double and single harness, new set of bob sleds, long sled, pung and other articles.

DUNCAN HANNAH,  
Farmerston, Car. Co.  
S. sept. 19-21.



Having bought the Plant, Stock in Trade and Good Will of the Small & Fisher Company, Limited, we are at the old stand open for business, and solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on our predecessors. The above cut represents our celebrated LITTLE GIANT THRESHER which is the most reliable Roller-Bearing, Double Gated Machine on the market. These Threshers have been many years before the public, and through skilful workmanship and improvements, where circumstances have demanded it, they are still to the front. We are making them both End and Side Shake to suit the requirements of our customers. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

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