

Life.

(Frank Dempster Sherman in the Atlantic.)
 Life,—what is it?
 Ah, who knows!
 Just a visit.
 I suppose:
 Joy and sorrow
 For a day,
 Then to-morrow
 We're away.
 Youth, and morning;
 Manhood, noon;
 Age—the warning,—
 Night comes soon:
 Shines a star to
 Light us; then
 'T is not far to
 Home again.

A Lady's Alphabet.

"I expect to have a busy winter," Olive Thorne explained to a group of school friends, "teaching the wild idea how to shoot. Aunt Helen who is nothing if not experimental, has spent the summer in Alaska, and writes that she is bringing home a native Alaskan girl she found in a mission school there. This Neeta Jackson is to have the room next to mine—I suppose that I may help civilize her. Think of her table manners, her grammar! I wonder if she sleeps in bed or if she rolls up in a blanket on the floor? Oh, I shall have a busy winter!"

The girls separated, laughing, but impressed with Olive's responsibility.

One morning several weeks after the traveller arrived, Neeta rose early and went for a walk before breakfast. Olive was just leaving her room when her aunt called her.

"Let us see what our little Alaskan girl's room looks like," she said. I think as housekeeper I may take that liberty, especially as her door is open." The two entered, arms about each other's waists. "She has thrown back her bedding and opened the windows," noted aunt Helen. "Now for her bureau. Her comb and brush are neat, her pins and trinkets on the tray. Now the washstand. Towels spread out to dry, washbowl emptied, soap in its dish. Good!"

As they came to the next door, "Shall we just glance into your room too?"

A flush spread over the girl's face. In a flash the contrast rose before her. Not this morning," she replied. Go on to your breakfast, Aunt Helen. I will follow in a few minutes."

As the older woman went down she muttered her favorite maxim: "When expostulations fail, illustrate."

A cousin of Olive called one evening and the talk turned to amateur photography. The young fellow laughingly recalled taking a flashlight photograph in that room the month before.

"The girls could hardly wait for me to finish the prints," he said. They ordered twenty-five. I know the ways of girls, and made ten. One of those has been paid for, and that was by your little ward, Aunt Helen. She came to me the day I said they would be finished, had the extra change to pay for the print, and thanked me so prettily for my bother that I gave her other pictures on the spot."

"Can you spare Olive to me?" Aunt Helen asked, one evening as a group of girls chatted in one corner of the veranda. "Go right on with your talking; she will be back soon!" The older woman detained her niece a few minutes, until the girls' voices, softened by the interruption, had regained their former timbre.

"Just listen, Olive," she said. "One voice is shrill, one is raucous, one is nasal, almost all are loud. The only soft, low, musical voice among them is Neeta's. Her tone and enunciation are those of a true, cultivated lady."

There was a brief silence. "Aunt Helen," said Olive, gravely, "you are very clever with your 'when expostulations fail, illustrate.' I have had a busy winter, but it has not been in teaching the alphabet of ladyhood to your little Alaskan savage."

The Price of Peace.

The terrible itching and smarting, incident to certain skin diseases, is almost instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Price, 25 cents. For sale by All Dealers.

Couldn't Find Him.

Sir Robert Ball is an Irishman with more than the usual amount of humor. Even when a joke tells against himself he is quick to appreciate it. Not long ago he alighted at a country railway station in Ireland, intent on a lecture, and was surprised to find no vehicle awaiting him. After a time a servant approached and inquired if he were Sir Robert Ball.

"Yes," said the genial astronomer. Then the man apologized for the delay.

"I was told," he said, "to meet an intellectual looking gint."—Pall Mall Gazette.

It's a pleasure to tell our readers about a Cough Cure like Dr. Shoop's. For years Dr. Shoop has fought against the use of Opium, Chloroform, or other unsafe ingredients commonly found in Cough remedies. Dr. Shoop, it seems, has welcomed the Pure Food and Drug Law, recently enacted, for he has worked along similar lines many years. For nearly 20 years Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure contains have had a warning printed on them against Opium and other narcotic poisons. He has thus made it possible for mothers to protect their children by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Sold by All Dealers.

Spider's-Web Nets.

One of the curiosities of Waley, and, indeed, one of the greatest curiosities that I noted during my stay in New Guinea," writes Mr. Pratt in "Two Years Among New Guinea Cannibals," was the spider's-web fishing-net.

"In the forest at this point huge spiders' webs, six feet in diameter, abound. They are woven in a large mesh, varying from one inch square at the outside of the web to about one-eighth inch at the centre. The web is most substantial, and has great resisting power, a fact of which the natives are not slow to avail themselves, for they have pressed this spider into the service of man. It is about the size of a small hazelnut, with hairy, dark brown legs, spreading to about two inches. This diligent creature they have beguiled into weaving their fishing-nets."

"At the place where the webs are thickest they set up long bamboos, bent over into a loop at the end. In a very short time the spider weaves a web on this most convenient frame, and the Papuan has his fishing-net ready to his hand. He goes down to the stream and uses it with dexterity to catch fish of about one-pound weight, neither the water nor the fish sufficing to break the mesh."

"The usual practice is to stand on a rock in a backwater where there is an eddy. There the fisherman watches for a fish, dexterously dips it up and throws it to the bank."

"Several men will set up bamboos so as to have nets ready all together, and will then arrange little fishing parties."

"It seemed to me that the substance of the web resisted water as readily as a duck's back."

Croup can positively be stopped in 20 minutes. No vomiting—nothing to sicken or distress your child. A sweet, pleasant and safe Syrup, called Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure, does the work and does it quickly. Dr. Shoop's Croup Cure is for Croup alone, remember. It does not claim to cure a dozen ailments. It's for Croup, that's all. Sold by All Dealers.

The Ailing Habit.

If you are not well don't talk about it. To do so only exaggerates your consciousness of physical discomfort; also it casts a shadow of gloom over other people. They grow hesitant about asking you how you feel. It gives them cold chills to be continually told that you are "not very well" or "not so well" or "about the same."

Probably you've said these things so often that you say them now as a matter of course. It seems incredible to you by now that you should ever feel really well, because you've unconsciously made a habit to be ailing.

Do you know that a good deal of this is imagination? If you braced up and told people cheerily that you felt tiptop nine chances in ten you would feel tiptop pretty soon. You'd forget the ailing habit.

And, after all, what great difference does it make to any but your nearest and dearest if you don't feel well? Suppose you are even hampered by downright physical ills? Your work must be done just the same. It can't be? What nonsense! Of course it can.

Consider the splendid people who have conquered desperate ills in order to get their work done. The woman who has something to do doesn't have the time to complain of not feeling well.

Why Suffer From Rheumatism?

Do you know that rheumatic pains can be relieved? If you doubt this just try one application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will make rest and sleep possible, and that certainly means a great deal to any one afflicted with rheumatism. For sale by All Dealers.

Died of Sunstroke.

A doctor who was recounting some of his experiences of hypnotism related the following story:

"I once had a patient who was ill with consumption and who ought to have gone to a warmer climate, but whose means were insufficient, so I resolved to try what hypnotism would do for him. I had a huge sun chalked on the ceiling of his room and by suggestion induced him to think it was the sun, which would cure him. The ruse succeeded, and he was getting daily better, when one day on my arrival I found he was dead."

"Did it fail after all, then?" asked the doctor's hearers.

"No," replied the doctor; "he died of sunstroke."

THE American Vitaphone Company with a superb collection of moving pictures will be the attraction at the opera house on Thursday, January 31st. Among the many features to be presented in their matchless program is a late European novelty "The Merry Frolics of Satan," a cinematographic production in 30 scenes. This picture was presented over 500 times at the "Theatre Municipal du Chatlet," Paris, with enormous success and has been equally famous in this country. Words are inadequate to properly describe this film and it must be seen to be appreciated. It is full of thrilling scenes and wonderful situations. Don't fail to see the "Skidoo Horse," "Mount Vesuvius," "The Grand Trunk Railway," "The Descent to the Inferno," and "Satan's Twinspit." 50 additional features. New illustrated songs. Tickets, 15, 25, 35.

RHEUMATIC AGONY

Nothing Reached the Root of the Trouble Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Were Used.

"I suffered almost untold agony from rheumatism. For several weary months I was confined to bed. I had the best of medical treatment, but nothing seemed to reach the root of the disease until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have completely restored my health." This strong emphatic statement is made by Mrs. Edna Morrill, of Woodstock, N. S., a lady who had practically been given up as incurable by doctors. She further says: "I suffered for over two years and rheumatism seemed to be firmly implanted in my system. At the outset I was able to attend to my household duties, but at night I suffered the greatest pain. I at once began to take medicine but my condition actually grew worse. I was attended by a skillful doctor but was ultimately forced to remain in bed, suffering untold agony with every movement. Finally the doctors told me the trouble was incurable. One day I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to do so. Presently the pains were not so severe, and I began to feel myself gaining. Shortly after I was able to go about, and in less than three months I was perfectly well. For this condition my thanks are gratefully due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Morrill by driving the rheumatic poison out of her blood. They actually make new blood. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they have cured the worst cases of anemia (bloodlessness) headaches and backaches, kidney trouble, indigestion, neuralgia, nervousness and the special ailments of girls and women whose blood supply becomes weak, scanty or irregular. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BORN.

FORES.—At Acton, Mass., on January 10th, to the wife of E. S. Fores, a son.

PEABODY.—On January 22nd, to the wife of G. S. Peabody, a daughter.

ANDERSON.—At Boston, Jan. 19th, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Milton Anderson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

MCQUARRIE-CRAIGS.—At the Manse, by the Rev. George D. Ireland, on the 23rd instant, Mr. George W. McQuarrie of Woodstock to Miss Jennie M. Craigs of Sussex, N. B.

ORANGE-TOMPKINS.—At Knoxport, N. B., January 22nd, 1907, by Rev. H. C. Archer assisted by Lic. P. T. Cosman, Gilbert Orange and Miss Clara Tompkins all of Royalton, N. B.

DIED.

SMITH.—At Dead Creek, near Canterbury Station, January 18th, James Smith, aged 72 years, leaving a widow and six sons to mourn their sad loss.

SMITH.—At Dead Creek, near Canterbury Station, January 24th, Albert Smith, aged 41 years, son of the late James Smith, leaving a widow and three children to mourn their sad loss.



A Help to Economy

Steam or Hot Water Heating will prove economical after the pipes are in. The fittings cost a little more than stoves or a furnace, but the advantage is greater. You operate a hot water system for almost nothing—it is almost no bother—it is the most perfect method.

Let us take measurements and tell you the cost.

FEWER BROS.

Connell Street,
Woodstock.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Alex Dunbar & Sons Co., Ltd. will be held at their office on Main Street, Town of Woodstock, on Monday the fourth day of February next at two of the clock in the afternoon, for the election of Directors and for the transaction of such other business as may come before it. Dated January 14th, 1907.

WM. DUNBAR,
Sec'y Treas.

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Cor. Queen and Main Sts.

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Shoe Pacs,

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The Long Leg Pac Fits

and won't wrinkle down.

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A WORD OF WARNING! The man who insures with J. W. Astle makes no mistake. Do it today. You may save the earnings of a lifetime. **Fire Insurance, Accident, Sickness and Life.**—I have also a few nice Dwellings in town for sale cheap and on easy terms. See me and I'll tell you how easy you can get a house.

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Fresh Salmon,
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Flounders, Cod,
Herring, Clams,
Finnen Haddie,
Canned Salmon,
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Cleanliness, Honest Weights, Moderate Prices, Prompt Delivery.

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W. H. SCOVIL, Manager.

Estate George Leary.

Any one indebted to the estate of George Leary late of the Parish of Brighton, deceased, is hereby requested to make payment to the undersigned, who will receive all bills properly attested as owing by deceased.
GEORGE DURRELL GRIMMER,
Dec. 12, 3 mos. St. Andrews.

WANTED.

A first class stove fitter. Apply to SMALL & FISHER Co. Ltd., at once.

WANTED.

A second class female teacher for District No. 14, Richmond, New Brunswick. OTIS T. HANSON.
Jan. 23, 21.

Dear Sir,

Does your Pung need Painting? If so I shall be glad to paint it for you in a first-class manner at the lowest possible price.

Yours truly,

F. L. MOOERS,
Carriage and Sign Painter,

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