

DIGEST YOUR FOOD

and you will be healthy, strong, and active. Headache, Wind, Dizziness, Constipation, and impurities in your blood resulting from indigestion will quickly disappear if you take

MOTHER SEIGELS SYRUP.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. WHITE & CO., Montreal.

The Condition of the People.

In a speech to the Bradford Liberal Association, Mr. Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, said he supposed he might assume that we were not likely to see better times than we are enjoying at this moment. They had all heard from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his interesting and famous Budget speech, statistics of trade and industry. He (Mr. Birrell) was sufficiently cosmopolitan—a wicked word which no Christian (he meant no patriot) ought ever to allow to cross his lips—to rejoice that other nations also were enjoying like prosperity. (Cheers.) We might take it that the wants of this nation at the present time were wants which were not likely to be removed by increased commercial prosperity. They were indicative of a chronic state of things. If there was poverty, it was a kind of poverty due to some other cause than lack of employment, or lack of opportunity for employment, and if there was misery it must be due either to the inherent law of mankind or to circumstances which must be looked into, but were not to be accounted for by simply saying that times were bad. They were all the more bound to inquire accurately as to what could be done and what ought to be done in the way of mitigation of the distress. They ought to have the courage to admit that very much of the distress that we saw around us was due to weakening of will, and was not due to the state of the lower social environment by itself. No, it was weak will, defective strength of mind and body, defective administration, and of course, he must add, though it was not a time to preach, defective morals. If they were wise they would always have their mind on the great body of the people. The "top" may be disregarded; their habits, he supposed, were bad; their conversion was banal; their taste was low; their wealth was great. (Loud laughter.) They might be dispensed with, but he owned he had no particular sympathy with Father Vaughan and that class of divine who were always attacking and gaining a certain notoriety, perhaps, by so doing, the habits of the idle and worthless rich. (Laughter.) He would quite agree that the men needed a missionary (more laughter), but he was afraid the publicity given to their sins in newspaper columns was a thing they enjoyed rather than otherwise. (Laughter.) He owned he would prefer a divine who would shut them up in real reformatories, where they could lacerate themselves with a very stiff kind of wire rope with which he would be very glad to furnish them, and take it out of themselves in that way. (Much laughter.) They must think of the great body of the people, and he was certain their habits were slowly but steadily improving. He had no musical ear, but so far as concerned the acting parts of the entertainments at music halls such as were to be found in London, he was sure the people would find in them more education than by sitting "boozing" in the public house. (Cheers.) The people were waiting for even a better class of entertainment than they got. They ought not to be frightened out of the conviction, too, that the people were becoming more temperate. Land reform had been far too long delayed because they had been too frightened and lawyer-ridden. (Laughter.) Even in Ireland, where landlords were willing to sell and tenants had agreed to buy, they had a cloud of lawyers come down to settle like a brood of crows blackening the whole field and delaying the whole matter. (Laughter.) This was the fault of our absurd system. Land transfer ought to be simplified, but it was idiotic to suggest that efforts for land reform were dictated by a desire to steal somebody else's property or by animosity to landlords, some of whom were the salt of the earth. Having put their hand to the plough, the Government would not look back. (Cheers.)

Free Samples of "Preventics" and a booklet on Colds will be gladly mailed you, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., simply to prove merit. Preventics are little Candy Cold Cure tablets. No Quinine, no Laxative, nothing harmful whatever. Preventics prevent colds—as the name implies—when taken early, or at the "Sneeze Stage." For a seated cold or LaGrippe, break it up safely and quickly with Preventics. Sold by All Dealers.

Trappers Wend Home.

One by one, always one by one, the worn out trappers are trudging back to civilization

after their winter labors, tugging at their rude sleds, piled high with the pelts for miladi's furs and milord's coats. Every spring, when the thinning coats of the fur bearing animals give the unmistakable signal that it is high time to get away, that same dreary procession begins.

The collecting of valuable furs from the woods is a hazardous business, such as nobody but men of tried courage and perfect constitution can well undertake. But as the reward is seldom large, and oftener meagre, those who follow the business are, as a rule, either past the prime of life or are maimed in a way to unfit them for earning good wages at other occupations. Of the two or three score of men who went into the woods last fall, with scanty provisions and all the traps they could haul, seventy-five per cent. were past fifty years of age and more than fifty per cent. of mixed French and Indian blood, the Indian element furnishing the woodcraft and the French giving the necessary physical vigor and tenacity of purpose.

The one indispensable article in the trapper's outfit is the long and high posted frame sled, or "snow yacht," as it is called. It is a light and loose jointed construction of hard wood having broad and thin runners of polished sapling beech. The sleds are wide enough to hold up a load of 600 pounds on soft snow, and can coast steep and bushy hillsides with the speed of steel shod toboggans.

Going in, this sled is laden with Indian meal, prepared flour, molasses, black tea, fat salt pork, a blanket, an extra pair of woollen socks and all the new traps that a strong man can haul. Packed under the bag of meal and away from the wet is a single shot rifle with a short barrel, and on top of the load and ready for use at short notice is a light axe, with a short handle. A paper of salt, a box of matches, a strong clasp knife, a small file for sharpening the axe and knife and a bountiful supply of tobacco complete the outfit for a stay of four or five months.

Traps of mink are placed near shallow and muddy ponds, where the number of conical houses made from flags and dead grasses indicates that muskrats abound. Mink feed upon muskrats, and the presence of the muskrat homes means good trapping.

The stouter otter traps are set near open holes in the ice and close under sunny clay banks, where the otters take winter exercise in sliding. For the taking of the valuable fisher cats the traps are set among hummocks and seams in the ice, close inshore, and are baited with fish on the trenches and lines of frozen minnows or shiners strewn from open holes in the ice in the direction of the traps, to lead the wily beasts to destruction.

A trapper must start early and work very hard to set out a fresh line of traps for twenty miles along a stream in a day. At night he seeks out a thick clump of fir or spruce on the southern slope of a steep hill, and, having shovelled away the snow with his snowshoes and grubbed out the stumps, surrounded himself with three thick walls and a roof of evergreen boughs. Filling the inside deeply with hemlock or fir brush for a bed, he kindles a big fire in front of the southern opening or "door" and sleeps soundly until the crimson bars above the eastern hills mark the coming day. Then, putting his tin dipper over the coals to draw a strong brew of tea, and eat some cold roasted muskrat from the pocket of his hunting coat, he takes his remaining traps on the sled, crosses the divide to the parallel stream and returns to the home camp setting his traps on the way and reaching his starting point at nightfall.

The concentrated essence of joy in the trapper's life is when, with traps oiled and hidden away, with sled loaded with furs and belt buckled up tightly, he finds himself facing south and east and feels the tug of the sled rope pulling from behind. At times he travels more than one hundred miles over melting banks of snow that clog his snowshoes and cause him to ache in every joint. Though the going may get so bad that, except for a few hours after midnight, he can make no progress at all he is never depressed, for he knows that somewhere "away over there," out and beyond the interminable wood, outside the clustered mountains and hills that fence him in, is a fur buyer who will pay him money for what he has earned so hardly and after the money come the bathroom, the barber shop, the clothing store and then—ah, then! a warm and cosy seat in front of some bar, where the fluids he likes comes to him at the wave of his hand.

A Humble Hero.

"He is the bravest man I ever knew," said Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith of Capt. Thomas A. Scott, whose death occurred a few weeks ago, and whom the author has made famous in some of his stories and novels. But no act attributed by the pen of fiction to this submarine engineer and diver can equal the real facts of his courage and self-sacrifice. The New York Tribune quotes from Mr. Smith the tale of one of Capt. Scott's deeds which lifts the man into the ranks of true heroes. The captain was in the employ of the Off-Shore Wrecking Company, when one morning in January an accident happened to a Hoboken ferry-boat.

The ice in the river was unusually heavy, and the boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes until the pack choked her paddles in the mid-river. The weather was bitterly cold and a keen wind was blowing. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men, the drive-ways were full of teams, and women and children stood inside the cabins, a solid mass up to the swinging doors.

While the boat struggled to gain headway, an ocean tug crashed into her side, cutting a great V-shaped gash below her water-line. Shrieks went up from a hundred throats. Men, women and children were crazed with fear. The disabled boat careened, and fell over on its beam. The water poured in like a torrent. Sinking seemed only a question of seconds.

Captain Scott, on the wrecking-tug Reliance, saw the situation. Bringing his boat alongside, he sprang to the deck of the ferry. Quickly he forced the crowd to the starboard side, and thus righted the boat, which regained a nearly even keel. With a threat to throw any man overboard who stirred, he dragged mattresses, blankets, clothes, anything, and crammed them into the hole. It was useless; even the oil rags had been used, and still the water poured in.

Captain Scott stood for a moment as if undecided, then deliberately forced his own body into the gap with his arm outside, level with the floating ice.

An hour later the disabled ferry-boat, with every soul safe, was towed into the Hoboken slip. When they lifted the captain, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the ice had torn much of the flesh from his arm from shoulder to wrist. When he opened his eyes, he said feebly to the doctor:

"Was any of them babies hurt?"

Weeks passed before he regained his strength. Then he went back to his work on the Reliance. In the meantime the wrecking company had presented a bill to the ferry company for salvages, which had been refused.

"Captain," said the president of the wrecking company to Scott the first time the latter appeared at the office, "we're going to have some trouble getting our pay for that ferry job. Here's an affidavit for you to swear to."

The captain took the paper, read it, laid it down, and walked toward the door.

"Did you sign it?"

"No, and I ain't going to."

"Why?"

"Cause I ain't so mean as you be. Look at this arm! Do you think I'd have got into that hole if it hadn't been for them women and babies? And you want 'em to pay for it!"

Then he walked straight to the cashier, demanded his pay, resigned his position and walked out.

Some time after some one asked the captain to tell the story of how he stopped the leak.

"Oh, there ain't nothing to tell," replied the captain. "She got foul of a tug and listed some, and I sorter plugged her up. Been so long I most forgot about it."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

LUCAS COUNTY, Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It is important that persons placing

FIRE INSURANCE

should select strong and reliable companies. This being the case it would be impossible perhaps to find four stronger and more reliable companies represented in Carleton County in one office than the following companies for whom the undersigned is agent, namely:

CALEDONIAN, the Oldest Scottish Fire Office NORWICH UNION, Established in 1797. ATLAS, Founded in the reign of King George III and the QUEEN.

I shall be pleased to see intending insurers. LOUIS E. YOUNG, Woodstock, N. B.

Please, Mister, Quit Your Swearing."

Can't get the Stovepipe up? Swearing won't help it! A pinch of "Sooto Dust" placed on the fire would have cleaned the stovepipe, chimney and all, without taking down the pipe! Make it from simple ingredients, and never take the pipe down again to clean it! Will send you the formula for 25 cents, and guarantee it to be perfectly harmless and effective. Money back if not as represented. You can make big money with this formula. Address W. H. BRAMLEY, Formula Specialist, East Florenceville, N. B.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

(INCORPORATED 1832.)

CAPITAL, - - \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

Unexcelled facilities for the transaction of all kinds of Banking Business.

Special attention given to the Savings Department and interest credited quarterly on Savings Accounts.

This is the only bank having its head office in Canada that submits its books and statements to Independent audit.

WOODSTOCK BRANCH,

W. M. McCUNN, MANAGER.

Hartland Farmers' Exchange.

Special sale of Caps, Boys' and Men's O'Coats Horse Blankets.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR, Prop.

For A June Bride A COURLAY PIANO

Is a Most Appropriate Present. And when you think of the pleasure it will give her, her husband, and their children, the price is quite reasonable.

C. R. WATSON,

Dealer in Musical Instruments.

Woodstock.

THE BEST PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street, Woodstock

Time to Paint.

I have the Best and most economical paint for you to use.

Semple Bros.

East Florenceville, Plumbers and Tinsmiths

A SPLENDID SHOWING

that SHOULD INTEREST those who are thinking of attending a Commercial School. The number of new students who enrolled at the

Fredericton Business College

during the months of January and February of this year, was

MORE THAN DOUBLE

that for the same months of last year. We cannot supply the increasing demand for students trained in this school. Send for FREE Catalogue. Address.

W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

Alfondly 0149,

2 year old Race Record, 2.25
3 year old Race Record, 2.12

Alfondly's colts are showing lots of speed and commanding high prices.

Every Tuesday and Wednesday until 3 p. m. during the month of June, will stand at W. F. Glidden's Stable, Woodstock.

The balance of the time at owner's stable, Centreville.

Will make arrangements to meet parties coming from a distance.

For terms and further information, write or telephone

F. D. TWEEIE,

Centreville, Carleton County, N. B.

May 22 '81

CRULAI 4116.

Imported French Coach Stallion

Imported from France by McLaughlin Bros. of Columbus, Ohio. Colour, Bay; five years old; weight 1500 pounds. This horse will make the season of 1907 at C. W. Dugan's stable, and at the Exhibition Grounds, Woodstock.

This horse's grand dam, Lisette, held the 21 mile record for France from 1892 until 1899, covering the distance in 68 minutes and six seconds.

Terms: Single service \$10.00; by the season \$12.00; to ensure \$16.00; \$2.00 to be paid at the time of service.

COLES DUGAN, Manager.

BRAD WAKER, Groom.

April 24 '81