

A Boston schoolboy was tall,  
weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby.  
He didn't have a strong muscle in his  
entire body.

The physician who had attended  
the family for thirty years prescribed  
*Scott's Emulsion*.

NOW:

To feel that boy's arm you  
would think he was apprenticed to a  
blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

THE SALVATION OF DANIEL.

Mrs. Trapaud was in high good feather; her bay mare and foal had fetched 130 golden sovereigns between them. Moreover, she had only given 80 guineas for the mare. Who will be astonished, therefore, that she found the news of her bargain quite an agreeable adjunct to her breakfast that morning?

Mrs. Trapaud was a woman of some humor; when her husband died she met a friend—a man also of some humor—who knew, as all the world knew, and as Mrs. Trapaud had never pretended to hide, that the marriage had been the reverse of happy. He looked at her weeds with a comprehending smile.

"Got your divorce at last?" he said. "Yes, and in the higher courts, too," she replied.

Mrs. Trapaud was always equal to any occasion.

When Trapaud died his widow carried on the work of his life; she continued to breed his horses. Not so much as he understood from any touching sympathy with the dear departed as from a sound conviction that it was in her to make the thing pay. And she did.

It was a strange household composed of antiquated serving men and women, who had been begotten and born on the estate, and in whom the last expiring breath of feudalism lingered as though dying hard. Trapaud left no heir, and these farm and stable hands, these domestic serving maids, were Mrs. Trapaud's children. She doted and physicked them when they required it, she rubbed their backs when the rheumatism got importunate; she scolded, she praised, rewarded, and blamed—and they loved her.

But as in every fold there is one black sheep so in this patriarchal family there was one strangeling. Daniel—he had no other name—had not been born and bred on the estate; he had not even first seen light in the village; no, not within ten leagues of it the gossips said. He came from practically nowhere; it was so very far away. On winter nights when the evenings were long and dull the younger ones—for age was a mere matter of comparison in the Trapaud household—would coax old Mrs. Goodheart to tell again the story of how Daniel first came to the hall.

"It were a wild, bleak night, just such a one as this," the old house-keeper would begin. "And the wind were howling in the chimney, we knows," would interpolate an irresponsible voice.

"Will ye never learn to hold yer tongue then and not interrupt the story?" a chorus of voices would protest, and then, Mrs. Goodheart having duly allowed herself to be appeased with 'ohs' and 'ahs' and 'there nows' that had become sanctified by custom into a sort of rite. But the reader who does not know what three hundred and sixty-five days spent on a midland horse farm situated a good twenty miles from anywhere on the map can be like, would hardly appreciate the art with which Daniel's history was told so we will offer a brief and more up-to-date sketch that shall state the plain matter in a nutshell.

One Christmas eve, a quarter of a century ago the hospitable glare of a fire that not only could roast an ox but was actually doing so, attracted a little ragged fellow, who was tramping along the high road in search of a night's lodging. One of the keepers found him in the fir plantation and dragged him after him till they stood in the glare of the firelight before Trapaud, his wife and the assembled household. Questioned, the little fellow said his name was Daniel; he was a foundling and had been put out to service with a drunken carpenter, from whom he had run away. He had got as far north as this in a barge along the canal and had worked at whatever came to his hand, for all the food and lodging that charity had not given him. Trapaud liked the lad's face and took him into his service. He was honest and industrious, he had risen by slow degrees, and now for seven years he had been butler at the hall. Daniel took a pathetic pleasure in hearing his own story recited. It made him

feel a kind of hero, but there was always the ever-present ache at his heart that he bought his high position at the cost of love and fear. He was never quite one of them, but a thing apart, as a man who does not know his own surname must ever be.

Mrs. Trapaud was habitually careful about money, never leaving carelessly about any sums, however small. She never disturbed any of her people, for she knew the value of the axiom concerning the open door. On this particular morning, however, she rang the bell for breakfast to be cleared while the 130 sovereigns were still lying glistening in the sun upon the table.

Daniel answered the summons as usual and began to clear away. As he did so his eyes fell on the money and he gave a quick, sharp gasp. Mrs. Trapaud heard it and turned to look at him.

"Yes," she said, "it's a lot of money, isn't it, Daniel? One hundred and thirty pounds. The bay mare and her foal fetched it."

Daniel murmured some reply and went on removing the breakfast things. Mrs. Trapaud rose, folded her napkin leisurely, and gathering up the gold pieces crossed to the fireplace and put them in a tidy little heap on the mantle piece. Then she walked into the conservatory that opened out of the room to see how her poinsettia was coming on. Suddenly her pulses stopped and her heart stood still to listen. She heard a voice distinctly speaking in a weird, mad whisper from the breakfast room behind.

"Make a man rich for life," it said, and repeated the phrase like a litany. She turned. Daniel was standing near the mantelpiece, his face white as death, great drops of sweat standing out upon his brow. His fingers twitched nervously, his eyeballs were painfully distended. Covetousness, avarice, and greed were writ large upon his countenance. He looked horrible. Instinctively Mrs. Trapaud shrank back among the greenery to watch.

"Make a man rich for life!" reiterated Daniel with a curious sibilant sound. "Make a man rich for life—rich for life!" With one swift look in the direction of the conservatory he put out his hand, and with stealthy touch noiselessly took the gold. You could have heard a pin drop. Mrs. Trapaud stepped quickly forward.

"Daniel, what are you doing? Put that money down."

She spoke sharply—peremptorily. Daniel turned. An ugly look came over his face; he was dangerous.

"Put it down this minute," she said. "Make a man rich for life," he muttered, backing to the door.

"Daniel are you mad? Put it down at once I say."

She had re-entered the room now and her hand was on the bell. With a quick movement Daniel reached out his right hand and caught from the table a carving knife, while in his other fist he still clutched the gold.

"I see," she said quietly. "Then we have been housing a thief and a murderer for five-and-twenty years."

The knife dropped from his hand. A violent trembling shook him in every limb, the wild, weird look died out of his eyes and he stood for a moment gazing dazedly at the money in his clenched palm.

"Daniel, put it down."  
He crossed to the mantelpiece as though in a dream and put the money back where he had found it in the spirit of a little child. Then he stood there silent, his head bowed upon his breast.

"It is the first time I have ever known you drunk, Daniel," said Mrs. Trapaud slowly. She laid great stress upon the word. "Do not ever let me see you drunk again or I shall dismiss you. Now you may go."

He turned and walked slowly to the door. He had his back to her, but she could see his shoulders heave. Presently he turned again, his face still bowed upon his breast.

"God bless 'ee, mistress," he said brokenly, and went out.—London Tatler.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablet  
Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Railroading in the Alps.

(From the Washington Star)

Some remarkable railroad engineering has lately come to notice in Austria. For several years the Austrian government has been constructing a railroad from Salzburg to Trieste, the latter being one of the leading commercial ports to the Adriatic Sea.

The general purpose has been to give a more direct outlet through this port to western Austria and South Germany. The new road is 128 miles long, and is 150 miles shorter than the old round-about route.

The road has been built in two sections, the first being from Salzburg, in Western Austria, to Mallnitz, on the Southern Railroad of Austria, known as the Tauren Railroad; and the second is the Karawanken and Wochiner Railroad, by way of Klagenfurt, Assling and Gorizia to Trieste.

The first section, the Tauren R. R., passes over the Alps, and the completed road as far as Bad Gastein was dedicated to Emperor Francis Joseph last year. A second section was opened by the Emperor on August 4.

The road is distinctly a mountain line, with the finest of Alpine scenery. The construction has involved no fewer than 48 tunnels and 728 bridges, about fifty of these being large structures. The bridges are nearly all of masonry arch construction.

Try This For Your Cough.

To relieve a cough or break up a cold in twenty-four hours, the following simple formula, the ingredients of which can be obtained of any good prescription druggist at small cost, is all that will be required: Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure), one-half ounce; Glycerine, two ounces; good whisky, a half pint. Shake well and take in teaspoonful doses every four hours. The desired results can not be obtained unless the ingredients are pure. It is therefore better to purchase the ingredients separately and prepare the mixture yourself. Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure) should be purchased in the original half-ounce vials, which druggists buy for dispensing. Each vial is securely sealed in a round wooden case which protects the Oil from exposure to light. Around the wooden case is an engraved wrapper with the name—"Virgin Oil of Pine (Pure)"—plainly printed thereon. There are many imitations and cheap productions of Pine, but these only create nausea, and never effect the desired results.

BOYS ARE WATCHED.

When we see the boys on the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them. In every hank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys; they will not select him for his ability to swear, smoke cigarettes, or tap a beer keg. And the "society swell" who is daft about little social functions and is happy in the conceit that he is "just the article" that young ladies find indispensable on all occasions, is given the "glassy stare" quite as often as the beer-guzzler or cigarette smoker. Business men may have a few loose habits themselves but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of everybody in the city. They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him the reason why they do not want him, but the boy can depend upon it that he's been rated according to his behavior. Boys cannot afford to adopt the habits and conversation of the loafers and rowdies if they ever want to be called to responsible positions.—Advance.

Piles get quick relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Remember it's made ALONE for Piles—and it works with certainty and satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding, or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Try it and see. All Dealers.

It is easy to SAY that  
this or that clothing is best.

"Progress  
Brand"  
Clothing

PROVES its superiority by  
the style, fit, quality of every  
garment.



PROGRESS BRAND CLOTHING

Look for the label that protects.

JOHN McLAUHLAN, WOODSTOCK TOMPKIN BROS., BATH

WOODSTOCK WOOD-WORKING  
COMPANY, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, School Desks, Sheathing,  
Flooring and House Finish of all kinds

We employ a first-class Turner, and make a specialty of Church, Store and Verandah work. Call and see our stock or write for prices before purchasing. All orders promptly attended to.

Just imported, a consignment of No. 1 White Wood. Clapboards for sale.

Hard Pine Flooring and Finish.

N. B. Telephone No. 68-3.

Union Telephone No. 119

The Carleton County  
Agricultural Society

Will hold their Annual SEED SHOW  
on FEBRUARY 6th, 1907.

With a sale of Pure Bred and other stock. Prizes will be given in the different classes for both live dressed POULTRY and Winter Fruit.

Intending participants having stock for sale will notify the secretary at once.

BYRON BULL,  
PRESIDENT.

C. L. SMITH,  
SECRETARY.

I Wish You All a  
Merry Xmas.

THE BEST  
PLUMBING

After the 14th each purchaser of half a dollar's worth of goods or more will receive a very Handsome Calendar. I have Xmas goods, nickel ware, tin ware, granite ware. The best Electric Oil, etc., at

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.

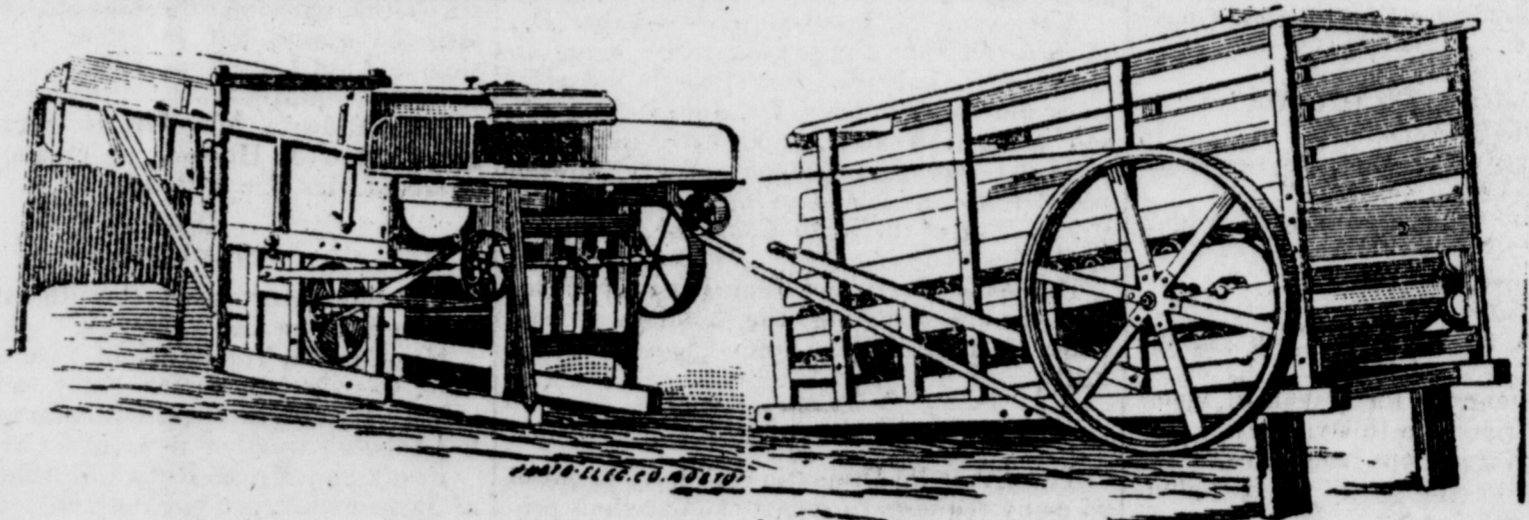
Semple Bros.  
East Florenceville.

I. C. CHURCHILL,  
Connell Street, Woodstock

LIVERY AND HACK STABLE  
H. E. & Jas. W. Gallagher, Props.

Outfits for commercial travellers. Coaches in readiness at arrival of trains. All kinds of Livery Teams to let at Reasonable Rates. A First-Class Hearse in connection.

Emerald Street, - Woodstock, N. B.



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 Geared 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.

SMALL & FISHER, Ltd