



**WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.  
— SOLD BY —  
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES  
10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

**UNRECORDED.**

(Evelyn Orchard, in the British Weekly.)

The din of the dispersing children grew fainter and fainter until it died quite away on the heavy air, and the master was left to the silence of the empty class-rooms. He was not the only teacher in the great scholastic mill where every effort had to be concentrated upon one object, to drag many differing intellects up one common stair to a platform of regulated achievement, one pattern and standard which would pass out into the world with the trade mark of the School Board upon it. Mark Rainham had grown weary and disheartened in the process, and his whole mien betrayed the sickness of his soul. He did not know why he lingered there, for long since he had learned to loathe the place. It was a large, airy schoolroom, perfectly irreproachable as regards ventilation and space. Had it not been measured and searched by every known test, and passed as a model to all other school buildings whatsoever? The latest improvements in teaching apparatus abounded in that room, which was the envy of many less lavishly appointed. Object lessons on highly colored glazed surface adorned the cool, clean blue walls; the school furniture placed there at no small cost, was the pride of the board. Was it not one of their model school, and did they not point with pride to the fact that it had been established in a workingclass neighborhood in order that the children of the people should have the full advantage of it? Mark Rainham knew all this; it had been well instilled in him, and as its headmaster he ought to have rejoiced in his good fortune, and been properly grateful to the system that had planned and carried it through. It was system Rainham loathed. He had been in bondage to it so long that he was sometimes seized with a mad desire to shatter it, to make one mighty pronouncement to the world regarding its utter and ghastly failure; that the millions of money spent on it might just as well have been thrown into the Thames for all the good they had done in the real upbuilding of the nation's life. And if he had been brought absolutely to bay he would have answered without a moment's hesitation that the greatest curse upon it was that it was free. These were only Mark Rainham's views; the views of the man of fifty with the student's mind, colored by a good deal of the idealist's fancy. Sometimes in his scanty leisure moments Rainham would give himself to a dream of a new London, freed from the yoke of party government, its internal affairs guided by a few men devoted to the ideal. A quite useless form of recreation doubtless, but it had served to beguile some solitary hours. And these in Rainham's life were many. He was unmarried and, so far as ties of blood in England were concerned, unattached. He was very poor also, for, though the Board paid him a good salary, he lived among the people where his work lay, and gave to them in their need. He was known in the great black neighborhood, part of the insoluble area of South London, as 'the Master,' and when they spoke of him thus they did not mean solely in the scholastic sense but rather that he was a master of souls. He was perfectly unaware of how many he had helped to redeem. He was just about to close up his desk when a low tap came to the door. In answer to his 'Come in,' a woman of the poorer class, with a thin black shawl wound round her shoulders, appeared just within the door. Her face was very pale and woe-begone. Rainham fancied traces of recent tears on her face.

'You don't know me, Mr. Rainham,' she said simply, and his ear was pleased to detect the educated accent. 'I'm Harold Sibthorpe's mother.'

The Master's face brightened.

'Ah, how is Harold? I hope he will soon be able to return to school. I assure you we miss him very much. He is an example to the whole class.'

A tear started in the woman's eyes.

'Sir, Harold is dead; he died this morning at six o'clock.'

The master looked inexpressibly shocked and distressed.

'My dear woman, I am truly sorry to hear this. I had no idea he was so seriously ill.'

'He took it all of a sudden, sir, and there didn't seem time for any of us to think. He was such a good boy, never complaining, and

so willing to do things for other people. But I don't want to keep you talking here, sir. I really came to thank you for all you did for Harold at school. He was never done talking about you.'

'We were great chums,' said the Master, with a slight break in his voice. 'And he helped me more than he knew or I can ever tell you, Mrs. Sibthorpe.'

'You made him very happy, sir, trusting him as you did. He loved his school and his whole ambition was to grow up like you, sir. And last night, when he was a little easier from his pain—he suffered very much Mr. Rainham, and we were glad to see him at rest this morning—he asked me to tell you he had found the way. When I asked him what he meant, he said you would know, and I came to ask you what he could mean by saying he had found the way.'

Rainham pondered a moment, slightly puzzled, then a light broke on him.

'It must have been the Bible lesson, Mrs. Sibthorpe. Last week we had a lesson on the Saviour's words, "I am the Way." Poor Harold! I am glad you have told me this, Mrs. Sibthorpe. It has helped me very much. I was feeling specially disheartened today. The children are so unruly, and one sees so little fruit of one's labors. From the bottom of my heart I am sorry for you, madam, that you have lost so promising and dear a son.'

'We felt like that at first, sir, because he was such a good boy, but his father believes, and I am sure he is right, that this life isn't all, nor indeed very much. He calls it sometimes the vestibule or the outer room, where some have to wait a long time, while others more quickly ripe pass in soon. It is a comforting idea, Mr. Rainham. Perhaps you will drop in one evening, sir, and see my husband. He is a very fine man, but somehow we have been unfortunate. Some of us have to wait a very long time in the outer room.'

'I will come this evening,' said Rainham. 'Just a moment while I get my hat, and I will walk with you.'

It was no uncommon sight to see the Master walking with a very poor friend through the equal streets. Nobody remarked upon it. He accompanied the mourning woman right to the door of her own house, and even went in to take a look at the boy he loved. And when he left, though he carried a sad heart himself, he had left some ease behind. He lived in a block of model dwellings two streets away, in one of those great barracks by which the authorities have striven to solve the housing problem of London. Rainham naturally did not like the system; he was one who would have been at home in a two-roomed cottage with a flowering garden about it, but he admitted that so far it had seemed the best solution of the problem, and he lived there from principle. He had chosen his rooms at the very top of the tenement, as near the sky as possible, and had built himself a real home. The sitting room was lined with books from floor to ceiling, so that it seemed well furnished. In reality the only other articles were two chairs and a table. On the floor of the little passage he discovered two letters that had apparently come in by the noon post, and these he carried with him into the light of the inner room.

One of them was a bill for rates, the other a thin envelope bearing a strange stamp, that of New Zealand. He opened it with curiosity, for he had not a large body of correspondents, and a letter from abroad was an event. It was more than an event this time, it came in the nature of a thunderbolt. It read thus: 'Dear Sir,—A client of ours, Mr. George Hargreaves, late of London, England, who came to this country fifteen years ago, and has been extraordinarily successful in agricultural pursuits, has unfortunately just died through the after-effects of an accident. Under his will you become his sole legatee. The estate is a valuable one. When realized (and we suppose you wish to realize it), it cannot be worth less than twenty thousand pounds. He has left on record a tribute to you, sir, of which any man might be justly proud. He attributes the whole of his success in life to the example and the teaching he received from you in England. A copy of the will is herewith enclosed. As we are in haste to catch the mail, we have only to add that we await your instructions.—Yours faithfully,

INGRAM & MAULL.

The paper fluttered from Rainham's hands, and he sat down and covered his face. A strange medley of thought swept over him like a great flood.

The money had come too late to buy for him that personal happiness of which he had once dreamed. She had married someone who could give her the things she had prized above his faithful love.

But something remained—a whole world wherein to practice the beneficence his soul loved. He had now the wherewithal to carry out some of the lost ambitions of his youth. He need not go back any more to the dread routine of the Board School. He could snap his fingers at the system for evermore.

He bowed his head upon his hands, and from his hot eyes some tears fell. He did not know why he wept. Perhaps because something told him that release had come

too late. Yet was he immediately and sharply rebuked for his ungracious thought. There came back to him the memory of the boy's dead face as he had seen it scarcely an hour ago. Two messages from the unseen in one day to remind him of the good he had so simply wrought! It had been a great day, a rich day in his life surely, a day of days! He bowed his head again and gave thanks for the unrecorded good.

**Gentle Persuasion.**

Many stories are told of the eccentric doings and sayings of an old clergyman who lived in Maine some years ago. At one time there had been a fight among some men, one of whom was seriously hurt. A trial took place, and the old minister, who had seen the affray, was summoned as a witness.

"What was Salson doing?" was the first question.

"Oh, he was slashing around."

"Well, sir, just what do you mean by that?"

"Why, he was knocking about him here and there."

"Now, sir, kindly tell us plainly what Salson did to this man."

"Why, he—he enticed him," said the old minister, slowly.

"Enticed him! How?"

"He enticed him with a crowbar. He used the crowbar to persuade the man—to entice him; and by a series of pokes and blows he succeeded in doing it," said the minister, mildly.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

One of the poppycock rules now in force at West Point is that which debar boys under a certain height from its privileges. The New York Mail and Express calls attention to the fact that this rule would make it impossible for fighters like Alexander, Napoleon, Oyamo and Kuroki to enter the American Army. Frederick the Great once went to great trouble and expense to recruit a regiment of giants; but history does not record that they distinguished themselves as fighting men.

**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 '31

**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 '07

**RED ROSE TEA** "IS GOOD TEA"

200 Cups of Tea

All from one pound of the Blue Label. The Tea will be as strong as you will want it—and it has that rich, pungent flavor for which Red Rose Tea is noted.

Prove it by ordering a package from your grocer.



**BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL**

The Perfect Substitute for Raising Calves

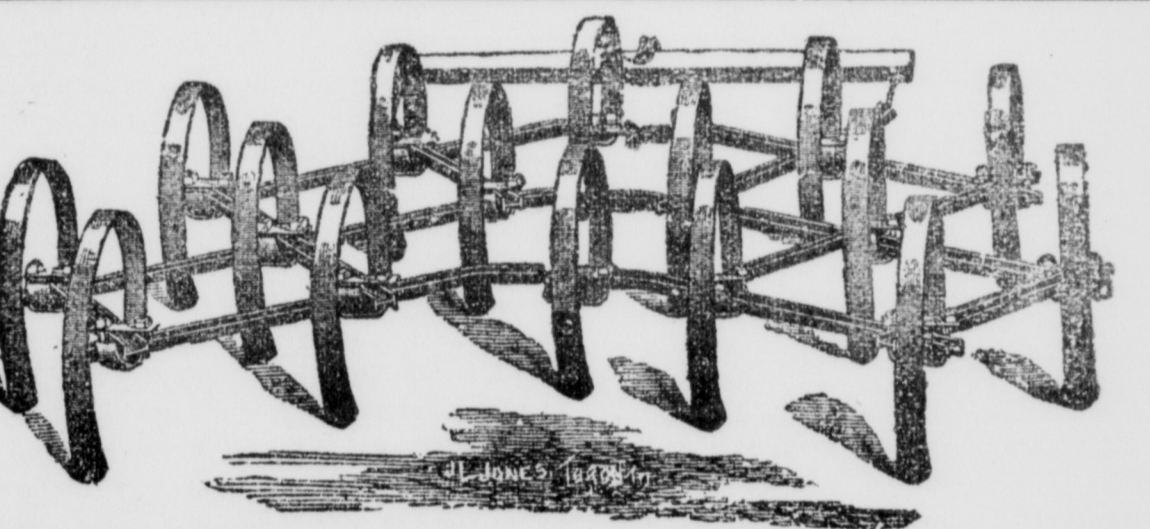
100 lbs. of it Makes 100 Gallons of Rich Nutritious Gruel

It is now a well recognized fact that one of the most successful aids to profitable farming is using a good milk substitute for raising calves. Thousands of the best farmers in the country are now raising their calves on Blatchford's Calf Meal at about half what it used to cost to raise them on milk.

Blatchford's Calf Meal may really be called the Standard Milk Substitute of the world. The foreign trade in it alone is more than the total trade of all other makes of calf meal combined. It has raised more calves, more fine stock, fine animals, and prize winners, etc., than any other calf meal.

It is absolutely the only Milk Substitute that contains all the elements necessary for bodily growth in approximately the proper proportion, and it is the only Calf Meal that is thoroughly cooked and prepared for digestion by the tender stomach of the very young animal. Calves can be vealed better and quicker by using the meal mixed with skim milk than letting the calf have the milk direct from the cow, and you save the cream for butter which at present brings a good price.

FOR SALE BY  
**W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,**  
Woodstock and Centreville.



**Steel Frame Harrows,**  
12, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 teeth,  
Teeth either 1 1/4 or 1 1/2 inch wide.

**Wood Frame Harrows,**  
16 and 18 Teeth.

**Lever Spring Tooth Harrows**  
Fitted with Adjusting Lever to Raise or Lower Teeth.

**Horse Hoes, Cultivators.**

**CONNELL BROS. Limited,**  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**GIRL WANTED.**

Country girl preferred. Good wages. Small family. Must be honest and good tempered. Apply by letter or personally to  
MRS. C. E. SUNDER,  
Green Street.  
May 22, '07.

**FOR SALE.**

The property in the village of Andover, N. B., owned by the Rev. Charles Henderson. For particulars apply to E. H. HOYT, Post Office, Andover, N. B. April 9, '07.

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.