

BOVRIL

Contains the life-sustaining elements of

B E E F

Beef extracts contain only the flavor and stimulating elements of beef—the nutritive values are lost in the making. Baron Liebig, the inventor of beef extracts, admitted that. He said "It is but a condiment and stimulant, containing no matter capable of sustaining life."

That is where BOVRIL differs from beef extracts.

BOVRIL does contain the nourishment and life-sustaining elements of beef as well as its rich flavor.

BOVRIL gives strength and nourishment to the invalid. With its help you can make left-over scraps into delicious consommés, bouillons and soups with very little trouble.

BOVRIL is the true economist in the home kitchen.

Your grocer sells BOVRIL.

Priscilla's Philanthropy.

"Will you be kind enough to show me where Murphy street is?"

It was the fifth time that Priscilla had asked the question that afternoon, but turn and twist as she would at each new jumble of direction, she seemed no nearer the clearing house of domestic panics.

"Two blocks back, miss, then three blocks east and—"

Priscilla frowned. She did not wait for the policeman to finish, but thanking him hastily, retraced her steps with the energy born of despair.

"Is there anything more inhuman on the face of the earth," she put to herself, "than a maid of all work? To think of it! Running off the day before New Year's without deigning to invent an excuse even! I wouldn't have thought it of Delia after being with us six whole months."

Here she stopped her mental soliloquy long enough to get her bearings and turn east, as directed.

"It wouldn't matter so much, if only General Hollister weren't coming to dinner. Relatives don't count. Oh, why did I invite him? He's so accustomed to having everything absolutely come il faut. Catch me letting my sympathies run away with me again just because a man's family happens to be out town! And he could have asked our whole family over there to dinner and with all his servants never bothered to lift his finger! But that wouldn't occur to him. It's the one thing I don't like about Gerald Hollister anyway. With all his wealth you never hear about his doing any big, generous thing."

Just here Priscilla rapid little monologue stopped short.

She suddenly remembered that she had come to the end of her direction. For the sixth time she was about to frame automatically the monotonous inquiry for Murphy street, when a bright blue sign of "Female Help" flaunting itself down a side street caught her eye.

Priscilla made a precipitate dash toward it, which ended in an ignominious collision with a corner newsstand. When both had regained their equilibrium Priscilla, giving her fur boa a careless toss over her shoulder, started a second time toward the garish symbol of her hopes.

This time a plaintive little wail restrained her. Where did it come from? There was not a child in sight. She walked a step or two in the direction of the sound, and there, curled up under the shelter of a newsstand, was a mite of humanity, blue and pinched with the cold.

"Why, you poor dear!" exclaimed Priscilla. "Where is your mother—are you lost?"

But the mite didn't move—only moaned pitifully.

Priscilla looked about perplexed. Seeing a shopkeeper watching her curiously from behind his show-window, she beckoned him to come to her.

"Do you know who this child is?" she asked, almost accusingly.

"Shure," replied the shopkeeper. "He finds the shtand and does a smar-t business, too."

"But he's only a baby and sick and cold," pleaded Priscilla.

"Oh he oftin er-raws undher ther-re' git war-rm. The men takes their piper-rs just the same, an' laves their pennies."

"Where does he live?" demanded Priscilla imperatively.

The man pointed to a dingy-looking tenement house next door to the employment office. To his utter amazement Priscilla stooped down, gathered the whining waif in her arms, wrapped her fur boa around him and walked toward the house with her barden.

From the curious tenants she soon found out which particular door led into the child's home. The key was hanging in a dark corner near by. Once inside, Priscilla laid the child down on a broken, discomfy bed, and then

shivered as she stood helpless in the gloom and chill of the palace.

There was neither fire, fuel nor food. Priscilla knelt down beside the child and chafed his little cold hands till there was some degree of warmth in them. Then she summoned up her courage, knocked at the door of the adjoining flat, and begged the woman to take the child in beside her fire, while she herself went out to get food for him.

She had just returned with her arms full of bundles, when she bumped into a man in the dark hallway, equally encumbered. An avalanche of paper bags followed.

"I beg your pardon," came simultaneously from both.

Then, as they stooped to the task of picking up their respective belongings, the man ventured an inquiry.

"Can you tell me where the Horrigan's live, I wonder?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied Priscilla. "I'm a stranger here myself."

The commotion had caused the sudden apparition of several tousled heads from behind half-opened doors. In the dim light that flickered out Priscilla stole an inquisitive look at the man beside her.

"Gerald Hollister!" she exclaimed excitedly, and in her amazement dropped all her paper bags again.

"Priscilla Ballard!" he exclaimed, and his paper bags followed Priscilla's.

It is quite probable had not the squeaking door stretched their curiosity a bit too far, that Priscilla and Gerald would have spent the rest of the morning dropping and picking up parcels. But Priscilla, catching sight of the woman in whose care she had left the little charge, rushed past her, gathered up the child and commanded Gerald to follow her.

Imagine Mrs. Horrigan's surprise a half hour or so later, when she came in from her day's cleaning, to find seated by a crackling hot stove, with little Jim in his arms, an 'illigant gentleman wid a fur coat at the back iv'im; and more than that, stirring gruel as if her life depended on it, a beautiful young lady with cheeks glowin' like roses."

The woman listened like one spellbound to the explanations that followed, only half comprehending how it was that a gentleman who had become interested in little Jim from buying papers of him night and morning should for that reason be now holding the child in his arms "fr all the wor-ld," as she afterward told the neighbors, "as if he was Jim's father that's dead, bless his soul." Nor was Priscilla's part in the fairy story perfectly clear, either.

However, there was one thing Mrs. Horrigan grasped with true feminine instinct.

"You was saying you was looking for some wan to cook yer New Year's dinner for ye tomorrow, miss, an' I was just afther thinkin' if you'd trust me—"

"Oh, would you help me out, Mrs. Horrigan?" begged Priscilla gratefully.

Until this moment Priscilla, in her excitement, had forgotten the utter failure of her domestic quest.

"Shure, I'll help ye out miss," returned Mrs. Horrigan, beaming. "Before Pat died, an' there was plenty to do wid, I could make th' t'ings to eat av any woman you ivir ate."

"I'm sure of it, Mrs. Horrigan," Gerald agreed enthusiastically, "but you can't cook for anybody else's New Year's dinner tomorrow. You've got to cook your own. Just look at the things piled up on the table there—and there'll be a fat turkey waddling over tomorrow. Miss Ballard doesn't need you. She and her family are coming to my house for dinner."

"Why, Gerald!" interposed Priscilla, incredulously.

"Yes, you are, I shant accept any excuses. I wanted you too all the time, only I didn't dare to ask you. Now lets get started for home and give Mrs. Horrigan a chance to hold her own child."

As they hurried along in the fast falling darkness outside, both looked most remarkably happy, even taking into account that tomorrow was to be New Year's day.

"Oh, I just love that little Jim Horrigan!" Priscilla suddenly exclaimed. "Dont you, Gerald?"

"Oh, I'm not losing any sleep over him. But there's some one else that I do love, Priscilla. What do you say to our announcing our engagement at dinner tomorrow?"

Gerald beamed under the effulgence of his inspiration and gave Priscilla's hand an ecstatic little squeeze.

"I didn't know we were engaged," demurely commented Priscilla.

"But dont you think we could arrange to be by tomorrow, dearest?"

"Well," answered Priscilla, condescendingly, suppose you come over this evening and we'll see what we can do about it. It's so very sudden. If I should say "yes" Gerald, would you promise to give Little Jim Horrigan a turkey every New Year?"

"Every New Year and birthday and Christmas," promised Gerald indulgently. And Jim got his turkeys.

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.

DOCTORS USING PATENT MEDICINES

The Honest Physician is Anxious to Cure and Uses the Best Available Remedies.

The proposed legislation through the Dominion Parliament for the regulation of the manufacture and sale of patent or proprietary medicines is of the utmost importance, and it is receiving a great deal of attention, not only by the proprietary medicine manufacturers, but also by the leading doctors and druggists. Every manufacturer of reliable and high class remedies welcomes the bill as a step in the right direction. The discussion has brought out the fact that the best physicians in Canada and on the continent approve of and prescribe Psychine in cases of the most difficult character. In a recent instance of very serious throat and lung trouble the patient had been using Psychine. Two leading United States specialists were consulted, in addition to two eminent Canadian physicians. Upon learning what the patient was using, a sample of Psychine was taken and analyzed, with the result that the physicians advised its continuance. They prescribed no other medicine but Psychine, with the result that the patient has fully recovered and is a splendid walking and talking advertisement for the wonderful curative power of a remedy that will "stand up" before the keenest professional criticism and analysis. As a builder up of the system and restorer of all wasted conditions, Psychine has no equal, and the best and most earnest physicians recognize this fact.

"At the age of 25 my lungs were in a terrible state. I had a grippé the year before; it settled on my lungs and I kept steadily growing worse till I got down so low I was in bed for six weeks. I had a consultation of doctors, and they said they could do nothing more for me. Then I started to use Psychine. I took the medicine for more than a year. It certainly did wonders for me. I am now as strong as I was before my sickness."

MRS. H. HOPE, Morpeth, Ont.

Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is the greatest of tonics, building up the system, increasing the appetite, purifying the blood, aids digestion, and acts directly upon the throat and lungs, giving tone and vigor to the entire system. At all druggists, 50c. and \$1. or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

THE CHARGE OF THE MAD BRIGADE

(With acknowledgments to Tennyson.)

Half a block, half a block,
Half a block onward,
Packed into trolley cars
Rode the six hundred.
Maidens and matrons hale,
Tall spinsters, slim and pale,
On to the Bargain Sale,
Rode the six hundred.

Autos to the right of them,
Hansom to the left of them,
Flying trains over them,
Rattled and thundered.
Forward through all the roar,
On through the crowd they bore,
To Price and Sellers store
Rode the six hundred.

When at that mart of trade,
Stern-faced and unafraid,
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the clerks wondered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pacify
All the six hundred.

On bargains still intent,
Homeward the buyers went,
With cash and patience spent,
And friendships Sundered.
What tho' their hats sport dents—
What tho' their gowns show rents—
They have saved thirty cents;
Noble six hundred.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a Safe Medicine for Children.

In buying a cough medicine for children, never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is always sure to follow. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, and whooping cough, and there is no better medicine in the world for these diseases. It is not only a certain cure for croup, but, when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Whooping cough is not dangerous when this remedy is given as directed. It contains no opium or other harmful drugs, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by all dealers.

Canada Will Get The Meat Trade.

(National Provisioner, New York)

An item of news of importance to American export meat interests is the announcement this week of a treaty between France and Canada by which Canadian meats are admitted to France at the lowest tariff rates in return for tariff concessions by Canada. This means that unless the United States makes a reciprocal agreement with France, our meats will be shut out of that country—as they are now practically—while Canada gets the trade.

TWO TYPES OF WOMEN.

(Robert Barr in Detroit Free Press.)

There are two classes of girls, to say way of thinking—the American working girl, bless her and the average English girl, God love her!

An Appropriate Christmas Gift.

Ladies' Fur Lined Coats and Raglans.

We have the Finest line of these fur goods ever shown in Woodstock.

Rat Lined, Squirrel Lined, Hamster Lined, Marmot Lined, Keluga Lined, Mink Trimmed, Rat Trimmed, Alaska Sable Trimmed, Ohio Sable Trimmed. Beautiful Goods.

Jackets in Astrakan, Coon, Bulgarian Lamb and other leading furs.

Stoles, Storm Collars, Muffs, Caps.

Fur Coats and Fur Lined Coats, for Men in Coon, in Wombat, in Siberian Dog, in Imitation Buffalo, in Lamb, in Muskrat, in Marmot. The best values that money will buy.

Pungs, Sleighs, Robes, Harness.

BALMAIN BROS., WOODSTOCK.



Halifax, N.S.—

Dear Chum:

I am enjoying my visit with grandpa and grandma hugely. Yesterday grandpa took me down to the docks to see the ocean liners. Gee! they're whoppers * * * * * I bought me my third box of Moir's Chocolates. They are the sweetest candies ever. The chocolate outside are awfully smooth and rich, and in the inside are cream, jellies and nuts. Those called Moir's Chocolate Chips taste like honey dipped in chocolate. Another kind called Moir's Neogatines are so good that I teased grandma into promising me another box tomorrow * * * * * not a bit homesick.

Your old chum,
Tommy.



MOIR'S, Limited, HALIFAX, N.S.



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, \$5.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Call on

P. R. SEMPLE

—FOR A—

WINNIPEG HEATER

THE GREAT WOOD SAVER

East Florenceville,

NOTICE,

MAYOR

AND

Town Councillors.

For the Town of Woodstock will be held on

MONDAY

the 20th Day of January next

At the following places:

POLLING PLACES FOR DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.
All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A to L, both inclusive, who reside in District Number One, comprising Kings and Queens Wards, shall vote at or near the Council Chamber in the Town Hall (up stairs).
All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter from M to Z, both inclusive, who reside in said District Number One, shall vote at or near the office of the Town Marshal in the Town Hall (down stairs).

POLLING PLACES FOR DISTRICT NUMBER TWO.
All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from A to L, both inclusive, residing in District Number Two, which comprises Wellington Ward, shall vote at or near the Brunswick Hotel.

All ratepayers whose surnames commence with any letter of the alphabet from M to Z, both inclusive, residing in said District Number Two, shall vote at or near William Karnes.

NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR AND COUNCILLORS.

Nominations of candidates for Mayor and Councillors shall be filed with the Town Clerk at the Council Chamber in the said Town of Woodstock between the hours of ten of the clock in the forenoon and the hour of twelve of the clock noon, of THURSDAY the SIXTEENTH day of JANUARY next. Blank nomination papers can be had on application at the office of the Town Clerk. Dated this nineteenth day of December, A. D., 1907.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Town Clerk.



NEEDED in every HOME, SCHOOL and OFFICE.

Reliable, Useful, Attractive, Lasting, Up to Date and Authoritative. 2380 Pages, 5000 Illustrations. Recently added 25,000 New Words, New Geographical and New Biographical Dictionary. Edited by W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Com. of Ed'n. Highest Awards at St. Louis and Portland.

Write for "The Story of a Book"—Free. G. & C. MERIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

GET THE BEST.

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,

111-113 reet,

Woodstock