

The Tyranny of Parents.

First they bring us into the world without our volition—then they educate us after their own ideas, or according to their means. They enjoy our childhood, precipitate us into life-long mistakes, and bewail our ingratitude if, when the period of adolescence is reached, we do not choose them for our friends.

It is not only in France that a child must marry to be free. The boy that leaves home to escape his father's dominion, the girl whose whose letters "must contain something very wrong if she doesn't want her own mother to read them," are common to the civilized world.

The child by right may expect his parents "to protect his youth"—his body, that he may not be handicapped in the coming struggle; his mind, that he may have power to find and fill his own niche; but it is the child's niche, not the parent's, that he should be permitted, nay, encouraged, to seek. He may by right expect such advice as a veteran soldier might offer to a drummer boy; as though the parent said, "I have travelled a little further along the way. Trust me now and perhaps, after a while, you will teach me."

But the parent has no more excuse for forcing the growing child to be a peck edition of himself than he would have to rob of his most cherished possessions the guest who sojourns beneath his roof for a time. Indeed he has less right, for the guest is not helpless; his individuality cannot be evaded, shaped for ends to which it is not native, deprived of the chance of self-expression; for which cause we were created separate entities—no two of us alike. Each child should be regarded as a fresh beginning, and given a fresh start free of old blunders.

The parent who is the child's friend is in a class by himself—a class which holds too few, since the very atmosphere of friendship is freedom. But when the period of ignorance and blind submission is past and the child awakes, reasons, questions, and judges, the parent will reap whatever he has sown. "To him that hath shall be given."—Jane Belfield in September Lippincott's.

It isn't so difficult to strengthen a weak Stomach if one goes at it correctly. And this is true of the Heart and Kidneys. The old fashioned way of dosing the Stomach or stimulating the Heart or Kidneys is surely wrong! Dr. Shoop first pointed out this error. "Go to the weak or ailing nerves of these organs," said he. Each inside organ has its controlling or "inside nerve." When these nerves fail then those organs must surely falter. This vital truth is leading druggists everywhere to dispense and recommend Dr. Shoop's Restorative. A few days test will surely tell! Sold by all druggists.

Said the editor to the new reporter, "You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. You are apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds'; say 'The cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all. Oh, get something about that First Ward social tonight." And this is the report turned in by the young man who heeded the editor's warning: "It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the First Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 11.30 in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'high-priced grocer.'"

CHECKS GRIP AND COLDS.

In conversation with the druggists we learned today of a novel little Candy Cold Tablet called "Preventics." It seems that the name—known by druggists everywhere as "Preventics"—was given these effective little tablets because of their ability to promptly yet safely prevent or head off Colds and the Grippe. Physicians say there would never be a case of genuine Pneumonia if early colds were uniformly broken. This being true, a convenient, meritorious, candy-like tablet like Preventics, that will promptly check colds and the Grippe is worthy of more than passing attention. We sincerely hope that Preventics will continue to fulfill their intended mission, and that they will continue to successfully battle against the Grippe and all colds.

A Reasonable Doubt.

Officials have a right to ask questions in the performance of their duty, but there are occasions when it seems as if they might cur-

Permanent Results

"I had been suffering for over two months with an obstinate cough, as had also my little girl. We tried several remedies common to any drug store without obtaining any apparent relief, in fact we were growing worse. I got a bottle of Coltsfoote Expectorant from my druggist and inside of two days the cough was stopped, and the results so permanent and rapid that we decided to keep it in our home continually.

ROBERT PALEN.
C. A. R. Station, Ottawa.
Coltsfoote Expectorant is recognized the world over as the best prescription ever used by the medical profession for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and Tightness of the Chest. Children like it. To introduce it into every home we will send a free sample to every person sending their name and address to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto. Sold by all up-to-date druggists at 25c. Send for Free Sample To-day

DOCTORS SAID "CUT OFF!"



"The only thing I can do now is to take the finger completely off. It cannot otherwise be cured." So said one of the leading doctors of Toronto to Mr. W. C. Edwards, P.D.C.R.A.O.F., P.G.M.I.O.O.F., the well-known Friendly Society leader, of Peter Street, Toronto. Almost a year before, Mr. Edwards cut the middle finger of his left hand very badly and blood poison ensued. For two months the doctor had been treating him, but no good had resulted, and this was the final decision. A fifty-cent box of Zam-Buk saved Mr. Edwards from life-long mutilation which \$500 would not have compensated him for. He says: "The blood poison from the finger spread up my hand and arm and caused me terrible agony. After months' treatment the doctor said there was no cure, and amputation would have to take place if I intended to save the arm. My hand, at that time, was all swollen up and discolored, and I had to carry it in a sling. I left that doctor and consulted another. After a few weeks' treatment he also told me that operation would be necessary, and the finger would have to be opened so that the bone could be scraped. I went away to consider when I would have the operation performed, and met a friend who advised me to try Zam-Buk. That night I bathed the wound and put on some Zam-Buk. I got a little sleep for the first time for many nights. In the morning the wound began to bleed instead of the foul discharging as in the past. This was a healthy sign so I went on with the Zam-Buk. Well, to cut a long story short, in a few days I put away the sling and in a few weeks the finger was healed completely. To-day that finger is as sound as a bell and I owe it to Zam-Buk."

ZAM-BUK THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

SAVED HIS FINGER

A WORD TO WIVES
Wives and mothers should know that Zam-Buk is the finest, safest and sweetest healer yet known. It is a herbal balm which acts like magic in healing sores, cuts, poisoned wounds, cracked hands, chapped places, cold sores, eczema, ulcers, festering sores and all skin diseases. So pure is it that it can be applied to the delicate skin of babes, and yet so powerful that chronic wounds are closed and cured by it. It soothes the pain of piles and stops the bleeding. It is highly antiseptic. A box of Zam-Buk is as good as a medicine chest, so many uses it fulfills. All druggists and stores sell at 50c a box or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

WE OFFER YOU FREE TRIAL BOX
Send this Coupon, 1c stamp and name of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and you will receive free sample.

tail or forego the privilege. Not long ago an Irishman whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston City Hospital Relief Station in a great hurry. He stepped up to the man in charge, and inquired:

"Is this the Relief Station, sor?"
"Yes. What is your name?"
"Patrick O'Connor, sor."
"Are you married?" questioned the officer.
"Yis, sor, but is this the Relief Station?" He was nursing his hand in agony.
"Of course it is. How many children have you?"
"Eight, sor. But sure this is the Relief Station?"
"Yes, it is," replied the official, growing a little angry at the man's persistence.
"Well," said Patrick, "sure an' I was beginning to think that it might be the pumping station!"

Ten Pound Note Worth \$39,000.

A ten-pound note of the English colony of New York, issued February 16, 1771, one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, has been presented to Comptroller Metz with a request for payment. He has been staggered by the figuring of his experts, who calculate that if the city is obligated to redeem the note with compound interest to date it will have to pay over something like \$39,000. The comptroller has asked the corporation counsel for legal advice on the subject.

The note was sent to Mr. Metz by a commercial agency. It is in a good state of preservation. Authorized five years before New York, with the original States, became free from British rule, it bears the old coat-of-arms of the colony, under the grant to the Duke of York. This coat-of-arms is the same as that used now by the city of New York, except for the removal of the crown, which was not used after the Revolutionary War. On the bill is the following reading:
"By the law of the Colony of New York this bill shall be received in all payments in the Treasury for 10 pounds.
"Feb. 16, 1771,
"Walter Franklin,
"Samuel Verplauk."

The bill bears the number 15,466. It also carries the ominous warning:
"Tis death to counterfeit."

Old Shoes Still Useful.

What becomes of old boots and shoes has hitherto been almost a puzzling a problem as where all the pins go. The solution, however, is given in a trade journal, according to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Old boots and shoes of leather, the journal says, are cut up into small pieces, and then put for two days into chloride of sulphur, which makes the leather hard and brittle. When this is fully effected the material is withdrawn from the action of the chloride of sulphur, washed with water, dried and ground to powder.

It is then mixed with some substance that will cause it to adhere together, such as shellac or other resinous material or even good glue, and a thick solution of strong gum. It is afterwards pressed into moulds to form combs, buttons, and a variety of other useful articles.

Prussiate of potash is also made out of old leather. It is heated with pearl-ash and old iron hoops in a large pot. The nitrogen and carbon form cyanogen and then unite with the iron and potassium. The soluble portions are dissolved and the resulting salt, added to one of iron, produces the well known Prussian blue, either for dyeing purposes or as a pigment.

Importance of Bedding.

It is of great importance that all stock that are stabled be properly bedded, and in some

sections the question of obtaining enough material for bedding is a serious one. The following from Hoard's Dairyman gives some important points along this line.

Almost anything that will take up the liquid will answer as an absorbent, such as litter from the horse stable, straw, chaff, the butts of corn stalks cut into inch lengths or shorter, sawdust, and shaving. The editors of this paper use carloads of shavings for bedding in both horse and cow stables. Add to these or any of them when used a big handful of gypsum (land plaster) or ground rock phosphate for each cow, scattered on the floor and in the trench after the manure has been removed. This not only absorbs the remaining moisture, but takes up and holds the ammonia, "sweetens" the stable, and adds to the fertilizing value of the manure.

The manure is hauled to the field and spread every day, unless the snow is too deep to permit hauling or the weather too blustering and cold for men and teams to be out.—American Paper.

Disappointed.

At a dinner of a legal association held in Washington not long ago one of the speakers told of a farmer's son in Illinois who conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went up to Springfield, where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well known attorney.

At the end of three days' study he returned to the farm.
"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked his father.
"It isn't what it's cracked up to be," responded Bill gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."—September Lippincott's.

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.

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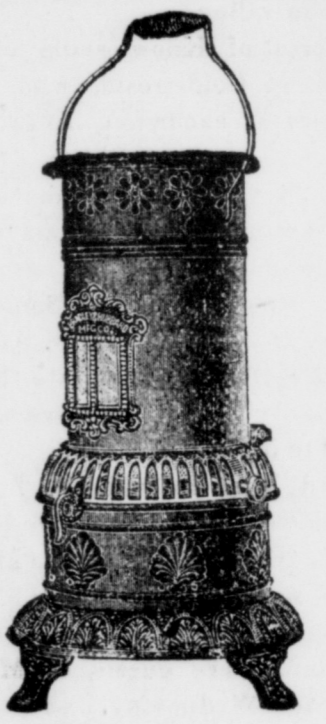


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