

**"Abide With Me."**

(Toronto World.)

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

This popular hymn, which was sung and played by the massed bands at the evening performances before the grand stand at the Toronto Exhibition, was given to the Christian public in the year 1847. It was written by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, a clergyman of the Church of England, then traveling for his health, and in the final stages of his disease. His home was in Lower Brixham, Devonshire, England, in the midst of a community of sailors and fishermen, who were generally kind and attentive to him, but had little or no cultivation of life. Indeed, from reading his biography, one would be led to say that he does not seem to have ever been happily settled in his ministry. He was born of gentle blood at Kelso, in Scotland; but his fortune was scanty and he had a severe struggle to obtain his education. Giving up his early purpose to study medicine, he took orders as a preacher, and during his academic studies his scholarship was quite promising, he immediately fell into what he himself called "a dreary Irish curacy." His life was filled with disappointments and afflictions. His ambitions were crossed, his affections were betrayed, his health failed. He died in his fifty-fourth year, and was buried away from home in the cemetery at Nice, on his way to Rome, where he had hoped to find more helpful rest and more soothing air than that of his seashore parish in England. The incidents connected with the composition of this, his last poetic utterance, are singularly pathetic. Before leaving for the south he girded himself up for the administration of one more communion service, altho in strength, as he wrote, he was "scarcely able to crawl." The final words of his address at the table have been preserved: "Oh, brethren," said he, "I can speak feelingly and experimentally on this point; and I stand before you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely appreciation of, and a dependence on, the death of Christ." Then he gave his farewell to the members of his flock and retired to his chamber.

As the evening of the Sabbath Day gathered its shadows, he came forth wearily, and laid in the hand of one of his relatives this hymn of eight stanzas, together with some music set to it, which he had himself prepared. The tune has perished, but the hymn is immortal.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler records one of the many instances of the power of this universal hymn. He says: "During my active pastorate I often got better sermons from my people than I ever gave them. I recall a most touching and sublime scene that I once witnessed in the death-chamber of a noble woman who had suffered for many months from an excruciating malady. The end was drawing near. She seemed to be catching a fore-glimpse of the glory that awaited her. With tremulous terms she began to recite Henry Lyte's matchless hymn, 'Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide.' One line after another was feebly repeated until, with a rapturous sweetness, she exclaimed:

"Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
Shine thru the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee!  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me."

"As I came away from that room, which had been as the vestibule of heaven, I understood how the 'light of eventide' could be only a flashing forth of the overwhelming glory that plays forever around the throne of God."

Pink Pain Tablets—Dr. Shoop's—stop Headache, womanly pains, any pain, anywhere, in 20 minutes sure. Formula on the 25c. box. Ask your druggist or doctor about his formula—it's fine. Sold by all druggists.

**Your Own Game First.**

Are you honest in your business?  
The easiest thing in the world is to be honest about the other fellow's business.

The dry goods merchant becomes virtuously indignant when he hears of a dairyman who adulterates his milk, but selling a coat that is out of style as the very latest fashion is, of course, quite another thing. The policeman who catches a pawnbroker buying stolen goods hauls him off to jail with honest anger; but, of course, does not deem it very wrong to wink at a little disregard of the ordinances on the part of a friendly liquor dealer. The salesman has no respect for the smooth-tongued politician, but when it comes to selling he sees the obligation of veracity in a different light. The man who works for a salary scorns the dishonest tricks of high finance, but sees no great harm in stealing a little of his employer's time. The great employer rages against workmen when they break their contracts with him, but when perfidy towards associates or a breach of trust against the minority stock-

**BLOOD**

We live by our blood, and on it. We thrive or starve, as our blood is rich or poor. There is nothing else to live on or by.

When strength is full and spirits high we are being refreshed—bone, muscle and brain, in body and mind—with continual flow of rich blood. This is health.

When weak, in low spirits, no cheer, no spring, when rest is not rest and sleep is not sleep, we are starved; our blood is poor; there is little nutriment in it.

Back of the blood is food, to keep the blood rich. When it fails, take

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

It sets the whole body going again—man, woman and child.

Send this advertisement, together with some of paper in which it appears, your address and four cents to cover postage, and we will send you a "Complete Handy Atlas of the World."

SCOTT & BOWNE  
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holders of his corporation will double his fortune, he views contract-breaking more lightly.

Honesty, like charity, ought to begin at home, but, unlike charity, it seldom does.

Self-righteousness is a form of moral blindness which is very difficult to cure, because the afflicted mistake their ailment for a state of health. Most of us, in the matter of honesty, are like Mrs. Jellyby, who was so busy making flannel shirts for the young heathen in Booriaboola-gha that she neglected to look after the welfare of her own children or to set her own house in order.

If every man would examine his own conscience, instead of his neighbor's, and confess his own sins, instead of some other person's we should all be better qualified to judge our brethren.

The first obligation of an honest man is to be honest in his own business. When he has broken himself of lying, cheating, hypocrisy and cowardice he may fairly demand that the rest of the world be truthful, honest sincere and courageous.—Toronto World.

**The Milk Bath.**

The milk bath is, says the New York Sun, just now a favorite resort of the beauty seeker. A milk bath properly mixed gives you back your youth; it restores softness to the skin; it picks up tired muscles and is a nerve restorative. Take a milk bath before you go out in the evening and you will sparkle mentally and be beautiful physically.

There are many kinds of milk baths. The milk bath of the woman who has more money than time is made by putting ten quarts of milk in a tub. A little water is added out of the hot water faucet, just enough to make the milk warmer, softer and more penetrating. It is scrubbed into the skin and left to dry on.

As a separate bath for the face the milk is massaged into the pores, which are steamed a little to receive it.

But this bath is expensive. There are other milk baths, some of which are highly recommended for beauty and nerves.

The commonest of the milk baths, and one of the best, is made with the aid of an Irish potato. The potato must be large and old. A new potato is not sufficiently mealy.

It is cut in two and is used upon the body as one would use a cake of soap. It makes a fine, starchy lather, and the water speedily becomes milky. The skin is then rinsed in tepid water, and the bather emerges feeling that he or she has taken a nerve bath.

**A Steeplejack's Nerve.**

The story told of an English steeplejack named Ainsworth must surely be one of the most marvelous in the history of steeple climbing. With a comrade he had reached the top of a mill chimney when the support of the plank on which they were seated broke and instantly they were in the air, falling to the earth 170 feet below.

As Ainsworth was in midair a swinging rope struck across one of his hands. But what seems a miracle his despairing clutch grasped the rope, and though "the jerk was terrible," to use his own words, he held on. There he swung by one hand, while his companion was already lying mangled and dead beneath him.

Getting his other hand to the rope, Ainsworth slowly and painfully pulled himself hand over hand to the top of the chimney again. It is almost a greater tribute to the strength of the man's nerves that he was then able at once to descend rung by rung for 170 feet the slender ladder that he and his companion had just before affixed to the chimney for their ascent.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

**The Women Who Wait.**

He went to the war in the morning—  
The roll of the drums could be heard,  
But he paused at the gate with his mother  
For a kiss and a comforting word.  
He was full of the dreams and ambitions  
That youth is so ready to weave,  
And proud of the clank of his sabre  
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—  
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,  
The drums and the bugles were silent,  
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.  
He was wrapped in the flag of his country  
When they laid him away in the mold,  
With the glittering stars of a captain  
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside  
He lies with a flag at his head,  
But, blind with the years of her weeping,  
His mother yet mourns for her dead,  
The soldiers who fall in the battle  
May feel but a moment of pain,  
But the women who wait in the homesteads  
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.  
—Boston Pilot.

**Misunderstood.**

(Exchange.)

"I hope," remarked a nervous old lady to the captain of an excursion steamer, "you are a teetotaler, captain."

A what, ma'am?" asked the skipper, puzzled.

"I mean," said the lady, "do you drink?"

A broad smile of comprehension passed over the mariner's weather-beaten face. "I thank you, ma'am," he replied, "it's rather early in the day, but I don't mind if I do."

Drive Rheumatism out of the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy and see how quickly pain will depart. Rub-on's never did reach the real disease. Rheumatism isn't in the skin. It's deep down—it's constitutional. Getting rid of the pain, is after all, what counts. That is why Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy goes, by word of mouth from one to another. And herein lies the popularity of this Remedy. It is winning defenders everywhere. Tablets or Liquid. Sold by all druggists.

A maiden at college named Breeze,  
Weighted down by B. A.'s and M. D.'s.  
Collapsed from the strain,  
Said her doctor, "Tis plain  
You are killing yourself by degrees!"

"You have three pairs of glasses, Professor."  
"Yes. I use one to read with, one to see at a distance, and the third to find the other two."

**PILES**

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 6c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

**The Stability of a Bank is Reflected in the Confidence of its Depositors.**

Growth of deposits of The Royal Bank of Canada since incorporation:

1870.....	\$ 288,000
1875.....	870,000
1880.....	1,230,000
1885.....	1,750,000
1890.....	3,280,000
1895.....	6,200,000
1900.....	12,000,000
1905.....	26,500,000
1906.....	28,000,000
1907.....	35,000,000

In the savings department accounts may be opened with deposits of one dollar or more on which interest will be credited or paid four times a year.

**"Life in Every Dose"**

"I cannot speak too highly of Fyfe's China, for it is the greatest medicine I ever used. I was just about 'all in' when I began the treatment, and in 3 months I was as well as ever. It is a great tonic for weak and run down people. There is new life in every dose."

JAS. STOLAKER.

Ridgetown, Ont., Dec. 19, 1906.

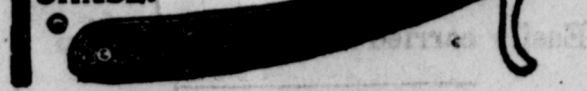
It is a sin not to tell your sick friends about this wonderful prescription. Throat, lung and stomach troubles, and all run down conditions quickly cured by its use. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slosson, Ltd., Toronto

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NO HONING—NO GRINDING.  
You want comfort and satisfaction of clean smooth shaves every morning.

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We employ a first-class Turner, and make a specialty of Church, Station 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.

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When in our streets and you will see a Harness that came from our shop.

**Ask Anybody**

If that Harness they got from us was all right. If it's not we want to know. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not right, we wouldn't do that, would we?

**FRANK L. ATHERTON,**

Harness Maker and Dealer,

MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK.

**A New Woodworking Factory.**

The undersigned have taken over the HAYDEN FACTORY and are prepared to supply all kinds of BUILDERS' MATERIALS, in fact everything that is manufactured in a first-class woodworking factory. We will be open and ready for business on April 1st. Soliciting your patronage.

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**MONEY TO LOAN****On Real Estate.**

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

Barrister-at-Law, Woodstock, N. B.

**House For Sale.**

The residence of Mrs. Charles English on the corner of Richmond and Regent streets, close to the C. P. R. station and a few minutes walk to the Post Office, with double lot, also the household furniture, barn, hen house, two story woodshed, etc. Some old mahogany furniture also remains for sale. For further particulars enquire on the premises.

MRS. CHARLES ENGLISH.

Aug. 26-41.

**Commercial Hotel,**

GEORGE O. BRITTON, Proprietor

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This hotel is well heated, rooms large and nicely furnished. Modern toilet rooms and baths. Table board unexcelled. Teams furnished for travellers. Permanent and transient boarders solicited. N. B. Band Farmers' telephones.

**RESIDENCE FOR SALE.**

That large two story dwelling with all and shed attached on Green street now occupied by Rev. George D. Ireland. Lot freehold, ten rooms, bathroom with hot and cold water, wood furnace, electric lights and bells. Verandahs on front and one side with balcony. Everything in first class repair. Possession given first day of next November. Terms easy \$1600 may remain on mortgage at 5%. Apply to REV. G. D. IRELAND, or to J. N. W. Winslow.

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