

**Sixty Thousand Ton Liners.**

The name of the second of the two great liners which are to be built for the White Star Line at Harland & Wolff's yards, at Belfast, was officially announced a few days ago. It will be the Titanic.

Incidentally, it was announced that the tonnage of each vessel will be about sixty thousand, which is nearly twice that of the Mauretania, the largest vessel afloat. The keel blocks for the first of these gigantic ships the Olympic, were laid down at Belfast last week. The keel blocks for the Titanic will be laid down early in January next. The Olympic and the Titanic will represent the greatest stride ever made in naval architecture. They will be nearly 1,000 feet long and about 80 feet broad. It is expected that they will average in speed twenty-one knots. They will be equipped with a combination of turbine and reciprocating engines. The cost of the two ships will be about \$17,500,000. The following figures show, in comparison, these two great ships with the great ships now afloat and with some of the other famous ships of their day:

	Tonnage.	Length in feet.
Titanic.....	60,000	1,000
Olympic.....	60,000	1,000
Mauretania.....	31,939	762
Lusitania.....	31,550	762
Adriatic.....	24,541	709
Baltic.....	23,876	709

The tonnage of either the Titanic or the Olympic will be more than the total tonnage of the Spanish Armada, which was 59,120. The tonnage of the English fleet which opposed it was less than half that amount.

For the construction of these giant vessels two new slips, each more than a thousand feet long and capable of bearing a weight of 75,000 tons, have been built, and the greatest gantry in the world has been installed.

The wholesome, harmless green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its curative properties. Tickling or dry bronchial coughs quickly and safely yield to this highly effective Cough medicine. Dr. Shoop assures mothers that they can with safety give it to even very young babes. No opium, no chloroform—absolutely nothing harsh or harmful. It calms the distressing cough, and heals the sensitive membranes. Accept no other. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Sold by all dealers.

**A Cambridge, Massachusetts, Fire Horse.**

There is at least one horse in the Cambridge fire department, of more than ordinary intelligence. He is attached to ladder 4 in Wyeth square, and is the pet of the house. His name is Nick. He has been carefully trained by his driver, Bernard J. Coakley, so that no urging is necessary to make him obey words or whistles.

Every day when he feels that it is meal time, starting about five minutes before the regular time for eating, the horse starts to beat a tattoo with his forward hoof on the door of his stall. Any failure on the part of his attendants to pay attention to this notification calls forth more forcible kicks until his grain is given him.

At bedding down time Nick shows his breeding better than at any part of the day. When the doors in front of the horses are thrown open he goes forward with the others and takes his place on the floor underneath the harness.

As soon as the bedding down is done Driver Coakley gives a slight whistle and the horse returns to his stall.

"Come on, Nick," whispered Coakley to the animal to demonstrate the extent of the horse's intelligence to a reporter, and immediately the horse backed to the stall.

He walked immediately to the oat bin, on which there is a knob. Grasping this knob in his teeth he turned it and raised the cover. Sticking his head within the bin, he started on what promised to be a bountiful repast if he were left alone.

A word from the driver called the animal to his side, whereupon in a low tone of voice the former, "Shake, old boy," and placed it in the driver's hand.

The horse is looked upon as one of the family in the fire house and often plays a trick or two himself. One of his diversions when he finds one in the oat bin closet is to refuse to allow him to come out until a lump of sugar or other dainty has been placed in his mouth. He is not averse to searching through the men's pockets for apples when there is any indication that he might find one there.

"Nick" is a gray roan with black points, is about eight years old and weighs about 1400 pounds. He has been in the Cambridge fire department for about three years.—Boston Herald.

**Police Dogs In Holland.**

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition; yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe.

As time went on and the number of dogs was increased, it became apparent that night crimes, even in the worst quarters of Ghent, almost disappeared. Cunning ruffians had often contrived to outwit the soldierly patrol, but these big, swift, silent-footed and sagacious dogs inspired terror in the most desperate evil-doers.

The night service of the city is now made by about one hundred and twenty, assisted by fifty or sixty perfectly trained dog police. The city is divided into a hundred and twenty sections, so arranged that man and dog can always count on their neighbor's support if occasion should arise. Careful check is kept upon the men, that they visit every yard of their beat; but even if the men are inclined to shirk their work, the dogs will keep them up to it. If the night guards are used by day they get extra pay, and a corresponding number of hours is taken from their next night watch.

Relating the achievements of his dogs, M. Van Wesemeal told of an arrest by one of them, named Beer. One night Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. The fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg. The moment the officer appeared Beer gave up his prisoner and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened, sobered even, the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled. This was promptly done, and the procession started for the central police bureau, with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round his prisoners exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep.

Tom is another dog no less alert. One winter night in a quiet street near the docks he met a man with a sack. Tom was alone at the moment, but as both sack and man seemed queer to him he gave the alarm, repudiating all attempts at anxious conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's colleague came along and asked about the sack. The explanation being somewhat lame, the man was invited to the police bureau. There he confessed that he had stolen a piece of beef and several dozen eggs from a small store on the outskirts of the city.

Tippo is another terror to burglars. He is a record racer of great weight and strength, long and lean of fang, a fast swimmer, a high jumper, and so daring that not even point blank revolver shots will turn him from his duty. He has been wounded more than once and has narrowly escaped death.—From The Century and February, 1907. Our Dumb Animals.

**Squandering Human Life.**

(Washington Post.)

The plea of self-defense has been greatly abused in the United States. Two continuances, a degree of intimidation and a liberal seasoning of perjury have made many a cowardly and brutal murderer acquit of his crime. Judges are much to blame for neglect or timidity. Lawyers are even more culpable for resorting to methods that should disarm them. It seems to be the accepted office of the criminal lawyer to do anything and everything, however dishonorable or infamous, to get a verdict of acquittal.

This country will not be civilized until it shall become a more serious matter to take human life. It is all too true that it is less hazardous to commit a murder than to steal a horse. No country can afford to hold human life cheap. The first office of the law is to make the citizen secure in his life, the second is to secure him in his liberty, and the third is to guarantee his property.

But life is first, and the tens of thousands of homicides that annually disgrace our civilization show the contempt the American people have for the law that is presumed to protect society.

**Real Economy.**

"I have just read a story of an economical farmer, that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., had been telling to his Sunday school class," said Higgins. "He says there is a farmer out near Cleveland who makes a fad of economy. Every time he drives into town he carries a hen with him tied to the seat of his buggy. A friend who rode out with him one day was curious to learn the use of that hen, so he watched carefully and found out. When at noon the farmer lunched under a tree he gave his mare a feed from a nose-bag, and the hen, placed on the ground, ate all that the horse spilled from the bag, so that there was no waste at all."

"Good story," said Wiggins, "and true, too. I know that old farmer. Mr. Rockefeller didn't say where he got his lunch, did he?"

"No," said Higgins, "the story stops there."

"It was the egg the hen laid under the buggy-seat on the way out," said Wiggins.

**On Rest.**

Some say that old men fear death. It is the theme of the debased and the vulgar. It is not true. Those who have imperfectly served are ready enough; those who have served more perfectly are glad—as though there stood before them a natural transition and a condition of their being. So it says in a book "all good endings are but shining transitions." And again, there is a sonnet which says:

We will not whisper: we have found the place  
Of silence and the ancient halls of sleep,  
And that which breathes alone throughout the deep  
The end and the beginning; and the face  
Between the level brows of whose blind eyes  
Lic plenary contentment, full surcease  
Of violence, and the ultimate great peace  
Wherein we lose our human lullabies.

Look up and tell the immeasurable height  
Between the vault of the world and your dear head.

That's Death, my little sister, and the Night  
That was our Mother beckons us to bed:  
Where large oblivion in her house is laid  
For us tired children now our games are played.

Indeed one might quote the poets (who are the teachers of mankind) indefinitely in this regard. They are all agreed. What did Sleep and Death to the body of Sarpedon? They took it home. And everyone who dies in all the Epics is better for the dying. Some complain of it afterwards I will admit; but they are too hard to please. Roland took it as the end of battle; and there was a Scandinavian fellow caught on the northeast coast, I think, who in dying thanked God for all the joy he had had in his life—as you may have heard before. And St. Anthony of Assisi (not of Padua) said, "Welcome little Death!" as was his way. And one who stands right up above most men who write or speak said it was the only port after the tide streams and banding of this journey. So it is; let us be off to the hills. The silence and the immensity that inhabit them are the simulacra of such things.—H. Belloc in The London Morning Post.

**An Ancient Tombstone.**

During the restoration of St. George's Church, Fordington, Dorchester, England, a slab of Parbeck marble, 2 feet 11 inches by 2 feet 4 1/2 inches, and 6 inches thick, has been discovered bearing a latin inscription, part of which, however, has been worn away. Particulars of the slab have been sent to the British Museum and to expert Romanologists but no explanation has been received yet from any authoritative source. The vicar, Rev. Richard Grosvenor Bartelot, has given as a possible translation: "Gaius Aristobulus (?), a Roman citizen, aged 50 years. Rufinus and Marina and Avea, his children, and Romana his wife." He states that Aristobulus was one of the seventy disciples that came to Britain obeying St. Paul's order. He is said to have died in the year A. D., 99

**Beresford and Buller.**

Fighting Lord Charlie Beresford and Sir Redvers Buller both deservedly earned a high reputation for bulldog tenacity of purpose.

During a Nile campaign Lord Charles and Sir Redvers, descending some "bad water" on a river steamer, got into a discussion as to the proper channel to be taken. Each obstinately defended his own course, but in the end Buller got his own way, with the result that the steamer ran through safely.

"You see I was right," cried the general "Mine was the proper channel."

"That was mine, too," coolly replied Lord Charles. "I only recommended the other because I knew you would go against whatever I said!"—London Realm.

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