

MARCHING ON.

(By K. Chapman, in Boston Post.)

When I left Mauch Chunk, Penn., to attend the N. E. A. convention in Boston I sighed with relief to think that for a long summer vacation I should have no boy problems to solve. Neither did I expect to meet any old friends.

In company with some of the other women teachers from my State I lost myself daily in making little journeys to revolutionary relics, climbed monument stairs in order that I might tell the children all about it, occupied a niche on the sight seeing auto and had started to "do" the churches, when I saw Him.

It was on a narrow little street that served to bound one side of the huge temple, which, with its big dome, looked much like a church capped with a toad stool. He was standing midway, swinging his arms about in circles. At first, he appeared to be giving an imitation of Tom Sawyer playing steamboat, or Mr. Cyrus Young curving balls, instead, he was merely throwing stones. Because he aimed none of them at a convenient flock of pigeons I noticed him particularly.

For all the world he resembled a Boston terrier. His large, broken eyes were set wide under his rounded forehead; his flat, little nose divided plump, browned cheeks and his small, front teeth separated two tips of generous size. His clothing begged description. As far as observation went, it consisted of very short pants, a sleeveless white shirt and the crown portion of a cap.

As I neared him I saw a familiar figure approaching us. Through her veil I recognized a widowed friend, although she wore such heavy black that even in moonless night she must have cast a shadow. Oh yes! I recognized Amelia at once. Not very long ago, I saw her husband laid away. I was there, too, when her little boy died, and, while I shall always sympathize with her, I remembered that her love was tyranny to her husband and that she really coddled her boy into the grave.

She has always seemed like a delicate green vine which circled around the tree, ever growing thicker and closer, until at last the strong tree dies in that intense embrace.

This day she came drooping toward me. To my horror that street gamin thrust a dirty fist into his pocket and threw something at her.

In the moment I hesitated whether or not to use corporal punishment. The boy turned his head, gazing at me with such a look of perfect self-possession that I involuntarily took a back seat.

Amelia reached him first. She raised his chin with the palm of one hand, while in the other she held his missile—a rosebud, broken at the stem. When she had looked long into his eyes she spoke to him and wrote something in her cardcase. The youngster cantered down the street.

Amelia and I talked together some time, went over the beautiful temple together and parted, after I had promised to visit her at her suburban home. That visit was necessarily postponed one year. When I made it, Amelia's house was embowered in green, and I walked to her cool veranda between hedges of box and pulled the bell. Immediately a gong rang out startlingly. Amusement must still have been on my face, when Amelia let me in, for she exclaimed:

"My boy wanted that bell; he says its like a fire engine."

"Your boy!" I exclaimed.

Then Amelia explained that she had adopted a 10 year-old boy. In one miserable moment my mind travelled back and recalled that care-free, independent, wholesome knight of the road I had met in Boston. My heart sank, for I could not bear to see that boy feminized.

Surely, I thought, Amelia cannot help curbing and blighting that free soul of which I caught a glimpse through the boy's big eyes.

Later she called him into the room. He seemed to have suffered many changes. Those aggressive teeth had been straightened but he was still a "barefoot boy with cheek of tan."

His feet were bare, Amelia assured me, because he liked to go wading in the foun-

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"Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in stating that I have used \$18.00 worth of *Psychine*, and as a result was cured of very serious throat and lung trouble.

My case was a most difficult one, and the doctors had practically said that I could not get well. I tried *Psychine*, and it did me so much good that I continued its use until I had taken \$18.00 worth, with the result that I am now a new man physically. I have gained thirty-five pounds.

"It is with the greatest confidence that I recommend *Psychine* to all who are afflicted with throat or lung trouble.

Yours truly, C. A. PINKHAM.
Scotstown, Que., Sept., '07.

This man speaks from experience. *Psychine* cures all throat, chest, lung and stomach troubles and gives renewed strength and vitality to run-down people. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Blouin, Limited, Toronto.

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Magistrate Perry, of Goldfields, B.C., believes in making a good thing known. Writing of Zam-Buk, the great household balm, he says:—"After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing which no doctor had been able to do any good for. I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in his home." The magistrate is quite right. Every home needs Zam-Buk! Unequalled for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, blood poisoning and all skin diseases. All stores and druggists sell it at 50 cents a box. Sure cure for piles.

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A Chicago man has just died from blood poisoning arising from neglect of a small sore. Don't neglect a cut, a patch of eczema, or an open sore of any kind. The air is full of poison germs, waiting to start up their evil results in neglected sores, wounds, etc. In Zam-Buk is safety. Zam-Buk is so highly antiseptic that applied to any skindisease or injury it makes blood poisoning impossible. In using Zam-Buk you have three processes going on at once for Zam-Buk is healing, soothing and antiseptic. Try it without delay.

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We appreciate the position taken by the man or woman who says:—"If your preparation is what you claim, you should have no objection to letting us try it before spending our money on it." To every person taking this view we say, send one cent stamp (to pay return postage) and name and date of this paper to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, and we will mail you a free trial box of Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is purely herbal, suitable for the delicate skin of little children, yet powerful enough to heal chronic sores of long years' standing. All druggists and stores, 50c. per box, 3 for \$1.25.

Every Home Needs Zam-Buk

"RUB IT IN"

tain. She found a resemblance in this fancy to one of the President's sons.

I inquired what were his occupations. Proudly Amelia escorted me over the place. A corner of the lawn in back of the house was given over to two small houses. In one of them lay a brand new Boston terrier; around the other played a large framed black and white cat whose nicked ears and long tail were held erect in the pride of ownership. The latter animal had been brought here from the city together with a one-footed pidgeon. Amelia looking at the animals, said she thought the boy might turn out to be a great humanitarian.

Around the corner we came on a garden containing a rose bush, some potato vines, a sunflower and a luscious green cabbage. "He planted them himself," confided Amelia. "Sometimes I think he's going to be the future Luther Burbank of America."

I groaned inaudibly. "What a pity," I thought, "to spoil a man in the making. This boy will never be allowed to grow."

But the little man himself solved the problem for me just then by offering to show us some boats he had made. He proved the example, too, in the course of our conversation, and when I left, although I could not affirm that Amelia had found a genius-in-his youth, I was sure that she had an All-American boy, and one furthermore, who would protect his manhood.

It was made evident to me that he classed Amelia with his lame pigeon and his battle-scarred cat—as something to be loved and protected. And his future? Well, it will make no difference whether that boy's fortunes are abased or exalted. One look into his eyes and you know that his "soul will go marching on."

It's a pity when sick ones drug the stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. That is all wrong! A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also sure of the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is promptly helping Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for the actual cause of these ailments—the failing "inside nerves." Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by All Dealers.

Yuh Kin Only Hang Yuh Hat Just As High As Yuh Kin Reach.

A stalwart, good natured darkey entered a department of one of the largest stores in Toronto a few days ago and asked the clerk for blankets. He wished to buy a couple. The clerk got out several samples and displayed them.

"This one," he said to the darkey, "costs \$1.30. That one we sell for \$2.10."

"Which am de betta?" asked the customer.

"Well, that is a good article at \$1.30, but of course it is not by any means equal to the other. I would advise you to take the more expensive one, not because we desire to sell it to you, but because its superiority represents more than the difference in the price."

The darkey mused a moment, turned a cigar over in his teeth and looked again at the two blankets. The more costly one held his attention. It would look better, he thought, in his home. The arguments of the clerk were strong and almost convinced him.

"You had better take the \$2.10 one, sir. You will find it will pay in the long run."

The darkey put his hand down in his pocket, pulled out a dollar and a half, of which he handed a dollar thirty to the counter man and he said:

"Mistah, yuh kin only hang yuh hat just as high as yuh kin reach."

There is more philosophy in this homely expression than we realize. Too many people have not the good judgment of this black man. They are trying to hang their hats too high.

In the cities, particularly, is there constant evidence of this fact. Men who are advanced to fair positions over-estimate their importance in the world. They conclude that the house they own is too small and not sufficiently stylish. Their wives declare that Mrs. So-and-So dresses better than they, and rides out in automobiles instead of street cars. Another maid will be necessary to preserve the family aristocracy and the sum-

mer will have to be spent at the popular resort and the winter in lavish entertainment.

This is all well and good while the money bag is fat. As long as papa can put his hand down and pull out cheques and healthy bills everything sails along charmingly. But tailors, and butchers, and rent accounts have a mean way of stealthily accumulating in the night. They seem to come out of the nowhere into every place, and after a time daddie is obliged to mortgage his property or sell what he owns to pay debts.

He and his wife tried to hang their hats higher than they could reach.

The inexperienced politician starts out on his campaign. He believes that his view is the only one, and that his rival is a scoundrel because he upholds an opposite party. He vilifies his opponent, throws mud at his character and besmirches his name. The elections are held and the inexperienced candidate is defeated at the polls, not because his ambitions were too modest, not because he stood for impure government, not because he represented the wrong party, but because he did not know how to conduct a campaign.

The woman who regards her social position so much that she becomes vain, spends all her time and money on frills instead of on art and literature, who becomes snobbish and haughty with other less fortunate, is in the same category as all other fools. She has not learned well the valuable maxim expressed by the darkey who, fortunately, knew his limitations and cut cloth according to his measure.

If all who read of this incident would cut out the saying and memorize it, they would be saved many a blunder in going thru life: "Yuh kin only hang yuh hat just as high as yuh can reach."

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NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received up to 6 p. m. of Monday the 21st day of September next, for the purchase of a series of Debentures aggregating Ten Thousand Dollars, in Debentures of One Thousand Dollars each, with interest at four per cent, per annum, payable every six months, such Debentures expiring at a period of not less than five years nor more than twenty years from the date thereof, such period of expiration being agreed upon between the Board of School Trustees of the Town of Woodstock and the purchaser. The foregoing Debentures are for the purpose of paying off the indebtedness incurred in rebuilding the Broadway School Building. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated this twenty second day of August A. D. 1908.

E. K. CONNELL,
Secretary,
Board of School Trustees, of the Town of Woodstock, N. B.



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