



NAPOLÉON SAID

"An army marches on its stomach." By that he meant that half-starved men are not strong enough to march. And you know that. Half-starved men and women are not strong enough to work, or to play and be happy. You should also know that indigestion means slow starvation. More than half the people who soon tire and become depressed, who feel life a burden and who go listlessly to their day's work, would find life a daily song if they set their digestion right with Mother Seigel's Syrup—the digestive tonic compounded of roots and herbs. Take it daily after meals and test it yourself.

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MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Buried City To Be Unearthed.

In view of the recent decision of the Italian government to undertake the task of excavating Herculaneum from the darkness and dust of eighteen hundred years, special interest is attached to the following article—

A city that was—and is not—and will be. A city beautiful, a seat of learning, a temple of art, a home of music, and dance, and laughter. A city set in a land of loveliness, of poetry and fable, behind her the great cone of Vesuvius, its fertile slopes covered as now with vineyard's, chestnut trees, and corn, before her the waters of the most beautiful bay in the world, over all the deep blue sky of Italy. Herculaneum was happy once. But from the first century after Christ, when Vesuvius put out her light, for sixteen hundred years she lay in an utter darkness of death. There came a false dawn; and now is come indeed the daybreak of her new birth.

The story of the city that was and will be opens with a fable. Hercules passed that way, brought her to being, and left her as a precious jewel by the sea. Then strange races came and conquered and were conquered, and last of all came the Romans. In the days of Christ the city is seen as a quaint little health resort, entirely Romanized, patronized by great folk wearied with "the smoke and the wealth and the clatter of Rome."

Fountains played in the fair straight streets. Bronze statues, among the most beautiful that the world has ever seen, caught and reflected the sunlight. Doves flew about the columned porticoes of the stately buildings. In the theatre, the great Greek tragedies and comedies were played. The marble baths offered refreshment to all. The country villas were set in great gardens, where roses and priceless marbles relieved the sombre hues of ilex and cypress. Down by the sea lived the fishermen. A quiet spirit of prosperity prevailed.

Then, without warning, at one o'clock in the afternoon of August 24th, A. D. 79, Vesuvius, long thought to be an extinct volcano, struck the sudden death blow. Flames, darkness, lightning and earthquake, a cloud of ashes, poisonous exhalations, rain and then a river of mud. Slowly, irresistibly the mud swept down on the doomed city, crept into every cranny, covered all things in a black shroud.

For sixteen hundred years the shroud of mud, nearly a hundred feet in depth, kept its secret. Then, during the eighteenth century, the veil was lifted, excavations were made, treasures, wonderful and beyond price, were brought to light, but, save for a small portion, the city was reburied, and so it has remained for a century and a half to the present time, when the work of excavation begins anew.

Now Professor Waldstein has a hundred reasons wherewith to show that of all ancient cities Herculaneum promises to yield the richest harvest of treasure. She was not as Athens or Rome, Delphi or Olympia, Alexandria or Pergamon; yet she is richer than all; a greater treasure in bronzes and manuscripts than ever came from these cities was brought to light in the eighteenth century from one of her villas alone.

So sudden and complete was the catastrophe that the life of the city was arrested in full vigor to be sealed and preserved, as it was, through the ages. Barbarous hordes have devastated Athens and Rome from the

decline of the Roman Empire, through the Middle Ages, almost to our own day. But Herculaneum has slept in the profoundest peace. Untouched by vandal hands, hidden from Time and His destroying weapons—sun, wind, and rain, frost and snow—the city was as a young and beautiful body lovingly embalmed. Vesuvius was greater than man and greater than Time.

Pompeii is nearly six miles from Vesuvius, but Herculaneum was nearer, less than five miles from the volcano. Pompeii was buried by degrees, and the people had ample time in which to save their valuables and in later days were able to return to carry off what yet remained. But no valuables were saved from Herculaneum, and since the city was buried to a depth of nearly a hundred feet, it was impossible for anything to be recovered. The burial was as sudden as complete. The torrent of liquid mud, of ashes mixed with water, swooped relentlessly down upon the city; there was time only for the people to escape from the houses and streets—if not from the death storm of the volcano—and though many bodies were found in Pompeii, few have been discovered in Herculaneum.

All the treasures remained. And now they lie almost perfectly preserved in the matrix of the once-plastic mud. Gently the mud stream would steal into a house, breaking nothing, but covering all things with the most perfect preservative. And so it is that some of the bronzes already brought to light have almost their original freshness; glass was not melted, marble not calcined, and rolls of manuscripts were damaged so slightly as still to be decipherable.

And what manuscripts may not remain. From one villa alone came eight hundred rolls—as it happened, disappointing treatises of philosophy—in other houses may be found the works of all the great Greek tragedians or writers of comedy, perhaps the missing works of Plato and Aristotle, or the lost books of Livy, or intimate letters about the early days of Christianity. And it seems certain that the future will bring discoveries of valuable works of Greek art, of far more importance than those made at any site hitherto known in classic lands.

Only glimpses of a small portion of the city have been seen. A beautiful little theatre has been discovered, decorated with statues in every part, a basilica of mysterious purpose, a few temples, a remarkably fine villa stored with art treasures, more than a hundred entire statues and busts, and many such objects as inkstands, surgical instruments, spindles, scales, fishing-tackle, and gold rings and bracelets. Generations will pass before all is found and revealed, and Herculaneum lives again in her new glory.

SCALDED BY BOILING FAT.

COULDN'T USE HAND FOR A MONTH.

Zam-Buk Gave Instant Relief.

An accident in a Toronto home might have had very serious consequences had it not been for Zam-Buk. Miss Martha Green, of 9 Claremont St., in taking a pan of boiling fat from the oven spilt it over her right hand. "The boiling fat ran into the palm of my hand," she said, "and over all my fingers. I was almost wild with the pain. The hand became swollen, and large blisters formed all over the palm and along the fingers. For over a month I was unable to use the hand at all. I tried several kinds of salves and liniments, but the wound seemed apparently no better. It was altogether too severe for these preparations to heal."

About this time I was advised to try Zam-Buk. I stopped using all other preparations and applied it instead. The very first application soothed my hand and seemed to draw out the fire and inflammation; and as I kept on using Zam-Buk the blisters gradually dried up and disappeared. In a very short time the scald was healed completely."

This is but one instance of the uses to which Zam-Buk can be so advantageously applied. It is equally effective for burns, cuts, bruises, abrasions, sprains and stiffness. It also cures eczema, ulcers, sores, blood poisoning, ringworm, scalp sores, chronic wounds, blackheads, pimples, cold sores, chapped hands and all skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well on to the chest, in cases of cold, it relieves the aching and tightness, and applied as an embrocation it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. All druggists and stores sell it at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for receipt of price. 3 boxes for \$1.25.

Some Royal Strong Men.

Curiously enough a large percentage of the notably strong men of history have been of royal blood. One of the earliest of these royal athletes was Maximianus, called "Maximianus Hercules" because of his great strength. He was the son of a peasant, and had an enormous physique. He became a common soldier, and was finally made Emperor by acclaim of his fellow soldiers during a stormy period of Roman history. Maximianus' strength was prodigious. It was said that on foot he could run down a fox, that he could lift three men with one hand, and that by gripping the wheel of a chariot with one finger he could resist the pull of three horses. Like most men of great physical strength, Maximianus was a heavy eater. History records that his daily allowance was forty pounds of meat and eighteen bottles of wine. Augustus the Strong of Saxony was an-

other of those royal Samsons. He would often seize two of his courtiers, grasping one with his right hand and another with his left, holding them up at arm's length and playfully twirling them about. On one occasion the horse ridden by one of his attendants became balky and refused to budge. After some minutes of coaxing, the king dismounted, placed his Herculean shoulders under the horse's chest, grasping it by the forelegs and calmly walked away with both horse and rider. This remarkable performance was witnessed by a number of courtiers and attendants.

Dom Pedro I., Emperor of Brazil, is also on the list of royal strong men. On the occasion of a carnival he arranged matters so that he was standing on the bow of the royal barge between two of his staliest courtiers. Suddenly, in the midst of the festivities, the king reached out, grasped a courtier with each hand; and, after holding them for a few moments squirming in the air and begging to be released, he relaxed his grip and allowed them to drop plump into the water, amid the frantic applause of the huge crowd that had assembled to view their monarch. The King joined heartily in the great hilarity; but what the drenched courtiers thought about this exquisite joke is not recorded.

Peter the Great, of Russia, like Charlemagne, possessed great physical as well as mental power. His years of work as blacksmith and ship carpenter had so developed a naturally powerful physique that he was believed to be the strongest man in Russia.

The story is told that a certain blacksmith in a little country town had boasted that he was the only blacksmith in the world who could lift his own anvil. The Emperor hearing of the blacksmith's boast, disguised himself as a workman, and with a single companion, set out for the blacksmith's village. On learning of their errand, the blacksmith without a word laid aside his tools, and, grasping the anvil with his brawny hands, lifted it with great effort; about a foot from the floor. Then Peter took hold of the anvil, raised it a foot, two feet, three, higher and higher, till he finally swung it to his shoulder and calmly walked away with it.

A Pin's Passage.

The extraordinary course followed by a pin embedded in a man's body was described at a Paddington inquest, says the Standard of Empire. A man named Cooper was getting into bed, when a hatpin, which was lying on the mattress, stuck in his left thigh. He pulled at the pin, and broke it off, a fragment remaining in the muscle of the leg. Cooper left the pin there, and paid no further attention to it. In the course of some weeks the pin shifted its position and traveled point foremost up the thigh, and right across the body in a diagonal direction. It eventually lodged against, the right lung, which the point perforated, setting up blood poisoning, from which Cooper died.

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.

Young Lady—The last bread I got of you was so hard I couldn't eat it.

Baker (indignantly)—Young lady, I want you to know that I made bread before you were born.

Young Lady—Oh, I don't doubt it. I think that was some of it you sold me.—Chicago Daily News.

A Doctor's Statement

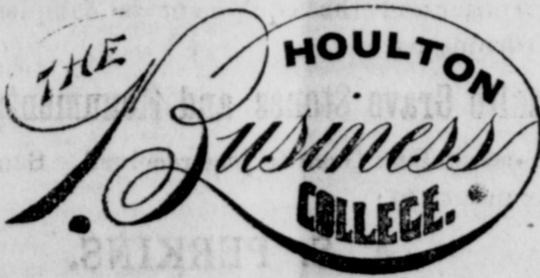
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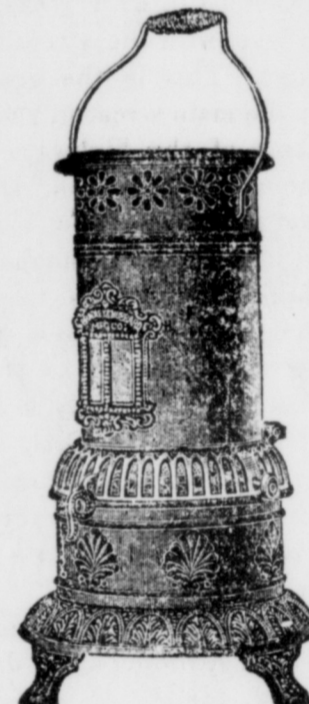


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