

Obituary.

The death of Mr. Zmira Way took place at his home in Southampton on Nov. 3rd, 1908, after nearly a year's illness of heart trouble, aged 75 years and 4 months. He leaves a wife, one daughter, one son-in-law, also one brother residing in Worcester, Mass., and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their sad loss. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. A. A. Rutledge, from Philipplains 1st and 21st v.

Death has been here, its hand has cast
Our quiet home in gloom;
And we have laid our loved one,
Within the silent tomb.

Through weary days and sleepless nights,
He passed for near a year,
And for all our care and watching,
We could not keep him here.

Although we know it was God's will,
That he was called away;
Yet we would like him with us,
For a little longer stay.

In our little family circle,
We now see a vacant place;
Gone, O can it be forever?
Shall we never on earth behold his face?

How we miss him, O the anguish,
And our hearts with grief are sore;
But we hope again to meet him,
When this toilsome life is o'er.

Meet in yonder Golden City,
O how blessed is the thought;
There to dwell in heavenly mansions,
Which our Saviour for us bought.

No sorrow, pain, nor bitter tears,
No partings sad and long;
No enemies shall there intrude,
Or to that land belong.

He passed his three score years and ten,
The allotted time for man;
The years roll swiftly, swiftly by,
This life is but a span.

Yes, just a few short, fleeting years;
Our days are flying fast;
Let us impress upon our minds,
That this may be our last.

O God, prepare us for that land,
The land of cloudless day;
Where we are told that thine own hand,
Shall wipe all tears away.

And may we all, both friend and foe,
Meet there at God's right hand;
And dwell in heaven for evermore,
As one united band.

—A. F.

To Strengthen

the Nerves.

Nerve force, like electricity is hard to explain.

One thing is certain. Nerve force can only be created from rich, red blood.

Make the blood rich and you cure diseases of the nerves such as headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability, weakness of the bodily organs, prostration and partial paralysis.

This is the only way actual cure can possibly be brought about and because Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a great blood builder it accomplishes wonderful results in the cure of diseases of the nerves.

Mrs. Robert Darragh, Chymman, Queen's Co., N. B., writes:—"My daughter suffered from nervousness and general debility, brought on by gripe. When the doctors failed to help her Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built her up wonderfully and cured her."

Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous receipt book author, on every box. 50c. at all dealers or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's

Nerve Food.

Popularity of Braiding.

Braiding is exceedingly popular as a decoration for both separate and suit coats, but is generally made more attractive by a combination of silk applique or by the introduction of silk cord and motifs of silk or velvet in the development of the pattern. Then there are the satin cordings, which, fashioned into scrolls or other conventional designs, make effective trimmings, and the numerous methods of utilizing buttons which have lost none of the favor they had early in the season.

A novel note is struck in the coats fashioned of some sheer material, as mousseline or chiffon, which is plaited, tucked, or shirred, and laid over a foundation of satin, properly lined for warmth. Some are fur-trimmed, and in one model, sent over as a sample, there is a deep-pointed yoke of Oriental embroidery which shows below a collar of sable, pointed in the same way.

In the hipless coat the yoke is always made, whatever its form, to contrast distinctly with the rest of the garment, and applique lace or all-over braiding is usually employed, with a touch of velvet somewhere, presumably in collar and cuffs, to enhance the effect.

Wherever a little extra fullness below the hip line is desired, there are certain evening-planned excuses for it. For example, at the pocket and in a line with its centre, the material, both back and front portions, is cut wider and is seamed to form an inverted box plait. The same scheme may be introduced in the back.

Little Johnny, who had for some months ended his evening prayer with: "Please send me a baby brother," announced to his mother that he was tired of praying for what he did not get, and that he did not believe God had any more little boys to send. Now long afterwards he was carried into his mother's room very early in the morning to see twin boys who had arrived during the night.

Johnny looked at the two babies critically, and then remarked: "It's a good thing I stopped praying or there would have been three of them."—Charles Howe.

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

THIS, and much more was written by Mr. G. W. Howerton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only one of the many proofs that

Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

Do not delay. Get a bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION—the sure it's SCOTT'S and try it.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you Mr. Howerton's letter and some literature on Consumption. Just send us a Post Card and mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

Cedar Brook.

Seeing no news from here, I thought I would try my pen just to let you know what a jolly crowd we are made up of both French and English.

McCollom & Murdoch, two well known lumbermen, are operating here this winter and are doing well. The boys are looked after by Jack Murdoch and they all think he is fine. He is a veteran woodsman and as good as the best. J. E. McCollom looks after the outside business and is absent most of the time.

The culinary department is conducted by John Noble and wife who know their business. The boys are all anxious for meat time to come as they all know a bountiful repast is in store for each. Their daughter, Alice, is at present paying them a visit and we are all pleased to see her.

Our crew consists of about forty men and four spans of horses. At present two teams are dragging into the stream, the other two are yarding and all are doing extra good work, as they average from eighty to one hundred per day. George Lloyd, of Bath, the crack horseman, handles the ribbons over King and Sandy, and he says he can haul anything moveable. Freeman Hallett, his team tender, is the right man in the right place. George is exceedingly happy as he sings Redwings all day. (Wonder why). Ben Barlock is his head chopper and when it comes to tripping the lofty spruce he knows a thing or two. Anyhow George says so. Acbur Hartley comes next with Nell and Bob, and by the way he is piling up spruce logs you would think he knew his business. Wallace Barlock makes the knots for him while Bobby Goodwin is landing man and he has had no rest for a week on account of the toothache. He says he may have to leave us. Ruel Hallett is our next teamster, and with his fancy chestnuts he looks fit for anything. He is looked after by Jack McCollom, who says he is the boy and can put up more logs than the whole bunch. The other team is driven by one of our French boys who has been here before. Some of the boys are anxiously awaiting Christmas as then they expect to go down river to gladden the hearts of the ones they love. Edway Sewall had the misfortune to fall on a axe cutting his hand quite badly. Capt. Fearly and Danie, Barnett are with us at present. Guy McCollom expects to spend Christmas with his family in Hartland. At present we have about three feet of snow with prospects of more. Some parties here are hauling off the skids already. Here we have a special mail carrier. Ernest Stephenson, of Hartland, is the man and the boys all await his return from Siegas as they all hope to get a good long letter from "mother".

I remain,

BUSHMAN.

Preventives, the new Candy Cold Cure Tablets, are said by druggists to have four special advantages over all other remedies for a cold. First—They contain no Quinine, nothing harsh or sickening. Second—They give almost instant relief. Third—pleasant to the taste, like candy. Fourth—A large box—48 Preventives—at 25 cents. Also fine for feverish children. Sold by All Dealers.

A Christmas Song.

Many years ago I was in the city of London, England, at Christmas time. It was on the afternoon before Christmas. The sky was gray and lowering, and the cold so intense that icy flakes swept through the air and chilled the very blood in my veins.

Even the wind came sweeping and twirling as if to help make it more disagreeable. The streets were thronged with people hurrying hither and thither.

Just around a corner—almost concealed by the great sign-board that she leaned against, sat a poor, frail little woman beggar.

Her face and manner very clearly indicated that she was no professional—only just some poor, unfortunate, driven to the verge of despair.

Her hair was neatly combed—her clothing old and worn—patched and faded—but despite it all, there was an air of gentility that no amount of poverty could entirely conceal.

She had an old faded shawl around her, and as the cold wind came in gusts she shivered, and the hand that held the tin cup to receive the pennies given her shook, and the fingers were icy cold.

Just then a lady came near, and saw her. She was of medium height and had soft brown hair and large blue-gray eyes. Her clothing was rich, but quiet in its elegance.

She looked up and down the great thoroughfare, at the great stream of humanity. She saw the poor, little half-frozen form, and noted how few stopped to respond to her appeals.

She walked near, and in her quiet, appealing way said:

"It is very cold for you there, is it not? I was thinking if you moved back just a little—but do not do so just yet." She gazed intently up and down the street.

"Some one sick at home?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady; my man met with an accident, and we have had no doctor or medicine. My self and children have tried everything we could, but we must have help." There was a plaintive appeal in the voice and words—"And the children can have no Christmas joys—"

"We do not miss them so much, my lady, we just pray that they may not starve."

The lady walked a few steps towards the street corner. A magnificent equipage came near. She spoke a few words to the coachman, and he drove on.

She saw a great surging crowd of people coming from one of London's most fashionable churches. A wedding was over and the crowd surged on good naturedly.

The lady, without a second's hesitation, grasped her hat from her head and thrust it under her arm, and snatched the old thin shawl from the figure, threw it over her, pinning it under her chin and grasping the tin cup, stood facing the great crowd.

As they came near she sang Annie Laurie, and each note tinkled out clear and bird-like. The crowd paused, until the last notes died out. They were spell-bound.

Then came Home, Sweet Home; into every heart there must have come tender thoughts of loved ones, for the men removed their hats.

The lady finished her song and extended the cup.

It was of little use to hold the shower of gold and silver that came. She gathered her skirts to hold it all. Then she dropped it all into the lap of the little beggar woman, who was amazed to speak.

She threw the old shawl over her and in a moment was gone.

The coachman closed the carriage door. He gave no sign that he had either seen or heard.

I imagine that some where in the poor district of the city that night, that a fire burned on a cold hearth, and a tea-kettle sang merrily, and that there was gay, joyous laughter of happy children, and that help came in time for the poor stricken father.

And I imagine the amazement as the golden shower of many fell and the tale was told. But who was the singer? Can you guess?

She was one of the world's most famous singers, and had by two songs brought help and happiness to a poor, stricken, suffering family.

Happy Christmas Eve! Peace on earth—Good will and wishes for joy to every one.

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. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

"Life in Every Dose"

"I cannot speak too highly of Psychine, 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. STOLIKER.
Bridgetown, Ont., Dec. 10, 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. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

The Guidepost
To Good Clothes—

Look for this label
—the distinguishing
sign of

"Progress Brand"
Suits and Overcoats

Sold and Guaranteed by

The John McLauchlan Co. Ltd.

WOODSTOCK WOOD-WORKING
COMPANY, LIMITED,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, School Desks, Sheathing, Flooring and House Finish of all kinds

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

N. B. Telephone No. 68-3.

Union Telephone No. 119

'The Sign of the White Horse.

Look Anyway

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. 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.

The Carleton Woodworking Company, Limited.

P. O. Box 333.

Special Offer.

Arrangements have been made with the publishers of the BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE, enabling us to offer this bright, up-to-the-minute periodical along with THE DISPATCH, one year for \$2.00.

The regular subscription price of the Magazine alone is \$2.00.

BUSY MAN'S reproduces the cream of the world's periodical press by culling the live, interesting and instructive articles. Each issue also contains original Canadian articles of interest to every Canadian. Busy Man's is the kind of Magazine which arouses the reader's interest in the first page and keeps it until the back cover is reached. All these things to keep posted on the live questions of the day should not hesitate to take advantage of our offer.

HAS RETURNED.

Dr. Manzer, who has been taking a Post Graduate Course in Surgery and Dentistry, has returned. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

MONEY TO LOAN

On Real Estate.

APPLY TO D. McLEOD VINCE

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

THE BEST
PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line.

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street, Woodstock.

