



**Indigestion**  
Poisons  
the Blood

As surely as a serpent's bite—it  
impairs brain power lowers vitality,  
produces sleeplessness, nervous  
depression, and is the cause of  
aching heads and weary limbs.

**THE KEY TO HEALTH IS**  
good digestion, and Mother  
Seigel's Syrup gives that assuredly.  
As a digestive tonic and  
stomachic remedy it has no equal.

**MOTHER**  
**SEIGEL'S**  
**SYRUP.**

60 cts. per bottle, sold every where.  
A. J. Wills & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

**An Extraordinary Tombstone.**

In all the cemeteries of the world there probably exists no more fantastic conception than in the rural graveyard of Pleasant Ridge, says a writer in the Strand. To the memory of a daughter whom he idolized, Hannibal Clark, a wealthy but simple-minded farmer, erected this remarkable shaft of granite. He was so affected by her death that he survived but a short time after he had made provision for the erection of the strange monument. Not only did he stipulate what he wished engraved concerning his daughter, but also concerning his wife and himself. It was the freakish desire of the father to place upon the monument a replica of all that the girl loved on earth. He left instructions that no expense be spared to inscribe upon the stone a miniature reproduction upon which she lavished her affections. In obedience thereto the stonemasons chiseled in bold relief no fewer than fifty symbols. Nearly every inch of space is taken up with these queer figures. They include a house, fence, plough, grain, cradle, rooster, hen, turkey, cow, horse, sidesaddle, pair of scissors, thimble, violin, copies of love-letters, owl, fish, etc. Everything that appertained to the farm, domestic life, and outdoor pleasure was, where possible, reproduced upon this monument.

**Human Life**  
**Increased**  
**BY FOURTEEN YEARS**

Longer life due to better understanding of Nature's Laws and use of such medicines as DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

During the last century the average life of man has increased by about four years. Insurance statistics prove this.

What is the reason?  
People are learning to take better care of their health and to follow the laws of sanitation and hygiene.

The first law of health and the most important calls for, "Daily movement of the bowels." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have helped to prolong the life of many because they have enabled them to follow this first law of health.

A torpid sluggish condition of the liver and kidneys is certain to bring constipation of the bowels, clogging of the digestive and excretory systems, poisoning of the blood and give rise to the most dreadfully painful and fatal of diseases.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills purify the blood and cleanse the system as no other treatment can because of their unique and combined action on the filtering and excretory organs—the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Mrs. R. Morrow, Bracebridge, Ont., writes:—"For years I was troubled almost constantly with constipation of the bowels and never got anything to do me the lasting good that has been obtained from Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. They not only relieved that trouble, but have entirely cured the headaches from which I used to suffer, and have improved my health in a general way."  
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. (One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.)

**A Cholera Serum.**

(Boston Advertiser.)

While the best campaign against cholera is one of individual immunity, there is just interest taken in the reported discovery by a young Italian scientist, Dr. Salambina, of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, of a vaccine against smallpox. It is said that this vaccine was discovered by Dr. Salambina some months ago while he was working under the great Metchnikoff—who, it is to be said, is quoted as expressing faith in the serum. As for results, it is claimed that the use of this serum in the St. Petersburg epidemic has reduced the mortality among the patients from 50 to 23 p. c.

The best preventive of cholera, however, is proper sanitation—treatment of the city rather than of the individual. There is need of it at St. Petersburg. One day last summer Premier Stolypin poured some dyed saw-dust into the city's sewers. Soon afterwards householders complained that there was colored sawdust coming through the mains with their drinking water. When these matters are attended to (and the work has been begun) there may be less need for Dr. Salambina's serum.

**"While Getting Well."**

(Isabel Ecclestone Mackay in St. Nicholas.)  
A little bird sits on my window sill  
And winks his eye at me and says; "Hello!  
Sick, are you? Why, whatever's wrong?  
I'm never sick, you know!"  
And just at breakfast time, in comes the Sun  
To make queer wiggly patterns on the wall  
And laugh and say: "Oh, lazy-bones, get up!  
You are not sick at all!"

And when I shut my eyes I hear the brook  
Calling and calling as it hurries by—  
I can't lie still! I'm hot and miserable—  
I'm 'fraid I've got to cry!

The leaves just whisper, whisper all the time!  
The little clouds all hurry by so quick!—  
And nothing seems to care a speck about  
A little child that's sick!

—Oh! Here's the Wind! How cool his fingers are!  
He steals across the bed and feels my hands  
And my hot head, and doesn't say a word—  
I think he understands!

**Mind Over Matter.**

The power of the mind over the body, as demonstrated in all forms of faith healing, was recognized in the seventeenth century by Richelieu's physician, Citois. Summoned to attend his master's constant fits of depression, Citois would solemnly call for a sheet of paper on which to write a prescription, and almost invariably after his departure the prescription would prove to consist of the words "One dram of Boisrobort," Boisrobort being a poet of small talent, but possessed of high spirits and wit. In those days, when the common remedy was bleeding, when it is known that Volture, the poet, was bled to death and the Princess of Conti, suffering from apoplexy, was beaten till she died in the hope of rousing her from her lethargy, it is no wonder that a humane and a human physician like Citois should have been successful.

The famous frequenter of the French saloons, Fontenelle, is, however, the best example of the power of the spirit in retaining life. At the age of ninety-five he fell when picking up a lady's handkerchief and made the historic remark, "Ah, que je n'ai pas encore mes quatre-vingts ans." A certain callousness marked his determination not to die as on the occasion when, a friend dying beside him at the table, he requested his man to remove him and continued his conversation. He managed, nevertheless, to survive to within a month of his hundred years and then complained that he would have lasted much longer had not the outbreak of war "put a stop to pleasant conversation."—London Chronicle.

**A La British Grenadiers.**

With mingled amazement and apprehension we learn that the new winter hats—for women—are to be at least eighteen inches high, a modified form of the "busby that we associate with the British Grenadiers.

You never can tell what fashion will do for the delectation of woman.

Mere man muddles along year after year with a few insignificant and almost imperceptible changes in the cut of his lapels and the lines of his trousers, or a slight widening or narrowing of his hat brim.

But woman in a few brief seasons will run the gamut from the balloon sleeve to the sheath gown.

She will hook herself or compel others to hook her up the back and again down the sides. She will forsake the merry widow for the peach basket, and as cheerfully abandon the latter for the monstrosity that is now imminent, and which is said to be of Russian origin with a Parisian stamp.

Well, if it must come, protest may well be stifled. What the mysterious dictators of fashion decree for woman the coarser sex is privileged to pay for and obliged to endure.

Tremulously we await the invasion. It may bring an improvement upon prevailing styles, though we must confess that a prospect so fortunate is not to be considered probable.

Let us rather prepare for the worst, knowing that ultimately a re-action will set in, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn and that ere long the dear creatures will cease to be disfigured by the devices of insane milliners who will themselves suddenly become sane, repentant and intelligent.—Toronto World.

Mosie was a typhoid convalescent. He had been in the hospital seven weeks, but in all that time no one had succeeded in winning even the faintest smile from the little fellow. Perhaps the sorrows of Russia were still too vivid a memory.

And then one day the nurse tickled him under the chin. He looked up with a pitiful little smile.

"Oh, so you are ticklish!" said the nurse, laughing.  
"No, ma'am," he replied, the smile instantly vanishing. "I'm Yiddish."—Everybody's Magazine.

**A Story of Tennyson.**

The Tennyson centenary, which was recently celebrated in England, has set people recalling the man as well as the poet—the somewhat gruff and formidable man whose manner with curious strangers was by no means gentle and pleasant.

Once a young woman who had been just introduced to the great man at Freshwater was left alone with him on the seashore. She stood in immense awe of the poet and therefore did not interrupt him as he sat speechless, gazing straight ahead of him at the sea.

The long silence was broken at last in an astonishing manner by Tennyson. He was going to open his lips and utter some lovely thought, the young woman imagined. Instead he opened them and in gruff and gloomy tones gave voice this remark:  
"You creak."

The girl started back in horror. Tennyson added as explanation:  
"You creak. Your stays creak."

This so startled the young woman that she ran away and went indoors, where a large company, she found, was gathered together together over tea. In a little time Tennyson appeared, a vague expression on his countenance, as though something had gone wrong with him. The girl, now accounting him possibly mad and certainly impolite, tried hard to hide away from him.

In vain. His eagle eye found her out. He threaded his way among the other guests toward her, took her hand and said in resonant tones before the whole company of them:  
"My dear, I beg your pardon. I find it was my braces."

The feelings of the young woman and the astonishment of the guests may be left to the imagination.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Add. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Even a Battle Could Not Wake This Man**

The title of the laziest man on record has long been in dispute. A new candidate for the honor is proposed by the Cincinnati Enquirer, and exceptional qualifications will be needed to defeat his claim. This man lived near Richmond, Kentucky, during the Civil War, on the very spot where some of Gen. Keily Smith's men met a detachment of Federal troops one dark night in the summer of 1862.

In the very centre of the dark battle field stood the house of Peter Van der Hausen, an old Dutchman, who was noted among his neighbors for being the laziest man in that region.

So, round the house, struggling back and forth through the Hollander's garden of weeds and wild flowers, the two hostile forces fiercely battled, while the darkness was riven by the flash of muskets and the roar of artillery.

The next morning, as soon as the neighboring farmers dared poke their noses out-of-doors, they hurried over to old Peter's to see, if by happy fate, he were still alive. Entering the bullet-ridden house and flying up the stairs, they burst into Peter's bedroom, horror depicted on their faces. What was their amazement, however, to behold the Hollander snoring as if sleep were the one and only joy of his life.

By persistent shaking, they woke him partially. "Get up, Peter!" cried one neighbor. "Are you wounded, Peter?"

"No!" yawned the Hollander. Then he sat up and gazed bewildered at the familiar faces about him. "Vat iss—what is the matter!"

"Matter?" cried they. "Did't you hear the awful noise outside last night?"

"Noise? Yes, I did hear the thunderin' noise."

"And did't you see the flashes of fire?"

"Yes, but I turned over and went to sleep again."  
"Went to sleep again! Man, don't you know what that meant? Don't you know this house is shattered?"

For a moment the sleep-dazed Peter seemed to be undecided whether to get out of bed. Then, slowly rolling over into his trousers, he said, "So the lightning struck the house, eh?"

**Store And Sample Rooms to Let**  
The two stores and Sample room on second floor in my frame building on Water Street until lately occupied by the two Schools.  
J. N. W. WINSLOW.

**MOUNT ALLISON LADIES' COLLEGE**

SACKVILLE, N. B.  
56th Year  
Commencing  
September 9

Massey-Treble School of Household Science  
Normal Course Certificate from Mount Allison accepted as a qualification for teaching Household Science in New Brunswick Schools.  
Conservatory of Music  
With Faculty of Ten Members, and equipped with Pipe Organs and over 50 Pianos.  
Department of Literature  
Course leading to M. L. A. Degree. Scholarships for worthy students.  
Department of Oratory  
Affiliated with Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. Graduates from this department at Mount Allison, may enter the Senior year at Emerson.  
Owen's Museum of Fine Arts  
In charge of John Hammond, R. C. A., and equipped with Pictures, Casts, etc., to the value of \$75,000. Courses in Designing, Etching, Wood Carving and Leather Tooling have been arranged.  
REV. B. C. BORDEN, D. D., Principal.

**Mount Allison Academy, SACKVILLE, N. B.**

First Term of the Year 1909-10 will open September 9th  
General, Special and Matriculation Courses leading to Colleges of Arts, Engineering, Medicine, etc., are provided. Additional rooms have been prepared for the accommodation of the increasing numbers seeking the advantages of this well known educational institution.  
Large Staff. Charges Moderate. Write for Free Calendar giving full information.

**Mount Allison Commercial College**

WILL OPEN ON SAME DATE. Two courses are open to intending students—the Book Keeping Course and the Course in Shorthand and Typewriting. Diplomas are granted to those completing either course.  
WRITE FOR FREE CALENDAR.  
J. M. PALMER, M. A., Principal.

**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, Stair 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. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not true, we wouldn't do that, would we?

**FRANK L. ATHERTON,**  
Harness Maker and Dealer,  
**MAIN STREET, WOODSTOCK.**



**The Election of COUNTY COUNCILLORS, County of Carleton**

The Election of Count Councillors will be held on  
**TUESDAY,**  
The 11th day of OCTOBER next.

Fifteen days public notice of the time and place of holding election to be given by Parish Clerks by posting in three most public places of the Parish. Nomination of candidates to be filed with the Parish Clerk, or to be left at his residence, at or before six o'clock, p. m., on Monday the 4th day of October next.  
Parish Clerk to post names of candidates in three of the most public places in each Polling District on or before Thursday the 7th day of October next.  
Candidates names also to be posted up at the Polling places before the opening of poll on day of election.  
The Parish Clerk or District Clerk (as case may be) to act as Chairman, unless he refuses to serve, or is absent, or not competent by reason of relationship of candidate, when chairman to be chosen by electors present.  
Assessors are required to furnish Parish Clerks with list of electors.  
**J. C. HARTLEY,**  
Secretary-Treasurer.  
Date the 1st day of September A. D., 1909.

**IN THE PROBATE COURT, Of Carleton County.**

To the Sheriff of the County of Carleton or any Constable within the said County, GREETING:  
WHEREAS Nelson Turney, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Sabra J. Turney late of the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, deceased, hath filed in his Court an account of the administration of the said deceased's estate and hath prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in due form of law and also that a decree be made for distribution of said estate.  
You are therefore required to cite the heirs, legatees, devisees and next of kin of the said deceased and all the creditors and other persons interested in the said estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at my Office in the Town of Woodstock within and for the said County of Carleton on Friday, the twenty-second day of October A. D. 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts and the making of the Order for distribution aforesaid.  
(L. S.) Given under my hand and (Copy) Seal of the said Court this 2nd day of September A. D. 1909,  
(Sgd) THANE M. JONES,  
Judge of Probate for the County of Carleton.  
(Sgd) JAMES McMANUS,  
Registrar of Probate for the County of Carleton.  
LOUIS E. YOUNG,  
Proctor for Petitioner.