



BABIES' SORE SKINS

"My baby had a rash something like eczema. It caused the child great pain and made it very restless and ill. The rash spread very quickly, and I was at a loss what to do next, for all the remedies I tried failed to give the little one ease. A friend strongly advised me to try Zam-Buk, and I did. That proved good and gave the baby ease very quickly. I went on with the treatment, and by the time the third box was used, all traces of the rash had gone."

So says Mrs. J. Reesor, of Aurora, and scores of mothers could make practically the same statement. If your child suffers from teething rash, eczema, chafing, or any of the numerous skin troubles to which young children are victims, apply Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk has the great merit of being pure. When you put an ointment on to your child's skin it finally gets into the blood through the pores just as surely as if you put it into the child's stomach. So don't you see how important it is the balm should be pure? Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. It contains no animal fat, no mineral coloring, no poisonous, burning antiseptic. It soothes quickly, and heals surely. Send us 1c. stamp and we will mail you trial box free.

Zam-Buk is a cure for eczema, ulcers, blood poisoning, abscesses, cuts, burns, cold sores, etc. Wherever the skin is injured or diseased Zam-Buk will give ease and will heal. All druggists and stores, 50 cents box, or for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 3 for \$1.25.

BEST FRIEND OF MOTHER AND BABY

ZAM-BUK

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEALER

Florenceville!

The vote taken at Greenfield on the 21st inst., as to whether or not to continue the S. School during the winter, was a decision to continue the school with the exception of Sundays too stormy to warrant turning out. Victory for the right and in the interests of continued Bible study.

A Mr. Manuel, third year student at the Presbyterian College, Halifax, is expected to preach in Greenfield congregation on Dec. 19th and 26th, and Jan. 2nd.

The presentation on the evening of the 4th inst. to Rev. D. Fiske was made by Mr. Jas. McCain instead of by Mr. Johnson Thompson, as through some mistake was stated in the report in THE DISPATCH of the 17th inst.

In Sir Wilfred Laurier's great speech in behalf of the Canada's Navy policy in which he speaks of Australia and New Zealand coming round to the Canadian attitude, he asks his "honourable friends on the other side" "to reflect on this—that if the British Empire is to remain strong as it is today, it will not be by compelling the daughter nations to revolve as satellites around the mother country but by allowing every daughter nation to develop itself to the fullest extent possible so that it may add strength to the whole."

In his masterly, historical, clear, comprehensive and illustrative speech before the Womens' Canadian Club in Montreal, comparing the Constitutions of Britain and the U. S. in which he holds up to view the superiority of that of Britain, as published in "World Wide" for Nov. 6th, he expresses his preference for the American Constitution in one respect, viz. its being a federative instead of a legislative Constitution,—local autonomy in the individual states all bound together by one strong central government.

This tending to their individual development and self reliance tends to the best development of the whole Republic.

Were this feature to be adopted in the evolution of the "elastic and adaptive" British Constitution, as I understand it, we would have local Parliaments in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, Canada, India, Australia, South Africa, &c., with no Governors General in Canada, Australia or South Africa, no Viceroys in India or Ireland, and a Great Imperial Government at Westminster, composed of representatives from all divisions of the Empire, charged alone with the responsibility of discussing imperial questions, and legislating along imperial lines, and not as now one day discussing some great far reaching inclusive question and another day such a matter as a "road ditch in Wales, a loch in Scotland or a piece of bog in Ireland." This would give a dignity and greatness to the Imperial Parliament and an enlargement of vision to the members from the several component parts of the Empire and would bind with special closeness and power those several parts together into one grand Union, while tending to the self-development and self-reliance of each part.

The communication from the Centreville correspondent to the Hartland Observer for last week, while it contains much common sense gives rather a disheartening outlook for the farmer, and comments disparagingly on Scientific farming, and of agents who itinerate giving scientific agricultural lectures.

The other side looms up however with fruitful suggestiveness. There are better

things than merely piling up a bank account. Yet even farmers make money.

Mr. Dinsmore Grass, a prominent potato dealer of Monticello, says he can "take you to one after another of retired farmers in the State of Maine, who have laid up an abundance and are now able to enjoy it." But in this we will not enlarge at present.

Suffice it to turn our thoughts for the moment to the splendid life of the farmer, his constant touch with nature, his working in a special way with God in the availing of nature's laws, his training in alertness to take advantage of weather conditions and atmospheric changes; the uncertainties, lengths, routine of the seasons; his studies of the characters of soils and the sorts of crops they are best adapted for; of crops that are land impoverishing or land enriching; of seed selection, and weed suppression or elimination; rotation of crops and its profitable results; the advantages of raising high grades of the various kinds of stock; successful poultry raising, and fruit cultivation &c. &c.; the importance of excellent conveniently arranged houses, barns, machinery houses, &c.; the endeavour to avail as far as practicable of the labour saving work accomplishing machinery obtainable in our day—the results of scientific inventiveness; the rich resources of stimulative agricultural information today furnished in so many forms, stimulating the farmer's reading tendencies, auxiliary to his practical experience; the wholesome moral influence of an agricultural life, to say nothing of its physical healthfulness, the rich home life it particularly contributes to as well as religious stimulus it specially furnishes to the thoughtful farmer. As to the mere living, butter, eggs, cream, vegetables, fruit, meat, home grown wheat flour, &c., he can luxuriate in. He can live in the fat of the land. The farmer is a privileged man, and the thought of how all other classes and conditions of men are dependent upon his intelligence, skill, industry and enterprise for their support is something to make him feel the honour of his position and stir him to his most zealous endeavours. The best abilities a man has are levied upon to make him a successful farmer, and the man who gives his best self to conscientious, intelligent farming may well walk in brotherly step with the best and most successful in any other industry, enterprise or profession.

Extracts from the report of the Provincial S. School Convention held at Chatham, Oct. 20-22, presented at East Florenceville Meth. S. S. by Miss Mary Fitzpatrick, delegate. "Twenty-five years ago," said S. J. Parsons, "there was only one school outside the town of Woodstock that was evergreen, so five or six workers decided to organize schools; they did so early in Spring and had several flourishing schools all summer, but to their great dismay they learned that again they were closed in winter. Inquiring as to the reason the Supt. replied that it was too cold and the snow too deep for the children, and yet these same children went to school and played outdoors all the week. A new idea dawned upon our workers, so in Oct., when the Schools generally closed, they visited each school, had the children sit in the front seats, and when asked how many would like the school open all winter, every hand went up. "But," said the Supt., "children will vote any way you ask." "Very well," replied Mr. Parsons, "how many want the school closed all winter?" and not a hand was raised, so our workers bame to the close."

that it was not the dear little children, as they were termed, but the older ones who were in fault. Just then, a Supt. arose and said, "I will tell you, the trouble is, that the teachers and older ones run off to picnics, &c. in summer and leave me alone, so when winter comes I am tired and close the school." So they organized a winter school, with a new staff of teachers, and then when summer came, the old ones resumed their work, with the consequence that they had a good school all the year." Mr. Hadden also spoke of the many changes and advancements in the last twenty-five years, and told of the trials Mr. Parson had and of the great work he accomplished.

Rev. G. A. Kohring speaking on "Sirs, we would see Jesus," pointed out that we should see the face of Jesus in all our undertakings. A few more of the more striking things in another communication.

Famous Fortunes Dug From Earth.

Nowhere does fortune indulge her love of the dramatic and sensational more fully than in the gold fields and the silver mines, says Cassel's Saturday Journal, the story of which is crowded with incidents so startling that even the most daring writer might well hesitate to introduce them into his fiction.

Take, for instance, the story of the discovery of the world famous "Blanche Barkley" nugget in the early days of Australian gold mining, which sent a thrill round the world. Samuel Napier, a sailor, with his brother Charles, and one Robert Ambrose, their cook and general handy man, had been digging for gold for six months at Kingower, about forty miles from Bendigo, without discovering as much of the precious metal as would pay their living expenses, when one August day, to tell the story in Napier's own words, "We made the big strike. We had dug down about fourteen feet to the pipe clay stratum and were shuffling around in the bottom of the shaft, more dead than alive from the heat. Old Ambrose lit his pipe and leaned against the side of the hole for a rest. Just then I struck something with my pick. I turned it up so the light could strike it, and, by Jimminy! It was a chunk of gold as big as a Hubbard squash.

"That evening was a mighty anxious one, for the boys were liable to liquidate, and we didn't know what minute they'd come in and turn our whole caboose upside down. About midnight we set to work as quiet as possible with our picks and sank a shaft down about six feet underneath the table in the tent and buried the nugget out of sight. For three long months it stayed there, with us eating over it, walking over it, sleeping on it, and dreaming on it, and not a soul in the diggings any the wiser. Sometimes we lay awake all night with our guns handy in case we were molested, for there were plenty of tough subjects at the diggings that would have made short work of us if they had guessed our secret." The nugget sold for £7,000.

Among the thousands who flocked to the Victoria gold fields in the early fifties were two Cornish miners, John Deason and Richard Oates, who staked out a claim near the village of Mollaque. They set to work with vigor, confident that in a few months they would be able to retire to their native Cornwall, rich men, but their expectations were doomed to cruel disappointment. Not only months but many years passed, and found them still as far removed from fortune as at the beginning, and by 1869, fifteen years after they began their search for gold, they were reduced to their last straits. Starvation stared them in the face, and the crowning misfortune came when a local storekeeper refused to supply Deason with a little flour until he produced the money for it.

In despair the miner seized his pick and wandered away to the outskirts of the gold field; and as he wandered, downcast and heavy hearted, he noticed a gleam of yellow in a rut made by a peddlers cart. Lifting his pick, with a few frantic blows he brought to

WEAK WOMEN READ BELOW

Talk of bravery, where find a finer spirit than among half-sick women, fighting, struggling to do their duty against terrible odds—and they never give up until they drop.

If you could put a drop of blood under the microscope the cause would be revealed.

You would find the blood thin and watery, red cells far too few, the carrier of life very greatly reduced in vitality, and this means slow death.

Ferrozone cures weakness by supplying nutriment and building material, by giving the body the constituents it requires for restoring tired organs.

It gives you vigor and endurance.

Ferrozone is a tissue builder. It adds force to all the vital functions—the stomach, liver, kidneys.

Ferrozone gives sound sleep, sound digestion, promotes perfect removal of all the body wastes.

Ferrozone makes the body glow with health.

Any weak, pale, or sickly woman that Ferrozone won't cure—why, she must be hopeless. Wonderful power in Ferrozone, wonderful cures it makes, and this you can prove by trying it. Sold everywhere in 50c boxes, six for \$2.50, by mail from the Castarbozone Co., Kingston, Ont. 8



We Have a Limited Number of Fur Lined Coats

For Ladies, that will be sold at prices very much reduced. Quick buyers will get some REAL bargains.

Our usual big stock of Fur Coats Jackets, Robes, is now complete.

We have just landed five carloads Pungs and Sleighs, the Highest Class Goods ever offered on the St.

John River. See samples at Woodstock Show Rooms, or with our agents.

BALMAIN BROS.
Woodstock.

Have You a Bank Account?

If not, why not?

This Bank invites small and large accounts, and pays Interests on Savings Deposits.

Bank of New Brunswick
East Florenceville Branch.

The Queen Down Draft STOVE



The Greatest Wood Heater manufactured. It burns all kinds of rough wood. It is the cleanest stove made. No ashes, dirt or soot can possibly get out as there are no openings but at the top.

Prices, \$4.00 to \$10.00.

If you want a heater that will all kinds of wood and

give good satisfaction, buy the QUEEN DOWN DRAFT.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

light an enormous nugget, known the whole world over as the "Welcome Stranger," actually weighed two hundred weight and was sold for nearly £10,000.

And these are but a few of many similar blocks of gold discovered in Australia under equally dramatic conditions. While a native shepherd named Kerr was tending his sheep one day, his attention was arrested by a yellow rock projecting a few inches above the soil. In his excitement at the discovery he ran to fetch his master; the rock was unearthed and proved to be a nugget of two hundred weight, from which 100 pounds of pure gold were extracted.

A few years later another monster nugget made its appearance at Ballarat. A party of miners had worked a claim to a depth of sixty yards, when one of them struck with his pickaxe a hard, irregularly shaped mass, which on being unearthed, proved to be a block of almost pure gold twenty inches long, a foot wide and seven inches deep. Its weight was almost a hundredweight and a quarter, and its value £9,325.

It was the periodical discovery at Ballarat of these monster nuggets which first fired the blood of the entire world in the far away fifties, and made even prosaic Yorkshire farmers dream nightly of gold. But even Ballarat has no other romance to rival that of the discovery of two huge nuggets within a few days in the same claim. The story runs that four miners had worked their claims down to a depth of about sixty feet, when one of them brought to light a nugget weighing nearly a hundredweight, and worth £5,500. In their joy at such rich treasure trove the men abandoned the diggings and took their nugget with them to England.

They had scarcely left Ballarat when their successors in the claim, with almost the first stroke of a pick, turned over another nugget heavier than the first, and valued at more than £7,000.

Of all the romantic stories told of gold discoveries in California, not one is more remarkable than that of which Oliver Martin was the hero. For months Martin and a companion named Flower had been prospecting for gold to no purpose. Worn out by hardships and half dead from starvation they were on the point of abandoning the quest in despair when Fate administered her last crushing blow.

They were overtaken by a terrible storm in which Flower was drowned. Martin, weak though he was, set to work to dig his fallen comrade's grave at the foot of a tree, and had dug down barely two feet when his spade struck a hard, unyielding substance, which to his amazement and delight, proved to be an enormous nugget, the largest ever found on the American continent. The "Oliver Martin chunk" as it came to be known the whole world over, weighed 151 pounds 6 ounces, realized £7,254, and was the nucleus of a fortune of million dollars which Martin accumulated in later years.

It is impossible to read far in the story of mining without being amazed at the large part luck has played in it. There is scarcely a gold field in the world some of the chief features of which have not been revealed by a trivial accident. The famous Pilbarra field in West Australia might still hold its richness in concealment if it had not been for such an accident. A boy one day picked up a stone to hurl at a crow, and was so struck by its weight that instead of throwing it, he examined it and found it covered with yellow specks, which, even to his inexperienced eye, suggested gold. He took the stone home; his father submitted it to a miner, and thus was discovered the clew to the hidden treasures of Pilbarra.