



MAGISTRATE'S SKIN DISEASE CURED

Magistrate F. Rasmussen, of 211, Marquette Street, Montreal, writes to the Zam-Buk Co. as follows:—
 "Gentlemen,—For many years I was troubled with a serious eruption of the skin, which was not only unsightly, but at times very painful. I had tried various household remedies, but all these proved altogether useless.
 "I then took medical advice. Not one, but several doctors in turn were consulted, but I was unable to get any permanent relief. Some time back I noticed a report from a Justice of the Peace who had been cured of a chronic skin-disease by Zam-Buk, and I determined to give the balm a trial.
 "After a thoroughly fair test, I can say I am delighted with it. I have the best reasons for this conclusion; because, while everything else I tried—salves, embrocations, washes, soaps, and doctors' preparations—failed absolutely to relieve my pain and rid me of my trouble, three boxes of Zam-Buk have worked a complete cure.
 "In my opinion Zam-Buk should be even more widely known than it is, and I have no objection to your publishing this letter."
 For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm, and similar skin diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, abscesses, chronic sores, blood-poisoning, etc. All druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free for price from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.



Living in The West
(Toronto Globe.)

The persistency with which so many of the brightest and best equipped young people of Eastern Canada have been going west for some years has naturally furnished the provinces toward the setting sun with the nucleus of an interesting and various social life. One must, however, be there prepared for ceaseless change. Two ladies who have had some year's experience in one of the longer-established of the western towns give an amusing account of the kaleidoscopic atmosphere in which everyone exists.
 "When you go out for an evening you always meet a lot of people you have never seen before, and you never by any chance meet those you expect to," says the younger. "I must be rather 'xhau t'ed,'" was suggested to her; but in the true western spirit she declared she rather liked it, finishing up by remarking that she did not think she really could live in the east now, even in Toronto, which naturally astonished Torontonians present. The elder lady, however, confessed to a feeling of solitariness in the west. "There are no old people in the town we live in," she said. "When I went there first, I wondered whether I was the only old person in the place. Then I discovered one other, to my relief." They agreed that western Canadians travel much more than do easterners. It turned out, at the same time, that the doctors in the west, whom the ladies seem to have in excellent training, are at the bottom of at least part of this, as they agree that high western altitudes are not to be lived in continuously, and declare that all women should have at least one change of air in the year.

Possibly.

A friend of a little five-year-old boy was trying to interest him in the robin. She asked him if he had ever seen a robin pull and pull at a stubborn worm until the bird lost its balance. With all imagination as bright and as glowing as fire, for an absurd situation, the child said: "Yes, and if it turned a somersault there might be another worm in front of it."—THE DELINEATOR for October.



WILSON'S FLY PADS
Will kill many times more flies than any other known article
REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS

The Value of College Education

College teachers, students, courses and customs have all been bombarded from innumerable points of attack, until the danger that mere confusion of criticism may impede genuine improvement. Out of the hurly burly, however, two truths emerge. That the college student who applies himself in good faith to the work of getting an education is enormously benefited thereby is one of them; and that the colleges are allowing a shockingly large proportion of their efforts and facilities to go to waste through failure to require or inspire such application is the other. One may admit the existence of the undesirable type of student known as the mere "grind," who pores painfully over books until lung power, social interest and adaptability to the facts of real life are gone, but this is a disease not contagious in the college life of today. For everyone of that kind the average college will furnish a dozen whose faults are conspicuously of an opposite character. The distracting cause may be one thing or another, social functions, fraternity interests, athletics, dissipation, or even too tense religious activities, but always with the one result that the mind is never really opened to educative influences. The best of our colleges doubtless have much yet to learn as to courses, equipment and methods, but the one of them which shall first solve the problem of securing earnest and intelligent attention to the strictly educational side of college life from all but the hopelessly bad or incapable will have placed itself at the head of the most important educational advance of modern times.—New York Evening Post.

Etiquette.

The late George W. Harvey, Washington's noted caterer, was an admirable after dinner speaker. A Washington correspondent recalled the other day a press banquet that Mr. Harvey attended.

"He gave," said the correspondent, "some funny advice to the woman's page editors present. He suggested that they brighten up their 'etiquette department' by the introduction of really interesting rules of etiquette.

"Then, he rattled off a lot of rules like this:

"Never wear automobile goggles when riding on an electric car. Our best people consider it pretentious.

"If some one accidentally treads on your heel and says, 'I beg you pardon,' make no reply. If you would be thought a true gentleman simply scowl and pass on.

"A gentleman should never allow a lady to pay for anything. This, of course, does not refer to the titled husbands of American heiresses.

"Never try to alight from a lady's train when in motion.

"If you are a golfer and have had back uck say, 'Deary, deary me!'

A clever, popular Candy Cold Cure Tablet—called Preventics—is being dispensed by druggists everywhere. In a few hours, Preventics are said to break any cold—completely. And Preventics, being so safe and toothsome, are very fine for children. No Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh, nor sickening. Box of 48—25c. Sold by all dealers.

Ownership of The Pole

When the question of ownership of the American side of the north pole comes into serious agitation, if it ever does, we shall say The Springfield Republican, probably and Great Britain putting to the treaty of 1818 with the United States. The treaty granted to inhabitants of the United States the liberty, in common with the subjects of Great Britain to take fish "and also on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the straits of Belle Isle and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast. "Northwardly indefinitely" would carry one to the pole and stop there, since to proceed further would involve a southerly direction. Pointing to this provision the British might say that their claims in North America were here made to include all lands and shores to the pole not otherwise appropriated, and that the United States conceded the same.

Uncle Remus and his Rival.

"Joel Chandler Harris," said an Atlanta, "used to write comic newspaper editorials. Sometimes he made fun of rival editors in them, too.

"Simon Simpson, a rival editor, of mobile, having been made fun of, wrote angrily in his rage:

"Joel Harris has been getting off some cheap w at our expense."
 Joel, on reading this, grabbed his pen and dashed off, quick as a flash, for next day's issue:

"It must have been cheap, Simon, to be at your expense."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not Musical Horns.

My son, Howard, who is three and one-half years old, noticed a cow in the fields one day. Turning to me, he said, "Mama, what are those things on the cow's head?" "Why," I said, "those are horns." "When does the cow blow them, mama?" was the next question.—The Delineator for September.

Care in Preparing Food.

In recent years scientists have proved that the value of food is measured largely by its purity; the result is the most stringent pure food laws that have ever been known.

One food that has stood out prominently as a perfectly clean and pure food and which was as pure before the enactment of these laws as it could possibly be is Quaker Oats; conceded by the experts to be the ideal food for making strength of muscle and brain. The best and cheapest of all foods. The superiority of Quaker Oats over all other oatmeals is due to two things; the greatest care in the selection of the finest oats obtainable and the special machinery by which this oats is cleaned, rolled and packed. The Quaker Oats Company is the only manufacturer of oatmeal that has satisfactorily solved the problem of removing the husks and black specks which are so annoying when other brands are eaten.

The Harvest Moon.

The last tall sheaf hath yielded to the blade,
 Soft falls the dusk-cloak of the autumn night;

Along the upland and within the glade
 The wheat shocks shimmer 'neath the waning light.

God's curfew-bell, the bittorn's plaintive cry,
 Re-echoes: all is still, and Nature sleeps;
 While, lo, from out its watch tower in the sky,

A disc of ruddy gold night-vigil keeps.
 —Edgar. E. Kelley, in the September Canadian Magazine.

The "Lucky Man."

"We get some sad cases," said the attendant at the lunatic asylum to the visitor, and opened the door to the first cell.

Inside was a man sitting on a stool and gazing vacantly at the wall.

"Sad story," said the attendant; "he was in love with a girl, but she married another man, and he lost his reason from grief."

They stole out softly, closing the door behind them and proceeded to the next inmate. This cell was thickly padded, and the man within was stark, staring mad.

"Who is this?" inquired the visitor.
 "This," repeated the attendant "this is the other man."

Which Was The Beauty?

"Hallo, Mrs. Lovejoy!" exclaimed a gentleman of her acquaintance; "pray what brings you out so early in the day?"

"Oh, I've just been to the photographer's with my pet dog, Dido," (which she carried in her arms) "and we had had our portraits taken together, haven't we, Dido? Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson" with a saucy little laugh.

"And what a little beauty he is, to be sure!" replied Johnson inadvertently, as he tenderly stroked poor Dido's head and pulled his ears. And then he suddenly remembered, and became hot and cold in turn.

Wherein They Differ

Jack—Widows are wiser than maids in one respect, at least.

Tow—What's the answer?
 Jack—They never let a good chance go by thinking that a better one will come their way.

Tambo—Can yo' all tell me de difference 'twixt egg an' a cabbage, Mistah Bonee?
 Bonee—Ah shore can, Mistah Tambo, Ah ain't done bin on de stage 14 years for nothin'.

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 Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 27th, '08. —tf.

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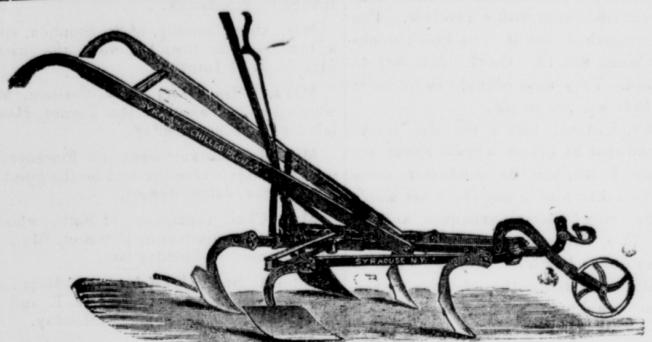
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