

SIGN OF THE SEVEN DEVILS.

A distinguished doctor some time ago wrote to a professional friend saying: "I would rather see a patient with almost any other disease enter my consulting room, than one afflicted with the seven evils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia." That doctor knew exactly that indigestion is difficult to cure—that it poisons the blood, starves and weakens the body and nerves. But he didn't seem to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured tens of thousands of cases of indigestion. Simon Briand, Cape August P.O., Richmond Co., N.S., wrote us on January 27th last, saying: "For over 3 years I suffered from stomach troubles. The little food I ate gave no nourishment to my body. Three months ago, I tried Mother Seigel's Syrup and two bottles of it completely cured me." He adds that it also cured a number of his friends.—Price 60 cts. per bottle. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Sleep and How to Get It.

Are you losing sleep either in quantity or quality? If so, then you will do well if you drop every other care and give yourself to the restoration of this prerequisite to physical and mental health. The first step is to find out the cause of the trouble. It will almost invariably be found to consist in some violation of what Emerson calls "the conduct of life." The poor woman who works hard all day, burdened with a thousand petty anxieties, often takes her worries with her to bed, only, of course, to make rest impossible and to make herself less capable of meeting the duties of the following day. Not long ago I was requested to visit a lady, suffering from influenza and insomnia. The physician in attendance wisely refused to continue the administration of opiates, and I was asked to supplement his efforts by some kind of moral and psychic treatment. I found the patient to be a noble hearted and highly educated person, who had endured great wrongs and hardships through no fault of her own. She felt downcast and miserable, believed that her life was ruined, that God had forgotten her. Through the long night the cross-currents of thought and feeling kept the brain abnormally active, and plunged the sufferer into a sea of wretchedness. The memory of all the miseries that she had endured could not be put down, and her religious faith seemed powerless to help. By sympathetic questioning, by explanation of the causes of her sleeplessness, by reassuring thoughts that all was not lost, that she was no piece of flotsam left to drift nowhither, but the object of divine regard and with possibilities of a brighter future, I induced her to close her eyes while I offered her a few suggestions that in the strength of these thoughts she should allow herself to sleep. The next thing of which she was conscious was the sun shining through her window, and a new hope born within her heart.—Dr. McComb, in Harpers Bazar.

Surgeon's Opinion OF KNIFE FOR PILES

Operating often a fad—The modern way of curing piles is with DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Sir Henry C. Burdett, K. C. B., of London, Eng., in a recent address said: "What we want are surgeons, who with wisdom to be conservative have courage to protest against the growing tendency to put a knife into everybody on the smallest possible pretext."

Too many doctors have a desire to use the knife at every opportunity. The rewards to them are rich, but think of the suffering of body and mind, the enormous expense and the risk of life itself. An operation should be the last resort for in spite of glowing promises the results are often very disappointing.

Many a sufferer from piles has been cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, after operations have failed. Hundreds of thousands have escaped operations by using this treatment first and thereby obtaining cure.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes:—"For two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and lost each day about half a cup of blood. I went to the Ottawa General Hospital to be operated on, and was under the influence of chloroform for one hour. For about two months I was better, but my old trouble returned, and again I lost much blood. One of my doctors told me I would have to undergo another operation, but I would not consent."

"My father, proprietor of the Richelieu Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after beginning this treatment, and believe the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles." 60 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Flat-Dwelling De Lux.

(New York World)

Apartments at \$22,000 a year are announced in one of New York's latest houses of multiple dwellings. More significant than the rental figures themselves is the fact that they are set forth casually. The man may happen in tomorrow who finds the \$22,000 suite exactly what he wants. He is a man one may meet anywhere on the street today.

The yesterday is not so many years past when he was an exceptional being and when a \$22,000 apartment would have been built only on his special order—not on the landlord's chance of his appearance.

So we have progressed in the plutocracy not alone of the owner but of the tenant. We have in his faltness the lessee who can afford extravagantly not to own the sumptuous roof over his head; the dweller who seeks to minimize not the cost but the domiciliary responsibilities of living.

There are twenty-four rooms in this \$22,000 suite—a different one if the tenant choose, for each hour's meditations in a long day. There are nine bathrooms, as though it were assumed that cleanliness is inevitably next to money-godliness. For an ultra-costly hired dwelling ultra-modern luxuries must be provided above modern conveniences.

It is true that on less than the income of \$22,000 at 4 per cent. men live honestly in New York, pay modest rents, raise comely children and are happy in the fear of some things that richer men affect to despise. If this were not so, not even nine bathrooms could atone for the lack of security to the contractor for the palatial flat.

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 clear 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.

The Act of Dying.

The child does not fear death until his elders implant the fear, says a writer quoted in Current Literature. The savage seems in some cases to welcome death. The fear of death, then, is an acquired peculiarity. It is for this reason that the contempt for death manifested among the ancient Romans is not to be deemed an evidence of their superiority in courage. They did not understand death as Christians understand it, with its attendant penalties of hell and damnation.

Patients who are seriously ill, do not, as a rule, ask whether they may expect to die or not. In light illnesses they do so ask, tempestuously, sometimes hysterically, but not when the real crisis is imminent. Then they do not in words approach the real issue. There are exceptions to this as to all rules. In sickness, none the less, it is the common rule for whatever dread or terror or horror of death there may be to expend itself during the earlier stages of the malady. When the real termination is at hand the sensibilities and the senses are so dulled by the processes of nature that one sinks to rest as if going to sleep. In cases of death even fearful to behold, the dying man has not the slightest knowledge of his seizure or convulsion. The final agony as it is called, the grasping, contractile muscular spasm, like a shudder, that so often accompanies the last breath—these things are reflexed in a physical way and do not mean any struggle or resistance or any consciousness of pain or discomfort.

Practically all the distress witnessed as taking place in the act of dying is the automatic tissue struggle against dissolution, and is not recognized by the individual who seems to be acutely suffering. Occasionally, in the delirium of fever, in uremia and other intoxications, in certain of the brain degenerations witnessed in old age, there is an exhilaration or a happy peaceful calm that pervades the whole scene. Nature, however, is not often so lavish of her kindness. Usually everything is dulled, blunted so, that a border line between life and death it is often difficult, even impossible for a certain time, to say whether the soul has fled or not. It was long debated in medical circles, we are told by Doctor Keyes, whether or not there was a reliable test for death. Indeed, says this authority, the tissue always survives the departure of the vital spark for a longer or shorter time.

Courtesy.

Four old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club room. It was 5 a. m. and Dougal looked across at Donald and said in a thick sleepy voice.

"Donald, d'ye notice what an awful expression there is on Jock's face?"

"Aye," says Donald, "I notice that, he's dead! He's been dead these four hours."

"What? Why did ye not tell me?"

"Ah, no—no—no—no," said Donald, "A'm not that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening."

Those Great Estates.

(Brockville Recorder.)

Lord Rosebery owns an immense estate within a stone's throw of the beautiful city Edinburgh, and as you drive for miles along beside it, the "cabby" will tell you with almost bated breath that this is Lord Rosebery's estate. Hundreds of acres of magnificent lands, which ought to support a large number of people, all tied up to probably one-quarter of their producing capacity so far as the maintenance of population is concerned at least. Just across the road from this large estate another one is pointed out, owned by a son-in-law of Lord Rosebery.

Cities are congested and thousand of people are crowded into a comparatively small space, while immense areas of land are positively tied up, which might be utilized not only for the maintenance of population but for the production of wealth for the nation. A short distance from this estate another can be found, the property of Lord Hope, and while it is beautiful in the extreme and while a large herd of deer scamper about its hillocks and valleys, yet it does not maintain a population or produce for the good of the nation as it ought.

These are but samples and explain why the people kept off the land are crowded into the cities.

Uncle Zoney's Views.

"I believe," said Uncle Zoney, that people would be better off if they confined their interest to their own special calling, for instance, I have observed:

"The best stenographer often makes a poor show of keeping holes filled up in her husband's socks.

"That the man who can give his wife most points on housekeeping needs a lot in running his own business.

"That the woman who makes a success of running her husband's business ain't much on cooking his beefsteak.

"That the man who knows the most about the editor's job usually makes a poor subscriber.

"That the man who can give you the most advice on running your garden generally buys his own vegetables.

"That the man who passes the severest criticism on the bandmaster couldn't toot the bass horn.

"That the woman who growls at the crying baby on the train couldn't mind it to the first railway crossing.

"That the person who knows a great deal more about your affairs spends more time gossiping than praying.

"That the baseball fan who hollers the loudest knows least about playing the game.

The Bishop's Little Joke.

Luggage, in the opinion of most travelers, is far too serious a subject to jest about; but the late Bishop Stubbs thought differently. On one occasion, when he had ensconced himself in the train at Chester, on his way to the continent, the station master came up and inquired: "How many articles, my Lord?"

"Thirty-nine," was the reply.

After a return visit to the luggage van the anxious official remarked: "I think there are only sixteen, my Lord."

"I fear you must be a dissenter," retorted Dr. Stubbs.

And then it dawned on the station-master that the exhilarating prospect of a summer holiday had led the bishop to crack a little joke.

All Imagination.

Berk, aged four, insisted on running off to play with a little girl his age. His mother told him that a dog might bite him if he didn't stay at home. He answered that he would hit the dog with his stick. "Yes," said his mother, "but you have no stick." Berk replied, "And there wasn't any dog either."—THE DELINEATOR for October.

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 up until the back cover is reached. All those wishing to keep posted on the live questions of the day should not hesitate to take advantage of our offer.

Store And Sample Rooms to Let

The two-store 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

Flassey-Treble School of Household Science
 Normal Course Certificate from Mount Allison accepted as 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 Sen or 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.
 Write for Calendar

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

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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, Store 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.

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'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.

Dated 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, then 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 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.