

HEALTH, WEALTH, AND WORK.

So long as Nature's laws require that mankind shall work, the necessity of keeping one's self in health and strength is of first importance. Many people believe that men of great wealth do nothing. That is a mistaken idea. They may not work with hammers or shovels, but they work with their nerves, brains and minds. Scores of millionaires have worked themselves into nervous prostration in their efforts to control, to avoid losing, their millions. But it is the humble workers who suffer most.

Mr. Arvez Berton, of Robertville, Gloucester Co., N.B., is a sturdy man of 65, who works in the lumbering districts in winter, and who, therefore, must have good health. Some years ago, he suffered much from Dyspepsia, with headaches, dizziness and rheumatism. In a statement, dated June 24th, '09, he says he used only Mother Seigel's Syrup and four bottles cured him completely.

How A Poet Paid His Rent.

When Allen Ramsay, the great Scotch poet, author of "Gentle Shepherd," etc., began life, he was so poor that when the time came for paying his half-year's rent he found, to his intense dismay, that he could not meet it. Meeting his landlord a short time after it became due, he explained his circumstance to him, an expressed his great regret that he was unable to meet his just obligations. The landlord, a kind-hearted man, seeing the poet's distress, replied kindly to him that, as he was a lad of some genius, he would give him a chance to cancel his debt without a shilling. "It is simply this: If you will give me a rhyming answer to four questions in four minutes, I will consider the debt is paid," Allen said he would try. The questions were: "What does God love? What does the devil love? What does the world love? What do I love?" Ramsay replied thus:

"God loves man when he refrains from sin,
The devil loves man when he persists therein,
The world loves man when riches on him flow,
And you'd love me could I pay you what I owe."

"The rent is paid," the landlord assured him, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder.—D. A. S.

Preventics, the new Candy Cold Cure Tablets, are said by druggists to have four special specific 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 Preventics—at 25 cents. Also fine for feverish children. Sold by all dealers.

Took A Chance.

(London Express.)

There is a petition in the prayer book for the Houses of Parliament "at this time assembled." When an undergraduate, Dr. Brodrick, the late Warden of Merton College, Oxford, attended the morning service of a Yorkshire moorland church, and at the prescribed collect the parson paused, leaned over the old-fashioned "three-decker" reading desk, and asked his subordinate, in a stentorian whisper, "Is parliament sitting?" "I don't know; why do you want to know?" quired the clerk, "Shall I pray for them?" rejoined the rector. "Well," said the clerk, in a confidential shout, audible to the whole congregation, "I think you had better pray for 'em, because they are a shocking bad lot."

The tortures of Eczema can scarcely be described.

And words fail to express the gratitude which very many people feel toward Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment because it has cured them of this annoying ailment. The itching, stinging, burning which brings discomfort by day and makes sleep impossible by night, soon disappears when

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

is applied. With patient treatment it is only a matter of time until the sores are healed and new, smooth, natural skin formed.

Success in the cure of this worst form of itching, skin disease has made Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment known and recognized throughout the world as the standard ointment.

It is wonderfully soothing and healing and you can depend on it absolutely to bring relief quickly from itching and irritation and to thoroughly heal the skin.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, 60 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

The Evening Chit-Chat.

BY RUTH CAMERON.

This is the creed of a true Christmas giver. "By these resolutions I believe I can make my Christmas this year a happier and better Christmas than it has ever been before."

"I will make each individual gift this year a gift not only of my money but also of my most careful thought, my wisest selection and best discrimination and taste."

"I will ask myself conscientiously as I buy each gift if I am absolutely sure I am buying it because I know the recipient will want it, and not in the least degree because I like it myself."

"I will give no matter what the temptation, no gift that is beyond what I can rightfully afford; to those upon my Christmas list who are much more blessed with this world's gifts than I am, I will still have the courage to measure my gifts by what I have a right to give and not by what they are accustomed to receiving."

"I will give no gifts this year that are given merely because I know I am to receive a gift in return, I will take this year to bravely and definitely put a stop to any such gift exchanging that has become a formality and a travesty on the real spirit of Christmas giving."

"I will give this year not only to my own and my intimate friends from whom I will probably receive again, but I will also seek out from among my larger acquaintance some whose Christmas I have reason to think is not very bountiful, some shut in, some older person, and surprise them with some bright little bit of remembrance."

"I will not consider myself absolved from the personal duty of helping to make some poor kiddie's Christmas happy by giving a few cents or even a few dollars to some organized Christmas charity. If I can possibly do it I will find some poor baby who but for me would not have much Christmas at all, and give him the toy I always wanted but that Santa Clause always somehow forgot to bring me."

"If I have ever lost a friend through pride or misunderstanding I will take this Christmas season to go to him and make him the Christmas present of a frank and brave attempt to get back the old friendship."

"And lastly I will try to remember at least on Christmas day that this gift-giving that sometimes seems the whole of Christmas is after all, but the shadow and the symbol and to dedicate a few minutes of the day to remembering the meaning behind that symbol."

Can you subscribe to that creed?

And, what is more can you live up to it?

Only One Left.

When Lord Thurlow first opened a lawyer's office in London, he took a basement room which had previously been occupied by a cobbler. He was somewhat annoyed by the previous occupant's callers, and irritated by the fact that he had few of his own. One day an Irishman entered. "The cobbler's gone I see," he said. "I should think he had," tartly responded the lawyer. "And what do ye sell?" inquired the Irishman, looking at the solitary table and a few law books. "Blockheads," responded Thurlow. "Begorra," said Pat, "ye must be doin' a mighty fine business: ye ain't got but one left."

The Khedive of Egypt.

One of the least known of modern rulers is the Khedive of Egypt. A highly cultured man, his highness has many attainments. He is a poet of no mean order, and some years ago he sent one of his effusions to Queen Victoria, who had it framed and hung in her boudoir. The khedive is also fond of music and plays the piano well, and he is an excellent linguist, speaking fluently no fewer than seven languages. Engineering and farming also claim his attention, and he is a noted breeder of fine horses.

The khedive is the possessor of a wonderful memory. He never forgets a face or a name, and it is said that he once stated that he knows the name of every person who has ever been presented to him and would instantly recognize each one were he to see them again. His highness has the reputation of being very fond of dress, and when he visited England some time ago was much praised by a leading tailor's journal for the cut of his clothes. The khedive's favorite recreation nowadays is motoring, but he has a curious hobby besides. He owns a large aquarium of goldfish which he tries to train into habits of obedience, and he succeeded in inducing one of his pets to rise to the top of the tank whenever he called it.

DIED.

McBRIDE.—At Glassville Nov. 14th after a brief illness, Clarence, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McBride, aged 18 years. The parents and family are sadly stricken.

STANLAKE.—At Bath, N. B., on Nov. 24th, of typhoid fever, Mr. Robert Stanlake, aged 69 years, leaving a widow, one son and three daughters. He was a native of Summerside, P. E. Island.

Medium—"Is there any question you would like to ask your first wife?"
"Yes, I would like to ask her to give my second wife her recipe for mince-meat."
—THE NEWS.

GREW THINNER EVERY DAY

Appetite was Poor, Dizzy, Faint, Weak, Continuous, Cruel backache.

Another Case in which Dr. Hamilton's Pills Saved a Life that Physicians Despaired Of.

What a pitiful sight it is to see a handsome, able man being gradually robbed of good looks, health, and ability to work. Such cases are frequent—the one here described being that of E. P. Lascelles, a well-known Printers' Supply man, residing in Hamilton. "About six months ago I began to notice a worn, tired feeling coming over me. I was unable to shake it off. It was not the fatigue that follows hard work—it was sort of an unaccountable laziness that assailed me. I was anxious to work, but didn't have the energy. Something was dragging me down, robbing me of my health and spirits. I got tired of taking prescriptions that did me no good and used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their action soon proved to me that I was suffering from a terribly congested liver and acute indigestion. Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought back my appetite, cured the heavy pain in my side and back, gave me a new grip on life. I gained in weight and now I am stronger, look better, work better than ever before I was taken sick."

If you want to get back the vigor and spirit of youth, if you want the sparkle of robust health on your cheeks—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. They cleanse, purify, tone, strengthen—make the sick well. Give this grand medicine a faithful trial, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarthozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Good Raiment.

A new word has been spoken on the subject of clothes. It comes from a gentleman who, though not a physician, has acquired a reputation for skill in dealing with nervous diseases. He says that one of his chief requirements is that each patient should take pains to dress well. In the sanatorium which he has founded he makes all his patients who come to dinner at night wear full evening dress.

What is the value of such concern for clothes? Is it not to be found in the interest it implies in oneself? Professor William James says that every thought we have finds expression in some physical act. And a depressed state of mind, such as accompanies the severer forms of nervousness, creates an indifference to living and to things that make life interesting. It is by carelessness in dress that such depression is often betrayed. And by such carelessness the pride of the sufferer tends to decrease, with a corresponding decrease in self-esteem.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Temperance Talk.

(From the Atkinson Globe.)

Why do men drink intoxicating liquors they do not want, and which they know injures them financially and morally? We have never been able to understand it. Many men will stand at a bar and swirl liquor until they are irresponsible and disgusting, yet they do not crave the liquor or want it. They know they are spending money they cannot afford. Why do they do it? And it is a fact that poor men are the greatest patrons of bars. When a man has money it is usually a sign that he does not throw his money away foolishly.

A BARGAIN For Somebody.

One second-hand Wood Furnace with Smoke and Hot Air pipe; this furnace is in good shape. If not sold before Dec. 10 next will be sold at auction on that date. Anyone wishing to examine furnace and get price will please call at the auction room. Auction sale every Saturday afternoon and evening. It will pay you to attend these sales. Bargains for everybody.

LOCKWOOD & McDOUGALL,
Auction and Commission Agents,
Woodstock, N. B.

Nov. 24-31.

THE DISPATCH
AND FAMILY
HERALD AND
WEEKLY STAR

\$1.50

For BOTH

Great Saw-Mill.

Life is a saw-mill working overtime. Its head sawyers are men who have learned that a saw when running at full speed seems to be standing still.

Most of them have scars and many have suffered amputation.

In passing through the mill it's a good idea to take the advice of these old sawyers.

The shaping of the crudest and toughest of raw material into perfection depends upon every man feeding his own saw. The apprentice who moves levers, the use of which he has not learned, is the chap who brings disaster.

The mill is a great fabric of delicate machinery and no master mechanic has ever gone through it without making mistakes.

Apprentices experiencing difficulty should seek out the man with the scars.

The man who will make the master mechanic in this turmoil of noise, dust and action is the clear-eyed, clean-minded fellow who learns one thing at a time and learns it well.

He is satisfied with the now because he must fit himself for the future.

Because the machinery gets more intricate as he advances he must learn it all, and learn it part by part.

He utilizes the time which his companions use in looking for problems which really have no part in their present, in making the best possible use of what he has in hand.

He makes every mistake a step to success and the detection of a flaw in the world's material directs him toward the true. He has learned that trial exhausts some tempting form of error and that there can be no definite failure where there has been attempt.

He builds theory on the alphabet of effort, knowing that the result of concentrated thought cannot be altogether false. He is content with his own particular parts, just so long as he is able to do that part well.

So he works up and through and he takes his scars as part of his training. His efforts are rewarded by promotion because regardless of the conditions which surrounded him in advance, he has followed his work with high thought and noble efforts.

Every workman in this buzzing saw-mill world, who succeeds, will have earned a diploma.

Strivings, failures and successes will tattoo on his soul and though the world cannot see it, it is there always with him, glowing, urging and inspiring him to strive on.

There will come a day when mill's whistle cannot summon him to work and the world may never know that he has received the great promotion. But he has.

You see he takes his diploma with him and there is One Other who can read and understand it.

Every man and woman must pass through life's saw-mill, therefore every man and woman should be content to master its complications part by part.

Then the world will work in perfect harmony and there will be no pitiable excuses to put the wonderful machinery out of gear.

Cold on the Chest

Had Suffered for Weeks—Used Fourteen Different Remedies Without Effect.

CURED QUICKLY BY "NERVILINE"

No stronger proof of the wonderful merit of Nerviline could be produced than the letter of Miss Lucy Mosher, who for years has been a well-known resident of Windsor, N.S.

"I want to add my unsolicited testimonial to the efficacy of your wonderful liniment, 'Nerviline.' I consider

Testimonial
No.
3785

it the best remedy for a cold, sore throat, wheezing, tightness in the chest, etc., and can state that for years our home has never been without Nerviline. I had a dreadful attack of cold, that settled on my chest, that fourteen different remedies couldn't break up. I rubbed on Nerviline three times a day, used Nerviline as a gargle, and was completely restored. I have induced dozens of my friends to use Nerviline, and they are all delighted with its wonderful power over pain and sickness. You are at liberty to publish this signed letter, which I hope will show the way to health to many that need to use Nerviline.

(Signed) "LUCY MOSHER."
All sorts of aches, pains, and sufferings—internal and external—yield to Nerviline. Accept no substitute; 25c per bottle, or five for \$1.00.

The Flitting.

It was the close of a drab day and I stood upon the end of the wharf gazing across the slate-hued bay.

Swiftly autumn twilight settled a grim shadow upon the waters and the one long arrow of light which rested upon them drew back reluctantly before chill night, and faded in the western horizon.

Straight in its track a bunch of wild ducks came speeding, wild, frantic, free things, guided by instinct toward the wide marshland far westward: their old home and nesting-grounds.

The two immigrants who had stood silent beside me, looked at each other as the wild fowl whistled past. Then the older of the two spoke:

"They be goin' 'ome, lad," he said wistfully.

"Aye," sighed his companion, "they be goin' 'ome."

Silence for a time; then:

"They be most like 'appy fer th' goin', Tom."

"Aye, Jack, and why shouldn't 'em be 'appy, a-goin' 'ome?"

Then they passed away thru the shadow, leaving me with this thought in my mind:

Gladly the wild fowl skim the darkened foam

At set of sun;

Swiftly to far-off marsh, to nest and home;

The day is done;

God grant that to our souls, at night may steal

The joy and freedom that His wild birds feel.

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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.

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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,

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