

# Fox Bros. MID-SUMMER SALE.

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| Men's All-Wool Suits Regular Price \$10 00 | Now \$ 5 00 |
| " " " " 15 00                              | " 10 00     |
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This is your chance of a lifetime.

**FOX BROS'**  
Aroostook's Greatest Clothiers,  
Hatters and Furnishers,  
**HOULTON, MAINE.**

### In A Great Slaughter House.

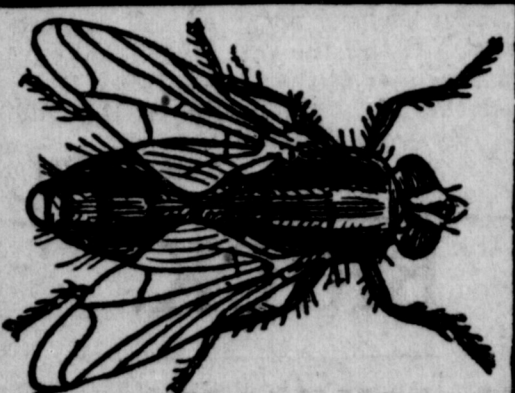
ARTHUR BRISBANE IN COSMOPOLITAN.

It is a great kingdom of death over which Armour, the packer, rules. There are huge buildings for killing, surrounded with pens in which the sheep, hogs and cattle are confined, waiting for the fatal hour. In one place hogs in thousands are driven into pens. Below, hidden under a platform, there is a cracking of whips mingled with squealing and grunting. You look down and see a man, black from head to foot with mud, rushing about among the half crazed swine. He has a huge black snake whip in his hand, with which he drives them to the narrow entrance that leads to their death. In the last pen there is a great revolving wheel. Each hog is seized and hooked by one hind leg. The turning wheel lifts him in the air; he is passed on to a wheel that slides along a rail, and then comes one knife thrust and death.

The killing of the sheep, fortunately, is hidden; it is too pathetic for the sight even of modern civilization. The killing of the cattle is less noisy and shocking than that of the swine. The big, heavy fattened steers walk slowly into pens. Heavy hammers stun them, and as a rule they bleed to death without regaining consciousness.

Study of the animals as they go to their death would disturb the calm belief of the individual who thinks that an animal has no soul, no real life, no thought. It is true that a great majority of the animals die stupidly and without resistance. Among the swine, whose shrill squealings answer the cracking whip and the upward turn of the fatal wheel, there appears to be, fortunately, little or no conception of what death and danger mean. It is not always so. One day the harmony of the "killing bed" was vastly disturbed by one small, black pig. Huge creatures, doubt the black pig's size, were walking through the door, resisting only feebly as the chains were put around their hind legs and they were jerked up to death. This little black pig had other ideas, another character. No hero in human life ever fought more desperately for his life than did that small creature. As soon as he entered the fatal pen he dashed at the man in charge, flew at his legs, drove him out of the pen, finally climbed up over the backs of the other swine, jumped out of the pen himself, and dashed at the man with the long knife who was engaged in "attacking" the pigs as they came on, head hanging downward. Half a dozen men combined in killing this rebellious, anarchistic disturber of the packing house peace, and they killed him in not at all a scientific manner. If a human being had made so plucky a fight for his life against such odds he would be talked of with admiration.

The stockyard butchers, men that should know, are firmly convinced that the different animals that come up to them for killing are



**WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
Will kill many times more flies than any other known article  
REFUSE ORSATIONASTORY HICR379998

as different in character as human beings are. Fortunately, however, they are all agreed that not one animal in ten thousand has any idea of his coming fate. Death is a surprise to them all, and therefore practically painless.

Amid all this lowing, squealing and struggling there arises the thought: What becomes of the life in those animals? What becomes of that consciousness which has animated them protected them and directed them? In what way is it different from the consciousness within the two-legged animal that stands there covered with blood from head to foot, stabbing relentlessly each living creature as it comes before him?

We know what becomes of the animals' bodies. The tenderloin goes to the rich man's house, the shinbone to the poor man, the head to the immigrant from certain foreign lands; the tongue, prepared with spices, is sent often far away to India. The hide is made into boots, chauffeur's coats, harness. The bones are cut up into buttons that fasten the workmen's shirts, or are changed into the foolish little things upon which babies chew when their teeth are coming. A part of the body makes pepsin for those that lack digestion, and the indigestible parts go to those that later on need the pepsin.

In all directions the bodies are scattered, but what becomes of the nine million lives, the nine million of separate consciousness that Armour scatters into space every year, as he feeds the millions of thinking meat-eating animals?

### Reward of the Faithful Servant.

The Merchant Prince had sent for the Faithful Clerk, who confronted his master tremblingly.

"Jenkins," said the Merchant Prince, "you have been in my employ for twenty-five years."

"Yes, sir," faltered the Faithful Clerk. "Twenty-five years to-day, is it not?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, for remembering it."

Tut! Tut! You have been an honor to the House."

"Thank you again, sir."

"You have proved yourself worthy of my confidence."

"Oh, sir!"

"You have grown gray in my service."

"Yes, sir."

"Jenkins, as a slight token of my recognition of this fact I have a present for you. Pray accept this bottle of hair-dye!"—Woman's Home Companion for July.

### The "Party" He Belonged To.

A matron of the most determined character was encountered by a young woman reporter on a country paper who was sent out to interview leading electors as to their politics.

"May I see Mr.?" she asked of a stern-looking woman, who opened the door at one house.

"No, you can't," answered the woman decisively.

"But I want to know what party he belongs to," pleaded the girl.

The woman drew up her tall figure. "Well, take a good look at me," she said. "I'm the party he belongs to!"

### Money Spent On Royal Visits.

"The King, accompanied by Her Majesty, will spend the week-end with Lord and Lady

a visit from Royalty would place her in the rank of leaders of the elite. While the King, however, with characteristic bonhomie and tact, distributes such favors as equally as his engagements permit it is really only those who are in close touch with the Royal circle from the visits.

And the honor of entertaining the King is, needless to say, appreciated quite as much by those who enjoy His Majesty's friendship as it is coveted by those of the outer circle. At the same time it is a costly honor. The expenses entailed are many and various, and should their Majesties prolong their visit for, say, five or six days, it means an expenditure of probably £4,000 or £5,000.

In the first place, not only do the rooms set apart for the accommodation of the King and Queen have to be refurnished and re-decorated throughout, but any house to which their Majesties now go to stay is thoroughly overhauled from top to bottom, the drainage system being especially inspected. The latter precaution is taken on account of the serious illness which befell the King—then Prince of Wales—in 1871, when, after a visit to Lord Leedesborough he contracted the typhoid fever which so very nearly ended his life.

The decoration of the Royal apartments calls for a knowledge of the tastes of the Royal guests, and frequently hundreds of pounds have to be spent in obtaining hangings, books, bric-a-brac, and other furniture which it is known their Majesties prefer to have in their rooms. Frequently the house is redecorated throughout. Then it must be remembered that, in addition to the apartments for the King and Queen, rooms have also to be found for their Majesties' retinue, which includes not only personal attendants but also minor servants, such as chauffeurs and footmen. All the servants of the house will probably be supplied with new liveries, and the outdoor staff, consisting of coachmen, grooms, gardeners, and, during the shooting season, gamekeepers, beaters, etc., has to be largely reinforced.

### Keep Still.

Keep still! When trouble is brewing, keep still; when slander is getting on its legs, keep still; when your feelings are hurt, keep still till you recover your excitement at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wishing I had not. In my later years I had another commotion and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look over it without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in every grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability. —Burton's Yale Divinity Lectures.

### Questions for Boys and Girls to Think About.

If you are good at guessing or answering, here are a few questions you can wrestle with: You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt? How many different kind of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for? Why does a horse eat grass backwards and a cow forward? Why does a hop vine wind one way and a bean vine the other? Where should a chimney be the larger, at the top or bottom, and why? Can you tell why a horse when tethered with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot? How old must a grape vine be before it begins to bear? Can you tell why leaves turn upside down just before a rain? What wood will bear the greatest weight before breaking? Why are all cowpaths crooked?—Wesleyan Advocate.

### Cheering Him Up.

"Bill," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer yer up a bit like. I've brought yer a few flahrs, Bill. I thought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wreat, yer know. No, don't get down-hearted, Bill. Lummy, don't yer look gashly! But, there, keep up yer spirits, ole sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer yer up a bit. Nice little room yer 'ave 'ere; but as I says to meself when I was a'comin' up wot a orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!"—London Globe.

# NERVOUS?

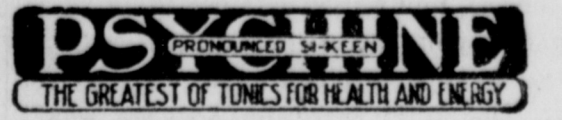


Do you know what nerves are? Are you startled by the least noise? Does the children's merry laughter and noise irritate and worry you? Does the unexpected call of a friend or visitor make your heart "jump"? If so your nerves are in a bad condition. You need PSYCHINE the greatest of Tonics. There is life in every dose. It makes life brighter and happier, gives you a good appetite, makes your work a pleasure and enables you to enjoy life, the merry prattle of the children and the visits of your friends.

### Nervous and Run Down

"In regard to your PSYCHINE, I cannot speak too highly of it. I was feeling nervous, trembling and run down before taking PSYCHINE and had a bad cough. But PSYCHINE helped me more than anything I ever tried and I give it all the praise." Mrs. George Vogart, Gananoque, Ont.

Send to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto, for a sample of this wonderful tonic to-day. This will convince you that there is nothing like PSYCHINE in the world for "run down and nervous" folk. It is quick in its action, and is absolutely reliable, having a record of nearly 30 years. The whole family can take it—like children like it. Sold by all druggists and stores, 50c and \$1.00.



# LOOK HERE!

These lines of goods must be cleared out at some price. Now is your chance.

Men's and Boys' overcoats. Also Suits made from the celebrated Hewson tweeds.

Ladies Underclothing, Skirts, Jackets and Neck Furs.

A full line of Hosiery for cold weather. A few lines of Trimmed Hats, also all Fancy Goods.

**HARTLAND FARMERS' EXCHANGE.**  
**C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR, Prop.**

Phone 33-21.  
**YERXA'S**  
Main Street, Woodstock.

### FLOUR and FEED.

|                 |        |           |        |
|-----------------|--------|-----------|--------|
| Granite per bl. | \$7.00 | 1/2 bble. | \$3.61 |
| Pilgrim "       | 6.35   | "         | 3.30   |
| Monarch "       | 6.05   | "         | 3.15   |
| " Bran          | \$1.45 | bag       |        |
| " Middlings     | \$1.55 | "         |        |

These goods are guaranteed.

### WANTED.

Dressed pigs and hogs, any weight, fat cattle and veal, fat sheep, lambs, ducks, geese, chickens, butter and turkeys. Imperial Packing Co., Limited, Woodstock, N. B.

Houses and Lots For Sale.  
Apply to **LOUIS E. YOUNG.**  
Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 27th, '08. —tf.

### Notice of Sale.

To the Heirs at Law, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of Charles Holmes late of the Parish of Simonds in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Deceased, to Lizzie Holmes, his wife, and all others whom it may in any wise concern.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Twentieth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety one, recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book "N" No. 3 on page 407, 408 and 409 as number 33041 and made between Charles Holmes of the Parish of Simonds in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Lizzie Holmes his wife of the one part; and Elizabeth Raymond of the same place, of the other part. There will be for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in payment thereof, to be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis E. Young in the Town of Woodstock on Wednesday the Twenty-eighth day of July next at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, all the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—"All that certain farm or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Simonds County and Province aforesaid, situate on the Western bank of the River St. John and known and described as the Eastern half of the Lower Half of Lot Number sixty-nine (69) in a Grant from the Crown to William Turner, Esq., and others and bounded as follows:—On the East by the River St. John; on the North by the upper half of said Lot Number sixty-nine formerly owned by Newman Raymond; on the West by the Road leading to Thomas Flanagan's running through and dividing said lot number sixty-nine, the Easterly half of which is hereby conveyed; and on the South by land owned by Miles Birmingham and containing fifty acres more or less and being the Eastern half of said Lot deeded by the late Newman Raymond to the said Charles Holmes and dated the Eighteenth day of November A. D. 1854. Also all that other piece or parcel of land adjoining on the south side of the aforesaid Lot and being the Eastern part of the Farm of Land now owned by Miles Birmingham and containing twenty acres more or less and more particularly described in a Deed from John Birmingham to Charles Brown and recorded in Carleton County Records as by reference to said Records will more fully appear."

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging. Dated this Twenty-first day of June A. D. 1908, (Sgd) **FRED. N. HOLMES,** Assignee of Mortgagee. (Sgd) **LOUIS E. YOUNG,** Solicitor for Assignee of Mortgagee.

# NOTICE.

We beg to advise the public that we expect to rebuild our Tannery at once and in that case will be open to buy all Hemlock Bark offered as usual.

**J. D. Dickinson & Son.**



Passenger Train Service from Woodstock, Effective June 6th.

### DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

**7.10** A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jct. M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jct. to Boston. Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jct. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to Truro.  
**11.52** A EXPRESS—For all points North, M Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle.  
**1.50** A MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster Rock, and intermediate points.  
**5.00** P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.  
**5.45** P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, M (St. Andrews after July 1st), Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Sleepers, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.  
5.45 P. M. Train will run daily during July.

### ARRIVALS.

**11.31** A. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.  
**11.52** A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.  
**12.22** P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc via Gibson Branch.  
**3.45** P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Rivere du Loup.  
**10.10** P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.  
**11.45** A. M. Train runs daily during July.  
**W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. Ry.,**  
St. John, N. B.

**THE DISPATCH AND FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR** **\$1.50** For BOTH

Deeds, Mortgages, Bills of Sale Capias, Summons and Execution Blanks for sale at the Dispatch Office