

**Prepare for Lumbago!**

If You Have "Nerviline" Handy One Rubbing Will Cure the Pain.

**THOUSANDS USE "NERVILINE"**

The "strike" of lumbago is like a bolt of lightning—you never know when it is coming or where it is going to strike. Probably the one certain thing about lumbago is the fact that it can be cured by Nerviline—the only liniment that penetrates deeply enough to reach the congested cords and muscles.

"Years ago I strained my back, and suffered considerably with weakness over the spine," writes Darius P. Millan, a well-known farmer residing near Kingsville. "Then lumbago attacked the weak spot, and for days at a time I would have to lie up in bed, unable to move or turn. Liniments, poultices, and hot applications failed to bring the desired relief, and I was in despair of ever getting really well again. I at last decided to test 'Nerviline.' I got five bottles from the drug store, and had it rubbed on three times a day. The stiffness and pain left my back quickly, and by continuing Nerviline I was completely cured of Lumbago."

Refuse any substitute. Large 25c bottles of Nerviline, or five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

**Life After Death.**

(Henry James in Harpers Bazar).

Whatever we may begin with we almost inevitably go on, under the discipline of life, to more or less resigned acceptance of the grim fact that "science" takes no account of the soul, the principle we worry about, and that, as however nobly thinking and feeling creatures, we are abjectly and inveterately shut up in our material organs. We flutter away from that account of ourselves, on sublime occasions, only to come back to it with the collapse of our wings, and during much of our life, the grim view, as I have called it, the sense of the rigor of our physical basis, is confirmed to us by overwhelming appearances. The mere spectacle, all about us, of personal decay, and of the decay, as it seems of the whole being, adds itself formidably to that of so much bloom and assurance and energy—the things we catch in the very fact of their material identity. There are times when all the elements and qualities that constitute the affirmation of the personal life here affect us, as making against any apprehensible other affirmation of it. And the general observation and evidence abide with us and keep us company; they reinforce the verdict of the dismal laboratories and the confident analysts as to the incontrovertibility of our genius, as it comparatively is at the worst, and our brain—the poor palpable, ponderable, probable, laboratory brain that we ourselves see in certain inevitable conditions—become as naught.

**Sure of His Generosity.**

(Rod and Gun.)

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, at one of the many horse show dinners given in his honor in New York last month, told an amusing story of a groom and a turkey.

"I had promised this groom," he said, "a Christmas turkey, but somehow in the rush and flurry of December, I forgot it. It was some days after Christmas when I remembered how I had overlooked my faithful old friend. Meeting him in the paddock one morning, and intending to make good my forgetfulness, I said to the groom by of a joke:

"Jenkins, how did you like that turkey I sent you?"

"It was a very fine bird, sir," said the groom. "I came very near losing it, though."

"How so," said I, astonished.

"Well, sir," said Jenkins, "Christmas morning came, and your turkey hadn't reached me, so I rushed right off to the express company and asked the manager what he meant by not sending my bird up. The manager apologized, sir, very politely, and he took me into a back room where there were ten or fifteen turkeys hanging, and said to me the labels had been lost off all of them, and I'd better take my choice. So I chose the largest, sir, knowing your generosity, and it was fine. It ate grand. Thank you very much indeed, sir."

**Father's Method.**

(The Delinquent.)

During a recent slight illness five-year-old Teddy, usually so amiable, flatly and obstinately refused to take his medicine. After a somewhat prolonged and ineffectual argument with him, his mother at last set the glass of medicine down, leaned her head on her hands and "played" that she was crying. A moment passed, and the tender-hearted Teddy, unable longer to bear the sight of his mother's stricken attitude, inquired, "What's the matter, mother dear?" Without removing her hands from her eyes she replied: "I'm grieved that my son won't take the castor oil for me." Whereupon Tippy sat up in bed and offered consolingly: "Oh, I wouldn't feel badly if I were you, mother dear. Father will be home soon and he'll make me take it."

**Macaulay in Miniature.**

Jimmy Jimson bit his pencil and gazed at the flies. It was much more interesting than writing an essay on Bluff King Hal, which was what he was supposed to be doing. So he went on gazing. What he wanted to know was how the flies managed to walk upside down.

"Two [minutes] more!" called out the teacher.

Then Jimmy woke up. He must write something. He gathered together rapidly all the fragments of his recollection that had reference to Henry VII. Then, having marshalled his forces, he began:

"King Henry 8th was the greatest widower that ever lived he was borne at a place called Annie's Domino and had 510 wives besides children and things. The first was beheaded and then executed and the second was revoked, Henry 8th was succeeded in the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scott, sometimes called the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. That's all.

**The Skin of a Unit.**

(Journal of Education.)

The blunders of children are often due to bad teachers. "This," said the teacher to her class in arithmetic, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too," she said, "and these are units." And she showed them a ruler, a flower and an apple. Then she peeled the apple and holding up the peel said: "Now, children, what is this?" Silence. "Come, you know what it is," she urged. A little hand went up slowly. "Well, Willie," said the teacher. "Please, make me the skin of a unit!"

**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 caused by Catarrh 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.

**A Few Epigrams**

Superior knowledge is a mistake; that which rules the world is superior ignorance. The perfection of good manners is never to be intentionally annoying.

There are two forces which cause modern England to move; a crisis and a craze.

Conversation is listening to yourself in the presence of others.

Genius is a combination of aspiration and inspiration.

The wisdom of youth lacks confidence in self; the wisdom of age lacks confidence in others.

"No man is a hero to his valet," but many a man is a valet to his hero.

Consideration for others is often a form of cowardice.

We hate less those we see through than those that see through us.

There are the inevitable virtues of old age.

We generally turn the sunny side of our character towards the public; the shady side towards home. Were the process reversed, life would be much more happy than it is. —C. E. Jermingham.

**Formal Indoor Dresses.**

(Harper's Bazar.)

The color that appears to be most favored for the season's formal indoor dresses for women are all unusually subtle and consequently difficult to describe. There is an egg plant tone, for instance, which is neither purple nor rosewood but a blending of both. Crepes and chiffon cloths in this tone are lovely. Then there are several new blues, which are variations of what dyers describe as night-sky blues. These resemble the Henner backgrounds. There are other blues that have a lurking somewhere of red in them and violets with suggestions of green in the folds. These, too, are beautiful, and the exclusive indoor models are almost wholly made up in such tones.

Opaline satin is the latest weave, and up to the present is reserved for the sheath of an indoor frock. It comes in shades from white to night-sky blue, and, while made on the same principal as the shot taffetta, is much softer and richer. This new winter fabric and the new colors are used in this way: Over an opaline satin sheath, say in the shade of blue above described, a pale pink chiffon is draped in the form of a moyeage slip, tunic or "fishwife." Gray net is draped over a pearl tone, or over coral; or a gray chiffon will be draped over a changeable silk which is being described as "pigeon's throat green," because of the iridescence of the material, which is particularly effective in the fold.

The laveuse, or washwoman, overkirt is

much used with indoor crepe dresses for afternoon wear, also for cashmere gowns and those of chiffon cloth. But there are many indications besides its unsuitability for the average figure, that such overdresses are a mere passing fancy. What will prove much more lasting are the old handmade trimmings such as shirtings and cordings and fancy narrow and short tabs. These, also occasional knife-plaited net ruffles, are represented upon practically every indoor model of the last month.

**Election of Officers.**

The following are the officers elected for L. O. L. No. 38 for ensuing year:

P. A. Watson, W. M.

J. B. Brewer, D. M.

M. Moore, Chap.

D. W. Kyle, Rec. Secty.

T. H. McKinney, Fin. Secty.

Geo. I. Britton, Treasurer.

D. O. McIntosh, Dir. of Cer.

N. Peed, Dec.

JAS. MCKINLEY

J. J. ROGERS

ENSLEY GRANT

G. ARTHUR GIBSON

FRANK WATON

Committee.

**Good Addition**

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teacher. She went even further; she promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime, all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy.

"Oh, mother, he shouted. "I got a hundred."

"Sammy!" cried his mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy, with out hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."

**Plum Pudding Drawn by Three Horses.**

The plum pudding is essentially a British dish, and it is deservedly a very popular article of the menu. Hence it comes about, probably, that we read occasionally of really Brobdingnagian puddings being put into circulation and there are several on record the very mention of which will be sufficient to make the average school boy's mouth water.

For instance, early in the last century one was made for distribution among the poor of Paigton which weighed 900 pounds. The ingredients included a very large number of eggs, 120 pounds of suet, a light weight of raisins, and four hundred-weight of flour. It was kept boiling from Saturday morning to Tuesday evening and when those in charge thought it sufficiently cooked it was drawn by three horses to the village green and there served out to the large assembly. In this case, however, the cooks had been to precipitate and three days' boiling was not sufficient, for the gigantic lump was not ready in the centre, and only the outside was fit to be eaten. The dainty morsel was the outcome of an old chart, which prescribed that the inhabitants of the place should distribute a big plum pudding among the poor every fifty.

**ACHING IN THE STOMACH**

Bilious Headache, Sluggish Liver, Indigestion and Stomach Disorders.

**"Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cured."**

"From using a cheap remedy recommended by an unscrupulous druggist, my condition was made much worse," writes Miss Minerva E. Michie, daughter of a well-known citizen of Portland. "I suffered so terribly with indigestion and biliousness that the very sight of food made me shudder. It was two years ago my health began to fail. At first I had constipation, liver sluggishness, and occasional headaches. My appetite was variable—I wanted too many sweets—then I lost all desire to eat and had constant aching in the stomach, attacks of dizziness, pains between the shoulders, stifling feeling after meals, and felt I wasn't going to recover.

"The moment I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills I felt better. After I had taken a few pills my chest and back were relieved of pain, and my head felt clear and no longer was full of blood and rushing noises. I kept on using Dr. Hamilton's Pills and slowly but surely my appetite returned and I gradually regained strength, color, and spirits. To-day I am as well as ever and attribute my present splendid condition entirely to Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

If you are troubled like Miss Michie was (and most people occasionally are) no medicine will do you so much lasting good as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 8

**Notice of Meeting.**

Notice is hereby given that a special general meeting of the stock holders of the Cobler-Sexton Mining Co. Ltd. Woodstock N. B., will be held in the town hall, Jan. 5th, 1910, at eight o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of issuing more stock and for transacting such other business as may legally be brought before the meeting.

I. DRAPER, Secy. Treasurer



YOUR DECISION IS FINAL

THERE is no appeal for me from your decision—Union Blend Tea has to stand or fall on your judgment. Yet, such absolute confidence have I that it is all I claim—that it is better than other teas, that I am not only willing but anxious to have my words put to the test. If you are disappointed, I can never expect you to buy again—but I'll take the risk. Won't you try a single pound—or even a half pound—if you prefer?

Harry W. Frost

Union Blend one pound packets—the pound packets only—contain coupons that are worth money to you. But this is only an advertisement—the tea itself is worth the price paid.

honestly know how UNION BLEND TEA could possibly be improved. And when Union Blend Tea comes to you, you get it with all the goodness in it—in a hermetically sealed packet that is proof against dampness and atmospheric changes. Look for my picture on the end of the packet—that is your guarantee of quality. Make your own tea-cup convince you.

40c



You will never know what shaving comfort means until you use a "Gillette" safety razor.

The "Gillette" illustrated above is the new pocket edition so compact that it takes up no more room than a card case.

Finished in gold and silver with handle and blade box to match also gun metal \$5. to \$7.

This Razor makes a very nice Christmas present.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

**'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.



**For Sale.**

That place place at Tracy Mills, consisting of a House of ten rooms, Barn, Hog House and Store House with land on south of road leading to Boundary line. J. W. ADAMS, Hartland. Dec. 1st-3rd.

**For Sale.**

Two hundred and thirty acres lumber land in the lower part of the Parish of Woodstock cornering on Eel River, for sale. LOUIS E. YOUNG Sept 7th, 1909. 6-1