

DINNER BELL MUSIC.

The music of the dinner-bell is always welcome to the healthy man or woman—like to the working man or woman who eats a plain meal at noonday, or to people of easier lives who enjoy a rich dinner in the evening. But to the Dyspeptic there is no music in the dinner-bell—it calls him to a trial for which he knows he is unfit. No one can enjoy a meal, or get nourishment and strength from it, knowing that pain and distress will follow after. The true course, even for healthy people, is to help the digestive system, from time to time, with that excellent tonic medicine, Mother Siegel's Syrup.

Mr. Michael Bureau, of Stanham, Quebec County, P. Q., writes: "For some time I suffered from indigestion. I had headaches which made life a misery. I could not sleep at night and after eating I felt a sensation of fullness and pains, with heart palpitation. I took no medicine for this illness except Mother Siegel's Syrup and was cured when I had used one bottle of it."

Saving and Misjudgement.

The money question is a mighty one and it retards the freedom of movements as nothing else can do.

One cannot do what one cannot afford to do and remain honest.

A man's responsibilities to his family are his first and foremost consideration, a commendable attitude on his part.

The children who are growing up, are his first care and provision, as ample as his earning powers will permit, must be made for their pleasure.

So he works, slaves even toward a worthy purpose, denying himself many of life's little pleasures, so that the child's future may be the securer. Unconsciously that man is making a grave mistake and, unconsciously he is moulding the character of his children after his own. Children should be shown that life holds more than mere work and the saving of money.

Let work be interspersed with a few little pleasures.

Save a little less and enjoy a little more.

Good health is a far greater essential to a child's happiness than money and surely the spending of money to prevent illness, is better than spending it on illness, when it comes.

A severe attack of any malady—pneumonia typhoid fever, malaria, or whatever it may be—is always more costly on the money side, to say nothing of the cost to health and strength and the inroad on the physical capital, than a voyage or a journey or perhaps a short trip abroad.

Doctors' visits, and trained nurses are expensive, and nobody for an instant thinks it possible to do without them when the need is urgent. In many cases prevention is better than cure.

The parents who teach their children the worth of money and show them by example the different methods in which it may be used are the parents who are building the best possible future for the child. Nothing is gained by slaving and denying.

Parents should not slave for their children. They should enjoy them.

They should slave less for them and play more with them.—Toronto World.

Not to Church.

Stubb—"I notice your wife doesn't wear her \$300-button gown to church any more?"

Penn—"No. It was too embarrassing. Every time a button turned up on the collection plate the parson glanced at her."



When an undue amount of nervous energy is used in the brain there is certain to be failure in the other functions of the body.

Digestion is imperfect—the head aches—you cannot sleep—you become nervous and irritable—you are easily excited and quickly tired—your memory fails and you cannot concentrate the mind.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

is a creator of new, rich, red blood and hence a builder-up of the nervous system.

Being mild and gentle in action it is especially suited as a treatment for children at the critical period in life when important physiological changes are taking place. But you must look out for imitations. 50 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Riley Brook

W. Vanderbeek arrived from his camp at Nary Brook today, and reports four inches of snow in the woods.

Mrs. Niles of Presque Isle is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Thos. Slauch.

Rev. Mr. McLellan of Plaster Rock preached in the Baptist Church Sunday evening.

Mr. Grant of Fort Fairfield, Me., who is visiting his aunt, Mrs. E. P. Ross, shot a very fine deer today, having ten points.

R. L. Vanderbeek and party arrived here Saturday, going to Plaster Rock by canoe. He returned next day with another party, who will "still hunt".

John Hall, Holmesville, arrived here Saturday, for a weeks hunting. He is accompanied by his young son.

Charles Barker and party arrived from camp today.

Mrs. John Everett, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jas. Watters, returned to her home in Everett last week.

Elmore G. Vance drove to Dow Flat today, where he will put up some wire fences.

Miss Laura Watters and brother paid a flying visit to the village Monday.

Her Appetite and His.

"Dear me," she said as they seated themselves at the table, "I don't feel as if I cared for a thing to eat."

"Oh," he implored, "don't say that. Would you like to begin with some oysters?"

"Well, let me see. Yes, I believe I will take some, although I don't as a rule care much for cysters."

"Good. I'll order some celery with them. Is there anything else you would like?"

"Cream of tomato soup and some ripe olives might not be bad."

"I thought you would begin to feel hungry after you considered it for a moment. Walter, some cream of tomato soup and ripe olives, and you might bring me some Hungarian goulash and a cup of coffee."

"Oh," the lady asked, "do you want to order everything now? I think it would be better—then we shall not have to wait so long, and we haven't much time to waste, you know. Let me see, I believe I will have a filet mignon, French fried potatoes, combination salad, and—oh, yes, wouldn't it be nice to have a squab, too? For dessert I think—"

"Well, we can order the dessert after we get the squab, and the oysters, and the soup, and the filet mignon, and the salad and the other things. Never mind my goulash and coffee, waiter. I don't believe I care to eat anything after all."

The Old Man.

There comes a time in the life of any man, if his days on earth are of sufficient duration, when he grows old and steps, as it were, out of the race.

It's the standing still period of his life and the world seems to swing along past him—but without him.

People are liable to call him the "old man."

He sees youngsters whom he has dandled far years back passing him by, following the bent of their life's desires. He is in the shadow, but he remembers.

Those youngsters have grown away from him in a sense, they cannot understand old age and the need of rest by the wayside.

But the old man—he has grown away from the youngsters, because what they possess now, he too possessed once and his memory is good.

If the youth but understood old age, as old age understands youth.

There's the pity of it. The old man is alone.

Youth is heedless and therefore forgetful of old age.

The old man is hungry for a word, or a hand-clasp, and the reward would be worth the seeking of any young man.

A Ball Romance.

(New York Telegram.)

Autumn maiden—full of fun!

Football player—chapter one.

Maiden waves a flag of blue

From the grand stand—chapter two.

Football player turns to see;

Down he tumbles—chapter three.

Lost some scalp, and, what is more,

Lost his heart. That's chapter four.

And he says as surgeons men,

"I've won my goal." And that's the end,

Except there'll be a wedding soon

And then a happy honeymoon.

Just a Theory.

Professor—"Suppose an irresistible force encountered an immovable body, what would be the result?"

Student—"I don't know exactly, but I imagine it would be something like the meeting of two rival Arctic explorers."

Dead.

Editor—"Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes?"

Reporter—"I tried to but she wouldn't talk."

Editor—"Wouldn't talk? Good heavens, man, was she dead?"

Miss Passeigh—I have had my picture taken once every year since I was ten.

Miss Youngthing—Oh, do let me see one of those old daguerotypes. They're so quaint.—Boston Transcript.

FOR economy in the table expenses increase the amount of Quaker Oats; eat it at least twice a day. It does more than other foods and costs only a fraction as much.

Why He Doesn't Buy in Toronto

A Physician in a town in the Canadian West recently received a personal letter from one of the Toronto mail-order houses in which his patronage was solicited. This eloquent appeal concluded as follows:

"If there is any reason why you do not buy of us, please give us your reasons in the enclosed stamped envelope and we will strive to remove the cause."

The forcible reply of the physician in which a loyal stand on behalf of the home town was taken, was as follows:

"Your letter asking why I had not traded with you for a long time received, and as you ask me to tell you frankly, I will give you a few reasons:

"1—I am in business in this community and am looking to this community for my support. I cannot ask the merchants of this town for their support if I do not give them mine.

"2—In looking over my books I fail to find the names of either Mr. —. Mr. — or any other of your company's officials, which remind me that none of these gentlemen has ever given me a penny's patronage. Why is this? Am I too far away, or have neither of them needed a physician, or are they afraid of the mail order plan when it comes to the practice of medicine? I can certainly give as good satisfaction by mail as your house can, and will appreciate a call from either of them when in need of medical service.

"3—In looking over the subscription lists for improving our streets and public highways, I have failed to find the name of any member of your firm down for one penny to assist in the work. Also I have failed to find your name on any of the charity lists where help has been rendered to our poor; in other words, you are not down as a contributor to our Helping Hand Society. In fact, in all the movements for the betterment of our condition, where our community has needed the united efforts of her public spirited citizens, I have failed to find your name among the list of our contributing merchants. Your name is not on our city tax books, nor do I find where you have paid a city license to do a mercantile business in competition with our home merchants.

"These are a few answers to your questions, and I trust you will see the justice of them."—Exch.

Not All of Them (The Interior).

A Washington man, while visiting a friend's place in Virginia, became much interested in his experiments in fruit culture. One day the editor was making the rounds of the place, being in charge of the friend's young daughter of 10, who acted as guide.

"This tree seems to be loaded with apples," observed the Washingtonian, indicating a particularly fine specimen.

"Yes, sir," assented the little girl. "Father says this is a good year for apples."

"I am glad to hear that," said the visitor.

"Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?"

"No, sir," explained the girl, "only the apple trees."

Then the Scissors Cut in.

"You may be sharp," said the thread to the needle, "but I notice you are always getting it in the eye."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the needle. "I notice that whenever you get in a hole I have to pull you through."

"Hush up, you two," cried the thimble.

"If it wasn't for my push you would neither of you get along."

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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?

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We have on hand: Hot air Furnaces, for coal or wood, the best and most economical furnaces on the market. They generate their own gas and burn it. Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.

We have also two second-hand Small & Fisher Furnaces for burning wood, practically as good as new.

HAMILTON BROS.,

Connell Street next to Clarke & Johnson's Hardware Store.

THE EYES

The eyes are the windows through which the soul looks out upon the world. There is no need of having them darkened or defective. Don't tamper with unknown inexperienced opticians. Vision is too precious, have them scientifically fitted with glasses, DONT DELAY.

For instance:—Mrs Freeman wife of the Rev. Mr. B. L. Freeman, for 7 years pastor of the Centreville Baptist church was troubled by defective sight. Five specialists treated her, one in New York, one in Boston, one in Halifax, one in St. John, one in Woodstock N. B. She could not wear their glasses and her eyes grew worse. Two years ago just before moving to B. C., with her husband she came to me, I treated her by my new discovery and supplied her with glasses. She now writes me as follows, the glasses are a perfect fit. You evidently have the right theory. My eyes are better than for years. Many thanks.

MRS. R. L. FREEMAN.

If your eyes trouble you at all, come in and let me examine them FREE.

I would also like to call your attention to a new line of Jewelry just in, finer and more beautiful than I have ever carried before, my souvenir goods especially will interest and attract you.

Prices of course are right, that is why my trade grows.

Thanking my former patrons and soliciting a trial from new ones.

I am respectfully yours.

C. E. VAIL.

Jeweler And Graduate Optician

Centreville N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Passenger Train Service from Woodstock. Effective Oct. 3rd.

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.45 A. MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam, Jct. M. St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vancoboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jct. to Boston. Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jct. to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jct. to Truro.

12.15 A. EXPRESS—For all points North: M. Plaster Rock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and Presque Isle.

5.00 P. MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gib Meon Branch.

5.33 P. EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, M. St. Andrews after July 1st, Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vancoboro, 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.

ARRIVALS.

11.00 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

12.15 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East: St. Stephen, M. St. Andrews after July 1st, Boston, Montreal and West.

5.20 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Riviere du Loup.

11.00 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John, and East; St. Stephen, M. St. Andrews, Houlton, Vancoboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

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