

RATHER STALE BREAD.

"What! a loaf of bread over 1,800 years old? Nonsense!" Well, my friend, there is no nonsense about it. You can see several of them in the Royal National Museum, at Naples, burned black like carbon, or charcoal. They were found in the ruins of Pompeii, a city that was buried by an eruption of hot, fiery ashes from Mount Vesuvius in the year 79. No one could eat this bread, although carbon is the element in our food that promotes heat in the body.

When indigestion prevails, your food does not nourish you and you have headaches, poor blood, constipation, dizziness, and other ills. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the sure herbal remedy cures all these ills. Mr. Burton Shortliffe, Central Grove, Digby Co., N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with indigestion for a long time and found no medicine to give such immediate relief as Mother Seigel Syrup. For indigestion and all stomach troubles it is a grand remedy."

Complexion Washes.

Mixed a quart of milk and a quarter of a pound of saltpetre, beaten to a powder. Add to this a little oil of aniseed and rather less of oil of cloves, with about a quarter of a gill of white wine vinegar. Put all these into a bottle, and place it in some warm place for a fortnight—then cork it up for use.

An infusion of horseradish in milk makes an excellent wash, and so does the fresh juice of house-leek mixed with an equal part of cream.

Honey water applied to the skin in frosty weather will keep it from roughness or chaps.

Another good wash is made of four ounces of potash, the same quantity of rosewater, two ounces of brandy, and two of lemon juice, mixed in two quarts of distilled water. If two tablespoonfuls of this mixture is put into the basin it will finely scent and soften the water you intend to use.

Massage the face every morning with any of the above after washing—always pressing the flesh upwards more than downwards, and you will keep quite young at sixty.

These are some of our grandmother recipes.

Preaching is a Lost Art.

The narrow-minded, out-of-date preacher is the real and direct and immediate cause of more "freethinking," skepticism and agnosticism than any other factor in to-day's life, writes a correspondent in the *Delinquent* for December. Preaching seems to have become a lost art. Droning has taken its place. I suppose I've been to church thirty times in the past year, and the only sermon I've had the patience to hear out from beginning to end was a "Talk" given by Miss Jane Addams on settlement work. That was real Christianity, not idealized slush.

Now I am not more critical than the fellow beings with whom I associate, nine-tenths of whom would probably bear witness to this truth—that the reason why church-going is dying out is because the minister does not make the right effort to hold and interest their congregations.

We want the vital, living, every-day truth from the pulpit. We want to know how to meet the temptations that face us during the week. We want to know how to live—NOW; and how to die when our time comes. We want preachers who will help us to work out our own salvation, and not wooden images who have had no experience of life and who are satisfied to shout out a few galvanized commonplaces at our heads every Sunday and sit down satisfied in their studies all the rest of the week, imagining they have done their duty by us.



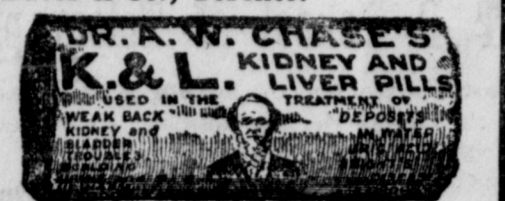
Here is a test which proves positively that Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills do cure kidney disease and urinary troubles.

Capt. Wm. Smith, a British Army veteran, living in Revelstoke, B. C., had his urine tested by his physician who pronounced his case a bad form of chronic kidney disease.

After being cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney & Liver Pills

he again had an examination of the urine made and his physician stated that no trace of the old trouble remained.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills are definite and certain in action and positively cure backache, kidney disease, Bright's disease (in early stages) and urinary troubles. One pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Refuse substitutes and imitations.

Death of Miss Jennie Wetmore.

Miss Jennie Wetmore, telegraph operator, formerly of St. George, died very suddenly in Houlton, on Tuesday. She was on her way home to dinner at noon, when she was taken ill with heart failure. She was a sister of Mr. A. Douglas Wetmore, foreman of construction of the Western Union Telegraph Co., and of Mr. B. T. Wetmore, of St. George, the well known politician and singer. Mrs. Stewart, wife of Rev. T. Stewart, of Pine Hill College, Halifax, is a sister of the deceased. Miss Wetmore was a woman of fine character and had a wide circle of friends who will regret to hear of her death.

The Choir at Pixley.

The choir we had at Pixley wasn't much for looks an' styles, But today if I could hear it I would walk a hundred miles:

There warn't a singer in it that could boast she'd crossed the seas

To study with the masters an' to learn to take high C's;

There warn't no variations, warn't no thrills that folks think grand;

Warn't no singin' operatic that no one can understand;

But jus' plain gospel singin' like the music of the birds.

An' the congregation didn't have to strain to catch the words.

There were jes' four people in it,—Mrs. Thompkins, Mrs. Botts,

Arthur Tweedle was the 'tenor an' the basso Jeptha Watts.

Oh, 'twould do you good to hear 'em singin' low "Abide with me."

An' "Jerusalem th' Golden" an' "The City by the Sea."

Taere was nothin' high-falutin' 'bout the songs they used t' sing,

Jes' sweet, humble hymns of praises to the Master an' the King;

Jes' sweet, simple strains o' music, but my soul they always stirred,

An' I liked it better, maybe, coz I understood each word.

An' I mind the day in Pixley when a city woman come

To our little church to visit, an' I mind her burnin' shame,

When she sneered about th' singin' an' she scoffed about the choir,

An' I mind the way she snickered an' the way she roused my ire,

An' how I up an' told her that the music she thought grand

Was 'the music that she paid for an' she couldn't understand;

An' I said that choir ain't singin' now for you an' never would,

But it's singin' for the Master an' I guess He'd call it good.

Rheumatism promptly driven from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Don't waste time with common remedies. A test will surely tell. In tablet or liquid form. Sold by All Dealers.

The Actorless Theatre.

(Current Literature.)

It is estimated that there are at the present time, in America, in successful operation, 7,000 theatres, more or less, in which innumerable plays and near-plays are produced daily without the actual presence of a single actor. The age has given us horseless carriages, smokeless powder and noiseless guns, has, in other words, also developed the actorless theatres. We are speaking, of course, of the moving picture theatres, of which there are 300 in New York city, an equal number in Chicago, 205 in St. Louis, and 186 in Philadelphia.

Cows and Cash.

Is it not time that all dairy farmers in Canada came to think seriously of what might easily be accomplished by a very little extra effort? There is a huge sum of money waiting for owners of dairy cows.

Not only is present cash value assured for the application of a little brain power, but a solid and permanent improvement of dairy conditions, a distinct raising of the whole status of dairy farming, a measurable gain in contentment and self-respect, a notable and enviable addition to our reputation among the nations of the world as high class dairymen would quickly result. Unfortunately we have to go on record even in these days of widespread and easily dairy knowledge as owning lots of cows that produce only 2,000 or 2,500 lbs. milk during their best six or seven months. Such cows are no credit to their owners, and such owners scarcely do credit to the dignified title of dairymen. As Canadians we should jealously guard against such a condition of affairs being possible. It is easy to detect these poor cows by record and weights of milk, and it is injurious to any district to retain such wretched specimens, mongrels not real dairy cows. The queen of the dairy, the select cow will do infinitely better if handled right by men who put dairy into dairy operation. If only half the cows in Ontario were made to yield just ten dollars more milk, it means an extra five millions of dollars within easy reach.

Are You Using An Oily Liniment?

Beware of Any Thick, Greasy Liniment That Contains Acids and Strong Ammonia.

No doctor would think of prescribing a greasy, thick, ammonia liniment—they can't penetrate, and in consequence are unable to reach the source of pain. The best liniment for general household use is "Nerviline," which is sold under positive guarantee to cure pain.

Nerviline is sure to cure pain because it is immensely stronger than other liniments, because it is more penetrating, because it relieves the congested condition that excites pain, because it restores circulation of the part. Now you understand why one person in three throughout the Dominion of Canada uses Nerviline. These people have tested it. They know how good it is, because in the hundred and one minor ailments that afflict us at odd times they found Nerviline always cured. Nerviline is an absolute antidote to pain, powerful, soothing, and certain in its action.

Nerviline is estimably the finest remedy for pain found in the world. Not an ache or pain anywhere that Nerviline does not cure.

Try Nerviline for neuralgia, headache, sciatica, lumbago, stiffness, rheumatism—wherever there is soreness, or pain, rub on Nerviline, and you'll be cured. Refuse anything offered you instead of Nerviline. Large 25c bottles, five for \$1. All dealers, or The Catarrh-ozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

A Reckless Moment.

(Life.)

One of the soldiers at Fort Washington on the Potomac was recently given leave of absence the morning after pay day. When his leave expired he didn't appear. The papers recorded, however, that he had been very busy, the range of his activities being comprehended under the title of "Plain Drunk."

He was brought at last before the commandant for sentence, and the following dialogue is recorded.

"Well, Murphy, you look as if you had had a severe engagement."

"Yes, sur."

"Have you any money left?"

"No, sur."

"You had \$35 when you left the fort didn't you?"

"Yes, sur."

"What did you do with it?"

"Well, sur, I was walking along and I met a friend, and we went into a place and spint \$8. Then we came out and I met another friend and we spint \$8 more, and thin I come out and we met a friend and we spint \$8 more, and thin we come out and we met another bunch of friends, and I spint \$8 more—and thin I comes home."

"But, Murphy, that makes only \$32. What did you do with the other \$3?"

Murphy thought, then he shook his head slowly and said:

"I dunno, colonel. I reckon I must have squandered that money foolishly."

Old Rose the Vogue.

Old-rose is reappearing this year. At present, with a few exceptions, it seems to be confined to waist garniture or hat trimming, or, at most, to a net or chiffon overdress, but little choux or bows of this tone in satin or velvet are frequently set upon darker or lighter toned fabrics.

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Economic Of Gambling.

Apart entirely from the moral and mental influences of gambling, the practice stands condemned on purely economic grounds. By John Stuart Mill's test—the causing of two blades of grass to grow where but one has grown before—the gambler is found wanting. He does not add to the world's wealth. He does nothing to help the great and complicated productive mechanism through which men live by satisfying each other's wants. The carpenter who planes a board and fits it in place, the farmer who turns a furrow to increase the soil's fertility, the banker and merchant who further the complicated processes of exchange, the navigator and railway men, all give value for what they receive. Their efforts help toward the satisfaction of human desire, and thus increase the sum of the world's wealth. They give value for what they receive. They cause two blades of grass to grow where but one had grown before. They produce wealth, so they make return to the community for what they consume.

The gambler, on the other hand, produces nothing. Every dollar he obtains leaves someone a dollar poorer. The food he consumes leaves that much less food for others, and he gives nothing in return. The same is true of clothes he wears, and the house he occupies. He does not build, either directly or indirectly. Those who do must build for him as well as for themselves. This is a distinction that should be kept continually in mind, for it is the distinction between the parasite and the produce. If a man does not produce he must live by the proportionate impoverishment of those who do. If one man gets without making, some other man or set of men must make without getting. That nothing comes out of nothing is a homely truth too often forgotten.

This test by which the gambler stands condemned should be applied to all lines of activity. There is a range of usefulness as wide and varied as the world, for production is not confined to those who work with their hands. Every man whose service helps to bring things of use within the reach of any fellow-man is a producer. However distant his effort, he is helping to satisfy human wants. There is also a wide range of activities which are not productive, for the gambler is not the only man whose gains mean other people's losses. The distinction is often lost in the carelessness of language, for we speak of a man having made a thousand or a million when in reality he merely obtained the thousand or the million that others had made. The man who could make wealth equal to a million dollars would be one of the world's greatest benefactors, but the man who obtained a million dollars while not augmenting the world's store by any effort of hand or mind would be one of the world's most burdensome parasites. The test by which the gambler is condemned can help toward many wise decisions in the development of economic legislation.—Toronto Globe.

"Pale and Depressed"

Anaemia, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Dizziness.

Success of Dr. Hamilton's Pills

For her life and health Mrs. E. K. Wilkinson is indebted to the marvelous curative properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Her brightness, activity, and present good looks are due to nothing else but the enormous benefit she derived from using this grand medicine. From her home in Newton, where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Wilkinson writes: "For years I was pale, anaemic, and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with ever-increasing anaemia, made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes, and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was. I began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement although slow was sure. I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happier and more contented and the sickly pallor of my face was replaced by a bright, rosy color which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of death to repair to robust health."

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers.

How Woman Remains Young.

Let her think first of her figure. Is she wearing a good make of corsets with long graceful lines, or has she been economizing there? She may have yielded to the health fad which advise doing away with corsets. That is an ill-advised experiment for one of her years if she wishes to look neat and trim and well groomed. She may find that she has been allowing her shoulder to droop or hat superfluous flesh has been collecting around her hips and abdomen. Good corsets will help, but she must diet as well and try some of the exercises for reducing.

At the same time she must pay careful attention to her hair and to her complexion. The fact that her hair is gray will make no difference. Well kept gray hair is beautiful.

Let her keep it lustrous with frequent shampooing, let her study a simple but becoming method of dressing it, and let her not scorn to wave it softly with an iron or add more to it if it is very thin. White hair should be washed every ten days, and sometimes a bit of bluing added to the last water keeps it from looking yellow.

Mahogany Furniture.

I am prepared to restore old pieces of Mahogany Furniture, no matter how badly broken up. These old pieces when repaired are quite valuable and far superior to anything of modern make. Being a Cabinet maker and "French Polisher" of many years experience in the city of St. John, I think I understand my business. Also general repairing. Write to

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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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