



PILES FOR FOUR YEARS

Only those who suffer from Piles can know the agony, the burning, throbbing, shooting, stabbing pains which the ailment causes, and the way it wrecks the sufferer's life.

Zam-Buk is blessed by thousands who used to suffer from piles, but whom it has cured. One such grateful person is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of Greenwood Avenue, Toronto. She says:—"For four long years I suffered acutely from bleeding piles. During that time I spent an immense amount of money on 'remedies' and doctor's prescriptions but got no ease. Zam-Buk was different to everything else I had tried, and it cured me. I am grateful for the cure, and as I have never had piles since, I know the cure is permanent."

Another thankful woman is Mrs. E. A. Gardiner, of Catalina, Trinity Bay. She says:—"In my case Zam-Buk effected a wonderful cure. For twelve years I had been troubled with blind, bleeding, and protruding piles. I had been using various kinds of ointments, etc., but never came across anything to do me good until I tried Zam-Buk, which cured me. That this may be the means of helping some sufferers from piles to try Zam-Buk, is the wish of one who has found great relief."

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal balm and should be in every home. Cures cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, ulcers, blood-poisoning, prairie itch, sunburn, blisters, sore feet, summer sores, and all diseases and injuries of the skin, etc. All drug stores and stores at 50c. box, or from "The Dispenser," Toronto, for price.

Zam-Buk

Abdul Hamid II. Seen at Church.

"You shall not."

"But it was meant as a deliberate insult and I will."

"Are you mad? If a few angry words spoken by a Turk in an Armenian bank was the real origin of the Armenian massacre some years ago, what do you suppose would happen if you left this carriage to fight a Turkish soldier on guard just because he has been rude enough to spit at us as we rolled past?"

But by this time we had left the soldier far behind and my hot-headed Englishman's fists unclosed.

"Never mind the spitting, just think we are going to see Abdul Hamid at his prayers."

We continued to roll on between the lines of Turkish soldiers who stood three deep until we entered the grounds of the Imperial Palace of Yildiz Kiosk. Our places were exactly opposite the Kiosk and during the interval of awaiting the appearance of His Majesty we were entertained by smiling pashas, who handled the ladies tea and cigarettes of the Sultan's own brand. To the right were lines of white haired pashas seated immobile on Arab horses. To the left, about fifty ladies of the harem seated in closed carriages from which the superb Arabs had been taken. The silver mounted handle of each door was firmly in the grasp of a powerful looking black eunuch. Before taking their stand these carriages had passed us where we sat and I had a good view of the inmates. The Sultan had taste moreover, he liked contrasts. Some there were with eyes like deer and skin like cream, others—Circassians—had deep blue eyes and hair like spun gold. The costumes varied from the usual Turkish plum satin veiled to the eyes to the very latest Parisian mode cut very much de-colletted.

Presently the young son of the Sultan arrived—a child of about eight—and was carried up the steps of the mosque where on the topmost step he awaited his father. And now came Abdul himself. I looked at him curiously and this is what I saw: A man whose head seemed buried in his shoulders, whose eyes looked every way at once, whose nose hung beak-like over a sensual mouth. He had on a greenish uniform with a decidedly greasy collar. His expression was that of a cat stalking a bird. His charioteer stood in an old loose silken garments covered with creases and drove a glorious pair of steeds. In place of the whip he held a golden rod. He looked infinitely better than his master, but I would have given every pasha there together with the whole harem for one of the Sultan's horses.

His Majesty's prayer books were now carried in the kiosk and he followed joined by his waiting son.

"Why don't the ladies go too?" I asked a Turkish officer by my side.

"Ladies!—oh, ladies haf no souls. Dat is!"—he added with a smirk—"de Turkish ladies." "Haf more tea?"

"Thanks," I said thoughtfully, wondering what Canada would be like if the ladies of that country "had no souls." While the Sultan was occupied with his devotions I studied the horses and came to the conclusion that they were nobler, handsomer and vastly nearer perfection than their riders. Abdul Hamid here re-appeared. Every hand touched rapidly, knee, heart and head. This time he entered a tiny carriage drawn by a snow white horse which he himself drove while the pashas pushed behind in token of subjection. The horses were put to the carriage of the fair ones, the eunuchs took their seats and the whole show melted away. Thirty minutes later we were rattling over the cobble-paved streets in the heart of Constantinople, streets narrow and dirty and filled with dogs of every size and color. We took luncheon with some American friends—I have had indigestion ever since—now coffee. I did not enjoy coffee as thick as paste, but, oh, I did want the cup that held it. To this day I am undecided as to which are the most beautiful, the horses or the coffee-cups. Luncheon over, we crossed the great wooden draw-bridge leading into Stamboul. Here, we dipped deeply into our pockets.

"Do you know where those cushions are made?" asked the Englishman.

"Here of course. Where should they be made?"

"Well I know for a fact that they are made in Manchester."

I had strange feelings as I entered that wonderful church of Saint Sophia. A Turkish mosque where the Head of Christ looked down from the dome and where the four archangels had been decapitated, but not removed.

Everywhere the followers of Mahomet held out supplicating hands to Allah. "Where are the women?" I asked my guide. "Women no come here. Women haf no souls." I wonder if the British Empire would resemble Turkey if the British women had no souls. I rather think it might: It would seem as if the Turkish women were now finding their souls, if we are to judge from the present results.

Power of Concentration.

Every man has in him the possible germ of something more than he is.

Man's individuality is what places him above the protoplasm in the scale of evolution.

Many seem content with the protoplasmic level.

They surge along the lines of least resistance like an election-night crowd on Broadway.

They are indefinite and indifferent.

Such men come and go and leave no trace behind.

"Surely," says Ingersoll, "it is worth something to feel that the census of the universe would be incomplete without counting you."

History may not record his name, but every man can be a unit of more than average importance if he so elects.

It was Walt Whitman who idealized personal independence.

It was his dream "to confront with your personality all the other personalities of the earth."

The danger signal of individualism is conceit.

In fact, conceit is the dagger with which many a man has slain himself.

Egotism should be no part of our individuality.

Be great enough to be modest.

It is only small heads that are turned by trifles.

Matthew Arnold refers to men who are "bounded by themselves."

Such men are not worth while.

Luther was a man of strong individuality. So, in a far less laudable way, was Calvin.

Humboldt broke away from his luxurious environment to endure hardship, face danger, and achieve.

He revolted against being one of the indolent majority.

He is a magnificent illustration of what individuality can accomplish even in the face of affluence.

The modern trend is against the desirable development of individuality.

The demand for individualism is stronger and more urgent than ever.—Office Outfitter.

Embarrassment of Riches.

Savannah authorities have an elephant on their hands. By virtue of the new Georgia prohibition law they confiscated twenty thousand gallons of whiskey, several hundred cases of wine and a large quantity of beer. The law prohibits them from selling it or giving it away. If they should turn it down the sewer it is feared the rabid of thirsty people to save it would cause a riot. They have offers for it from outside the state, but if they were allowed to sell the transportation companies are prohibited from carrying it. One of the officials of the city says: "I suppose what we shall have to do finally is to dump it all down the sewer, but the date of the flow will not be announced."

Tolstoi's Latest Confession.

Count Tolstoi appears somewhat of a disillusioned Prospero in his latest utterance, which seems to be a sort of valedictory. "I feel very clearly the beginning of a loss of interest, not only in my own personality, my joys and sorrows—all that lies happily behind me and is long ago buried—but in the welfare of humanity and the happiness of the world." So he writes in Collier's, analyzing what he feels he has experienced as the common lot of man—an evolution through three stages. From the standpoint of the last he surveys the earlier ones, saying:

"No longer with my former keenness can I stand forward to defend such things as self-education, temperance and thrift. I find that I have even become indifferent to human welfare, to the great question, Will the kingdom of heaven come or not?"

"Having experienced this change and reflected on its cause, I have come to the following conclusion: Every man lives through three stages of development, and at present I am in the last of these stages.

"In the first stage a man lives only for himself, for his passions and impulses; for eating and drinking; for passing the time merrily; for hunting and for female society; for ambition and for vanity. His life is rich and full. So it was with me up to my thirtieth year, until my first gray hair. Other men part with this period of their lives much more rapidly.

"When I had traversed this stage I began to think of the welfare of others, of all men, of all humanity. This stage was marked by energetic work in founding elementary schools, although I should say that the wish to do that showed itself in me earlier. These interests vanished with the first years of my married life, and were reborn with terrible force when I first began to realize the vanity and emptiness of our early life. All my religious sentiments became concentrated on the happiness of others and on the accomplishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth. This aspiration was as strong as, and filled my life as completely as, my first aspiration to personal happiness.

"But now I feel that this last aspiration is, in turn, dead. It has ceased to fill my life, it no longer carries me away; and I have been obliged to pose to myself the question: Was there really anything good in work directed toward helping men in their struggle against drunkenness and against superstition?"

What is finally born within him is "a new foundation of life, which must replace all others, because it contains an aspiration to the happiness of humanity, which in turn, contains an aspiration to personal happiness." The new foundation, we are told, is "work in the service of God, and the fulfilment of His commandments and His will. This is not the perfecting of self. No, it is something else. It is an aspiration to divine purity." He proceeds:—

"This new foundation of life consists in keeping clean the good entrusted to us by God, in the beginning of a new life, in the aspiration to a better, higher life, and in being ready always for this better life. This aspiration begins to seize me more and more strongly. I feel that it fills me entirely, supplants all other desires, and makes life as rich as it was in the former periods.

"It may be that I have not made myself perfectly plain. But I feel it plainly. At the time when I had lost all interest in my personal, individual life, but had not yet acquired a religious interest (an inspiration to the general good of humanity.) In this thought, at the same time, I found full satisfaction of my desire for personal happiness.

"The same thing is going on now, although my former passionate desire to make mankind happier has weakened. I am overcome sometimes by a certain terror as if I stood before an immense abyss. But the aspiration to and the preparation for a new life replace the former conditions which they were born out of; and in them there is happiness both for the individual and for all humanity.

"Preparing for the new life, I attain at

Long ago the Scotch learned this.

The sturdy old Scotchman must be amused at the recent "discoveries" that oatmeal is the best food in the world.

Our scientific men have been making experiments which prove that Canadians eat too much fat and grease and not enough cereals.

The Scotchmen say: "Look at our nation as proof. The sturdiest nation on earth." Still we have one good point to make. We make better oatmeal than the Scotch.

They buy Quaker Oats and consider it the leader of all oatmeals to be had anywhere. If you are convenient to the store you'll probably buy the regular size package. For those who live in the country the large size family package is more satisfactory. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table. Follow the example of the Scotch; eat a Quaker Oats breakfast every day. Canada may well be proud of the Quaker Oats Company's mills at Peterborough.



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of Fashion is expressed in Male Attire Tailoring.

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You can't pay less than we charge without getting less.

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AGENT
Woodstock, N. B.

the same time my former aim. Aspiring to attain God, aspiring to a purity of divine being in myself and in my new life. I find more assuredly both happiness for humanity and for myself.

And this is entirely without haste and without exhaustion, but with the joyful consciousness of a tranquil conscience.

"May God help me!"

Appropriate Hymns.

For a custom house officer—The Dock-sology.

For a gas man—"Lead, Kindly Light."

For a geologist—"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."

For a landlady—"Abide With Me."

For a divorced man—"The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done."

For an aeronaut—"Nearer, My God, to Thee."

For the drummer—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains, from India's Coral Strand."

For a baker—"I Need Thee Every Hour."

For the autoist—"Oh, 'Twas a Joyful Sound to Hear."

For the diver—"Out of the Deep I Call."

For the magnate—"Ten thousand Times Ten Thousand."

His Sign Down.

A disheveled man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a Maine "speak-easy" and laboriously propped himself against the door. For a while he owlishly surveyed the passers-by. Suddenly his foot slipped and he collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk. A moment later he was snoring.

A hurrying pedestrian paused, reflectively surveyed the fallen man for a few seconds, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "Frank. Come out here a minute." Presently the proprietor of the joint, smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hello, Hud," he said pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fell down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk up-town.—Everybody's Magazine.

Blight-Free Potatoes.

Early blight is a potato disease, which, as estimated by Prof. Waldron of the North Dakota Agricultural College, caused a loss of about thirty or forty per cent. in the 1908 potato crop in the vicinity of Fargo. This disease comes in unusually dry seasons and is caused by a fungus which grows and spreads rapidly. The spores of this fungus, when seen through a microscope, have the appearance of clubs. They enter the vines, and the first thing one notices is that the leaves are turning yellow. This disease is likely to come during the first or second week of July. It may be easily prevented by spraying with Bordeaux mixture before the disease gets a hold on the crop. After it has a start, it is of no use to spray, because the spores are already inside.

This Bordeaux mixture is prepared as follows. For a barrel of 50 gallons, dissolve 5 pounds copper sulphate in 25 gallons of water by putting the copper sulphate in a bag of coarse cloth and hanging it in the water. It

is still better to heat about 5 gallons of water and dissolve the copper sulphate in it, and then add the other 20 gallons of cold water to dilute it. This now makes about half a barrel. Then slake 25 pounds of quicklime in enough water to form a paste and dilute to 25 gallons. Now pour this solution into the other one in the barrel and the Bordeaux mixture is ready.

The spraying should be done about July 4th, as it is then that the disease is most likely to appear. If the potatoes are planted early and are matured, or nearly so, at that time the disease will do little damage. Three or four sprayings are necessary during the season, about ten days apart, so as to prevent the spores attacking the new leaves that appear. A fine nozzle is best because coarse drops will roll off the leaves easily. In preparing the mixture, metal vessels, other than those of brass and copper, should not be used. In order to kill the potato beetle at the same time, one-fourth pound of Paris green may be added to the barrel of Bordeaux mixture. The spraying can be done quite cheaply. The cost of four sprayings is estimated at \$1.85 per acre. This includes the cost of labor also. In Vermont a trial was conducted by 100 farmers to test the value of this spray. The period covered five years, and the result was an increase of 70 per cent in yield. The high value of Bordeaux mixture as a preventive of early blight has been proved many times, and should not be overlooked by any one who expects to raise a good crop of potatoes.

Season 1909,

MAY 1st TO AUGUST 1st.

Copain 55164.

Will make the season of 1909 as follows: Leap Centerville every Monday noon for Ednor Reid's Knoxford, Leese Reid's Tuesday for Centerville, Leave Thursday noon for Bloomfield Corner, returning Friday evening, Balance of time at Centerville.

Terms—Leap \$7.00 Cash; Warrant \$15.00 \$3.00 to be paid at first service.

Copain is now 7 years old and has been in this country over 3 years having been imported from France August 29, 1905 he is thoroughly acclimated and last year proved very sure. He is a perfect type of a pure bred percheron and his blood shows in the appearance and conformation of every coil. His colts are very saleable and command the top prices. Breed to the best.

For further information write or telephone the undersigned.

F. D. Tweedie, Thos. G. White.

Canadian Pacific Railway

Effective October 11th, 1908.

(Trains) daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION).

6.35 A. MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet, M St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Fredericton, St. John and points East; Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam Jet, to Boston; Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jet, to Halifax; Dining Car, McAdam Jet, to Truro.
10.55 P. MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster M Rock and intermediate points.
12.10 A. EXPRESS—For all points North; M Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec.
4.50 P. MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.
5.33 P. EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, M St. Andrews after July 1st, Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vancorbo, 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.

12.10 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East, St. John, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston, Montreal and West.
12.40 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.
1.17 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.
5.33 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Rivere du Loup.
10.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, Andrews, Houlton, Vancorbo, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.
W. M. STUTT, G. P. A., Montreal.
W. B. HOWARD, D. P. A., St. John.

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