THE DISPATCH.

SIGN OF THE SEVEN DEVILS.

A distinguished doctor some time ago wrote to a professional friend saying : " I would rather see a patient with almost any other disease enter my consulting room, than one afflicted with the seven devils of Indigestion and Dyspepsia." That doctor knew exactly that Indigestion is difficult to cure-that it poisons the blood, starves and weakens the body and nerves. But he didn't seem to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured tens of thousands of cases of Indigestion. Simon Briand, Cape Augnet P.O., Richmond Co., N.S., wrote us on January 27th last, saying : " For over 3 years I suffered from Stomach troubles. The little food I ste gave no nourishment to my body. Three months ago, I tried Mother Seigel's Syrup and two bottles of it completely cured me." He adds that it also cured a number of his friends .- Price 60 cts. per bottle. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal

Found-A Mayflower.

Walking alone upon a wooded hill, What angel impulse guided from my eyes That glance that rested on a mossy mound, And there beheld, esconced beneath the leaves,

Like a shy maiden, screened from public view.

A Mayflower. 'Tis the first one of the spring, -No poet, I, to sing thy praises forth In flowing rhyme or measured accents from A silver tongue, yet can I not restrain The poor though words that would my joy express,

And tenderness to thee that fill my heart, There dressed in white and trimmed in flam ing pink,

Blending in shades defying artist's brush, Yet so retiring, thou dost teach to me Lessons of "beauty, hid in modesty." Emblem of springtime, thou art here again; How wondrous yet how simple art thou made Plucked from thy mossy bed to closer view, Thy fragrance, filling all the air around, Delights my nostrils with the sweet perfume, Emblem of Spring, how doth my soul rejoice,

How doth my heart o'erflow with happiness, Once more thy blushing beauty to behold To hear thy message, whispered low and sweet,

Telling me clearer far than any words That God doth live and watches o'er us still, Telling me, too, of Winter gone at last, Of frost and snow departed; telling me, In dulcet tones, of the first early dawn Ot a Canadian Summer.

The Life Story of a Fly. BY MUSCA DOMESTICA.

Born. Feel a little chilly, but I guess the world will warm up to me. Find I am an acrobat. Can walk on the ceiling. It's bully fun. Sometimes I hang by one foot. Some hungry. Not much to eat on the wallpaper.

Warmer today. Am real skittish and lively. Skated on the window pane. Ate with the baby. Was a little careless and got in his mouth. He coughed me up. I believe that Jonah story.

Raining outdoors. Glad I'm inside. The family doesn't use good butter. Took a milk bath. Explored the floor but was snapped at by a dog. Glad I'm not a flee, or I would have to live on the dog.

Had a dainty feast on charlotte russe today. Got first whack at it. When shooed off took refuge on a cracker. Somebody pulled the cracker from under me and consumed it. How greedy some people are.

Funny thing happened. Tried to get outdoors to the garbage can and found iron bars preventing my egress. Cloud has a silver lining, however, for flies outside can't get in. If I find a hole, will erect a turnstile and make them pay admission. There's a pretty brunette flye out there who can get in free if I'm on the gate.

Had lovely game today with human being who swatted at me with a dust cloth. Good exercise for both of us, but her batting eye is punk. Her average for the day was .000 as she whiffed every time. I took a good long rest in the sugar bowl.

About 100 new arrivals today-door left open. All ravenously hungry. Had to whip about 87 before I could get anything to eat off the sideboard. They are a bunch of anarchists, who dont recognize my vested rights.

Great deal of dust today. Premises in confusion. Disgusting smell of soapsuds. Had to eat a cold dinner. Played with baby's face unmolested. They call this housecleaning. Very disagreeable and inhospitable. It destroyed several catches of bacteria Ishad rubbed off.

Found peculiar glazed surface with convention of unemployed flies holding forth on it- Me for it.

B-b-b z-z zz-zzz - buz-ziz - say-I'mall out-of breath. Sort of attached-to this glazed--surface-my face. Been here two days. Can't eat, can't fly, can't let go. Can't even breathe. F-A-R E W-E-L-L.

Biggest Farm on Earth. Nearly forty years ago David Rankin, an Illnois farmer, discovered that land on one side of a State line was selling for \$20 an acre while he might buy any amount on the other side of the imaginary dividing mark for less than a third of that amount. Real estate men told the farmer that no railroad would ever go near the Missouri lands, but he sold his farm in Illinois and bought all he could of the land at \$9 an acre. Not long ago Rankin took an inventory of his possessions in the neighbourhood of Tarkio, Mo. The inventory showed 25,640 acres, 12,000 fattening hogs, 9,000 cattle, 800 horses, more than 100 cotages, in which the employes of the big farm were housed, great quantities of farm machinery, and the like. The total figures up to something like \$4,000,000 in value. That didn't include the 1,000,000 bushels of corn produced annually or the 150 miles of tiling and ditches, some of which had been draining the marsh lands of forty years ago. "They say I'm the biggest farmer in the world," Kankin says, "and I guess it's true. Lots of men have more land than I, but they use it for cattle ranges only. Mine is a farm." Mr. Rankin is Scotch-Irish. He was born in India in rural poverty. He made his start trading a colt for calves and raising the latter into steers. Today he owns an implement factory, a municipal water system, a telephone company, a bank and other enterprises in addition to his farm. When the notion takes him he adds \$50,000 or so to the endowment of Tarkio College, a Presbyterian school in his home town which has known his generosity to the extent of \$250.000.



Keep Young

Ill-fitting, badly made clothes not only make one look old and decrepit, but actually cause premature decay.

Think of a man being welded in badly fitting clothes for two-thirds of his life.

"Progress Brand" Clothing

keep a man young because it makes him look young and feel young.

Don't let your clothes wear you out. Wear "Progress Brand." Tailored and Guaranteed by H. Vineberg & Co. Limited, Montreal Sold with a Guarantee by John McLauchlan Co. Ltd., Woodstock Mrs. A. C. PHILIPS, Bristol

nation we are striving to build. In seven years over a million immigrants landed in canada, and of that number over one-fourth came in one twelve-month that ending in 1907. If that rate is kept up, and it may be, a million from the outside world would be added to our population every four years. Of the vast invading army most one-third cannot speak English, and comprize fifty distinct nationalities. In religion they are divided into 'Buddhists, Confucians, Doukhobors, Greek church, Mennonites, Mohammedans, and Pagans. How are these strangers to be taught to live dec. ently, to use the great gift of self-government, to be changed into respectable and self-respecting Canadians?

THE ASPINWALL PLANTER, with Fertilizer, Attachment.

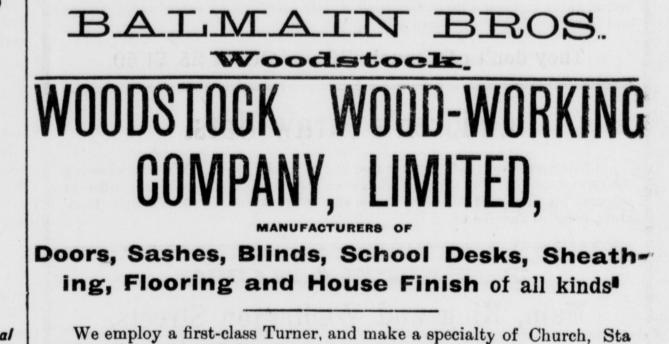
This Planter is the gem of the Potato Field. Plants from one-quarter to one-third faster than these machines which require two men to operate them.

No misses. No changing of plckers for different sized seed. No bruised or cut-off fingers. No ruined eya sight.

More acres per day than with two-men machines-less workless trouble, less draft and greater results.

It is the Perfect Planter.

Sold only by us and our agents. Write us for Catalogue and Prices.



and Verandah work. Call and see our stock or write for prices before purchasing. All orders promptly attended to.

Just imported, a consignment of No. 1 White Wood. Clapboards for sale.

You Can Test the Kidneys

Then let Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prove their power to cure.

Let urine stand for twenty-four hours and if at the end of that time there are deposits of a brick dust variety, or if the water becomes smoky and cloudy you may be sure the kidneys are deranged.

Another very marked symptom of kidney disease is pain in the small of the back.

The letter quoted below tells how these symptoms were overcome and kidney disease cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Because of their direct and combined action on both liver and bowels these pills cure the most complicated cases.

Capt. W. Smith, a veteran of the Crimean war, living at Revelstoke, B. C., writes:-"I can testify that for years I was a sufferer from chronic kldney disease, which was the verdict after the doctor examined me and analyzed my urine. As his medicine did me no good I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was benefited sc much that I kept on taking them until I can say that I am perfectly cured, which the doctor certifies.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills A Poet's Bright Idea. Life.

Poets are more apt to be modest than selfassertive. In his biography of T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Ferris Greenslet tells a story of the youth of the poet, showing that he, for one, believed in himself. Aldrich had dropped into a publisher's office with a copy of verses in his pocket. The publisher, who was also the editor of a magazine, was absent.

The young poet sat down and waited. Presently his eye fell upon a memorandum book lying there spread out like a morning paper, and almost in spite of himself he read: "Don't forget to see the binder."

"Don't forget to mail E. his contract."

"Don't forget H's proofs."

An inspiration seized upon the youth. He took a pencil, and the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote:

"Don't forget to accept A's poem."

He left the manuscript on the table and departed. That afternoon when the publisher glanced over the memoranda, he was not a little astonished at the last item, but his sense of humor was so strong that he did ac_ cept the poem, and pay something for it, although he never printed it.

Butter Paper for sale at this office.

The tender leaves of a harmless lung-healing mountainous shrub, give to Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy its marvelous curative properties. Tight tickling or distressing coughs, quickly yield to the healing, soothing action of this splendid prescription-Dr. Shoop's Cough Remedy. And it is so safe and good for children, as well. Containing no opium, chloroform, or other harmful drugs, mothers should in safety always demand Dr. Shoop's. If other remedies are offered, tell them No! Be your own judge! Sold by All Dealers.

Canada's Greatest Problem.

Huntingdon Gleaner: The gravity of the conditions caused by the influx of foreigners into Canada is not realized On a large proportion of our people it has not even dawned that danger is to be apprehended. Foreigners, ignorant, unacquainted with the decencies of life, with low ideas of law and morality, are flock ing in by tens of thousands and they are allowed to squat on our richest prairies without a thought as to whether their presence will be helpful or hurtful to the presence will be helpful or hurtful to the

Springtime by the Pacific. (Vancouver Province.)

The sky is palest blue in the mornings, pale with a springtime chasteness, without the blue intensity burnt into it by midsummer heat. The heavenly plains are flecked with light clouds, and among them rides a hot sun that pours his beams upon the earth which already swarms in unfrequented places with white-flowered strawberry plants, with new wintergreens, short grass, short stemmed scentless violets and lively ants. The grey twigs and branches, bare but a few days ago, are beautiful with leafage. The yellowish green of the light and penetrable woods is broken here and there by a tall evergreen conifer; above, the thinnest of white clouds streaks the blue; a delicate trilling of birds breaks the silence. The ants hasten over the aromatic, heated earth, losing and finding their way among the tiny plants. The untraveled blue, the splendid sun, the twinkling leaves and bright waters, the myriad plants and insects make up the features of unwritten spring idyll, and reminds us of the springs of long ago.

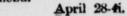
Miss Lizzie Johnson, a "shut-in," who lives in Casey, Ill., is reported to have earned over \$11,000 for missions by the sale of bookmarks which she had made.

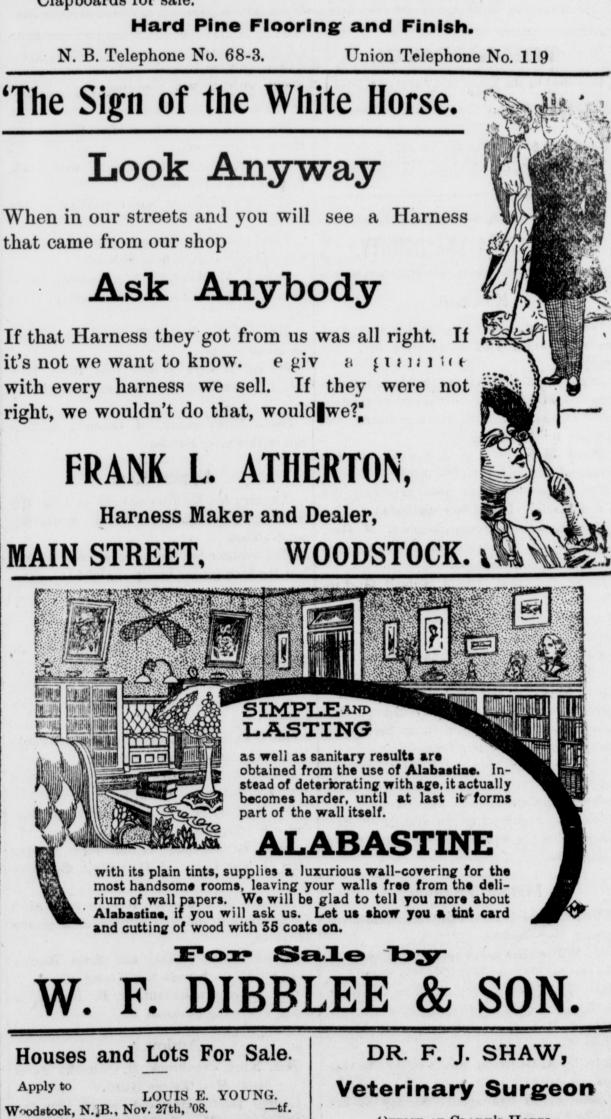
Invalid's Chair.

For sale, an invalid's chair, with rubber tires-oush chair-in good condition. Will sell at a reduction. Apply at this office.

FOR SALE.

The following articles of the estate of the late Andrew Ray and offered for sale:-1 double wag-





OFFICE AT CLARK'S HOTEL,

HARTLAND, N. B.

WANTED.

A girl to do general housework in a family of four. No children. Apply to WM. M. CON-NELL, Connell Street, Woodstock.

-tf.

Treats all domestic animals. Filing and Ex praction of Teeth a specialty. tromptly attended day or night. Telephone ca

