

Nature makes the cures after all.

Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out.

Things get started in the wrong direction.

Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this.

It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

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Send Me, name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Book and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.
SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

Hanson's and Christensen's Camp.

SISSON BRANCH,
The Tubque.

It is Thursday, Jan. 27th, 1910. It rains. A calm, warm, gentle, somewhat heavy rain. The men are off work. Ax-handle and peevy stick making, haircutting, washing, conversation, &c., are the order of the day. The rain one evening or two ago, and the warm weather had spoiled the hauling roads. The large loads of 25 to 40 or more logs could not be hauled. There was too little snow. What there was, too soft. There was too much dirt on the roads. There was no use trying to water the roads. There was not enough frost at night to freeze the water. Adam Carrol, boss at one of G. Warnick's camps, tried it on Sunday evening, last last, with a detachment of his men, intending to work till midnight, if practicable; but he soon returned—the night was too mild. Yesterday the men of this camp had abandoned hauling and were engaged in yarding. It was desired that about a week of such weather continue. It was well suited for yarding. But the rain has come, and both yarding and hauling are suspended. Quite a fall of snow is needed, also frost, to admit of the work going on successfully. Heavy loss likely to be experienced by woodsmen. The men speak of this phenomenally peculiar winter. This January stands out distinctly as different from its predecessors. Its weather has not been accustomed January weather. The weather has been more like that of Spring. The birds have been making the solitudes of the woods melodious with what seemed Spring music. Men discuss as to what causes the difference between this weather and the lesser quantity of snow as compared with what used to be. One suggests that the axis of the earth must have received a different tilt. It was suggested that the removal of the forests is causing less snow, yet no one knows just why the changes are. But they have come in the evolution of atmospheric conditions, and the administration of the weather. Twenty-three years ago, it seems, snow was eight feet deep here. One could fall a tree, it is said, and drive a team under it.

How interesting is the woodland life! What animation in the discussions among the men at times! This is a Danish Camp, with the exceptions of a few of the group. An English speaking man would fain wish he could understand what one of the Dane is saying, as with freedom of utterance, emphasis of modulation and expressiveness of gesture he is laying down something to his closely listening auditors, who are fittingly responding. There is rich satisfaction in the fact of the readiness with which these men of other speech can turn from Danish to English and freely talk in that language. There are two bosses in this camp in Company, H. P. Hanson and Andrew Christensen. They are getting out a million feet for the Fraser Lumber Company, which company it seems is aiming at getting out 12,000,000 ft. this season. It is to be hoped that for this Company, as also for other Companies, frost and snow may soon be on the weather programme.

The English speaking men in this Camp are the cook who is Allan Fullerton, of Plaster Rock; James White and David Parish, of Riley Brook; Percy Everett, of Burnt Land Brook; Henry Myhrall, of Burt's Corner, York Co.; Charles Johnson, now of Arbuckle, Vic. Co., but formerly of London, England, who is counting logs for different jobbers in the Sisson Branch group of Camps, and William Martin, of Glasgow, Scotland, familiarly named "Scotty" by the boys. Scotty is a great entertainer. To hear him tell of railroad work on the Muskeg between Kinora and Ignace; of trapeze evolutions; of adventures on the far famed Isle of Iona; amidst Scotland's rugged Hielans; of the poetic powers and productions as well as the characteristics of Bobbie Burns; of the story of Jeannie Deans, evolved from data heard by the fertile-minded Sir Walter Scott; of Burns' burial having been at Edinburgh and afterwards at Aye, of Burns' love for Mary Campbell and his broken heart after her death; of "Scott's Wha Hae," its origin from Bannock Burn, and by an English poet; of "Love me, and the world is mine"; of Sir Thomas Moore's masterpiece; of delicately beautiful sentiment and enthronement of the divine tenderness of friendship in "The Last Rose of Summer," so specially beautiful in that an Irishman so unselfishly memorialized the national flower of England; of Miss Livingstone's ardour for adventure and touring amidst the fascinating beauties of Iona, her intrepidity and expertness in getting over dangerous places, when as a youth he had the honour of acting as her guide; of mistakes made by "Bully Gladstone," of Sir Redvers, Buller, Kitchener, Lord Roberts, Cronje, DeWet, Sir Hector McDonald; these &c. making "Scotty" and agreeable companion, as one to whom one is ready to wish, may a' be weel wi you as the days gang bye. The Miss Livingstone referred to was the sister of the famous Dr. Livingstone.

Henry Myhrall is a fascinating narrative teller, too, in his graphically detailed style. Allan Fullerton is a loyal Orangeman, and a keen observer of public events. Yintz Peterson, who has travelled with eyes wide open in Alberta, Saskatchewan and especially in B. Columbia, is vigorous, fluent and forcible as he tells of farm scenes in the west, of co-operative enterprises, of mining scenes of coyotes holding consultation preparatory to pursuing the high-and-far jumping Jack rabbit, &c., &c. H. P. Hanson, half brother to two of the bright scholars in the school taught by your correspondent at Upper Magogadavie, Misses Henrietta and Maggie Segee, in his generally friendly conversation, revived a comprehensive group of old memories of that time so long gone bye. It seems that one of Henrietta's sons is now a locomotive driver. I hope some day to give him a cordial handshake.

H. P. Hanson and Andrew Adams gave us this evening a number of entertaining and cornet, duets, before our evening meeting. A word concerning New Denmark, whence the majority of the men of this camp come, is in order. Thirty nine years ago, June 19th, it seems, it was that about twenty families from Denmark arrived. There was one house then, "Immigrant house" to which they came. There was a trail to it from the river St. John. There are now 200 families. There are two churches, the Lutheran and the Church of England. There are five school houses in the different sections. Among the names of these sections are Foley Brook, Blue Bell, Tobique Road, etc. There are fine farms and many evidences of industry, enterprise, thrift and progress, comfortable homes, fine barns. It is common to see farmers with from three to seven horses. There are large herds of cattle, numbering from twenty-five to, say, thirty-five or so. Some farmers have had as many as 18 or 20 milch cows. Co-operation has been practiced, there are two cheese factories, one now suspends its operations, the other is operated in its season, it also makes butter. The farmers take turns in conveying milk thereto. As many as 11,000 lbs of milk per day have been received. The country is specially well adapted for raising potatoes. It is rather dry to ensure good hay crops, but in favorable years, fine crops are raised. These farmers have made a name for themselves in our Province, have helped to give farming the stand it should take within its bounds. Their patronage of the business houses at Grand Falls is highly valued. They have honored that thrifty portion of the Netherlands beyond the sea. How admirable the sociability and the brotherhood

that prevails here in camp, and the handsome specimens of physical manhood. How comely to look upon and the abounding vigor of health. The forest is a wholesome place, the "feathers" of the beds are contributed by the fir trees, portions of their branches. The tables are supplied with a comprehensive variety of well cooked, tastefully served, appetizing food. The men live better here than at home at least, so it has been stated as to the many of them in general. The living is to quite an extent, luxurious. Men can feel well and even put on flash, though working hard. The work is hard. Early rising is the rule. One looks for breakfast to be over about six, or shortly after. Four o'clock calls the cook to his morning duties. As one visits the camps, it comes to be a matter of course to note the faithful diligence of this functionary at his morning duties, and the busy hours he puts in through the day, when the crew is large. These duties, shared in by his busy cook. The cockee here is Victor Hanson, quiet, steady, pleasant and true. The thrift of having one or more pigs is observable at some camps, there are two at this one. There is competition in the woods. The crew, in part, is sub-divided into smaller crews, so many men to a tram, sometimes seven, sometimes fewer. But seven, I think, is the ordinary number—two sawyers, two swamper, one team tender and a teamster. This camp has six in its sub crew, one swamper instead of two but there is interchange of work. If the crew is hauling into the stream, there is the necessary modification.


Wages are good; they are double or more what they were not so many years. Men who stick to the work for five or more months earn a nice sum of money. Soon, a young man of ambition, purpose and economical habit can secure a satisfactory measure of property, can provide himself with a good home, and thus prepare for inviting some eligible young woman, affectionate, capable and companionable to share his home; and the man who has an established home can add materially to the equipment of that home by the product of a good winter's work in the woods. The men who are spend-thrifts, who have a great "blow in" of their money into the saloon keepers till, and a blow out of their wages, out of their own pocket-books and possession; who help enrich the man who cares not for them but for their money, the men, who, after they have spent their earnings, see nothing for all their hard work through the months of fall and winter, these men lack the pleasure and satisfaction of the men who set proper value on their money, practice economy and thrift, and spend for profitable purposes with wisdom and prudence. The ideal of the woodsman is rising, probably in many instances, corresponding in many cases with the general trend of public sentiments to a higher level. There is still room for the upward climb, language needs to be more guarded, many times and reverent, loud reading needs to be more abundant.

What an industry, that of lumbering! Your correspondent understands that the cut of this season has been thus estimated, for Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and the Maritime Provinces—2,500,000,000 ft. Men engaged, 70,000; horses, 22,000. Cost of getting out \$10,000,000. Value of the lumber when placed in the streams and rivers, \$25,000,000; and when it reaches the mill, \$30,000,000. Maine itself, it seems, has an 800,000,000 ft. cut—350,000,000 ft. of saw logs, 350,000,000 ft. of pulpwood, 100,000,000 ft. of hardwood and shingles.

**Sleepless?
Nerves Are Racked
Vitality is Lowered
Opiates, Sedatives, Narcotics, Worse
Than Useless. Produce No
Permanent Good.**

Healthy, natural sleep can't be produced by drugs.
First, the blood circulation must be improved.
Congestion of blood in the head must be removed. Irritation in the brain must be relieved.
It's because Ferrozone equalizes circulation, because it soothes the irritation, because it removes congestion, that it does cure insomnia.
For building blood and nerve, for instilling force and life into over-worked organs, for establishing strength and vitality, where can you find anything so sure as Ferrozone?
Remember, sleep is just as important as food. You must sleep, or break down.
You can if you'll use Ferrozone and thereby remove the conditions which now keep you from sleep.
Ferrozone is not a narcotic, not a dope; it is a health-giving tonic that any child or delicate woman can use. Absolutely safe is Ferrozone. Take it for a month, take it for a year—no harm, but immeasurable good will result.
To sleep well, look well, feel well, to be free from depression, nervousness, or blues—use Ferrozone. It's a food tonic, a healer to the weak and wretched, a boon to the sleepless. Sold everywhere in 50c boxes, six for \$2.50, by mail from the Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

UNION BLEND TEA
the Tea that satisfies



YOU know the kind of tea you like—will you let Union Blend prove its own case? That's all I ask. Simply go to your grocer, order a pound packet—or a half pound if you prefer—and see for yourself if it doesn't make half as many cups again as the kind you are using. Just count the cups. A tea at 40c. that goes half as far again as a 30c. tea is economy, isn't it? Your own teacup can be the judge—I'll stand by the decision it makes. Try it.

40¢

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

Harry W. Forest

What a problem, the preservation or conservation of the forests! What a sphere of influence has G. P. Nichol at the head of the U. S. Forestal Dept. I understand that the pulp-wood resources of the State of New York were estimated in 1908, or thereabouts, at 41,000,000,000 ft.; that between one and two billion ft. are cut per year, and that this resource will be exhausted in about 21 years. No wonder Forest Conservation is a prominent subject today in University and Parliamentary Arenas. Interesting and strict in its numerous details is the Forest fires law posted up through the Tobique forests at different points and signed by the Surveyor-General, Hon. Mr. Grimmer.

No wonder that among the things demanding special attention, observed by President Taft, during his recent so important 13,000 miles trip, of Oct. 15th to Nov. 10th, in which so many of local and national needs of the neighboring Republic presented themselves to his notice: such as more adequate anti-trust legislation, better interstate commerce laws, better provision for the national health, more savings bank accommodation, etc. No wonder that Conservation of natural resources stood out big in its demands. But this letter is getting to be too long, and hence must close. Many interesting meetings has your correspondent been privileged to have with the men in the different camps. In this camp, one last evening, one this a. m. one this evening, among the number. What inspiring auditors the men are! what mind-stirring subjects come up for personal discussion! what enriching memories are being laid up for future days.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Not Tending to Business.
A country doctor was recently called upon to visit a patient some way from his office. Driving to where the sick man lived, he tied his horse to a tree in front of the house and started to walk across the ground. It happened that work was in progress on a certain well of which the doctor knew nothing until he found himself sinking into the earth. He fell just far enough to be unable to get out of the hole unassisted, and lustily yelled for help.
When he was finally pulled up the hired man remarked to him:
"I say, doc, you had no business down there."
"No, I don't think I had," replied the doctor.
"Don't you know," continued the hired man, "you ought to leave the well alone and take care of the sick!"
—February Lippincott's.

Uses for Bacon.
When your irons stick, rub them on a piece of bacon rind cut off before the bacon is sliced, then rub them well on paper.
When a boy runs a rusty nail into his foot bind a piece of fat on the wound to take the poison out.
When Mary comes home with sore throat dip a piece of bacon in hot vinegar, sprinkle with pepper, and apply while warm to the throat.
When baby is teething and fretful, give him a piece of fried bacon with the rind on to chew.
When frying pancakes cut a thick piece of bacon and use on a fork to grease the griddle. Rub the nickle plate on the stove with bacon rind, then polish with a flannel cloth.
When cooking string beans add a slice of bacon for flavoring.

Houses and Lots For Sale.
Apply to LOUIS E. YOUNG,
Woodstock, N.B., Nov. 27th, '08.

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

Tidal Waves.

(From the New York Times.)

As long as ships go to sea and encounter storms, they will now and then be boarded by a wave apparently much larger than those which come before and after it. There is no illusion as to the greater damage which these waves do, as to the greater amount of water which they pile on deck or as to the greater height to which they rise on mast or bridge, and therefore there will probably never be an end to the talk about "tidal waves" or to the belief in the existence of rollers differing from other rollers, not in the common, but in an extraordinary degree. And yet all the talk is nonsense and the belief false.

The waves in any storm do, indeed, vary among themselves in size, and seemingly the sequence of big and little waves has something of regularity, but the difference between the largest and the smallest of them is minute—far too little to account for the different effects they produce.
The explanation lies elsewhere, and it is set forth with unusual clearness in an account given by The Scientific American of the Lusitania's recent experience, when one wave out of the thousands it encountered during the storm brought solid water over the pilot house, 80 ft. aloft, and seriously damaged it.

The so-called tidal wave comes when there is "a combination of seas so related to the length of the ship that she may be riding down one wave with her bow buried deep and her fore-castle deck awash just as her stem drives into a roller, steep of front and of vast height."

In other words, any big wave would be a "tidal wave" if the ship hit it just right, or rather just wrong, but to do this requires a complex coincidence of many conditions, which is fortunately very rare.

Tests of a Gentleman.

"Don't judge of a man by the fact that he regularly gives up his seat in a street car to a smiling young woman, who beams upon him her gratitude and good will," philosophized a young professional man the other day. "That is no test of his gallantry and self-control," says the Philadelphia Record.
"That is, the easiest thing he does. Just watch the same man at the rush hour on a rainy, slippery day. Watch him try to make his way up the street against the crowd of shoppers and shopgirls on their mad rush to lunch. Watch him ward off the point of an umbrella, carried like a bayonet, in the hands of some absent minded, giggling shop-girl, and then get jabbed in the ear with the tip of a steel umbrella right on the other side.
"Watch him chase through the mud for his hat, which some careless pedestrian knocked off as he came pell mell around a windy corner. See him dodge into a doorway to avoid a line of shoppers walking five abreast across the sidewalk. If he still manages to smile, manifest no illwill against the fair sex and does not swear loud enough to be heard, you may mark him down as a perfect gentleman."

Squelched Him.

(Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.)

In a suit tried in a Virginia town a young lawyer was addressing the jury on a point of law when good-naturedly he turned to the opposing counsel, a man of much experience, and asked:
"That's right I believe, Col Hopkins, whereupon Hopkins, with a smile of conscious superiority, replied:
"Sir, I have an office in Richmond where I shall be delighted to enlighten you on any point of law for a consideration."
The youthful attorney, not in the least abashed, took from his pocket a half dollar piece, which he offered to Col. Hopkins with this remark:
"No time like the present. Take this sir; tell us what you know and give me the change."

BRONCHITIS
If Neglected, it soon reaches the Lungs and may Prove Fatal.
Mr. G. L. Garrow of 116 Millicent St., Toronto, writes under date of September 13, 1908, "One year ago this spring I contracted a severe cold in the chest, which developed into Bronchitis. I took three kinds of medicine and found no improvement. A friend of mine advised me to try PSYCHINE, and in three days I felt like a new man again. I desire to let others know what a valuable cure you have in PSYCHINE for it cured me where all other medicines had failed. I am more than thankful to be well again, and for the sake of others who may be ill, you may publish this testimonial."
Stop that cold or the results will be serious. You can do this by toning up the system with PSYCHINE.
For Sale by all Druggists, 50c. & \$1 per bottle.
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE
PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

For Sale.
That pretty 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