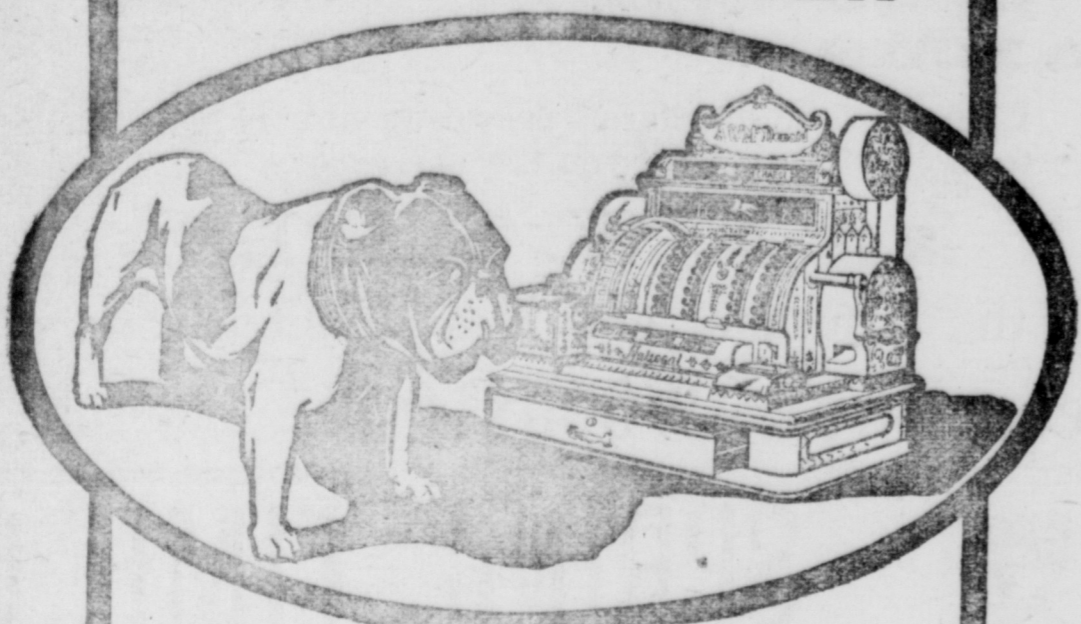


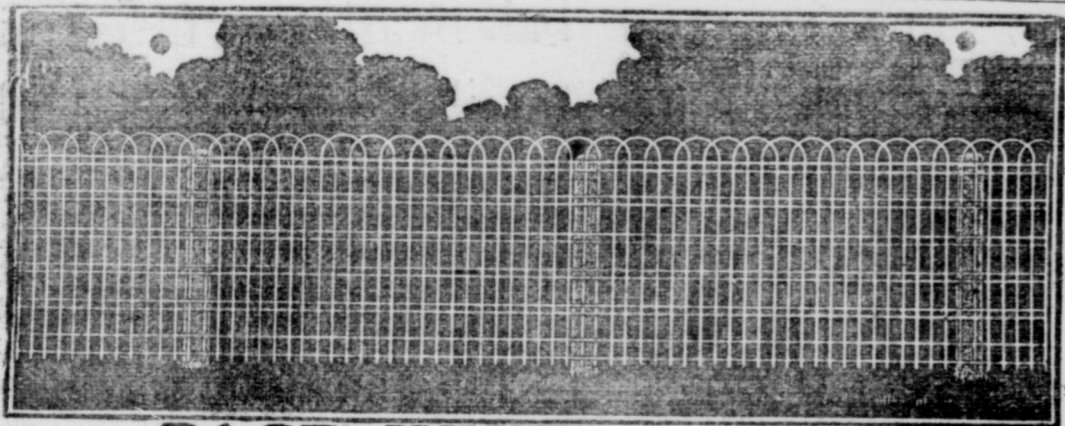
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A NATIONAL
CASH REGISTER



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YOU'LL HOLD!

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W. P. GRANT SALES AGENT St. John, N. B.
89 Prince William Street



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HEADQUARTERS FOR

Cream Separators

—AT—

MacDougall's

Auction and Commission Store

I would like to ask the farmers a question—Why should I buy a Cream Separator from MacDougall—because he has had eight years' experience and knows something about the mechanism and make-up of a Cream Separator. If you buy a Separator from me I am here to look after your wants. It is my intention to make the Separator a special line and will keep on hand other extra parts for any machine that I handle. I claim that I can sell on a smaller commission than the man who has to travel and pay expenses for himself and horse. Be sure and see me before purchasing and I will save you dollars. Come in and look over the different makes.

Magnet, Capital and National

Three good ones. You can have your choice.

Auction Sale every Saturday. Big Bargains in Second-Hand Goods. When in town be sure and call. You will see something you want.

JOHN MacDOUGALL

Auction and Commission Agent
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

Houses and Lots For Sale.

Apply to LOUIS E. YOUNG.
Woodstock, N.B., ov. 27th, No. 8-16

Rev J P Manning.

The many friends of Rev. J. P. Manning, of Houlton, will regret to hear of his death, which took place at noon on Monday, May 9th, aged 60 years. He was a teacher in St. Joseph's College, Memramook for several years, going from there to Fort Fairfield, Maine, where he was pastor of the Catholic church for fourteen years. Less than three years ago he was transferred to St. Mary's church, Houlton. His health failed him about that time and he has been assisted by Rev. Father Hogan and later by Rev. Father Hynes. Rev. F. J. McMurray left for Houlton tonight and will attend the funeral, which will be held on Thursday.

Heaviness at Pit of the Stomach

A Feeling of Uneasiness Before and After Meals Is Quickly Cured With Nerviline.

Nearly everyone gets an occasional attack of indigestion and knows just what that heavy feeling means in the stomach. I was subject to stomach derangements, and my health was seriously hampered on this account. After meals I belched gas, had a weighty sensation in my stomach and over my left side. The first relief I got was from Nerviline—I used it three times a day, and was cured. I continue to use Nerviline occasionally, and find it is a wonderful aid to the stomach and digestive organs.

NERVILINE RESTORES WEAK STOMACHS

The above letter comes from Mrs. P. R. Stetson, wife of an important merchant in Brockton, and still further proof of the exceptional power of Nerviline is furnished by A. E. Rossman, the well-known upholsterer of Chester, who writes: "Let everyone with a bad stomach use Nerviline, and I am sure there will be few sufferers left. I used to have cramps, rumbling noises, gas on my stomach, and severe fits of indigestion. Nerviline was the only remedy that gave me relief, and I found it so entirely satisfactory that I would like to have my letter of recommendation published broadcast in order that others may profit by my experience." You'll find a hundred uses for Nerviline—it's a trusty household remedy.

The Last Words Uttered by Monarchs as Death Came.

King Edward VII.—"I know this is the end. Tell the Queen."
King James V. of Scotland—It came with a lass and it will go with one. (Alluding to word brought to him that his wife had borne a daughter, heiress to the throne, and to the fact of the crown having come to his family by the daughter of King Robert Bruce.)
Charles V.—Ay, Jesus.
Charles I.—Remember. (Supposed to refer to a command to his son to forgive his enemies and murderers.)
Charles II.—Don't let poor Nelly starve. (Referring to Nell Gwynne.)
William III.—Can this last long?
Cromwell—It is not my design to drink or sleep, but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone.
Napoleon—Mon Dieu—La Nation Française—Tete d'armee!
George IV.—Watty, what is this? It is death, my boy; they have deceived me.
Richard I.—Youth. I forgive you. (To Bertrand de Gourdon, whose arrow killed him.)
Alexander I. of Russia—You must be tired, Elizabeth. (To his wife, who had been watching long at his bedside.)
Maximilian—Poor Carlotta!
Louis XVIII.—A king should die standing.
Louis XV.—Why do you weep? Do you think I should live forever? I thought dying would have been more difficult.
Louis XVI.—Frenchmen, I die guiltless of the crimes imputed to me. Pray God, my blood fall not on France. If so—and the knife fell.
Queen Elizabeth—All my possessions for a moment of time.
Richard III.—Treason! treason!
Charles IX.—Of France.—Nurse, nurse, what murder, what blood! Oh, I have done wrong. God pardon me!
Frederick the Great—We are over the hill. We shall go better now. (After a fit of coughing.)
Louise of Prussia.—I am a Queen, but have not power to move my arms.
Louis XIII of France—There come to me thoughts that torment me.
Marie Antoinette—Farewell, my children, forever. I go to your father.
Napoleon III.—Were you at Sedan? (To his physician.)
Leopold II. of Belgium—The long, long journey is at hand. I am suffocating.

Traps for the Tongue.

Few of us present those tongue-tripping personages, Peter Piper picking peppers, Oliver Opdyke opening oysters, or the twister who twisteth untwisting the twine; they have filled too many awkward moments and bridged too many social chasms in our youth. Very different are the feelings of a public speaker who is caught in a lingual trap of his own setting. It is told of a distinguished professor of history that in an address before a woman's club on "Obscure Heroes of the French Revolution" he had reached the point where one of them, nobly resolved to essay the rescue of a friend doomed to the guillotine, sought a parting interview with his sweetheart before making the almost hopeless attempt. The professor had a moving voice, and was eloquent; the assembly of women, many of them already near tears, hung breathless on his words.

"Biddy diddy," said he, pathetically; then coughed slightly and went back: Hiddy biddy—"something was evidently amiss. He tried again.

"Biddy hiddy diddy doo."
By this time the ladies looked puzzled and the orator desperate. Drawing a long breath and speaking with painful deliberation, he at length conquered the elusive syllables, and said.

"Did he bid adieu?"
A speaker in the interest of foreign missions had, not long ago a similar experience. He had related the conversion of two natives in a savage island, and after narrating the acts by which they signalized their abandonment of their old religion, he tried to conclude a sentence with the words, "thus totally repudiating their two tutelary deities.

It was a simple enough phrase to the understanding; it proved otherwise to the tongue. Two tutelary and totally together were quite too much for him.

"Thus tutelary repudiating their toe—" toe he began, confidently, when a titter in the audience checked him, and threw him into such confusion that his second effort only made matters worse.

"Thus tutelary repudiating their tee-tot-allary deities," he blundered; and the laughter increased. With the perspiration starting on his forehead, he dashed once more at the obstacle, but failed to clear it.

"Thus teetely terupiating their too-too-too toot—"
"Toot! toot! toot!" cried a voice in the gallery. "Three warning whistles and now she comes!"

"She came" indeed, as the burst of hilarity under cover of which the speaker had time to collect himself, subsided; and he was enabled intelligibly to repudiate those two tutelary deities at last.—Youth's Companion.

King Drag

Since 1891 the King Drag has been before the rural residents of the United States, and by its use hundreds of miles of good roads have been maintained at little or no cost in the granger states. No report of the use of this valuable and simple remedy for bad roads is on record from Ontario, where it is more needed than anywhere else on the continent.

The use of the drag is little short of miraculous, and the stories told of its effects are disbelieved by those who hear them for the first time. A slight experience soon convinces the sceptical, and once the drag has been used nothing else will satisfy the farmer in future.

The drag is merely two heavy pieces of scantling, attached together so as to form an oblique frame, which slants across the road when the horses are hitched up so as to draw the loose material to the centre. These two scantlings work wonders. They put a crown on the roads. That drains it. It fills up ruts, as a result there are never any puddles. Puddles make holes, and with a proper resultant drainage there is an end to bad roads. Farmers who are the most conservative and unbelieving will not credit the extraordinary usefulness of the drag, but it makes a road on any kind of country as good as the best macadam street.

It is usual in the states where it has been used for the farmers to drag in front of their own farms. The result is a splendid smooth rutless, level road all the way to town.

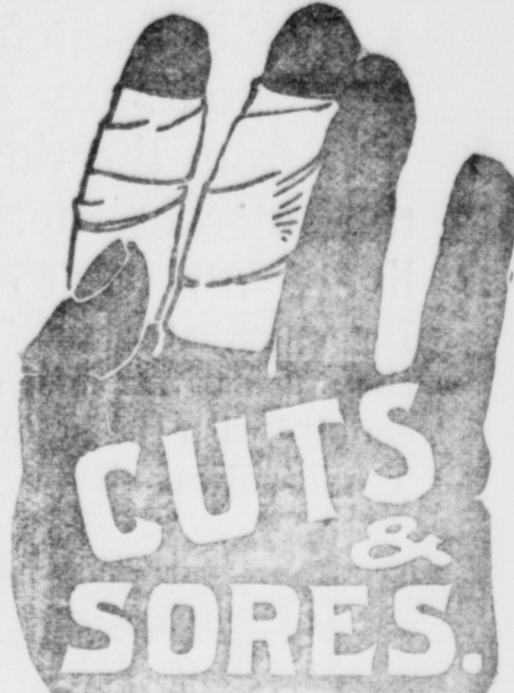
Why shouldn't the Scarboro farmers try the King Drag?

The Brown-tail Moth

Although the brown-tail moth has not yet made any permanent appearance in any state or province on this continent outside of New England, it is almost certain to become established throughout the whole country if stringent preventive measures are not taken. Splendid work has been done in Nova Scotia to control it there and the Dominion entomologist and staff have taken means to prevent its introduction into all the provinces on nursery stock imported from France. In spite of these precautions, however, the pest is almost sure to become established sooner or later. It is practically impossible to inspect all the importations of nursery stock and the moth, being a strong, swift flyer, may be expected some time to gain entrance from the eastern states. The annual report of the Secretary for Agriculture for Nova Scotia states that large numbers of moths have been carried by winds from Massachusetts to Nova Scotia.

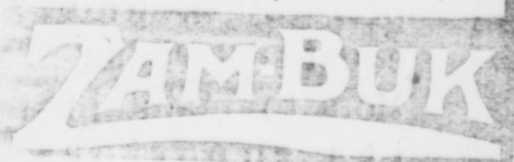
The brown-tail moth is a serious enemy of orchards, parks and forest plantations. Were it to become established in Canada, the greatest danger will be in private and public grounds in towns and cities, and in forests, as these are seldom sprayed and special methods of control will have to be adopted. In orchards, spraying in spring is one remedy although strong applications to poison are necessary, particularly in the control of full-grown larvae. A more practical means of control is to collect and destroy the hibernating nests. These are easily seen in winter at the ends of twigs.

Not only is the brown-tail moth a serious enemy of trees but it is dangerous to human health. Injury to man comes through hairs carried by the wind and dropped on hands or face or by inhalation. Hairs are said also to collect on clothing hanging on the line and are covered with a poisonous secretion. They readily pierce the skin, causing an irritating rash and when in the throat cause trouble of a serious nature. Cases of death



Apply Zam-Buk to all wounds and sores and you will be surprised how quickly it stops the smarting and brings ease. It covers the wound with a layer of protective balm, kills all poison germs already in the wound, and prevents others entering. Its rich healing herbal essences then build up from the bottom, fresh tissue and in a wonderfully short time the wound is healed!

Zam-Buk's popularity is based on merit. It is a sure cure for all cuts, sores, and burns. It is the only ointment that gets the real thing. "Zam-Buk" is printed on every packet of the genuine. Refuse all others, for all druggists and stores or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.



due to these hairs have been reported. Citizens in all parts of our country can aid in preventing the establishment of the pest by sending to the Dominion Entomologist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, any suspicious leaf clusters encircled by webs that they may see in winter or early spring. The moth itself is easily identified, being pure white (except that occasionally there may be a few black spots on the forewing of the male) with a tuft of brownish hairs at the tip of the abdomen, from which it gets its name.

Vigilance on the part of the authorities and thorough inspection of nursery stock, not only from abroad but also from the United States, are necessary in order that the first of these insects to appear in any locality may be detected and destroyed. There is danger also from nursery stock, originating in France and consigned to the United States, being re-shipped to Canada. There are many sources of infestation. No dependence can be placed on the inspection systems of European countries. If importations from infested areas cannot all be inspected at our series it would be advisable to have them inspected at the ports of entry.—Canadian Horticulturist.

"Have you been married, Bridget?"
"Twice, mum."
"And have you any children?"
"Yes, mum, I've three. One be th' third wife av me second husband, an' two be th' second wife av me first."—Cleveland Leader.

WILLIE SPEAKS

Father's takin' down the stove,
Scoldin' like to bust,
Mother's chasin' him around
With a pan for dust.
Maggie's got the winders out—
Cold as anything!
Sister's dustin' all the chairs—
Gee, don't mention spring!

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