

Flying Machines
 A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was **Scott's Emulsion** in summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy. Science did it. All Druggists

How the Comet Came.

A Humorous Tale by Ereckmann-Chatrivi, Translated for the 'Evening Post,' New York.

Last year, just before carnival time, news reached our village that the world was coming to an end. Doctor Ziebarth Piper of Colmar was the first to utter that lugubrious prediction; and it was soon being read by everybody in the almanacs.

Ziebarth Piper had calculated that a comet would come down out of the sky at Mardi Gras, with a tail thirty-five million leagues in length, composed of being water, which would sweep across the earth in such a manner that the snow on the loftiest mountains would be melted, the trees would be withered and the people would be consumed.

True, an honest savant in Paris, named Poinot, wrote later, that the comet would arrive, unquestionably, but would have a tail composed of such light vapors that no one would need feel the slightest inconvenience. Everybody, he said, should go about his business calmly, as they would answer for all. This assurance did much to calm the apprehension. Unfortunately, we have in our town, an aged spinner of wool, named Maria Finck, who dwells in a back alley—a little old woman, white and wrinkled, whom people go to consult about the perplexities of life. She lives in a low room, the ceiling of which is decorated with painted eggs, ribbons of rose and blue, gilded nets, and a thousand other bizarre objects. She dresses in an antique fashion, and lives on cakes, two facts which give her a great reputation for wisdom hereabouts.

Maria Finck, instead of confirming the opinion of the good and honest Mr Poinot, sided with Ziebarth Piper, saying:

'Be converted and pray; repent of your sins, and do good in the name of the church; for the end is nigh, the end is nigh.'

One could see at the rear of her room a picture in which people were descending along a path strewn with roses. None of them seemed to suspect whether that road led; they went dancing, some carrying bottles, others a leg of ham, others a wreath of sausages. A musician, his hat adorned with ribbons, played the clarinet to entertain the trio, and all the unfortunates seemed perfectly care-free and indifferent, as they approached the furnace of flames in which the foremost were already falling with waving arms and legs in air.

Imagine the inward thoughts of every reasoning person who looked at that picture. We are not so virtuous that each of us has not a certain number of sins on his conscience and none of us can flatter himself that he is going straight to Paradise. No, it would require a mighty presumptuous person to imagine that things were going to work that way—it would certainly be an exhibition of most reprehensible conceit. So most of our town-folk said:

'We will not celebrate the Carnival; we will pass the Mardi Gras with deeds of repentance.'

This was an unheard-of idea. The adjutant and the captain, as well as the under-officers of the company at the garrison in our town, were in veritable despair. All the preparations for the occasion, the great room at the Town-Hall which they had decorated with crosses and trophies of war, the platform that they had built for the orchestra, and all the refreshments were going to be thrown

away, if the young ladies of the town would not hear of dancing.

'I am not particularly inhuman,' remarked Sergeant Duchene, 'but if I had Ziebarth Piper here, I would make life a sorry business for him.'

And with all that, the most desolate were the mayor's secretary, the postmaster's son, the tax collector and myself. Eight days before, we had made the trip to Strasbourg to get us costumes. My uncle had even given me fifty francs out of his own pocket in order that no expense need be spared. So I had chosen a Pierrot effect for myself. It was a sort of baggy shirt with long sleeves, and was finished with buttons which looked like onions the size of your fist and dangled down from your chin nearly to your knees. You covered your head with a black cap, whitened your face with flour, and then, if your nose was long, your cheeks sunken, and your eyes staring, you made a great impression.

The collector, on account of his plumpness took a Turkish costume, embroidered on all the seams, the secretary, a Punch suit, made of a thousand bits of red, green and yellow a hump in front, another on his back, and a big bearskin hat reaching down to the back of his neck. The postmaster's son was going to dress up like a savage, with parrot plumes.

And after we had gone to such extravagant expenditures, were we not justified in wanting to wring the neck of the human race, to see our preparations all going to the winds because of the silliness of an old woman and a Ziebarth Piper?

But what were we to do? People have always been the same; the crazy among us will always have the upper hand.

Mardi Gras arrived. The sky was full of snow in the day. We looked to right and to left, up, down—no sign of a comet! The young ladies were, indeed, upset. The men hastened to their cousins, their aunts, their godmothers, everywhere, saying: 'You see now, the old Finck person is crazy, all your notions about the comet are but air, pure and simple. Do come's come in winter? Don't you know that they always choose the season of the vintage? Hasten and make up your minds. There is time still.'

Many recovered their courage. The old men and their dames began to drop in arm-and-arm, to take a look at the big room at the town hall; the sabres arranged in sun-patterns and the little tricolor flags between the windows excited general admiration. Then a change came over everybody and they remembered that it was Mardi Gras; the young ladies hastened away to get their gowns out of the wardrobe and polish their little boots.

At ten o'clock the big room at the Town Hall was full; we had gained the victory; not a young lady was missing. The musicians were all at their instruments; the high windows shone out into the night; the walzes struck up, the other dances came after; the banx and ballas began to have a most happy time; the aged grandmas, wall-flowers though they were, gorged with good spirits. There was a jam at the buffet; they couldn't serve refreshments fast enough. All down the outside stairway you could see those who had been too well refreshed stumbling out. Outdoors the snow kept on falling.

My uncle had given me the latchkey so that I could come in whenever I wanted to. Up to two o'clock I did not miss a single waltz, but by that time I had had enough, and I left. Once in the street, I reconsidered whether I should go back or go home to bed. I should have liked to dance more but on the other hand, I was exceedingly sleepy. Finally I decided to go home, and I started down the street, still arguing the matter with myself.

At the end of ten minutes, I was walking along thus in the dark and was about to turn the corner where the fountain stands, when, looking up casually, I saw coming along through the air, beyond the trees, a great orb, red as fire. It was still thousands of leagues away, but coming on so enormously fast that in a quarter of an hour it was going to be upon us. The sight of it completely upset me; I felt my hair stand on end, and I cried:

'It's the comet! Mr Piper was right!'

And, without knowing what I was about, I dashed back to the Town Hall, ran up the staircase, upsetting those who were coming down, and cried, in a terrible voice: 'The comet, the comet!'

(To be Continued)

Stamping out the Opium Traffic.

The Chinese Government is very much in earnest in its efforts to stamp out the opium traffic and the growth of the poppy in the regions formerly devoted to it. Bishop Bashford of the Methodist Church in China in an interview published in The Shanghai Times, gives the following illustration of the way in which the edict against opium cultivation is enforced:—

'Five years before I had travelled extensively in Szechuen and seen fields stretching out beyond fields, all given up to the cultivation of opium. I had asked my

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PURITY FLOUR

missionary friends how much of the land was devoted to this purpose. The answer I invariably received was that from 30 to 35 per cent, was so applied. This year however, I spent a much longer period traveling in Szechuen, and went over rather more ground than I did five years ago, and I did not see one field of opium on the whole trip and not a single one of the thirty or more people whom I questioned on the subject had seen such a field this past winter. Much opium in Szechuen in January, the month to which my inquiries related; used to be in bloom and quite easy of recognition.

'At Chentu the provincial capital, the Rev. Joseph Beech gave me this illustration of the manner in which the prohibitory edict is enforced in his district:—He travels through a wide region embracing one county which has always been regarded as one of the worst opium districts in Szechuen. Owing to the great increase in the price of the drug, the farmers in this county resolved to defy the edict, and plant opium as before. The Hsien official warned them of their danger, and ordered them to dig up the crop, but they refused to do so. And the Hsien promptly notified his superiors of the farmers refusal. The latter issued a peremptory warning which the farmers still refused to heed, and the Viceroy at Chentu was then informed of the situation. His Excellency sent the farmers word that the question was no longer whether they should plant opium or no, but whether they would obey the Imperial edict or not. Their refusal to do so was rebellion, and his Excellency intimated that he would treat it as such if they did not obey the Hsien and dig up their opium fields at once.

'A few days later his Excellency sent soldiers into the country, the official in charge of whom, finding that the farmers had not yet dug up their fields, promptly put them on their trial for their disobedience. He satisfied himself that they had received proper notice of the edict, and that they had refused to obey it, and then, without hesitation, he ordered that several of them be beheaded. This was done in the middle of the recalcitrant farmers' own fields. They were taken out among the growing poppies, placed kneeling on the ground, and there decapitated in front of their terror-stricken friends and neighbors. The lesson was a severe one, but it was effectual. The opium was at once dug up and the fields replanted with other crops, and according to Mr. Beech, there was not a single poppy field to be seen in the entire district this season.'—Toronto Globe.

Both Italy and Switzerland are fortifying the entrances of the Simplon Tunnel while in the tunnel itself engineers are engaged in constructing mines and strengthening those already in place in order to blow up the tunnel at a moments notice in the event of war. Near the middle of tunnel, few yards from the Swiss frontier Italian engineers have put in place a double iron door which can resist the rush of an express train travelling at 60 miles an hour. The Iron door is worked by electricity from Iselle the station at the Italian end of the tunnel, and under ordinary conditions it is hidden in the rocky side of the tunnel. The door is carefully tested once a week. The mines are connected with Brigue and Iselle by electricity also, and by simply pressing a button the Simplon Tunnel would be destroyed in a second.—St John Globe.

A Confirmed Observation.
(Pittsburgh Dispatch.)
A one-armed man entered a restaurant at noon and seated himself next to a little other-people's-business man. The latter at once noticed his neighbor's left sleeve hanging loose, and kept eyeing it in a how-did-it-happen sort of way.
The one-armed man paid no attention to him, but kept on eating with his one hand. Finally the inquisitive one could stand it no longer. He changed his position a little, cleared his throat and said:
'I beg pardon, is, but I see you have lost an arm.'
The one-armed man picked up his pipe with his right hand, and peered anxiously in to it.
'Bless my soul!' he exclaimed, looking up with great surprise. 'I do believe you're right.'

Boston advertiser: Are we to have sticky chocolate drops? it appears that the federal department of agriculture has now forbidden the use of either shellac or any gum in coating or finishing chocolates. it is understood that the bureau of chemistry opposes shellac on the grounds of health. Manufacturers of higher grades of candy are said to use gum benzoin but food experts say even vegetable gums disguise impurities and besides carry a trace of alcohol into the confection it might perhaps be contended that hardshelled chocolates better resist the assaults of germ and dust than the unfinished sticky varieties. Here is a great issue

TURN TO THE PHONE
 When you are in doubt as to selling possibilities.
 (Ring the market station. INSTANTLY you are brought in direct contact with the people who can most aid you.)
 When you think it is going to rain and the reaper has been very busy all day.
 (Ring the weather man.—INSTANTLY you know whether you must take to the fields with all hands, or sit down and smoke the pipe of peace.)
 When your Barn is on fire.
 (Ring your nearest neighbors.—INSTANTLY you know that as fast as animals can travel, fellow tillers of the soil will come to your aid.)
 Every day you will find your phone "a friend indeed" and it will prove to be a "payer" too.

Booklet 3117 is free for the asking. Tell us we ought to send it to you.

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 The man at the head of affairs whether at home or in business, is the one whose attention you wish to attract.
 Our paper goes into the best class of homes and is read by the head of the family. That accounts for the results obtained by the use of Classified Want Ads.
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NOTICE OF SALE.
 To the Heirs at Law, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of Joseph A. Kerr, late of the Parish of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, deceased, Janet L. Kerr, his wife, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.
 NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fourth day of April in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and eight, recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book "O" No. 4, on pages 71, 72 and 73 as NUMBER 59319 an Indenture between Joseph A. Kerr and Janet L. Kerr, his wife of the one part, and the undersigned Alexander Kerr of the other part; there will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, defaults having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Louis E. Young in the Town of Woodstock, N. B., on Saturday the Sixteenth day of July A. D. 1910 at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:—All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate being and being in the Parish of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton in the second tier of lots from the River Saint John and bounded on the north side by lands owned and occupied by Runkle Spear; on the south by lands owned and occupied by the said Alexander Kerr; being lands granted by the Crown to one Alexander Kerr, and having been conveyed by G. Howard Kerr to the Grantor Alexander Kerr, by Deed dated the Sixth day of March A. D. 1890 and registered in Book "N" No. 3 of Carleton County Records on pages 552 and 553. ALSO all that other piece or parcel of land, distinguished and known as Lot Number Twelve in the Second Tier in the Spear Settlement in the Parish of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton containing one hundred and forty acres more or less and situate south and adjoining lands hereinafter described, and being same land conveyed to said Alexander Kerr by Charles F. Clarno by Deed dated the Fourteenth day of June A. D. 1900 and registered in Book "O" No. 4 of Carleton County Records on pages 330 and 331. Also all that other piece or parcel of land situate in the said Parish of Woodstock and bounded and described as follows:—On the west by the base line of the River Saint John; on the south by lands owned by Henry Spear on the east by a lot of land conveyed by Thomas Hay to Robert Hay in August, A. D. 1871; and on the north by land owned by the heirs of Robert Kerr, containing one hundred acres more or less and being same land as part of Lot Number Nine, being same land conveyed to the said Alexander Kerr by Macy Jane Todd and Silas W. Todd by Deed dated the Nineteenth day of September A. D. 1894 and by Esther Pinkerton to the said Alexander Kerr by Deed dated the 10th day of August, A. D. 1894 and registered in Book T No. 3 of Carleton County Records on page 769. The foregoing lands being same conveyed to the said Joseph A. Kerr by the said Alexander Kerr by Deed of even date herewith.
 TOGETHER with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging.
 DATED this twenty-first day of May A. D. 1910.
 LOUIS E. YOUNG, ALEXANDER KERR
 Solicitor for Mortgagee, Mortgagee.

THIS MAY INTEREST YOU
 Last year the sale of Pelham's Peerless fru/ and ornamental trees increased 40 per cent in New Brunswick because we deliver standard trees and to contract grade. Our agents made money in proportion to the increase in sales. We want now a reliable agent for Carleton county. Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory.
 Write for best terms
 Pelham Nursery Co.
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Wanted
 A Representative for
Woodstock, N. B.
 This is the time to sell nursery stock. We pay liberally and offer steady employment. Our list of SPECIALTIES embraces a acre and choice list of ready sellers in both FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL STOCK, SEED POTATOES, &c.
 Write for terms and catalogue.
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 The Fonthill Nurseries.
 (Established 1837)
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FRED. L. MOOERS,
SIGN PAINTING and LETTERING
 OF ALL KINDS.
 Agent for the Willis Wind Sign.
Shop CONNELL ST.
 Orders can be left at the Ladies' Wear store.

NOTICE.
 The semi-annual meeting of the County Council of the Municipality of Carleton, will be held at the County Court House at Woodstock, on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of June instant, at the hour of ten of the clock in the forenoon.
 Dated this sixth day of June, A. D., 1910.
 J. C. HARTLEY,
 Secretary-Treasurer,
 Municipality of Carleton.
For Sale.
 An eight-room house, Woodshed, Barn and double lot all on St Gertrude Street, Woodstock, will sell or exchange for a suitable farm, for terms apply to B T GASKIN, Kilburn, N B

Peruna Secrets, You Should Know

Golden Seal Root.
 Golden Seal, the root of the above plant, is a very useful medicine. Many people gather it in our rich woodlands during the summer. Few people know how valuable it is in dyspepsia, catarrh, and as a general tonic.
 Many thousand pounds of this root are used each year in the famous catarrh remedy, Peruna. This fact explains why everybody uses Peruna for catarrh.