

## PLANK FELL ON HIM

### Hamilton Man Badly Injured

Reuben A. Herberton, of 367 Ferguson Ave., Hamilton, an employee of the Orie Elevator Co., sustained serious injury while at work. A plank fell from a height on to his right foot, crushing it badly. He was taken home where Zim Buk was applied with good result.

Telling his experience of the balm, he said: "After the doctor had dressed the damaged foot with some preparation of his own I was in great pain, and as day after day I seemed to get no relief, I left off medical treatment and tried Zim Buk. From the very first application, I traced an improvement. Zim Buk really seemed to act like magic, cleaning all the unhealthy matter from the wounds, drawing out all discoloration, inflammation and soreness and started healing in quick time. In two weeks the toe and foot were well again. Zim Buk balm is certainly a wonderful healer, and I would not care to be without a box in the house. You can use the above statement in any papers, books or publications, as it may lead some other sufferer to use Zim Buk and get relief as I did."

All workers should keep Zim Buk handy. Applied to a cut or wound, it stops the pain, commences healing, and—what is equally fine—it prevents all possibility of blood poisoning. Zim Buk is equally good for skin diseases, and cures eczema, itch, ulcers, abscesses, varicose ulcers, scalp sores, blood poisoning, etc. It heals cold cracks, chapped hands, frost bite; cures piles and all inflamed conditions of the skin and tissue. Fifty cents a box from all druggists and stores, but avoid imitations and substitutes, some of which are highly dangerous and none are beneficial.

Already covetous eyes are being cast by various European countries upon the rich colonial possessions of Portugal. It is believed possible at least that the new Government will not wish or be able to retain them. Perhaps the richest for its size is the little island of St. Thomas in the Gulf of Guinea which although only about three hundred and fifty square miles in extent produces more cacao than any other region in the world, besides coffee and tropical fruits in abundance. The Azores and Mad.ira Islands the Cape Verde Islands considerable possessions in Angola and East Africa together with certain remnants of Portugal's ancient Indian empire—Goa, Damao, Timor and so forth—and Macao in China are still held by Portugal. The total area of these possessions is more than eight hundred thousand square miles; their population nearly ten millions; their trade amounts to a great many millions of dollars—more than twelve millions were contributed by the little island of St. Thomas. —The Youths Companion

the lands as in our own the rule of is to keep to the right in others as in Britain it is to keep to the left. Belgium after changing to the British rule has changed back again; and France after investigating the street traffic conditions of London has decided to adhere to its rule of keeping the right. It is unfortunate that such difference exist, for they make it confusing for travellers and new arrivals in a country, and for those living near the border of two countries. —The Youths Companion

American boys who were inclined to envy the young Manuel when he became King of Portugal are now much more reconciled to their chances of becoming President some day. —Youth's Companion.

Public gambling became a crime in Nevada on Oct 31st, when the new law against betting on games of chance went into effect. Now there is no state in the Union which gambling is not outlawed, as an offense against public policy as well as good morals. —Youth's Companion.

An Englishman who has been travelling in the United States tells us that we are not free, because he could not get a drink of whisky in a region where prohibition is enforced. Our servitude is further evidenced by the fact that the law forbids us to shoot deer at certain times in all states, and at all times in some states. Also in many places free born citizens are not permitted to walk on the railroad tracks. We are indeed an oppressed people. —Youth's Companion.

The difference between English and American habit is curiously shown by the fact, that although the President has all his clothes made by one tailor, in Washington, the tailor is not permitted to make any use of the fact in advertising his business. Moreover, when the White House automobiles were brought the manufacturers were expressly enjoined from making any public statement that their cars had been chosen. Washington does not favor the "Makers to His Majesty" idea. —Youth's Companion.

## Polly and the Tin Dipper

Polly did not mean to be cruel to her pets, but she did not always remember that what was fun for her might not be equally amusing for them. She was fond of her dear little dog Bisco, but one day she caught him by the nap of the neck and put him into a pail of cold water, just to see how he would get out. The poor little fellow was dreadfully frightened, and struggled all he could and begged Polly to lift him out, but she only looked on, much amused at his plight. Suddenly she was tapped on the shoulder by something behind her, and, looking around, she saw the Tin Dipper standing over her.

"Shame on you, Polly," he said, for trying to harm poor Bisco. Then he reached over and dipped the puppy out of his watery prison.

Then the Dipper began to grow till he became as high as Polly's father.

"Come with me," he said in a tiny voice that really cut, "and I will take you to a place where children play kindly with pets."

So saying, the Tin Dipper put its ring around Polly's waist and carried her swiftly, with queer, long hops, to the most beautiful garden she had ever seen. Many children were playing about.

"Oh, here is dear Tin Dipper!" all the children shouted, and they came running forward to meet their friend, who was evidently a great favorite with them. Some crawled up till they reached the cup of the dipper, where they sat high up, with their arms around him. They all went on till they came to a pond, on which two red and white boats were floating. But the Tin Dipper disdained the use of the boats. He just waded out into the water and then lay down, his cup keeping them afloat.

The children walked up his legs till they got to the cup, and there they all sat down. When they were all seated and ready for the trip the Tin Dipper gave a big push and out they sailed over the waves. They visited all the coves and little harbors and went under all the bridges which they wished to see, and then they all cried out:

"Call Gold Flash, dear dipper!"

Then Tin Dipper puffed out his cheeks till the children were not at all crowded, and gave a tremendous tin whistle. Almost immediately a large gold fish came swimming up to the side of the Dipper and waved a welcome to the children with his fin. Then Polly tried to catch Gold Flash. But the Dipper compressed his cheeks till he squeezed Polly hard, and said: "Stop, Polly; do you want to be sent home at once?"

Then the indignant gold fish began to grow very large indeed and reaching his fin over the edge of the cup put his head over too and said: "Shame on you Polly! Come with me and I will take you to a place where naughty girls are punished for such things! He seized her with his fin and was dragging her into the water when the tin dipper said: "Not yet, dear Gold Flash. Give Polly another chance."

The gold fish resumed his natural size and went swimming away. Polly was very much frightened and ashamed and she promised not to offend again.

Soon after this they landed and walked up the bank to a rabbit hutch, where several fine rabbits were playing together. Polly went into their enclosure with the other children. The rabbits had been so kindly treated that they were tame enough to be handled freely by their visitors. But the boys and girls were content to watch the pretty creatures all except mischievous Polly. She crept softly behind the largest one and caught at his stub of a tail. The rabbit jumped quite off the ground in his astonishment and, to Polly's amazement, began to grow until he was almost as large as the Tin Dipper.

He turned on Polly, and said: "Shame on you, Polly! Come with me and I will show you a place where children are punished for their naughty deeds."

But the Tin Dipper came up just then and said: "Not yet, dear Rabbit; please give Polly another chance."

The rabbit at once returned to his natural size and walked away. Again Polly promised never to be cruel to any living thing.

But they next went to visit the aviary, where thousands of bright, pretty birds were hopping around in their cages or stinging in the branches of the trees. The birds knew the children, and came flocking around them, flying upon their shoulders, looking for crumbs which the children found in their pocket. One little wren perched on Polly's arm, and before Polly thought what she was doing she was pulling his mouth open to see where the song came from. The little bird began to grow and grow and grow until he quite overtopped Polly's head.

"Shame on you, Polly!" he said, for hurting a little bird that trusted you. Come with me and I will take you to a place where you will be well served for your cruelty."

He put his wing over Polly and started to fly with her, but the Tin Dipper, who had been sadly watching her, again begged for her release.

"Oh, dear Dipper," cried Polly, when the wren had dropped her and resumed his nat-

ural size, "thank you for saving me again. I'll try to be good, indeed I will."

"I cannot save you the next time you offend," answered the Dipper severely, "for my mistress, the Tasker le, would hear of it and would quite boil over in her rage. She will not let me keep you from punishment more than three times." Polly promised to be good forever afterward.

Having seen the birds the children then wanted to see the snails. So they all went to the corner of the garden where many snails were sitting under the lettuce leaves. Even they seemed to be glad to see the small people, and waved a welcome with their horns. One snail was very fascinating, for such was his pleasure at seeing his friends that he crept to the very outermost edge of a leaf and balanced himself on his uncertain footing. And Polly forgot again! She stretched forth her hand and snapped him with her finger quite off the leaf, so that he fell to the ground miserably. No sooner had he touched the earth, however, than he became as big as a huge horse, threw Polly on his hard shell back and started off at lightning speed. He went faster than the fastest horse. No one ever saw a snail travel so rapidly before.

"Tin Dipper! Tin Dipper!" screamed Polly, but no Dipper answered, for they were far from the garden now. The snail held Polly with one horn while with the other he seemed to point out the way to go.

Suddenly they struck something, the snail loosened his grasp, and Polly felt herself falling, falling, falling!

She opened her eyes and found herself sitting in the little chair by the window, while the Dipper was hanging by its ring on the wall. —"Tribune."

"What makes you think he had been to a drinking party?"

"He came home," sobbed the young wife, wearing a phonograph horn for a hat. —Louisville Courier Journal.

## 'The Sign of the White Horse

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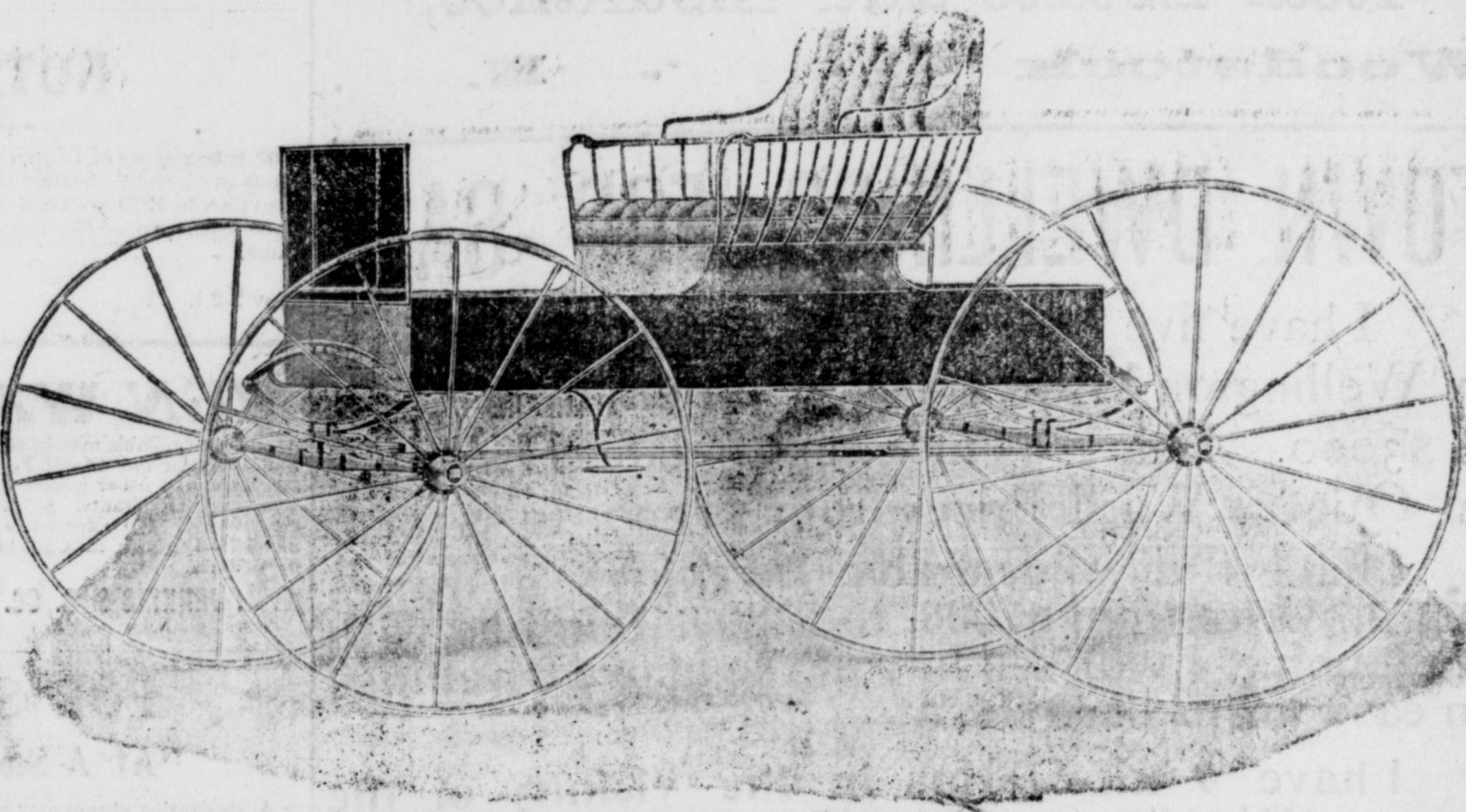
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