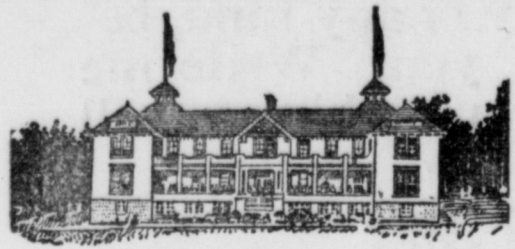


Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives?

THEN SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES



MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.
MAIN BUILDING FOR PATIENTS.

A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily:—

John D. McNaughton, New Liskeard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions where he is offer him no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance? NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this one institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion. For the week ending November 20th, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a copper for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.90 a week. No one pays more than \$4.90.

Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

• A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the care I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



TAKING THE CURE IN WINTER AT MUSKOKA
FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good-will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

Will you help?

Where greater urgency?

Truly, Canada's greatest charity.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas., National Sanitarium Association, 347 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Uses of Sawdust

(From Forest and Stream.)

Spruce and pine sawdust, thrown aside by our millmen as worthless, commands a steady price in Norway. There it is ground into holzmehl, or wood flour, kiln dried, packed in sacks made in America for the purpose, and sold to linoleum and blasting powder manufacturers. It sells for about \$12 a ton, and in 1907 the exports of this material from Norway were valued at nearly \$80,000.

In France a new process, which is said to have proved successful is employed, in extracting an excellent grade of alcohol from sawdust. About twenty seven and a half gallons of alcohol and forty two pounds of acet's acid are extracted from each long ton of sawdust, while the residue is sold for fuel in briquette form.

As the later process is patented in the United States it is to be hoped that it will be placed in operation here, and that the sawdust now thrown into trout streams will be utilized for a more worthy purpose.

The Elm Tree's Doctor

(By Adelbert F. Caldwell.)

Donald and Phil Holman lived in a large colonial house,—some would call it a man-sion—with a broad deep lawn in front of it. Both sides of the walk, leading from the pretty white gate to the verandah, were lined with tall graceful elm-trees.

These elms for a long while had been the pride of the Holman family. Joel Holman, who was the children's great grandfather—had set them out, when a young man, shortly after having bought the place.

'I wish,' said Donald, one morning, 'that I had something real interesting to do to-day.'

'So do I!' agreed Phil, eagerly. 'I'd like to do or see something I'd never heard about. Uncle Tom sat by the window, reading.

'To-day Mr Chilton is coming,' he said to himself, having overheard the boy's remarks. Then aloud, 'Why not watch the tree doctor? He's coming today—to doctor our sick elms.'

'A tree doctor?' exclaimed Donald, incredulously.

'Elm trees can't be sick!' added Phil quickly. 'Think of a tree's having mumps or measles or—you're fooling, Uncle Tom!'

'No-o, I'm not,' persisted their uncle, smiling. 'And both things are true! There are tree doctors, very skilled in their line of work, and some of our most beautiful elm-trees are sick, and need immediate treatment. If they weren't attended to soon they'd die.'

Both boys looked at their uncle, curiously. 'Do you really mean—'

'Yes,' interrupted Uncle Tom, 'and I think the doctor is coming now,' hearing the sound of the wheels on the gravel road. Yes; he's right here.'

Uncle Tom laid down his paper and went out.

'Who ever heard of trees being sick!' It was hard for Donald to comprehend.

'But if Uncle Tom says it's so, it's true!' defended Phil.

'Yes; but I don't see how—'

'Boys—Donald and Phil had gone out into the yard where their uncle was talking to the stranger—'I want to introduce you to Mr Chilton, one of the most competent tree doctors in the state. In fact he's a specialist.'

'Interested in tree cures?' asked Mr Chilton, cordially.

'I—I've never seen any,' replied Donald. 'But I'd like to though!'

'All right. First of all, let's see what ails him,' and the tree doctor took up some tools.

This limb needs to be removed,' he said shortly, pointing to a large, partly decayed limb of the first tree examined. 'With that limb off, the rest of the tree will live for years, for any injury that will do it.'

The little group went on to the second tree.

'This seems to be sound. No trouble with this,' after a more minute examination.

'Here is one I think you will find pretty badly diseased,' suggested Uncle Tom, as they inspected the next tree. It was one of the largest in the yard.

'I shouldn't wonder,' and the doctor took a sharp knife from his case, and began slowly to cut into the trunk. 'Yes; it's decayed farther in than I thought. All the decayed matter,' he continued, 'will have to come out. In a year or two it would have died. But it can be treated—so 'twill outlive hundreds of younger ones that have no care.'

'But what will you give it, what kind of medicine?' asked Phil, greatly interested.

'Cement,' replied Mr Chilton, removing another small piece of bark. 'We'll take out all this dead wood, and fill the cavity up with cement. That will prevent any further decay.'

And so they went from tree to tree; the tree doctor making an examination of each one in turn.

'Some of them are pretty badly off,' was his comment, after they had gone the rounds. 'But every one can be saved. It all depends upon taking them in time.'

Then he began with saw, knife, and other 'tools the trees' treatment.

To Donald and Phil it was one of the most interesting days they had spent, watching the 'healing process' go on.

'I never knew before that trees could be sick!' exclaimed Donald, delighted with the new experience.

'Nor that there are tree doctors!' added Phil. 'And Uncle Tom says they are increasing in number every year.'—Sunday School Times.

SHRIMP SALAD AND TOMATO ASPIC

Strain the liquor from a can of tomatoes through coarse muslin. Put over the fire, season with salt and paprika and the strained juice of a small onion. When it boils skim well and pour it over half a box of gelatine, which has been soaked for three hours in a cup of cold water. Set away to form into a jelly. When ready to use it line a salad dish with lettuce. Arrange the contents of a can of shrimps (strained) upon the leaves and spoonfuls of tomato jelly upon the shrimps. Serve French salad dressing with it.

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
your 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.

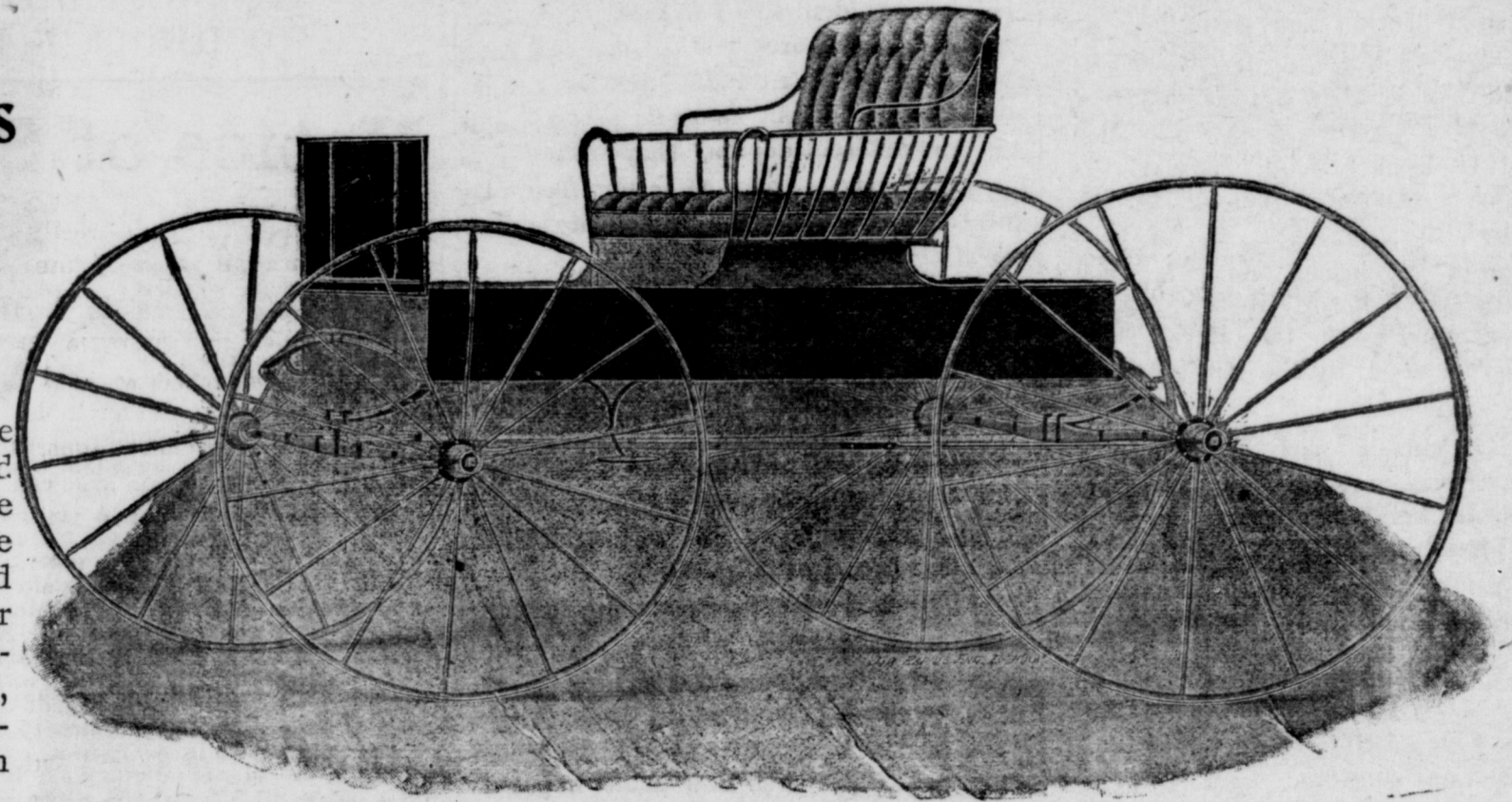
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THEY ARE VERY FINE

BALMAIN BROS

The Prisoner of Chillon.

An illustrated article on the prison of Chillon excited interested comment among the members of a group of young people who had read Byron's famous poem, and had not thought to inquire what historical foundation, if any, the poet had for his great picture of isolation and misery.

It would be good to know that no such place ever existed, and that this and all other tales of "man's inhumanity to man" were creations of the imagination; but much sad truth lies at the foundation of the poem.

Francois de Bonivard was born in 1493. For the love of liberty and of his native Switzerland he became the martyr of his country. From 1530 to 1536 he was confined in the dungeon of the Castle of Chillon. When finally liberated, he was raised to positions of honor, and his country strove to make ample, although tardy, reparation for the injustice inflicted upon him. And as he had done much to make his country free, so, being free, he sought to make it tolerant, and did much for the cause of religious liberty.

Byron represents his hero as slinking into a stupor, and lying heedless of the weary and monotonous round of day and night, till one day a bird perched in the grated window high above, and there poured out its song of hope.

That song woke new life in the soul of the prisoner. He dug footholds in the side of his prison under his window that he might look out and up.

He looked from his window out upon the water that flowed, eight hundred feet in depth, below the prison walls, and across the water to the hills of his own Switzerland, glorious in their eternal crown of snow. He heard the sounds of life without, and caught anew the breath and spirit of the free world. So when the prison doors swung wide and Bonivard walked forth, it was not as maniac or a man of broken spirit, but one who had kept hope alive in his soul, and was fit for strength and freedom.

There are those to whom life is a prison, dreary, lonesome, hopeless. It is the mission of the gospel to sing a bird song in the

'The Sign of the White Horse.'

Look Anyway

When in our streets and you will see a Harness that came from our shop

Ask Anybody

If that Harness they got from us was all right. If it's not we want to know. We give a guarantee with every harness we sell. If they were not true, we wouldn't do that, would we?

FRANK L. ATHERTON,

Harness Maker and Dealer,

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A Kitchener Joke.

(New York Sun.)

Kitchener stories are very popular in London just now, and one which has recently come out is causing great amusement.

During a portion of the South African war Lord Kitchener had as an orderly a young son of a noble house who had joined the Imperial Yeomanry as a trooper. He could not quite understand that he was not on terms of equality with the members of the staff, and, and, having been summoned one morning to carry some despatches for the commander-in-chief, he entered the room with a jaunty air.

'Did you want me Kitchener?' he asked, calmly, while the rest of the staff gasped for fear of what would happen next.

'Kitchener, however, merely looked at him, with a quiet smile. "Oh, don't call me Kitchener," he remarked, gently; "it's too beastly formal. Call me Herbert!"

An ear-drum protector has been devised for men in the army and navy handling big guns. The effect of the detonation was regarded as a limit to the size of the guns, but invention is busy here as elsewhere. Toronto Weekly Globe.

Aeroplane and submarines have a rather formidable death record charged against them, but while there are possibilities of ultimate success the cost seems in a measure justified. The submarine can never be anything but an engine of destruction, but the aeroplane may become a thing of usefulness. —Toronto Weekly Globe.

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