

NURSING MOTHERS show the beneficial effects of

Scott's Emulsion in a very short time. It not only builds her up, but enriches the mother's milk and properly nourishes the child.

Nearly all mothers who nurse their children should take this splendid food-tonic, not only to keep up their own strength but to properly nourish their children.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send No., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Serrano Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

A Caravan From China Comes.

(After Hafiz).

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A caravan from China comes;
For miles it sweetens the air
With fragrant silks and dreaming guns,
Attar and myrrh—
A caravan from China comes.

O merchant, tell me that you bring,
With music sweet of camel bells;
How long have you been traveling
With those sweet smells?
Oh merchant, tell me what you bring.

A lovely lady is my freight,
A lock escaped of her long hair,—
That is this perfume delicate
That fills the air—
A lovely lady is my freight.

Her face is from another land,
I think she is no mortal maid,—
Her beauty like some ghostly hand,
Makes me afraid;
Her face is from another land.

The little moon my cargo is,
About her neck the Pleiades
Clasp hands and sing; Hafiz, 'tis this
Perfumes the breeze—
The little moon my cargo is.

ONLY A COUNTRY BOY.

She was a very little girl with hair like spun gold, big brown eyes and a red mouth like a wax doll's. She stood in the little arbor as James came up the road, and he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. He noticed that she was little and slender, too; that her clothes were dainty and her hands white. As he came nearer she stepped out from the arbor and asked, with a curl of her lip:

"Are you my cousin, James Creeley?"

He was only a country boy and so stodd and stared in amazement. Then he ejaculated:

"Me? Yes. Your cousin? No!"

"But you must be," persisted the girl. "They said I would see you, and," she added with a glance which took in every detail of James' costume from the bare feet to the "hickory" shirt, "they said you were a handsome lad." And with that she sniffed a disdainful little sniff and walked stiffly toward the house.

Jim stood looking after her, a flush mantling the freckled cheeks and the white forehead under the red hair. He saw the white dress vanish, as she turned the corner of the house, and he walked on. He reached the

Sore Throat Catarrh

With the many remedies you have tried you surely know that no liquid medicine can cure your throat or nose. Even a gargle only bathes the entrance of the throat—it can't really get inside, nor can it reach the inflamed bronchial tubes.

With Catarrhazone, it's so different from medicine-taking—you simply breathe its healing vapor, inhale its balsamic fumes, which carry cure and relief to the minutest air cells in the lungs, nose, throat, and bronchial tubes.

In this scientific way the soreness and inflammation are rapidly allayed, relaxed cords are toned up, the entire mucous membrane invigorated. Every trace of Catarrh disappears, the disagreeable dropping of mucus in the throat, hawking, spitting, and stopped-up nostrils—all these sure signs of Catarrh and bronchitis are permanently cured by Catarrhazone.

Catarrhazone Is Guaranteed to Cure.

Two months' treatment, \$1; smaller, 50c; all reliable dealers, or by mail from the Catarrhazone Company, Kingston, Ont.

barn just as Mary finished milking the cows. "Don't you know there's company?" she asked as she swung the milk pail around to see the bubbles dance. "And they're going to stay for a week, and you ought to be dressed."

A week! Jim's heart would have sunk into his boots had he worn any. As it was it seemed to go up into his throat and stick there in a big lump. He went around the yard, shutting the chickens into the henhouse and putting the farm tools away. Then he went to the house. His mother met him at the door and gave him a list of directions which made his head spin. The result was he came down to supper looking like a city boy. But the freckles and red hair were still there.

As the days went by the color came into the white cheeks of the little golden haired girl, and when her mother had to go back to the city she decided to leave her to stay another week or so. Jim felt that the cows were ugly now, the horses were slow, the fields of wheat and timothy and the wild roses that grew in the hedges were all dull and drab. He could only find sunshine when little Nell was with him. She hated a boy with dirty hands, who couldn't dance and who was awkward and stupid.

One morning she started out for a long walk. Jim saw her as she went out the gate. She had a long piece of white thread in her hand and carried three pins in her mouth. "Fishin'," said Jim.

She had heard her uncle say that there were plenty of fish in the Dea brook if people were not too lazy to catch them. She would catch some, then Jim would see that a city girl could do more than a country boy. Her proud little nose turned up at the very mention of the name.

The brook was soon reached, and Nellie sat down and threw her line as far out as she could. She watched the hook float a moment and then disappear. She listened to the chirp of the birds in the trees along the bank. She saw the sunlight glimmer through the leaves and she became drowsy.

Suddenly she started up. Her line had slipped from her hand and was floating in the water almost beyond her reach. She leaned over and by a supreme effort caught it, but could not pull it in. One end was caught fast under a stone in the middle of the brook. She thought of the fish she meant to catch and gave two or three hard tugs. There was a jerk, the string broke, her feet slid on the slippery bank, and the next moment the little girl was struggling in the water, and the water closed above the golden head, leaving ever widening circles shimmering on the surface of the brook.

There was a great rustling among the bushes, a white face and a crown of red hair appeared for a second and then both had plunged into the water. Nell felt her hair being pulled very hard. She wondered afterward why it took her breath away and why she was so—so sleepy.

When Jim made his appearance at the farmyard with his clothes wringing wet, his hair standing on end and the little bundle of moans in his arms, Mrs. Farmer all but had hysterics. She said he was a brave boy when he told the story, but knowing how to swim and giving one's life up for another were quite usual for her boys. The next day Nell was to go home. She came out to the barn where Jim was watering the cows and stood lovingly caressing the velvet nose of the spotted calf.

"I am going away, Jim," she said shyly, and I came to thank you for saving my life." She looked at him over the calf's head and smiled sweetly. Jim flushed. He stammered something about not having done anything extraordinary.

"But you know I would have died, wouldn't I, if you hadn't come?"

"Mebby," said Jim.

"Mamma would have been very sorry," continued Nell in her soft little voice.

"So would I," Jim managed to say.

"And no city boy could have done it," she continued, still patting the "bossy's" head with her little hand.

"Pooh," announced Jim.

She looked up. "I want you to come to see us—to come home with me now. Mamma said so," she said.

And they have been good friends ever since, though he is only a country boy.

Left a Winner.

(Denver Republican.)

A tourist returning to the East on a transcontinental line, when passing through a forlorn-looking town in the desert, heard two men conversing as the train stooped for water. "Good-bye, Bill," said one. "I'm leaving this burgh with just one pair of pants, and not another thing on earth." "You are lucky, old pal," replied the other, "that's more than anybody else ever took away from here."

Mr. Bigheart—"Wiggins, old boy, we have raised \$50 to get the boss a Christmas present, and we want something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something?"

Wiggins—"Sure. Buy \$50 worth of rice and boil 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 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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Manufacturers and Suppliers of all apparatus and equipment used in the construction, operation and maintenance of Telephone and Power Plants. Address Office nearest you.

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER REGINA

Life After Death

Before a large audience of students and alumni, as well as many professional men, Dr. Carl E. Guthe, professor of physics and material science, delivered an unusual address at the University of Michigan recently, his subject being "How we know we live after death; materialism the way out."

Dr. Guthe dealt directly with the question; if you claim that personality comprises both mind and matter, both physical energy and consciousness, are we not completely destroyed when death claims our body? He spoke in part as follows: Our life is a constant growth of the human intellect, closely connected with the development of the body. We know there is continuous interchange of cells decaying and forming, and yet, though the living tissues may, in the course of time, be entirely renewed, the individual continues to exist, and remains with his identity absolutely unchanged, notwithstanding the fact that practically the whole body has been made over.

"But if matter and energy which have been

given off from the living body have not disappeared, they are still in existence, though disconnected from the life-giving principle. Should we not assume that there should be a similar conservation of the invisible part of our life?"

"I have not power to describe what life after death is; the intellect will not tell us. However, I do not see any reason why the mind could not form new combinations, which are now beyond our comprehension, nor why consciousness in a wider sense should cease with death."

"While I have to content myself with the assertion that mind is as indestructible as matter and energy, my firm belief in evolution and in an orderly plan of the universe leads me to doubt that there can be any retrogression in its development. I believe my spirit will, after death, be more advanced in all the characteristics of the human soul. And thus I find no difficulty whatever in believing in a personality embracing the whole universe and intimately blended with a marvellously intricate system of material bodies, a personality different from ours, it is true, but, since I form a part of it, one of the same nature as my own, only grander, wiser, more powerful and more just."

The Delineator for March.

Two women head the list in THE DELINEATOR for March with two very remarkable articles. Miss Grace G. Strachan, president of the Interborough Association of Women School Teachers, city of New York, who speaks for 15,000 teachers in New York City alone, tells of their fight for equal pay with the men of similar rank. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow says some things in "The American Husband" that will stir up much comment.

Kansas City's remarkable method of dealing with its prisoners through a board of pardon and paroles is explained by Charles Dillon, under the title "A New way to Save Men."

"William H. Allen, director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, discusses from a scientific viewpoint "The Institutional Church" in which he discusses the social unrest in the church. An article of particular appeal to girls is, "What a Woman's College Means to a Girl," by Madeline Z. Doty.

The fiction is pleasing. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Will N. Harben, Elizabeth Jordan and Thomas L. Masson contribute the leading stories. In addition Grace MacGowan Cooke's serial is continued.

The fashions are outlined for Spring in colors and with authority. Mrs. Simcox, in her letter, tells of the Spring coats and the trotteur frocks. There is a sense of completeness about THE DELINEATOR for March that is very satisfying.

NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next session of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick to obtain legislation authorizing the adoption of the survey and plans of the Town of Woodstock made under the direction of the Town Council.

Dated this twelfth day of February, A. D. 1910. J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!



The finest "first aid" is Zam-Buk for many reasons. It is antiseptic—kills the poison in any wound. It ensures any wound, or skin injury, or disease against poison-germs in the air which are always ready to enter a sore place and set up poisoning and putrefactive change. Immediately they enter Zam-Buk they are instantly killed.

While certain ingredients in Zam-Buk are thus protecting you against external dangers the rich healing herbal essences in the balm penetrate the tissue, stimulate the cells, and bring about perfect healing. Nothing like it! Watch it work!



PROOF FROM THE HOMES.

Mrs. Halliday, of Wroxeter, Ont., says:—"I have found Zam-Buk a most reliable household remedy. I have used it for cuts, sores, and various skin diseases, and have found it an effective cure in every case. I would not be without a box of Zam-Buk in the house in case of emergency, and I recommend all mothers to keep a box handy."

Mrs. R. B. Levy, of Hackett's Cove, N.S., says:—"Jenny broke out very badly behind my baby's ears, and, despite treatment, got worse and worse. I was advised to try Zam-Buk. It proved effective from the first, and in a very short time it cured the eczema completely." Equally good for all skin injuries and diseases, piles, etc. For druggists and stores everywhere or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Sinking Sensations in the Stomach

Do They Affect You?

These unpleasant feelings of weakness and collapse indicate that the sympathetic nervous system is out of order.

The cause is impairment of nerve tone, arising from failure of the stomach to perform its work.

Acute indigestion follows, and the natural result is mental depression, and a feeling of collapse and extreme weakness.

The best, because the quickest and surest cure, is Ferrozone.

It acts at once upon the digestive and assimilative organs—it fortifies the stomach—makes the blood nourishing, gives it a rich, red color, the best evidence of health.

"For ten years I suffered acutely from stomach trouble," writes Mr. Maxwell Thompson, of Toledo. "I always had a headache and dull feeling after meals. My appetite was poor, and I didn't relish food. It was all due to a weak, defective stomach. I read about Ferrozone, and ordered six boxes from my druggist. It was no time at all before I felt much better, and when all the Ferrozone was used, I really took a new lease of life. I am stronger, brighter, and feel more like work than before trying Ferrozone. It is a splendid tonic, the best I ever used."

Ferrozone is unrivaled in curing stomach ailments, try it and be convinced. Sold by all druggists in 50c boxes, six for \$2.50, by mail from The Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont. 6

NOTICE OF SALE.

To John H. McElhinney, of the Parish of Richmond in the County of Carleton, Farmer and Mill Owner, James H. McElhinney of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, and William J. McElhinney of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, and all others whom it may 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 Fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and made between John H. McElhinney, James H. McElhinney and William J. McElhinney of the one part, and J. Norman W. Winslow of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton aforesaid, Barrister-at-Law of the other part; and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton, in Book S, No. Four on pages 628, 630, 631, and 632 of said Carleton County Records, which said Mortgage was subsequently assigned by the said J. Norman W. Winslow to the undersigned Clara A. Leighton of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, Spinster, by an Assignment of Mortgage bearing date the Thirtieth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton, in Book S, No. Four on page 632 of said Carleton County Records, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Office of J. C. Hartley in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF MARCH next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

All that certain Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Richmond conveyed by Richard O'Gara to the late Mary Ann McElhinney by Deed dated the Thirtieth day of November A. D. 1872, and recorded in Book "L" Number Two, of the Carleton County Records on pages 409 and 410, containing two hundred acres, more or less. Also all Mills and Machinery including Rotary, Shingle and Lath and cut off saw machines and attachments, shafting, pulleys and belting, boilers and engine now on or about above described land. Also all that certain other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond being part of Lots Number Seven and Eight in the fourth tier granted to one John Bell being the same Lot of land conveyed by one William Bell to the late William McElhinney, by Deed dated the nineteenth day of April A. D. 1841 and recorded in Book "E" on pages 488, 490 and 491. Also all the other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond known and described as part of Lot Number Eight in the Fourth Tier in the Grant to one William Bell and situate on the West side of the Main Road from Richmond Corner to McKenzie Corner, containing twenty acres more or less, and being the same Lot of land conveyed by Allen Bell to the said William McElhinney by Deed dated the Eighth day of April A. D. 1867, and recorded in Book "E" Number Two of the records on pages 314 and 315. Also all other lands owned by said Mortgages situate in said County of Carleton and not hereinbefore described. Together with the buildings, improvements and erections thereon standing and being, and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

Dated at the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton this Nineteenth day of February, A. D., 1910.

CLARA A. LEIGHTON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

J. C. HARTLEY,
Solicitor.

YOUNG MAN! YOUNG WOMAN!

If you could look into the rooms of

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and see the large number of busy, well satisfied students preparing for positions as book-keepers and stenographers, YOU would want to be one of the number. This school will give you the best training that money can buy.

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