

## Rheumatism

## Cured by Booth's Kidney Pills

T. E. Foster, of St. John St., Fredericton N. B., says: I have found more actual relief from Booth's Kidney Pills than in all else I have ever tried for rheumatism. The pains



in my limbs have lessened greatly and I am better and stronger than in years previous. My appetite has built up and I eat and sleep better than I have in over

three years. My general health is greatly improved and can credit this only to Booth's Kidney Pills."

This is the Booth Kidney Pill way. These wonderful Pills are sold under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve and sufferer from Rheumatism or any trouble having its origin in the Kidneys. They cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel and stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all drug gists and dealers, 50c. box, or postpaid from The R T Booth Co, Ltd, Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair

Continued from page 2

That we have examined the accounts carefully and find them correct as rendered by the Inspector, with the exception of 50cts. added to net cost of Administering the Act, which is simply an error in addition. We find cost of administration of C. T. A. 1913 as follows:

Balance on hand Jan 1913	\$155.48
Salary of Inspector	400.00
Paid by Sec'y-Treas 1913	200.00
Fines received 1913	933.10
Acct of A D Holyoke	205.00
Acct of W P Jones	340.00
	\$2293.58
Less cash on hand	
In hands of Mr Colpitts	\$180.46
In hands of A D Holyoke	231.05
	\$411.51
Total cost of Administration of C T A	\$1882.07
Credit fines collected 1913	933.10
	\$ 948.97

Your committee would recommend that in future, the bills, instead of being paid by Police Magistrate and Inspector both, should be all paid by either one, and that any surplus monies on hand be deposited in the bank instead of being retained in the possession of the officials. We would also recommend that the accounts be made up in a more simplified form so that the council, and public as well, would readily understand them.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H P CARVELL  
R TRACY,  
F H LAMONT.

Coun Morgan moved, seconded by Coun Perry, the adoption of report.

Inspector Colpitts was heard—I understand Rev Mr Gould said he had received no reply to his letters—except to write Mr Jones. I tell them to write Mr Jones so as to avoid suspicion—as letters addressed to me are sometimes sent. The Inspector read warrants issued for Debec station Feb 8, 13, Aug 4, Sept 12, Nov 13, Dec 22. Read a letter from Mr Gould dated Aug 26th, suggesting still further searches. I answered him that we would do best we could and suggested they give us a constable there. I received no answer to my letter and sent a constable to search. Am sorry Mr Gould is not present as I feel his charges are without foundation. I have not always replied by letter—when we sent officers that is my reply.

Coun Bell (Richmond) asked the Inspector if he did not think Mr Gould was sincere.

Inspector Colpitts said he certainly thought he was.

Council adjourned till 1 o'clock. Council resumed business Thursday afternoon at 1.30.

Coun Carvell was excused from attendance on account of illness of his mother.

Coun Stevens moved, seconded by Coun Melville, that the recommendation in the report of committee on Sectt Act be adopted.

Coun Melville would second the motion but he had no hope that it would be carried out, as recommendations of last June were not noticed.

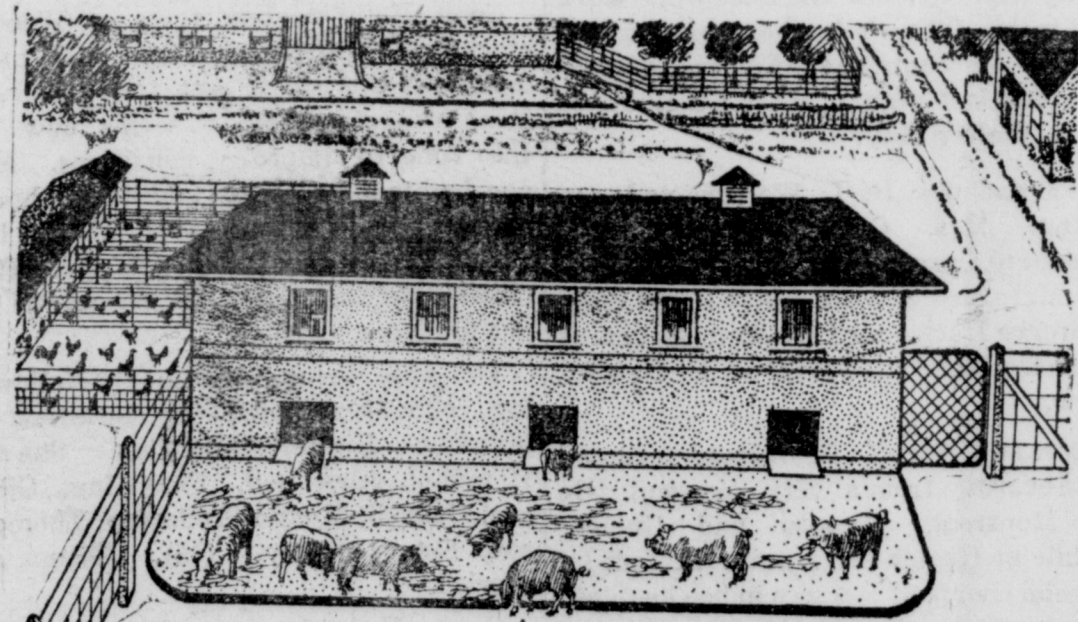
Coun Perry thought it only fair to look at matters in a fair light. He would not employ council unless needed.

Coun Melville—I don't believe it is in the power of the Inspector to carry out recommendations. It is not in his hands.

The Warden read the Scott Act re port:—	Jan. 20 By balance on hand per last report,	\$155.48
Woodstock N. B., Jan. 19, 1914.	Feb. 14 cash Andrew Kinney	50.00
The Municipality of Carleton,	Oct. 29 cash from police magis- trate per his state- ment	270.50
In account with Benford Cam- pbell	from secty-treas.	200.00
Inspector under the Canada Ter- rance Act.		\$675.98
1913.	and	\$180.96
Jan. 27 To postage stamps	Woodstock, N. B.,	
Feb. 3 Telephone to Bath	inued to page 1	
Feb. 4 paid J. W. Wolverson		14.10
Feb. 18 " " " "		13.10
Mar. 31 " " " "		
April 3 postage stamps	inued from page 3.	
Apr. 5 pd. Jas. O'Neil, witness	you go anywhere's.	
H. V. McLeod witness	You have told who lives next to you. We can sleep three in a bed."	3.00
Apr. 18 Telephone	The little girl was v ry shy and sleepy, she had refused Dorcas's timid advance and now her mother was undressing her. It was past seven o'clock, but Lizzie did not mention food. Dorcas was faint with hunger, for she had eaten nothing since noon. The lighted lamp, increased the heat, the elevated train seemed about to burst into the room as it rattled by, the noises of the street rose with painful distinctness.	.35
Percy Hartley, Witness	Lizzie's tongue seemed loosed and she talked rapidly. She asked after everybody in the country and told all sorts of wonderful stories of city life. Dorcas said little; she was too faint to talk; her eyes were too dim with weariness to note that beneath Lizzie's prettiness was dreariness, about her mouth were many lines, in her eyes unrest. She did not notice that while the child's frock was pretty and clean, the underclothes were old and worn, and hastily concealed, nor that Lizzie's waist, and skirt, with their modist city cut, were cheap and coarse.	4.00
Apr. 19 J. W. Wolverson	As Lizzie laid the child in the middle of the bed, there came a knock at the door. When Lizzie opened it a sharp voice was heard, a woman's voice querulously complaining. Lizzie closed the door and stepped out into the hall. When she returned Dorcas was unfastening her black silk blouse. "I guess I'd go to bed. Where	26.00
Apr. 19 J. W. Wolverson		32.35
Apr. 26 Ward Pryor, witness		5.00
May 31 Thos. W. Stockford wit.		5.00
June 6 R. E. Holyoke, constable		6.00
June 5 Geo. McLeod, assistance		4.00
June 5 dinner self and men		
Bloomfield		1.00
June 20 J. W. Wolverson		31.95
June 20 J. W. Wolverson		22.55
June 21 A. G. Shaw, team		5.00
July 2 postage		1.00
July 12 hauling liquor from Clarke's		2.00
July 22 Dudley Day for team		8.00
Aug. 2 Horace Bull, constable		10.00
Aug. 18 Thos. R. Graham con- stable		20.00
Aug. 18 J. W. Wolverson on account		25.00
Aug. 23 B. Stackhouse witness		7.00
Oct. 6 telephones		1.15
Sept. 24 expenses self and men to Houlton and Bridge- water		2.00
Oct. 15 telephone		20
Oct. 15 Daniel Crain, detective		22.00
Oct. 24 Raymond Michaud, det.		53.50
Oct. 24 boarding and holding Michaud under war- rant five days		5.00
Oct. 24 pd exp. to Houlton and boundary line		2.00
Oct. 24 pd exp. re H. M. Martell		12.60
1914		
Jan. 1 R. E. Holyoke		30.42
" "		4.00
A. A. Glidden, horse hire		6.00
Gallagher Bros. horse hire		9.00
att. court 56 cases		56.00
pd for secret detect- ive work and exp. not above enumerat- ed		20.00
		\$493.02

CR.

1913



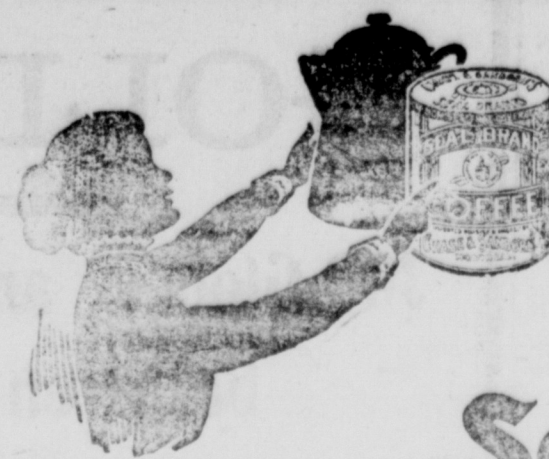
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shall I put my money? I don't want to lose it. I's forty dollars. Do you think I'd better put it under the pillow?

I guess it's safe anywhere," said Lizzie, carelessly,

Dorcas smiled, "I don't believe you realize how much money means to us country folks, living in the city where there's plenty."

And Dorcas put the camphor bag under the knit mat on the table—the mat she had given Lizzie Christmas.

In a few moments the little room was dark. Dorcas was lying on one side of the child and Lizzie on the other. Dorcas lay very still listening to the sounds without. At times a woman's shriek or a man's curse rose on the night air; between them sounded the placid breathing of the child. Dorcas lay thinking of her sister and the country home she had left; she wondered if the Lord had been leading her to this little room. Was Lizzie glad to see her?

There was a movement at the outer side of the bed, Lizzie was getting up. In the darkness Dorcas saw her creep across the room; her hand was on the knob of the door when Dorcas spoke. "What's the matter, dear?"

Dorcas could see in the darkness how Lizzie jumped.

"I wanted to see if I locked the door."

Would you mind if I got out of bed a few minutes? Somehow I can't sleep. Perhaps it's the strange bed—the first night you know." Dorcas inwardly resolved it should be the last.

She crawled carefully over the sleeping child and seated herself in one of the two chairs in the room.

"I was thinking about your mother, dear, I was thinking how much she enjoyed the city. You know when she came back that last time before she died she said, 'Dorcas, there's no place like Hopetown.' That was the last time I saw her. I couldn't come to her funeral—you understood about that, didn't you, dear? I didn't have the money. I could have borrowed, but Priscilla was always so particular about money. I knew she wouldn't want me to borrow. But when I got the money, I said, 'Priscilla would want me to go to see Lizzie.' I didn't come just for you. I wanted to see New York—I've always wanted to; but I wanted to see you most. You look like your mother, dear, you have her stylish way. She was real pleased when you married Mr. Kingdon, she thought he was one of your best beaux—you had so many."

"He wasn't," broke in Lizzie, suddenly.

"Wasn't what? Oh my dear!"

"He drank when I married him. I knew it, but mother didn't. He spent all the money he could lay his hands on, I wasn't even sorry when he died."

Dorcas leaned forward in the tiny room she could reach Lizzie's hands hanging lifeless before her as she sat on the edge of the bed.

"Oh, my dear!"

Lizzie drew a great shuddering breath. "Why can't you come home with me, dearie, and make me a visit instead of my making you one? You always used to say you didn't like the country, but perhaps—"

"Oh, I hate the city now, Aunt Dorcas. I hate it. Let me tell you, then perhaps you won't me. I'm not a good—I'm bad—a bad woman. Oh, no! not in some ways, but I haven't been to church for years; and I only get seven dollars a

week for me and Priscilla to live on, and now they have a slack season and they've turned me off, and I haven't got anything else; and the woman that keeps this house says she'll turn me out—she was talking outside the door to-night; she says she'll keep my trunk and—oh, Aunt Dorcas!"—the whispering voice shivered and stopped.

"There, dearie, dearie, never mind. you come right home with me. I've got the money and we could do some dress-making. Miss Spiggins is going to get married!"

"Wait, wait, Aunt Dorcas, till I tell you the worst of all. To-night I was going to unlock that door and take your money myself and say in the morning somebody must have broken in and stolen, and I—I—Oh, Mother, Mother!"

Lizzie slipped from her place on the bed and buried her face in her hands, as she knelt before Dorcas.

A train burst by, a woman shrieked below, but Dorcas heard only Lizzie's longdrawn breaths.

Suddenly Lizzie rose. "You needn't be afraid any more, Aunt Dorcas, go to bed and sleep."

"Lizzie!" Dorcas bent forward: she caught at the girl and dragged her down before her. "Sit down a moment, dear, sit down. You're going home with me, you're going home. I've thought it all out. The house is so still, there's plenty of room. And it's so quiet there and so easy to be good."

Lizzie dropped on her knees beside Dorcas and hid her face in the white, lavender scented nightgown.

"Do you forgive me, dear. I never did anything like it before, never. But I was tired and hungry—I haven't had anything but a sandwich since yesterday noon, and if we were put out on the street—You will forgive me?"

"But, dearie, what I have is yours. Why didn't you asked me?"

"Oh, I was afraid of you. You didn't say much: I didn't know you; and then, I wanted to appear well, not to have the folks know at Hopetown, and I was afraid you might tell—Oh, I don't know I don't know why I was so crazy! I guess it just made me wild to see that money there. Oh, Aunt Dorcas—let me cry—don't anybody come—just let me cry."

And half the night she knelt by Dorcas's knee, sobbing and laughing in turn. When the dawn crept up over the fluttering clotheslines she was quiet again and ready to help Dorcas in the plans for a new day.

Again it was prayer meeting night at Hopetown. Again the apple blossoms drifted petals and perfume across the fields at Hopetown. Again Dorcas Wheaton's voice rose in the little church.

"I just want to say that the Lord wonderfully preserved and led me. I want to thank him for his goodness." She paused a moment. "Will Brother Wellman please start, 'He Leadeth Me.'"

The words floated out through the open windows, past the apple orchards to the small white house where a woman sat by the bedside of a little child.

"THE true mode of life is to live more beautifully than the occasions and circumstances of the situation in which you are naturally tend to make you live. You are to create, out of yourself, a beauty of conduct which your surroundings do not inspire."

Every effort is being made to make army life as attractive as possible in order to get the most desirable class of recruits.

Miss Laura Grove, of Philadelphia, who is only 16 years of age, has just returned from a hunting trip in the vicinity of Hudson Bay, where she bagged several wild animals, the skins of which she is now proudly showing to her friends.