

Big Show At

WOODSTOCK THURSDAY, JULY 23rd.

Robinson's Famous Shows, an exhibition famous on both sides of the Atlantic, will give two grand and complete performances at Woodstock on the above date. Robinson's Famous Shows pride themselves upon having the finest, most expensively equipped traveling exhibition in the world, with finer special trains of cars, finer horses, cages, wagons, costumes and accessories, etc. Also cream of the circus profession in the way of riders, acrobats, aerialists, etc. Added to this is a grand educational zoological exhibit, containing a great collection of rare wild animals from every known region of the earth. Among the special attractions are Robinson's great herd of performing elephants: White Cloud, the \$25,000 educated Arabian stallion; Major Littlefinger and wife, smallest adult human beings living; a troupe of royal Japanese; the Aztec Marimba Band, and hundreds of others.

Two performances will be given, at 2 and 8 p. m. Grand free street parade in the morning.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Monday Nights Fire In Fredericton

Fredericton, July 13.—Fire broke out tonight in the jobbing department of the Gleaner and spread to adjoining buildings. Before it could be got under control, damage to the extent of between \$15,000 and \$20,000 was done.

The building, which suffered considerable damage, is owned by H. G. Kit chen. Two adjoining buildings belonging to the Sharkey estate, and one owned by Charles Whelpley, also suffered damage, while a coal shed at the rear, belonging to S. L. Morrison, was totally destroyed.

Damage was done to the stock of Lawlor & Kane in the Sharkey building and C. H. Thomas & Co. in the Whelpley building are also losers. Insurance is held on about three quarters of the amount.

Annual Meeting Of White Plague Fighters

Halifax, July 13.—Strong pleas for Federal government aid in the campaign against tuberculosis and the unanimous expression of opinion that the welfare of the children was the most important phase of the anti tuberculosis warfare, were the features of today's sessions of the fourteenth annual convention of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, which opened this morning at the Technical College.

HYOMEI

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Main.

THE SEALED BOOK

(By Evelyn Orchard, in the "British Weekly.")

Nobody paid much heed to the slight figure of an elderly woman in black occupying the minister's pew at the Bates Memorial Church on a certain Sunday morning in September. If they had noticed her they would probably not have associated her with him, because there did not seem to the casual eye to be the smallest point of resemblance between them.

Yet she was his mother. The Rev. Hugo Draper (christened plain Hugh at the baptismal font, and so called by his mother and all his relations) was such a very handsome, distinguished-looking person that one naturally might have looked for a more striking personality in his mother.

But the person who dismissed Mrs. Draper with a casual glance as a woman of no importance would merely have made one of those frequent mistakes which color all our relations with one another.

This was Mrs. Draper's first visit to her son in his London home. The Bates Memorial Church, a very handsome building, stood at the junction of three wide thoroughfares in a rapidly advancing London suburb, which, for convenience, we may call Crayford Heath. It had been built by Mr. Frederick Bates, the head of a large firm of wholesale grocers and Italian merchants, in memory of his father, who had founded the firm, and who had likewise been the pioneer of Church life in Crayford Heath, where he had owned much land and built quantities of suburban houses, which returned a profit very nearly as handsome as the wholesale groceries.

It is certain that old John Bates would never have countenanced the much-decorated church which bore his name. He would have loathed the painted windows in the chancel down to the very wording.

"To the glory of God and the memory of John Bates," with a due record of his benefactions to the neighborhood.

Hugh Draper was its first minister, and he had come fresh from a brilliant career at College, because the Bates, as a family, believed in the young man, and wanted something attractive as a figurehead for their beautiful church. He had now been three years its minister, and his mother had come from her remote Northumbrian village to visit him for the first time.

The church was well filled with a highly-respectable and richly dressed congregation, or whom the majority were women. Mrs. Draper's keen old eye missed nothing; she carried away with her from the Bates Memorial Church that Sunday morning a photographic memory as faithful and complete as a cinematograph film. She did not wait for her son to come out of the vestry, and he had felt no great eagerness to urge her to remain for the purpose of being introduced to his office-bearers.

It would be quite wrong to say that he was ashamed of his mother, because he loved her dearly, and sent her each month a very substantial portion of his stipend. Had he been cornered regarding his odd reluctance to bring her forward, he might, with perfect truth have

pleaded that she did not fit the picture, and that she would probably have been rendered thoroughly uncomfortable by being introduced to a lot of stylish people, whose names she would never get right, and with whose ways and habits of thought she was not familiar. It may be said here that she had come to Crayford Heath without specific invitation, and she had given no reason as yet for a step so unusual. But she was marshalling her evidence, and Draper heard it that night as they sat together in the study after they had discussed together their evening meal. Without her bonnet and cloak, Mrs. Draper looked more undistinguished and even quite plain. Her frock, and creation of the village dressmaker, hung loosely on her body, and was very voluminous as to skirt. Then she had no idea of softening or rendering her iron-grey hair more becoming. It was brushed plainly back, and screwed into a knot behind, so that her features showed rather harshly, especially in silhouette. But nothing could mar the beauty of her eyes, or the sweetness of her smile.

Draper, with his feet thrust in his slippers, his old jacket on, suddenly thought how pleasant it was to see her there, and prepared to enjoy a good talk with her. She had only arrived, the night before, and he had had as yet no opportunity for much private speech.

"You don't look a day older, mother," he said, pleasantly. "How old are you, really?"

"Sixty-seven," she answered; "and I was thirty-seven on the day you were born. I took you as a gift from the Lord, and dedicated you to His service there and then."

Draper slightly winced, and thrust his long, slender hand through his abundant hair, which he wore rather long, and which was much admired by the feminine portion of the congregation.

"Sometimes I wish you hadn't," he said, with a slight humorous smile. "It's a narrow life for a man, the Church, especially in these days of the decline of religious life."

"Where is the decline?" she asked, sitting up rather straightly, and crossing her small, toil-worn hands on her knee.

"Why, everywhere. I haven't much reason to complain, because, as you saw my place is full. Weren't you pleased with the congregations, mother?"

"I didn't look much at them; mostly women, weren't they?"

"Go into any church you like, and you'll find that. It is nothing new. Women have always been the backbone of the Church."

"That shouldn't be. I don't deny that women need religion more, that it means more to them in their everyday life than to men; but no church can live unless it has it upheld by the strength and sacrifice of men. Can you imagine Ebenezer Chapel without your father, Hugh?"

"In the country it is different," said Draper, rather evasively. "Church or chapel represents all the social life there is. If you lived here you would get to under-



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stand the distractions which wear people away from the church, and would realize that I was achieved a sort of triumph, in a way. I can always fill the church."

"It isn't the meat you give them there, then, son? You had not a word to-day for a needy or hungry soul."

Draper reddened, ever so slightly. He was unused to criticism, the prevailing notes of his congregation being reverence and appreciation.

"Oh! come, mother, what did you expect—something in the way of a revival address, perhaps? That sort of thing would hardly go down in the Bates Memorial. If I were to try it I should come a cropper, and no mistake. They are all intellectual people and want very little guiding or teaching from me."

The little old country woman regarded her son's face with an odd mingling of affection and concern.

"Then it is time you went to them that do need you, Hugh," was all she said.

"What did you think of my sermons to-day, mother? Tell me quite frankly."

"I did not hear any sermons," she answered, without flinching. "In the morning all you had to say about the Inspiration of the Psalms seemed to me to have neither beginning, middle, nor end."

"If that is what you think of my exhaustive study of David, it is hardly to be expected that you would be able to follow me at night on the Ethical Teaching of Robert Browning. But you could see for yourself how many young folks were in the church, and that they were interested. More than the half of them were taking notes."

"It's a new-fangled kind of preaching I don't understand, Hugh and it has nothing to do with the teaching of Jesus, as far as I can see. What ails the Sermon on the Mount?"

"It's out of date, mother. We've travelled a far distance since then."

"On the backward road," she retorted, swiftly and fearlessly, for though she might be socially and intellectually unfit for contact with the cultured congregations of the Bates Memorial Church, she was spiritually continents ahead of them.

"Folk are just the same as they were in the Lord's time; Jew or Gentile, they're all needing the living Bread. When I think on your father, Hugh, my heart is in my mouth. He was only a stonemason, but he was the best stonemason in Heaton Airedale, and it is better any day to be a good stonemason than a bad minister."

"They don't count me as a bad minister, mother," said Draper, with patient good humor.

"But you are, for, unless you preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, you are betraying the Master, just as Peter did before the cock crew. I'll be going to my bed, Hugh, I think, for the day has seemed long, and has tired me more than is common."

"Sit still awhile, mother, and let's thresh the thing out. What you don't understand in my position here. The Bates are not Evangelicals. They would not suffer the kind of preaching you are thinking of. I'm not denying it's the best sort, but in these days one has to cut one's coat according to one's cloth."

Then the small old country woman's anger blazed forth.

"Did Paul and Silas measure the cloth or count the cost before they went to the goal for conscience' sake? Out on you, Hugh; ye are not worthy of your godly father. I was reading in my Bible this afternoon while you were out, and I had a very good mind to come down and show you the prophet's words for your undoing."

"Which of them?" asked Draper, interestedly.

Concluded on page 7

Apple Orchards Are Sure Money!

But we must plant the native grown trees. I have a few trees, all the hardy, reliable varieties, 3 to 5 years old—must positively clear out in May, the last chance to get them. Send list of what you want. POTATO MEN! Arsenate of Lead is cheaper than Paris Green. Does not wash off. Does not burn the plant. I am agent for the famous Grasselli Arsenate of Lead, and Grasselli Bordeaux Mixture.



Write for facts and prices!

TAPPAN ADNEY, Upper Woodstock