

Kills the Bugs Feeds the Plant



Pat. in Canada Nov. 2, 1897,
and Jan. 25, 1900.

NON-POISONOUS. PREVENTS BLIGHT.

Bug Death Kills Potato, Squash, Currant and Tomato Worms; and all bugs and worms that destroy the leaves of Plants.

Bug Death keeps the plant green and growing. It produces a large crop and better quality.

Bug Death is in the form of a powder which can be sifted or shaken on to the plants, or it can be mixed with water and put on with a spray.

Bug Death is sold in one, three, five and twelve and one-half pound packages.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

BUG DEATH CHEMICAL CO.
Sole Proprietors for Canada,
St. Stephen, N. B., Canada.

DUKE OF YORK'S CIGARS.

A VALUABLE LOT SUNK WITH THE
STEAMER LUSITANIA.

Fathoms deep in the hull of the wrecked steamer Lusitania, now battered to pieces on the rocks near Renew, on the east coast of Newfoundland, are 10,000 high-class cigars intended for the use of the Duke of Cornwall and his suite during his trip through Canada. They were being forwarded to the Citadel at Quebec, there to be kept until the Ophir, with the Royal party on board, arrives there. The cigars were enclosed in hermetically sealed cases, and, to prevent the possibility of the cases being tampered with, they were stowed carefully away in the stern hold of the ship, where they could not be easily got at. Hence it is that they have been lying there for nearly seven weeks, although the divers have been making strenuous and unceasing efforts to secure them, because there was a large salvage involved, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case. All the local speculators are keen after them, thinking they can be disposed of at high rates either to the purveyors for the Royal trip or to outside dealers, who think they can make quite a speculation by selling the cigars as mementoes of the Ducal journey. The Canadian notables would evidently have been well treated in the matter of "smokes" if this stock reached Quebec, and the order has doubtless been duplicated ere this. Ten thousand cigars for a thirty-day trip means more than 300 a day, and this was probably not the only shipment that was made.

Poetry.

A LESSON FROM A BROOK.

For the SENTINEL.

As I sat by a running brooklet
In that never ceasing flow?
And my musings, thus, did stray:
Oh, why art thou running brooklet
In that never ceasing flow?
Do you never grow tired or weary
As on the lone way you go?

Your pathway leads thro' the forest,
Over bushes, stones and logs,
Over rough ground, and hard places,
And many slimy bogs.

If your course lead more in the clearing,
Your existence would not be in vain,
For there you'd attract more attention
Than here, in this lonely lane.

Would you not prefer to be greater?
A river, or ocean, or such?
This lonely life you are leading,
It does not amount to much.

Here I paused, yet the waters continued
Their long and ceaseless flow,
And as I remained in silence,
It seemed to me as though

The brook my enquiries answered
In a sad, yet thrilling tone.
"You ask why I'm here in the forest
Pursuing my course alone?

If I do not wish to be greater
A larger and mightier thing,
That I might attract attention
That people my praises would sing?

Alas, no, for this is the mission
God gave me to fulfill,
And though I'm but small and unnoticed,
I'm doing my Master's will.

My way is oft darkened and lonely,
Off shaded by high banks and trees,
The rough gales and tempests are many,
Yet each trouble my Master sees.

And though I go on, without ceasing,
I never fear losing my way,
For God has it all laid before me,
That I may have no cause to stray.

So I trustfully go as I'm bidden,
And join the river, at last,
Yet, the waves, and the rough gales, and
Tempests,

Are greater than those I have past.
And from that I join the ocean
Where I ever continue to flow
Still on, in that grand ceaseless torrent
For God has commanded it so.

Thus I do as my Maker requests me
In my simple and trusting way,
And what I deserve for my service
He'll reward at the close of the day."

Ah, yes, my remarks were well answered,
And that answer went straight to my heart.
It pierced to my uttermost feelings
Like a well poised arrow's dart.

Could I not from this brook learn a lesson,
From the simple, true life it does lead,
From its trusting continuous patience
I'll surely do naught but take heed.

See how much to life it is likened;
By shadows it's often o'ercast,
It's flow is not all calm and peaceful,
Yet it simply does go on and trust.

Ah, surely I now will learn patience,
Like the brook, be content with my lot,
Overcoming the tempests and shadows
That darken our lives like a blot.

We often do wish to be greater,
As perhaps, God has planned that we will
If so, we must still trust and follow,
And He His blessed Word will fulfill.

We remember the words of the preacher
Who says that "with wisdom comes grief,
And he that increaseth his knowledge
Does also his sorrow increase."

So we now know that as we grow older
Our sorrow will come with the years,
But still we're to trust as we're bidden,
Dispelling all doubts and all fears.

Then do not forget our influence
The brook also teaches us this,
That, as we go on, it will widen
And extend unto all who exist.

In an illustration, we have it,
As the brook to the ocean does go
From the river, where there intermingled,
Its waters forever do flow.

Just so will extend our influence
From one to another 'till pass
Still on, be it good or for evil
It will speak for us while the world lasts.

And the sea, it gives one more idea,
It is this, that the infidels may
For ages preach their wicked doctrine
But God won't let them have sway.

O'er this beautiful world He created,
For He in His Word has said
"So far shall thou go and no farther"
When the seas first foundation He laid.

So to infidels now He repeats it,
And to all who His good work oppose,
For He who this world has created
Its great future destiny knows.

Again in the Book, He has promised
"My Word it shall not return void
But accomplish whereto I have sent it
For this saith the Word of the Lord."

We know that our great God is faithful
And that all His promises are sure,
So He shall be saved and rewarded,
That unto the end does endure.

Oakleaf.

A PILL A DAY

One of Person's
Pills every day
for a week will do
more to cure Bil-
iousness, Sick
Headache, and
Constipation, and
all Liver and
Bowel Complaints,
than a whole box of
irritating, drastic
pills or remedies.

Put up in glass
phials, boxed, etc.
J. S. JOHNSON & CO.
Boston, Mass.

tude for having looked after us this week in Tangier."

"The luck has been on my side," returned Grierson, with a laugh. "You see, I came over here from Gibraltar as a certain young person's society was exercising a depressing influence on me."

"Did she bore you?" asked Ardell. "The reverse. She has charmed me more than any other girl for a longer period than I like to think. The point is that her parents insist on her having nothing to do with me, which at least shows they are not wanting in good sound common sense."

Ardell laughed and gazed contemplatively on the surrounding stretch of country.

"I could put in another month here well, but I'm afraid it would hardly suit Celia," he said, with a nod toward the trim figure riding in front of them.

"Is she in a huge hurry to see England?" asked Grierson. He knew a little of his companion's history. He was a wealthy Australian sheep farmer who had lately sold his run and determined on a visit to England.

"Not so much that, but eagerness to meet the man."

The novelist opened his eyes. "Oh, is she in love too?" he said, with a sigh.

"Yes; I had a young Englishman on the farm as manager. He was with us about five years, a decent sort of fellow, a gentleman by birth. You meet a good many of that sort up and down the runs in the bush," said Ardell. "Eventually he fell in love with Celia and asked my consent. I liked the chap and gave it. Then one day there came a letter telling him there had been a big snap in the family chain and that he had stepped into an estate and money in England."

"I know," nodded the novelist. "I've used him in a good many of my books. So he went, and you are following?" he added, with a smile.

"Yes; he said he would return and fetch Celia when things were settled up a bit. But shortly after he had gone I suddenly took it into my head that I had done about enough work for one man's life, so sold the farm and brought the girl away on this trip." Ardell laughed. "It'll be somewhat of a surprise to him. You see, there wasn't time to write, so he doesn't know we're coming."

Presently Grierson urged his mule into a gentle trot and succeeded in getting level with Celia.

"I thought I'd just like to congratulate you," he began.

A touch of color flew to the girl's cheeks, and her eyes glistened. She made a wonderfully pretty picture, he thought.

"Are you interested in love affairs?" she asked with a smile.

"My dear young lady, I've been vainly trying to invent a new one ever since I first began to write!" he exclaimed. Then his tone changed. "Now, please tell me all about him—is he as near perfection as a mere man can be?"

"I don't know about Archie being that," she answered, with a laugh, "but he is the man I love, and nothing else matters much, does it?"

"Absolutely nothing. But I wish your opinion was more universal," he added, with a sigh, as he thought of the young person in the party he had left at Gibraltar.

An idea seemed to strike him, for a quick light came into his eyes. "Does Archie?" he began, then paused. "By the way, I hardly like referring to him as Archie. It seems so horribly familiar. What is his other name?"

"Trevor—Archibald Errington Trevor," she said, with a laugh. "I've been trying to get alongside of you for five minutes!" cried Mr. Ardell's voice from behind. Do for goodness' sake, rein in your thoroughbred for a moment Celia!"

The girl, with a laugh, turned round to him and waited. Grierson rode on and kept a little ahead of the others for the rest of the way. His face was unusually grave, and he seemed buried in thought.

They reached the town, and, wishing to do some shopping, he separated from his companions. When at length he also arrived at the hotel, he caught sight of a tall, good looking young man standing in the hall. He was chatting to a girl at his side. Grierson gave a start, then hurried toward them.

"This is very absurd!" he exclaimed as he shook hands with the

girl. "I left you to go on to Seville and Madrid, not to follow me here."

Lady Constance laughed.

"We started, but father was so terribly anxious to get a glimpse of Morocco that at length we had to give in—so here we are."

She moved toward the staircase.

"Mother was a little upset with the crossing. I am just going to see how she is getting along; then I will return," she said, with a little smiling nod of farewell.

Grierson watched her disappear, turned to the young man and, linking his arm within his, drew him to an alcove in which there was a seat. "You know, it's really too bad of you to bother me in this way," he said reproachfully. But there's no alternative. I feel bound to tell you what an awful scoundrel I think you!"

His companion looked at him in wonder.

"What on earth has happened, Grierson?" he cried.

The novelist opened his mouth to speak, but paused as he caught sight of a light figure tripping down the staircase. He gripped the younger man's arm and nodded in her direction. The girl—it was Celia Ardell—crossed the hall some three yards in front of them and entered a drawing room without seeing them.

Trevor breathed heavily. He did not speak. His eyes were fastened on the door through which Celia had vanished.

"Sufficient explanation, eh?" said Grierson. "A month or so after you left the farm old Mr. Ardell sold out and decided to bring Celia to you. They halted for a week here, and that dearest of little girls is actually counting the hours that will bring her to the man who stole her love and who in return—"

Trevor winced.

"Yes," he broke in; "I've been an awful scoundrel. I hardly know how it happened. I left her feeling she was all the world to me. Then, the new life in England, with money, troops of new friends, new faces—I somehow seemed to forget, and"—

he paused—"I thought she might forget also!" he continued lamely.

"I know it was playing it horribly low down," he looked up at Grierson anxiously. "Do you think it will matter so very much to her?"

"Oh, no!" retorted the novelist airily. "She has only lavished on you every scrap of love she has to give, and finding you are not worth it will only break her heart. But that's a mere trifle and not worth considering. You will be able to marry Lady Constance and boast a wife with a title."

Young Trevor rose to his feet. He was very white.

"What do you think you will do?" continued the novelist. "You see, if you happen to have actually proposed to Lady Constance"—

"I haven't!" put in the other man shortly.

A slight gleam came into Grierson's eyes as he watched his companion.

Suddenly Trevor swung round on him.

"Going to play the man?" said the novelist quietly.

Trevor nodded and walked sharply toward the door of the room in which the girl was. Grierson came after him at a run and laid a hand on his sleeve.

"One moment, Archie!" he said rapidly. "Lady Constance—you thought her pretty, bright, intelligent. You had money, she a title. Head turned a little?" He paused.

"But it wasn't love, not love, Archie?"

Trevor looked at him for a moment, and a ghost of a smile trembled on his lip.

"No, not love," he said decidedly. Then he opened the door and strode in.

Grierson walked along the corridor to the billiard room in a thoughtful frame of mind. He glanced in and saw it was empty. A second or so afterward Lady Constance approached him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Come along in here! I want you to listen while I talk!"

"I have been doing that off and on for some years," she said, with a smile.

"Yes; but this time I shall be very interesting. I can't remember anything I've so wanted to tell you."

They seated themselves on a lounge.

"Are you ready?" he began.

She nodded.

"Very well; listen to this: Archie Trevor will never have the exquisite honor of becoming your husband!" he said, dramatically.

He was watching her narrowly. He saw a slight touch of color pass over her cheeks, but there was a smiling look in her eyes still. He was satisfied.

The bantering tone dropped from voice, and he told the story to her quietly. She listened intently and at the conclusion indicated the direction of the drawing room with a little excited gesture.

"And he is actually in there with her now?" she cried quickly.

GRAY



Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and I can heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence."

Mrs. G. L. ALDERSON,
April 24, 1899. Editor, Tex.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address,
Dr. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

"And she's just deliciously happy," he said, with a nod. He turned round to her. "Are you glad?"

"Yes," she answered softly. "Very glad he played the man."

"Grierson jumped up from his seat and stood in front of her. His face had lighted up again, and there was a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

"Don't you see?" he cried. Now that you cannot marry the man your parents picked for you, obviously the only thing you can do is to marry the man you would choose for yourself."

"But I haven't chosen," she protested.

"Ah, but you would if you dared!" he exclaimed. "Just forget you're a lady of title, forget the desirability of marrying a man of immense wealth, strike out a line for yourself and marry the man who has adored you for ten years. It will mean a bit of a tussle with the parents, but think how furious the fun will be."

She looked up at him doubtfully. "Yes; I'm serious in just one thing," he said, pleadingly.

Archie Trevor's voice was heard from the other end of the hall. Grierson!" he was crying. "I want you, old chap!"

The novelist turned excitedly to Lady Constance.

"There! You can tell from his voice that he's happy. Think of the embarrassment it would save you, tedious explanations, too," he raved on. "And, besides, I'm not really poor! My last book was so utterly bad that it ran into 20 editions, and dramatized versions are being played everywhere—packed houses in Scandinavia last week. I'm stupidly rich!"

"Come along!" cried Archie's voice impatiently.

"Can't!" Grierson called back, with his eyes on the girl sitting on the lounge.

Lady Constance slowly raised her head and met his imploring gaze. She was smiling, and the blood went tumbling through his veins.

"What's the matter?" The voice was coming nearer.

"I'm engaged," said the novelist laconically. "Mainly About People."

Vigorous Womanhood

Made Perfect by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food—A Common Sense Treatment which Does Exactly What is Claimed for it.

The happiness of every home depends very largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the little cares of every day life, and torn by pains and irregularities that are sure to accompany a rundown system, there can be no happiness in the home for husband and children.

Too many women are victims of nervous exhaustion, and do not know it. They suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia, nervous headache and sleeplessness, and drag themselves about the house feeling languid and tired out. You can be healthy and vigorous if you follow the advice of Dr. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author. He would not deceive you, and his treatment never disappoints. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is intended for just such cases as are here described. By supplying to the thin, watery blood and weak, exhausted nerves the very material of which nature constructs new nerve cells and new bodily tissue it gradually and certainly restores and revitalizes the weakened and debilitated nervous system, cures nervous headaches and dyspepsia, and permanently overcomes weakness and irregularities.

Get a box, all dealers, or Edmanston Bates & Co., Toronto.

He came, he saw, he bought, was satisfied, came back and bought again. That's our little story.

JEWETT'S JEWELRY STORE,

Jewett's Corner, - - Woodstock.

W. B. NICHOLSON, Merchant Tailor,

Cor. King and Main Sts.,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

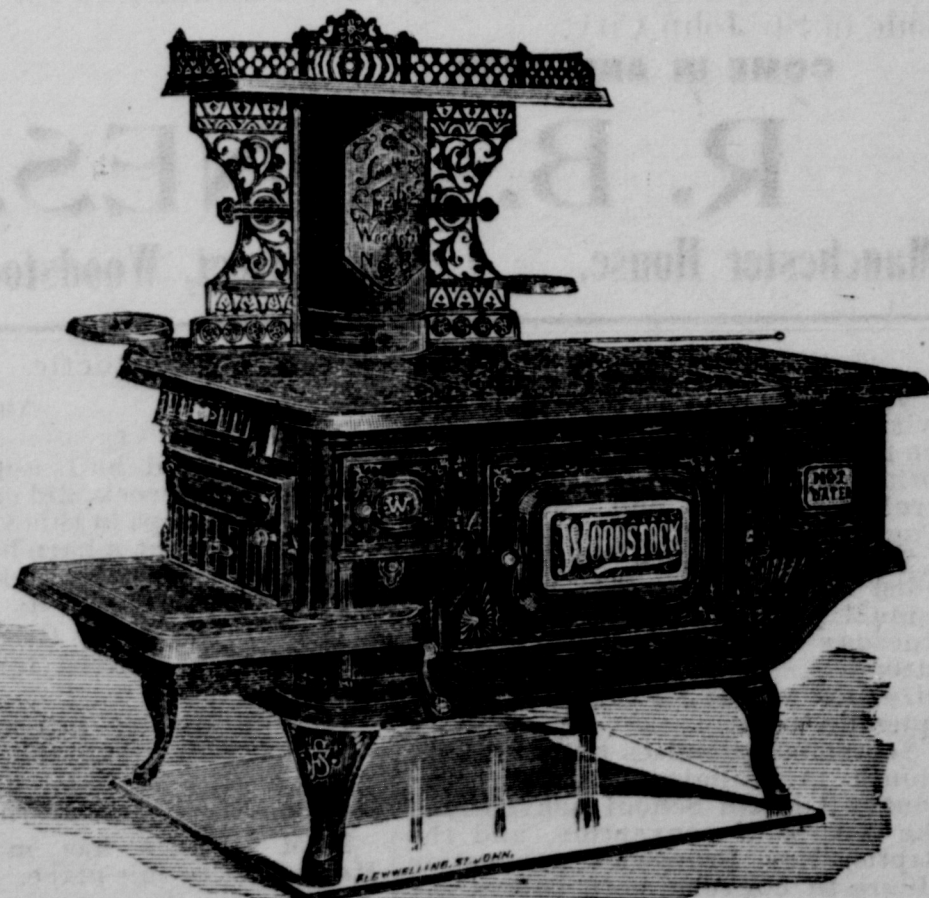
For pure blood, a bright eye, a clear complexion, a keen appetite, a good digestion and refreshing sleep, TAKE

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla

It arouses the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health.

Sixty-eight years trial have proved it to be, the most reliable BLOOD purifier known.

All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S"



UP-TO-DATE RANGE!

The above cut shows the very latest and UP-TO-DATE RANGE in the market. Made with or without Reservoir, or with or without High Shelf. Has a Towel Rail and Teapot Swing.

Small & Fisher Company, L^{td}

Literature.

THE NOVELIST AND AN EPISODE.

It was a perfect spring afternoon, and a little party of three, mounted on mules, were plodding along the track that leads from Cape Spartel to Tangier.

Grierson, the novelist, allowed the reins to drop round his animal's neck and proceeded to roll a cigarette. By his side rode an upright, elderly man with close cropped hair and a keen face, and the third member of the party, a young girl of about 20, was some 50 yards ahead.

"It has been a first class sort of day," observed the elder man. "Celia and I owe you a debt of grati-