

THE FEAR OF MICROBES.

The International Dental Journal of current issue prints an article by Dr. Justin De Lisle of New York, in protest against the microbiphobia that has taken hold of the general public, and to an extent affects the medical profession as well. It is not, of course, his purpose to decry the employment of the utmost care against infection in surgical, dental, and medical work; but he does insist that aseptic precautions are often being carried to such extremes as to expose the operator and patient to greater danger than ever, and that the popular fear of the microbes which bacteriology is daily discovering has long since reached the silly stage.

The fright of some people over these invisible agencies of disease, which they have learned to be all about them, extends to the precaution of drinking only water that has been boiled, or milk that has been sterilized. No food is eaten that has not been cooked enough to kill a microbe of a hundred lives, and no air is breathed that has come from the vicinity of an invalid—partial asphyxia will be suffered first. And so the victim of microbiphobia goes worrying along through a life which he has made for himself a problem of bare endurance in the midst of as many invisible terrors as there are different kinds of bacteria floating about within, upon, and about the human body.

These dangers, it is now coming to be understood, are more imaginary than real. In the first place, we are told, out of some 700 varieties of bacteria which infect animal and vegetable life, only 41 have yet been found which infect animals, and only 31 which are capable of infecting man. These are enemies certainly worth attention, but against them nature has provided an impenetrable armor in the epithelial layer of the skin and the mucous membrane, and as long as these are unbroken and intact, no microbe can obtain a position in the human body which will admit of vital operations. Moreover, it has been found by experiment that an otherwise sterile condition of the body in relation to bacteria is well nigh, if not fatal to life. The instance is given of two guinea pigs that were removed from the mother in a way to prevent all contact with bacteria. One was then nourished on aseptic food and air, and confined to a sterilized cage. It died in 13 days. The other was given the life of an ordinary pig—or human being, for that matter—and it lived to maturity, well, as it were, inside and out in the swarms of animalcules which infect the body and its physical environment. Thus does it appear that bacteria, in normal mixture of varieties, are rather essential than fatal to life; and so doubtless in all cases nature has provided the antidote in kind for every scourge upon animal and vegetable life. There is sometimes, therefore, the danger of carrying the artificial suppression of a pest to the point of destroying the natural and only effective means of suppression, or of giving free rein to a worse pest.—*Springfield Republican*.

Mid Ocean Telegraph Station.

A scheme is on foot in Liverpool which, it is claimed by the English shipping journals, will soon be in commercial operation for utilizing wireless telegraphy in a mid-ocean post office and signal station. It is the intention to permanently moor at a point 110 miles west of the Lizard a ship which will be equipped with a search-light and a complete set of Marconi apparatus. As the water at the point selected will involve the use of a mooring chain 400 or 500 feet in length, the weight of which would prevent the bows from riding buoyantly over the heavy seas, the vessel will be provided with a hawse-pipe placed in the keel of the foremast. The search-light is to have a vertical beam for the purpose of illuminating the clouds and enabling the floating post office to be picked up at night from a distance of sixty miles or more. As the vessel will be located in the fair way of the English Channel, it will be advantageously placed for the distribution of orders sent from shore by the owners to vessels which are passing in or out of the Channel. Thus a ship coming in from the west or from the south could be directed as soon as it picked up the station, to proceed either to Liverpool, Bristol or an English channel port. By this means pilotage and port dues would be reduced, and, of course, there would be a considerable saving of time. The vessel will serve as a floating station, which can be approached in any state of the weather, and picked up for wireless communication. The value of this form of post office is expected to be very great. Moreover, lying at the junction of the three great thoroughfares of British and continental marine traffic, the station should prove particularly valuable to salvage work. The scheme on the face of it appears to be thoroughly practicable, and if carried out it should prove to be of considerable service in the maritime world.

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, an indigestible belching.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. NUGENT, Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

THE CALL FOR MEN.

(From The Gazette, Montreal, Sept. 2nd, 1902.)

The Canadian West is just now a laborers' paradise. It is not a case of a man looking for work, but of work looking for the man.

The labor problem was, perhaps, never so hard to solve in the west as it is at present. Advances from Winnipeg state that employment offices are besieged with applications for help. The employment agents say they are not able to fill one half of the applications made for laborers, and wages have gone up in consequence. The fronts of every employment office are covered with announcements of "Help wanted" in many lines. Men are needed on the railways, in the coal mines of the west, as cooks in camps, and in some trades. An announcement to-day offered 35 cents per hour for carpenters "until freeze up." Free passes are invariably offered men who wish to go out of the city and still the demand cannot be filled.

An employment agent who sends out hundreds of men every week, says: "We are at our wit's end to get men to fill jobs in here now. We have received no relief from the large number of eastern laborers who have arrived here, as they have nearly all gone to the harvest fields, where they believe they can secure more money. We can supply work to hundreds of men right through the winter, but we can't get them just now. Wages will take another jump soon, as we must have men."

Although there is such a big demand for men, there are quite a number lying around idle. They represented a certain class of "harvesters" that came up on the excursions, and it is safe to predict that if the farmers of the west depended upon them to gather in the record crops, the output this year would be very small. These men wore in some instances patent leather shoes and very tight trousers. Others had the "white wings" shoes, stiff hats and very high collars. A local provincial agent when asked what the natty looking harvesters were going to do, said: "They apparently don't know themselves. Some of them modestly ask for \$50 per month and board, and they have never been in a harvest field. I would not be surprised if some of them made a stipulation for 9 o'clock breakfast, separate rooms and feather beds. Fortunately the proportion of this class of laborers that came out from the east is very small. The men who wanted to work and who knew what working in the harvest fields meant, have all been placed, and we need more of them."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

FOR WEAK, SICKLY AND FRETFUL CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.

If the children's digestive organs are all right, the children are all right. They will be hearty, rosy, happy—and hungry. Get the little ones right, and keep them right by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine cures all stomach and bowel troubles, nervousness, irritability, while teething, etc. These Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous drugs and mothers who try them once will not be without them while they have little ones. Mrs. D. E. Badgley, Woodmore, Man., says: "When our little girl was about six months old she caught a bad cold, and was much troubled with indigestion and constipation, and very restless both day and night. One of my neighbors brought me some Baby's Own Tablets and in a few days my little one was regular in her bowels and rested well. I found the Tablets so satisfactory that I now always keep them in the house and have since found them valuable when she was teething. I can truly recommend them for the little ones."

Children take these Tablets readily and crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the smallest infant. The Tablets can be obtained at all drug stores, or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

The British press is strongly condemning the 82½-mile race from Brussels to Ostend, in which three horses fell dead and several sank down from exhaustion.

A natural soap mine has been discovered in British Columbia and the material is being taken out by the ton. The soap consists largely of the active principle of borax.

The Skunk Flourishing Now.

(Bangor News.)

Bangor people do not need to consult books on bird and plant life at present to become aware that the skunk is flourishing and growing fat and numerous within the limits of the municipality.

Losers are generally bashful about telling of personal encounters with the loud members of the cat family. But occasionally a bright little story will leak out. Names are generally eliminated through proper respect for six-shooters and ten-sided cudgels.

A west side citizen, near sighted and fat, has just held the last sad rites over a new suit of clothes and other articles, has incurred the enmity of his family and is at present boarding. He has a son, luckily, who has a proper sense of humor and a passion for circulating good stories. So the neighborhood has been put on the inside.

This man was walking home a few nights ago, late. The air was crisp, the stars glittered above him, business was prosperous, his health was good and he felt altogether at peace with the world. He saw a little black and white kitten in the road. He had a liking for cats in general and for stray kittens in particular, so he stopped. That is where he lost. "Come, kitty, come," he crooned. "Kitty, here." No response, and he started for the road.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, here, come here!" he called.

Then he thought that he was a survivor of Mt. Pelee. His poor tired head wandered and he clutched at his collar to free his throat from the terrible gases that swept down from the crater. The stars swam above him.

His wife came down to let him in. She didn't know. Very soon she did however. The unhappy husband disrobed himself on the lawn and went to the bath room by a ladder. He bathed once, and twice, and continued the operation. He thought he was still a survivor of Mt. Pelee, but his wife informed him in firm tones through the key hole that he wasn't.

Then he comprehended and sneaked to a cot in the lumber room for the night.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for hemorrhoids, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. Send 10 cents in the daily press and ask your neighbor what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Get a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

THE SHAWL FAD.

Women have been taught that the snug little Eton was the thing. They have been educated into thinking the bolero the best medium for showing off the shape. In the little Blazer and cutaway, the Norfolk and the box coat they have seen style and comfort.

Now it is the shawl. Away with the Eton, the blazer, the bolero, the Norfolk and the box coat. Away with jackets of all kinds. The shawl is the thing.

Now that the shawl has been accepted as an article of summer wear the girl of August is reconciled to the fact that she will look very much like her grandmother.

There are shawls of all kinds—crepe shawls striped with satin, silk shawls embroidered with satin threads, cashmere shawls with great designs applied upon them, and shawls of knitted silks and wool. These are only a few of the many varieties of shawls offered for the inspection and choice of a girl who goes forth to buy.

In the shawl revival it has been discovered that drapery makes a woman look slender by lengthening her lines.

It has been decided also that the shawl makes her more graceful by enveloping her in a cloud instead of outlining her sharply.

BURIED IN WINDING SHEET.

Society in the Oranges is discussing with much interest the peculiar manner of burial adopted at the interment of Miss Mary Redmond Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Martin, whose handsome Italian villa, Blythlet, in Mountain avenue, Llewellyn Park, is one of the show places of that beautiful residence suburb. Miss Martin was buried without her body being placed in a coffin, and it is this unusual and unexplained feature of the interment which is causing so much discussion among the people of the Oranges.

The burial took place in the family plot, in Rosedale cemetery, where the body of the young woman was removed from the coffin in which it was brought from Appledore, Isle of Shoals, N. H., where she died Aug. 13, and was buried in nothing but a winding sheet. No reason was given at the home of the parents of the deceased.

Mrs. Martin, when asked about the disregard of the customary formality, replied that it was a matter

which concerned only the family and of which she did not care to talk. Miss Martin was about twenty years of age at the time of her death. The family is well known.

Mr. Martin is a broker, in business in New York. Several years ago the health of Miss Martin began to fail, and early this summer she was taken to the Martin summer house at Appledore, but despite the change, her health continued to decline. The funeral was private, the only persons at the cemetery, aside from the members of the family, being the grave diggers. At the undertaker's office, yesterday, no one would give any information concerning the burial of Miss Martin. The fact that the coffin was there was not denied. —*New York Herald*.

RESUSCITATION.

A very remarkable case of resuscitation after a long interval under water was recently reported to Mr. Kimball, superintendent of the Life Saving Service, by Captain Ludham, of the Angelsea, N. J., Life Saving Station. The subject, a young boy named Stanley S. Holmes, was thrown into the sea by the capsizing of a boat, and it was fully twenty-five minutes before he was recovered by the life saving crew.

There was no perceptible breathing. The boy's jaw were clinched and had to be opened by force.

The usual method of the service to restore respiration were employed, hot water bags and other devices being used. It was forty-five minutes before a sign of life was apparent. Then there was a slight gasp. Artificial respiration was kept up for an hour and a half. Smelling salts, which are not usually included in emergency remedies, were resorted to, and after four hours' work the child regained consciousness.

The boy's father, Margaret Mace, a medical student and Mary J. Hock, a trained nurse, send affidavits that the child was under water no less than twenty-five minutes.

Captain Kimball says that the case was the most remarkable in the history of the service, as he knows of no record where life had been restored where a person had been more than fifteen minutes in the water. This is very important as indicating the possibilities of skillful work in apparently hopeless cases of drowning.—*Automobile and Motor Review*.

MRS. MARSTEN'S CASE.

Before Chief Justice Tuck, at St. John, the other day, in the case of Mrs. Marsten, who is in custody charged with the murder of her husband, George Marsten of Meductic, on application of L. A. Currey, K. C., and J. C. Hartley on behalf of the prisoner, his honor granted an order allowing her to go out on bail on giving security to the amount of \$4000, with two sureties in the sum of \$2000 each to the satisfaction of John L. Marsh, police magistrate of Fredericton, and the attorney general. It is not yet known who the bondsmen will be.—*Herald*.

A new life-saving apparatus, weighing 1½ ounces, has been invented by Herr de Irsa, a Hamburg engineer. It is the shape and size of an ordinary pocket-book. The action of the water causes a small cartridge to explode, generating sufficient gas to enable the apparatus to sustain 200 pounds for three days.

Progressive Canada estimates that "the population capacity of Canada cannot be less than 100,000,000." There are 1,300,000 square miles of arable land.

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BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

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A lot of SUMMER OVERCOATS, in Greys and Mixed Whip Cords—\$6.50, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$12.00.

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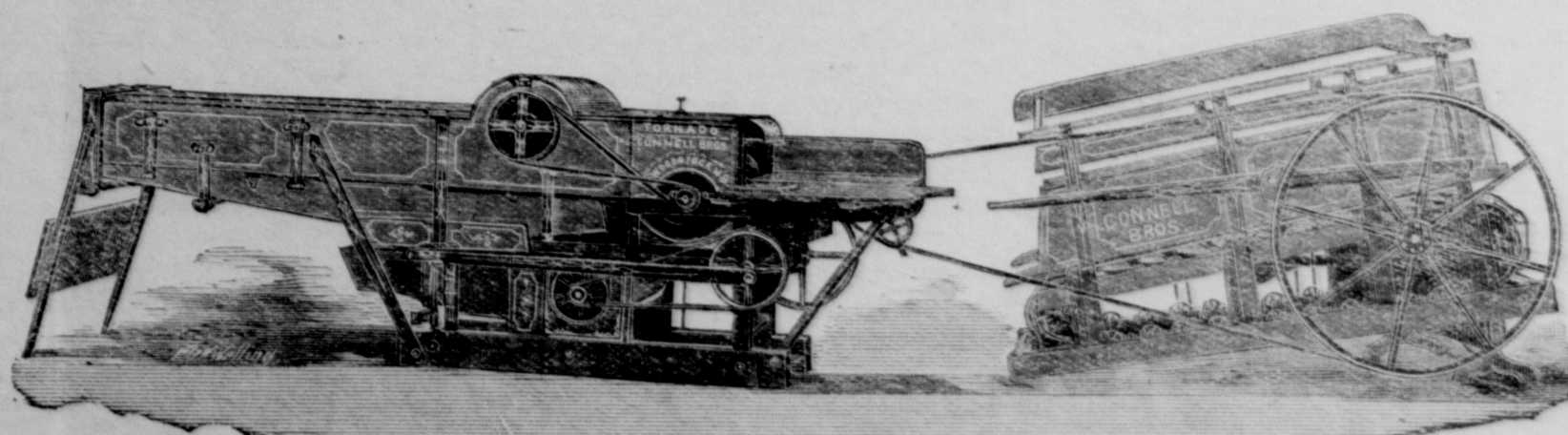
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