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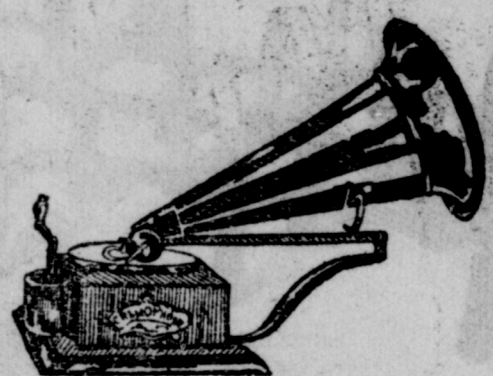
—But the one thing we emphasize is their **Wearing Qualities.**

"Granby Rubbers wear like iron"

The Musician's Choice

Lovers of music who have hitherto scorned talking-machines because of their wheezy, Punch-and-Judy sound, have given Berliner Gram-o-phone a place of honor in their homes. This is because of its absolute perfection in sound reproduction—clear, true and distinct.

The
Berliner
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is made in Canada, so are the records, you don't have to pay duty on them. It is guaranteed for five years and we are here to look after that guarantee. Prices \$15 to \$45. Can be bought on the instalment plan, \$1.00 cash and \$2.00 per month for 8 months. Write for catalogue and particulars of easy payment plan.

E. BERLINER, 2315 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL.
EMANUEL BLOUT, General Manager for Canada.

JOHN H. LEE, Boston Department Store, Agent at Woodstock.

RAMSAYS

Right Paint—easy to put on, beautifies and protects.
Wrong Paint—easy to wear off, never looks right.
Our name is on right paint only.

Write us for booklet telling how some beautiful homes have been painted with Ramsay's Paints—mention this paper.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint makers, MONTREAL. Estd. 1847.

PAINTS

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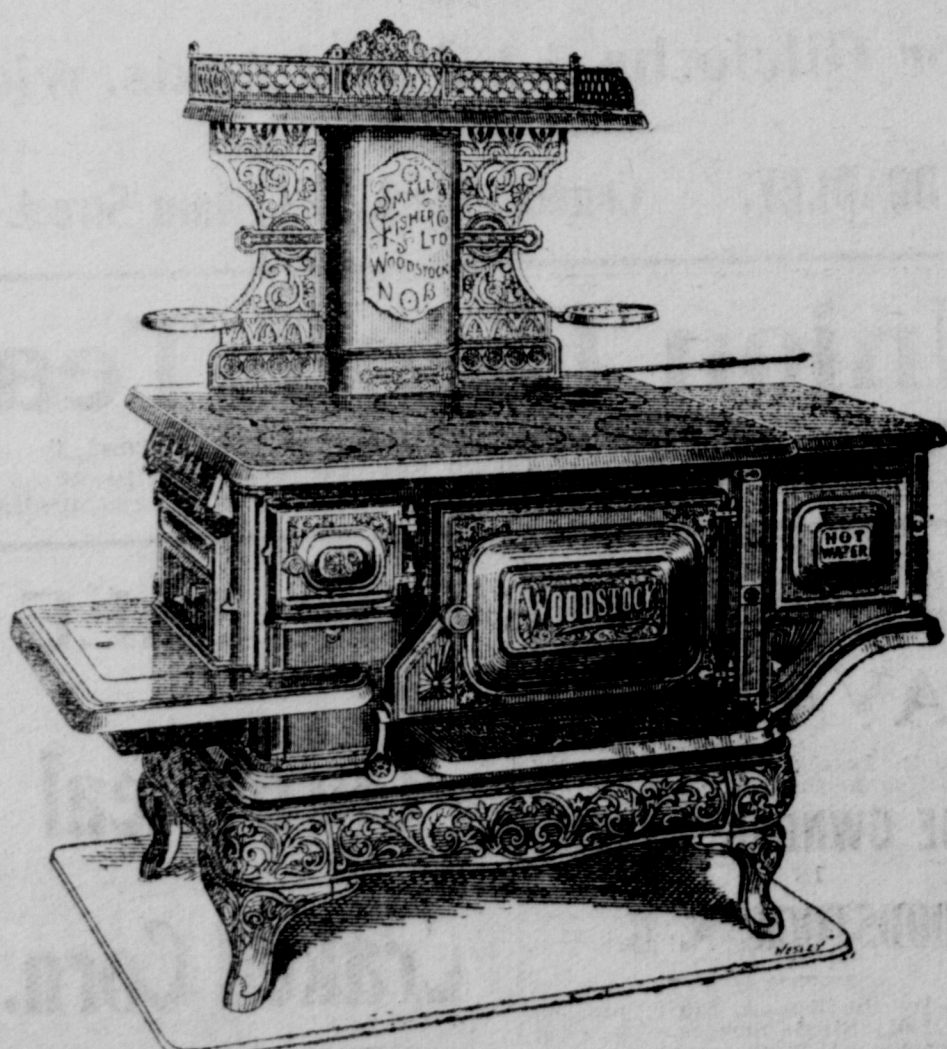
In summer the continuous coil takes up the slack.
In the winter season pays it back.

Page Woven Wire Fence

All fences slacken in warm weather and tighten in cold—except the Page Fence. Page spring coil takes up the slack in summer and lets it out in winter. No loose sagging in summer, no straining or breaking in winter. Page wire is tempered to regulate its own tension summer and winter. 60,000 miles of Page wire fence in use now.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. Montreal, P.Q. and St. John, N.B.

THE CELEBRATED WOODSTOCK RANGE,



With or without a complete outfit, including Wash Boiler, &c. \$25.00 to \$39.00.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

Small & Fisher Co. L'td.

Literature.

The Old Hillacre Homestead.

'Why, its rediklis,' declared Aunt Melinda Mellen.

'Perfectly owdacious,' agreed Uncle Simeon.

'Does the gal expect to live on grass an' yarks like the cow-brutes?' grumbled Cousin Gideon.

'She better of took the five hundred dollars Squire Stafford offered her,' said Uncle Simeon, sagely. 'It's mor'n the old place is wuth, half rocks and the rest growed up with mullen stalks an' hoarhoun' an' wild comomile.'

'An' five hundred dollars would of sot her an' Steve Kimble up real nice,' pursued Aunt Melinda, briskly stirring away at a huge kettle of soft soap.

And so the chorus went on among the Mellen and Hillacre relations, far and near, and all because Mollie Hillacre, self-willed girl, refused to part with the old homestead and its twenty acres of sterile soil, which had become hers on the death of Grandpa Hillacre some few months previous.

Among all the clan there was no one to take Mollie's side of the question but old Uncle Dabney Mellen, who occupied the adjoining farm.

'Mollie ain't nobody's fool, I kin tell ye,' he would say, nodding his head wisely. 'An' ef she hangs onto the old homestead she'll make it pay one way or another, or my name ain't Dabney Mellen.'

But the other relatives only shook their heads forebodingly and declared that 'a wilful woman must have her own way,' and they washed their hands of her entirely.

'As she makes her bed, so she must lay in it,' declared Uncle Simeon, tritely. 'An' if she comes to grief she needn't spect us to help her out.'

'Of course not,' echoed the rest.

But still Mollie persisted in 'taking her own head' in spite of their predictions and prognostications.

Even Steve Kimble, Mollie's affianced lover, sided against her. He was a distant cousin on the Mellen side.

'What could we ever do here,' Mollie? he argued. 'I couldn't make a livin' on this old, worn out ground! Tain't fit fur nothin' but black eyed peas. Why, it wouldn't grow a bushel o' wheat to the acre! An' look at the old sheep pasture'. They ain't scarcely a blade o' grass on it all summer. But if we had the five hundred dollars I could set up a store at the cross roads, an' we'd soon be gettin' rich.'

'But I love the old place, Steve,' persisted Mollie. 'I was born here, you know, and—'

'Shu-k! what if you was,' interrupted Steve, impatiently. 'Well, you kin have your choice, Mollie. If you think more o' the ole place than you do o' me, why, keep it. But you can't have both, that's all.'

'Steve,' cried Mollie, 'do you mean it?'

'Yes,' returned Steve, sullenly, 'I do mean it.'

'There's your ring, then,' said Mollie, quietly, 'and good evening.'

And she walked proudly up the grass grown walk to the house, while Steve slung himself angrily away.

Here was fresh food for the gossips for the news of Mollie's broken engagement soon spread abroad, and the tongues wagged and heads were shaken more than ever.

But Mollie paid no heed to their fault finding.

'I must contrive some way to make a living,' she told herself, 'and why not try boarders? If the place is worth five hundred dollars to Squire Stafford, it's worth that much to me. The old house has rooms enough to quarter a regiment, nearly, and if the furniture is old fashioned, it's well preserved and I must make it do. I think I can get grandpa's old housekeeper, Mrs. Hull, to stay and help me, as she has not made any engagement yet. And now for ways and means. The place is rocky and worn out, to be sure, but I'll have the old stable torn away—it's ready to tumble down anyway—and make the place for my garden, and a shed will do for the cow. I can raise vegetables enough with a little outside help, to pay for most of my groceries, and the old orchard and the berry patch, trimmed up a little, will bring quite a crop of fruit.'

And having laid her plans, like a skilful general, Mollie went to work with a will.

Mrs. Hull's services were soon secured, and the old house put into 'apple pie' order.

The windows were scoured, curtains taken down, washed and ironed and put up again. Carpets were taken up, cleaned, and put down again.

The old-fashioned, ponderous furniture was rubbed with turpentine, till you could see yourself in the tall bedposts and chair backs, and the mirrors and brass fire-irons were polished till they shone again.

Uncle Dabney Mellen, and his hired hand, came and pulled down the

After Work or Exercise

POND'S EXTRACT

Soothes tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

rickety stable, and plowed and harrowed the garden, besides helping Mollie to plant it.

And when all was ready a few judicious advertisements brought Mollie the requisite number of boarders.

There were Mr and Mrs Smythe, a wealthy, elderly couple, who were charmed with the big rooms, the old-fashioned, claw-legged tables and chairs, the vine-hung porches and verandas and the wholesome country fare.

There was Mrs Fenshawe, a gushing widow, who went into raptures over the beautiful view of crested hill-tops and shadowy valley, bounded by the far, blue-tinted horizon.

And there was Miss Tufton, a good-natured, placid-faced maiden lady, who was quietly content with everything about her.

Besides those already mentioned, Mollie's boarders numbered a sal-low-faced young gentleman, who had sought the country in quest of health, and a brisk, wide-awake geologist, Professor Tallman, whose chief delight and occupation was in gathering 'specimens.'

The garden thrived luxuriantly, and once a week Mollie took her early, peas and cucumbers, mountain-sweet corn and young cauliflower to the neighboring village of Sweet-briar, where she readily disposed of them, bringing back their value in coffee, sugar and other necessary commodities.

Uncle Dabney's horse and waggon was always at Mollie's service on Saturdays to convey herself and her 'truck' to market, which proved quite a convenience to the young householder.

The old orchard, too, which had been well trimmed and cared for, showed its gratitude by producing quite a crop of Harvest Sweetings and Northern Spies, affording Mrs Hull ample means for the exercise of her culinary skill in the construction of luxurious 'pan dodies,' apple cobbles, and the like, while the milk from 'Buttercup,' the little Jersey cow, furnished butter for the table and cream for the tea, and for the big bowl of raspberries or blackberries which figured daily at the evening meal.

But, while affairs continued to go swimmingly for Mollie, the croakers found fresh cause for gossip in that very fact.

'They live mighty fine, an' set a tip-top table,' admitted Aunt Melinda, who had been 'spending the day,' at the old homestead. 'But I dunno how Mollie works it. I'm feared she goes in debt for all them nick-nax.'

But Mollie was too smart a girl to go in debt, and if she did not lay up much, she paid her way as she went.

'Miss Mollie,' said the professor one day, taking a seat on the porch beside Mollie, who was scraping carrots for dinner, 'what do you think these are?'

Molly gave a cursory glance at the rough-looking bits held out to her. The professor was always exhibiting 'specimens' of one kind or another.

'I should say they were rocks,' returned Mollie, in true western dialect.

'Exactly,' smiled the professor. 'But what kind of rocks?'

'I don't know,' was the answer. 'I don't know one kind of rock from another.'

'So I thought,' returned the professor gravely. 'If you did you would not be keeping boarders for a living.'

Mollie looked up in surprise.

'Why,' she asked with some curiosity. 'What have rocks to do with my keeping boarders?'

'Just this,' was the answer, 'this bit of white rock here I chipped off of a ledge in the old sheep pasture, on the hillside. And to the best of my knowledge and belief, that ledge is magnesian limestone, a superior kind of building stone which is in great demand. This other is a bit of a different kind of rock, but quite valuable, also, and is used for door and window sills. It is worth forty cents a square foot, and there is no doubt that it exists in abundance on your farm. But if the other proves to be really magnesian limestone, you could sell out to-morrow for ten thousand dollars, Miss Mollie.'

'O, Professor Tallman! But how— but how shall I go to work to find out?'

'O, Professor Tallman! But how— but how shall I go to work to find out?'

'Leave it to me,' said the professor, kindly. 'I am going to the city to-morrow, and I will take these bits of 'rock' and exhibit them to the proper parties. Then, Miss Mollie, you can either lease or sell your property to good advantage.'

'I shall not sell,' declared Mollie, if I can help it.'

In due time the professor returned. The specimen he had exhibited proved to be magnesian limestone, and two business men accompanied him to inspect the ledge.

Before they left, Mollie was offered a good price for her farm, or one thousand dollars a year and a certain share in the profits of the quarry.

She accepted the latter offer, and soon the sound of hammer and drill was heard in the once despised sheep pasture.

OVERWORK

You know all about it. The rush, the worry, the exhaustion. You go about with a great weight resting upon you. You can't throw off this feeling. You are a slave to your work. Sleep fails, and you are on the verge of nervous exhaustion.

What is to be done? Take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For fifty years it has been lifting up the discouraged, giving rest to the overworked, and bringing refreshing sleep to the depressed.

No other Sarsaparilla approaches it. In age and in cures, "Ayer's" is "the leader of them all."

It was old before other sarsaparillas were born. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ayer's Pills aid the action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. They cure biliousness. 25 cts. a box.

I have used Ayer's medicines for more than 40 years and have said from the very start that you made the best medicines in the world. I am sure your Sarsaparilla saved my life when I first took it 40 years ago. I am now past 70 and am never without your medicines.

FRANK THOMAS, P. M., Jan. 24, 1899. Egan, Kansas.

Write the Doctor. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply without cost. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

The news was a nine days' wonder among the neighbors.

'As rocky as the Hillacre farm' had been a by word in that locality for many years, and now to think those self-same rocks were to be coined into money before their very eyes!

The astonished relatives flocked to the old homestead to congratulate Mollie on her good fortune.

Steve Kimble was one of the first to put in an appearance.

'You was right in holdin' onto the old place, Mollie, after all,' he declared radiantly. 'And—and, of course, you didn't think I meant to break off with you, for good and all, Mollie?'

'Indeed!' answered Mollie, with a smile.

'Of course not! I only wanted to try you, an' see if you wouldn't give in to my way o' thinkin'. But it's lucky you didn't after what's happened. And—say, Mollie, when shall the wedding be?'

But Mollie drew herself up with a show of spirit, and she retorted, coolly:

'I don't know when your wedding will be, Mr Kimble, but mine is to be the 1st of September. I've been engaged to Professor Tallman for two months.'

And there was nothing for the disappointed Steve to do but hastily to take himself off.

Before Mollie's boarders left, in September, there was a merry wedding at the old homestead, to which all her relatives were invited; but the most honored among the guests was Uncle Dabney Mellen, his genial face aglow with good-natured triumph.

'I said our Mollie wasn't nobody's fool,' he asserted proudly. 'An' I reckon she's proved it.'

And nobody felt disposed to dispute the assertion.

A St John man, named Patrick McAleer, died in Boston, Sunday, worth \$1,000,000. He left St John 61 years ago, with \$1,000 in his pocket. He was a carpenter by trade and did a lucrative business. Real estate was his hobby. He always bought only what he needed, never sold, and always paid cash. His buildings were assessed at \$800,000 at the time of his death.

There are 2,000 varieties of postage stamps in circulation to-day, all of which have to be identified by the postmasters. There have been upward of 40,000 different varieties issued since stamps came into use.



Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy.

Sticking to the Last.

A great many young people cannot tell, when they first start out, where their real bent lies; they cannot tell what they can do best; but as they develop more, their strong qualities push their way to the front. Again a college course or an advanced course of education develops faculties which had lain dormant, perhaps from disuse. In other words, the entire setting of the mental faculties often changes a good deal during one's physical and mental development, so that what the boy can do best may not be the bent of the man at all.

The relation of the faculties is greatly changed by the special training of one set of brain faculties; so that what was dominant at the outset of an education or a course of training became subordinated by other faculties which have pushed themselves forward in the course of development. No man should stick to his last if he is convinced that he is in the wrong place and that there is a possibility of satisfying his inclination elsewhere. No man should stick to his last, if a change is possible, when he is conscious that he is getting his living by his weakness instead of his strength.

No man should stick to his last, when a better or higher way is open to him. No man should stick to his last when he finds that to do so will cramp his better life and handicap his career.

The Auditor-General's report shows that the amount spent by the Canadian Government upon the reception of the Duke and Duchess of York was \$462,881 or \$15,115 less than the sum appropriated by Parliament for the purpose.

The St James district of London, although but seven-tenths of a square mile, has 471 policemen.

A Warning to Mothers.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the "soothing" medicines contain opiates and narcotics dangerous to the health of infants and children. Every mother should shun these so-called medicines as she would deadly poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine specially prepared for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Every dose helps little ones and cannot possibly do harm.

No other medicine has been so warmly praised by mothers everywhere. Mrs J R Standen, Weyburn, N W T, says: "Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives or when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such satisfaction."

These Tablets will promptly relieve and cure all minor ailments of children, and may be safely given to a new born baby. Try them for your children and we know you will use no other medicine. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box, or sent by mail on receipt of price by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There are now 51,538 divorced people in the United States, of whom over two thirds are women.

A NEW HEART FOR YOU

means renewed health, for on the heart depends all health. Doctors will tell you that any diseased organ can be put in good working vigor by pumping plenty of blood into it to make new tissues.

First set the heart right—with most people it is wrong.

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure Will Do It.

It strengthens the heart, rebuilds its weak parts, and enables it to feed the nerves, and through them all organs of the body. It cures at once.

Relief to weak hearts in thirty minutes by a simple dose is the sign and proof of what Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure will do permanently for them and for you.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets work their cure through digesting the food and letting the stomach rest. A piece of pineapple will digest instantly an equal size of beef at a temperature of 108°. Don't take pills and powders that weaken the stomach. Price, 35 cents.