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The Woman In the Alcove

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.
Author of "The Millionaire Baby," "The Filigree Ball," "The House in the Mist," "The Amethyst Box," etc.

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(Continued from last week)

He smiled, but not encouragingly, and I was feeling very despondent indeed when the canvas on which our eyes were fixed suddenly shook, and the calm figure of a woman stepped out before us, clad in the simplest garb, but showing in every line of face and form a character of mingled kindness and shrewdness. She was evidently on the lookout for the doctor, for she made a sign as she saw him and returned instantly into the tent.

"Mr. Fairbrother has just fallen asleep," she explained. "It isn't discipline and I shall have to apologize to Miss Serra, but if you will promise not to speak nor make the least disturbance I will let you take the one peep you prefer to supper."

"I promise," said I. Leading the way to the opening, he whispered a word to the nurse, then motioned me to look in. The sight was a simple one, but to me very impressive. The owner of palaces, a man to whom millions were as thousands to such poor devils as myself, lay on an improvised bed of evergreens, wrapped in a horse blanket and with nothing better than another of these rolled up under his head. At his side sat his nurse on what looked like the uneven stump of a tree. Close to her hand was a tolerably flat stone, on which I saw arranged a number of bottles and such other comforts as were absolutely necessary to a proper care of the sufferer.

That was all. In these few words I have told the whole story. To be sure, this simple tent, perched 7,000 feet and more above sea level, had one advantage which even his great house in New York could not offer. This was the outlook. Lying as he did facing the valley he had only to open his eyes to catch a full view of the panorama of sky and mountain stretched out before him. It was glorious; whether seen at morning, noon or night, gloriously have exchanged it for a sight of his home walls.

As I started to go a stir took place in the blanket wrapped about his chin, and I caught a glimpse of the iron gray head and hollow cheeks of the great financier. He was a very sick man. Even I could see that. Had I obtained the permission I sought, I was allowed to ask him one of the many questions burning on my tongue, I should have received only delirium for reply. There was no reaching that clouded intelligence now, and I felt grateful to the doctor for convincing me of it.

I told him so and thanked him quite warmly when we were well away from the tent, and his answer was almost kindly, though he made no effort to hide his impatience and anxiety to see me go. The looks he cast at the sun were significant, and having no wish to antagonize him and every wish to visit the spot again I moved toward my horse with the intention of trying him.

To my surprise the doctor held me back. "You can't go tonight," said he. "Your horse has hurt himself."

It was true. There was something the matter with the animal's left fore foot. As the doctor lifted it the manager came up. He agreed with the doctor. I could not make the descent to Santa Fe on that horse that night. Did I feel elated? Rather. I had no wish to descend. Yet I was far from foreseeing what the night was to bring to me.

I was turned over to the manager, but not without a final injunction from the doctor. "Not a word to any one about your errand! Not a word about the New York tragedy, as you value Mr. Fairbrother's life!"

"Not a word," said I. Then he left me. To see the sun go down and the moon come up from a ledge hung, as it were, in mid air. The experience was novel—but I refrain. I have more important matters to relate.

I was given a bunk at the extreme end of the long sleeping tent and turned in with the rest. I expected to sleep, but on finding that I could catch a sight of the sick tent from under the canvas I experienced such fascination in watching this forbidden spot that midnight came before I had closed my eyes. Then all desire to sleep left me, for the patient began to moan and presently to talk, and the stillness of the solitary height being something abnormal I could sometimes catch the very words. Devoid as they were of all

THE REAL LIVER PILL.—A torpid liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pill have their fine qualities. They do not irritate the bowels and are safe for the most sensitive stomach.



He motioned me to look in.

tional meaning, they excited my curiosity to the burning point, for who could tell if he might not say something bearing on the mystery?

But that fevered mind had recurred to early scenes, and the babble which came to my ears was all of mingled camps in the Rockies and the flicker of horses. Perhaps the uneasy movement of my horse pulling at the end of his tether had disturbed him. Perhaps—

But at the inner utterance of the second "perhaps" I found myself on my elbow listening with all my ears and staring with wide stretched eyes at the thicket of stunted trees where the road delinched on the platform. Something was astir there besides my horse. I could catch sounds of an unmistakable nature. A rider was coming by the trail.

Slipping back into my place, I turned toward the doctor, who lay some two or three hunks nearer the opening. He had started up, too, and in a moment was out of the tent. I do not think he had observed my action, for it was very dark where I lay, and his back had been turned toward me. As for the others, they slept like the dead, only their made more noise.

Interested—everything is interesting at such a height. I brought my eye to bear on the ledge and soon saw by the flimsy light of a full moon the stiff, short branches of the trees, on which my gaze was fixed, give way to an advancing horse and rider.

"Hello!" shouted the doctor in a whisper which was in itself a warning. "Easy there! We have sickness in this camp, and it's a late hour for visitors."

"I know." The answer was subdued, but earnest.

"I'm the magistrate of this district. I've a question to ask this sick man on behalf of the New York chief of police, who is a personal friend of mine. It is connected with"—

"Hush!" The doctor had seized him by the arm and turned his face away from the sick tent. Then the two heads came together, and an argument began.

I could not hear a word of it, but their motions were eloquent. My sympathy was with the magistrate, of course, and I watched eagerly while he passed a letter over to the doctor, who vainly strove to read it by the light of the moon. Finding this impossible, he was about to return it when the other struck a match and lit a lantern hanging from the horn of his saddle. The two heads came together again, but as quickly separated, with every appearance of irreconcilable enmity, and I was settling back with sensations of great disappointment when a sound fell on the night so unexpected to all concerned that with a common impulse each eye sought the sick tent.

"Water! Will some one give me water?" a voice had cried quietly, with none of the delirium which had hitherto rendered it unnatural. The doctor started for the tent. There was the quickness of surprise in his movement, and the gesture he made to the magistrate was as he passed in re-awakened an expectation in my breast which made me doubly watchful.

Providence was intervening in our favor, and I was not surprised to see him presently reissue with the nurse, whom he drew into the shadow of the trees, where they had a short conference. If she returned alone into the tent after this conference I should know that the matter was at an end and that the doctor had decided to maintain his authority against that of the magistrate. But she remained outside, and the magistrate was invited to join their council. When they again left the shadow of the trees it was to approach the tent.

The magistrate, who was in the rear, could not have more than passed the opening, but I thought him far enough inside not to detect any movement on my part, so I took advantage of the situation to worm myself out of my corner and across the ledge to where the

The czar, as Grand Duke of Finland, has dissolved the Finnish Diet for refusing to consider certain bills sent to it by the Russian government. A new election will be held in January; but as the Diet was unanimous in refusing to act, regarding the method of presenting the bill as an infringement upon the rights of Finland, it is improbable that new representatives will be inclined to take a different course. It is a final struggle for the rights and privileges of the Finnish parliament, which is said to be the most democratic legislature in Europe. The Finnish and Swedish languages are both spoken in Finland, and the Finns fear that these will be suppressed if the Russians get full control, as the Polish language is now banished from the schools of that part of Poland which is under Russian rule.

IT WILL CURE A COLD.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation to the throat. Try it and prove it.

By a new German invention, unmanned boats, submarine vessels and steerable balloons are controlled and driven by electric waves without wires; and guns can be fired or machinery set in motion and stopped by the same means.

IT RUBS PAIN AWAY.—There is no liniment so efficacious in overcoming pain as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The hand that rubs it in rubs the pain away and on this account there is no preparation that stands so high in public esteem. There is no surer pain-killer procurable, as thousands can attest who have used it successfully in treating many ailments.

A herd of caribou nearly a mile wide, and stretching for several miles in length, has been seen in Alaska, according to late reports. It was thought to number a hundred thousand.

Sweet and Palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does the work surely and promptly.

An Englishman, as shown by the patent office records, invented a flying machine forty-three years ago which closely resembles in plan those in successful use to-day. It did not succeed then because gasoline motors had not been invented, and no suitable motive power could be obtained.

Do You Suffer from Piles?

If so, why would ask you to enquire amongst your friends the value of Zam-Buk for this ailment! You cannot but meet with some one who has proved how excellent it is.

Mr. H. E. Hill of Shelton, Man., writes:—"I suffered a long time with piles and tried numerous remedies, but without effect. Having tried a sample of Zam-Buk and being encouraged by the result, I purchased, using two boxes. It worked like magic and effected a complete cure in a very short time."

Mr. James Ruddy of Shelton, Ont., says:—"I suffered greatly from piles. The pain from these—as anyone who suffers from them will know—was almost unbearable. I tried first one remedy and then another, but all without effect. Then I heard about Zam-Buk and determined to give it a trial. I obtained a sample and commenced with the treatment, and to my great joy, after perceiving with Zam-Buk, I obtained permanent relief from the agonizing pain of the piles. Having been cured by Zam-Buk I heartily recommend the balm to all sufferers."

Zam-Buk also cures inflamed hemorrhoids, swollen veins, itching, sore, chapped hands, frost-bite, cuts, burns and all skin eruptions and diseases. A full English and French leaflet sent free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse substitutes and imitations.

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True Household Economy

MOTHERS, we owe it as a duty to our husbands and families to take good care of them. We all want, of course, to have our loved ones cheerful and comfortable.

Our dominant part is to give them the very best that we can make or bake. But sometimes we are tempted to save a few pennies in food and think that in so doing we are economizing. But is it so? Is this the kind of economy that is wise and profitable? Is it doing our full duty to our loved ones?

Royal Household Flour

We wouldn't think of buying the lowest priced eggs in the market just for the sake of economy. We would feel that because they were cheap they would be good eggs to avoid. The low price would give us a suspicion of their freshness and quality.

But when it comes to flour, for example, we may be tempted to buy the second best instead of the best because of the few pennies difference in price. We may think that economy in flour is different from economy in eggs. But it isn't. The principle is the same. The difference in cost between the best flour in the

world and ordinary flour is so little that in justice to our responsibility as wives and mothers we can not afford to take chances.

From every point of view Royal Household Flour is more economical than any other. It produces more loaves to the barrel. It is richest in food value. It is more uniform. It is best for Pastry as well as Bread and yields more baked product in either bread or pastry than any other flour.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR furnishes more nourishment, more real food value per pound and per penny's worth than any other flour in the world.

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