



### One Barrel of Flour Instead of Two

YES, in the old way there was one kind of flour for bread and another for pastry.

Now, OGIWIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is an all-around flour. It makes not only the very best bread but also the very best cakes, pies, biscuits, rolls, muffins, pop-overs, pancakes, dumplings, anything that you want to make or bake from flour.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" saves money and trouble. Instead of having two barrels of flour in the house you can get along much better with one. And you can be certain that it is always uniform—will always come out right whether for Bread or Pastry.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD is made from the finest grade of wheat in the

world, Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat, and milled by the very finest machinery, in mills that are a model of cleanliness.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a trifle more by the barrel than ordinary flour but this trifle extra proves real economy when the loaves are counted. For "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" goes farther than ordinary flour—farther in actual quantity of baked product.

Even if "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" cost a great deal more than ordinary flour it would be well worth it for it is more nourishing.

You can't afford to buy inferior flour at any price. You can't afford to skimp on health. And you do skimp on health when you buy flour just because it costs less than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".



### FARM BARGAINS!

If you are thinking of buying a farm in Carleton County it will pay you to come and see me or send for my list. If there is a bargain anywhere in the County, I have it. You can buy through me cheaper than you can buy direct, and from among such a large number you are sure to find a property to suit you. I can supply you with a small farm or a large farm; a farm with lumber, or without lumber; 1 mile from market, or 10 miles from market; at prices ranging from \$1200. to \$8000.

#### I DEAL ONLY IN ACTUAL BARGAINS.

No. 19.—56 acres at Grafton, in the Parish of Northampton. 22 acres in Cultivation; 4 acres in Pasture; 12 acres excellent intervals land; Balance in Birch and Maple. Only 1 mile from Woodstock. Good water supply. Good dwelling with Bathroom. Good Barn, Shed, Hog House and Granary. A fine property for market gardening.

No. 39.—225 acres at Lower Wakefield, two miles from Upper Woodstock Station. 185 acres under excellent Cultivation; 40 acres in Timber and Hardwood. Good Orchard of 75 trees. Nice well finished house, 28x38, with good cellar. Barn, 50x65 Hog; House 20x30; Potato House 20x35; Shed 16x80. Buildings are located right in the middle of the farm.

No. 45.—128 acres, 1 mile from Upper Woodstock Station. 100 acres under fine Cultivation; balance in hardwood, with a sprinkling of hemlock. Land is the very best and level as a floor. Beautiful Dwelling. 3 fine Barns, Straw Shed, Granary, Hog House and Hen House. Property is situated in a very desirable locality. Convenient to Churches and School.

This is only a few of the farms on my list. I have them by the dozens. Some of the finest farms in Carleton County, and that means some of the best on earth. It won't cost you anything to look them over. Send for my list and prices. DO IT NOW.

### A. D. HOLYOKE

The Real Estate Man

Main Street - Woodstock, N. B.

## WANTED

We are open to buy One Thousand Cords of GREEN and DRY SOFT WOOD. Would contract for sizeable lots with reliable parties. Any one who would like to supply any of the above can learn prices and conditions at the Tannery Office.

J. D. Dickinson & Sons.

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## THE BARRIER

Continued from page 2

her blood or station to render her inferior to other women. She questioned him tirelessly about his sister, and he was glad of this, for it placed no constraint between them.

As for her, each day brought a keener delight. She unfolded before the Kentuckian like some beautiful woodland flower and through innumerable, unnoticed familiarities took him into her innermost confidence.

A month of this went by, and then Rummion returned. He came on an up-going steamer. The manner of his coming was bold, for he stood fairly upon the ship's deck, and his smile with him was a stranger. When the boat was at rest Rummion sauntered down the gangplank and up to the lieutenant, who stood above the landing place and who noted that the scar, close up against his forehead, was scarce healed. He accosted the officer with an insolent assurance.

"Well, I'm back again, you see, and I'm back to stay."

"Very well, Rummion. Did you bring an outfit with you?"

"Yes, and I'm pretty fat besides." He shook a well hidden gold sack at the officer.

"What do you want in this place anyhow?" demanded Burrell curiously. "None of your d—d business," the man answered, grinning. "Be sure it isn't," retorted the lieutenant, "because it would please me right down to the ground if it were. I'd like to get you."

"I'm glad we understand each other," Rummion said, falling into conversation with the stranger, who had been surveying the town without leaving the boat. Evidently this man had a voice in Rummion's affairs, for he not only gave him instructions, but

bosomed the crew who handled his merchandise, and Meade Burrell concluded that he must be some incoming leader of the desperadoes who had grubbed the desert to prospect in the hills back of Flambeau. As the two came up past him he saw that he was mistaken. This man was no more of a tenderfoot than Rummion. On the contrary, he had a bearing of one to whom new countries are old, who had trod the edge of things all his life. There was a hint of the meat eating animal about him. His nose was keen and hawk-like, his walk and movements those of the predatory beast, and as he passed by Burrell observed that his eyes were of a peculiar cruelty that went well with his thin lips.

He was older by far than Rummion, but while the latter was mean visaged and swaggering, the stranger's manner was noticeable for its repression.

Impelled by an irresistible desire to learn something about the man, the lieutenant loitered after Rummion and his companion and entered the store in time to see the latter greet "No Creek" Lee, the prospector, who had come into town for more food. Both men spoke with quiet restraint.

"Nine years since I saw you, Stark," said the minor. "Where you bound?"

"The diggings," replied Stark as Lee addressed the stranger.

"Mining now?"

"No, same old thing, but I'm grubstaking a few men, as usual. One of them stays here. I may open a house in Dawson if the camp is as good as they say it is."

"This here's a good place for you," Stark laughed noiselessly and without mirth. "Fine! There must be a hundred people living here."

"Never mind; you take it from me," said the minor positively, "and get in now on the quiet. There's something doing." His one sharp eye detected the lieutenant close by, so he drew his friend aside and began talking to him earnestly and with such evident effect as to enter Stark's plans on the moment, for when Rummion entered the store shortly Stark spoke to him quickly, following which they both hurried back to the steamer and saw to the unloading of much additional freight and baggage. From the volume and variety of this merchandise it was evident that Mr. Stark would in nowise be a burden to the community.

Burrell was not sufficiently versed in the ways of mining camps to know exactly what this abrupt change of policy meant, but that there was something in the air he knew from the mysterious manner of "No Creek" Lee and from the suppressed excitement of Doret and the trader. His curiosity got the better of him finally, and he fell into talk with Lee, inquiring about the stranger by way of an opening.

"That's Ben Stark. I knew him back in the Cassiar country," said Lee.

"Is he a mining man?"

"Well, summat. He's made and lost a bank roll that a greyhound couldn't leap over in the mine's business, but it ain't his regular graft. He runs one of the biggest places in the northwest for years."

"Saloon, eh?"

"Saloon and variety house—seven bartenders, that's all. He's the feller that killed the gold commissioner. Of course that put him on the hike again."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, he had a record as long as a sick man's drug bill before he went into that country, and when he put the commissioner away them Canadian officials went after him like they was killin' snakes, and it cost him all he had made to get clear. If it had happened across the line the corner's jury would have freed him, 'cause the commissioner was drunk and started the row. But it happened right in Stark's saloon, and you know Canucks

is stronger than a rifle for law and order. Not being his first offense, it went hard with him."

"He looks like a killer," said Burrell. "Yes, but he ain't the common kind. He always lets the other man begin, and therefore he ain't ever done time."

"Come, now," argued the lieutenant, "if it were the other man who invariably shot first, Stark would have been killed long ago."

"I don't care what would have happened, it ain't happened, and he's got notches on his gun till it looks like a club bear had chewed it. If you was a western man you'd know what they say about him. 'The bullet ain't been run to kill him.' That's the sayin'. You needn't grin. There's many a better man than you believes it."

"Who is it that the bullet hasn't been run to kill?" said the trader's deep voice behind them. He had finished with his duties and now sauntered forward.

"Ben Stark," said Lee, turning. "You know him, John?"

"No; I never saw him, but I know who he is; used to hear of him in the Cour d'Alenes."

"He's him I was talking to," said the minor. "He's an old friend of mine, and he's going to locate here."

Burrell thought he saw Lee wink at the trader, but he was not sure, for at that moment the man of whom they were speaking re-entered. Lee introduced him, and the three men shook hands. While the soldier fell into easy conversation with the newcomer, Gale

gazed at him narrowly, studying him as he studied all men who came as strangers. As he was doing so Alluna entered, followed by Johnny and Molly. She had come for sugar and asked for it in her native tongue. Upon her exit Stark broke off talking to the lieutenant and turned to the trader.

"Your squaw, Mr. Gale?"

The old man nodded. "Pah-Ute, eh?"

"Yes. Why do you savvy the talk?"

"Some. I lived in California once."

"Where?" The question came like a shot.

"Oh, here and there! I followed the mother lode for a spell."

"I don't recall the name," said the trader after a bit.

"Possibly. Where were you located?"

"I never lit on any one place long enough to call it home."

It seemed to Burrell that both men were sparing cautiously in an indirect, impersonal manner.

"Those your kids, too, eh?" Stark continued.

"Yes, and I got another one besides—older, a girl."

"She's a 'pip' too," said "No Creek" Lee fervently. "She's plumb beautiful."

"All of them half breeds?" questioned Stark.

"Sure." The trader's answer was short, and when the other showed no intention of pressing the subject further he sauntered away, but no sooner was he out of hearing than Stark said: "Humph! They're all alike."

"Who?"

"Squaw men."

"This one ain't," Lee declared. "He's different. Ain't he, lieutenant?"

"He certainly is," agreed Burrell. This was the first criticism he had heard of Ned's father, and, although Stark v. Burrell no argument, it was plain that his opinion remained unaffected.

The old man went through the store at the rear and straightway sought Alluna. Speaking to her with unwonted severity in the Pah-Ute language, he said:

"I have told you never to use your native tongue before strangers. That man in the store understands."

"I only asked for sugar to cook the beef with," she replied.

"It's her another time you might say more; therefore the less you speak the better. He is the kind who sees much and talks little. Address me in Swahili or in English unless we are alone."

Suddenly she dropped her work and came close up to him. "Can he be the one?"

"I don't know. Stark is not the name, but he might have changed it. He had reasons enough."

"Who is this man Stark?"

"I don't know that either. I used to hear of him when I was in British Columbia."

"But surely you must know if he is the same. She must have told you how he looked. Others must have told you."

Gale shook his head. "Very little. I could not ask her, and others knew him so well they never doubted that I had seen him, but this much I do know, he was dark."

"And his spirit was like that of a mad horse?"

"This man's temper is black."

"And his eyes were cruel."

"This man has evil eyes."

"He lacked five years of my age," said the trader.

"This man is forty years old. It must be he," said the squaw.

Even Ned would have marvelled had she heard this revelation of her father's age, for his hair and eyes were grizzled, and his face had the look of a man of sixty, while only those who knew him well, like Doret, were aware of his great strength and the endurance that belied his appearance.

"We will send Ned down to the mission tonight and let Father Bama keep her there till this morning," said the squaw after some deliberation.

"No, she must stay here," Gale replied, with decision. "The man has come here to live, and it won't do to



"The most wonderful thing has happened," she began. "I don't care what would have happened, it ain't happened, and he's got notches on his gun till it looks like a club bear had chewed it. If you was a western man you'd know what they say about him. 'The bullet ain't been run to kill him.' That's the sayin'. You needn't grin. There's many a better man than you believes it."

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### NA DRUGS DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

relieve and cure indigestion—acidity of the stomach—biliousness—flatulence—dyspepsia. They re-inforce the stomach by supplying the active principles needed for the digestion of all kinds of food. Try one after each meal.

50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet, send us 50c. and we will mail you a box.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

## PARISH CONVENTIONS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS

Sunday School Workers please remember the following appointments to be held by Rev W A Ross, travelling secretary for the N B and P E I Sunday School Association.

Sunday	March 5th	Service McKenzie Corner	11 a m
		" Kirkland	3 p m
		" Debec	7:30 p m
Monday	" 6th	Richmond Parish Convention, Debec	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Tuesday	" 7th	Northampton Parish Convention, Methodist Church, Ferryville	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Wednesday	" 8th	Wakefield Parish Convention, Lindsay	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Thursday	" 9th	Brighton Parish Convention, Lower Brighton	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Friday	" 10th	Peel Parish Convention, Gordonsville	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Saturday	" 11th	Service at Cloverdale	7:30 p m
Sunday	" 12th	Service at Windsor	10:30 a m
		" Knowlesville	3 p m
		" Argy	7:30 p m
Monday	" 13th	Aberdeen Parish Convention, Argy	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Tuesday	" 14th	Kent Parish Convention, Bath	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Wednesday	" 15th	Wicklow Parish Convention, Knoxford	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Thursday	" 16th	Wilmot Parish Convention, Lakeville	2:30 p m 7:30 p m
Friday	" 17th	Simonds Parish Convention, Middle Simonds	2:30 p m 7:30 p m

## Sun Life Assurance Company OF CANADA.

### THE RESULTS FOR 1910

Assurances issued during 1910 and paid for in cash	\$29,512,377 65
Increase over 1909	2,003,104 65
Cash Income from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc	9,710,453 94
Increase over 1909	1,932,321 89
Assets as at 31st December, 1910	38,164,790 37
Increase over 1909	5,359,743 60
Surplus distributed to policy holders entitled to participate in 1910	377,702 34
Applied to place Annuity Reserves on basis of British Offices	
Select Annuity Tables	210,850 28
Added to Surplus during 1910	643,903 01
	\$1,232,545 63
Total Surplus	\$3,932,437 54
Surplus, Dominion Government Standard	5,319,921 18
Payments to Policyholders—Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1910	3,023,462 56
Payments to Policyholders since organization	26,266,630 01
Life Assurances in force 31st December, 1910	143,549,276 00

## A. D. NICHOLSON AGENT Woodstock, N. B.



### Our new flake ---

Open a package and see it. Then prepare some for breakfast and you will vote Tillson's the most delicious oats you've ever tasted.

Pan-Dried  
A food—not a fad  
Cooks in 15 Minutes

Two sizes: 10c. and 25c. Each 25c. Package contains a handsome piece of English Semi-Porcelain Tableware.

Canadian Cereal and Milling Co., Limited  
Toronto, Ontario

## Tillson's Oats

### Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

### MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Sprayer. Best—Most Convenient. It cures instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

"I cannot simply tell you, I can only show you. It is a wonderful thing. It cures instantly. Ask your druggist for it."

INDOSOF CO., General Agents for Canada.