

## BROOKVILLE CARLETON CO.

Miss Mina Brown passed through this place enroute for Centerville. James DeLong is still very busy getting wood.

Miss Arvilla Lamb is spending a few days with her cousin Miss Ruby Tompkins at present.

Our teacher Miss Margaret Reed has gone home, but only for a few weeks, as we are glad to say she is coming back for the next term.

Miss Laura Crandemere is home on a short vacation.

Ralph Tompkins and Henry Merri-thew, were calling at James Tompkins one evening last week.

Willie Crandemere is thrashing in Carvell.

Calvin Jones passed through this place one day recently.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tompkins and daughter Miss Ruby, spent Sunday with relatives in Monticello, Maine.

Nicholas Ruggles, our general merchant made a flying trip through this vicinity last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Tompkins, Roulton, spent Sunday at Jas. W. DeLong's.

Frank B. Armstrong had tea at James Tompkins on Thursday night.

Rue Fowler is hauling wood from this place to his home in Lakeville.

## DEATH OR INSANITY.

Nervous. Sleepless. Worn out.

Expected to die or go crazy with nervousness.

"I could not sleep—I could not rest—was ready to cry on the least occasion—yet I was plump and fat. Can you imagine a more distressing condition than weakness of body and mind?" writes Mrs. Wensley of Halifax. "I lost myself in a sort of self pity because health seemed so shattered, and with the mental distress that grew with my bodily weakness, I was a burden to myself and a greater burden to my family."

"Though I sought and really needed pity, I got very little, for I did not look so very sick. It was only my nerves that were sick, and any one who has sick nerves knows too well how awful a sickness it is."

"From the first Ferrozone strengthened my nerves, and it seemed to help them for I became stronger, more composed, slept more and grew more hopeful. When I had taken Ferrozone for about two months I lost that miserable sense of dread. I never could tell what I was afraid of, but expected something dreadful was going to happen me. Ferrozone gave me the strength to throw aside all these fancies and made me well again."

Go at once to any druggist, get a few boxes of Ferrozone—start right on the road to health and vigor. Ferrozone will keep you there—will show you what it means to be healthy, vigorous, full of nerve energy. Once you're braced up and energized with Ferrozone you'll never again be content with ill-health. All druggists sell Ferrozone, 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

## FOR CAMPERS.

Don'ts That May Save Many Thousand Dollars

(1) Don't, when in the woods throw down a lighted match, cigar-stub or other flaming object; make sure that the flames have been thoroughly extinguished before throwing it away.

(2) Don't build your camp fire larger than is necessary.

(3) Don't, under any circumstances leave your fire unguarded, even for a comparatively short time; see that it is dead out before you go away.

(4) Don't build your fire in leaves, rotten wood or other inflammable material.

(5) Don't build your fire against a large or hollow log, where it is hard to be sure when it has been entirely put out.

To these "don'ts" it may be added that in windy weather, or in a dangerous place, it is well to confine the fire in a hole dug clean down to the mineral soil. A fire may smoulder in the humus, or "duff" for days, only waiting for a strong breeze to fan it into a flame that may burn over miles of timber.

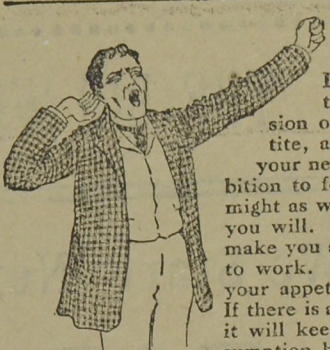
Summer tourists and campers unfortunately have a bad reputation among the owners of timber lands as being a frequent cause of fires. Such fires could be prevented, almost without exception, by a little extra care on the part of the campers, who have been the unintentional cause of much forest destruction, and who have just as real an interest in the preservation of the forests as the owners of the timber themselves. The rules given above are the result of long experience and preservation of the forests as woodmen and lumbermen as to the origin of fires and are earnestly recommended to the attention of campers, sportsmen and others.

The need for observing them is emphasized by the occurrence a few weeks ago of serious fires in the Lake St. John district, in Quebec, one village being wiped out, the other almost, to have originated from fires left by campers.

The political Jonah was about to be heard overboard. Posing at the rail, he addressed the listeners with the deep, "I am a stickler for precedent. This movement of ours is for only three days."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The best way to pay attention to what people think of you is to pay your debts.



## Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

## DECADENCE IN ART

By AUTA POWELL

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Polly Anne Greenway's family thought her decidedly gifted, and that young lady's singular esteem for her relatives' opinions forced her to come to the same conclusion.

Nevertheless, when she announced her intention of studying art, her father demurred. It was one thing to have talent, but quite a different matter to depart from the beaten track, and Polly's family had other views for her.

"Let her marry and settle down," said her father.

But Polly's lips came together in a very firm line. There were plenty of women in the world. Let those who felt inclined marry and be given in marriage; as for her, she had a mission in life and she meant to perform it.

And she went about wearing such a set apart expression that parental objections gave way and she was allowed one meager but soul inspiring year in New York.

After that began the long battle with publishers and advertising bureaus. Discouragement she met at first with the joy of resistance, but that sort of joy weakens with use, and surely Polly's ill luck was phenomenal.

At last her cover for the Christmas number of a magazine was accepted and hope once more lit its lamp in her breast. But when a villainous lithographer transformed her designs so that nothing remained that she could call her own, her stoicism gave way utterly, and she folded her wings for a season.

It was just at this juncture that the Y. M. O. D. C. made his appearance. This title he acquired later on, when she discovered that he was a Young Man of Diabolical Cunning.

Polly had met him at more than one function, and he swelled the list of a large and uninteresting bowing acquaintance from which individuals were once in a long while selected to fill up vacancies made by removals and occasional misunderstandings.

Why should he call upon her? She ran rapidly over her scant knowledge concerning him as she came down to meet him. Rather stiff and expressionless. Rumored well off and on the point of marriage to some stranger. Nothing very decided, nothing particularly attractive.

The Y. M. O. D. C. rose before she had time to smile any "glad to see you" fibs.

"Good morning, Miss Greenway. Perhaps I should apologize for troubling you, but the truth is I am in a dilemma and have come to you for advice."

Polly settled herself and became all attention. A man may be most uninteresting, but the moment he asks for advice he becomes in the eyes of the woman he is consulting a most discerning individual and decidedly worth cultivating.

"You probably are not aware that I have been building a house on Lincoln street."

She believed she had heard it mentioned in connection with the homecoming of the stranger bride.

"It is completed," he continued, "and is now ready for the decorators. Just here is where I want your advice. There are lots of professional decorators, but none of my friends' houses satisfies me. Some of them have been done by well known decorators. I choose to think they show a lack of individuality. Now, I beg of you to undertake the management of the whole scheme of decoration and furnishing. Oh, pray don't veto it," as Polly's eyebrows went up to her pompadour. "I'll have heard me out. I want each room in my house to be part of one scheme and the keynote of the whole thing to be simplicity. If you will undertake it you shall have all the help you wish—anything, everything you need to carry it out. It is well planned and well finished. I don't want it to be ostentatious or handsome or have any of these unladylike things, but to be quiet, restful, artistic—a home in every sense of the word."

"But I don't believe I'm competent," said Polly, to whom the idea began to appeal strongly—"in fact, I am sure I'm not."

"Does that mean that you wouldn't care to undertake it?"

"I don't know," said Polly, "but I don't believe I'm competent."

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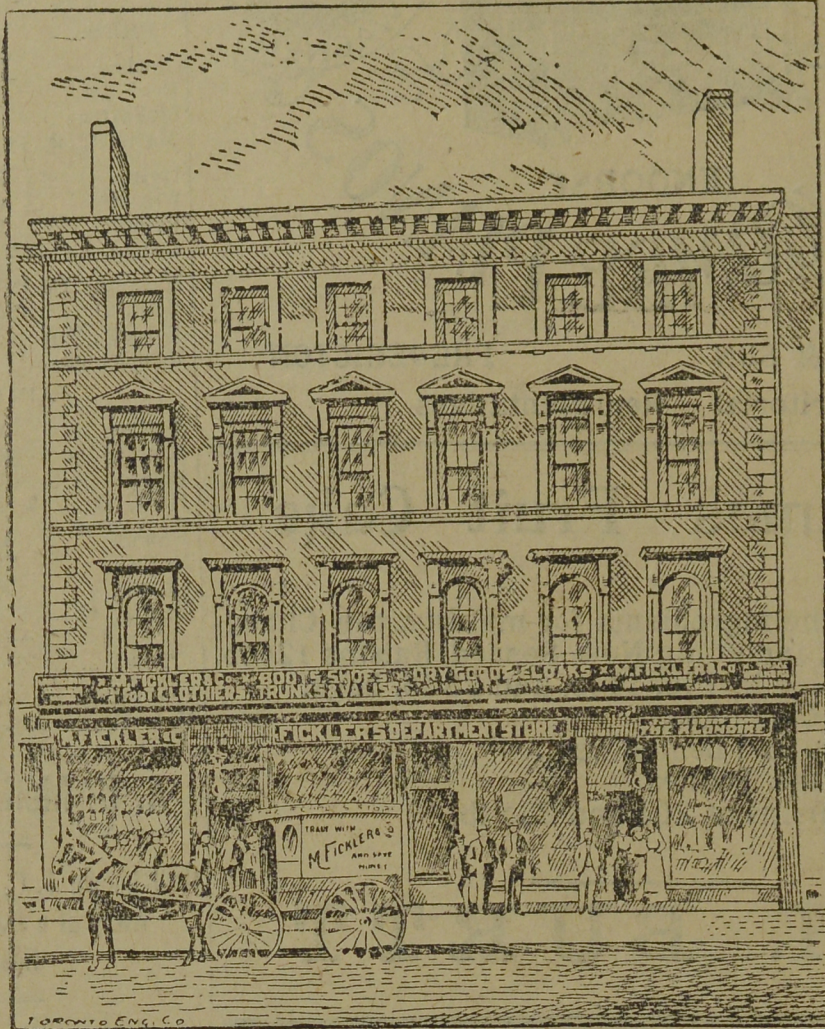
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## The Peoples Store



Watch This Space

## M. FICKLER &amp; CO

Preparation for speech, sat back cold and pale. She shivered slightly.

A fire of driftwood had been laid in the quaint corner fireplace.

"Come, Polly," he said, taking her hand again; "we will light the fire and talk it over."

And they did.

Queer Ends of Smokers.

"Men who can afford to smoke really good cigars have more fads than other men you will meet in a day's walk," said a Broadway manufacturer who makes a good many cigars to order for his customers. "I know men who throw a cigar away the moment the ashes fall off. They believe the taste of it is ruined then. For such customers I make very close rolled cigars."

"Other customers like a cigar rolled so light that the ashes float off of their own accord. They like the red fire. Many men will never relight a cigar after it has gone out. Nothing will induce them to. Others relight five or six times before they get it. Needless to say, they do not get the best of a good cigar."

"I have one customer who has a special brand of after dinner cigars made for him. They cost him \$1 each and are of medium size. It is his invariable habit to keep the cigar between his teeth half an hour before lighting it. His guests may light up with the coffee, but he never does. He likes to inhale the fragrance of the tobacco—to become permeated with it, so to speak—before he lights up. Then the cigar lasts him precisely one hour."

—New York Times.

The Resemblance.

"The buckwheat cakes at my boarding house always remind me of a baseball game."

"How so?"

"The batter doesn't always make a hit."—Puck.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.—Carfield.

Good as Her Word.

Esmeralda—She used to say that if she ever married a man it would be because she wanted to make him miserable, yet she married that young Frimbletop after she had known him only a week.

Gwendolen—Yes; it seems to have been a case of hate at first sight.—Chicago Tribune.

Disqualified.

"I should like to be excused, your lordship," said a man who had been summoned on a jury.

"What for?"

"I owe a man \$5, and I want to hunt him up and pay it."

"Do you mean to tell this court you would hunt up a man to pay a bill instead of waiting for him to hunt you up?"

"Yes, your lordship."

"You are excused. I don't want any man on the jury who will lie like that."—London Chronicle.

Something the Same.

"Politics must be a very trying profession."

"I don't know," answered Senator Borgham, "that it is so different in politics from what it is in private life. Your friends all speak well of you and your enemies knock."

## His Mother Was First.

Several years ago while at Newport News, Va., the writer was in the custom house, conversing with Captain J. Stuart, one of the intrepid Convoys leader. There was the captain of a coast-guard cutter transacting business with Captain Stuart, who was collector of the port, when a messenger came in and said:

"Your mother telephones from Norfolk, Captain Stuart, requesting you to come to the phone."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Captain Stuart as he hastily arose from his official position.

"I have no time to wait here," gruffly and impatiently exclaimed the captain of the steamer.

"My mother is calling me," quietly said Captain Stuart as he half turned around.

"But I am here on business, and it is your official business to attend to me, and attend to me now," was the loud and angry reply.

"I can resign my official position in a minute," replied Captain Stuart, "but I can never resign my mother. My mother is calling me, and she shall not wait nor call in vain."

—J. B. CROCKER, D. D. S.

All Dental work done by latest and improved methods.

Teeth extracted absolutely without pain.

Special attention given to treating and saving natural teeth.

Work done at reasonable prices.

Hours: 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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## PIANO BARGAINS

We have on hand for the Xmas business a large stock of Pianos made by Heintzman & Co., Bell, Gouley and other makes which we will sell at special prices for cash the balance of this month.

It will pay you to call and look them over and see our stock and special prices commencing at \$200, these Pianos are guaranteed to be the Highest Grade Piano made in Canada. We employ no agents. This offer is for this month only.

M c M U R R A Y & C O.