

THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—best flashes, nervousness, and was in general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. Godden, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

Such annoying symptoms as heat flashes, nervousness, headache, irritability and "the blues," may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.

Burnt Last Week

Mrs. J. O'Regan entertained the sewing circle last week.

Millidge Lockhart is working in Grant & Tapley's new mill at Maple View.

G. F. Chapman passed away last Tuesday after a lingering illness. Funeral services were held in the Primitive Baptist church, Rev. A. Hatfield officiating assisted by Rev. N. McLean. A widow, four sons and two daughters are left to mourn a kind and loving father. "He had fought a good fight," he had kept the faith.

3 GREAT POINTS

of superiority are responsible for Zam-Buk's wonderful and world-wide reputation.

1. ZAM-BUK IS ANTISEPTIC—Applied to a sore or wound it destroys all germs, and acts as a protection, thus preventing festering and blood-poisoning.

2. ZAM-BUK IS SOOTHING—This property makes it indispensable for irritated and inflamed conditions of the skin, as well as for skin injuries. It enervates, soothes pain and draws out soreness.

A mother's first thought, when a child is hurt, is to end the pain. Nothing does this like Zam-Buk.

3. ZAM-BUK HEALS—Finally, having antiseptically cleansed a sore place and ended all pain and soreness, the healing agencies of Zam-Buk promote the quick growth of new tissue. Sores soon disappear where Zam-Buk is applied.

It is the best known remedy for eczema, pimples, ulcers, piles, blood-poisoning, cuts and burns. See box.

Zam-Buk

SUPREME COURT JUDGE

CONSIDER HAWKER'S TOLLU AND CHERRY BALSAM

the best cough cure the law ever used. Read his letter to us:

"I take pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam for the last eight years, and consider it the best cough cure I ever used. I find Hawker's Liver Pills an excellent liver regulator."

HON. H. A. MCKEOWN, Chief Justice, N. B. Supreme Court, Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam should be in every home. Buy it today and be prepared. It will help to guard against "The Grip." Sold by all druggists and general stores. The cost price everywhere—25¢ & 50¢. New genuine Hawker's Company's name. HAWKER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS CURE ALL BILIOUSNESS. HAWKER'S KIDNEY AND STOMACH TONIC BUILDS UP THE SYSTEM. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N.B.

The Hottentot

By JEROME G. BEATTY

The rain was pouring down outside our room on the fourth floor of the Zandine, and O'Grady and I sat playing twosome bridge with dummy hand. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning. I was dealing to O'Grady, who sat facing the window.

"I never knew an Irishman in my life who wouldn't try to lick everything, even the worst animal that devils trouble men," O'Grady stopped short. I looked up.

He was staring at the window behind me, and slowly and carefully began to pull out the drawer in the table in front of him. We kept our revolvers in that drawer.

I stopped dealing. "Keep on. Don't move," he commanded softly. The rain seemed to have stopped. I found later that I dealt all the cards in the middle of the table. Behind the clasp of chains and a sort of scripping on the brick wall. There was no fire-escape there and the ground was four stories below. I thought I heard a low growl.

The next instant a brown human skull fell on the table before me, rolled over and stopped, staring with empty eyes at my throat.

O'Grady fired past my head. I turned quickly, and out of the window, where it had crouched I saw a big, dripping, hideous, one-armed hairy figure, from whose breast a long horn protruded.

And it had no head! We rushed to the window. O'Grady fired, carrying the revolver. The huge beast was several feet below our window, hanging to the water-pipe, its feet on a brick cap over the window, its body and arms hanging from its body, and by the light from the street we could see that its long hair was matted with mud.

Horror-stricken, we watched the thing struggle a moment to get a firm footing and to hold with one arm, which, I noticed now, was attached to its side instead of its shoulder.

Then in a muffled growl, the headless giant spoke!

"Can't you give a guy a lift?" it said.

We couldn't tell where the voice came from.

"What are you?" I asked in astonishment.

"Talk up or I'll shoot again," O'Grady commanded.

"I'm the Headless Hottentot of the Himalayas—the Blood-Sweating Kiosk of the Holy Writ, and my name is Bill Klank. You missed me the first time, but please don't shoot again. All I want is somebody to undo me and let me get at the pie-eyed rat that got me into this."

"What?" O'Grady asked the ever-cautious O'Grady.

"No," grunted the Headless Hottentot, and with remarkable agility, considering that he had only one arm, he began to crawl up the water-pipe.

We helped the wet, muddy giant into the room. On his instructions we unhooked him down the back, and Bill Klank—a whole man—stripped off his skin and sank into a chair. His head and one of his arms had been inside the padded covering, which was so devised as to make the top of his head, less animal he represented. To see, he had been forced to look out two slits in the chest of the skin.

The porter was called from the bar, cigars were put at the side of the Blood-Sweating Kiosk, and he told us this story:

They caught me—the cage would surely fall over."

"But what did you do with that?" I asked, pointing to the skull which still lay on the table.

"That was my head. It was cut off in the jungle of Hanky-Poo, where the most famous scientists. Oh, you got to give it to Tom. He was a big top splat. This was his stuff. I know it by heart."

"Look! Look! Look!" he'd yell and hold up that skull.

"The crowd would come on the gallop, after a couple of three women had fainted in the crush of people who were afraid they'd miss a free pike at something he would begin."

"Upon the inside, ladies and gentlemen, is the marvellous zo-o-lo-ka-cal special-man brought here this week for your approval by your own government—the United States of America."

"Then he'd wave the head."

"While searching for orang-utangs in the Himalayan jungles of Hanky-Poo, where the most mammoth species of the beasts abound, a party led by Prof. Jules Le Fax, the noted French scientist, of whom you all have heard, came upon a huge, hairy being, the largest orang-utang the scientists ever had seen."

"Like the enraged monster it was, it leaped from a tree with murder in its heart. After a bloody battle in which two men were struck dead with axes, which the brute uprooted and hurled at the members of the party, Prof. Le Fax, with one swoop of his machete—the only weapon ever used with success in battling with orang-utangs—severed the beast's head from its body."

"Never have the chains been removed. It is feared that once released it might rush among the people, killing hundreds in its blind night."

"Prof. Le Fax presented it to the French government, which turned it over to the French Society for Scientific Research, and after the influence of our greatest diplomat was brought to bear, it was leased by the United States. A bond of half a million dollars was deposited by the treasurer of this nation, guaranteeing the safe return of the monster, and the beast is now being displayed to certain favored communities."

"The Headless Hottentot is a creature; loaded with chains, he there in no danger, and my little child may view with safety this marvellous educational exhibit in the amphitheater behind me. It's a government exhibit, ladies and gentlemen, and just to cover the travelling expenses the government authorities will charge only a dime—yes, cent—for every admission ticket which you can purchase from the lady at my left. Here's his head. Go in and see the living, breathing body."

"And the way they would fight to get up to pay a dime to see me was enough honor to last me all my life. Tom would come inside and give all the lectures. I'd try to better down the bars, tear round the cage just as if I could strangle a bull with one hand."

"At night Tom would unlock the padlock that held the chains on me, unhook me, and we'd go to our hotel and count our money."

"One lecture. He'd saved nearly a thousand dollars in three weeks. We landed here three days ago, and have been playing to all the flukes in the world. It looked like to me."

"About four hours ago, after the show was closed, Tom came round. But he didn't unlock the cage. He stood in front and laughed."

"What's the joke?" says I.

"It's on you," he answers, sort of pert. "You going to leave town with the capital stock."

"And, laughing at to kill, he turned out the gas-light and walked out of the tent."

"I thought he was fooling, but he wasn't. I waited about an hour for him to come back. There I was, chained in the cage in that dark tent and nobody round. I yelled and tore and fought the chains and shook the wagon—it wasn't any good."

"I was a raving brute in the neighborhood, but nobody would come, within a block of me until the town marshal arrived. He stuck his head in the tent."

"What you want?" he says, speaking timid like.

"I want out," I answers, and tears out a couple of bars."

"He ran off and got the whole police force. The police force wanted to shoot me for fear I might get loose and kill everybody in town; but the marshal shook his head, bless him, and said if they did the French government might get after 'em. So they all went home and locked their doors and went to bed."

"Finally I pulled the chains loose from where they were fastened to the cage and got away. I couldn't get out of the skin and I was in a fix. The only valuable property I could find round the show was the skull, and I thought I might want to start the show again and brought it along."

"I've been sneaking through alleys in this city all night, carrying my head in my one hand or hung on that horn."

Andover, Con.

site for a Bank of Nova Scotia in either Andover or Perth.

Willard Green left Thursday for Boston in charge of potatoes for G. G. Porter.

Dr. G. B. Post of St. John was visiting his father, John Post, and his sister, Miss Mabel Post, in Andover during the past week. Many friends were glad to see the genial doctor in town.

Mrs. John W. Niles is spending a week or more in Woodstock.

Mrs. W. Reid of St. John is the guest of Mrs. H. H. Tibbitts for the week-end.

Barton McAlary came down from Van Buren Saturday and is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. McAlary.

Miss Mina Johnston of Chfordale is visiting Miss Violet Gillett for a time.

Herman Stewart went to Edmundston Monday to remain until Saturday. Mr. Stewart has had the contract for installing bath rooms in 33 cottages, built by the Fraser Lumber Co. Mr. Stewart intends to complete this work during the coming week.

Miss Jessie Kelly who has been a patient in the Fisher Memorial Hospital at Woodstock for the past two weeks is expected to arrive home Monday.

Mrs. D. R. Bedell has been confined to her home during the past week with a bad cold. Her friends are pleased to hear that she is recovering.

Rev. Gordon Fringle of Kintore had service in the Presbyterian church Sunday evening.

During the past week the water system of Andover has received a thorough overhauling. Upon draining the reservoir a large leak was found which had been the cause of Andover's water supply being so low. The leak has been fixed, reservoir cleaned, etc., and we are sure that not many villages have as fine a water supply as Andover.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Bloating, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath—Gassy Catarrh.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches; how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, bloating, and sour stomach, you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestinal bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean, stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.

END STOMACH TROUBLE. GASES OR DYSPEPSIA

"Pape's Diaphepsin" makes sick, gassy stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes.

If what you eat is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, or you belch gas and eructate, sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, and taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get relief in five minutes by neutralizing acidity. Put an end to each stomach distress now by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diaphepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder caused by food fermentation.

COPENHAGEN CHEWING TOBACCO

Copenhagen is used differently from ordinary chewing tobacco. Take a small pinch, for a start, and put it between the lower lip and gum, in the corner.

Afterwards you can increase the size of the pinch to suit the strength of the chew you desire.

Copenhagen is strong, because the tobacco of which it is made is cut into fine grains which make it impart its strength thoroughly and quickly.

"Smoke a little 'tobacco' goes a long way, showing that Copenhagen is not only an unusually economical chew, but also one of the finest quality, being made of the best, old, rich, high-flavored tobacco."

"Darned if I know. Nobody ever thought of that before. That's the only thing that Tom overlooked."

"You'll like the Flavor"

LING COLE TOBACCO

Makes a Friend of Every User.

Perfectly packed in bright lead foil, and price marked on every package.

Observer Ads. Bring Results

No change has been made in the quality, the quantity, or the price of "Copenhagen"

—and the new box is handier to use and carry

COPENHAGEN CHEWING TOBACCO

WRIGLEYS

YOU will find all three flavours in air-tight sealed packages—but look for the name

WRIGLEYS

because it is your protection against inferior imitations. Just as the sealed package is protection against impurity.

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

The Flavour Lasts!

MADE IN CANADA

WRIGLEYS' DOUBLE MINT

WRIGLEYS' PEPPERMINT

WRIGLEYS' JUICY FRUIT