

Safe, Swift & Sure

Directly Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or sore, pain is soothed, inflammation disappears, and healing starts.

Zam-Buk is so penetrating and so powerfully antiseptic and germicidal that nothing else has ever been known like it. This result is attained by the unique character of Zam-Buk's rare herbal ingredients and the scientific way in which they are refined and blended together.

Zam-Buk first ensures that the flesh is medically cleansed before healing begins. For instance the cut, scald, burn or wound that is dressed immediately with Zam-Buk never festers.

Likewise, Zam-Buk speedily gets to the root of Skin Disease. There are no "breakings-out" again when Ulcers, Eczema, Poisoned Wounds, Boils, Bad Legs, Ringworm, and Scalp Disease have been treated and cured by the Zam-Buk method.

Of all Druggists and Stores, 50c. a box, \$1.25 if you have never tested Zam-Buk, a 1c. stamp (for return postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, will bring FREE TRIAL SAMPLE.

Zam-Buk



Keep Horses Working

A lame horse or a sick horse is a useless expense. You have got to keep the horses working these busy days in order to make them show a profit on the investment. All you need to keep your stock in prime condition is

Dr. J. WOODBURY'S
Horse Liniment and
Condition Powders

They are standard specifics, used regularly by hundreds of farmers and horsemen for such common ailments as Coughs, Colds, Colic, Distemper, Pink Eye, Glanders, Founders, Spavin, Splint, Curb, Cracked Hoof, Enlargements, Kidney Trouble, Fever, Cuts, Sores and Bunches.

There is no telling when a horse will fall sick or meet with an accident. Keep Dr. Woodbury's Liniment and Powders on hand so you will have the right remedy to relieve your horse and put him back at work again.

Sold by Druggists and General Stores
Prepared by
FRASER, THORNTON & CO. LIMITED
COOKSHIRE, QUE. 104

Build up Your Strength
with
OLIVEINE EMULSION

One reason why OLIVEINE EMULSION is so helpful for Coughs, Colds, Weakness and a General Run-down Condition is, because it contains the substance that re-builds, enriches the blood, improves digestion and appetite, and gives vigor and vitality to the entire system.

If you are not feeling well, see what OLIVEINE EMULSION can do for you—take no substitutes.

All Druggists and General Stores have it.
Prepared by
Fraser, Thornton & Co. Limited,
COOKSHIRE, QUE.

PLACE OF BUSINESS CHANGED

I have now changed my business from the Hartland Drug Store to T. B. Thistle's Jewelry Store. Anyone wishing to get Phonograph Records, Books, Lamps or any other article sold by me, will find them there. Pictures to be framed or enlarged can be left there and they will be done and returned as quickly as possible. My health has failed so this year I am not able to travel much at all, so do not wait for me to come to you. I appreciate very much your patronage in the past. If my friends will come to me now I will still try to make an honest living.

Please remember to come to me.
HENRY J. SHELLEY
Farmers Phone. Hardland, N. B.

Trinidad Boasts Many Industries

TRINIDAD is the southernmost colony in the chain of West Indian Islands proper, being situated 10 degrees north of the Equator, between the 61st and 62nd degrees of west longitude. She is the second largest island of the group, and the most prosperous. She is rich in soil, vegetation, and minerals. Situated close to the mainland of South America, possessing extensive petroleum fields, and with modern facilities at Port of Spain for the handling of cargo, she has been singled out by the Committee on Shipping in the Caribbean after the war as the headquarters for West Indian shipping.

The "Land of the Humming Bird," as Trinidad was called by the Caribs who inhabited the island, was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1498. Like Jamaica and the majority of the West Indian islands, Trinidad is mountainous, intersected with ravines and plains, all of which abound in luxuriant vegetation. The scenery is gorgeous. Above, sunny skies, around the island glassy sea; sloping hills, rich foliage, avenues of palms. You marvel, on passing the little islands that rise sentinel-like off the coast, at such sights as the Gulf of Paria, which separates Trinidad from the Republic of Venezuela, the four or five channels at the northern entrance known as the Dragon's Mouth, each of the four islands at the entrance rising, as someone has written, like a jewel from the sea. To the south is the Serpentine Mouth. Then comes Port of Spain, nestled below lofty peaks, with hills and valleys in the distance clothed in nature's garb, and looking resplendent under a tropical sun.

In 1797 Trinidad passed from Spanish control into the hands of Britain, the Spanish Governor having capitulated to an expedition headed by Admiral Harvey and Gen. Sir Ralph Abercromby. Sir Walter Raleigh had, however, visited it years before when he was on what is recorded as "his ill-starred expedition to the Eldorado-Guiana." Raleigh attacked St. Joseph, one of the coast towns of Trinidad, and burnt it. It was from close to her shores that Nelson chased the French fleet through the West Indies across the Atlantic to Trafalgar.

Trinidad contains 1,860 square miles and is 85 miles in length. Her industries are many; her population is about 400,000. Of this number one-third consists of East Indians.

About 1857 borings for petroleum were made by an American concern, but the venture was not successful. In 1866 another start was made at Brighton, and at a depth of 160 feet small deposits of oil were found, the weekly output being from 50 to 60 gallons. In 1901 Mr. Randolph Rust and others took up the question, with the result that operations were commenced on an extensive line. Since then the efforts of those concerned. In the financial year 1914-15, 36,753,931 gallons of petroleum were marketed. To-day there are at least 70 oil-wells in the colony, the product of each being from the heavy asphaltic to light oils. Refineries have been established to manufacture gasoline, kerosene, and other oils; and to-day the Trinidad product is being placed on the market of the neighboring islands. In 1917 35,805,505 gallons of petroleum were exported; in 1918, 41,122,837 gallons; and in 1919, 46,017,819 gallons.

The increase of sugar in Trinidad is satisfactory. From 10,000 tons in the years gone by, it has advanced steadily until last year the output was considerably over 50,000 tons. In the second year of the war, the sugar industry was worth to Trinidad more than one million sterling. Large quantities of molasses are exported, along with sugar, to Britain and Canada.

Trinidad's cocon won its way to popular favor. In 1940, but 1,254 tons were exported; in 1915 a high-water mark was reached, 24,000 tons being shipped to British markets at a price of at least two millions. Last year more than 24,000 tons were sent abroad. Trinidad produces coconuts by the million each season. Last year 30,000,000 nuts were exported.

Trinidad is the only colony in the Caribbean proper that possesses a floating dock and up-to-date repair plant, and a line of steamers owned in the colony.

The island is well provided with hotels, clubs, and golf links. The Savannah is the centre of gaiety at race meetings, cricket, or other sports which attract many persons to Port of Spain. Her rivers, pools, and waterfalls—the Diego Marín and Maracas falls, the Blue Basin with its beautiful cascade—in the midst of the most luxuriant tropical vegetation, are worth seeing. Being an agricultural colony, no effort is spared in the training of young men in matters relating to that industry. Agricultural societies preach the gospel of production and co-operation; an extensive Government stock farm is maintained, where cattle and horses of high grade are offered at public auction yearly. The botanical gardens, attached to the Agricultural Department, and a monastery on the hills, are among the institutions that have helped to advance agriculture, and it is the desire of the Government and people that a West Indian Agricultural College should be created here, to which not only students from the Caribbean colonies but those of other tropical lands could be sent to learn scientific agriculture. Her railway system does its share in the development of trade; it is to be extended; water supply is to be provided for villages, and motor roads are to be constructed.

—London Times.

YORKSHIRE HUMOR

Burly Farmer is Much Like the Scot.

Like the Scot, the Yorkshireman is distinguished more by his "long head" than by a nimble tongue, says Tit-Bits. His thoughts do not lightly turn to jesting, but he has a keen sense of humor. The wag who pits his wits against him is likely to come off "second best" in the encounter.

Such was the experience of a lawyer of rather shady reputation who was rash enough to cross swords with a burly Yorkshire farmer. "Well, farmer," said the man of law, as he looked quizzically at the former's enormous bulk, "if I'd a pig as big as you I'd hit him with a mallet." Quick as a flash came the retort: "Well, mister lawyer, if I'd a dog as big as thee I wouldn't wait till to-morrow; I'd hang him to-day."

A South Yorkshire collier was once trespassing on a well-known nobleman's land when he found himself face to face with the owner. "What are you doing here, sir?" demanded his lordship. "Aren't you aware that this is my property and that the public have no right of way over it?" "Oh, it's thy land, is it?" coolly inquired the trespasser. "And how did it get it?" "It has belonged to my family ever since the first earl got it centuries ago," answered the peer. "And how 't' first earl got it?" persisted the other. "He fought for it." "Oh, he did, did he?" said the collier, as he proceeded to take off his coat. "Then I'll fight thee for it!"

An American had been telling a number of rusties in a Yorkshire inn a thrilling story of a fight with a snake which "measured twenty-three yards in length," to which they had listened with open eyes and mouths—all but one man, who when it was ended, calmly proceeded to talk of the prowess of his grandfather, who "stood nearly eleven feet in his stockings." "Houd on a bit!" at last reconstructed one of the comrades. "Thou'd better knock off a foot or two, lad, if tha wants us to believe thee." "Oh, all right!" was the placid answer. "Let him knock ten yards on his snake, and then I'll see what I can do with my grandfather."

"Why didn't you put my luggage in as I asked you?" angrily demanded a passenger of a porter as his train was moving off. "I did," shouted back the porter; "yer luggage has more sense than yerself. Y're in it wrong train."

Equally amusing is the story of the dying gamekeeper, between whom and a village poacher there has been a long-standing and bitter feud. Aware of the feud, the vicar begged the dying man to see his enemy and forgive him, so that he might die at peace with the world. "Why should I?" asked the gamekeeper. "The poacher has just arrived at the bedside a pathetic scene was witnessed, the two men clasping hands and shedding tears of penitence and pardon. "I forgive thee, Jack," sobbed the dying gamekeeper in farewell, as the poacher stumbled weeping to the door. "But the man's name—what's his name?" "I should happen to get better—this is—off!"

"Well, Mrs. —," said the doctor to the wife of a patient who had led her a miserable life, "I hope your husband's temperature is not higher to-day." "Well," was the startling answer, "that's just what I was wondering, sir. Ye see, he's been dead since noon."

A mistress was a Yorkshire maid-of-all-work who had only one fault—a lack of cleanliness. "Do you know, Mary," the mistress at last remonstrated with courage to say, "if you would only wash your face every day in hot soapy water it would make you look beautiful." "Would it now?" was Mary's answer. "I wonder, mum, y've niver tried it yerself."

Fewer Novels.

Already the paper shortage is causing London publishers to hang up the novels of many who are not in the front rank, and if things get worse even the best sellers may have to seek other livelihoods. So London Opinion thinks, we soon may be reading items like these:

October: William Le Queux obliged to accept post in the C. I. D. at Scotland Yard, where he is employed marking with a cross, in maps of the scene of the crime, the spot where the murder was committed.

November: E. P. Oppenheim accepts the post of maître d'hôtel in the grill room of the Hotel Milan.

December: Sir Conan Doyle practices the tambourine, and contemplates becoming a spiritualistic medium.

Arnold Bennett turns commercial traveler, and pushes Five Towns' crockery.

Robert Hichens goes to Rescort's Restaurant, where, in Arab dress, with stained face, he takes charge of the Turkish coffee department.

Christ Cheateron accepts offer from Pavlova to join her in Russian dance illustrating "The Dying Gladiator."

A Narrow Escape.

The Marquis of Hartington tells an episode from war days when the spy scare was at its height, according to a writer in the Halifax Chronicle. Certain confidential information that the military authorities wanted to keep absolutely secret was sent round by trusted couriers in locked despatch boxes, with elaborate precautions of signing and countersigning and checking every stage. No one below the rank of major-general was entrusted with the knowledge, and even these were bound by tremendous oaths of secrecy. After a time it was found that these weighty documents, which were circulated in printed form, were being set up by printers who were under no obligation to preserve secrecy, and, in fact, took no precautions whatever against leakage. However, nothing did leak out, but the military mandarins, it is said, shuddered when they realized the risks that had been run.

SATISFIED WITH DOG'S MEAL

Westerner in New York Pleased He Knew a Good Thing When He Saw It.

A man and wife moved to New York from the West—a sane, conservative American man and wife, used to money and knowing the worth of it—and brought the family dog along, paying \$5 extra fare for the dog by the way, on the train. They went to a large and gorgeous hotel and in the due course of time the dog needed sustenance.

"Bring for a waiter," said the husband, "and we'll get the dog some scraps."

The floor waiter came and when asked to bring some food for the dog explained with some hauteur that he was the floor waiter and not the dog waiter, but would inform the dog waiter of the desires of the dog. The dog waiter arrived in course of time and the predicament of the dog was explained to him. The dog waiter wrote down the order carefully and departed. Presently he returned bearing a slyer tray on which were displayed daintily various articles of food—some vegetables, some meat and a cracker or two.

"What's that?" asked the husband, examining the contents of the tray with interest.

"The service for the dog, sir," the waiter replied.

"How much is it?"

"One dollar, sir."

The husband took the tray.

"Get the dog a bone," he said. "I'll eat this. It's the best-looking meal I have seen in the place, and the cheapest."—Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

KNIFE ENDED ALL SQUAWKING

Pets of Clemenceau No Longer Created Disturbance After Undergoing a Slight Operation.

M. Clemenceau's love of pets, of which much has appeared in the press since his recent visit to London, once involved him in trouble with his neighbors. Twelve years ago, during his first term as premier, he had a number of peacocks and storks installed in the gardens attached to the ministry of the interior. There are no trees in these gardens, only lawn and flower beds, which in M. Clemenceau's opinion lack animation—hence the peacocks. But other people living in the Place Beauvau complained that these birds were too animated, their cries being so persistent as to render sleep impossible.

Things reached such a pass that the prefect of police was asked to inflict his official superior for disturbing the peace of his neighbors, who were all the more indignant because M. Clemenceau went home every night to sleep at his flat in the Rue Franklin, far out of the range of the peacocks' cries. However a scandal was averted by the premier allowing a slight operation to be performed on the vocal chords of his pets, which, without otherwise injuring them, rendered them incapable of squawking.

And Still Eggs Are Hatched.

The hens need a walking delegate. Grinding the beaks of the poor unprotected fowls seems to be the modern poultryer's long suit. With the modern working day of an anarchy hen on an up-to-date chicken farm, where as many as 15,000 eggs are hatched at one time.

Electric light has done it. The lights turn steadily until 10 p. m. At 4 a. m. they are turned on gradually until their full glare wakes the hens. The poultry then sit up and rub their eyes and think, "How short the nights are getting! Yet it's certainly daylight. Well—just one darned day after another!" Nights are short. The touching innocence of the hen victimizes it to the extent of getting only six hours' sleep a night. Eight-hour day? Why, the chicken works as long as the farmer!—The Nation's Business.

Trade at Stickney

I have purchased the General Store of F. R. Tompkins, have restocked it, and am offering a complete line of General Merchandise at prices that average actually less than at the stores in the larger towns north or south. It will pay you to "trade at Stickney."

George A. Clark

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THE hunter or trapper—the out-door worker—the business man who, in cold weather takes delight in a brisk, bracing walk to and from his place of business. To all men who love healthy exercise ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR makes a strong appeal.

This weighty, chill resisting fabric from which it is knitted, its coarseness of cut ensuring absolute comfort in the wearer and its moderate price makes it unique among winter underweares.

Sold in five different weights and qualities. Each line is guaranteed to be the best value of the class.

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Advertising Pays

ENTERPRISE MONARCH RANGE
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Have you heard about Peps? Peps is a scientific preparation put up in pastille form, which provides an entirely new and effective treatment for coughs, colds, chest and throat troubles.

Peps contains certain medicinal ingredients, which, when placed upon the tongue, immediately turn into vapor, and are breathed down the air passages to the lungs. On their journey, they soothe the inflamed and irritated membranes of the bronchial tubes, the delicate walls of the air passages, and finally enter and carry relief and healing to the lungs.

In a word, while no liquid or solid can get to the lungs and air passages, these Peps fumes get there direct, and at once commence healing.

FREE TRIAL Cut out this article, write across it the name and date of this paper, and mail it (with 10c stamp to pay return postage) to Peps Co., Toronto. A free trial packet will then be sent you. All druggists and stores sell Peps, 50c. box.

You can't expect the same you buy to give perfect satisfaction for many years to come. You will not be disappointed if you select an Enterprise Monarch. A good quality boiler, easy on fuel, fitted with every modern convenience, it is guaranteed to last.

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