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JANUARY THIRD
In opening day for the WINTER
TERM at
BUSINESS COLLEGE.
In order that provisions can
be made for ALL who wish to
attend for the January classes,
you are requested to apply for
admission as soon as possible.
If you have not had full pay-
ment, write to
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal.
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CHOOSE WISELY.
Our schools are affiliated with
The Association of Accredited
Schools of Canada and the
United States, the highest
authority on business education in
North America and the demand
for our graduates is THREE
times the supply. Surely, it
pays to attend our schools.

Modern Business College, Ltd.
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For Cold Weather

Stoves and Heaters
ALL KINDS
ALSO
Oil Heaters.

Macinaw Coats

Boots and Shoes
FOR MEN.

PRICES RIGHT.

W. T. COOK

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS,

FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look, Mother, if tonight your child
closes little bowels with "California
Syrup of Figs."

Mother, can you rest after giving
"California Syrup of Figs" to your
child? For little all the sleepless
hours of the night, and you have
a well, playful child again.

Small children should be taught to
take this medicine. "Fruit Laxative"
millions of mothers keep it handy to
give their children when the stomach
acts queer and bowels are clogged and
sour. Ask your druggist for a bottle of
"California Syrup of Figs" which con-
tains directions for babies, children of
all ages and for grown-ups.

CARLYLE WAS PROPHETIC.

He Had Vision of Recent Happenings
Fifty Years Ago.

Fifty-four years ago last April, Thomas Carlyle, one of Britain's im-
mortals, delivered his inaugural ad-
dress to the students of Edinburgh
University on the occasion of his in-
stallation as Lord Rector, says
Carlyle.

There must be many still living
who heard that address; there are
millions who have read it since then.
It is to be hoped that millions will
continue to read it. For it was,
as a literary masterpiece, compact
with wisdom, rich in lofty advice
from an old man to young men, pre-
sented with prophetic of the evils
which have beset our weary world
for the past fifty years.

"I have been reading once more,"
writes one of the most popular of
our contributors, "this wonderful ad-
dress, and cannot help suggesting
one or two extracts, which, go to
show how accurate was Carlyle's out-
look on the world as he saw it evolu-
ing fifty odd years ago."

"He was urging the necessity, the
imperative demand, for sane and
logical thinking, for the suppression
of those talk-almost for the aboli-
tion of speech as we generally
understand it. And the annoying
thing about all this is that the Scot-
tish sage was founding some of his
theses on Goethe's plan for mute
education."

"Look where you will, revolution
is coming upon us! We have already
seen the signs of revolution. All
kinds of things are coming to be
subjected to fire, as it were; hotter
and hotter, until the element round
everything. It is evident that what-
ever is not inconsumable—made of
steel—will have to be burnt.
Nothing other will stand the heat in
this world."

Even in 1858 Carlyle saw the tra-
vail that lay before the world, and
he perceived with unerring vision,
that ambition, the false ambition as
against the true, would be respon-
sible for much of the wreck and mis-
ery. And blood-drawing we have ex-
perienced during the past few years.
Yet Carlyle, whose admiration for
the likes of Goethe, Schiller, Goethe,
Helm, Schiller, was immense, could
scarcely have foreseen at that time
how modern German ambition was
to lay waste the continent of Europe.

Listen to Carlyle's advice to the
students at Edinburgh on the part
they should try to play in combating
the "consuming fire" of the "new
ideas that are about."

"In every point the commonplace
is to be more and more the
rule, not of common, but of choice. He
is a disbeliever, discontented, reck-
less, and altogether waste kind of
object, and the wiser kind of man—
the select few of whom I hope you
will be part—has more and more to
do with this, to look vigilantly for-
ward, and will require to move with
double wisdom. Will find, in short,
that the crooked things he has got to
pull straight all round him are man-
fold, and will tax all his strength,
however great it be. He will have
to stand up to the work to the last
breath of his life. We are called
now to do that, and the only reward
we will get is that we have got the
work done—or at least that we have
tried to do it. That will be a great
blessing in itself, and I should say
there is not much more reward than
that going in this world."

Couldn't Ban Coffee "Then
England was up in riotous de-
fence of the right to pursue hap-
piness and coffee when, in 1678,
Charles tried to follow the coffee
houses as "the great resort of idle
and dissipated persons," hotbeds of
political intrigue.

So loud were the protests against
the prohibition that the King was
forced to revoke his proclamation.
To save his dignity, he said that "out
of his princely consideration and
royal compassion all and every re-
tailer of the liquor aforesaid shall
be allowed to keep open until the
four and twentieth day of June next."
The arid date came and went—and
the lid didn't go on. The London
coffee houses still flourished, cham-
pions of free speech when the press
was controlled and Parliament un-
reliable.

Of all the literary and political
meeting places, the most influential
was one popularized by the patro-
nage of the poet Dryden. Literary
aspirants of the day paid dearly
merely for the privilege of entering
the room the great man usually oc-
cupied. There it was that Pepys saw
him, centre of an admiring throng,
having "very witty and pleasant dis-
cussion." Dryden's chair always was
placed by the fire in the winter, and
on the balcony in summer.

Bottle One Century Old.
A white beaver hat, as worn in the
coaching days, has for long been a
feature of the windows of a celebra-
ted Piccadilly hatter, and now the
Fetter Lane tackle-maker exhibits a
bottle.

It is not an ordinary bottle. It is
black and bent and battered, and it
bears this inscription:
This bottle
Has been used for over
100 years
in our workshop
for varnishing hair-boards.

The bottle has that look. Even an
inscription that would come from it
for the hands of Israh Walton, who
lived not far off, would be convincing.
—London Chronicle.

Not Flipped, He Sues.
Our Georgian ancestor dealt drasti-
cally with "lightning strikes," in
one case a comical result.
About 100 years ago Lord Mayor
Wood sent a city sugar baker to
notice, but humanely omitted to or-
der the man also to be beheaded, as
the statute prescribed.

When the sugar baker came out of
his cell he sued Ald. Wood for not con-
sidering the law, and the jury
were compelled to award him some
nominal damages for being illegally
deprived of his beheading.—London
Chronicle.

Drawing An Audience.
Professor Letterkirk—I'm delighted
to see so large a gathering. In the
house I never spoke to an audience
of more than forty before. Your town-
smen are interested in science?

The Local Editor—Not much. But
my compositor in setting up the ad of
your lecture on the "Cosmic Forces,"
left the "s" out of Cosmic.

BECAME SO THIN
SHE WAS AFRAID

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Made Her Well,
Strong and Vigorous



MADAME ARTHUR BEAUCHER

555 Cartier St., Montreal.
"I suffered terribly from Con-
stipation and Dyspepsia for many years.
I felt pains after eating and had gas,
constant headache, and was unable
to sleep at night. I was getting so
thin that I was frightened and saw
several physicians who, however, did
not seem able to help me.

At last a friend advised me to take
"Fruit-a-tives." I did so and soon I
felt some relief. I continued with
"Fruit-a-tives" and in a short time,
the Constipation was banished, I felt
no more pains or headache or the
disagreeable sensations that follow
dyspepsia. Now I am well, strong and
vigorous."

Madame ARTHUR BEAUCHER.
Box a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.
At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives
Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Severely So.
Summoning all the paths possible
into his voice, the amateur settlement
worker was addressing his audience on
the subject of certain poverty-stricken
foreigners, who, if they weren't
wretchedly miserable, at least ought to be.

"Think of it," he cried, dabbing at
his eyes. "There are people down there
who live on garlic alone! Imagine it!
Garlic alone!"

"Well," called back the old Grouch,
as he made his way down the aisle to-
wards the nearest exit, "if they live on
garlic, they ought to live alone."
—American Legion Weekly.

Collect Privately, Too?
"My father," said the little boy, "is
a numismatician."

Why Johnny? exclaimed the teach-
er. "A numismatician is a coin collec-
tor."

"Yes, that's what my father is;
he's a collector on a electric car."
—Stray Stories.

THE GOODS YOU OUGHT
TO BUY, AT THE PRICES
YOU OUGHT TO PAY, YOU
WILL ALWAYS GET AT
B. Goodman's

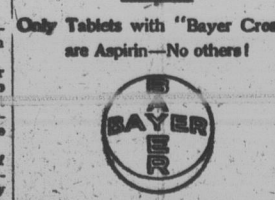
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THERE IS ONLY ONE

GENUINE ASPIRIN

Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross"
are Aspirin—No others!



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross"
on the tablets, refuse them—they are
not Aspirin at all.

Based on genuine "Bayer Tablets of
Aspirin" plainly stamped with the safety
"Bayer Cross"—Aspirin prescribed by
physicians for thousands of years and proved
safe by millions for headache, tooth-
ache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lamina-
gia, colds, influenza, and fever. Generally
known as the "Bayer" tablets. Made in
Germany.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered
in Canada) of Bayer Manufacturing of
Kaiser-Wilhelms-Strasse, Elberfeld.
While it is well known that Aspirin
is a Bayer manufacture, the Tablets of
Bayer Company, Ltd., will be stamped
with their famous single mark, the
"Bayer Cross."

A LINK WITH DICKENS.

Police Court Figured In Oliver
Twist.

An almost forgotten link with
Dickens is in danger of passing into
total obscurity.

At numbers 53 and 53 Hutton
Garden, the home of diamond mer-
chants, is to be seen above an old-
fashioned doorway a coat of arms in
stone, and one feels the Dickens at-
mosphere the moment the threshold
is crossed. This is one of the en-
trances to the old Hutton Garden
police court, where Oliver Twist was
charged with stealing a handkerchief
from Mr. Brownlow.

The fact that these buildings were
once a "lock-up" and are a link with
Dickens does not appear to be gen-
erally known among the business
people who now have their offices in
them. The housekeeper told an inter-
viewer that she knew the place was
once a lock-up, that it had a history,
and that Dickens had written about it,
but beyond that she could trace
nothing.

The wide haircase with carved
balusters remains, and the hall and
landings give one the impression
that this part has changed little since
Dickens' time. At the rear, in Hutton
Yard, were the jailers' quarters,
where the male prisoners were
marched in single file to old Cold-
bath Fields Prison.

Mr. Maurice Murphy, of King's
Cross Road, Clerkenwell, whose uncle
was a jailer here, says:
"On each prisoner's right wrist was
fixed a handcuff with a hole, through
which a chain was passed from the
first man to the last, and padlocked
at both ends, so that if one or two
wanted to escape, they would have to
take the whole crowd with them. The
route taken was through Great Sal-
terton Hill, up Pickled-Leg Walk
(now Crawford Passage), through
Coldbath Square, and straight into
the gates of Coldbath Fields Prison.

The last magistrate to sit at the
court was Mr. John, who was re-
ferred to by Dickens in "Oliver
Twist" as Mr. Fang."

The police court was eventually re-
moved to King's Cross Road, and is
now the Clerkenwell police court. In
the garden next to the old lock-up
is the last remaining green patch of
the original Hutton Garden. Every
other back garden on the estate has
been built upon, and this, too, will
apparently go the way of the other
back gardens when the lease expires.

Kut Hero's Surrender.
Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles V. F. Town-
shend, in his book entitled "My Cam-
paign in Mesopotamia," goes very
fully into all the conditions which
culminated in his surrender to the
Turks. The British forces were finally
reduced to famine, and in the
following extract from his work Gen.
Townshend justifies his final capitula-
tion.

"After much negotiation, all condi-
tions were refused by Enver Pasha.
My own personal library was offered
on condition that it did not destroy
my guns and material. Such condi-
tions, of course, were impossible to
accept. Finally, on 29th April, I de-
stroyed my guns and all material,
ammunition, etc., including the wire-
less installation. Shortly afterwards
a Turkish battalion marched into the
town and took over the guards.

"Khalil Pasha came to see me, and
I offered him my sabre and pistols.
He refused to take them, saying,
"They are not much yours as ever they
were." Khalil told me that I should
be sent to Constantinople and treated
with the same honor as Osman Pasha,
with whose defence of Plevna the
Turks compared mine of Kut. He
said I should be the honored guest
of the Turkish nation. My force was
to be sent to Asia Minor to be inter-
nally placed in a good climate near
the sea.

"There lies no dishonor for a com-
mander and his troops, when they
have done their duty according to
military law. If it was turned into
the hardest of conditions upon them.
They are not the masters to fix and
determine those conditions. In our
case at Kut, we had resisted for just
over five months, and we were com-
pelled to surrender not by the enemy
but by famine."

Bee Breved In Abbey.
Westminster Abbey has been put
to many strange uses during the
thousand years or so of its existence.
In Cromwell's time it was turned into
a barracks. In pre-Reformation
days it was utilized as a Parliament
house, and a brewery and a bakery
were established by the monks for
their convenience within the sacred
precincts.

In the early years of the last cen-
tury it occupied the popular esti-
mation the place now taken by Madame
Tussaud's, a visit to the "Abbey Wax-
works," as the collection of effigies of
famous people there kept was called,
being one of the treats reserved
for country cousins and children on
their holiday.

Here, too, William Caxton set up
the first printing press. And because
it was his custom to discuss all mat-
ters connected with the undertaking
at a meeting in the abbey chapel
with the Father superior in the chair,
any organized gathering of workers
in a printing establishment today is
a "chapel," and its chosen chairman
is a "father."

The Police Refectory.
Miguelito is an extremely good-
tempered young man and he makes
a point of nice speaking. One day he
was cycling along a broad road, when
he spotted ahead a lady, also cycling,
who was wide of figure, and uncer-
tain as to steering. Fearing an acci-
dent, Miguelito reluctantly rang his
bell, gently and politely, of course.
The lady ahead promptly wobbled
unsteadily, and caused up by dis-
mounting with more speed than
grace. Miguelito hurried to her
assistance, to be met with the ap-
palling remark, "Do you want all the
road?" "No, madam," replied Mig-
uelito courteously, "I am merely sel-
ecting a place to make use of the
small portion which you were not
using!"

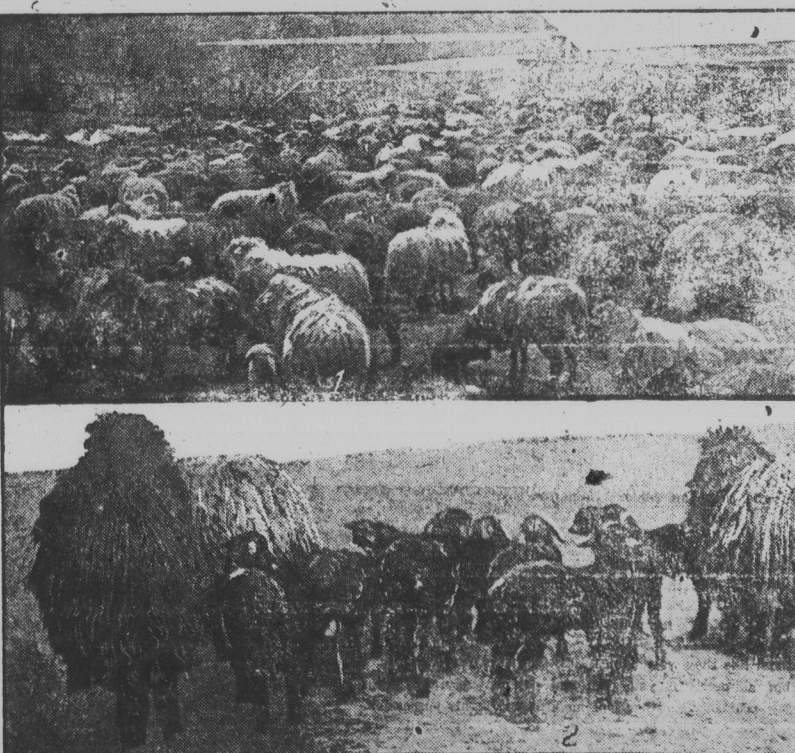
Memorial Suit.
"Have you ever appeared as a wit-
ness in a suit before?" asked the bul-
lyraging attorney.
"Why, of course!" replied the young
lady on the witness stand.
"What suit was it?"

"It was a blue suit with a white col-
lar and white cuffs and white buttons
all the way down the back," replied
the young lady.—Los Angeles Times.

WE wish all our many
friends and patrons
A Happy and Prosperous
New Year.

CHAS. ASOYUF & CO.
Water St. Campbellton, N. B.

Canadian Persian Lamb



(1) A Karakul flock gathered for inspection. (2) Karakul sheep and lambs.

The spirit of the Canadian farmer coupled
with the diversity of climates to be
found throughout the Dominion re-
sult in a continual branching out into
new lines of agricultural activity. A
recent introduction which has appar-
ently taken vigorous hold and will
probably assume importance, straight-
forward every vestige of flaxure at ma-
turity.

In the year 1912 the Karakul sheep
was first introduced into the United
States direct from Bokara, and in the
following year small herds were es-
tablished in Alberta and British Co-
lumbia. Here they have thrived and
are now being raised successfully and
are being introduced into the industry
of the west permanently. The Karakul
sheep is the most valuable of the
various breeds of sheep raised in the
west, and is being raised in large num-
bers. The Karakul sheep is a small
breed, and is very hardy, and is well
adapted to the conditions of the west.
The Karakul sheep is a small breed,
and is very hardy, and is well adapted
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