

**Your Throat.**  
Gargles can't go back far enough; sprays don't reach deep enough; but the air you breathe touches every part. Then why not put some healing medicine in the air and let them go along together? That is what Vapo-Cresoleine is for. It puts the healing medicine right on the places that most need it. You now see why it so quickly cures sore throat, bronchitis, hoarseness, whooping-cough and asthma.

Vapo-Cresoleine is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Vapo-Cresoleine, 8-10 pints, are supplied by druggists, or sent by mail. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. **W. A. CROSSLAND CO., 150 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.**

Recommended and sold by F. R. Dalton

You will find in every day's practice that fatigue has a larger share in the promotion or the permission of disease than any other single casual condition you can name.

**DON'T BE AFRAID.** If you have never tested the quality of Kendrick's Liniment, don't be afraid to try it, thousands of people are using it. To be had at all dealers in Medicine. Price 25 cents.

Mrs. Twaddle—Why Dr. Jalap, his ages since I saw you. How have you been? Do you enjoy good health?  
Dr. Jalap—Not in others. Mrs. Twaddle—not in others.

**DON'T LEAVE IT TO CHANCE.** You may need to use Kendrick's Liniment at any time in the house, or perhaps in the stable. Always have a bottle or two on hand.

Well the automobile is certainly the vehicle for the beginning of the twentieth century but I wonder what we will be riding in toward its close?  
A hearing probably.

**DON'T BE DECEIVED.** Get the genuine McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup. Mothers know the value of this old and well tried remedy.

Algy—Yas, I belong to Chicago, Miss Flyte.  
Miss Flyte—Oh, is that all? I thought from the way you talked Chicago belonged to you.

**McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP** is an old and thoroughly tested remedy. It is safe, pleasant and effectual.

Le Spiggs a camera friend?  
I don't know, but he certainly looks like it in the first snap shot his wife took of him.

**STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.**  
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

Few men ever reach the top, probably because the top grows away from the average man as fast as he climbs.

**DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED.** You won't be if you use Kendrick's Liniment. There is nothing like Kendrick's for lameness, swelling, Pain, Sore Throat and Lung, and as a general household remedy.

Can he cook? asked the proprietor of the restaurant.  
Cook? echoed the caller, who was rooting for a friend out of a job. Can he cook? Say, I've seen that man make four equal pies out of one old pigeon?

**DON'T GO HOME,** if you have not got at least one bottle of Kendrick's Liniment in the house. Don't go home without it. There is nothing better (if equal) to Kendrick's as a household remedy.

Do you believe all geniuses are egotists? N. C. Look at me. Ever since I can remember I have kept myself back by placing too light an estimate on my importance and ability.

**ANY CHILD WILL TAKE** McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup. It is always the same safe, pleasant and effective remedy, but be sure you get McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.

Glady—Were you alarmed when he kissed you?  
Ethel—Dreadfully!  
Glady—And did you scream?  
Ethel—Oh, no! It was a still alarm!

You May Need

**Pain-Killer**

For Cuts Burns Bruises

Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy.

There's only one PAIN-KILLER.

FRANK DAVIS

Two sizes, 50c. and 10c.

**THE RAGO-GENUS CHRISTMAS BALL.**

There had been no social doings since the drive had passed the dunes, and the section from Seabrook to the Clutes was rather blue. So the folks at Rago-genus, where there's rum enough and room, arranged a Christmas function and invited Murphy's crew.

The folks at Rago-genus hired Ezra Hewson's hall, and posted up the notice for "Our Yearly Christmas Ball."

Now Murphy's crew was willing and they walked the sixteen miles, and arrived at Rago-genus wearing most benignant smiles. The genial floor director waited near the outer door, and And pleasantly suggested they remove the boots they wore. He said that Rago-genus wanted to make of this affair an elegant occasion, "reshershay and daysonar".

So it seemed the town's opinion, after many long disputes, that "was time to change the custom and excise the spike sole boots. He owned 'twas rather drastic and would cause a social jar 'twixt Upper Anbejejus and the Twin Depaconquehah, "but 'twas settled," so he told them, "that many lady likes to do these fancy dances with a gent what's wearin' spikes. So I asks ye very kindly, but I asks ye one and all, To leave your brogan calkers on the outside of your shoes. 'Tis 'ere is sart of sudden," said the boss of Murphy's crew, "Just excuse us for a minute, but we don't know what to do. We've attended social functions at the Upper Churchhill Clutes, and 'twas the smartest set they had there, and he didn't want a loss. Excuse us for the mention, but we feel compelled to say, 'Tisn't fair to shift a fashion all a sudden, this 'ere way. At 'the local delection, when it came with the wavin, Omitted partur leather in its meation of tonight. So I guess ye'll have to take us with these spikes up on our soles. We can't appear in stockings for the most of us save holes. But the genial floor director guarded still the outer door and declared that "gents with spikes weren't allowed on the floor." He said 'twas very awkward that special guests should thus be kept in outer darkness, and he didn't want a loss. But so long as Rago-genus had issued their decree He hadn't any option, "as a gent, with sense could see. So he passed his ultimatum, "Ye musted then spike sole boots! For we hain't the sort of humstrams that ye'll find at Churchhill Clutes."

Then up spoke Smoky Finegan, the boss of Murphy's crew, Said he, "The push at Churchhill shain't be stirred by such as you. We're gents that's very gentle and we never make a loss. If ye've dropped the vogue of spikers at the present Christmas Ball We have interduced the fashion up at Churchhill quite a while, and no Rago-genus hain't broods have the right to twig our style. But in slurrin' folks at Churchhill ye are always surrin' us. We will start the fashion over, good and solid, that is all! So, mister, please excuse us, but ye'll open up your shoes, Or God have mercy on ye if I turn these gents here loose!"

Then the genial floor director shouted back within the room, "Ho, men of Rago-genus, here is trouble at the boom!" But even as he shouted, a crash and crash at spike sole boots. Like a purring jam of timber Murphy's angula stormed the door. Then against them rose the sawyers of the Rago-genus mill. Who rallied for the contest and the Rago-genus street. But by new decree of fashion they were wearing boughen suits And even all the boommen had put off their spike-sole boots. So that gallant crew of Murphy's simply stood upon their feet, And backward, howling, cutting, they compelled them to retreat. The air was full of silvers as the spikers cleared the floor, And the men whose feet were punctured didn't battle no more. "Now, fellers, boom the outfit," shouted Finegan the boss. His cho-gers formed a cordon and they swopt the room across: The people who were standing at the walls in double ranks, Were pulled and thrown to the outer darkness, "Clear the banks!" Then they herded Rago-genus in the middle of the room, And slung themselves around it like a human pocket-boom. All the matrons and the maidens were as frightened as could be. When Finegan commanded, "Now collect the boommen feet!" At a corner of the cordon they arranged a sorting-guy. And one by one the women were escorted from the trap. And without a word of protest, as they drifted slowly through, They paid their tolls in kisses to the men of Murphy's crew. And at last when all the women had been sorted from the crowd, The men were "second-rate," so the boss of Murphy's crew. "We will raff them down as pulp struff!" and he yelled to close about, "Now, my hearties, start the windlars," ordered he, "we'll warp 'em out!"

Through the doorway, down the stairway, grim and struggling, thranged the press, —All the brawn of Rago-genus fighting hard with success, They were herded down the middle of the Rago-genus street, —If they tried to buck the centre they were bradled on the feet; They were yanked at the river; Murphy's posies smashed the ice, Though the men of Rago-genus couldn't smush that human vice. That held them, jammed them, forced them! When the water touched their toes, Then at last they fought like lions to save their boughen clothes. But as fierce were Murphy's hearties, and their spikers helped them win, For they kicked and spurred their victims and they dragged them shrieking in, Then with water to their shoulders there they stood and they wined. While they gave them points on breeling and the rules of etiquette. And at midnight 'twas decided by a universal vote That the strict demands of fashion do rest to rest or coat; That 'twixt Upper Anbejejus and the Twin Depaconquehah Shirts of red and checkered flannel are the smartest form, by far. And that gents may chew tobacco when they're in all ways fit. If they only use discretion as to when and where they spit. And above all future cavil, sneer or jeer or vain disputes, High was set this social edict: "Gents may wear their spike-sole boots." Then the men of Rago-genus and the men of Murphy's crew They dissolved their joint convention—they were near dissolving, too! And to counteract the action of the water on the skin They applied some balmy lotion to the proper parts within. Then they danced till ruddy morning, and their drying garments steamed, And awful was the shrinkage of those seven-dollar suits! And the feet of Murphy's woodsmen gashed and slashed and clashed and seamed, Till a steady rain of silver shined behind those bradled boots. —And all disputes of etiquette were buried once for all, At that Christmas Social Function, the Rago-genus Ball.

**HE KILLED THE CASE**

**Fatal Effect of Brother Spears' Musical Testimony.**

A well known lawyer of Lancaster, Mo., related the following legal incident: One of the most original lawyers I ever met in my life was Sam Dysart, who many years ago was a resident of our county. Sam was a born humorist and could have made his fortune in the lecture field. When he lived up our way, he was engaged on one occasion to defend a lot of boys and girls charged with disturbing a religious assembly out in the country. "Laughing and giggling" is the way the information read. The case was tried before Squire A. C. Bailey, a good old man who has long since gone to his final reward. Like all cases of this sort, it attracted an immense crowd from the vicinity of the illegal outrage.

T. C. Tadlock prosecuted, and he was instructed by the church people to spare no pains to convict the disturbers, who were very much frightened by being dragged into court. All the defendants were children of good families, and it was their first offence. They candidly admitted they laughed out in church, and the state insisted that by their cwn' mouths they were condemned.

Brother Tice Spears, a righteous man of Parlane type, was the main prosecuting witness. He had conducted the service, and he testified that the peace was sadly disturbed by the unseemly behavior of the "rioters." After he told his story in chief he sat down with clasped hands, waiting for the defendant's attorney to begin on him. He didn't have long to

**For Pain**

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

was originated in 1810 by Dr. A. Johnson. Cures colic, cramp, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, hives, neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, headache, colds, croup, catarrh, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, muscle sprains, and all other ailments in any part of the body. In two or three bottles, 25c. and 50c. If your dealer hasn't it, write to J. A. WERMAN & CO., 25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass. For 41 pages book, "Prescriptions for Diseases and Cures of the Sick Room."

Please turn to that song, Brother Spears.

The witness did so.

That's what you sang that night! It is, sir.

Well, stand up and sing it now, if you please.

What!

You heard what I said, Brother Spears. But I can't sing before this sort of crowd.

Brother Spears, do I understand that you refuse to furnish legitimate evidence to this jury?

No, no—but, you see—

Your honor, said Mr. Cysart, I insist that the witness shall sing the song referred to just as he did on the night of the alleged disturbance. It is a part of our evidence and very important. The reason for it shall be disclosed later on.

There was a long jangle between the lawyer, and the court finally ordered the witness to get up and sing.

And amid you, Brother Spears said Dysart seriously, you must sing it just as you did that night. If you change a note you will have to go back and do it all over again.

The witness got up and opened the book. There is a vast difference between singing to a congregation in sympathy with you and a crowd of courtroom bailiffs. Brother Spears was painfully conscious of the fact. You know how these old time hymns are sung in the back woods settlements? You begin in the basement and work up to the roof and then leap off from the dizzy height and finally finish the line in the basement.

That's the way the witness did. He had a good voice—that is, it was strong. If Gabriel's trumpets got out of whack he could utilize that voice and wake the dead just as readily. It seemed to threaten the window blinds. The crowd didn't smile, it just yelped with laughter. The jurymen bent double and almost rolled from their seats. The court bit his corncob pipe harder and looked solemn. It wasn't any use. There were only two straight faces in the house. One belonged to a deaf man and the other to Sam Dysart. The singer finished and sat down. He looked tired. Sam immediately excused him.

When the time for speechmaking came Sam remarked to the jury: If you gentlemen think you could go to one of Brother Spears' meetings and behave better than you have here, why you may be justified in convicting these boys and girls.

That was all he said but it gave the jury lots to think about. They brought in a verdict of not guilty, with the request that Brother Spears sing another song. But that gentleman had gone home and court adjourned.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

**FOR BIG EATERS**

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a pleasant and safe Liver Regulator—they stimulate digestion, and counteract the too common error of over-eating. Take one after dinner—No inconvenience—they act pleasantly—40 doses in a vial, 10 cents.

Never have that tired feeling if you keep your liver active, and Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are a liver specific, 25 cent vial contains 100 pills.

For sale by F. R. Dalton, Newcastle, N. B.

**RAW FUR**

Highest Price Paid In a sh for all kinds of Raw Fur at the Salter Brick Store, JOHN FERGUSON, Proprietor. Newcastle, Dec. 3rd, 1901.

**Just Arrived**

One car GRANULATED SUGAR Bought on the drop of the market and will be sold low to the trade during the Holiday season. P. HENNESSY. "KIDNEY SIGNALS"

Nature posts her signals all along the line. If the kidneys are faulty she gives the sufferer the sign—and it's an unmistakable one always.

The world owes loyalty to the science which points at life's greatest danger—and tells her to avert them. South American Kidney Cure is a certain preventive and an unfailing cure for any certain form of Kidney disease from the most incipient to the most stubborn and dejected cases—a liquid specific that never fails. It relieves in six hours.

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If you have a pain in your BACK, SHOULDER, ARMS, or any of your limbs —USE— **E. R. O.** It will relieve you as no other external medicine will.

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