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need careful treatment
from within more than
they need bundling wraps
during changing seasons.
The pure cod liver oil in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is helping thousands to strengthen
the tender linings of their throats,
while at the same time it aids the
lungs and improves the
quality of the blood.

Throat Specialists endorse
SCOTT'S EMULSION—Try it
Scott & Borne, Toronto, Ont.

PREPARING OPIUM IN LONDON'S FILTHY DENS

How the Deadly Drug is Prepared—
Dreams of Blue Butterflies Amid
Sordid Quarters

The interior of an actual opium den
in London, Eng., is by no means an
exhilarating sight. It is smelly and
somewhat dark. The odor of the paraffin
lamp and the nauseous smell of the
burned drug, however, are about
the floor or low couches are about
the room, and the light is from lamps
covered with oiled paper shades,
generally orange or red. The recumbent
figures of coolies, lascars, and
others look in their deathlike sleep
as if they were figures of dirty wax
that had made to run, and the
grim of the imbecile is upon the ex-
pressionless features of the figures.

Like Black Honey
The Chinaman who prepares the
pipe, which in the East End costs
fewer shillings than it does pounds
in the West, squats down before a
spirit lamp upon a little bamboo
table, on which are also the pipes and
the little dish of opium. The latter
is a thick, sticky substance like
honey, blackened. The end of a long
thin wire is plunged into this filthy
mass and a small portion of it taken
up and twisted rapidly round and
round until it adheres to the wire in
the shape of a ball. This is held in
the flame of the spirit lamp and still
twisted and twisted while it is heated,
and this is a very necessary and deli-
cate part of the operation and needs
the careful watching of the Chinaman.

Then the Pipe!
It is soon done to a turn, and then
the opium pipe is picked up and load-
ed with it. The pipe consists of a
long reed stem terminating in a small
metal bowl, and the roasted ball of
opium is pushed well into the latter.
It is enough to last but a little while
and may need several renewals before
the narcotic state of somnolence and
of utter forgetfulness is reached.

The votary takes slow and deliber-
ate whiffs from the pipe, and all
energy evaporates by degrees from
him. Lethargy supervenes, and at last
he lies like a log and dreams his
dreams of paradise. It is said by
some that one of the most frequent
of the dreams is to see clouds upon
clouds of brilliant blue butterflies
flitting joyously above blue flowers
and under a still bluer sky.



FOR HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION

Nearly all our minor ailments, and many
of the serious ones, too, are traceable to
some disorder of the stomach, liver, and
bowels. If you wish to avoid the mis-
eries of indigestion, acidity, heartburn,
flatulence, headaches, constipation, and
a host of other distressing ailments, you
must see to it that your stomach, liver
and bowels are equal to
the work they have to
do. It is a simple matter
to take 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup
daily, after meals, yet thousands of former
sufferers have banished indigestion, bil-
iousness, constipation, and all their dis-
tressing consequences in just this simple
way. Profit by their experience. As a
digestive tonic and stomachic remedy,
Mother Seigel's Syrup is unsurpassed.

TRY
Mother Seigel's Syrup
The New! 10 Size Contains 3 Times as Much
as the Old! Size Sold at 50c per Bottle.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

THE NEW! 10 Size Contains 3 Times as Much
as the Old! Size Sold at 50c per Bottle.

Royal Hotel

A Home Away from Home
Main Street, South Side of Bridge
Livery in Connection

HARTLAND, N. B.
A. W. CLARK, Prop.

LARRIMORE'S TRUMP

—By—
Atlan Inglis
(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman)

The prison gates closed behind Lar-
rimore. He was free. Nobody had
come to meet him except the report-
ers, but that caused Larri more no
distress. Of course, Laura would not
have come to the prison gates. She
had pride, and though it had been
justly condemned, Laura was not
going to publish her shame before the
eyes of the newspaper men.

Larri more had done no wrong.
He had beggared a few score
of women and trusting men who had
put their all in his wildest scheme,
but then everybody did things like
that every day in the course of busi-
ness. The five years in the peniten-
tiary that he had served had been a
gross injustice. Larri more felt no
degradation. He meant to repeat his
crime, but more craftily, in order to
secure the funds to start things going
again.

Still, he was thinking, as he sat
in the train, a lot of things which
distressed him; and yet he could not
shake them out of his mind. He had
gone to the metropolis twenty years
before, a gawky farmer boy, to make
his fortune. He had become wealthy
in an incredibly short space of time,
for Larri more was quick to adapt him-
self to the dubious ways of finance.
In ten years he was married and had
a house on the avenue.

He had married the daughter of his
employer. He had not loved Laura
exactly, but she had thought he had.
No children had come to them, and
of late years Laura had seemed dis-
satisfied. Larri more had lavished
money upon her and had never known
what ailed her. But then he had not
understood her.

After his marriage he seldom went
home. He made his old mother an
adequate allowance, but he had not



He was thinking, as he sat in the
train, a lot of things which dis-
tressed him.

seen her for three years before he
was sentenced. With his connections
he could not afford to have it known
that his mother was an illiterate old
woman. Laura had never seen her;
Larri more had been ashamed to let
her know. And when he was sen-
tenced Laura had, by his orders, writ-
ten to the old woman that they were
going abroad to live. Larri more had
provided for his mother before his
conviction. He hugged that thought
to his heart. He was a pretty decent
sort of a man.

Still there had been trying episodes,
which, as a man of the world, he had
found difficult to explain to his wife.
For instance, old Mrs. Larri more's
letters. The old woman had been
growing lonely. She wanted to come
to town and live with her son. Of
course, that was impossible, and he
had told his mother so frankly. But
Laura had seen one of the ill-spelled
letters, and Larri more had been
ashamed.

"You see, she never could learn to
spell very well," he explained to his
wife. "We are of good family, but
mother was always the dunce at
school."

The look in his wife's eyes when
he apologized for his mother had
vaguely annoyed Larri more.

After his conviction Laura had come
to see him regularly each three
months. Three months before his
sentence expired she had told him
that she thought it would be no use
their living together. The house had
been sold and she was living then in
a boarding house. Larri more had not
answered her, because he meant to
go to her as soon as he came out of
prison and explain that he would be
a rich man again within a year, and
that he could provide her with every
luxury. That would alter his wife's
decision, he knew.

Nevertheless, when he got out of the
train he was dissatisfied with himself.
Something of conscience had begun
to prick the thick skin of the man.
When he called at the boarding-house
he discovered, to his dismay, that his
wife had gone away. A letter was
handed to him, and the door closed
on him. Larri more did not mind the
closing of the door; he went into the
park and read the letter.

"I am leaving you for ever, Henry,"
his wife had written, "because I can-
not live with you again. For years
I have borne your callousness, but
my eyes have been opened. You are
the most selfish, worthless man that
ever lived. I am going to the last
place on earth where you will think
of looking for me."

The letter was signed simply
"Laura."
None of us is so bad but sooner

or later the day comes when we see
ourselves in the mirror of our souls.
Larri more said afterward that it was
the reading of this letter which shook
down the palace of his colossal self-
conceit. He sat for hours in the park,
dazed with the hideous self-revelation.

And then, when the meaning and
purpose of his life had been revealed
to him, a sudden realization of his
unworthiness came home to him. The
false gods that he had served stood
out, abominable idols. Life had
meant nothing to him at all. He had
fought his way above the bodies of
all who should have been dear to him.
Nobody on earth had ever cared for
him, or ever would.

Except—his mother.
And, like the prodigal in the par-
able, except that the more loving
parent remained alive to him, Larri-
more said:

"I will arise and go unto my
mother."

He thought of the old woman whom
he had neglected, whom he had sup-
plied with everything that was dross
and failed in the gold of love. Tears
blinded him. The man's selfishness
fell from him like a husk.

The following morning he took the
train out to the little village where
his mother lived. And as he dis-
mounted upon the platform a great
terror came over him that his pilgrim-
age was vain, and his mother dead.
He hurried up the well-remembered
street. He reached the little cottage.
The place was occupied. He knocked.
An old woman with white hair came
to the door and peered at him with
her (quivering) eyes. And Larri more
opened up his repentance and fell
upon the door before her.

For the better part of an hour he
knelt at her feet, sobbing out his
p sorrow, his shame, while the wrinkled
old hand gently caressed his head.
He told her everything, his sentence,
his shame, he begged her for for-
giveness. He wanted only to devote
the rest of his life to making her
happy. And with awe he realized
her simple faith when she said to him:

"I think, my dear, that all these
troubles have come upon you to make
a man of you."
It was sweet to be in the little
house again. It was sweet to turn for
sympathy and understanding to the
only being who had ever given either
to him, who understood the nature
of goodness underneath the rind of
selfishness that he had accumulated
in the struggle of life.

"Mother, I am going to take care
of you," he said at length, "and—"
The door opened softly, and Larri-
more, looking up, saw Laura stand-
ing before him. One glance at him,
one incredulous look, and the two
children were kneeling in other's arms
at the white-headed woman's feet.
For sometimes in the game of life
hearts are trumps after all.

LANGUAGE OF THE HORSE

Words of Command Go Back Many
Hundreds of Years

In commenting upon the dialect
words used in the world of agricul-
ture in olden times a writer in "Coun-
try Life" states that the terms used
in directing laboring horses go much
farther back than Anglo-Saxon or any
definite language; they are probably
the imitations made by earli-
est man as he drove his beasts, which
have crystallized into the uncouth
words used by every plowman. They
vary slightly in different parts of
England, for while a Yorkshireman
will say "gee" when he wants his
horse to turn to the right, in Cheshire
he will say "tee-hee," in Gloucester-
shire "woot," in Kent "woot" or "gee-
woot," and in Hampshire "woag." To
turn to the left in the same counties
in the same order is "half," "woa-
beck," or "haw," "boom-yeh," "woi"
and "come-hither." To go on is com-
monly "gee-hup," while "wo-ho,"
"whiol," "wey" and "voo" are the
sounds that salute the ears of the
intelligent animal when he is re-
quested to stop. The word "aver" for
farm beasts in general and work
horses in particular which is still
used in the North of England occurs
constantly in that "Seneschale, or
Office of Seneschal" which was the
guide to good husbandry in the Middle
Ages.

Making a Path at Sea
Buoy that make a flapping noise
as they pass through the water and
leave a wake that is plainly seen are
towed behind British warships to
guide-following vessels in time of fog.

Single Runner Sled
Capable of high speed is a new sled
run by a single runner and with an
auxiliary runner at one side to
support it when stationary, but which
is lifted for coasting.

New Idea in Cornets
Its inventor claims superior tones
are produced by a new cornet in
which the tubes constantly increase
in size from the mouthpiece to the
bell.

Filling the Radiator
It not infrequently happens with the
motorist that when an empty radiator
is filled up and the car runs a short
distance, the water level will be found
to have fallen considerably, though no
overheating has occurred and no leak
exists. The reason for this is that the
water requires some little time to per-
colate through the various restricted
passages in the cooling system, and a
little shaking down results in a fall-
ing of the level.

A Wartime Problem
A baker informed the Rugby tri-
bunal that he had advertised for wo-
men workers. The reply he had re-
ceived was from a girl, aged sixteen,
who confessed that she knew nothing
of the business and asked for six dol-
lars per week.

It is not uncommon to have a
Rhode Island Red cock throw a white
feather. It is no sign of impurity.
These white feathers are apt to de-
velop with age.

A Silver Tea Caddy

By SOPHY F. GOULD

She was a frail-looking little girl
who had been self-supporting for over
three years, since her mother died,
and was tired now, as she walked
through the street crowded with shop-
girls like herself.

Fatigued in order for a minute to
avoid the crush of hurrying humans,
she paused before a shop window
where antiques of all kinds were
grouped attractively.

There was little in the window to
interest a mite of a girl earning a pal-
try \$8 a week, yet of a sudden her
eyes, a moment before so tired, light-
ened excitedly, and a casual observer
might have noticed her exquisitely
beautiful tiny feet. The tired line
of her mouth also relaxed, and hope-
fully she stepped closer to the plate
glass and peered for a long, concen-
trated moment at a silver tea caddy
of quaint design. After a second's
hesitation she opened the door and
walked bravely into the little shop.

"The tea caddy?" she asked of the
woman who greeted her inquiringly.
"How much is it?"

"The little silver one?" The woman
looked her surprise, as she noted the
shabby black coat and much-worn
skirt. "You wanted to buy it?" she
asked kindly, for something in the
girl's eyes made her know she was
in earnest. "It is \$10."

"Twenty-five dollars!" the girl gas-
ped, and as suddenly as it had come
the brightness left her eyes. "Twenty-
five," she repeated. "I'm afraid I
could never afford that." She gripped
her bag envelope firmly and, turn-
ing, walked out of the shop.

In her tiny room, as she cooked
her meager dinner over the gas plate,
and later, when lying wide awake in
her narrow bed, she thought of the
beautiful tea caddy she thought until
it became a cherished ideal, vested
with wonderful scenes among the
great people of the world.

The following day she neglected her
lunch, and hurried to the shop to
once more view the wonderful caddy.
When she entered the woman
greeted her warmly, for the expres-
sion in her eyes had proved haunting
to the woman all the past night.

"Did you really want to buy the
caddy?" she asked, as she handed it
to the girl. "If you—"
"I must buy it," she interrupted.

as she took it reverently in her two
hands, "but I can't pay the money all
at once." She hesitated.

"How much could you pay?" The
woman suddenly understood the girl's
need, and a great kindness came to
her. "Perhaps we could come to
terms."

"I have \$2 that I have saved, and
I think I can spare 50 cents each
week. I can make \$6," she added,
apologetically.

"Six dollars!" the woman gasped,
as the enormity of the girl's project
came to her. "You may have it at
your own terms," she said impulsively.

"Oh!" For a moment the girl held
it to her breast, then she handed the
money without regret to the woman.
In the days that followed the woman
became very fond of the girl, for she
came often to gaze with awe upon
the silver caddy of quaint design, and
in the short visits the woman learned
to know what a difference an ideal
can make in a life. In watching
the girl's love for the thing that kept
her poorer than she need have been
the woman found her own life head-
ening.

On Christmas eve a young man per-
sistently tried to buy the caddy, until
the woman finally told him the story
of its sale. He listened in wonder, and
then asked for the name of the girl
who seemed so great a marvel, that
he wanted his mother to see and help
her.

The same evening, after the young
man had left, the girl made her final
payment, and with a wild joy thrum-
ing in her heart carried the tea caddy
home, and with it a beautiful bunch
of holly, a festive touch from the
woman.

She had pinched hard to save the
50 cents each week, but her reward
was great, and worth the happiness
the ideal had always given her.

It was again Christmas eve, and a
dainty woman, wrapped in a soft fur
coat, opened the door of the little
shop, and with extended hand came
to the woman. "Merry Christmas!"
she exclaimed. "Don't you remember
me?"

In the deep, winsome eyes there
was something familiar, and suddenly
the woman threw her arms about the
girl, and peering over her head smiled
the man.

"We have just been married," he
explained. "My mother found her for
me, and we wanted to come to thank
you for what you have done."

"I have missed your example so,"
the woman held her very close, laugh-
ing softly through her tears, for they
were suddenly all so happy, and it
was Christmas, for outside faraway
bells were ringing.

An Assurance
"Don't you think a holiday is more
cheerful when there is an large family
gathered about the festive board?"
"I do," answered the sardonic per-
son. "A large family is a glad assur-
ance that there is not going to be
enough turkey left to supply the menu
for the next few days."

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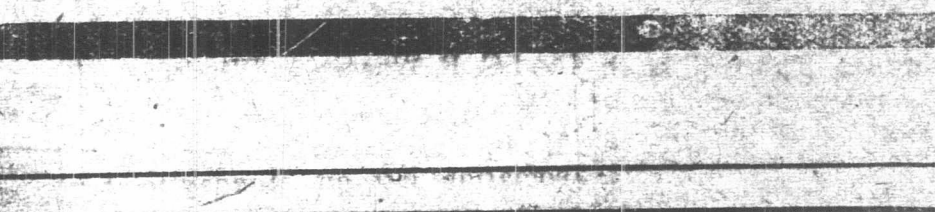
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roads has been proven by years of severe test. Their
economy of up-keep, their endurance, power, grace
and beauty are all points in their favor—and there
are many more. Can you afford to experiment when buying
a thing costing so much as an automobile?

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with me about terms and prices.

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