

SEED TIME

The experienced farmer has learned that some grains require far different soil than others; some crops need different handling than others. He knows that a great deal depends upon right planting at the right time, and that the soil must be kept enriched. No use of complaining in summer about a mistake made in the spring. Decide before the seed is planted.

Best time to remedy wasting conditions in the human body is before the evil is too deep rooted. At the first evidence of loss of flesh

Scott's Emulsion should be taken immediately. There is nothing that will repair wasted tissue more quickly or replace lost flesh more abundantly than Scott's Emulsion. It nourishes and builds up the body when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

All persons having any legal claims against the Estate of Thomas Hayes, Senior, late of the Parish of Durham in the County of Restigouche, farmer, deceased are requested to file the same duly attested with the undersigned, within one month from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said Estate are required to make immediate payment to:

Michael Hayes
Sole Executor of the Estate
of Thomas Hayes, Senior
New Mills, N. B.
Jan. 23rd, 1907

Notice of Legislation

Notice is hereby given that the Town Council of the Town of Dalhousie will introduce at the first session of the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick—1st, an act legalizing the issue of Bonds under section two of chapter 64 of the Acts of the General Assembly 1906, and the hypothecating the same; and an act to amend the Town's Incorporation act as far as it relates to the Town of Dalhousie by comprising the Town into one ward, the boundaries of which shall be those of the Town.

3rd. An act to exempt The Restigouche Wood-working Company, Limited from certain taxes for a period of fifteen years together with a free grant of water.

Dated at Dalhousie this 9th day of January, A. D., 1907.
Alex J. LeBlanc
Clerk and Treasurer

FRESH MEATS

Vegetables in Season,
Hams and Smoked Meats,
J. T. VAUTOUR.

T. F. Sherrard, & Son
MONCTON, N. B.
Importers of

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Manufacturers of
Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones
and all other cemetery work.
Most modern machinery for polishing marble and granite.
New lettering and carving machinery run by compressed air.
Write us for prices and estimates.

An Antique

By MARTHA
MCULLOCH-WILLIAMS
Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

"Did you ever? That bonnet was old fashioned when Noah went into the ark," Miss Althea Evans said, nodding toward the new girl in the choir. Isabella Strange, her chum and rival in Eastwood society, giggled and answered loud enough for the new girl to hear: "You are shockingly ignorant, Lenthy. Don't you know there are people who take pride in their antiques?"

Involuntarily, it seemed, the new girl put her hand up to the plume which drooped to touch masses of bright waving hair. The plume was not dragged; nothing, indeed, about the hat showed a touch of the new. But it was at least three seasons behind the style, also very becoming to the wearer. She was slim and tall, with sherry wine eyes, and a creamy, rose tinted complexion. In the lips the roses burned to clear scarlet, and there was an adorable dimple lurking at one side. Dark brows, delicately arched, gave an accent to the face, an accent repeated by the gold lights of the abundant brown hair. Thus nature explained the situation. A girl who looked that way could afford to be old fashioned, and two other girls, enormously stylish, but with no looks to back, could not help but be ill natured.

Benson, the choir leader, a thin man, perpetually scowling, but wholly through near sight, wheeled stiffly upon Althea and said: "The solo? Have you practiced it as you promised? Let's try it first thing."

Althea turned her back to him. "Pig! Does he think I mean to waste my singing?" she whispered loudly to Isabella. Over her shoulder she added languidly: "Mr. Benson, I'll sing my solo Sunday after next. Some—some friends of mine, significant emphasis on the friends, are coming especially to hear me. Until then you must make out with the rest."

"As you will, Miss Evans," Benson said, a flash creeping up to his sallow cheek. "But you promised, I—dependent on the promise. And it is much to me that the music shall be even."

"I dare say, but I shan't sing except when I feel like it," Althea said, with a touch of insolence. Her father was head of the vestry, and she thought she knew Benson dared not resent anything she might do. It took her breath to have him say firmly: "In that case you are quite useless. Music, a great gift, a great blessing, does not come without work. If you will not work unsparingly you will hinder rather than help. You should work for your own sake. You have voice, oh, yes, but it needs heart in it. Unless you grow to love the music, you will never get the heart. Your singing will be what you say—dumb-like a street piano that one may play with a crank."

"Really, this—is this beyond endurance," Althea began.

Isabella laughed low and unpleasantly and put her hand over Althea's lips. Then she called to the choir master, who had moved a little way off: "Why don't you try Miss Archer?" nodding toward the new girl. "I'm sure she looks musical—she may be an artist."

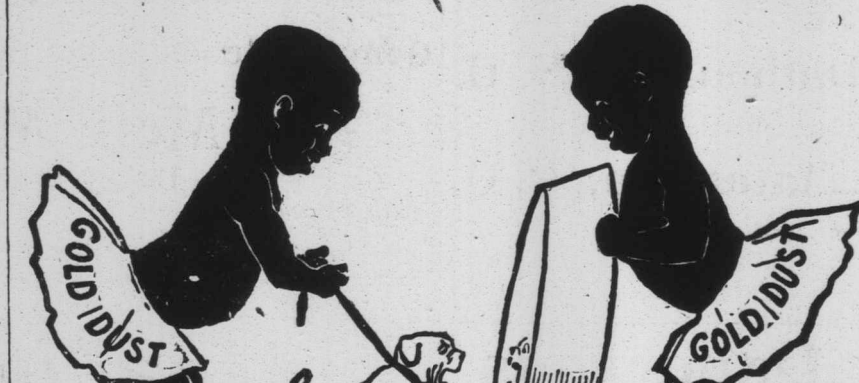
Miss Archer smiled daintily, saying: "Oh, thank you. I should like to sing. I love it and have been silent ever since I came—the walls are so thin that Mrs. Wray's, and I should so hate to disturb any one."

"You! What will you care for?" Benson asked, seating himself at the small organ. The girl bent her head softly, saying: "Something old and simple. Something my mother sang, please. Say 'Rock of Ages' or 'Coronation'."

"The going. I hate all that old rubbish," Althea said, marching toward the door.

Isabella followed her, but paused.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"



The Dog and The Shadow
You remember the fable of the dog who dropped a real bone for its shadow which he saw in the water. "Bear in mind that all is not Gold Dust that glitters under the name of washing powder. Don't accept a shadowy substitute; get the real

Gold Dust Washing Powder
with the Gold Dust Twins on the package.

OTHER GENERAL
Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, filling cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.
GOLD DUST
Made by THE M. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

her hand on the knob, to say with a giggle, as though speaking to some one still in the room: "You'd better put up a sign outside, 'Antiques to Be Seen and Heard Here'." Then she ran down the steps laughing loudly, and as she overtook Althea caught her arm, shook her gayly and said: "I think we have settled Miss Archer. If she has any sense at all she won't come again—after this."

Whether or no Miss Archer had sense she certainly had a voice. She also—and this was the crown of poor Benson's joy—knew mighty well how to use it. She was withal modest and biddable, giving herself no airs whatever, albeit two Sundays of her solos had sufficed to crowd the church. She kept much to herself, and although frank and friendly enough, put by social opportunities as they came.

Mrs. Judge Gray called the very first Sunday afternoon, a thing she had never been known to do before. She asked Miss Archer to tea; also to dinner next week. But Miss Archer shook her head. She was in Eastwood for rest and must not let herself be beguiled. Besides, she had a charming room, and the woods roundabout were so enchanting she hated to stay out of them. She was very grateful, but Mrs. Gray must excuse her.

It was the same with all the rest. Young or old found her, if they found her at all, the soul of graciousness, but elusive. She rode out every morning and drove every afternoon, always alone except for a staid liveried groom. The one thing vulnerable about her was her clothes. Exquisite in choice make, fit and material, they were all so very far from being in fashion. There fore they bred theories. Nobody really knew more of Miss Archer than that she had come to the Wray house with unimpeachable credentials from two of last season's star boarders. So there was some excuse for the romances woven about her. The favorite one was that she had been either suddenly bereft of fortune or that she had inherited a wardrobe and thriftily chose to wear it out unchanged. The fine fit made rather against that, so much so that the bereft heiress notion was more generally accepted. But Miss Archer could certainly not have lost all her money. She was liberal to a fault in her benefactions, and in the matter of tips to her waiters—indeed, to small boys generally, whether or no they had rendered her a service.

Althea's special friends were delayed; therefore she in turn delayed her return to the choir. She had no doubt whatever that Benson would take her, notwithstanding she admitted that she and Isabella had been foolish. "But how could we dream things would turn out so?" Althea asked of Isabella, who in turn queried: "What would you think of it?"

"Who would have thought Benson could do without you? And does he think he can keep on doing without you when they have the service of thanks?"

"Of course he can't," Althea said, almost tearfully, "because the thanks are mostly for Cousin Rob, and everybody knows he won't care for anything except to hear me sing."

Cousin Rob was, understanding, a lieutenant in the navy, for whose escape from typhoid and other perils Eastwood felt called upon to give special thanks. There were other Eastwood men, but they had not been mentioned in dispatches for cool and reckless bravery. Moreover, they had not been promoted. So, although they were included in the roster, it was well understood that Lieutenant Robert Starling was the beginning and the end of things.

Althea thrilled to think of herself singing to him, with the multitude hanging breathlessly upon her voice. There in the church, all beauteous with flags and oaken boughs. Flowers were held out of place for these hearts of oak. She knew she would do her best. She must, with such inspiration.

So it was a thunderbolt to have Benson say grimly: "Miss Evans, there is no place for you, I am sorry to say. Besides, Miss Archer sings, oh, much, much better! Her notes are gold, where yours are lead."

scarcely silver. Tommy Bell has the only voice hers does not make thin and tin-panny. He shall sing with her in the special opening anthem. I have myself arranged it. You might be in a chorus later on, but you do not know enough. You would try to drown the rest with your big notes. There is the difference. Put Miss Archer in chorus, and she would sing exactly in key."

"You are an old beast!" said Althea and ran home to tell her mother.

Before it came to telling her plan was all upset, and by no less a person than Miss Archer, who came swiftly to her and said a lot, but not in many words. The result was when the service of thanks came on there were several surprises, but, if truth must be told, some severe disappointments, for Althea sang the solo and in the anthem, and Miss Archer was no more than a chorister. She subdued her voice admirably and kept in the background as much as she might, yet her name ran all about from lip to lip, so it was not perhaps through occult divination that Lieutenant Robert Starling waited outside the choir loft stairs, with at least fifty of his enthusiastic townsmen hanging behind, to see the reason of his loitering.

Verily, they had their reward, for the lieutenant caught both Miss Archer's hands and wrung them as though he would never let go. He spoke to her familiarly, almost entreatingly, and went away with her without a by your leave. When they were safe in the Wray House he said, masterfully, "Elinor, darling, tell me what is behind this masquerade?"

"Oh, nothing much," Miss Archer replied, smiling. "I was just playing a little game. I wanted to rest, and people wouldn't let me alone, so I determined to play Princess Charming again for just myself. All the costumes were perfectly fresh, and they were beautiful. If the public didn't like them nor me in them, so I've had the play—the play that failed five years ago—on again all summer. You can't think how interesting it is been, and it has helped me—oh, such a lot! Without it I never could have seen just what your people were."

"As if that mattered, as if anything mattered, except that we love each other," Lieutenant Starling said. "You do love me, Nora, darling?"

"I ought not to. It will break the town's heart to have you marry me!" Elinor responded. "But I'm mightily afraid that I do."

The Dawn of Conscience.
The development of conscience has been interestingly traced in the career of a deaf mute who for many years was quite uneducated. He thought in pictures and had mental words for only the fewest things. He had no sense of right and wrong. Being often hungry, he stole food—that is to say, he found and took it, not then knowing that it was an offense to do so. Small sums of money he made his own in the same way, and again he saw no wrong in it. One day he took from a butcher's counter a piece of money which turned out to be gold. He went into a shop to buy sweets with it, but when he realized the value of the coin he snatched it up and ran away. He was horrified, not at the theft, but the extent of it. In the end he buried the piece and from that time stole no more. The shock had quickened conscience into life, and he needed little "converting" when kindly instructors at last took him in hand.—St. James' Gazette.

A HOUSE GOWN.

Besides Being Attractive It Is a Real Economy.

So many girls spend all their available money for street and party clothes, quite content to look shabby and un-groomed while about their own home. Any cast off piece of finery or an antique dress had quickened conscience into life, and he needed little "converting" when kindly instructors at last took him in hand.—St. James' Gazette.

THE COOK MEDICINE CO.

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In order to correct a wrong impression that has got abroad that we gave up making and repairing boots we wish to state that we are better prepared than ever to make and repair boots at the shortest possible notice, by skilled and up to date workmen.

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Price 50¢ a box or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or The T. J. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Sponging Woolen Goods.
Few people know how to sponge a piece of woolen goods, and the majority of woolens are better for having been sponged, although some, such as cashmere, henrietta, challis and velvet, do not require it. All goods known as cloths must be sponged, or they will not give satisfactory wear. To do this leave the original crease down the center and lay over the cloth pieces of thoroughly wet muslin. On an old blouse handle or a hat from a bed roll the cloth, commencing at one end, and see as you roll that the whole inside surface is covered with the wet muslin. Now the cloth to remain in this way for twenty-four hours, when it should be unrolled and hung over a line to dry.

KITCHEN HELPS.

When finely chopped nuts are needed for salads or sandwiches run the nuts through the meat chopper.

Plenty of shelves and drawers or a patent kitchen cabinet are great helps to the woman whose time is spent in cooking.

Select a dozen or so of the smoothest and largest splints from the new broom and lay them away to use in testing cake when it is baking.

Every kitchen outfit should have a measuring glass that is marked to measure teaspoons, tablespoons and gills as well as halves, thirds and quarters.

A heavy chalk mark laid a finger's distance from the sugar box and all around (there must be no space not covered) will surely prevent ants from troubling.

Bind with table oilcloth the pieces of carpet used on the kitchen floor. The oilcloth will wear three times as long as the carpet, and it can be changed when it is soiled.

The more important things that will make a sewing room a comfort and a pleasure are an old pier glass, which can either be hung or mounted, and if possible a piece of furniture of the "dresser" variety, which will give a mirror opposite. This can be turned to afford a full length view of both back and front of the figure. A kitchen table long enough to hold a skirt, with an extra leaf along the back so that it can be made square for cutting out circular skirts or capes, is also an addition. Then a scrapbasket, workbaskets and a hamper in which to keep rolls of lining and materials which may be wanted at any moment, with a low folding table, a low and a high chair and the machine, and your sewing room is properly equipped.

"Judy," or padded form, and a tree rack, on which half finished garments can be hung, is also of great convenience.

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