

One Cold and Another

The season's first cold may be slight—may yield to early treatment, but the next cold will hang on longer; it will be more troublesome, too. Unnecessary to take chances on that second one. Scott's Emulsion is a preventive as well as a cure. Take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

when colds abound and you'll have no cold. Take it when the cold is contracted and it checks inflammation, heals the membranes of the throat and lungs and drives the cold out.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
Toronto, Ont.

50c. and \$1.00 - - - All druggists

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek isles of the yellow-bird's song,
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the isles are in sight,
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow-birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles, they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door;
You can see them gleam by the twilight star,
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore.

Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps, they were steps unto
thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why Duty and Love and a large Content,
Lo, these are the isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament.

Lo, Duty and Love and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the
dust;
Lo, Duty and Love and a sweet babe's smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

THEIR NIGHT OFF.

BY THOMAS E. HINCHMAN

Twombley had been watching with silent satisfaction the very artistic smoke garlands he was reeling off his post-luncheon cigar. Suddenly his glance fell to the figure of the girl bending over a desk by the window. Evidently she was puzzled by the letter he had given her to his father's Venezuelan representative. She shifted her position to throw a better light on the book. Incidentally it brought her profile out sharply against the early afternoon sunlight. Twombley forgot all about the smoke wreaths.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "that's a profile for the sculptor. I wonder where she sprang from and where the governor found her."

"The governor," otherwise Thomas Twombley, Sir., had been called suddenly to London, and Thomas Twombley, Jr., was spending his summer in the office instead of at Newport or on some friend's yacht, as was his usual custom. The summer nights in town were something of a revelation to the young man, who, despite his city birth, knew little of city life, so much had he traveled with his mother.

The girl swung round to her desk, and the typewriter clicked insistently. Tom laid down his cigar and bent forward, watching her curiously. It must be devilish hard to work like that when you know you were meant for better things, thought the young fellow, and the light of a strong resolution shone on his smooth, square-cut face.

"I wonder how she'd like to spend an evening as I do around town?"

Then he paused uncertainly. Would she have the clothes to wear? He remembered the filmy, extravagant gowns he had seen at the casino the night before. Then he as quick decided that she'd look well no matter what she wore. He strolled across the room to draw down the shades just a trifle.

"Beastly hot, isn't it?"

"Very warm," replied Miss Carruth without looking up from her work.

"If I owned the Stock Exchange or controlled a big business interest I'd stop everything short in hot weather."

She looked up at him with a grave smile. "Then I'm afraid you couldn't own a yacht and a shooting box in the Adirondacks."

"That's so. The wheels of commerce must grind on the year around, I suppose."

"And what a lot of poor people they grind down!" The girl spoke to herself rather than to him.

"Oh, but the town's not so bad in summer," he said. "It's corking jolly if you know the right sort of people. I've had some

good times the last few weeks."

She looked at him almost pityingly, but he did not notice it.

"You know, there are the roofs and the gardens, and nearly all the fellows in town have their automobiles. Oh, it's not half bad."

She did not answer, but resumed her writing. He went back to his desk, but the idea of giving her an evening out had become thoroughly imbedded in his mind. About 4 o'clock he rose with sudden determination.

"Oh, I say, Miss Carruth, let's knock off for the day."

"Knock off?" she said wonderingly. "I don't understand."

"Let's take a trip around town."

The girl swung around in her chair and looked at him in silent amazement. Twombley looked back at her with an engaging, boyish smile, and the faint flush which had come into her face died down again.

"I think we have been working pretty faithfully since the governor went away, and we deserve a holiday. I'd be awfully much obliged to you if you'd have dinner with me tonight, and then we will go up on one of the roof gardens and see the show."

A faint smile curved the girl's lips, and he felt encouraged.

"It's awfully jolly, don't you know, and if you have never seen that sort of thing you'd like it."

"Oh, I understand," said the girl—"you're going to give me just a taste of the life you and your friends lead. But it might make me very dissatisfied with my surroundings you know."

Twombley found himself actually blinking at her. She put it so baldly.

"Oh, I say, that's not fair. Just for tonight I think we might be jolly good pals and forget that my father pays your salary."

The girl laughed. Twombley pulled down the lid of his desk with a snap.

"Wait," said the girl; "you must sign these letters."

"Oh, hang it," he said, "I forgot."

While he dispatched that work the girl was closing up her own affairs for the day, and when she took the letters from him and touched the bell for the office boy to carry them away he noticed that she had her hat on and a neat pair of gloves were caught through the handle of her purse.

"We'll have time for a spin in the park before we go to dinner," he said.

"I must go home first and change my frock."

He looked her over critically. The shirt waist suit was simple, but it had no air. He didn't feel quite so safe about the finery she might deem necessary for evening wear.

"Oh, don't bother," he said quickly. "You look very fit in that."

She shook her head. "I must go home, because mother would worry, and I have no way of telephoning her."

Twombley saw that it was useless to argue the question.

"When and where shall I call for you?"

The girl flushed suddenly. "Oh, I will meet you at the park entrance. It's not far from our house, and I would much rather do that than give you the trouble of calling."

"All right," said Twombley cheerfully, and under his breath he added, "Ashamed of mamma and the little flat, I suppose. You can't exactly blame her when she's made something of herself."

At 6 o'clock she met him at the park entrance, and just for an instant Twombley felt actually dazzled. Her statuesque figure was draped in some soft, billowy grey stuff. He knew somehow that it took an artist to design and make such a dress. Her face was shaded by a picture hat of softest grey chiffon clouding pink roses.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

It is natural to pass urine three times a day, but many who regard themselves as healthy are obliged to pass water six to ten times daily and are obliged to get up frequently during the night. They have sick kidneys and bladder and don't know it. Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills cure Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder diseases, and make new, rich blood.

We will send you a generous sample post paid free, together with our large book on the above mentioned diseases. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.
AT ALL DEALERS - 25 CENTS.
A CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PRICE.

Beware of Imitations of the Celebrated DIAMOND DYES.

The Manufacturers of Crude and Weak Dyes Offer Premiums to Druggists and Dealers to Sell Them to Unsuspecting Women.

Diamond Dyes have a most enviable past and present history for successes in home dyeing. Their fast, rich and fashionable colors have made them the most noted home dyes in the world.

The imitation and crude dyes made and sold for the immense profits they bring the makers of such trash, only result in dire destruction to useful and expensive goods requiring re-coloring. These adulterated dyes may be tolerated by some sections of our Indian population, but wise, prudent and cultured women, select Diamond Dyes when they need pure, full and brilliant colors for home dyeing.

The proprietors of Diamond Dyes are not obliged to offer premiums to druggists and dealers who sell their dyes. Our progressive retailers, whose chief aim is to sell their customers the best dyes, do not ask for special inducements to sell Diamond Dyes; they are satisfied with the profits they make on their vast and daily increasing sales of Diamond Dyes.

It is the manufacturer of the common and crude dyes who is obliged to offer a few paltry cents per dozen to storekeepers to get

them to introduce and push their deceptive dyes. It is not the retailer of the common dyes that should be paid by the manufacturer, it is the unfortunate women, who, after using such dyestuffs, find their dresses, skirts, jackets, capes, blouses, ribbons and other materials ruined forever.

Diamond Dyes give the ladies a choice of 48 colors, thirty-two for wool and silk and sixteen for cotton and all mixed goods, each dye guaranteed to do its special work.

Makers of the adulterated dyes deceive people when they tell them that any one of their dyes will color any kind of fabric. Such a statement is stupidly false.

It is asserted by the ablest color chemists that the Diamond Dyes are the only correct and reliable colors for home use, and these experts hold that the theory of special colors for wool, silk, cotton and mixed goods, is the true and correct one.

Seeing that imitation and crude dyes are sold by some dealers, ladies who ask for the Diamond Dyes should see that the name "DIAMOND" appears on each package. Remember, "It's easy to dye with Diamond Dyes."

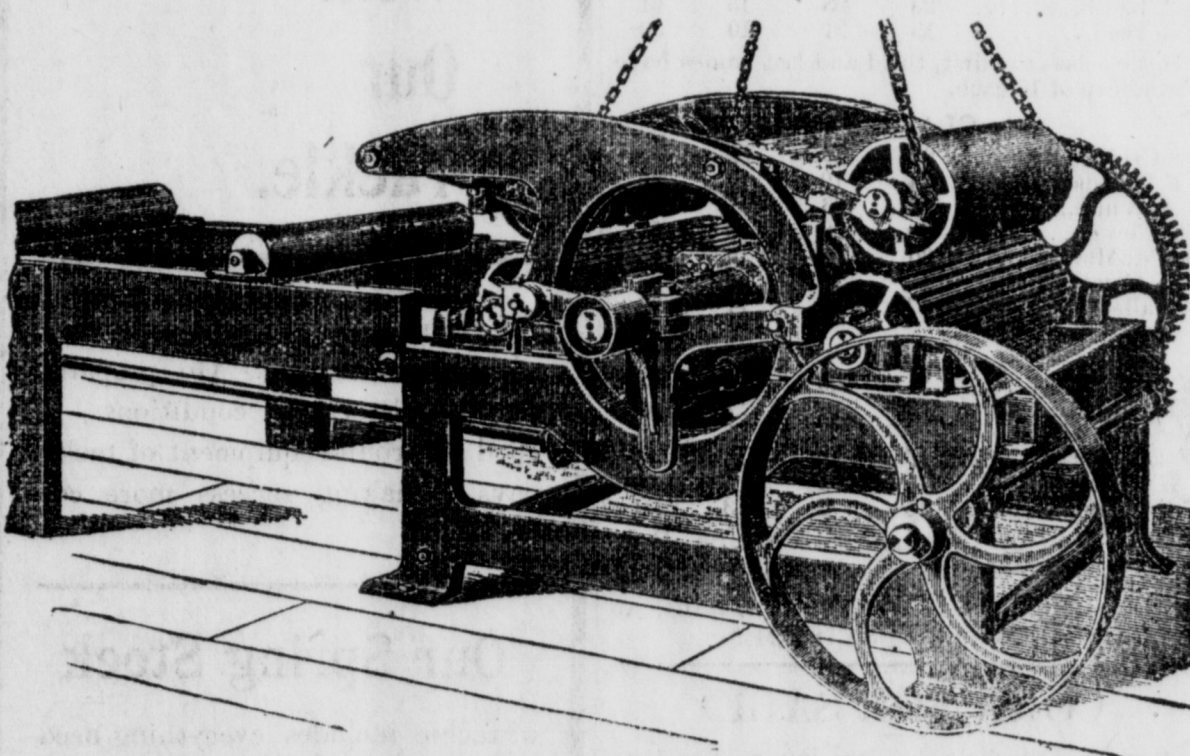
HOUSE CLEANING HELPS.

Church Alabastine,
Whiting, Lime,
Self Wringing Floor Mops,
Window Brushes,
Galv. Wire Carpet Whips,
Step Ladders,
Elephant and Brandram's
Mixed Paints, the only reliable paints to use
White Wash Brushes,
Paint Brushes, Wash Machines,
Ball Bearing Clothes Wringers.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,

Woodstock. Hartland. Centreville.

IMPROVED GANG EDGER.



This machine has been designed to meet the requirements of all saw mills, whether for use in portable or stationery mills.

The machine will take saws up to 20 inch diameter.

Weight when ready for shipment, 3,000 pounds.

For further particulars apply to

Small & Fisher Company, Limited,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

WAREROOMS TO LET.

Lower flat of the Wrapper Factory. Railroad Siding. Floor space 4500 square feet. Properly fitted in every way for first class warerooms. Apply to J. T. LEPAGE, on the premises.

Milch Cows For Sale.

The undersigned has 10 Milch cows, several head of young cattle, and one pair of horses for sale. Apply to W. O. CLUFF, P. O. Box 172, Woodstock 4i. April 19.

Twombley hailed a hansom and they drove rapidly through the park to the casino. With a thrill of satisfaction he noticed that as they passed down the aisle between the lines of tables all eyes followed the slender gray figure and low murmurs of approval reached his ear. He wondered whether this was a twentieth century Cinderella, this graceful figure at his side, transformed by shimmering gray silk from the tailor made stenographer who had worked beside him for the past few weeks. She was perfectly self possessed, only a slight flush and a singularly bright light in her eyes showed that she was excited.

All patronage died out of Twombley's bearing. He was genuinely anxious now to please her. As for the girl, she displayed a knowledge of books, plays and pictures of the hour which astonished Twombley. Wonderfully adaptive creatures are the American girls, he decided. That must be the reason why it was so hard to tell whether a family had been born to money or born to make it. Before they re-entered the hansom to drive to the roof garden he had decided that money really didn't count after all.

The roof garden seemed stupid and cheap. He looked at the girl at his side, then at the occupants in the boxes around him; then he leaned toward her and whispered: "Let's get out of this. I know its boring you. We'll go over to the Beaulieu for a bit of supper and hear the mandolin club play."

She rose with evident relief, and they walked through the quiet side street to an odd, foreign looking cafe on whose roof the mandolin and guitars tinkled limpidly. Here no lights blazed, for the moonlight flooded the scene.

The girl leaned back restfully in her chair, and Twombley smoked in silence, studying her profile while. Somehow his father's brownstone mansion on the avenue seemed very far away. His austere and critical mother faded into a vague background. It would not be any concession on his part, he decided. They could slip away to Italy or Japan or some other far away place for the honeymoon, and the world would get through talking about it before they came back. A filmy cloud passed over the moon. The girl's hand, white and slender, lay on table, temptingly close within his reach. He leaned forward impetuously.

"Hello, Twombley! What are you doing in town at this season of the year?"

Twombley scowled at the intruder; then his face cleared.

"Hello, Davidson! When did you land?"

The girl had made a move as if to rise; then she sank back in the chair, her face white and set in the moonlight.

"I came in on the Lucania yesterday and thought I'd see something of little old New York before starting for"—

He had turned slightly toward Miss Carruth, and just then the moon slipped from under the cloud, and the clear light struck her face.

"Helen!"

He leaned heavily against the table. The girl's head was bent so low that he could not look into her eyes.

"Jack," she said softly, but not so softly that he missed either the word or the tender accent with which she lingered over his name.

They had forgotten Twombley's existence. Now the newcomer pulled himself together. "I beg your pardon, old man, but Miss Carruth and I were once—very—good—friends, and"—

"I see," said Twombley, rising, with an amused smile, "and if you'll look after Miss Carruth for a moment I'd like to have a chat with an artist friend I see buried behind a row of steins."

Without so much as a "thank you" David, son dropped in the vacant chair.

"Helen, I've come back to look after you for always, and dear, if you'll forgive my selfishness I'll promise you can study sociology and found working girls' clubs and endow industrial schools—anything, so you will come to me."

Twombley had forgotten all about the artist friend. He was leaning over the parapet looking down on the flaring street lamps.

"And to think I patronized her and thought there was need of a secret honeymoon in Italy or Japan, Tom, my boy, you're a fool!"

He glanced across the area of tables. The gray picture hat and a stiff, white straw were close together.

Successful Diplomacy.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

At a dinner given by the Congregational Club of Hartford, Conn., Prof. E. F. Steiner, of Iowa College, who was the guest of honor, told the following story:

An Irishman married a Jewess, and their union was a happy one until the stork paid them a visit. The young son proved to be a bone of contention, for his father, with pardonable egotism, wished him named Pat, while his mother was equally decided that he should be called Moses. The day was saved, however, by a Solomon in the person of a woman across the hall, for her suggestion was accepted by both parties. The boy was christened Pat-mos.