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Have you time to investigate the "Ideal
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The same income that is payable to the husband
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—That's what a prominent
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Emulsion a short time
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in addressing the public,
but the above remark and
similar expressions are
made so often in connec-
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that they are worthy of
occasional note. From
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Emulsion offers a reliable
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Scott's Emulsion is no
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of every bottle of Emulsion you
buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
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50c. and \$1; all druggists.

An Easy Victim.

Mr. Rundlett lowered his newspaper and
spoke over the top. "I have contributed to
your fresh-air funds, free-ice funds, sick-
baby funds and pure-built stations, but I
must say that if I had been consulted, which
I was not, I should have drawn the line at
taking strange children into our home."

"Not children," Mrs. Rundlett corrected.

"A child."
"I draw the line, too, at walking the floor
with it nights," he continued, with some
heat.

"She is seven years old," Mrs. Rundlett
quietly remarked.

This was not the comforting assurance
that might have been expected.

"The very age for plunder," said Mr.
Rundlett, gloomily. "There won't be a
flower left in the garden or any fruit on the
trees."

"She seemed a very quiet little thing when
I saw her yesterday in town," said Mrs.
Rundlett. "Her mother said she was good."

Mr. Rundlett smiled pityingly at this.
Don't you know that foreigners think no
amount of earthly glory can approach that of
"doing a Yankee?"

"Her eyes are dark and she has very pretty
smooth brown hair," said Mrs. Rundlett,
with apparent innocence.

For an instant Mr. Rundlett wavered.
His wife's eyes were brown, and he had a
weakness for sleek heads. But he soon re-
covered himself.

"I know them at seven," he said, darkly.
Then, after vainly waiting for his wife to say
something, he said there was just one thing:
that child must be kept away from him.

This was at breakfast. When Rundlett
came back in the afternoon Mrs. Rundlett
was not in. She had been called to a neigh-
bor's, the maid said.

"The little girl is in the library, sir," she
added.

Rundlett bounded into the library, expect-
ing to catch the child "messing" with his
things. She was reading, but she got up
politely when he entered.

"She told me to stay here. She gave me
this book."

The child's voice was small and sweet, and
Rundlett said afterward that it was the first
thing that impressed him in her favor. When
she had finished speaking she sat down
and began to read. She was a pale little
thing. Looked peaked, Rundlett thought,
and wondered vaguely if children like that
fared poorly—or was it all talk? He hoped
his wife had given her something substantial
for luncheon.

Presently Rundlett noticed that the child's
book was closed, and her hands were crossed
on it. She sighed once, deeply, and Rund-
lett wondered what kept his wife. The least
she could do would be to make the child
happy after she had got her there.

"Lonesome?" he questioned.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., JAN. 18, 1905.

"A little."
"Why don't you come over here?" Rund-
lett said, most unexpectedly to himself.
The child rose and took a step toward
him.
"She said I wasn't to bother you. Am I
troubling you?"
Rundlett shook his head. He was deeply
wounded.
"Do you know who I am?" he asked.
"Yes, sir," said the child, but without ad-
vancing. "She told me."
"What else did she say?"
"That you wasn't 'customed to little girls,
and I must be very, very careful—"
"Or I'd bite?"
"She didn't say that," said the child, in
her soft, serious voice.

The little girl moved slowly forward, study-
ing Rundlett's face all the time. "If you
really think you'd like to have me—" she
began.

Rundlett put down his book, and opened
his arms.

A smile broke over the little girl's face,
but still she stood where she was, a timid
but valiant figure. Then, greatly to the
surprise of both, Rundlett swooped down
and gathered her close. A moment later
she looked up shyly.

"My name is Isabel," she said. What
is yours?"

Rundlett looked bewildered. "Mine is
Uncle Charley," he said, at last, and with
some conviction.

Later in the evening Mr. Rundlett told
Mrs. Rundlett that children took to him
naturally. "They know who really likes
them," he said, and Mrs. Rundlett smiled
softly.

New System In Farm Butchering

"In parts of the United States to-day,"
says a writer in the New York Tribune
Farmer, "when a Farmer wishes a hog killed
for his own use word goes quietly to the
professional butcher that we have fed long
enough, and on the first opportunity he
drives quietly into the yard with a cart or
sled, takes his rifle and knives from their
cover, goes to the pen, and with a well aim-
ed bullet the animal is killed even before it
mistrusts there is anything wrong. It is
then bled, and quickly drawn upon the cart
and taken to the slaughter house of a but-
cher. Here it is nicely dressed and cooled,
then cut up just right and returned to the
farm, all at far less expense to the owner,
too, than by the old-fashioned way. No
dread of butchering no stir and bustle of
preparation, no extra work for any of the
home people, but first-class results, with all
possible unpleasant features removed."

Would Fight For It.

Among the many stories that Andrew
Carnegie delights to tell of the canny Scott
is one in which Lord Derby and a collier
figure.

It appears that while the latter one day
was wandering on certain land belonging to
Derby, the collier chanced to meet the own-
er face to face. His lordship inquired in the
collier knew on whose estates he was trespas-
sing.

"Well, I've got no land o' my own and
I'm like to walk on somebody's. Where
did tha' get it fro?" asked the collier.

"I got it from my ancestors," replied the
Earl, good-naturedly.

"An' wheer did they get it fro?" queried
the trespasser.

"Why," continued Derby, humoring the
collier, "they got it from their ancestors."

"An' wheer did they get it fro?"
"They fought for it."

Whereupon the collier put up his fists and
sneering up to the Earl, exclaimed, "Well,
I'll fight thee for it."

**If Your Liver is Wrong
You are Wrong all Over**

A torpid, inactive liver goes hand
in hand with constipation. Such a
chronic condition requires a system-
atic effort to overcome it and estab-
lish good health and perfect body
drainage. Smith's Pineapple and
Butternut Pills, containing the two
needed elements to increase liver ac-
tivity and muscular action go accu-
rately to the sluggish liver and bow-
els, restoring them completely.

Suppose your bowels failed to move
for a week or ten days. Don't you
know you would be quickly prostrated?
It is just the same, differing
in degree, when your bowels do not
move at least once a day. You know
you soon become languid and tired,
your blood gets bad and you feel
mean and sick all over. You should
have a full, healthy passage daily.
Don't let serious conditions develop.
Smith's Pineapple and Butternut
Pills will drive bowel poison out of
your system and establish regularity.
They are purely vegetable, and cure in
one night. We will send you a gen-
erous sample of these pills Absolutely
Free, sealed and postpaid, that will
convince you beyond doubt of their
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Smith's Pineapple and Butternut
Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness
and Sick Headache in one night.
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the People's Price.

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Red Rose Tea is composed of what are known in the
trade as "high-grown" Ceylon and Indian teas. These
teas are grown at high altitudes on the mountain slopes,
where the tea bushes grow more slowly and are more
carefully cultivated than in the valleys, where the climate
is warm and humid.

High-grown tea is not only a finer quality, but con-
tains much more tea juice or extract than valley-grown
tea.

This can be easily proved by comparing a draw-
ing of Red Rose with any other tea. By doing so you
will find that a pound of Red Rose Tea will spend as far
as 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 lbs. of other teas.

The saving is most apparent in the Blue Label and
better grades—buy a pound and make the test.

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Made from the best materials only and by skilled
workmen

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nineteen tonic and nourishing ingredients.

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