



For Your Protection

We place this label on every package of Scott's Emulsion. The man with a fish on his back is our trade-mark, and it is a guarantee that Scott's Emulsion will do all that is claimed for it. Nothing better for lung, throat or bronchial troubles in infant or adult. Scott's Emulsion is one of the greatest flesh-builders known to the medical world.

We'll send you a sample free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ont.

The Detective and the Ring.

"I say it is impossible!"

"And I repeat that it is the simplest matter in the world."

"But it is a mere matter of mathematics!"

"As for your mathematics, they are stupid. I thought so when I was a little girl in school, and I am sure of it now. It is your foolish figuring that makes you men such idiots. Any woman with a spoonful of common sense can twist you around her little finger!"

"My love," said the famous detective, becoming calmly superior, "you forget yourself in speaking so; you forget also that I have passed years in perfecting myself in my profession. I will not continue the discussion—it is undignified."

"Very well," his wife replied; "you may cease the discussion if you wish, since words can prove nothing. But there is another method of settling our little difference of opinion. Let us put it to the proof here and now."

"How can it be done?"

"We will enact a little comedy, you and I. You tell me that it is difficult to conceal even a small object so that it cannot readily be found by a skilful search. I say that it is easy. Now, let us see. I will take my wedding-ring"—she drew it from her finger—"and then you and I will go into the hall together; I will return to this room, and in sixty seconds from that time you shall follow me; if in half an hour you find the ring, then you have won. Otherwise, you must acknowledge that you have lost. I warn you, however, that I shall win, and I shall exact a penalty. Do you agree?"

The detective considered.

"What is the penalty?" he asked.

"Nothing to regret. The opera for us two tonight, and a little supper afterward."

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a smile, as he put aside his newspaper. "It is to be merely a comedy, then?"

"Merely a comedy," she assented, returning his smiling glance.

"But let us make a few conditions," said he, "for you have limited the time for the search."

"And the time for hiding," she retorted.

"But no matter. I will be generous, since I am sure to win. Come, I will agree not to conceal the ring upon my person—for I do not wish to be disturbed—nor where any demolition is necessary. That is, I will not drop it into any crevice, nor make any special place for its reception. Indeed, you shall be the judge of my fairness. If I lose, you shall impose your own penalty. Is it agreed?"

"You will hide it in this room?" said he, rising.

"Yes," she said, rising also. "I will suppose myself a pickpocket, or a smuggler detected in possession of a contraband jewel. You have followed me so closely that I have only one minute to spare. You will knock, I will admit you, and behold, there shall be no trace of the crime!"

"And you will produce the ring at once when the half hour has expired?"

"In two seconds," she said promptly.

"My dear wife, it is impossible," he insisted, walking to the door.

"The simplest thing in the world," was her reply as she followed him into the hallway.

He drew out his watch and noted the place of the second hand.

"In a moment more," he remarked, raising his finger; and then he said almost at once, "Go!"

She held the ring up before him, opened the door, went in briskly, and closed it.

Her husband watched the seconds no more keenly than he listened. He heard distinctly the rustling of a newspaper, and he smiled. Then he heard one of the fire-irons moved

gently, and distinguished his wife's footsteps as she crossed the room. He counted the steps, but did not lose sight of the watch-dial. The time was up. He was at the door in an instant, and knocked sharply.

"Enter!" was the instant reply.

He went in and found his wife waiting him at the door with a roguish smile.

"I hope," she said, putting her arm affectionately on his shoulder, "that you can afford to buy the tickets?"

"Come, Come," he replied with affected severity, "no impudence, you little baggage! Where is that priceless jewel you have concealed?"

She curtsied politely, saying at the same time:

"You are at liberty to search the premises."

He went straight to the table. His ears had not deceived him; there was a piece torn from the corner of his newspaper. Then he crossed the room to the fireplace. Within the grate was a crumpled piece of paper. He seized it, unwrapped it eagerly, only to find it empty. Next he fitted the paper to the torn place, but found it came short by nearly half. He looked at his wife. She had resumed her sewing, and seemed indifferent.

Again he went to the fireplace and knelt down, looking up the chimney. Then his wife spoke:

"Do not soil your hands, dear. It is not in the chimney, nor in the fireplace."

He rose, turned, and looked sharply about the room. There was a scarf across the top of his wife's dressing-table, and it was slightly disarranged. He hastened to examine the article on the top, raising the little pincushion, the bottles, the hand glass.

"It is not on my dressing-stand," she said, "nor concealed in any drawer. To find it you need disarrange nothing."

He stooped and raised the rug.

"Don't do that, dear," she said quietly, "it makes a dust. It is not within two feet of the floor."

This was a valuable hint. He glanced over the ceiling.

"Nor of the ceiling," she added quietly.

"Nor of the walls?" he asked, as if in sarcasm, thinking to convert the search to a game of twenty questions.

"Nor of the walls," she answered tranquilly, biting off a thread.

Apparently this confined the field of research materially. It was becoming an example in elimination. There was the table, upon which were a lamp and a number of books. A bright idea struck him. He began to unscrew the top of the lamp.

"I hate to empty the reservoir—" he began, but she said decisively:

"I answer no more questions."

He carried the lamp to the pantry sink, took down a tin dish, and carefully poured out the oil. Then he shook the reservoir. It was as empty as a drum, and gave forth no sound. He returned to the sitting-room and stood at gaze. Time pressed. He raised each book and shook it. No returns awarded him. The newspaper was tried without result. He looked suspiciously at his wife.

"Will you rise, my dear?"

She stood before him while he examined the wicker chair. She had not concealed the ring by sitting on it, and it was not anywhere about the chair. As she seated herself she glanced at her little watch, remarking: "Twenty minutes!"

He had another brilliant idea. He cleared the top of the table, and reversed it, examining all the lower surface. There was nothing visible except a lonely cobweb. The table was restored. He was at his wife's end, and looked about him helplessly.

"Five minutes more!" came the voice of doom.

Ah, a gleam of hope! His wife's work-

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 systematic effort to overcome it and establish good health and perfect body drainage. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills, containing the two needed elements to increase liver activity and muscular action go accurately to the sluggish liver and bowels, 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 weak 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 generous sample of these pills Absolutely Free, sealed and postpaid, that will convince you beyond doubt of their wonderful curative properties. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Headache in one night. 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 manufacturers, 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.

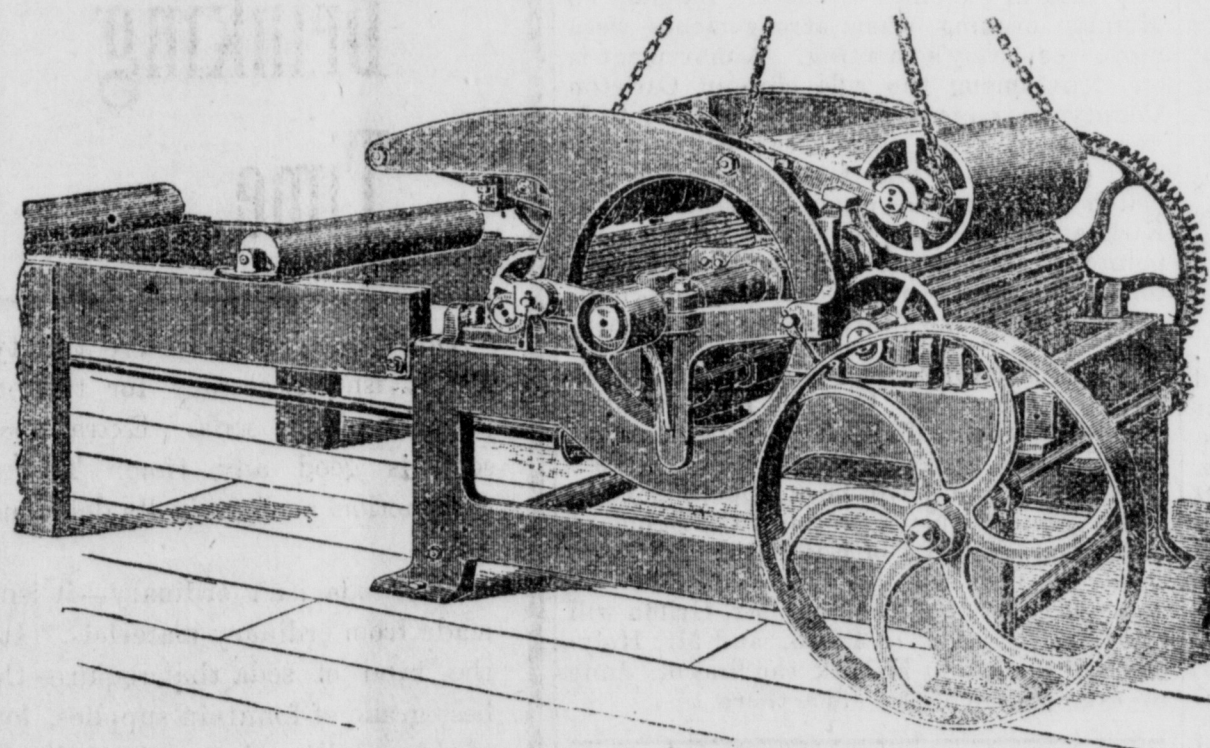
W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,

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 stationary 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 warehouses. Apply to J. T. LEPAPE, 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.

basket was on a high stand by her side. He had dismissed this basket as too evident, but recalling Poe's story, "The Purloined Letter," he now risked his remaining minutes upon it. He unrolled four pairs of stockings awaiting repair. He opened his wife's thimble box, her case of assorted scissors, drawing each from its compartment to see if it had been thrust through the wedding-ring. He broke open a cake of innocent bees honey but found nothing.

"One minute!" came the warning voice.

He turned the basket upside down, spread out the array of buttons, tapes, needle books, emery—but without result. He carefully went over every inch of the basket itself—and had just put it down in despair when his wife closed her watch with a snap.

"Time is up, my dear!"

He sank into a chair and settled back in despair. As he did so, he felt something pressing into his back. He raised himself and turned to examine the back of the chair but found nothing. Then, as his wife began to laugh aloud, he had an inspiration. Reaching over his shoulder, he felt something. She laughed at his queer expression.

"Turn around," said she, and she took something from the back of his coat.

"Well, I'll be—blowed!" he said, as he wheeled about to see his wife holding up the wedding-ring, a bit of paper, and a bent pin. "Perhaps," she suggested, "you might go and buy the tickets."

"But when—" he began.

"I pinned it to your back as you came in," she replied.

Without a further word he betook himself to the box-office to pay the penalty like a man.

Tudor Jenks.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

What Mr. Carnegie Has Given For Libraries.

Mr. Carnegie has, says a writer in World's Work, given or pledged himself to give 1,290 library buildings to the English-speaking people. Of these 799 are in the United States. The aggregate cost of these buildings is \$39,325,240, of which \$29,094,080, or practically three-fourths of the whole, has been expended in the United States, about \$6,000,000 in England, about \$2,000,000 in Scotland, and \$1,475,500 in Canada. The proportion of the total population which Mr. Carnegie has supplied with library facilities is, for the aggregate of the English-speaking race, a little more than 18 per cent. and that is the percentage for the United States, for England, and for Canada, taken separately. This means that eighteen in each one hundred persons in all and in each of these countries have free and convenient access to books by reason of Mr. Carnegie's beneficence. These are mostly dwellers in towns and cities.

As It Is In Sheboygan.

It is evident that in Sheboygan, Wis., says the Chicago News, the editor is also the preacher, for recently the following combination of news and admonition appeared in the Sheboygan Herald: "Henry Glass is nursing a very sore arm, the result of a malignant carbuncle prevalent in this locality this year, nearly every person has them in some form or another, perhaps we are not living the righteous lives we had ought to, and are becoming lax in our observances of the divine law Moses raised his wand called down on the haughty Egyptians once upon a time plagues one of which was a terrible epidemic of boils and which are nearly the same thing as carbuncles of course we don't want to presume that we are as bad as those people were but nevertheless if only for our physical good, it would be advisable for us to pay a little attention to the admonitions of sacred writ."

The Drift Will Soon Be Towards The Country.

Improved agricultural implements have, says Dr. McLaughlin, writing in The popular Science Monthly, removed much of the drudgery from the farmer's life. A profusion of good newspapers and magazines keeps him in touch with the world, and his isolation is greatly reduced by the omnipresent telephone and trolley car. The rural mail delivery and the movement for better roads promise to reduce still further his isolation in the future. Thus the country will become not only more attractive to the inhabitants of rural communities, but it will also appeal more strongly to city dwellers. The present exodus of farmers' sons and daughters from the farms to the great cities will diminish in size, and the number of city-dwelling aliens emigrating to the country will increase.

Wanted A Change.

Small Boy—"Say, pa, what's a good book to read?" Father—"The Bible." Small Boy—"Oh, I mean one with fairy tales!" Father—"The Bible." Small Boy—"Aw, I mean one that's got lots of fighting and killing in it, too!" Father—"The Bible, my son. The Bible is full of all kinds of stories." Small Boy—"Well, maybe it is, but what's the good book?"—[Brooklyn L.T.]