

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.



Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
Toronto, Ont.

50c. and \$1. All Druggists

THE SQUIRE'S WILL.

The old Squire of Rippington, Geoffrey Hawkhurst, was dead and gone and laid to rest in the family vault in Rippington churchyard, some said it was a good thing, too; others, after calm consideration and recollecting sundry favors, were of the opinion that the old gentleman was not so bad as he might have been, but the remark of one old orony, that 'he'd never bide where they'd put him,' sank down into many minds unlightened at that time by the boarding school education.

The Squire's will, dated five years previously, left everything to his nephew, Reginald Hawkhurst, to the exclusion of Lettice Beauclerk, nee Hawkhurst, the old man's only daughter. She had married against his consent, but there was no peculiarity in that, for nothing would have persuaded him to give his consent to her marriage with any man living. Nevertheless a reconciliation had taken place. The lawyers asserted that there had been a later will, and diligent search was made in which Mr. Reginald Hawkhurst took a prominent part, so prominent, in fact, that Eustace Beauclerk remarked to his wife:

'It's my belief that Reginald knows all about it.'

'He is very kind and straightforward; I don't agree with you,' his wife replied.

'Very likely, my dear; you wouldn't be the sweet little woman you are if you thought differently; you judge others by yourself. I, on the contrary, opine that Reginald, with all his smooth-faced plausibility, would rob you of a red-hot stove if he could carry it away.'

'Poor Reggie! Don't be hard on him.'

'Not I; he's got the pudding, though your father never intended him to have it, and I have got the plum. He has done away with the old man's will, I'm certain of it, but—' Eustace stopped short and kissed his bonnie little wife.

The medical man who had attended the old Squire sought in vain to obtain permission to make a post mortem examination. He had no doubt of the cause of death, but he would have liked to obtain a closer knowledge of the effects of the malady. So he thought it over and determined to obtain by stealth what he could not arrive at openly. It was not unusual in those days.

A dun mare attached to a spring cart stood disconsolately with drooping ears in the shadow of the church yard wall of Rippington. It was a cold, startling night in December, with a pinch of black frost crisping the turf and causing the dead leaves to rustle.

'I don't half like this job, Bill,' he said as they halted at the iron railings. 'It's a swinging job if we're caught.'

'Lor, it's nothing when you're used to it, and it's easier to earn twenty pounds like this 'ere than any way else. I like to be among old friends.' He chuckled grimly. 'And as for being ketched, there's not a soul in Rippington, would face this 'ere. Now have a suck at this 'ere bottle, Jim, and then we'll get out the Squire his self.'

The masons had not fixed the stone which covered the step leading to the vault. Bill's crowbar raised it easily, and he descended cautiously before he lit his lantern. Jim hesitated, but the rum in the black bottle gave him courage and he followed.

'I owes 'im a grudge—he 'oswhipped me once—but I allow he's pretty quiet now,' Bill said, deftly plying a screwdriver.

In a short time the corpse was clothed in some old garments, and the two men bore it up the steps and replaced the stone, Jim breathing more freely when he reached the outer air. In five minutes more the dun mare was in a swinging trot, the body of the Squire crowned with a beaver hat seated up between them in the trap.

'Glass of rum hot at the 'Dog and Gun' Inn wouldn't be amiss, Jim,' Bill said breaking the silence. 'The old gentleman ain't good company somehow, and we must not be at Fordington before midnight.'

All was cold and silent. The old Squire's chin dropped upon his chest, and the hatless hands were kept together by the reins. Presently Isaac Prince, the landlord, came to the door and stood just outside, tall and gaunt in his shirt sleeves, a costume which he adopted in all weather during business hours. He was as like the old Squire as two peas, though a considerably younger man; some said there were reasons for it, but then people will say anything.

'Cold?' he said, looking at the figure in the cart. There was naturally no reply.

'Tired of waitin'? It don't do to sleep out of door. Can I get 'ee naught?'

The stillness of the figure excited Isaac's curiosity; he walked round the trap, gazed up, and then said half aloud, 'Lor! That's it, is it? Blessed, if it ain't the old Squire!' Isaac listened to the voices within; there was no sign of movement. In a few moments his strong arms had lifted the corpse from the trap and borne it across the road to the little dell opposite. Then Isaac reverently laid it down, divested it of the coat and hat, slipped them on, returned to the trap, mounted, took the reins, and adopted as nearly as he could the limp attitude of the corpse. The time seemed long, but Bill and Jim returned at last and unsuspectingly blundered into their places. Isaac gathered their destinations as he waited till they came to a spot where a high wall bordered the road on the one side and a bushy fence with a deep ditch beyond it on the other, then he dug his elbow sharply into Jim's ribs as being the more nervous of the two.

'Bill,' Jim whispered huskily, 'he nudged me.'

'Not he; he's done with nudging. You be timid, you be. Set up, can't 'ee?' Bill said pushing the corpse, which lolled against him. Presently Isaac's elbow struck his ribs.

'Durned if he didn't nudge me,' Bill exclaimed uneasily.

Isaac waited again, and then made a savage dig on either side of him.

'Did you feel that? both men exclaimed together.

'Darned if his hands ain't hot! Bill exclaimed.

'It's hotter than that where I came from, and where you're going,' Isaac said in a sepulchral voice.

'God in heaven, it's the old 'un himself!' Bill shouted, abandoning the reins and springing out of the trap, Jim was gone also, and Isaac uttered a fiendish roar. Bill sprang wildly at the fence and disappeared into the ditch beyond with Jim on top of him, the two clutching one another and fighting desperately in the darkness, each under the impression that he was held in satanic clutches. They fought till they were exhausted and then lay still in the mud and water, neither daring to move.

Isaac sat listening to the smothered curses and sounds of battle, then he edged the mare on to the grass by the roadside and made his way home by a by-road, knowing well that neither man would dare to claim the mare and trap.

Two hours later Isaac Prince conveyed the body of the old squire back to its resting place. He went alone and unaided; it was a work of restitution, so he had no fears, but

FITSCURED

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

LEIBIG'S FIT CURE

THIS BOTTLE AND THAT ACHE Should Get Together.

Johnson's ANODYNE Liniment

is a powerful medicine—it goes almost instantly to the spot of pain or soreness. The first application brings relief, and continued use seldom fails to work the complete cure. No matter whether your trouble is within or without—there is nothing known that will so quickly reduce all forms of inflammation as **Johnson's Anodyne Liniment**. Best known remedy for the household—cures speedily, colds, croup, sore throat, sciatica, lumbago, lame back, colic, cholera, diarrhoea—all the every day troubles from which the world suffers. Don't be without it. Have it ready when trouble comes. Used successfully 95 years.

Two sizes, 25 cents and 50 cents. Three times as much in larger size.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

ELECTRIC LIGHT OIL

NO SMOKE NO SMELL

A CLEAR BRIGHT LIGHT

SOLD BY

CANADIAN OIL COMPANY LTD

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sold in Woodstock by Holyoke & Brown and H. H. Moxon, at Waterville by Shaw & Clark, at Oakville by J. A. Davis.

IN BURNING COAL For HEATING and COOKING purposes

There are TWO GREAT THINGS to remember:

- FIRST.—To get good quality of Coal.**
SECOND.—To get an Up-to-Date Stove.
WE CAN SUPPLY BOTH.

We have the very best grades of Scotch and American Coal. In **HEATING STOVES** our leader is the "Hot Blast." It will burn hard or soft coal. When hard coal is used it requires attention only twice a day. It is therefore a great labor and fuel saver. In **COOKING RANGES** we have the "Grand Jewel" and "Monarch" Steel Ranges, which have no equals as fuel savers and bakers. Besides the above mentioned stoves we have a great many different kinds for both Coal and Wood. We carry in stock the best assortment of stoves to be found this side of the city of St. John, and our prices are reasonable considering quality. Every stove we sell we guarantee to give first-class satisfaction.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,

Woodstock. Centreville. Hartland.

BRISTOL WOODWORKING FACTORY

Having Repaired and Replaced Machinery, is ready to do First-Class Work at lowest possible prices.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

DOORS SASH MOULDINGS HOUSE FINISH SHEATHING ETC. STAIR WORK.

Prices to suit the times. Estimates given. Orders promptly executed Write or call.

JOHN J. HAYWARD,
BRISTOL, N. B.

Your Carriage Or Waggon

Needs painting. It will tend to preserve it as well as to improve its appearance. Please bring it in early so that I can have plenty of time to do a good job and give the varnish plenty of time to harden before you take it out.

I have plenty of storage room.

F. L. MOOERS,
over Loane's Factory,
Connell street, Woodstock

A DIPLOMA

May be harder to get at the

Fredericton Business College

Than at some business colleges, but it is EASIER to GET and HOLD a good position after you get it. Send for free catalogue of this large, well equipped, well-conducted, up-to-date school.

Address
W. J. OSBORNE,
Fredericton, N. B.

he made some strong remarks to the body with regard to the treatment of 'Miss Lettice' that was.

'However can you expect to lay quiet, turning her out of her natural house and home and putting that wrastral in her place. If I'd been Thomas Sneth I'd have lined this coffin with clout nails, durned if I wouldn't! Maybe he did.'

Isaac raised his lantern from the floor and passed his hand over the lining of the coffin in search of nail points; presently there came the crackle of paper, and the landlord of the 'Dog and Gun' withdrew a long blue paper. The lantern threw a dim light on the surroundings, but it was sufficient to enable him to decipher the superscription:

'The last will and testament of Geoffrey Hawkhurst.' He turned it over and over in silence and then put it carefully in an inner pocket of his coat.

'Maybe this will make a difference; if so, I ask your pardon for my remarks, he said. 'Laid right under the old gentleman, too! I wonder who done it?'

Isaac Prince hoisted up the remains of Geoffrey Hawkhurst and placed them in the coffin, screwed down the lid, made all tidy, and retired, carefully replacing the stone above the flight of steps. He whistled for company as he walked home, and then fell to meditating on some plan for handing over the will to those concerned without exciting suspicion. If he took the document to the lawyer he would have to give an explanation if he took it up to the great house there would be the same difficulty. No wonder his wife thought him unusually restless that night.

Fortune is said to favor the brave; whether she does or not, unforeseen circumstances undoubtedly arise at time which help to shape the ends of destiny.

When the ostensible purpose of purchasing some meal for his pigs at the mill, Isaac Prince made its way toward the village on the following day.

The footpath made its way through a copse with the ground falling slightly on either hand; near the manor house another pathway crossed it at right angles, a stile marking the entrance to the park. To the right Isaac could see Reginald Hawkhurst flourishing his cane and looking around him with an air of proprietorship, to the left Mrs. Beauclerk followed slowly so as not to overtake her cousin.

Isaac grinned, hurried forward, placed the blue envelope at the foot of the stile and disappeared behind an ivy covered stump to watch results.

Presently Mrs. Beauclerk arrived, pecked up the envelope, uttered a low cry and stood perfectly still, glancing at the retreating form of her cousin.

'He had it all the time, and now he has dropped it,' she said aloud in the tone of a person convinced against her will. Her eyes glittered and she looked very beautiful.

Isaac, in hiding rubbed his hands together. Two persons always considered that to the solution of the mystery of the disappearance of the will. Possibly it went as near the truth as do the solutions of many mysteries in this world. Reginald's hands were tied; he could only swear to himself, and that he did freely.

Business.

A gentleman was visited one day by a little girl with her doll's perambulator. Behind the doll's head was a very elegant pin-cushion. He remarked upon its magnificence and asked her how she came by it. 'Well, it was this way,' she said. 'A lady asked me to take care of a stall at a bazaar for her, and as things weren't going very well she told me I might reduce them, so I reduced this to five cents and bought it myself.'