

Every Two Minutes

Physicians tell us that all the blood in a healthy human body passes through the heart once in every two minutes. If this action becomes irregular the whole body suffers. Poor health follows poor blood; Scott's Emulsion makes the blood pure. One reason why

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is such a great aid is because it passes so quickly into the blood. It is partly digested before it enters the stomach; a double advantage in this. Less work for the stomach; quicker and more direct benefits. To get the greatest amount of good with the least possible effort is the desire of everyone in poor health. Scott's Emulsion does just that. A change for the better takes place even before you expect it.



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. 50 cents and \$1.00 All druggists

The First Prize.

His counsel had advised him to appeal from the verdict, but he simply shook his head. It was useless. He had no burning desire to rot away in a jail for fifteen years. Death—immediate death—was better than that.

Smiling coolly, he had confessed everything; how he had murdered his friend's wife—beaten out her life with anything on which he had happened to lay his hands. He had ransacked every room; but instead of the six hundred marks with which he intended to escape to some foreign country, preferably to South America, he had found only eighty marks. In a few hours he had gambled this away with the companion who now stood in the dock with him, and the following evening he was arrested in a dance-hall, into which he had drifted half-drunk.

In court he told his story calmly, cynically, without offering the least excuse. The case was clear enough. Still, his counsel might have entered a plea of manslaughter, if the accused had not ruined every chance of mercy by his brutal frankness.

And so they sentenced him to die. The few days that still remained of his life he passed tranquilly. Of a mitigation of his sentence he would hear nothing. Why? He was twenty-six, and he had no desire to spend the rest of his days in jail. Was it for that he had boasted of his crime? No, he would rather lose his head. He knew how to die.

If they would only hurry on the end! Until now he had slept soundly at night. Only once had he awakened and trembled with fear in the black cell. Everything about him had assumed a frightful aspect. No, he did not care to live that night over again.

With his hands between his knees, he stared at the floor. It was rather pleasant not to work. How different was this agreeable ease, compared with the toil that would have been his lot as a life prisoner! He had heard of it, and knew.

He thought of his last day, of the soul-satisfying chance to gratify every whim. He would smoke a good cigar or two, and drink a bottle of wine. He was still uncertain whether he would order a stew or a beefsteak with eggs and plenty of fried potatoes.

The door creaked. He lifted his head and saw the prosecuting attorney. At last! This was the end. Tomorrow would be his last day. He was wrong. "Don't be afraid," began the attorney. "I have come on a very harmless errand." "Go on." "Among your things we have found a Meissner lottery ticket, No. 173,211." "That's right." "Where did you get that ticket? I asked you once about this, but you didn't seem to

care to answer, and so I dropped the matter." "I bought the ticket." "You're sure you didn't steal it?" "Sure. I'd tell you so." "Very well. Where did you buy it?" "I didn't buy it. I won it." "Won it? How?" "One night at Tuebbeke's. The whole gang was there. I had a job then. It was Saturday, and a ticket-seller dropped in for a drink. Each of us put up for a ticket, and then we shook the bones for it." "Is that true?" "That's right. I won it with two sixes and a four." "And it was ticket number 173,211 of the Meissner lottery? Are you sure?" "Sure. Scheutze, my friend, wrote the number down on a bit of paper, because the guy that won was to fork over something to the rest, if the prize was big enough." "Its big enough. Your ticket won the first prize of sixty thousand marks." "What?" "Yesterday I received this letter from Scheutze. That's how I know all about the ticket. I've gone into the matter carefully, and what you say is true." "My ticket? Sixty thousand marks?" He sat staring wildly before him, quite unable to grasp it all. "I had some doubts as to whether I ought to tell you. Unfortunately, you can't use the money yourself. Still, you can dispose of it as you see fit. If you want anything, the warden will surely do what he can to get it. Naturally, you may do what you like with the rest of the money. Good day." He collected his papers and left.

And still he sat in his lonely cell and could not understand it. He wondered if he had not been dreaming. He looked about him, asked himself if the man had really spoken to him or not. Sixty thousand marks! He thought of the miserable four pieces of gold that he had found in the bureau drawer while the woman lay at his feet grasping for life and the brat was bawling in the next room so that he was sorely tempted to choke it into silence.

For a paltry eighty marks! And in his pocket he had carried a soiled bit of paper, now worth sixty thousand marks.

He was to have nothing of it—not a copper. In two days, perhaps three, he would have to die. A senseless rage rose in him, and gradually a terrible fear of what was to happen crept over him. Nothing, absolutely nothing of this money would ever touch his hand. It came too late! He yearned not for the fifteen years' term that he had spurned. He would have quietly served his time, and when he was free he would have been rich. But now?

Despair took possession of him. His calmness, his stoical indifference had vanished. All day long he sat and brooded. At night he could not sleep. He lay on his cot wide awake, and fear seized him, a nameless fear of death. He longed passionately for freedom and pleasure. The life and the joy of the world without enticed him; and now he was penned in dark walls. For him there was only the short journey to Ploetzensee, and on the morning following, a few short steps, the last, to the narrow courtyard, where the man with the axe stood waiting for his head.

It seemed as if the night would never end. From above a band of moonlight filtered into the cell through the narrow window. Slowly it merged into the light of dawn. In the passages without the shuffling of feet could be heard.

He asked them for writing materials. All day he sat and pondered over his last will. Finally he decided what he would do.

He gave each of his friends a thousand marks. The rest he left to the child of the woman he had murdered—the child that he had all but killed, too, in his frenzy. All night its screams had rung in his ears; they almost drove him mad. Quite suddenly it flashed on him to provide for it.

When the warden took the document he said: "That's right. At least you have done some good before you die. It's quite decent of you."

When the guard went his rounds that evening he found a slip of paper on which was scrawled:

"You kud of nooked awf me nut and i woodent care a dam but i cant stan so mutch munny."

He had strangled himself with a strip torn from his blanket.

FITS CURED

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

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FROM HEAD TO FOOT For Any Ache in Any Spot



use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment—it gives speedy and marvelous relief. Nothing like it to reduce inflammation—internal or external. For an aching head, a cold on the lungs, cramps in the bowels, backache, rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, injuries, cuts, contusions, or wounds of any kind—the greatest relief and the quickest cure comes from immediate applications of

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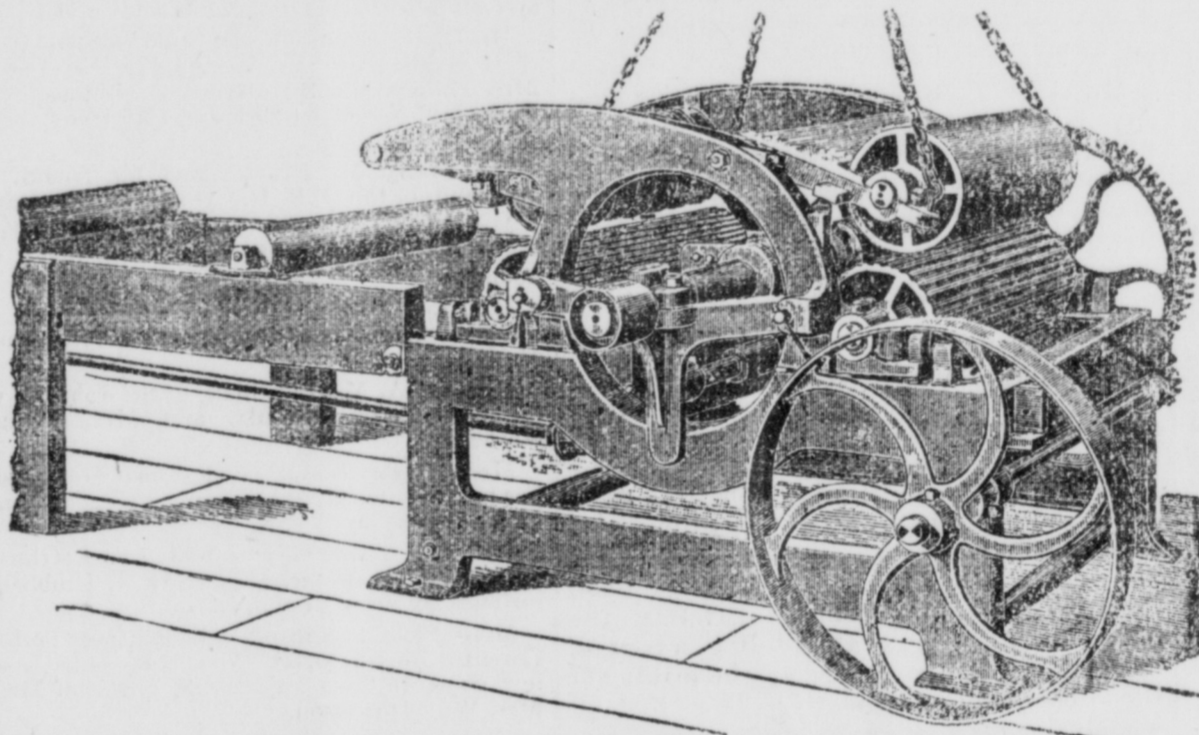
It's easy to use—for a cold take a little on sugar—for external affections, rub on freely. Ninety-five years a never failing family remedy. Keep a bottle close at hand for what's sure to happen—sometime you will need

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25 cents and 50 cents a bottle.

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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.



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

NOTICE.

You Have Some Plumbing

You want done before winter. Why not get it done now? I can do it for you promptly, thoroughly and neatly, and at a reasonable price. Don't delay this work till the cold weather is here. Orders from out of town promptly attended to.

J. P. PICKEL, Plumber.

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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.

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

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the first general meeting of the Shareholders of The Alexander Dunbar & Sons Company, Limited, will be held at the office of J. N. W. Winslow in the Town of Woodstock, on THURSDAY the TWENTY-THIRD day of NOVEMBER instant, at the hour of eight o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of organizing the said Company, electing Directors, passing By-Laws and transacting such other business as may be incident to or appear necessary for the management of the business and affairs of the said Company.

Dated at Woodstock, N. B., this seventh day of November, A. D., 1905.

ALEXANDER DUNBAR, SR., ALEXANDER DUNBAR, JR., ANDREW DUNBAR, Provisional Directors

Toys and the Imagination.

Since this is the season of toy-giving, the following remarks of Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, from the December Delineator, have a special interest:

"The tendency of the present time is to overload children with toys. Far from being a help to a child, this defrauds him. He should not have a surfeit of any of his senses. Toys can be made the means of great development. They should be such as will aid the imagination and stimulate the inventive faculty. The imagination of the child is his most precious faculty. I cannot lament with a recent writer the mental activity of the child of today, who would rather have a piece of machinery or an electrical toy that he can pull to pieces and put together again than old-fashioned playthings. Rather one should rejoice that the brain activity of children expends itself on that which is useful. I have seen a boy's eyes sparkle with enjoyment and intelligent interest when at ten years of age, he was working over an electric battery. His mind was grasping the mysteries of physics with a sureness that would have done credit to an older mind. The point is: arouse the children's minds and imaginations through their games, their toys, to an interest in that which will be useful to them all their lives. Then there will not be need of so much cramming at school."

The Czar has a habit of spending more time in his study than almost any other ruler in the world. The Czarina is always seated with him while he is at work in this room. In this respect he stands almost alone among great monarchs, as nearly all of them prefer to have women out of the way when they are immersed in the business of state in their own private rooms.

Notice of Sale.

To George A. Parks of the Parish of Grand Falls in the County of Victoria and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Mary Jane Parks his wife and Samuel Tiley of the same place, Farmer, and to whom else it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be sold in front of the office of the Registrar of Deeds in Andover in the said County of Victoria, on SATURDAY the SIXTEENTH day of DECEMBER next at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon all that tract of land situate in the said Parish of Grand Falls in the said County of Victoria and bounded as follows to wit:—Beginning at a post standing on the southern side of a reserved road at the northeastern angle of a one hundred and fifty acre tract granted to Abraham Grantham in Block Ten north of California Settlement thence by the magnet of the year 1896 south nineteen degrees and thirty minutes west twenty-one chains and sixty links to another post thence south seventy degrees and thirty minutes east fifty-four chains to another post thence north nineteen degrees and thirty minutes east fifteen chains and fifty-two links to another post thence north seventy degrees and thirty minutes west twenty-nine chains to another post thence north nineteen degrees and thirty minutes east six chains and eight links to another post standing on the eastern side of the Settlement Road and thence along the first aforesaid road crossing the said Settlement Road north seventy degrees and thirty minutes west twenty-five chains to the place of beginning (excepting all that part of the Settlement Road running through the above described tract) containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as lot number two hundred and twenty-seven in Block Ten north of California Settlement granted by the Crown to one George N. Duddy the sixteenth day of January, A. D., 1900, by grant numbered 24089, together with the buildings, improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

The above sale will be made pursuant to a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the twenty-ninth day of October in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two made between the said George A. Parks and Mary Jane Parks his wife of the first part and the undersigned Benjamin Kilburn of the Parish of Perth in the County of Victoria, Merchant of the second part, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the said County of Victoria in Book "X" of Records numbered 10614 on pages 417, 418, 419 and 420; default having been made in payment of the principal moneys and interest secured by said Indenture of Mortgage.

Dated the ninth day of October, A. D., 1905. BENJAMIN KILBURN, Mortgagee. Nov. 15, 05.

GIRLS WANTED

To learn typesetting. Apply at the Carleton Sentinel office.

BOY WANTED.

To learn the printing business. Apply at this office.