

For Thin Babies

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

Send for free sample.



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 \$1.00
All Druggists

WHEN THE LAW STRIKES HOME.

It was last summer, while I was visiting Clam Harbor, that I met Cap'n Zeke Tarbox. He was entitled to the prefix "Reverend," being pastor of the local Union Church, but he was always known among his fellow-townsmen by the nautical title.

He was painting a dory on the beach of a little cove near the landing when I came up, and asked where I could rent a sailboat. He glanced at me, answered briefly, and went on with his work. I liked the look of the man—his open face, strong body, and manly bearing; and having nothing in particular to do, I tried to draw him into conversation. He was taciturn, but I persisted. At last he straightened up, looked at me keenly, and inquired: "You ain't a fish-warden, be ye?"

Upon my denial his manner was entirely altered, and we were soon in genial converse. He talked after the manner of the natives, but displayed a different turn of mind from any I had encountered at the harbor. We fell upon the liquor question, and I remarked that the villages seemed free from dissolute tendencies. At this he became animated.

AN UPHOLDER OF THE LAW.

"You're wrong," he said. "There's a gang over there around Goggin's drinkin' an' carryin' on half the time. I've raided him five times this last year, an' I'll ketch him yet. He's just ruinin' the young fellers with his rumshop. This used to be a decent place afore he set up that joint, but now its rotten—he's leadin' them young men into all sorts of cussedness. But he's got to quit. I got made a deputy-sheriff just a-purpose to drive him out, an' I'll do it sure as my name's Tarbox!"

He stood straight, six feet and over, as fine a man physically as I had ever seen on the coast, his blue eyes full of determination, his voice quiet and resolute—and I believe in him.

I was just from New York, with my head full of Mr. Jerome's and Dr. Rainsford's views on liquor-laws, and their enforcement, full of pros and cons of the matter—what was possible, what expedient, and all that—and I felt that I should like to know this man's views. Upon my suggestion that the prohibitory laws was perhaps not enforceable, he showed signs of restrained emotion. He laid down his paint-brush and looked me in the eye with a steady gaze, which shook my self-confidence. I, however, made out the best argument I could for the "liberal" view, and he listened. Not till I was through did he speak, and then it was with the air of one to whom the question was no question at all, but settled once for all by fundamental principles. He spoke quietly at first, but soon became vehement.

"It ain't a question of what this or that man wants—there's alluz found to be a lot of of people that wants to do wrong. Nor it ain't a question of what kin be done—it's got to be done. It ain't a question of anything at all but Law [his voice rising]. The pint is, Be ye goin' to stand by the law or not? I tell ye, there ain't no good in beatin' 'round the bush. It's an issue that divides them that stands by the law from them that wants to disobey it, an' ye can't find no way 'round. Either ye're a law-abidin', law-supportin' citizen, or ye ain't; and if ye ain't—well, it's the duty o' them citizens that believes in law, to look after them that don't, an' we're goin' to do it! There's no use sayin' the law can't be enforced—it's got to be enforced!"

After the confession of five futile attempts to shut up the local grogshops this faith was sublime. Cap'n Zeke's personality emphasized his words, and in my heart I knew that I could not answer him. Still it seemed weak to back down so easily. Was I, an educated man, to be worsted in argument by a harbor fisherman? So I tried once more to make out a case on the other side. His reply was substantially the same as the foregoing, spoken with the same absolute conviction. It was the only weapon he had—or needed. Finding that I was not prospering in the role *advocatus diaboli*, I at last frankly conceded the ground, and acknowledged that I did not see how his position could be shaken. We parted on friendly terms, and he invited me to come to the church that evening to an ice-cream sociable. I went away with a great respect for the man and a new confidence in the untutored heart.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE WARDENS.

It was only a few days later, if my memory serves, that an event occurred which profoundly thrilled the native population of the harbor and became the absorbing topic among the summer boarders. It was the long-threatened raid of the fish-wardens. For several days the war news dropped into the background.

There is a law in Maine which prohibits the taking of lobsters less than ten inches in length, and the fisherman found with such lobsters in his possession is subject to a heavy fine. The object is, of course, to save the crustacean from extinction along the coast, by giving the young a chance to come to maturity. Now young lobsters are considered the better eating, and the boarding-houses and hotel at the harbor were supplied almost wholly with "short lobsters." Every lobsterman in the place took them regularly, the only difference being that they were not shipped away, but retained for local consumption.

As it happened, Cap'n Zeke was the first Harbor man to meet the fish wardens, and notwithstanding the suspicion he had shown in my case, he failed to recognize them. There were two of them, and they got off the little steamer with a crowd of tourists, and lounged idly about the wharf like many visitors who come down and spend an hour or two between boats. Presently they strolled up to Cap'n Zeke, who was waiting for the tide to rise enough to float off his boat. They engaged the captain in conversation, and one of them professed to be greatly interested in the Order of Good Templars, and inquired about the temperance work at the harbor. Cap'n Zeke being an ardent Good Templar, they were soon in full discussion of this congenial topic. At length one of the strangers, looking across the narrow channel, pointed to a monument on top of the rocky bluff, and asked what it was. Both seemed bent on historical inquiry, and they asked Cap'n Zeke to set them across in his dory, which he gladly consented to do.

The fact was that the strangers had noticed something over there which interested them more than monuments. Down on the water's edge old Cap'n Towle, the Nestor of harbor fisherman, was engaged in sorting a load of lobsters which he had just brought in, transferring them of legal size to a lobster can, and throwing the short ones into a basket in the bottom of his dory. And Cap'n Zeke actually landed the fish wardens on the very float to which Cap'n Towle's boat was moored! The moment they touched the raft a sudden change came over the antiquarians. They leaped out, one of them shouting to Cap'n Towle, "Let's see them lobsters!"

The old man grasped the situation in an instant, and seizing the basket of short lobsters threw them overboard. The warden leaped into the dory, but was too late. With an oath he caught the old man by the shoulder. The latter wrenched himself loose, picked up an oar and aimed a blow at the warden, who succeeded in warding it off, and

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

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

Bovril the Kitchen Economist

When looking over your market accounts do you realize how much of what you pay for is wasted?

Often the bits that you usually throw out because you cannot serve them as they are, can be transformed into delicious, toothsome dishes with the help of a little BOVRIL. Here's a dainty Luncheon Dish from the remnants of roast mutton:

BOVRIL

Eight pounds of prime beef is concentrated in four ounces of BOVRIL.



Bovril is prepared only by BOVRIL LIMITED, LONDON, ENG., and MONTREAL, CANADA. By special appointment Purveyors to His Majesty King Edward VII.

Save Coupon over neck of Bottle and get Beautiful Premium Picture.



MUTTON FRITTERS. Finger-shaped slices of cooked mutton should be coated with a little salad oil and vinegar and left awhile, then spread lightly with Bovril, coated with thick frying batter, and cooked a nice brown in hot fat. A little grated cheese put on the meat is a further improvement. Drain well and serve very hot.



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.

the two men struggled a moment, with the dory rocking violently and threatening to spill them both.

A FIGHT IN A DORY.

The other warden was going to his companion's assistance, when Cap'n Zeke, who had hastily moved his craft, arrived to take a hand in the dispute. Pushing the second warden aside he leaped into the dory, and gripped the arm of Cap'n Towle's antagonist with muscles of steel. "Leave him alone or I'll hist ye into the water!" he thundered.

"What do you mean by interfering with the law?" returned the warden. "I'll arrest you if you don't get out of here."

Then Cap'n Zeke lost his self-control. No man at the Harbor had ever heard him use profanity, but he swore then, and swore with a voice which could be heard by every person near the landing opposite. "You—scoundrel! Ye come sneakin' 'round here tryin' to ketch somebody, pretendin' to be lookin' at monuments, an' ye git me to set ye across, an' then ye assault an old man that's goin' about his business! Ye're two o' the meanest, lyn'—critters I ever see! I'd like to knock yer heads together an' chuck ye into the channel. Fish wardens, be ye? Ye're a pretty pair o' wardens, snoopin' 'round an' makin' me help ye do yer dirty work! Now, you git right out of that boat, or I'll make ye wish ye never saw the Harbor. I don't care for yer—badges! Git out! I'll give you two seconds to git out, or I'll knock ye out!"

The man looked at his mate, who was standing by and showed no disposition to come to his assistance. Then he looked at the set face of Cap'n Zeke, and got out. Cap'n Zeke followed, and stood watching the proceedings in silence. Possibly it had occurred to him that his language had not been altogether in keeping with his calling. At any rate he retained his self-control henceforth, but his eyes still shot fire, and he did not move until the business was completed. Cap'n Towle handed out the short lobsters which remained in his dory, and the warden counted them. When the warden announced that he was satisfied, Cap'n Zeke broke silence.

"Ye ain't paid me yet for settin' ye across."
"How much d'ye want?"
"Three dollars."
"Law don't allow more'n two."
"Well, call it two, then." The warden paid the money to Cap'n Zeke, who handed it to Cap'n Towle.

"Here's something towards your fine. I guess we can raise enough in the village to help ye out considerable." As a matter of fact, a purse was raised among the boarding-house proprietors which went far towards paying the fine, and the old man was able to pay the balance.

The wardens spent the day looking for game, but the alarm had gone out, and they found no more short lobsters.

Cap'n Zeke rarely spoke of the matter in public, but it was plain that he was very sore at having been the means of getting another fisherman into trouble. On one occasion, at the grocery, when the subject was being discussed, his feelings became too strong for repression, and he broke out: "Ef I'd a-known who them fellers was, I'd a-bin shot afore I ever set 'em across. Any man ought to be ashamed to play such a trick as that—sailin' under false colors, pretendin' to be Good Templars, an' askin' me to set 'em across to look at the monument! If the law can't be enforced without that sort o' work, it'd better be changed. The law's bein' kept in the spirit of it, anyhow, an' all the fish wardens in creation can't stop folks from ketchin' short lobsters an' sellin' 'em around home."

With that Cap'n Zeke walked off past the crowd of loafers in front of "Goggin's joint."

This narrative is true. Judge for yourself whether it is typical of the general attitude towards law.—New York Post.

Squelched.

Many a traveller, who has looked forward to a railroad journey as a season when he need not talk, will sympathize with this just triumph recorded in the London Globe:

He wanted to read, but the man opposite would persist in trying to talk as the train moved swiftly along. After several brief replies the student began to grow tired. "The grass is very green, isn't it?" said the would-be conversationalist, pleasantly. "Yes," said the student. "Such a change from the blue and red grass we've been havin' lately!" In the silence that followed he began another chapter.

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,
Connell St. Woodstock.