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WON BY A YARD.

Yes, Yes. I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that you are hard-working, honorable and trustworthy; surely I have proved that by trusting you so completely into my confidence in business matters. But that is not sufficient; the man who marries my daughter must have shown some striking evidence of business acumen before I give my consent." Mr. Brampton, banker and diamond merchant, wiped his glasses and sat back in the comfortable chair of his private office, dismissing the whole matter with a wave of his hand.

Eric Wilmanton, his confidential secretary, tried to forget the matter temporarily, but with less success. "He's such a self-willed old gentleman," he sighed to himself, "that if he were't Doris' father I should call him a stubborn old fool." This heretical train of thought was broken by the entrance of a clerk with a card. He took it. "Wilfred Norton Harrington to see you," he said. "I don't think he is a client of ours."

"Harrington, Harrington," murmured his employer, "I don't recollect the name. Oh, yes, tho, I fancy he must be a son of that wealthy old Harrington of San Francisco who died a couple of months ago. I heard that the young man was going to settle in New York. Send him in," he added to the clerk. The latter retired and presently admitted a tall, clean-shaven man of about 40, dressed in a top hat and fashionably cut frock coat, which did not seem to fit him.

"Mr. Brampton, I believe, I should like to transact some private business with you, if you can spare the time," said the stranger.

"My secretary is entirely in my confidence," answered Mr. Brampton; "in fact I depend on him a good deal, so you may speak quite freely. Mr. Harrington sat down and placed a red morocco jewel case on the table. I have no doubt you know of my father's death some two months ago, and also that I have purchased No. 8 Fifth-avenue. I have my affairs pretty well settled now, but in looking over the jewelry left by my father I find that there are several things which I don't care to keep. Pearls, for instance, my wife has a superstitious horror of. She refuses to wear them and it would be ridiculous to keep them locked up in the safe." He paused for a moment and then took from the case a magnificent rope of graduated pearls. "Here is a string of 175 pearls that I am willing to dispose of."

The other two bent over them with interest; they were indeed a handsome set.

"I think I can remember being notified that your father was collecting these some five years ago. I sent him a few on approval, I fancy," said Mr. Brampton, at last, jotting down a conservative estimate of \$45,000 on a writing pad, which he dropped in a drawer where his secretary could see the figures. The latter took it, and wrote \$50,000 beneath it and returned it.

"I have as many pearls now as I care to handle," the banker went on, "but if you will put a price on these I will see if we can make a deal."

"My wife insists so strongly on my disposing of them that I have decided to let them go at a price considerably below their value, \$35,000."

The other two looked at each other. "It is not a matter to be decided offhand," said Mr. Brampton, "but if you will give me time for consideration, I think we can come to an agreement."

"If a few hours would be sufficient," suggested Harrington, "I should be very pleased if you would dine with us and we can settle the matter this evening."

"That is excellent," replied the banker, as the visitor arose. "Good day."

"I suppose you would like to telegraph to San Francisco to make sure that everything is all right," said Eric when the door was closed.

"Yes, I'll wire the Pacific Bank as a matter of form, but, of course, his receiving me in his own house will be really sufficient. Everybody knows he's bought 8—Fifth-avenue." Mr. Brampton wrote and despatched the message immediately. A satisfactory reply arrived before they left the office. Mr. Harrington had removed a considerable amount of jewelry from that very bank to his New York house about a fortnight before.

"If I can make this purchase satisfactory, it will mean a considerable turn over," said the banker, as he left the office. "You lack real business instincts, Wilmanton, in being too cautious. I know you don't like this

man's appearance, and you would have let the matter go, very like."

"I shall be anxious to hear what kind of an understanding you come to this evening," said Eric.

At 10 o'clock next morning Mr. Brampton arrived at the office in an excellent frame of mind. "I have bought the pearls for \$35,000," he said, as he hung up his hat. "Those Harringtons are charming people. Of course, I was the only guest, as they are still in mourning."

"How did you like the lady of the house?" asked Eric.

"She seemed a very fine woman, but just a trifle common. I thought she spoke with a slightly foreign accent, but I may have been mistaken. She seemed very anxious to get rid of the pearls, said they always brought her bad luck or some such foolishness, and so we concluded the bargain. Mr. Harrington promised to bring them around at noon and I'll give him the cheque. By the way there was a man in the telephone booth, as I came thru the outer office, is anything the matter?"

"Yes, the building is being rewired, and for to day they have put us on a party wire."

Mr. Brampton nodded, and they proceeded with the business of the day.

Shortly after noon Mr. Harrington arrived. "Good morning," he said. "I trust that we can transact our business quickly, as my wife is waiting in a cab outside, and I am rather pressed for time."

"Certainly, the cheque is already drawn out," answered the banker. "Ring up the bank, Wilmanton, if you please, and notify them that Wilfred Norton Harrington is coming round to cash my cheque."

Eric shut himself into the booth in the outer office, and put the receiver to his ear. He was about to call "Hello!" when he heard a voice, which he recognized as that of Walters, a lawyer in an office below, saying:

"Is this Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes," answered another voice.

"Thought it was your voice, Wilfred. Just come from 'Frisco?"

"No, my wife and I made a flying trip to Europe on business, and got back a day earlier than we expected."

"Well, you kept everyone pretty well in the dark. Have you opened up your new house yet?"

"No; but my valet and my wife's maid have everything ready. I am going up there as soon as I've seen my things through the customs."

At this point Eric broke into the conversation and persuaded Mr. Harrington the second that he had better represent himself at the office of Brampton & Brampton within half an hour, if he valued his property. Then he rang up another number, and after a short conversation hung up the receiver and returned to the private office.

The others were a little impatient at his delay. "I think you will be received properly at the bank," Eric said politely. He even went to the extent of fetching the visitor's hat and cane.

Mr. Brampton noticed the alteration in his manner. "I see your opinion of Mr. Harrington has altered now," he said, presently.

"I suspend judgment for half an hour," laughed Eric, enigmatically.

Some ten minutes later the door flew open and in rushed Mr. Harrington No. 2 accompanied by Walters, the lawyer, from downstairs. In the scene that ensued the principal actors had the stage to themselves, except when the lawyer was called upon, while Eric sat back and enjoyed the excitement. First the rightful owner of the gems raved at their loss, but was pacified when he found them intact; then the banker realized that he was \$35,000 out of pocket and gave way to his feelings accordingly.

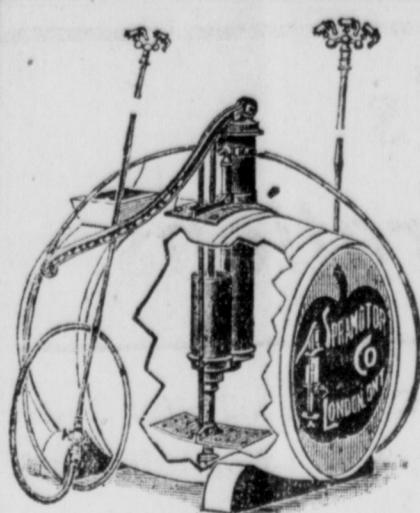
"Can't you do something instead of sitting there like a fool?" he shouted. "Telephone to the police to watch every railroad station and dock!"

"I don't think that's necessary," answered Eric quietly. "He and his wife, too, I hope, are already in the cells. Let's get a cab and go there. Perhaps Mr. Harrington can identify them."

In less than an hour Mr. Brampton was once more in his office chair.

"Well, I can see you've pulled this matter off pretty well, my boy," he said, wiping the perspiration off his forehead. "Now tell me how it happened, and what it all means."

"It was simple enough," explained Eric, modestly; "the real Harrington had given the pearls to this man Tompkins, his valet, to put in the bank, just before he started for



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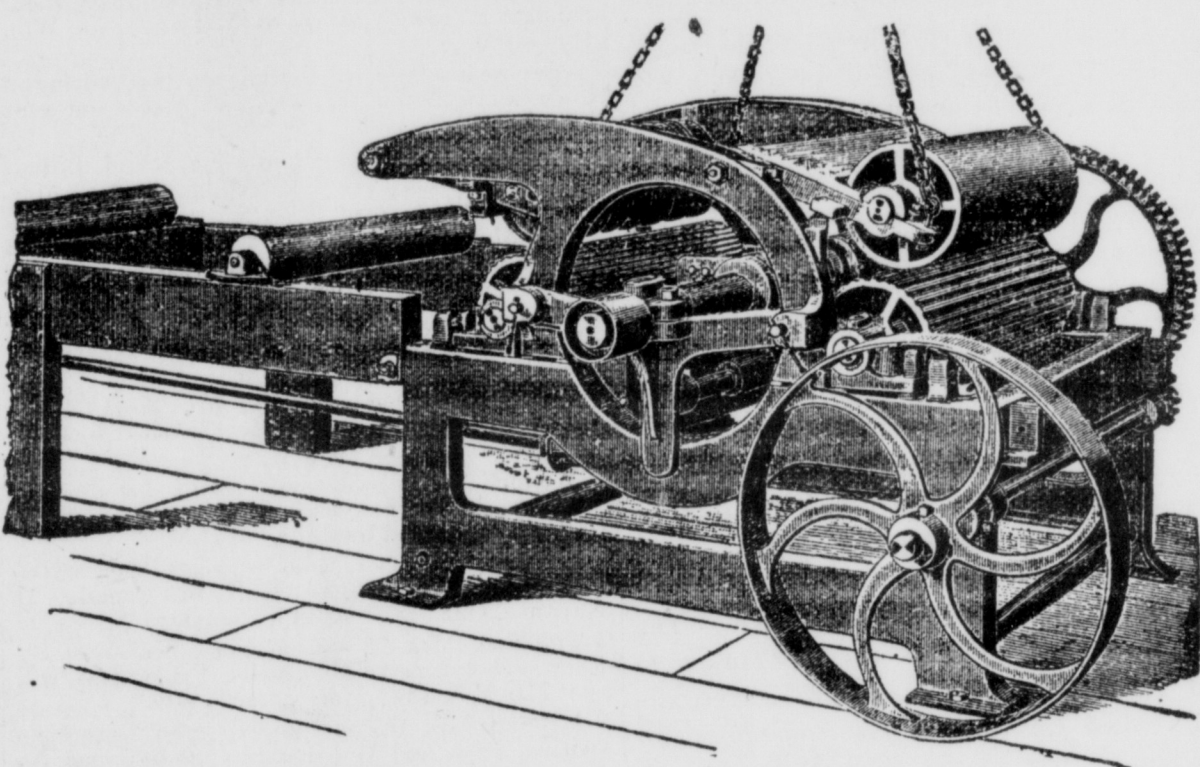
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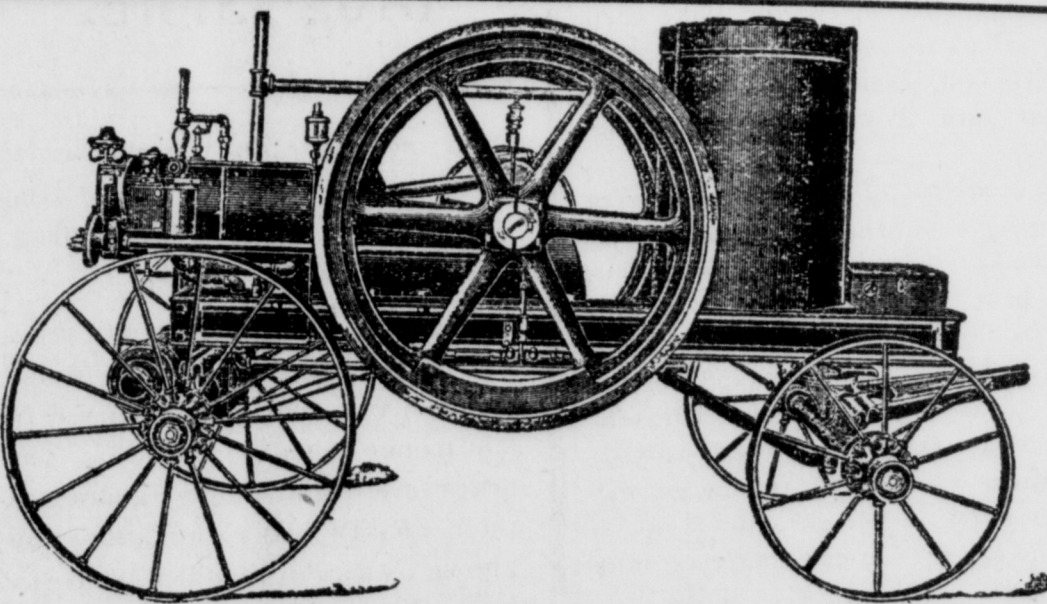
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S. M. CARLE, Agent,
East Florenceville.

Europe, and also had given him orders to help this French maid to get the house ready for them on their return. Thus they were enabled to pose as Mr. and Mrs. Harrington. I realized this from the conversation over the telephone and called up the bank to have them arrested when they got there, in order to avoid the fuss of detaining him here until the police arrived."

"Well, you have saved me \$35,000" commented Mr. Brampton.

"Would you describe that as 'a striking instance of business acumen'?" questioned Eric, timidly.

The banker remembered the conversation of the day before.

"Why, yes—er—no—that is—I give in, my boy, you've won her fairly."

"I've won!" murmured the young man triumphantly; "won by a yard—of pearls."—Toronto Sunday World.

How To Cure Insomnia.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Lying awake is often a habit. It is worth almost any effort to break up such a habit.

Insomnia is usually the result of one of three things—poor circulation, indigestion or mental distress. The person who studies himself, carefully, will be able to locate the difficulty and treat himself accordingly.

For poor circulation try warm baths, warm water bottles, brisk rubbing, soaking the feet and deep breathing.

For indigestion take a warm drink before retiring or when sleepless. Drink warm water, milk, weak tea, or cocoa and breathe deeply.

For mental distress mere will power is the best. Close the eyes and as fast as the thoughts come drive them out. Carry on in the mind a house-cleaning process.

Sweet sleep and plenty of it will go a great way toward keeping women young.

When sleep departs wrinkles come.

It is by sleep that we gain strength for another day. Sleep is to the brain and nerves what food is to the body.

Here are a few simple, tried rules for driving away insomnia:

Go to bed warm. Never go to bed with cold feet.

If the events of the day have been trying read a short, light story before retiring.

Leave the window down at the top and protect the bed from draughts.

As soon the body touches the bed relax the muscles, shut the eyes and make ready to sleep. Nothing drives away sleep more quickly than the thought that one can't sleep.

The Dog Nuisance.

The story of that Westmount ten-year-old girl fighting for her life against a bull dog, which, failing to get her by the throat, had seized her by the leg and had torn her hands and arms, will remind many people how often they have thought that there are too many dangerous dogs at large in the community. The dog may be a good friend of man when he is inclined that way; but he may also be an ugly enemy of a woman or child. When a dog shows the slightest signs of ugliness, he ought to be sacrificed at once, and no dog tax should secure him the freedom of the streets. A dog on a farm or an estate is a fine thing; but a dog in the city is very apt to be a dog out of place. A knowing Chief of Police gave it as his opinion recently that the only place for a dog was in a museum or a circus; and the Chief had had experience with dogs.—Montreal Star.

The Sharples Separator Company Wins.

The following is an "exact" copy of the former judgement granted to Mr. P. M. Sharples in his suit against the National Manufacturing Company Limited, of Pembroke, Ontario, who manufactured a separator called the "Uneda." The case is creating considerable interest and the Sharples people are well pleased with their success in demonstrating the justice of their claims against the National Manufacturing Company, who have been manufacturing an imitation of the famous Tubular Cream Separator. The judgement plainly indicates that the National Manufacturing Company are restrained from further infringement of the Sharples' Patents, also that the Sharples people are entitled to damages and the National Manufacturing Company are compelled to pay all costs. The Sharples people are taking legal action against a large number of the users of the Uneda Separator. Here is the judgement:—

IN THE EXCHEQUER COURT OF CANADA.

Monday, the 8th day of May, A. D. 1905.

Present: The Honourable Mr. Justice Burdidge.

Between: P. M. SHARPLES and HERBERT McCORMACK, Plaintiffs, and

THE NATIONAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited, Defendants.

1.—This Action having come on for trial at the City of Ottawa on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th day of March, A. D. 1905, before this Court, in the presence of Counsel for the Plaintiffs and the Defendant, upon hearing read the pleadings here in and upon hearing the evidence adduced and what was allowed by Counsel aforesaid, this Court was pleased to direct that this action should stand over for judgement, and the same coming on this day for judgement.

2.—This Court doth order and adjudge this the Defendant, its servants, AGENTS and workmen he and they are hereby restrained, during the continuance of the Letters Patent in the Statement of Claim mentioned, from manufacturing SELLING, SUPPLYING OR USING any device which infringes the said Patent numbered 78151, OR ONLY COLORABLY DIFFERING FROM THE SAME.

3.—And the Court doth further order and adjudge that it be referred to the Registrar of this Court to ascertain and fix the damages which the Plaintiffs have sustained on account of the infringement by the Defendant of the said Patent.

4.—And the Court doth further order and adjudge that the Defendant do pay to the Plaintiffs, after taxation thereof their costs of this action, to be taxed

By the Court,
"L. A. AUDETTE," Registrar.

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