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SCOTT'S EMULSION

and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous.

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A Pupil of Stahlmann.

"Good luck, Luella!"

"Show them what you can do!" "We'll be there tonight, George and I. Look for us in the front row." "Bring us the papers when you come back, and tell us all they say about you."

The girl to whom all this was addressed leaned back comfortably in her seat as the train began to move. She was a large girl of about eighteen. Her eyes were dark. Her hair, dark also, was much curled and hung loosely about her face. She was dressed in shades of red which did not match, and her anguished hands held a roll of music.

Perhaps her hands were the only thing about her that would have attracted a second glance. They were long and pointed, with slender fingers, the hands of the artist. Her expression as she looked out at the flying landscape was confident and self-satisfied. The confusion of voices and farewells rang pleasantly in her ears, and she smiled.

They had all come to see her off, friends and neighbors, boys and girls from the high school, the members of the little orchestra with which she played. Even the editor of "Town Briefs" was there; he would have a personal in the evening edition about "our distinguished townswoman, Miss Luella Morgan Wright, who left town this afternoon to give a concert in the city this evening."

They believed in her, these people. They had always believed in her ever since, as a little girl in white ruffles and pink bows, she had climbed up on the piano-stool at church socials and played "Monastery Bells." Her friends, her family, most of all herself, considered her a musical genius.

Now all the years of practice and study, all the drudgery of teaching, the struggle of ambition with poverty, were to have their fruition.

Out of the confusion of voices still ringing in her ears, one recurred to her with strange distinctness. It was her mother's voice.

"Do your very best tonight, Luella, and make mother proud of you. But remember, first of all, whatever happens, to do what is right."

It was the old exhortation. It had followed her every time she set foot from home. A picture rose before her eyes, the bent form of a faded woman standing on the station platform. The girl's face softened. How much she meant to do for her mother in the years to come—and for the rest of them!

She unfastened her music-roll and took from it a printed poster. Her name in large letters stared up at her, Luella Morgan Wright. She looked at it lovingly, and then, although she knew every word on it and had seen it for weeks in and out of her dreams, she read it over again, letter by letter. As she read, the frown came back to her face and grew deeper.

PIANO RECITAL,
Tuesday evening, April 10th, by
LUELLA MORGAN WRIGHT,
(Pupil of Stahlmann).
Holland Hall. 8 o'clock.
Admission \$1.00, 50c. 25c.

"Pupil of Stahlmann." That was where her eyes lingered.

"Mother wouldn't think that was right, I suppose," she thought, unwillingly. "But what was I to do? The man at the booking office said it was no use to try a concert unless you had the name of some big man like that back of you. He said it was just legitimate advertising. Anyway, I shall be a pupil of Stahlmann just as soon as I can get a little success and money. He said I didn't need to worry, even if Stahlmann is in America. His tremendous success in New York is sure to keep him there. The use of his name now, when every one is talking about him, means such a lot to me. Mother doesn't know—they don't any of them know, they live such narrow little lives. You have to fight so even for a foothold when you get out into the world. It's business—the man said so. He said all business men did these things. People have to push themselves along. Mother doesn't understand, that's all." She fastened her music-roll with a snap and rose to her feet, for the train was pulling into the city. Her face was flushed and determined.

The city sights and sounds distracted her thoughts and, as always, excited and stimulated her. This was the life she understood and loved. Soon she would be a part of it.

By the time she had reached the hotel where, by the advice of the booking agent, she was to spend the night, she had forgotten doubt and hesitation. She entered the great lobby with assured step, meeting unabashed the stares of the office loungers. Her heart quickened its beat to keep pace with the music of the orchestra wafted from the dining-room. She belonged here; this was her world.

She crossed over to the desk, and the clerk pushed the registered toward her. As she dipped the pen into the ink her eyes travelled over the array of posters on the opposite wall. Yes, there it was—"Piano Recital by Luella Morgan Wright, pupil of Stahlmann."

Her cheeks grew red, her eyes shone. The name she was about to write in the register was not entirely obscure and unknown. The bell-boy perhaps would recognize it; the clerk, too, and he would tell the man standing next him—in fancy she could see them whisper and smile.

She took up the pen eagerly. Then her hand stopped in mid-air, her face grew very white. For the name just above hers on the register was August Bernhard Stahlmann, Vienna.

A mist swam before her eyes. Was she seeing correctly? She looked helplessly at the clerk.

"What is it?" he asked, thinking that she had spoken.

"This gentleman—when did he come?"

"Half an hour ago. Came in on the Overland."

Half an hour ago! Then he must already have seen those posters. The letters stared at her as if printed in fire on the opposite wall. And if he had seen them what must he think of the girl who had done the thing!

Mr. Stahlmann sat at the piano in his room on the third floor of the hotel. As always when he was very tired, he was finding his rest in music. He was worn with weeks of concert-playing and the long journey overland. The hills and skies of southern California seemed to promise all that he needed. Even now the evening song of the mocking-bird had filled him with delight.

The door opened and his secretary stood beside him.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he said, apologetically, "but there is a young lady here who insists on seeing you. I don't know how to turn her away."

"You told her that I never see strangers?" said Mr. Stahlmann.

"Yes, but she says she has something to tell you that concerns you closely."

"The old story. They all say that."

The secretary hesitated. "She seems in deep trouble of some sort."

"So? Well, admit her."

A moment later a pale and trembling girl stood before him.

"You wanted to see me?"

She held out a crumpled poster to him. "It's this," she said. "Haven't you seen it?"

He took the paper from her hand and glanced over it. Then he raised his eyes to the frightened girl, and she felt them studying her face.

Nothing could escape such a look as that. She stood revealed before him and before herself, just as she was, a foolish, ignorant girl. She could not hold up her head; she stood abashed, her cheeks flaming, her eyes filled with hot tears. "I came and told you about it, anyway," she broke out at last. "Wasn't that something?"

The grave eyes, still, resting upon her, wandered over the details of her dress with its gaudy coloring and bit of cheap jewelry at the neck. They rested upon her hair, her



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Opposed to Emotionalism.

Emotionalism in religion was opposed by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch in a lecture at Chicago last week. He said that Judaism is not a religion of emotion or sentiment, but of thought and study.

"The Jew is not sentimental," said Dr. Hirsch, "for he takes religion logically. Any one can be an emotional pastor. It takes little effort to make people weep. In fact, in an emotional religion it does not matter much whether any one is in the pulpit. Religion, to be valuable, however, should be unemotional. In our temples we should furnish a stimulant for the mind. The temple should be a house of learning, and people should go there to be stimulated and urged to reflection and thought. Everywhere in the pulpit the man should have something to say."

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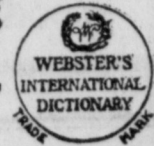
must win upon their merits. The International Dictionary has won a greater distinction upon its merits and is in more general use than any other work of its kind in the English language.

A. H. Sayce, LL.D., D.D., of Oxford University, England, has recently said of it: "It is indeed a marvelous work; it is difficult to conceive of a dictionary more exhaustive and complete. Everything is in it—not only what we might expect to find in such a work, but also what few of us would ever have thought of looking for."

A supplement to the new edition has brought it fully up to date. I have been looking through the latter with a feeling of astonishment at its completeness, and the amount of labor that has been put into it.

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face—last of all upon her hands. Still he said nothing, and so she broke out again, unable to endure the silence.

"It was my concert, sir. So much depends on it. They told me it was the only way to get an audience, to use some big name like yours. I thought if I once got people to come, I—I might be able to please them. Oh you don't know what it means to me to succeed just now. I've worked so hard and there have been so many difficulties! I worked with people who didn't understand. If I should succeed with this concert I could do so many things for mother—and the children. You see we're so poor—" Her voice broke.

At last he spoke, and his voice, although gave, was kind. "You are very fond of music?"

Out of the depths of the girl's humiliation a sudden light illumined her face. "I love it!" she cried.

"Will you play something for me?"

"I—play for you!"

"Yes, if you are willing."

Uncertain, hesitating, almost overpowered with confusion, she took her seat upon the stool. She realized for the first time the measure of her own incompetence. Just for a moment the thought trembled in her mind of a brilliant fantasy with which she meant to open her concert. But the strange new doubt of herself that was upon her led her to choose instead a little nocturne by Chopin.

At first her fingers shook so that the notes were weak and uncertain, but gradually, as she played, her nerves grew calm. This quiet room, raised so far above the noise of the city outside, seemed full of a peace and refinement such as her life had never known. The deeply lined face above her spoke of things she could only picture with awe and reverence. Something within her responded deeply to this new atmosphere.

The dramatic, overwrought mood in which she had come to him gave place to something calm and sweet. The nocturne, with its wistful minor notes, seemed to be uttering all that her tongue would have spoken if it could. She knew that she was playing as she had never played before.

There was silence in the room when she finished. She sat still upon the stool, quivering not daring to raise her eyes to his. Suddenly her self-control gave way, and she burst into tears. In the midst of her sobs she felt a hand laid on her shoulder.

Mr. Stahlmann was speaking to her, and she checked her tears in amazement, for what he was saying seemed the most wonderful words she had ever heard.

"I thank you for pleasure you have given me," he said, and his simple courtesy touched her to the heart. "Don't worry about the posters. You are a pupil of Stahlmann. You have just taken your first lesson." Then the pressure upon her shoulder grew heavier. "As for the future, we who serve so great an art should try to keep ourselves pure from unworthy acts."

The girl caught his hand and pressed it to her lips, quite unable to speak.

Mr. Stahlmann led her, still speechless, to the door.

"After your concert is over," he said, "come to me in a few days for your next lesson."—Youth's Companion.