

## One Cold and Another

The season's first cold may be slight—may yield to early treatment, but the next cold will hang on longer; it will be more troublesome, too. Unnecessary to take chances on that second one. Scott's Emulsion is a preventive as well as a cure. Take

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

when colds abound and you'll have no cold. Take it when the cold is contracted and it checks inflammation, heals the membranes of the throat and lungs and drives the cold out.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists  
Toronto, Ont.  
50c. and \$1.00 - - - All druggists

## A TALKATIVE WOMAN.

Mrs. Naughton came out of the parlor and shut the door carefully behind her.

"It's too cold for you to set in there to-night," she said. "My! You can't see out of the windows. There's no sense in freezing this room to let the heat go in there. The whole house is cold as a barn. I'll have to buy more coal if this weather keeps on, and I don't want to. I mean to make what we've got on hand last till spring." She knelt down before the battered sheetiron stove, opened the door and ran the poker vigorously through the mass of red-hot coals within. "You can set in here tonight, Dena," she went on. "For myself I prefer this room any day to the parlor. It's a sight pleasanter when it's tidied up. There's such an outlook from all the windows. Lands sakes!" She had dropped the poker. "I've scorched the oilcloth. My, how it smells! I'll never have oilcloth under this stove again, but I thought we might as well wear out this piece so long's we had it. Now, then, I guess that fire'll burn better. I took a regular chill just the minute or two I was in the parlor. I see I've poked out some ashes, Dena. You can brush 'em up if you will. And you'd better straighten things up a bit all over before you dress. The tidy's half off that chair." Her restless eyes traveled over the room. "You put on your pink albatross waist tonight. You look the best in it of anything you've got. It throws color up into your face and you need it, land knows. I never could see why you didn't have better color. My cheeks were like garden pinks when I was a girl; ma said so time and again. But then I wan't as dark as you be. Maybe that makes a difference."

She sat down before the stove and folded her skirt back over her knees to warm her ankles. "We'd better have supper a little early tonight," she began again. "That will give you plenty of time to fix up. We'll just have a cup of tea and something like that. We don't need much after that boiled dinner, and neither of us has stirred round any to speak of this afternoon. I thought maybe Mis' Henderson would be in. I don't know why she hain't been, unless she's had company. You hain't seen her go by, have you?"

"No," Dena said, seeing that an answer was expected of her. She straightened the tidy listlessly, swept up the ashes and did other trivial things as her mother directed. The room had the shabby, much-used look which no amount of care could transform into cheer or even homeliness. Dena felt it anew a time she returned to it after her absence as a district school teacher. If she could have bought a new carpet and a chair or two and stove with isinglass and nickle she might have made it look to her liking, but her mother would not allow it. What need to buy new things when the old served all purposes save those of beauty? Beauty in Mrs. Naughton's eyes was of trivial consequence, indeed, although there were times when she regretted volubly her daughter's apparent lack of it. It had always troubled her that her one child was not the plump, rosy creature she wished her to be.

"There, I guess that'll do for now," Mrs. Naughton unfolded her skirt and smoothed out an imaginary crease. "You better set the tea kettle on, Dena. I always like tea water well boiled. Maybe it's my notion, but I've heard good cooks say that you should never make tea with water that wasn't well boiled. And stir up the kitchen fire, Dena. It must be getting low by this time. It hain't quite time for supper yet, but I like to have everything ready in time."

Dena hurried from the room. There were

tears in her eyes and her face looked flushed and wistful. What was the use of it all, she thought bitterly as she filled the tea kettle. Had she not dressed obedient to her mother's bidding these four Saturday nights in succession in the foolish hope that he might come? She set the tea kettle on, stirred the fire and went upstairs. Her room was dim with the early twilight and the bed looked white and cold. The frost was gathering thickly upon the window panes as the temperature lowered. But she did not feel the prevalent chill. In the second drawer of the bureau lay the pink albatross waist folded in white tissue paper and sprinkled with rose leaves gathered the summer before from the La France rose bush that grew in the yard. The last time she put it on she noticed that it was beginning to look soiled. She had wore it four times vainly and twice not in vain—those two precious evenings when he had really come. She would not put it on to-night, no matter what her mother said. She could not bear to sit another evening in it waiting and listening to every footfall with hope and longing and ultimate despair.

A sob burst from her and she flung herself upon the bed with her hands over her face. But she did not cry. She dare not. It would not do for her mother to see her tears or to suspect that she cared poignantly. Why could not her mother see that he would not come again and cease torturing her with expectations? Her little first romance was over almost before it had begun and in her heart she knew what had ended it. It shamed her to think of it, but after all she could not blame him. And she could not blame her mother, either, foolishly ignorant of the ruin she had wrought.

Dena was 24 years old and she had never had a lover. She had not cared for men. Life was too serious for her to cherish much of the ideal. For six years she had taught steadily without anything happening and she was growing very tired, when he came. He was the son of the people with whom she boarded and he had been away a long time. One afternoon when she came from her day's work she found that he had returned unexpectedly. He had given up his job to take a better one which was being held for him. In the meantime he had some weeks to rest and visit his friends, from whom he had been long separated. Dena liked him instinctively. She had never seen any one she liked so well. So strong and thoroughly noble and self-reliant he looked in the week that was left to her before her school closed. They became good friends and he told her when she went away that he would come to see her.

"I have a cousin in town who'll be happy to keep me over Sunday now and then," he exclaimed, smilingly.

The doctor told Dena when she went home that she must rest for the remainder of the winter. Her mother grumbled openly. She did not like to see the girl idle, but she became reconciled to it when she discovered that Dena had an admirer. It was her belief that every girl should marry before she was 25, and in Dena's case there was little time to lose. She set about hurrying up this possible match. The first evening Nick came it was she not Dena who entertained him. Her nimble tongue scarcely paused. She gave him Dena's exact history, how she had cut her first tooth, with what difficulty she had been persuaded to walk, how fast she learned at school; from that to how her father had died and the long years of struggle it had taken to get Dena up where she could help herself. Dena sat by and heard with Nick in an embarrassment of silence that she could hardly have broken had she been permitted. Never had her mother been so voluble with that destructive volubility which wearies and sickens. At intervals she glanced at Nick's puzzled, amused face and clasped her hands harder to keep from crying out. What did he think? Would he ever come again? She felt almost glad when at last he went away.

She longed to remonstrate with her mother, but she dare not. All her life she had bowed her will to that other and she dreaded a first rebellion. All that week her mother discussed her prospects and gave the advice her own experiences warranted. Once Dena cried in agony:

"But can't you see that he may not even think of marrying me?" and fell thereafter into tearful silence.

But the following Saturday evening he came again, and again Mrs. Naughton sat in the room and talked every minute. Nick and Dena parted without having said half a dozen words to each other. But this time Nick looked neither puzzled nor amused. His eyes narrowed speculatively as he watched Mrs. Naughton. When at last he went away Dena knew of a certainty that he would never come again. But each Saturday evening her mother made her take up her role and play it through. She had to dress and sit and wait.

To-night she would not—she would not. For once in her life she would assert independence. She rose and went steadily downstairs. Her mother was cutting bread from the loaf for their supper, and they sat down and ate together. Mrs. Naughton talked incessantly, and Dena endured in a silence which to-night lacked indifference, and was

# 'Elephant'

## PURE READY MIXED Paints.

These Paints have been sold by us for several years, and always given satisfaction. They are made of Pure White Lead, Linseed Oil and Dryer. No chemical combination or soap mixture. Guaranteed full measure. Our prices are:

1 lb Tins, 12 cts each      2 lb Tins, 20 cts each  
 1/4 gal Tins, 40 cts each      1/2 gal Tins, 75 cts each  
 1 gal Tins, \$1.50 each.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,  
WOODSTOCK AND CENTREVILLE.

### Property For Sale.

That valuable mill property known as the Tapley Mill consisting of rotary, shingle machine, planer and feed mill, good water power. Also three farms, buildings all new. If sold at once will go at a bargain. Inquire of  
 J. EVERETT COLWELL,  
 Tapleys Mill.  
 April 11—3 mo.

### 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 Loans' Factory,  
Connell street, Woodstock

### Pianos and Organs For Sale.

I have 16 Second Hand Organs and 3 Second Hand Pianos which must be sold to make room for spring goods. Call and examine.

C. R. WATSON,  
Mar 21—1 mo      Woodstock, N. B.

### Notice of Sale.

To Marcus McDougall of the Parish of Richmond in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and Elizabeth his wife, and all others whom it may concern:

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction in front of the office of D. McLeod Vince on King Street, in the Town of Woodstock, in the said County of Carleton, on MONDAY the ELEVENTH day of JUNE next at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon the lands and premises hereinafter mentioned, that is to say:—All that certain lot, tract, piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Richmond, aforesaid, and bounded as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at a post standing at a south westerly angle of lot number twenty-three west in the Fourth Tier, South Richmond, thence south eighty-seven degrees, east fifty chains to a spruce tree, thence south three degrees, west twenty chains to a hemlock tree, thence north eighty-seven degrees, west fifty chains to a post, and thence north three degrees, east twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number twenty-four west in the Fourth Tier, South Richmond, and being the same land granted by the Crown to John McDougall by grant dated March the Sixteenth, A. D. 1872, and deeded to the said Marcus McDougall by the said John McDougall by deed dated the Twenty-first day of September, A. D. 1872, and registered in the Carleton County Records, in Book A., number 3, pages 348 and 349, the Ninth day of April, A. D., 1883.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1888, and made between the said Marcus McDougall and Elizabeth his wife of the one part and Alfred H. Henderson, of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, one of the United States of America, Dentist, of the other part, and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for said County of Carleton, in Book I, number 3, of Records, on pages 798, 799, 800 and 801, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured.  
 Dated this Second day of May, A. D., 1906.  
 ALFRED H. HENDERSON.

SALESMEN WANTED FOR CANADA'S GREATEST NURSERIES. Largest List of Hardy Specialties in Fruit and Ornamental Stock, suited for New Brunswick. Liberal Inducements. Pay Weekly. Exclusive Territory. Write for terms and catalogue. STONE & WELLINGTON, Toronto, Ont.

### FOR SALE.

That desirable residence at Bristol occupied for years as office and residence by the late Dr. Atkinson. Part of purchase money to be paid in cash; the rest may remain on mortgage. Information may be had from MRS. SANKEY H. ROGERS, Bristol. Feby 21, 3 mo.

### Notice of Tenders.

TENDERS will be received at the office of the undersigned up to 6 o'clock p. m. of the TWENTY-EIGHTH day of MAY next for Eighty Thousand Dollars (\$80,000) worth of Consolidated Debt Debentures New Series bearing four per cent. interest, and running thirty years, subject to call at the end of twenty years, with Coupons attached for interest payable semi-annually, and principal and interest to be made payable at any of the following places:—Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., Woodstock, N. B., Toronto, Ont., and Montreal, Quebec.  
 The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By Order of Town Council,  
 J. C. HARTLEY,  
 Town Clerk.  
 Woodstock, N. B., April 10th, 1906.

### Notice of Sale.

To Joseph W. Scott, formerly of the Parish of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick; the heirs of John W. Scott, late of the Parish of Woodstock, in the County and Province aforesaid, deceased, and Sarah A. Scott, wife of the said John W. Scott, deceased, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand and nine hundred recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book "C" No. 4 on pages 556 and 557 and made between the said Joseph W. Scott, John W. Scott and Sarah A. Scott his wife of the one part, and Mary J. Hayward wife of Jarvis Hayward of Ashland in the County of Carleton and Province aforesaid, of the other part: There will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public auction in front of the law office of Louis E. Young on Main street in the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton on SATURDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY next at eleven o'clock in the forenoon all the mortgaged lands and premises in the said mortgage described as follows:—To-wit, "All that tract of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Woodstock in the County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick known and distinguished as the upper half of lot number 50 in block 4 in the first tier of lots from the River St. John deeded by C. E. Grosvenor and wife to the said John Scott and bounded as follows, viz., on the upper part by land owned by the said John Scott occupied by Joseph Scott, on the lower part by the lower or southerly half of said lot on the East by the River St. John and on the West or rear by vacant Crown lands containing one hundred acres more or less, being land now occupied by the said John W. Scott and described as above in the C. E. Grosvenor deed.  
 Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements and the appurtenances thereunto belonging.  
 Dated this fourth day of April, A. D., 1906.  
 MARY J. HAYWARD,  
 Mortgagee.

LOUIS E. YOUNG,  
 Solicitor for Mortgages.  
 April 11-6.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

COMMENCING MAY 6TH.

**TWO** The Imperial Limited  
 Express Trains  
 Each Way  
 Every Day  
 BETWEEN  
**MONTREAL**  
 AND  
**Vancouver**  
 Leaves Montreal Daily 9.40 a. m.  
 First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers through to Vancouver Tourist Sleepers on Sunday, Monday and Thursday.  
 The Pacific Express  
 Leaves Montreal Daily 9.40 a. m.  
 First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers through to Vancouver Tourist Sleepers Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.  
 Montreal to Vancouver. Dining Cars on both Trains.  
 These Trains reach all points in Canadian Northwest and British Columbia. Call on local agent or write to F. R. PERRY, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N. B.

### Two Tenements To Let.

On Carleton Street, opposite Victoria Hotel, will be repaired to suit tenants. Also warehouse and frostproof basement. Apply to H. PAXTON BAIRD.

only possible because of her new attitude of mind.

"Now, run up and get ready," her mother commanded as they rose from the table. "I'll do the dishes."

Dena turned and faced her desperately. "I'm not going to change my dress," she said, breathlessly.

"You ain't? Do you want him to see you in your common clothes?"

"He won't see me."

"What do you mean? What ails you?" Mrs. Naughton was astonished.

Dena turned wearily away. "I mean that he won't come again—ever," she said, and escaped upstairs to her room. Mrs. Naughton looked after her, her restless eyes steady enough for once and her restless tongue still. It came to her unpleasantly that she did not understand her daughter very well, but that did not disturb her as much as did the fact that Dena had lost her beau.

Dena heard her moving about, the dishes rattled violently. Presently she called from the foot of the stairs.

"I'm going out for a spell."

Dena was lying on her bed crying now unrestrainedly. She lifted her head and managed to ask:

"Where?"

"Over to Mis' Henderson's."

Dena's head went down with a groan. She knew that her mother would drag her poor little secret forth and dissect it mercilessly before the hungry eyes of the old gossip who was almost her only friend. The outer door opened, closed, and then all was still. Dena cried until she could cry no longer, and exhaustion brought something like calmness. She did not pity herself—when had she ever done that?—not contemplate the future. It was as much as she could do to endure the terrible present.

The door bell jangled and she sat up with a convulsive start. Who had come? It could not be—oh, how foolish she was to permit even this one heart throb of hope! She sprang off the bed, polished her cheeks hurriedly with her damp handkerchief and ran downstairs. The light had been turned down and the sitting-room was dim enough to obscure her tear-stained face. Her hands trembled as she opened the door, too dazed to realize who was waiting to enter.

"Good evening, Dena," said a pleasant voice. May I come in?"

He put her aside gently, entered and closed the door himself. Dena stood motionless with surprise and joy.

"Aren't you glad to see me? Did you think I never was coming again?" He took her hands and looked down at her tenderly. Then Dena's voice came and she looked up at him.

"Yes, I did think so. And I didn't blame you, for I understood. Oh, Nick!"

He took her into his arms. "But I found, dear, that nothing on earth was a sufficiently big obstacle to keep me from loving you and wanting you and seeing you again to tell you so. Dena, I may as well tell you right here and now. I've got that other job and I'm going out to take it Monday morning. If I come back in a month for you can you—will you be ready to go with me?"

"Oh Nick!" Dena cried, and her six weeks of trouble and doubt and despair melted from her like a garment of snow in this sunshine.

### "Died Unanimous."

Representative Adamson of Georgia, while coming to Washington one day not long ago, noticed a crowd around a depot at one of the stations on the Southern down in North Carolina and poked his head out of the window and asked a negro:

"Adam, what's the matter here?"

"Jim Johnson's dead, sah," was the answer.

"Somebody shoot him?"

"No, sah; nobody done nuttin' to him; he jis died all to once unanimously."—Ram's Horn.

### An Archbishop's Wit.

There are stories enough about the late Archbishop Temple to last for a good while. One of the best relates to an occasion when he mildly rebuked a curate for his indifferent reading of the lessons. "I am sorry, my lord," stammered the curate, "that you don't like my reading, for it was only yesterday that someone complimented me on it." All that Archbishop Temple replied was, "Did she?"

Among the many interesting discoveries of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia is a singular oscillation in the position of the lake of Karakoshun, or Lob Nor. This lake seems as restless as some rivers that change their beds, but the cause of its movements is a continuous change in the level of the desert in the midst of which it lies, bordered by vegetation. At present the lake is retreating northward, and creeping toward its ancient bed, where it is known to have lain in the third century of the Christian era; and as it slowly moves the vegetation, animals, and the fishermen with their reed huts follow its shores northward. Doctor Hedin believes that after reaching the northern part of the desert the lake returns southward, the complete period of oscillation being 1,000 years or more.