

# FOR BOTH

One disease of thinness in children is scrofula; in adults, consumption. Both have poor blood; both need more fat. These diseases thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them; cod liver oil makes the best and healthiest fat and

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the easiest and most effective form of cod liver oil. Here's a natural order of things that shows why Scott's Emulsion is of so much value in all cases of scrofula and consumption. More fat, more weight, more nourishment, that's why.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists  
Toronto, Ont.

50c. and \$1.00 :: :: :: All druggists

# HOOD'S WOOD VIOLET.

It was a little old-fashioned drug-store in a side street in Greenwich village. The small soda-fountain would have been out of date twenty years ago, and the yellowing shelves bore bottles and vials and dingy patent medicines that somehow reminded one of the days just after the Civil War. The low-ceiled place was dimly lighted by ill-smelling kerosene lamps, and the directory needed its chain to keep it from falling to pieces.

Behind the prescription counter, one evening, stood the druggist proprietor, a man not far into middle age, yet wearing side whiskers that seemed indicative of his lack of progressiveness. He was making up a prescription and revolving in his mind ways and means to bring about a return of the custom that had been steadily falling off ever since the smart young druggist had opened a brilliantly lighted store on the corner below.

The front door opened, and a thick-set, smooth-shaven, red-cheeked, humorous-looking man entered, with a waddling step caused by the undue stoutness of his two legs.

"Hello, what's happened?" said he, as soon as he came in. "Why, it smells like a violet ranch. Say, I need some of that perfume right now."

Talking quickly and loudly as was his wont as he approached the prescription desk, although he saw nothing but the shiny top of the druggist's bald head, he sniffed and sniffed, and at last stepped around behind the counter in a familiar way and said, as he knocked his windpipe with the edge of his pudgy hand, "Frog in the throat. Need some eucalyptus tablets. Say, but it is sweet in here. What's been upset?"

The druggist went on preparing his prescription. He compressed his thin lips to show that he did not care to speak, and the jolly little man continued. "Oh, musn't talk to the man at the wheel. All right, my son. Might give laudanum in place of rhubarb. That's what happened to me when I was a kid. Stomach upset. Father great believer in red mixture. Had a big bottle of it in closet. Also had a bottle of laudanum. I loved red mixture almost as much as candy, and when he held the spoon out to me I shut my eyes and swallowed quickly. But I didn't smack my lips. I said, 'That's nasty.' Father said, 'What? Thought you liked it.' Took bottle to light, read 'Laudanum, on the bottle, snatched me up under his arm, and ran two blocks to the nearest drug-store. They gave me things there that caused a regular Russian uprising, but my life was saved and has continued to this day. But my father was the most demoralized parent you ever saw until little Willy was out of danger."

The apothecary had not heard a word, but he had finished putting up the prescription and he now said, "What is it you wish, sir?" "Some eucalyptus tablets. Thought I mentioned it. I also want to know why this place smells like a bower of violets?"

The druggist gave a dry little cough, smiled faintly, and said, "I happened to break a bottle of my violet perfume. Does smell good, doesn't it?"

"Smell good! Why, there's a fortune in that smell, man. Early days of courtship, only girl I ever loved, and all that sort of thing. Are you advertising it much and is it selling well?"

"I don't have time to advertise," said the druggist, as he opened a drawer and pulled out a package of eucalyptus tablets. "And I wouldn't know how. There are so many people advertising nowadays that small advertising is a drop in the bucket and is as unnoticed as a drop in a bucket."

"That's gospel," said the fat man. "But

why advertise in a small way? Why not do something to attract attention? Now, look here, I'm a normal man. Perhaps a little more wide-awake than some, but still pretty much the man in the street that we hear so much about these days. Now, what happened when I came in here and was greeted by that fragrant salutation? That's what it was, a fragrant salutation. Why, I felt curious to know all about the thing. I want a bottle right off, but I also want you to advertise it so that other people will feel as I did. It knocks the Fifth Avenue preparations all hollow."

"I know it's a good thing," said the druggist quietly. "It used to be used a good deal by the old substantial families in the neighborhood. My father put it up before me. But why should you be interested in it? What is there in it for you?"

The stout little man squared his shoulders and stepped back a pace as he said, "Why, I'm only the man who crammed Breakfast-bran down the unwilling throats of a credulous public. That stuff was a drug on the market. Done up in unattractive packages and selling about one a week. I made them put it up in packages that gave you an appetite at once, and I made them spend thousands in hammering away on that famous catch phrase that covered every chimney on the East and West sides for upward of a year, and today the proprietor of Breakfast-bran is an art connoisseur and needs a man to dress him and can't enjoy music unless he's in a box, and I did it. Now, if you want to have me work this thing up for you, I'll do it, and we'll make old New York the sweetest place on earth."

Just then the door opened and a young woman entered and asked for a glass of ice-cream soda.

"I don't have ice-cream," said the druggist, approaching her. "I can give you plain vanilla cream."

"Never mind," said the woman, and walked out.

"Oh, I see," said the stout man, as the door closed after her. "You're in business for your health. You don't care to keep what the public wants. You're like the man up in Maine who was asked if he had somebody or other's laundry soap. 'I did keep it,' said he, 'but there was so many calls for the pesky thing that it got to be a nuisance orderin' it, an' I gave up handlin' it!'"

"No," said the druggist, good-humoredly, "I'm not as bad as that. I'd like to build up a better business, but I get discouraged. I'm off the line of travel."

"Then create a new line of travel by carrying a line of goods that will cause travel in your direction."

The druggist shook his head dubiously.

The door opened, and the young woman who had wanted ice-cream soda came in again and said, "How much is your violet perfume a bottle?"

"See there?" ejaculated the stout man.

The druggist told her the price, and she bought a bottle, which he wrapped up neatly in the way known of old-fashioned druggists, and she went out with her purchase.

The door was no sooner closed upon her than the stout man said, "She bought that because you advertised it by breaking that bottle. Now, see here, I'm something of a plunger and I'm willing to put five thousand dollars into the exploiting of your violet perfume if you'll give me a royalty of twenty per cent. on its sale."

"That seems fair," said the druggist, pulling at his whiskers thoughtfully. "But it also seems mad. How can you get your money back? There aren't many people that call for violet perfume."

"Oh, it's a cinch. You can begin to get you picture-gallery ready, pick out your man to dress you, and give the dimensions of the box you want at the opera."

## II.

It was a balmy Saturday afternoon in early spring. Fifth Avenue and Broadway were thronged by the usual crowd, made up of Brooklynites, suburbanites, Harlemites and travellers, with here and there a New Yorker born and bred. They moved north and south, some of them clad in the habiliments of fashion, but more clothed in the coverings of necessity.

At the junction of Fifth Avenue and Broadway and Twenty-third Street, many stopped to look at the huge bottle of perfume on wheels that was slowly coming up the Avenue.

The bottle was ten feet high, and was made of violet-colored glass bearing a white label setting forth the fact that it contained "Hood's Wood Violet." The bottle was set on four violet-colored wheels, and the driver was clothed like a page in a suit of violet velvet, and walked alongside of the bottle driving four Shetland ponies in violet-hued harness and bearing violet aigrettes on their heads.


The boy driver was pretty, the ponies were "cute," the bottle was of graceful shape and more than one person made the original remark, "What won't they do next?"

What they did do next was of an astonishing nature.

Just who did it or how it was done was apparent to few, and they did not tell the

## FROM HEAD TO FOOT

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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

## Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

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

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**  
25 cents and 50 cents a bottle.  
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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# '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.  |                           |

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### 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 Loane's Factory,  
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### 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,**  
Mar21—1mo  
Woodstock, N. B.

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.

policeman; but just as the bottle had cleared the tracks of the cross-town lines and had entered upon the plaza, a loud crash was heard, the bottle disappeared in a wreckage of glass, and the balmy air was made more balmy by the penetrative odor of "Hood's Wood Violet," which watered the streets for the space of the third of a block.

Little boys and boys not so little lost no time in dipping handkerchiefs into the fragrant flood; one small street urchin deliberately lay down on his back in the perfume and rose sweeter than he had ever been in his nine years; horses stepped through it and bore a fragrance as of a bed of violets far up the avenue.

The usual crowd collected and the usual inquiries were made, but no one seemed to know who had thrown the Belgian paving-stone which lay in the crush of glass upon the asphalt pavement. The ponies had started to run, but had been stopped almost instantly by their little driver, who seemed exceedingly unconcerned except that the breaking of so much glass naturally pleased him.

For rods around people sniffed the air delightfully. Not a few felt a longing to get out into the country, but more felt that they wouldn't mind owning a little perfume like that themselves.

It could not have been more than two minutes after the accident when twenty little pages clad in violet arrived on the scene and began to distribute handbills which were gotten up to resemble miniature "extras." The handbills read:

"Full account of the cause of the fragrance in this part of the city.  
"The bottle that was wrecked at Madison Square was filled with 'Hood's Wood Violet.' If you like the perfume, why not buy a fifty cent bottle at Hood's Drug-Store, 6 Grove Street? Or ask your druggist for it.  
"Hood's Wood Violet' is the most delicate perfume on the market. Every one is speaking about it."

And every one was. It was singular how strong and how penetrating the delicate essence was. Ladies whose skirts trailed

through it bore the sylvan sweetness on their clothes for days. Not a train out of town that afternoon but carried some involuntarily beperfumed man or woman with a story of the sweet disaster.

Before nightfall of that day the little apothecary had more calls from customers than he had received in a week.

The incident had been enough of a news item to get into the papers, but, while some of the editors refrained from mentioning the name of the perfumer, it was noticed that others spelled his name in full. And, curiously enough, those of the latter class had column advertisements made up of a picture of a bottle of the perfume and underneath it the inscription, "Hood's Wood Violet." The most talked-of perfume in New York. Carry the news to your neighbor and a bottle for your sweetheart.

The little druggist made so much before a month was up that he thought he had better stop advertising, as every one must know about the perfume.

"My dear fellow," said the advertising man, who had that day deposited five hundred dollars in the bank as his share of the profits of the first month, "advertising should never stop. Why, if the newspapers were to stop advertising Teddy himself, the people would forget him. And I voted for him and like him too. But it's advertising that keeps him alive. The secret of success is advertising and then advertising again and then never stopping advertising."

"Now, if you'll get a soda-water fountain that was made day after tomorrow and have ice-cream soda whether you like it yourself or not, and if you put in electric lights and make this place blaze at nights, and advertise your old perfume every day in every paper, you and I will get capitalist's cramp from cutting coupons."

"I guess you're right," said the little druggist.

"Of course I'm right. And do you mind my being personal?"

"I can stand anything from you, for you have certainly brought me prosperity."

"Well, then, remove those Dundrearies and come into this year of our Lord 1906. Whiskers were all right in the nineteenth century, but this is the twentieth."

And the whiskers fell like leaves in the forest of Vallombrosa that very day, and their fall took twenty years of the age of the drug-store.—Lippincott's.



**BABY'S OWN SOAP**

prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.  
Best for toilet and nursery use. 0.05  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

### WANTED.

Second Class Female teacher for School District No. 10, Parish of Aberdeen, County of Carleton, to commence school April 2nd. Apply stating salary to FRANK J. STATEN, Sec. to Trustees, Foreston, Carleton Co., N. B. Mar 14-tf.