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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
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BORROWING A BEAR.

Joe Whitman, cowboy, rode up to the Circle ranch house one day to see old Colonel Meecham about some lost cattle, and ten minutes later he had lost his heart to Miss Rose, the Colonel's daughter, who was then a girl of nineteen and her father's housekeeper.

Circle Ranch had been a great ranch in its day, but the Colonel had met with all sorts of bad luck and couldn't pay his debts. He had a few cattle and one cowboy left, while a colored woman assisted Rose about the housework.

Rose Meecham had not been educated in the East. She had been born in the ranch house, and sent to a school not a hundred miles away, and her environments had been of the plainest. As the adoring father said of her more than once after his wife died:

"Rosie is good looking and honest hearted, and will make some man a good wife. There's nothing of the coquette or flirt about her. She don't know what a flirtation means. She's just a plain girl with her heart set on aing all she can for her old daddy."

That was the Colonel's way of putting it, and it simply shows how little the average father knows of the average daughter. Miss Rosie was good looking and honest hearted, but she would flirt with a cross-eyed cowboy. Any other girl in her situation would have done the same thing. There wasn't another girl for fifteen miles around, while there were about fifty cowboys within that distance, and besides there was the Fort only five miles away and soldiers passing on the road every day.

Joe Whitman may have been above the average cowboy in looks and education. Miss Rose had decided within five minutes that she liked him. Within another five she was smiling so sweetly and talking so nicely that she had Joe stammering out his words.

That was the beginning of things. He had driven home a bunch of the Colonel's cattle that he had cut out of his herd, and thought he wanted to linger at the ranch and talk about the price of beef on the hoof, the drop in the hides and the dry summer, he wasn't equal to the occasion, and was almost bucked off his pony in taking his leave.

Joe rallied when he got back to his cattle and began to lay plans, and from that day on it was a cold day when he did not bring in some of the Colonel's stray stock.

It was a puzzle to the old gentleman why his cattle should wander six or seven miles after pasture when they had better at home, but it was no mystery to Miss Rose. Every time a bunch of the missing cattle came back Joe had to stop to explain and to call for a drink of water, and hang around for a good half hour, and that girl who didn't know what a flirtation meant laughed to herself after he had departed.

Jim Taylor, the lone cowboy in the Colonel's employ, was past forty, had a wife somewhere in the East and was out of the running, but he was no wooden head. When those lost cattle were driven up he would go to the Colonel and declare that somebody was driving them off that he might have the privilege of driving them back again, and that if Miss Rose were his daughter he would put his foot down. Then the Colonel would look up in an innocent way and exclaim:

"Lord love us, but you don't think Rosa drives off our cattle and then drives them back again?"

"No, I don't Colonel, but don't it strike you that Joe Whitman is coming here mighty often?"

"Is he? Well, he has to bring back the strays, you know, and it is very kind of him

indeed. I don't always see him, but I hope Rosa returns my thanks in a proper way."

Joe was working the cattle business for all it was worth and calling at the Circle Ranch between times with oranges and boxes of candy, sent on to him from Denver, when a rival suddenly entered the field.

Sergeant Smith, from the Fort, came along one day with a squad of men and stopped at the house to make some inquiries. The sergeant was a good looking man. He had a taking way with him. A flirtation was started almost at once, and when he took up his line of march again he promised himself the pleasure of another call.

Three days later he rode out to the ranch and began to make love in earnest. He had served Uncle Sam for twelve years, saved up two hundred dollars and was looking for a wife. While he continued to be a soldier she could have a place as one of the laundresses in Company G.

Before the sergeant got away Joe Whitman came riding up. The two men instinctively recognized each other as rivals and glared and muttered, but there was no bloodshed.

When the son of Mars had gone there was a quarrel between the two left. Joe's jealousy made it, although when asked what rights he had he could not define them. He hinted that he would bring back no more lost cattle and was told not to put himself out in the future, and he called Miss Rose a heartless flirt, and rode away with his broncho's heels in the air.

It is just as easy for a man to make a fool of himself on the plains of the West as at Newport or Saratoga. When Joe had cooled down he admitted that he was in the wrong, but it required more moral courage than he possessed to ride over and make a confession. In this emergency he haunted the spring until he found out from Martha, the colored woman, that on a certain day and date Miss Rose and the sergeant were to take a two mile walk to a certain lime stone cave on the banks of the river.

Every man has a friend somewhere, if he will only hunt him up. After thinking things over Joe decided to go to old man Barnes, who kept a saloon, eating house and a sort of menagerie in town, and when his case had been stated the old man replied:

"Easiest thing in the world, my boy. You want to run that sergeant off the ranch and make a hero of yourself at the same time."

"But he don't look like a feller who could be run," was protested.

"Make no mistake, my boy. You can run his coat tails out straight if only you go about it right."

"But how can I make a hero of myself?"

"That's a part of the game. Now listen to me."

Three days later the sergeant rode up to the ranch with his chest puffed out and a complacent look on his face. He felt that he was a winner. He was going to honor the ranchman's daughter by taking her into Uncle Sam's service.

His welcome wasn't quite as genial as it might have been, as Miss Rose was beginning to feel conscience stricken about Joe Whitman. She had found on mature consideration that she liked Joe very much and when a girl will admit that, and be sorry that she flirted with another man at the same time, she is very near the point of loving.

The horse was left at the stables and the pair started for the cave on foot. On the way the sergeant got ready to propose, but a rattlesnake created a diversion. He made ready a second time, but a stray steer had to be clubbed away, and so the river was reached without a recruit being added to the army.

The cave contained three rooms and was accounted a wonder. A torch that had been prepared was lighted and the couple entered the dark mouth, but had hardly reached the centre of the first room when they were saluted by such a growling and clawing and roaring as held them spell bound for a moment. Then, as a monster bear came rushing at them from one of the inner rooms the doughty sergeant broke for daylight and fled at his best pace. The calls of the girl were unheeded. He hadn't served twelve years in the army to become bear's meat. He wanted a wife and Company G wanted a second laundress, but he would try to find the woman in town. He covered the mile to the house without a break, and then mounted his gallant steed and set off for the Fort. He even forgot to leave best wishes behind.

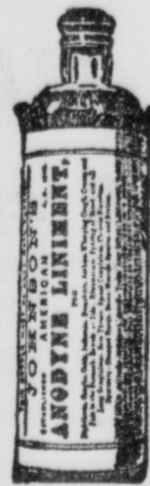
Meanwhile, Miss Rose had stumbled and fallen and fainted away. It was as good a chance as a bear ever had, but this particular animal failed to take advantage of the occasion.

In the first place, he was muzzled, and in the next Joe Whitman was hanging on to the end of a long rope fastened to his collar. When he had fulfilled his mission he was tied up and Joe went and shouldered the still unconscious girl and had borne her nearly home when see revived.

As she opened her eyes and wondered how she had tasted to the bear, Joe pointed out the sergeant riding away. He also displayed his bloody hunting knife.



ANODYNE



JOHNSON'S LINIMENT

Instead of getting excited and sending in all directions for a doctor when pain next visits your household just remember that **Johnson's Anodyne Liniment** has for nearly a century cured both internal and external pains.

A few drops taken on sugar quickly relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, tonsillitis, bronchitis, asthma and other respiratory troubles; also cramps, colic, cholera, diarrhoea and other internal complaints requiring prompt treatment. When rubbed in well it banishes all external body aches and pains such as strains, sprains, lameness of muscles, muscular rheumatism, cuts, burns, insect bites and stings, frostbites, chaps, chilblains, and many other troubles that flesh is heir to.

Don't wait until trouble troubles you but be prepared for it by getting a bottle to-day. Sold everywhere.

25 cents—three times as much for 50 cents

I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

"Oh, Joe, but the bear—the bear!" gasped the girl on his arm.

"I came along just in time to kill it. Thank heaven, you are not hurt. Here you are at home. I am glad I was of service to you, but I can't come in. After what was said the other day—"

"You will come in, of course. There may be another bear around."

There wasn't, but during the next hour Joe had a talk with the Colonel and both of them shook hands at the end of it and said they were glad. That night when Joe led the bear back to the town the owner gruffly queried:

"Well, did it work?"

"Beautifully."

"Then hand over the ten. When you want a second wife come to me and we will put up some other job to get her."

Every Mother Should Know

that Ozone (the coupon kind) taken with Celery King is the quickest and most reliable way to cure children of Colic, Coughs, Colds, Fevers, Chills, Summer Complaints, and a hundred other ills, it destroys the germs that cause these troubles, and children never object to take Solution of Ozone, it is just like lemonade if a little sugar is added. To make a cure certain Ozone (the coupon kind) and Celery King, the well known laxative tonic, should be used together. Mothers need have no fear in using these two preparations because Ozone (the coupon kind) contains no drugs nor alcohol, simply gas in solution, and Celery King is made up of pure wholesome herbs, the best that money can buy. Always ask your druggist for Ozone (the coupon kind.)

THE PUBLIC DRUG CO.,
BRIDGEBURG, ONT.

The Ideal in Every-Day Life.

Let us now go for a walk, during which we will observe the people who are pursuing their callings. Let us note their mood.

We shall come upon persons whom we cannot see sweep, hammer, or dig the earth without experiencing a desire to take from them their broom or hammer or spade in order to show them how they ought to do it. This sort of worker is to be met with quite as often in the schools, in the church, in the studios of painting and sculpture, as in the fields, the mines, and the shops. Without

ideals the people are the same everywhere. When they teach, they make us weary of learning; when they make music, they cause us to hate music. They have no faith in their work. All the time they have the air of saying: "What a stupid trade I have chosen! Be sure my children shall not follow it."

Those who put the ideal into their work produce an altogether different effect on us, whether they be manual or intellectual laborers. You see them at work, performing at times unpleasant duties, which you, perhaps, would not choose, but with so much of good will, of punctuality, and fidelity, and such an appreciation of 'the useful flight of days' that they appear great to us, and an impulse seizes us to imitate them.—Charles Wagner, in Harper's Bazaar.

Base Ball in England.

The English are fond of watching America wrestling with difficulties which they themselves surmounted long ago. But with the introduction of base ball in the British Isles it is America's turn to look on with grown up tolerance. The scores made this summer on English diamonds at least suggest the base ball records of fifteen or twenty or more years past. Tottenham Hotspur has beaten Leyton by 25 to 8; Clapham Orient has beaten Fulham by 15 to 8; Woolwich Arsenal made an average of a tiny fraction less than 20 runs to a game. Scores like this belonged in America to the days of underhand pitching, the high and low balls, four strikes, and unlimited fouls. The Britons make them with the foul-strike rule in full force. The fact is doubtless that a cricket training has given the English ball players skill at bat far beyond their skill in the field. A cricketer should be a good "place hitter," but can hardly be used to sharp fielding of grounders. Doubtless the pitcher's resources will be increased as they have been on this side of the water, and the play for single runs be developed by the side at bat. However, as a disgusted Westerner said on seeing his first major league game, "The kind of base ball that consists in making runs is a sight more interesting than the kind that consists in preventing them," and the game's English adherents are certainly getting the fun there is in the former variety.

A Novel Pastime.

A small boy was instructed that the breast of a chicken was called the white meat and the legs the dark meat. Soon after he went to spend the afternoon with his Sunday-school teacher, a young lady of whom he was very fond. Upon returning home, he was full of the good time he had had.

"And what did you do at Miss B.'s?" asked his mother.

"Oh, she told me wonderful stories. And I sat on her dark meat and leaned my head against her white meat!"

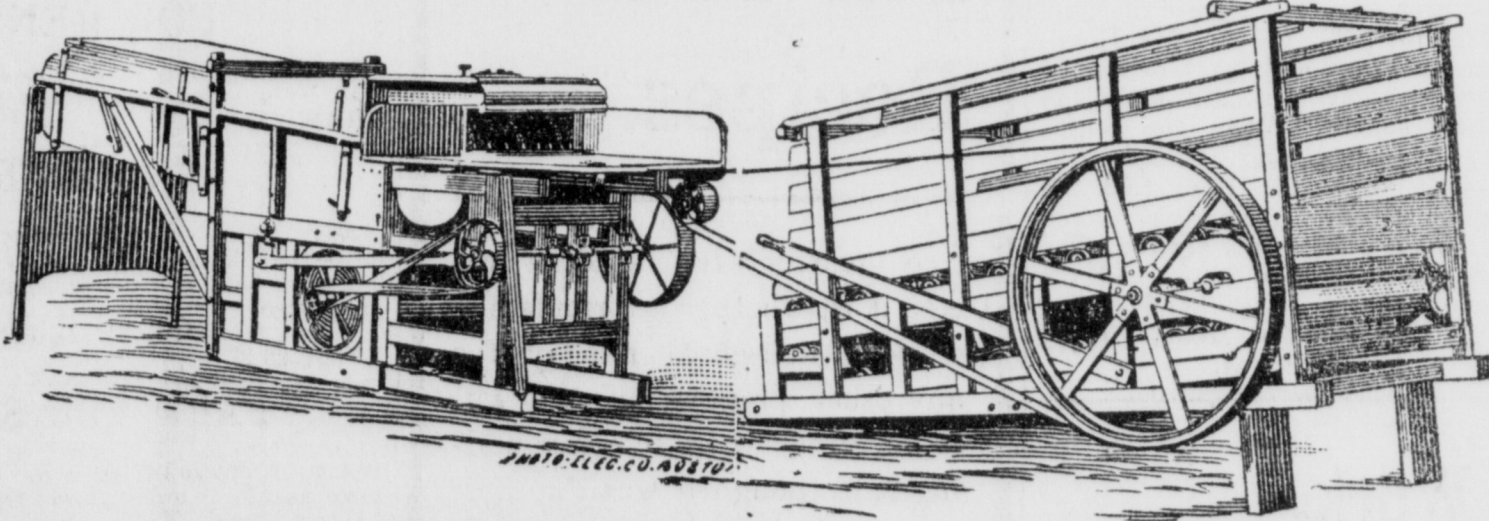
—October Lippincott's.

In The Supreme Court In Equity.

Between Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, Plaintiff, and Robert B. Atkinson Defendant.

Take notice that, under and by virtue of a Decree of Foreclosure and Sale in above cause, made by Mr. Justice Barker, Judge in Equity, on the tenth day of July A. D. 1906, there will be sold at Public Auction, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, in front of the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills in and for the County of Carleton, in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, on Thursday the eleventh day of October, A. D. 1906, at the hour of two of the clock in the afternoon, the following described lands and premises, namely:—"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Kent in the County of Carleton and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a marked cedar stake on the bounds of the road leading from Allen McLean's to Joseph Curtis's place or dwelling and adjoining lands occupied by Charles Dyer; thence running southerly within six inches of Charles Dyer's barn to a marked birch tree, or stump standing on the side hill, six feet from the foot of said side hill, thence running along side hill easterly six feet from the foot or bottom of said side hill, until it strikes the above mentioned road; thence westerly along said road to the place of beginning, and being the same land and premises conveyed by Rainford Giberson and wife to the late Dr. J. G. Atkinson by Deed dated the twenty sixth day of April A. D. 1901, and being the same land conveyed to the said Robert B. Atkinson by Cassie C. Rogers and Sankey K. Rogers, her husband by deed bearing date the ninth day of May A. D. 1904, and recorded in the Records of the said County of Carleton in Book J. Number Four, on page 449 and 450, together with all the buildings, and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereunto belonging. At which sale all parties have leave to bid.

Dated this second day of August A. D. 1906
THANE M. JONES,
Referee in Equity.
H. H. PICKETT
Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Aug. 8-Oct. 10.



Having bought the Plant, Stock in Trade and Good Will of the Small & Fisher Company, Limited, we are at the old stand open for business, and solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed on our predecessors. The above cut represents our celebrated LITTLE GIANT THRESHER which is the most reliable Roller-Bearing, Double Geared Machine on the market. These Threshers have been many years before the public, and through skilful workmanship and improvements, where circumstances have demanded it, they are still to the front. We are making them both End and Side Shake to suit the requirements of our customers. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere.

SMALL & FISHER, Ltd

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

This signature, E. W. Grover

Cures Grip in Two Days.

on every box. 25c.