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## WHY SHE DID NOT MARRY.

(Lars Dilling in Philadelphia Bulletin.)

Alfhild Kreiner had become a governess, because, according to her opinion, this was the only occupation a girl of the better class could choose, if she did not marry. Of course, she would rather have married, but nowadays the people who want governesses are more numerous than those who want wives.

Alfhild's father had been a spendthrift. He was now dead, and her mother considered herself a very exalted lady, so it was, of course, Alfhild's duty to choose an occupation befitting a daughter of hers.

She was, therefore, trained in an institution where governesses are manufactured and sent out to the house of the owner of a large estate who desired to give his children a better education than he himself had enjoyed. She went there with the firm intention to catch a husband—and why should she not succeed? She was exceedingly beautiful, with a wealth of dark hair, rosy cheeks and laughing blue eyes and understood to perfection the art of flirting.

As she drove into the park surrounding the mansion the inspector of the estate stood near the gate in his shirt sleeves. One shot from her dark blue eyes was enough to set his heart aflame. As fast as he could he ran into the house, washed his face and put on his Sunday clothes.

Herr Helleby, his wife and their two children. Alfhild's future charges, stood in the door to bid her welcome.

With the carriage and mien of a queen she walked up to them and spoke in such a condescending manner that the simple people got the impression that she had conferred a special honor upon them by accepting a position in their house.

At the dinner table the inspector, a good-hearted, simple-minded fellow, was also present, and it did not take Alfhild long to discover that he was the only unmarried individual in the house, and if one cannot shoot pheasants, crows will do.

She, therefore, suddenly showed an extraordinary interest in agriculture, spoke as if she knew all about the raising of cattle and asked the delighted inspector many questions about plowing and draining. And while he answered her beautiful eyes rested upon him with an expression which made him lose all his senses and completely hypnotized him.

After dinner she asked him to take her for a walk through the woods, during which the poor man nearly lost his life trying to pick some water lilies she admired, but the delighted expression in her eyes as she thanked him made him feel as if he would not mind to risk his life for her a thousand times a day.

Since that day the others in the house noticed to their surprise that the inspector washed his face and hands every morning—a thing he had otherwise only done Sundays—and always wore his best clothes, while he did not even pretend to attend to his duties.

He was happy whenever he could be near Alfhild, happy to listen to her voice, or to gaze into her heavenly blue eyes.

Alas—his happiness did not last long. Vacation came and with it John Helleby, a nephew of the head of the household. He was a student and very democratic, wore no tie and had long, blonde hair and always spoke of "freedom" and equality. He, of course, immediately fell in love with Alfhild, who in an incredibly short time became imbued with enthusiasm for the "holy cause of freedom," while she lost all interest in agriculture, and the inspector simply ceased to exist.

The tortures of jealousy were more than he could bear, and to make an end of the uncertainty he asked her one day if she would be his wife. He was the son of wealthy farming people, had a heart as true as gold and a pair of strong and willing hands so that he could offer her a good home if her ambitions did not run too high. At any rate, her lot in life would be far better than that of a governess.

Alfhild looked at him with an expression of mingled scorn and surprise.

She his wife—why the very idea was ridiculous. She, Alfhild Kreiner should marry the son of simple peasants. What would her mamma, what would Mrs. General Slangensfeldt-Torkildsen, nee Knackmier, what would the "world" say?

And Alfhild burst out laughing.

The inspector did not laugh, no did he cry. He did not make poetry worthy to be set to music by Grieg. It is only in the novels that

unhappy peasants' sons do that. He simply hung himself.

That, of course, is not a very romantic thing to do and, therefore, the peasants' sons in novels never do it, but in real life it happens occasionally.

Herr Helleby, who found him, kept the manner of death secret and it was said that he died from heart failure.

On the day of the funeral Alfhild wore a black dress, placed a wreath on his coffin and shed a few tears in her lace handkerchief. And what more could a simple inspector expect?

Besides, she had more important things to think of now. John Helleby had proposed and she had accepted. He was a very good catch, being the only heir of very wealthy parents.

Alfhild was now quite transformed. She wore big aprons, and wrote her mother that she had become one of the great common people. It had been decided to keep the engagement secret and only to announce it the day before he left.

Toward the end of the vacation more guests came—two more students, a cadet and a lieutenant, who all fell in love with Alfhild, who was fascinated with the uniform of the lieutenant. Her interest in "the holy cause of freedom" began to diminish perceptibly as did her big aprons.

Student Helleby suffered terribly from jealousy and cursed militarism more than ever.

Alfhild's birthday was celebrated with a great ball. Like a cloud she flew over the floor in the arms of the young men, who shot daggers at one another. She had now completely forgotten that she ever took an interest in freedom or the cause of the down-trodden people.

After a divine waltz with the equally divine lieutenant she subjected him to whole broadsides of the artillery of her eyes in a quiet corner of the conservatory, but just as she was sure that he was going to propose a crowd of girls followed by the two students swooped down upon them in the very moment when she was thinking of the touching letter she would write to John Helleby.

"Have you seen John Helleby?" they cried. "He is in the dining room sleeping. Come and have a look at him."

And the whole jolly crowd rushed into the dining room, where sat the poor John fast asleep. Alfhild was simply disgusted at the idea that she could ever have thought of marrying such a man. A man who commits suicide because of an unhappy love affair may awaken pity, but a man who drowns his sorrow in the wine glass deserves nothing but scorn and contempt.

"Let us paint a moustache on his face," one of the young ladies suggested.

"Splendid idea," the lieutenant exclaimed, "that will almost make him look like a man." And he ran out to get a burned cork, but when he returned no one cared or dared to carry out the plan.

"Alfhild Kreiner must do it," they cried, "she knows him best."

A moment she stood undecided. Something told her it was a shame to do it to the man to whom she was still engaged, and whom she knew still loved her dearly, but the lieutenant dared her to do it, and seizing the cork she deftly drew a black moustache over his lips.

As the lieutenant handed her the cork she discovered to her dismay that he wore an engagement ring (in Norway a plain gold ring like the marriage ring in America is worn by people who are engaged.)

A short while after there was a snicker all over the ball room. Student Helleby, who was again perfectly sober, walked up to Alfhild and said that he must talk with her alone. When they were outside in the garden, he asked her: "Do you love me still, Alfhild?"

"Why of course I do."

"And will you always be faithful to me?"

"How can you doubt me, John?"

"Then give me a kiss."

He took her into his arms and pressed a long, passionate kiss on her lips.

Now we will go to the ballroom and announce our engagement."

"But, John, I do not see why you should do it just now."

"Because I want everyone to know it right now," and he drew her with him into the ball room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "allow me to introduce to you the girl to whom I have been engaged for two months."

"Oh, then we know how Miss Kreiner got an imprint of the moustache she herself

adorned Helleby's face with," the lieutenant cried, with a laugh.

Everybody laughed. John looked in surprise at Alfhild, who blushing was rubbing her face with her handkerchief. Suddenly everything was clear to him.

"Wait one moment, ladies and gentlemen; you did not let me finish. I said we had been engaged for two months, but—we are no longer."

With these words he turned on his heel and left the room abruptly, and left the house before dawn, and a few days later "Miss Kreiner with the moustache," as she was afterwards always called, also left for home.

## The Vogue of the Small Hat.

The large and the small hat will both make a bid for favor during the coming season. Small hats will be generally adopted by the well-dressed women for street wear. These will be natty small shapes of the turban effect, while the large hats intended for dress wear will be of the picturesque type. They will not be of extreme size, however, but may be best described as the large-sized medium hat.

Small hats will be closely trimmed, that is the trimming will be so arranged as to set rather closely to the sides of the hat. In this arrangement of trimming we see the effects of the fad for automobiling, many of these new shapes being excellently adapted for that sport.

Soft felt, so pliable that it drapes easily and velvet are the prominent materials for the construction of both large and small shapes. Blocked shapes will be fashionable, and these come in both the soft and pliable felts and those which are somewhat stiffer. The revival of the blocked shape makes it possible for a woman of taste with clever fingers to trim her own hat. Draped crowns will be a feature of many large hats, and will be used to some extent for turbans. These crowns will be made of a material contrasting with that of the brim. For example, where velvet is used for the brim, the soft felt will be used for the crown, and vice versa. The felt cone is used for both crowns and entire turbans. This is something like a dunce's cap, and when used the apex is pressed down so that the cone forms a series of rings. Soft draped or Tam O'Shanter crowns of velvet will be used on both street and dress hats. An attractive new model in Marie Louise blue has the waved brim of soft felt, and a "Tam" crown of the same shade of blue velvet under whose shadow is tucked away large muslin roses to match.

## Fish Salad, Sardine Dressing.

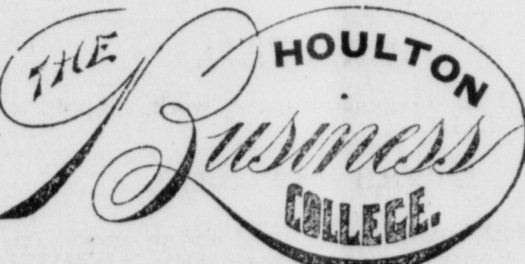
Separate cooked fish into flakes while hot. When cold sprinkle a pint of fish with a scant half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and five or six tablespoonfuls of oil. Mix with a fork and spoon, then mix again after adding two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Also, if at hand, two or three tablespoonfuls of crushed capers, fine chopped olives or cucumber pickles. Cover the fish and set it aside in a cool place to become seasoned and chilled. Drain three or four sardines or wipe them on a cloth. Remove the skin and bones and pound the flesh with the cooked yolks of three eggs to a smooth paste. Add salt and a dash of pepper, and then beat in alternately and little by little three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and five of oil. Drain the fish, mix with the dressing and turn on a bed of carefully washed and dried lettuce leaves. Lay sardine fillets, halves of sandines freed from skin and bone, on the top of the salad, and serve at once.

## Not Just the Right Place.

A bashful young couple, who were evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car.

"Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.



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