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mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

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### The Unkingly King.

The "king of beasts" declares a writer upon the lions of Africa in the Metropolitan Magazine, is an unmitigated nuisance. The stock-owner loathes him for the havoc he causes among the herds. There is no security against him. He is always travelling. A pair of lions may find a spot where game is easily obtainable, and make a considerable stay there, but their real home is the whole veld.

If the lion slew only as much as he could eat, he would be less hateful; but he will often kill four or five oxen, and content himself with devouring only the entrails of one.

He is a low, crafty brute, one that takes no risks, for, unlike the leopard, he will never leap a wall unless he can see what is on the other side. A paper fence would keep him away from a herd of cattle, provided they did not break through in terror of his growling and his smell.

The lion's roar is the subject of another fiction; not that he is incapable of making the most terrible, awe-inspiring sound emitted by any living thing, but because when he is roaring he is harmless. It is the lion which keeps quiet that is to be feared, for as a rule the male and female work in couples, and the one that makes the noise is merely driving the game down the wind to the silent partner.

In a single respect only—on the score of strength—does the lion deserve his name of "king of beasts." He can drag a large bullock over rough ground with the greatest ease; he can carry a mule on his back, after hoisting it there by some strange sideways jerk of his head; he can leap a five-foot fence with a full-sized donkey gripped in his mouth. Otherwise, speaking from a seven years' experience in the lion country, I have no hesitation in describing the king of beasts as a fraud, at least so far as his alleged nobility is concerned.

His regal attributes lose some of their glamour when one learns the so-called monarch frequently lives for days at a time on such plebeian food as field-rats; and the vision of the kingly creature sitting patiently on a flat-rock waiting for the rats to come out from underneath is a rather unheroic one.

### In a New Light.

It took much to surprise 'Bijah Hodgdon—yet there were times when he was surprised. One of these occasions began when Col. Stonewell Bingsley boarded a railway-train at his Florida station and set out for New England to sell land near "Bingsleyville." The colonel loved the south. In its future he had an abiding faith. He had experienced but one winter in New England, but his memory of that was clear. Accordingly, full of hope, he strolled up the main street of Bingham Center one day, and accosted 'Bijah, who sat, placid and content, upon his dogstone.

"I should like, suh," began the colonel, "to interes' you, suh, in the delights of fahming as practised in what I may call, suh, the finest region on the globe—the Sunny South."

The smile of placid contentment on 'Bijah's face deepened, and he slowly prepared himself to speak.

"Babying, that's what I call it," he said at last. "Jes' plain babying. Haow any self-respecting man can put up with it I don't see. No sirree, 'Bob! You can't interest me in any nonsense about the Sunny South."

"I'm proud to say I'm a real man. I live up here where we have real winters—where it takes some of a man to git aout an' face a gale o' snow at twelve below zero."

"Why, sir, I call'te it would just about freeze you solid the first time it hit you. Down in your country, I take it, the climate

jes' babies a man till he ain't got any spunk or git-up-and-git left in him."

He would have gone further, and, perhaps, might have said something to regret, had the colonel gave him opportunity. But the Southerner cut him off as by a charge of his beloved cavalry.

"Climate, suh? Babying climate?" he thundered. "You say that, an' you living in New England and not knowing you are the laziest people and got the laziest climate in the world? Suh, my angeh is only exceeded by my enormous surprise."

"You, suh, who hibernate! You who sneak into a hole like a b'ah when the winteh comes! You who git one crop off you' wothless lan' some time between May an' Septembh, an' when Octobeh come put you' hair up in curl papers an' git to sleep agsin!"

"Babying? Man down in the South, wheh, suh, I am proud to say I live, suh, we git to wo'k on the first day of the yeah, an' we wo'k six days in the week, foh twelve months. When one crop is in we plant anotheh, and they ain't a week we ain't working. Babying, suh? I reckon I been hearing a pot call a snowball black!"

"Wal, I'm surprised," he said. "Ain't that feller's notion some novel?"

He got to his feet and shouted. "Hi, stranger," he called, "come back here! I ain't done with ye yet. I'm getting interested in your land. Come back here and finish convincing me."

### Singing in Handcuffs.

(From the Duluth News.)

Only a few days ago a woman who had never been in the police court was called as a witness and saw for the first time the daily grist of prisoners who are sent to the jail or the workhouse. As she sat in the witness-room she heard some singing—good singing—and many of the pieces were hymns.

"Is there a church near here?" she asked, turning to one of the officials.

"No; that singing is by the prisoners."

The visitor kept talking about the fact, evidently much impressed that the poor prisoners should feel like singing at such a time. Soon after the van drove up to the door and the choir began to file out to be loaded for their trip to the jail. The lady, who sat near the window, saw the line, and, turning to an official, remarked:

"There they are—handcuffed and singing as if they were filled with joy!"

"That is almost an everyday occurrence," remarked the official.

It is usually the old offenders that start the singing in the corridors of the court. They have been in the jail previously and there have learned some hymns during the Sunday service or elsewhere. The singing is contagious when they are packed closely in the cells, and nearly every prisoner joins in.

### Short Tips of Fashion.

This is a separate coat season.

The tailored coat is quite inadequate.

One needs two or three other coats for shirt waist frocks.

The coats of linen are much worn this season.

They do nicely over tub frocks, and are often quite elaborate.

But one needs a heavier separate coat of some kind for travelling shore wear, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

For this a good choice is a two-toned overplaid in cheviot or thin cloth.

These coats come below the knees, are loose fitting and have outside pockets.

They are very jaunty over tub frocks of any sort, or over silks.

Such a coat can be worn late in the fall, if colors not too light are chosen.

They are nice for train travel, steamer wear, driving and runabout trips.

### A Natural Mistake.

An Irishman in Boston, Mass., who had made money in the contracting business, sent over to Ireland for a younger brother, who landed at Charlestown, and was taken around to see the sights. Passing through a park the greenhorn saw a parrot that had escaped from its cage, and was perched in the limb of a tree.

"What a purty bird. I would like to catch that," he said.

The brother tried to stop him, but he climbed the tree and started to crawl out on the limb, when the parrot said, "Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, sar," the greenhorn hastened to say, "I thought ye wur a bird."

### Comfort at Any Cost.

The ways of the newly rich continue to afford amusement, both to those not yet rich and to those who have long been so. There is a good story, says Mrs. John Lane, in a recent essay, which is an addition to the general fund of such humor.

A certain magnate was giving a dinner. After the ladies returned to the drawing-room the hostess, tinkling and glittering with diamonds, leaned back in a great tufted chair and shivered slightly. A footman went in search of her maid.

"Francoise," said the magnate's lady with languid magnificence, "I feel chilly; bring me another diamond necklace."



## First Wedding Present

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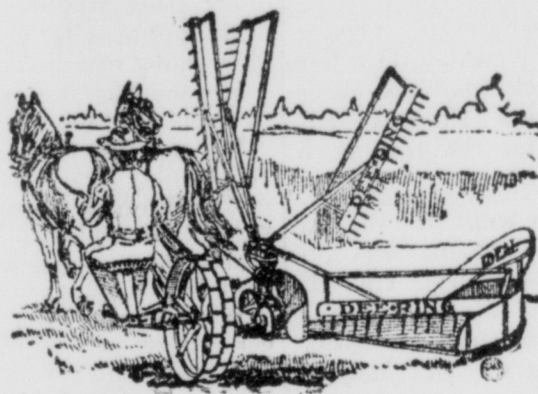
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PIANONORTE—Dr. William Mason's celebrated Touch and Technic ("The best, if not the only, School of Technic known to pianoforte pedagogues").

VOICE—True and natural method, that of William Shakespeare, Manuel Gargia, Charles Lunn, San Giovanni, A. A. Pattou. Voices built up and made smooth, soft, distinct and strong without being forced, strained or broken as by common but erroneous methods.

Limited number of Pupils. Course begins at once.

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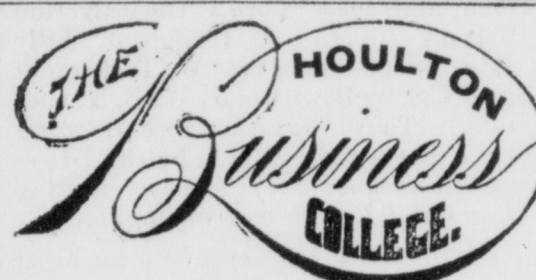
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## In The Supreme Court In Equity.

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 Rainsford 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 thereto 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.

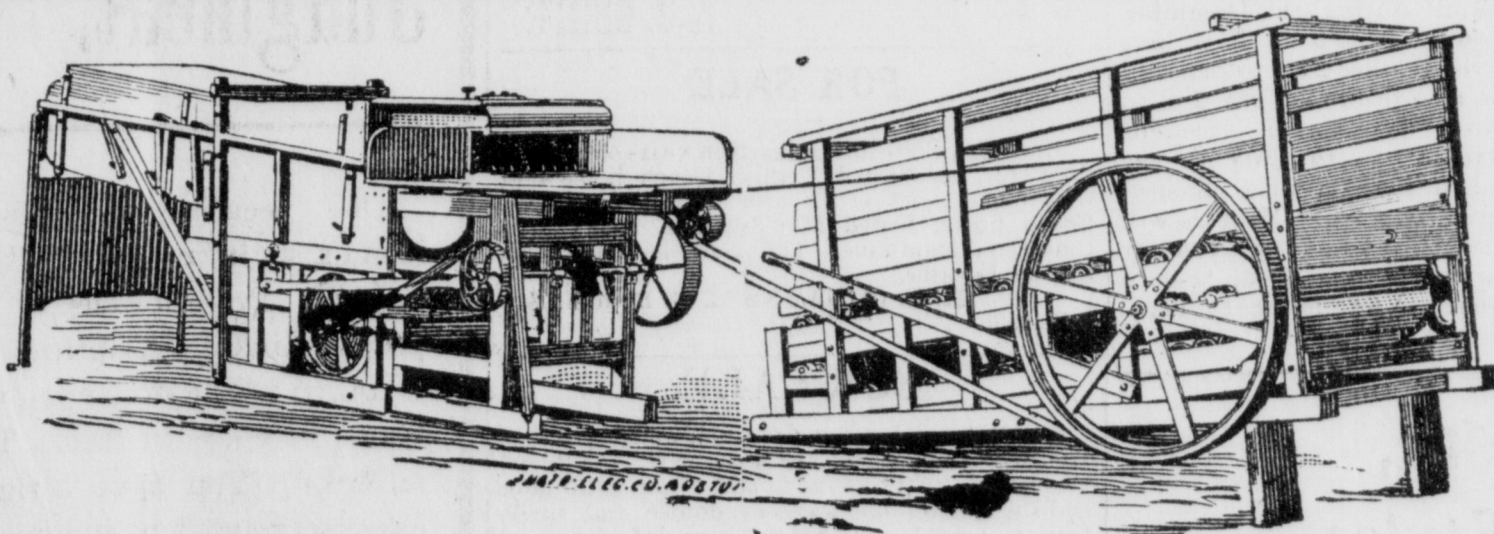
Aug. 8-Oct. 10.

## Apples Wanted.

Parties having apples suitable for canning may now contract for the same for delivery during September and October, at the factory of the IMPERIAL PACKING CO., LTD.

## For Sale at a Bargain.

That very desirable property at Upper Woodstock, formerly owned and occupied by the late Mrs. Wm. Mackintosh, consisting of House and Shop, Barn and Orchard. The above property will be sold at a bargain to a prompt buyer. For particulars apply to MRS. WM. MURPHY, 80 Greene Ave, Westmount, Montreal. Aug. 1-11.



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.

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Cures Grip in Two Days.

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This signature, E. W. Grove

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