

Mother's Ear
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THE MAN WHO BLUSHED.

In announcing in a very impressive manner to all applicants that she kept a fashionable boarding house Mrs. Barnes did not exactly mean that members of the Four Hundred and stray multimillionaires fell over each other to be numbered among her guests. She meant that it was a homelike place for stenographers, typewriters, bank clerks and floorwalkers of department stores to take advantage of, but they must at the same time realize to the fullest extent the privileges permitted them. These privileges, so far as any one ever discovered, consisted of a latch-key and a piano. Any boarder who dared do so could also take a seat in the parlor of an evening. He or she could also use the gas until midnight and enjoy one clean towel per day.

The girl with the golden hair, as they called Miss Bierce, the stenographer, had been at this fashionable boarding house a week, when "Greenbacks," a sthey called the bank clerk, arrived. His name, as given to the others at the dinner table by Mrs. Barnes, was Tillman.

The stenographer and the bank clerk had had two days to size each other up in when the actress arrived. The stenographer, as it transpired, had a fad. It was physiognomy. It also transpired that the bank clerk had a fad. It was deduction. After about ten furtive looks at Mr. Tillman the stenographer discovered that he was a young man of weak character and easily tempted. The shape of his forehead told her that he would not be honest under great temptation.

Miss Dorothy Delamar, the actress, whose real name was Catharine Briggs, had no fads. All she wanted was to climb to the top of her profession. As she had just got through playing leading lady in a barnstorming company that had failed on the road after being out three weeks, she felt that she was getting along and that it needed only a sudden jar when she arrived. Miss Delamar was a hustler. She had hustled around and provided herself with seven rhinestone rings and a pair of earrings and a sunburst out of the same barrel. The landlady estimated the value of the jewels at \$2,500. Miss Delamar corrected her by making the figure \$1,000 more. At her first dinner in the house she wore the whole outfit.

One morning the actress appeared in the dining room in a state of great perturbation. In fact, she was gasping for breath and on the point of fainting away. She had been robbed, she announced when she could get her voice. Some one had entered her room and stolen her bag of diamonds. While everybody got to his feet she sat down and went into hysterics.

While she was engaged in this the stenographer looked at the bank clerk, and for a moment they gazed straight into each other's eyes. Then he blushed and dropped his. This was enough for her. She alone of the dozen boarders seemed to remember that he had come in late. He had lagged behind to enter the actress' room and steal her jewelry. That blush betrayed his guilt to the stenographer. She almost expected him to throw the chamois bag on the table and ask to be given five years in state prison.

Not until after the boarders had scattered from breakfast was it suggested that all submit to be searched, and then it was too late. There were eighteen boarders, including the actress. One of the other seventeen must be guilty. There were seven rooms on her floor, and the natural inference was that it was some one on her floor, that had robbed her. All seven occupied positions of trust, and to suspect them was rather perilous. While Miss Delamar sent for a reporter Mrs. Barnes sent for a detective. Both arrived at the same time. While the reporter went in for a "scoop" the detective held two or three interviews, looked wise and as he got out-doors winked at himself and went hunting for a glass of beer.

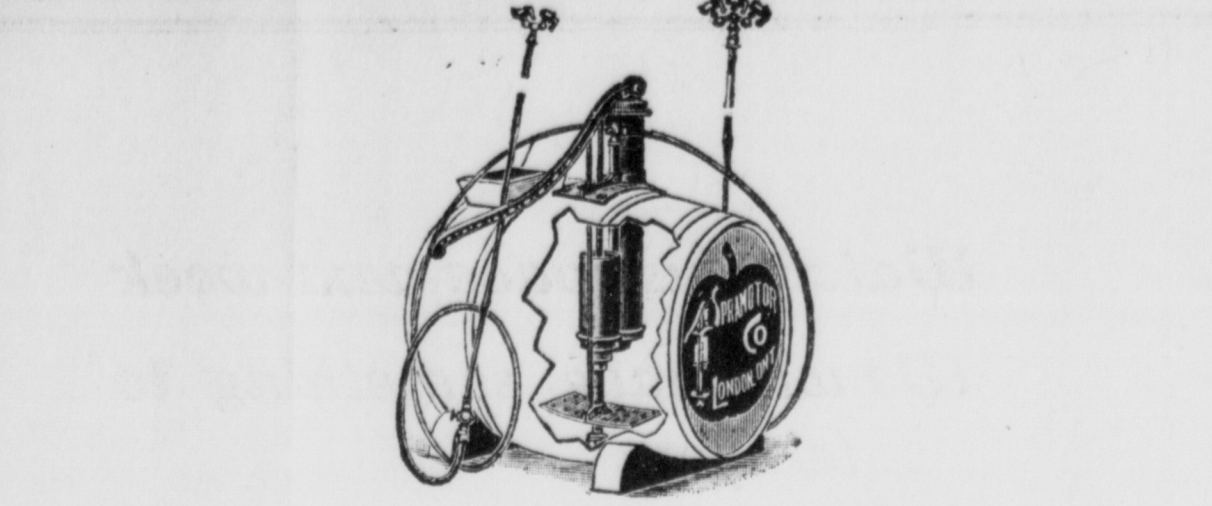
Some fifty different times that day Miss Delamar told the story of the robbery and grew faint. The bag of diamonds had been on the dresser. She was out about fifteen minutes. Her door was shut, but not locked. Her future career did not depend solely upon these diamonds, thank heaven, but unless they were recovered she would not be able to play certain leading parts.

When the evening paper came out with its account of "Bold Robbery—An Actress Loses \$25,000 Worth of Diamonds in a Boarding House," Miss Delamar fainted away, and after her recovery her moaning

was pitiful to hear. It was so pitiful that the stenographer decided to temporize no longer. Ever since she looked the bank clerk in the eyes and noticed his blush she had been convinced of his guilt. She had said nothing to any one, and she rather expected that he would seek an early opportunity of restoring the bag and thus avoid state prison. He didn't restore it at lunch-time nor during the half hour before dinner, when he could have done so.

That pitiful moaning started Miss Bierce upstairs. She knocked at the door of the bank clerk's room, and it was opened to her. Standing in the hall and speaking in a low but decided voice, she said:
 "Mr. Tillman, it is a pity and a shame!"
 "Beg pardon, but I don't quite understand," he replied.
 "I am referring to the robbery this morning."
 "Ah! Have the detectives any clew?"
 "I don't know, but I have. The robber is here in the house this minute. Should he restore the diamonds I shall say nothing; if he refuses I shall betray his identity."
 "Dear me, but you know the rascal, then?"
 "I have known him ever since I looked into his eyes at the breakfast table and he blushed."
 "And did you wish to give me his name in confidence?" softly asked the bank clerk.
 His brazenness angered the girl, and with hot cheeks she looked him square in the eyes and replied:
 "He stands before me, sir."
 "Indeed! Miss Bierce, will you kindly inform me how you came to suspect me?"
 "First, from my study of physiognomy, second, from your blush when I looked at you."
 "Miss Bierce, if I hadn't blushed and dropped my eyes when you looked at me across the breakfast table would you have suspected me of this robbery?" asked the bank clerk after a moment.
 "I don't think so."
 "Then it was unfortunate for me. As a matter of fact, I have had that habit for years when guilty of anything and have tried in vain to break myself of it."
 "And you will restore the diamonds at once?" she eagerly asked.
 "You have depended on physiognomy in this case, Miss Bierce. I have depended on deduction. Miss Delamar is an actress out of money and an engagement. Deduction: She must stand Mrs. Barnes off and bring her name before the public. She adorns herself with what she calls \$3,500 worth of jewelry. Deduction: Rhinestones. She sends for a reporter instead of a detective. Deduction: Sensation. The detective who was here today asked where she bought the jewels, and she failed to remember the name of the house. Deduction: She didn't want to."
 "Sir, you have become brazen again!" exclaimed the stenographer.
 "Last night," he continued as if he hadn't heard her, "I sat here in my room for half an hour without a light and the door slightly ajar. Hearing a noise in the hall, I quietly looked out and saw a lady standing on the sill of the hall window. Deduction: Up to snuff. I think she pinned something to the inside of the curtains, near the top. I made sure it was Miss Delamar. Deduction: Seek, and ye shall find. Suppose we seek."
 Miss Bierce followed the bank clerk down the hall to the window. Close up to the pole she saw the chamois bag and motioned him to reach it down.
 "No use to have any trouble about it," he said as he placed the bag in her hand. "Call her up to your room and tell her that you found her jewels where she had mislaid them. You are something of a physiognomist. Study her face when you produce the bag. That's all, Miss Bierce."
 "But, Mr. Tillman, I am overwhelmed with shame and mortification, and can you ever?"
 "There, there! I blushed and caused you to think I was guilty. Good night, Miss Bierce!"
 "I dare say a man has to give up a great deal when he marries," observed the bachelor.
 "It is nothing to what he has to give up afterward," replied the married man as he gazed sadly at the stubs in his check book.—Philadelphia Record.

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GOING DATE AUGUST 7TH, 1906.

TERRITORY—From all Stations on Canadian Pacific Railway in New Brunswick. From all Stations on Intercolonial Railway in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. From all Stations on Dominion Atlantic and Prince Edward Island Railways.

One-way Second Class Tickets to Winnipeg only will be sold, with a Certificate extending the trip, before September 15th, without additional cost, to other points in Manitoba and Assiniboia.

Purchasers who engage at Winnipeg as Farm Laborers (and work not less than 30 days at harvesting, producing Certificate to that effect) will be Returned to Original Starting Point on or before November 30th, 1906, at Return Rates shown above.

Tickets will be issued to women as well as men, but will not be issued at Half-Rate to Children.

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Disease and Their Odors.
 (From the Philadelphia Record.)

The acuteness of the sense of smell is far greater in many of the lower animals—dogs, for example—than in man, and they employ it in guiding them to their food, in warning them of approaching danger and for other purposes. The sphere of the susceptibility to various odors is more uniform and extended in man, and the sense of smell is capable of great cultivation. Like the other special senses, it may be cultivated by attention and practice. Experts can discriminate qualities of wines, liquors, drugs, etc. Diseases have their characteristic odors.

Persons who have visited many different asylums for the insane recognize the same familiar odor of the insane. It is not insane asylums alone, but prisons, jails, workhouses, armies in camp, churches, schools and nearly every household, that have characteristic odors. It is when the insane, the prisoners and the soldiers are aggregated in large groups or battalions that their characteristic odor is recognized. Most diseases have their characteristic odors, and by the exercise of the sense of smell they could be utilized in different diagnoses.

For example, favus has a mousy odor, rheumatism has acipous sour-smelling, acid sweat. A person afflicted with pyaemia has a sweet, nauseating breath. The rank, unbearable odor of pus from the middle ear tells the tale of the decay of osseous tissue. In scurvy the odor is putrid, in chronic peritonitis musky, in scrofula like stale beer, in intermittent fever like fresh-baked brown bread, in fever ammoniacal, in hysteria like violets or pineapple. Measles, diphtheria, typhoid fever, epilepsy, phthisis, etc., have characteristic odors.

Growing Waists.
 (Boston Transcript.)

Reports from many sources say that women's waists are larger than they used to be. Physical culture, we are told, and this seems reasonable, is responsible for the change. Golf, tennis, swimming and almost all of the outdoor sports strengthen and develop the muscles of the waist so that it is impossible to get them into as small a space as they once occupied. Some few persons, it is said, object to the new appearance the back takes in consequence, but all common sense folk regard it as an indication that women are going healthier. The old question, "What do you care how you look if you only feel well?" is pertinent and polite.

Some of Russell Sage's Aphorisms.

"The longer a man lives the more mistakes he may be counted upon to make."
 "Clubs are only a place for idle men and wasteful young men."
 "An active man builds success upon a foundation of failure; passive man does not."
 "Real charity is dispensed without the blare of trumpets."
 "The tender care of a good wife is the finest thing in the world."
 "When you have made your fortune it is time enough to think about spending it."
 "A boy who knows bargains in socks makes a man who knows bargains in stocks."
 "There is no such thing as a money curse. A good man cannot have too much money."

Bank of England Clerks.

The patronage of the Bank of England belongs entirely to the directors, a clerk being appointed by each director in rotation until the vacancies are filled, with the exception of one clerkship in every seven, which is given to a son of one of the clerks of the establishment who has discharged his duties to the satisfaction of the directors.

"Looks Weel on the Table."

Old Donald MacIntosh was very ill, and the minister was with him. He listened with patience to the exhortations addressed to him, but at length put a question: "Will there be whiskey in Heaven?" "Certainly not," the startled minister replied. "I am surprised that you should ask such a question." "Weel, sir, it's no that I care for't myself, but it looks weel on the table!"—St. James's Gazette.

A Feat Indeed.

Susie had tried the teacher's patience sorely, and when the latter looked up and saw the little girl chewing gum, with her feet sprawling into the aisle, she said, "Susie Jones, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"—August Lippincott's.

A district in the middle of Porto Rico, with a population of 100,000, is said to be afflicted with "lazy worm," and official efforts are being made to improve the inhabitants' condition. A hospital has been established at Albonito, with an endowment of \$15,000, and will do what it can to check the ravages of this minute reptile, of the existence of which the old-time native Porto Rican had not the slightest notion. Last year an American medical officer, Capt. Ashford, treated 4,500 cases, and nearly all of them were cured so it is said.

"When I accuses a man of bein' prejudiced," said Uncle Eben, "I generally finds out, on thinkin' it over, dat I's merely complainin' 'cause he aint prejudiced de same way I am."