#### DISPATCH. N E E

## **Children Enjoy It**

"I have used Coltsfoote Expectorant with the greatest satisfaction with my children. It is a wonderful cure for colds and sore throat. I believe it saved the life of my little son, who was very sick from a protracted cold on his lungs."

MRS. ANNIE BRAMBLER. Orangeville, March 15, 1907.

"I am greatly pleased with the good results we got from Coltsfoote Expectorant. I get great comfort with it for my children.'

MRS. WALTER HAMMOND.

171 Argyle St., Toronto. Coltsfoote Expectorant is the greatest home prescription for all throat and chest troubles in the world. No home should be one hour without it. You can have free sample by sending name to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto. All good druggists keep it. Price, 25c. Send for Free Sample To-day.

THE

#### By Eleanor Howard-Waring. SHE SPEAKS.

CYNIC

No, do not interrupt me-let me say all. Last night I was convinced of your love, and this conviction swept over me like a gale that bends a slender willow tree. During those moments I think you did love me . . . Oh, yes and now, perhaps, as you say, for after all, last night is not so very far in the past. You might love and be true to me for as long as a fortnight, or until the novelty of possession wore off, or until a prettier woman came \_\_\_\_My mind as well? Then I shall say a brighter, prettier woman . . . . Yes, there are lots of them!

You see I am not a girl. I've lived and studied men and women of many countries. In love they are all alike.

My marriage was not a success-never mind why. It was years ago and seems scarcely more than an episode in my life, but it was long enough for me to learn something of married men and marriage vows, which seem but a matter of elasticity of conscience----

Yes, I heard that your marriage, too, was-what shall we say?-failure seems trite, bat so is marriage often.

In the beginning I had ideals-one has them in youth you know-that only an angel could live up to. The young expect much

seeking."

Do you remember how the orchestra sobbed the tenor solo from "Cavalleria?" Let me play a bit of it, shall I? Just here beside you on the piano bench. I want to feel the spell again. . . . . Is it not wonderful? Do you feel it too? But we must not. . . . Why? Because there is no truth nor loyalty in the world and we must not deceive ourselves. You see, the "atmosphere" is really gone today. The daylight is too prosaic and the piano-bah!only violins can sway one truly. See, when I raise the shade high how garish the afternoon sunlight seems! . . . Well, close it if you like-it does seem rather blatant, Thanks. . . .

Yes, you may sit beside me again-but not so near-there-is plenty of room, the bench is made for duets! And I can talk and think more clearly if you don't touch me. When you do I feel lost, for some reason, and I have a sense of helplessness and a desire not to go on living but just to float into space with half-closed lids and relaxed senses. . You feel this too? I can scarcely believe it, men are so different. . . .

What I really crave is your friendship-a relation based first upon a mental attitude to love you. The music, lights, flowers, your caressess give a false glamour, I like you. Your firm mouth gives me a sense of power, your square shoulders seem to me a bulwark to raise it up on its point constantly; but mind which I most admire.

was as intoxicating wine last night. You touched me, you crushed me to you and I I had lost the capacity. I am glad I can still feel so deeply, but I must let my head guide me. I postponed my answer until today, fearing to trust myself last night and knowbe different by daylight. Most of life is daylight. Music and palms and the subdued able for a stiff clay soul. lights of a conservatory grow fewer and fewer as we grow older. That is all over. It is

your mind today which I delight in-not the furrow squarely over, a plow, with a long your physical self. . .

pression, for you have been patient with me. the furrow the least. The Scotch farmers But it will do no good. I am quite deter- want a plow which will turn a narrower mined. . . .

and faith, and you two can find them for the Yes, I meant to do it and I shall not ask to be forgiven. Can't you see and feel that you must never go? That you must stay here, in my arms, always, and that I must kiss you . . . and so . . . forever?

#### How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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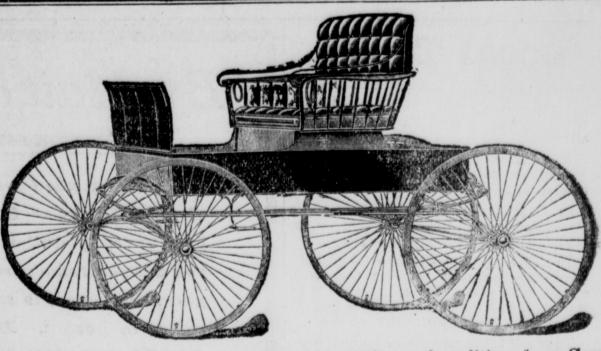
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation,

#### Good Plowing.

No amount of harrowing or after work can entirely overcome the effects of bad plowing to begin with. Plowing is the foundation of the crop to follow. A man who can drop a straight furrow is one who keeps pretty close watch of his plow. He may hold his handles loosely and appear to be plowing very easily and perhaps carelessly; but he is each other. In my proper senses I do not watching every movement of the plow and shifting the handles slightly one way or another that it may take more or less land. You exhale a strength that stimulats me like The plow, of course, should do the plowing a tonic. You give me hope and courage. itself, without any necessity for the plowman to bear down on it with all his weight, nor against the world, but above all it is your nevertheless plowing needs close attention. Intelligent selection of the team which is to

Against all of these things I must guard plow together is imporant. The horses' myself. The tonic of today, which stimulates, gaits should be even and they should work well in span. It is impossible to do good work with one horse walking rapidly and the gave myself up to a joy for which I thought other lagging behind constantly or walking sometimes in and sometimes out of the furrow. The plow itself is another thing to consider. On one plow is best suited to all kinds of land. A sharply curved, short, ing, even in the supreme moment, it would high mold board will throw the furrow very high and hard and break it up; this is suit-

For smooth, mellow soil, or for plowing sod in the spring, when it is desired to turn slightly curved mold board is best as it turns Oh, very well, I can hardly deny you ex- the furrow smoothly unside down and breaks



It is not necessary for us to "blow" about the good qualities of our Carriages. Our thousands of pleased and satisfied customers will do that.

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## MAKE YOUR PLANS.

Those who intend to visit the St. John Exhibition, September 12-19, should make their plans now. Don't wait a month, a week, or even a day longer.

## EARLY ENTRIES

Are an advantage, beside costing less than when made later-read the Prize List, that's official-if you have not seen one, send for it to

that maturity knows never existed. The law freed me from these shattered illusions, and as a burnt child avoids the fire 1 have no ideals now, and I have never married again .---

Yes. J have become a doubter-No. I would not trust you. Why should I? With certain environments I would trust no one .... Hard? Perhaps. I have wanted for years to say all this frankly.

So long as you were under my personal influence you might easily remain true, but one let this relax and another woman come into your life, I would not give that for your faith to me! You are not to blame. Nature has endowed men with a desire for novelty -and much curiosity. When this is satisfied-like a bee forsaking the flower when the honey is sipped, they flutter to another blossom or even away to another garden. Strange to say, too, the heart that's most loving is too responsive to be responsible, if you can understand what I mean.

The only genuine unhappy men I ever knew have been married men. I think it is the method of conducting the marriage rela----- No, when they are too wise they know better than to attempt another such frail end and the world never knows. . . .

"What of the women?" Oh, it is all the same, men and women too. Only the woman impossibility of seeking outside diversions.

arguments might seem strong, but I am quite determined to let my head govern my heart, and I know you last night when you kissed me . . no-no-don't touch me; that might make me think I loved you today! I wish to protect us both . . . No, not even my to protect us both . . . No, not even my hand, please. Last night when you carried me away by your eloquence and presence, by the the strength of your manliness, I was overcome. The quality and intensity of my feeling left me exhausted. It seemed to me at the time that you defied every evil thing ness included. I had neither power nor inclination to resist you. . . .

Oh. but that was last night. The lights their spell. I forgot all the lessons I have beach. . . Once more, no, please, this

it? . . . Ah! . . .

HE SPEAKS.

Do you mind if I go on playing as I talk? This "Cavalleria" thing seems to be a sort of motif with us.

When I first heard you sing I realized the possibilities of life in you and saw your temperament. You were singing Verborgenheit and you almost whispered the words, as if you were afraid:

"Tempt me not, O world, again, Lure me not with joys that perish, Let my heart unspoken cherish, All its raptures, all its pain-"

These harmonies are very interesting just here, I think. . . . Is not this a queer strain? . . . I had seen you the evening before for the first time. From the moment our eyes met I knew that this was to follow. I never resisted it. We had been in the same world all those years, and had known each other all that time, but we only met face to face two weeks ago.

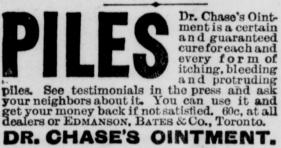
I did not dream until last night that you cared. When I found that you did. . . Oh, tion. Too much exacting, too much famil-jes, you cared-last night. ... Never in a glass dish and put on top a meringue iarity. Some men are strong enough to defy mind, the daylight does not make such a made by whipping the whites of the four the fate that blew over their house of cards difference. Do you like Delibes? Sometimes there seems never to have been any other composer. Listen to this. . . . You see, Life only offered us the dregs the first time. structure . . . . Some of them stand on the Today you and I will fill the glass with glowruins and with their heads erect go on to the ing wine and drink together. . . . Yes, we will, for we are yet young enough, and blood flows quick in our veins.

Last night, with your violet-scented hair against my cheek, your warm, palpitating Shoop's Restorative. Its prompt action in of course, is the greater sufferer because of body against mine in your evening gown, the restrictions of conventionality and the your hand with its sudden, unhoped for clasp on mine and your lips so near . . . . Go on playing? Very well, since I am not to touch! No, no, let us be friends. Marriage spoils . . I like to see you smile like that. I less feeling will quickly depart when using friendship. If I did not really know, your can't believe you are over twenty and your the Restorative. Dr. Shoop's Restorative teeth gleam so white. . . I did not think I should ever care to marry again until you tion; it will strengthen the weakened Kidcame, and now I am as fresh and keen as a beardless boy. The youthful longing for a

wherein we failed before. . . . Ah, you must let me finish-that is only fair, you know.

I can and would be true to you, for would find in you always that infinite variety that makes association interesting. Your moods fill me with a desire to penetrate and respond as you would have me. When you that perils love-inconstancy and unfaithful- are happy you irradiate happiness. I heard you laugh somewhere on the lawn yesterday. I wondered at your capacity for joy, but I laughed with you. When the gardener's wife told you of her suffering child your eyes and the music and the odors of many flowers | filled with tears-but that was not all, I saw make such a difference. I was reckless under the doctor when he came at your request; he told tales out of school, too. So you see I know you. . . . Yes, I know more than you beach. . . Once more, no, please, this ries to not move . . . then I shan to now the following lands and premises;— is not last night, but today, and last night it dusk falling outside and your face shining so said Parish of Richmond and bounded as follows,

furrow than American farmers. If the beam Why do you pull the shade so low? The of the plow is short, bringing the horses near room in quite dim. . . Yes, you may play, to the point of resistance, the draft will be certainly. . . . Are you going to sing least; but there should be several links between the beam and the whiffletree to give the horses some leeway, when stepping on a mound or into a depression, so that the point of the plow will not be jerked up or down.-American Cultivator.



#### **Gooseberry Fool.**

Stew a quart of ripe gooseberries in just enough water to cover them, and when soft rub them through a colander. Take the pulp that goes through and beat into it a tablespoonful of butter, a cupful of sugar and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten. Heap eggs stift with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar .- The August Delineator.

Heat prostrates the nerves. In the summer one needs a tonic to off-set the customary hot weather Nerve and Strength depression. You will feel better within 48 hours after beginning to take such a remedy as Dr. restoring the weakened nerves is surprising. Of course, you won't get entirely strong in a few days, but each day you can actually feel the improvement. That tired, lifeless, spiritwill sharpen a failing appetite; it aids digesneys and Heart by simply rebuilding the worn-out nerves that these organs depend upon. Test it a few days and be convinced.

Get your happiness out of your work, or you will never know what happiness is .-Elbert Hubbard.

#### A Clubbing Offer.

The Montreal Weekly Witness, Canada's cleanest and most reliable weekly and THE DISPATCH, both for \$1.50 per year.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

To JOHN TIMONEY of the Parish of Rich-mond, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and all others whom

it may in any wise concern:-THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION in front of the Office of D. McLleod Vince, on King Street, in the Town of Wood-stock, in the said County of Carleton, on Monday the SEVENTEENTH day of AUGUST next at the hour of Two of the clock in the Afternoon,

R. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

23 King Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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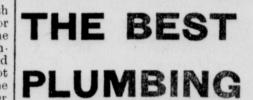
## J. W. ASTLE

Is the Local Agent of this splendid British Company.

owned by Michael Hilley; on the south by the south half of lot number twelve in the Third Tier or Range from the River Saint John; and on the west by land owned by David Hemphill contain-ing ONE HUNDRED ACRES more or less, and known and distinguished as the north half of lot number twelve in the Third Range from the River Saint John, the whole of which lot number twelve was conveyed by James P. Lockwood to the late Patrick Timoney by Indenture of Deed registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds for said County of Carleton in Book B. of Records on page 284, the fourth day of May, A. D., 1837." TOGETHER with all and singular the Build ings and Improvements thereon and the privileges and appertenances to the said premises belonging

or in anywise appurtaining. THE ABOFE SALE will be held under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a cer-tain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the SIXTEENTH day of JULY in the Year of Our Lord. One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, and registered in the Office of the Registor o Deeds in and for the said County of Carleton, in Book G. number four of Records on pages 671, 672 and 673, and made between the said John Timoney of the One Part, and the undersigned, Alfred H. Henderson of the City of Philadelphia in the State of Pennsylvania, one of the United States of America, Surgeon Dentist, of the other part.-default having been made in the payment

of the moneys thereby secured. Dated this Seventh day of July A. D. 1908.



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#### was the arch tempter that whispered to us white. Your hair is like a halo against the to wit;-On the north by land formerly owned by both. "Somewhere there are truth and love fading light. . . . No you shall not go . . . | Samuel Hemphill; on the east by land formerly

ALFRED H. HENDERSON. Mortgagee MRS. L. P. FISHER.